

Miscellaneous.

SKETCHES IN RICHMOND—A REMINISCENCE OF THE EVACUATION.

As the events of that dreadful Monday morning of April 3d recedes from us upon the tide of time, circumstances that were then swallowed up and lost sight of in the general Pandemonium stand out most prominently upon the mind's vision. It was between the hours of 6 and 7 o'clock A. M. The government had gone—crossed the turbid waters of the James, never to return—and Richmond was no more the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

The bridges and river side of the city were in flames, and the fire, struck by a southeast breeze swept towards Main street, leaping from house to house and block to block. The incessant noise of exploding shells in the arsenals and magazines, and the crash of falling walls, went up on every side, while the lurid smoke, ashes, and red-hot cinders rolled down into the adjacent streets, enveloping the thousands who filled them, some hurrying to and fro with pitiful relics of their household goods; others, and by far the greater number, intent on plunder.

The sun rose red and round, and hung amid the lurid smoke and glare of the flame like a great beacon of woe. Men were not excited, but stunned, and stood dumb apparently, watching the sea of fire, that was lapping up with tongues of flame their consecrated homes, and sweeping away the accumulated comforts and toil of years. Some wept silently like children, and wrung their hands like women. Remorseless flame! what cared it for tears? It leaped for very joy; it leaped and danced upon the house-roofs; it shot up in great pyramids, and curled up and nestled down in chambers—

"Ever in a new place
Lifting its fiery face."

At about 8 o'clock, thieves, black and white, were abroad by hundreds. Retreating in advance of the fire, they broke open stores, robbed and plundered, and then aided in the spread of the flames by firing the stores plundered. Few saved a tenth part of their plunder; and that plundered by one set of thieves, often fell into the hands of another gang of pillagers. The gutters and side walks of Main street were strewn with silks, satins, bonnets, boots, hats, clothing, fancy goods, cosmetics. Men drunk with the liquor that was to be had *ad libitum*, flowing in the streets and decorating the side walks in bottles and casks, staggered under the burden of great loads of stolen goods.

Men, women, boys and girls, half stifled with the smoke that rolled along the streets, "tugged, pulled, hauled, and tussled" with one another, all endeavoring to save as much as possible from the general wreck and ruin impending—not for the owners, but for themselves. Weak children tugged at boxes of tobacco, rolling them when too heavy, end over end, to places of safety. Women grabbed with barrels of flour, screeched and yelled to each other for assistance, but rarely got it unless a copartnership of spoils was agreed upon. Carts, drays and wheelbarrows were running in a continuous train up town, carrying away the plunder of the pillagers.

No law, no police, there was no one to stop the wholesale plundering and transfer of goods. Rights in property were wiped out; no man owned anything. And it was wonderful to witness the apathy of owners. Men who were threatened with the greatest loss, seemed the least concerned, and the least disposed to save their stocks. They stood like blocks and saw their wealth scattered to the four winds; parted among thieves, scattered and trampled in the street. Some had a realizing sense of the situation, and exerted themselves to save what they could.

The conflagration was about at its height when the van of the Union army of occupation entered the city at full gallop by way of Main street. There blue uniforms and the cavalry markers they carried were described for some distance down Main street, and, as they came up at full speed, the crowds of citizens that filled the street could be seen swaying back and forth like a forrest touched by an onward tornado.

At the corner of Main and Governor street where a well known citizen was standing, an officer dashed up and enquired in a breath, "which way to the Capitol?" He was as quickly informed, and the cavalcade dashed up Governor street amid a great clatter of sabres and hoofs, the roar of exploding shells, tumbling walls and crackling flames, interspersed by the shouts and

exclamations from the populace of "The Yankees! The Yankees! Oh, the Yankees have come!" It was hard to realize, but there was the veritable blue of "Uncle Sam," and in a few minutes the "Stars and Stripes" floated from the Capitol, where a day previous had appeared the "Stars and Bars" of the Confederate States.

The subsequent successful efforts put forth by General Weitzel, his officers and men, to stay the progress of the fire, which threatened the destruction of the entire city have been made subjects of record before by us and need not be again referred to here. The flames were mastered and their bounds prescribed; pillaging was stooped, property made secure, and law and order again reigned in Warsaw.—[Richmond Whig.

CHILDREN.—Real live, plump, jolly, roly-poly children are as scarce as sensible grown-up people. Little, thin, narrow-shouldered, angular, pale intellects are common now. It is your healthy tom-boy that is a rarity. What woman was ever less delicate in soul or pure in heart because she tore her frock and climbed trees when a child. Real, wild, childish romping, with ringing laughter and twinkling feet, merry dances and family frolics—that is the stuff out of which wholesome manhood and womanhood are made. Children who are under a conviction of sin at five years of age die with brain disease, or live with hypochondria, and torment the life out of all around them. Sad is the family that has one or more such. We don't doubt the mother of Gracchi was a sad romp, and we more than suspect Portia of immense tom-boyhood. Such healthy natures could not have been developed otherwise. Pity and love little children. Tolerate these pests. Comfort little Nellie over her dead bird, and call Nellie's "little white kitten" a cat. It is enough to break a juvenile heart to have one's darling snubbed. Would you like to have your own Frederick Augustus called a "dirty young one?" The little ones have their tragedies, and laugh and weep more sincerely than you do at "Falstaff" or "Lear." They love, marry, keep house, have children, have weddings and funerals, and dig graves for little dead mice, in the garden, and mourn in small white handkerchiefs, and get brother Jim to write an appropriate inscription for its tiny head-board. Is it not human nature in little, and, in its way, as deserving of respect? You do not despise your own reflections in a concave mirror, you know. Cherish the children, mend their frocks, don't scold them for broken toys, for a man is not more inevitable mortal than playthings. Don't strip their fat shoulders in winter, nor roast them in flannels in dog days, because somebody told you to. Do not drug them, don't "yarb" them, do not stuff them with pastry; don't send them to an infant school at three, or fancy balls at ten, nor teach them the ten commandments earlier than they can remember Mother Goose.

THE POEM RECITED BY MR. LINCOLN.—The poem which was such a favorite with the late President, beginning with the line,

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

was written by William Knox, a poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1825, at the age of thirty-six. His earlier years were tainted with dissipation, but at intervals the religious impressions he received from his parents in childhood would be evidenced by the verses he would write on sacred subjects.

In the copy of this poem now going the rounds of the press, two stanzas are omitted—the fourth and the seventh—they are as follows:

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye

Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by

And the memory of those who loved her and praised,

Are alike from the minds of the living erased;

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,

The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,

The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,

Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

The entire poem may be found in "Scotia's Bards," a handsomely illustrated volume of selections from the Scottish poets, published in 1853 by Robert Carter & Brothers, of this city.—[N. Y. Evening Post.

Moscow.—A letter from Mr. Henry Sibley, now in St. Petersburg, contains the following description of some of the most interesting objects in Moscow: The greatest place of interest in Moscow is the Kremlin. It is that part of the city surrounded by a high wall of some

two or three miles in circumference, and incloses some of the palaces and other public buildings, which escaped the great fire of 1812. Within the walls are collected and deposited in the churches, monasteries, palaces, arsenals, museums, and picture galleries, all the history of Russia for a thousand years—the thrones, crowns, wardrobes, and state carriages of the different rulers of the Empire. Some of the crowns are the most costly in the world. That of Peter the Great is covered all over with diamonds. So with that of Catherine—said to contain 2,536 diamonds. But I must not attempt a description of this endless collection. From the thrones, crowns, and wardrobes may be obtained diamonds and precious stones enough to pay the whole national debt. The arsenal contains arms sufficient to equip 150,000 soldiers, the cannon taken from all the nations of Northern Europe, the flags and other instruments of war. In one of the churches, within the great wall, are deposited the garments and relics of the church, said to have been obtained from Mount Sinai. A very improbable story is told as to the way these objects of interest were obtained. Among them is a large Bible presented to the church by the mother of Peter the Great, the binding of which cost about one million dollars. In the Cathedral of the Holy Synod are deposited the robes and other garments of the ancient order of Patriarchs. Some of these robes are covered with pearls and weigh from thirty to forty pounds, and cost at the time when made \$25,000 each. Here, too, is kept the holy oil used for the baptizing of the children. This oil is made here in a room consecrated to that purpose, and with it, it is claimed, is mixed some of the oil used by Mary Magdalen in anointing the feet of our Saviour. This order of Patriarch was abolished by Peter the Great, but the relics of that ancient organization are still preserved here, the value of which is enormous. The Tower of Ivan, the great bell-tower, in which there are hanging thirty-one bells, the largest of which weighs nearly one hundred tons, and the clapper of which weighs four and a half tons, is another object of interest. This tower was originally built to contain the great bell of Moscow, which now lies broken at its base. This bell was never rung. It fell while being placed in the tower and was broken. The piece broken out of the rim is sufficiently large to admit a person, and the bell is now used for a chapel. The broken piece weighs six tons, and at the thickest part is twenty-two inches in thickness. The original weight of this bell was about 180 tons. The height is over twelve feet, and it is about twenty feet in diameter. This bell was made of coin—the old, heavy, copper coin, now out of use. It was contributed for the purpose. The vast amount of the original cost of this bell, can be imagined by the fact that the old bell is now estimated to be worth for old metal two millions of dollars. This vast sum has lain idle for one hundred and thirty-three years. The interest alone would pay for all the bells in the United States. The amount of money expended in bells and churches alone in this city would be incredible. I will not repeat it. I will, however, give you the number of each: There are now four hundred and forty churches and seventeen hundred bells in the city. One of the most remarkable of the churches now standing was built during the reign of "John the Terrible," who was so much pleased with the success of the architect that he ordered his eyes put out, to prevent his ever producing its equal. This church, or, more properly group of churches or chapels, has twenty domes. Each dome makes a separate chapel, in which all can be occupied in church-service at the same time. In spite of my pledge not to attempt a description of these churches, I find myself attempting what would require the whole night to describe fully. The vast amount expended here for churches and religious institutions is perfectly astonishing—I fear, incredible. I will, however, at the risk of my reputation, mention the cost of one church here, which I have seen to day; and I have now on my table a statement made by the builder, from which I am told that the "Isaacs," as it is called, the cathedral of St. Isaacs, cost twenty-five millions of rubles or eight millions of dollars. In the porticos of this church are forty-eight columns of Finland marble. Each one is seven feet in diameter and fifty-six feet long, of solid stone, with the bronze base and cap measuring sixty-four feet. There are one hundred and fourteen others of less size. One of the domes, the largest of five, cost 4,508,500 rubles, or \$335,838 for the gold, silver, iron and copper alone used in the construction. A ruble

is seventy-five cents. Four Mosaic pictures cost three millions of rubles, and there are yet six more of the same kind to be furnished which is expected to take forty years yet to complete. This church was so far completed in 1858 as to be opened, and is now in use and occupied every day. But it will require many years to finish the decorations, according to the original design.

THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.—The war in New Zealand has broken out again with renewed ferocity, according to the following correspondence of the London Star:

February, 1865.—The dogs of war are again let loose. As far as human sagacity extends, it may be said that the colony is in for another ruinous struggle. The battlefield has been changed, but I am sorry to add there are grounds for saying the *casus belli* bears a nauseous resemblance to the original dispute about Waitara. If we do not mind we shall clothe Waitara with the significance of a synonym. It will pass into a proverbial word always associated with injustice. The locality of the present war is the country between Wanganui and Taranaki. The recent collision occurred at a place called Nukumarua. The Maories fought with unwonted boldness. It is said their superstitious belief in the invulnerability of the adherents to the *Pai Maerire* faith induced a greater degree of temerity than is usually displayed by them in their wars. They attacked the British camp with great resolution, and it was only after several hours' hard fighting they were driven back. Our loss was severe. I have not the exact account, but it was some thirty or forty killed and wounded. The natives suffered more severely.

I should be sorry to affirm that this war is altogether unprovoked and unnecessary. Perhaps such an affirmation could not be sustained. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that numbers of the colonists have an uneasy feeling on the subject. They are not quite sure that it was right to go to war for the purpose of what may be termed a commercial project. There are circumstances connected with the originating causes of this new struggle which as they are discussed in the newspapers, give the whole affair an ugly look. It is to much like a repetition of forcing the sale of Waitara at the point of the bayonet, or rather attempting to do so.

A THRILLING ROMANCE.—CHAPTER 1.—She stood beside the altar, with a wreath of orange buds upon her head—upon her back the richest kind of duds. Her lover stood beside her, with white kid gloves and clean—the last was twenty-one years old and the first was seventeen. The parson's job was over, every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young folks happiness, and danced, and laughed and cried. The last kiss had been given, and the last word had been said, and the happy pair had simmered down and sought the bridal bed.

CHAPTER 2.—She stood beside the wash-tub with her hands in the suds, and at her slipshod feet there lay a pile of dirty duds. Her husband stood beside her—the crosser man alive—the last was twenty-nine years old, the first was twenty-five. The heavy wash was over, and the clothes hung out to dry, and Tom stuck his fingers in the dirty baby's eye. Tom had been spanked, and his supper made upon a crust of bread, and then bride and bridegroom went both grumbling off to bed.

THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.—A survey of the city of Jerusalem, which has been in progress for some time past, as a basis for sanitary improvement, has resulted in important archaeological discoveries. Col. James, of the Royal Engineers, writes as follows:

While the survey of the city is proceeding, Captain Wilson has been exploring under ground, and has made some important discoveries to elucidate its ancient topography, the most important of which is the discovery of "one of the arches of the causeway which led from the city to the temple, in a very good state of preservation, the span of which is between 40 and 50 feet, and composed of large stones like those seen in the Jewish walling place." He has also discovered another large cistern in the Haram or Temple area, and says the whole area is perfectly honey-combed with passages and cisterns; and he had himself lowered 82 feet down a well, which is in what was formerly the Valley of Cheesmongers, and followed the stream for a considerable distance until he came to the spring with some steps down into it, which were cut in the solid rock.