

## Poetry.

## OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ESQ., OF ILLINOIS.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift-fleeting meteor—a fast-flying cloud—  
A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave—  
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around, and together be laid,  
As the young, and the old, and the low, and the high,  
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved—  
The mother, that infant's affections who proved—  
The father that mother and infant who blessed—  
Each, all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, in whose cheek, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;  
And alike from the minds of the living erased  
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne—  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn—  
The brow of the sage, and the heart of the brave—  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap—  
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep—  
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen:  
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;  
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers did shrink;  
To the life we are clinging, our fathers did cling;  
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come;  
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ah! they died—we, things that are now,  
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,  
Will follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath—  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death—  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—  
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—(N. H. Christian Mirror.)

## ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

There being no preaching so effectual as example, we shall elucidate our homely text by facts within our own knowledge, and let our readers make their own inferences.

Ten years ago a son of the Emerald Isle, faithful, hard-working and industrious, was contentedly plodding along, with steady employment, at six dollars a week. It was all he could do to make the ends meet, and not unfrequently he was obliged to ask one or more weeks advance pay to settle some unexpected demand, caused by sickness in his large family. As well from a wish to assist, as from an appreciation of his services and worth, his employer advanced Patrick's pay, first to eight and then to ten dollars per week. But poor Patrick's wants increased faster than his pay, and six or seven years ago, with his ten dollars per week, he called for advance wages oftener and more earnestly than he did three years before that, with his weekly pittance of six dollars. His employer remonstrated in vain, and at last, after showing him that he was as well off with six as with ten dollars, reduced his pay to eight dollars, and poor Patrick went off with a more doleful face than he had ever

worn. The lesson had its effect, and fearing another reduction, Patrick did not ask advance pay for nearly six months, and then, to meet the funeral expenses of a dependent brother, he humbly wished for twenty-five dollars. The conversation was something like the following:

Patrick—My brother is dead, Sir, an' if ye please, I'd be after wantin' twenty-five dollars to pay the docther, and fur the funeral.

Employer—But why don't you use your own money, Patrick, and not ask for mine. You have money enough.

Patrick—Indade an I wish I had Sur. But I've taken up ivery cint of me wages an its all gone.

Employer—You remember when I cut down your wages two dollars a week? Now hav'nt you been getting along just as well on the eight dollars as you did before on the ten dollars?

Patrick—I can't say but I have Sur. It's just as ye towld me. When I had tin dollars it all wint and when I have eight its gone all the same.

Employer—But I only saved the two dollars for you Patrick, and now I owe you forty dollars. You can have twenty-five and I'll still keep the fifteen and put two to it every week if you like, and besides I'll pay you good interest on what you leave in my hands.

We need not say that Patrick was gratified to get his twenty-five dollars, and still more to know that some was left in his involuntary savings bank. Two or three weeks later Patrick presented himself again.

Employer—Well Patrick—after more money, are you? I thought you were going to let me keep what there is left.

Patrick [Looking down and playing with his fingers very sheepishly.] It's not that, if ye please, Sur. But would ye cut down me wages another dollar, Sur. The owld woman'll not know it Sur, and we'll be getting along just as well on the seven dollars Sur.

And so it was that Patrick caught the spirit of economy. In two years he had saved nearly four hundred dollars, and then he was advised to buy a small and conveniently located house. The house was found, and with repairs would cost sixteen hundred dollars, but Patrick's courage failed him.

Patrick—I can't do it Sur. I've reckoned it all out Sur. The water and the taxes, and the interest Sur, [on \$1000 of the purchase money which was to remain on mortgage] would take all me savings, and it wud never be paid for.

Employer—Not so bad as that I guess. Let me reckon it for you.

Patrick—It's no use, Sur. I can't do it, an' I'd better not try. The intrist would be seventy dollars, an' the taxes tin dollars, and the water tin dollars, an' the assismints more agin. It wud take two years to pay the two hundred dollars yez would let me have. Oh, it can't be done, Sur.

Employer—You reckon one side very well, Patrick, and I am glad you are so cautious. Now let us reckon the other side.

Patrick—Sure there's no other side, is there?

Employer—How much rent do you pay where you are living?

Patrick—Eight dollars a month, and dear enough the rooms are.

Employer—But in the new house you'll have no rent to pay, and that would save almost one hundred dollars a year.

Patrick—Thru for you, Sur. I didn't think a word of that.

Employer—And you would not need all of the house yourself. You might let out some part of it.

Patrick—[With sparkling eyes, and talking fast and eagerly.] Niver a doubt. The basement will do the likes of me, and I'll rint the floors above for \$20 a month aisy.

Employer—No, Patrick, you don't need to go in the basement. You can be comfortable in the best part of the house, and then get \$150 a year for the rest. Then, if you are as economical as you have been the last two years, the new house will all be paid for in the course of five years, at most.

The house was purchased, and notwithstanding hard times, and war, and sickness, and accidents, it is paid for, and a prouder man or a richer man than Patrick, does not walk our streets. Now his savings are being laid away for some proposed additions to the house, and he will then have an income from it which would support him without work, if need be. His \$1,600 house would more-over readily sell for \$2,000 or \$2,500 at this time, so that Patrick has a real basis for his pride.

This will meet the eyes of hundreds of mechanics and working men, and we trust it will say to them more emphatically than words of ours could do—"Go

and do likewise." A habit of economy cannot be systematically practiced that does not lead to wealth—wealth of mind as well as wealth of body.—[N. Y. Sun.]

## THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA, S. C.—DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, who accompanied Gen. Sherman on his march from Savannah through the Carolinas, vividly describes the scenes which attended the occupation of Columbia. He says:

I entered the city with the column. A heavy wind was blowing, and the air was thick with cotton flakes. As the column marched down the principle street toward the State House, the upper windows of stores and dwellings were thrown open, and alive with anxious and curious spectators. The negroes had cut open many of the cotton bales, and strewn this valuable staple in all directions. We seemed to be marching in a heavy snow storm, so thick was the air with flakes of cotton.

These, catching to the clothing of the troops, gave the columns the appearance of a procession of factory hands. There were large quantities of liquors and wines in the city, and these of course were eagerly sought for by the troops. We occupied the city, it will be remembered, early in the morning, and our flag was at once hoisted on the State House. There are hundreds of daring and venturesome soldiers in the army who are continually scouting through the country without authority, and who seize every occasion like this of searching for liquor. To guard against any excesses, strict orders were given at the bridge to let no unauthorized person cross until the column crossed.

These soldiers to whom I have referred, many of whom are away from their commands for the purpose of plundering, and who are so heartily despised by the soldiers of their regiments, for shirking duty and general depravity, as they are by the enemy, failing to cross at the bridge, swam the river above and below, or crossed on rafts or in skiffs, and swam their horses over. When I entered the city I found representatives of this class from every corps in the army. They were entering houses, demanding whisky, and in some cases rifling drawers. Many of the citizens foolishly fearing, from the example of these rummaging desperadoes, that the city was to be given to pillage and plunder, in order to prevent the searching of their houses, actually brought liquor to their gates and offered it to the troops. Negroes who knew where liquors were kept led on the soldiers, broke open stores, and distributed it in buckets.

All the negroes in the city were on the streets following the column, and endeavoring to keep step with the music. Men, women and children, old and young, were shouting welcomes to the troops, shaking hands with each other, dancing, laughing, cutting up all manner of laughable pranks, and making all manner of joyful manifestations. Some were drunk, and these approached officers and soldiers with a freedom that cost many a bloody nose, or an unpleasant concussion *a tergo*.

Gen. Logan selected the magnificent residence of Gen. Wade Hampton as his headquarters.

During the evening troops began pouring in from the camps to see the city. The wind increased in violence, and burning cotton flakes were flying in all directions. Some houses took fire from these, and others were fired by the troops. The flames spread with wonderful rapidity, and by ten o'clock were making rapid headway. By this time fires were breaking out in every direction. Frequent attempts were made to confine the flames to a certain district by tearing away houses. So compactly built was the business portion of the city, and so gigantic, even now, the dimensions of the conflagration, that one might as well attempt to curb the flames of a burning prairie. Higher and higher rose the wall of fire, castellated here and there as it rose above some building taller than its neighbors. More boisterous and more terrific grew the flames. Women and children, chilled by the cutting wind, and trembling with fright, stood shivering in the streets, weeping, oh, you who have seen the devouring element lick up your little all on earth, and leave you poor indeed, know only how bitter tears, or wringing their hands in speechless agony. If prayers and cries could now avail to check the fire, darkness with the speed of lightning would have

covered all. As the hours passed the circle of fire extended.

At midnight I stood at the headquarters of General Legan, and traced a continuous wall of flame encircling the whole city. The scenes I witnessed I shudder now to recall. I walked not a square from this point, when I was besought in the most frantic terms, by agonizing mothers, begging me to save their buildings for the sake of their little ones. Some had sick relatives that they implored me to save from the conflagration, and my ears were besieged with a multitude of prayers and supplications that I could not grant.

The light shingles warped from the roofs of buildings floated upward into the flaring, seething billows, and, borne off in the pitch-black column of smoke, blazed like meteors hundreds of feet above us. It was a spectacle fit to appall the stoutest.

I have erred in ascribing fear to all. I did see a number of the bitter, vindictive girls and women of the city laughing defiantly, and threatening the vengeance of the Southern army, as the fiery element licked up their homes and property.

## A VISIT TO THE FORTS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

Mr. Fulton writes to the Baltimore American an account of his visit to the forts in Charleston harbor. The following are extracts:

## FORT SUMTER.

The amount of work done to keep up the defensive power of Fort Sumter has been immense, both inside and outside of the walls. On the angle of the fort, where the Dupont attack was made, and which had never afterwards been reached by our shells, the outside marks are deep and effective, and along the lower casemates timber supports were erected to sustain the walls, which are cracked and broken to an astonishing extent. Fort Sumter, from being an immense brick fortification, has been radically transformed into an immense and powerful earthwork. About a dozen of its casemate guns are still intact, and although it could not now pour forth its broadsides as it did on the monitor fleet when attacked by Admiral Dupont, it was enabled to effectually protect the line of obstructions between Sumter and Moultrie, and protect itself from assault. Even if an assaulting party should have effected a lodgement, it is evident that it was the rebel intention to retire to their bomb-proofs, use the rifle from the loop-holes, and allow the surrounding rebel works to pour shot and shell into the fort until the assailants should be compelled to retire. The immense parade ground in the centre is perfectly clear of rubbish, and as you stand in its centre and look up at the surrounding desolation, it strongly reminds you of the view from the centre of the Coliseum at Rome.

## FORT MOULTRIE.

After spending about an hour among the historic ruins of Sumter, we crossed over to Sullivan's Island to visit Fort Moultrie and its contiguous works, extending several miles above and below the old fort—including Battery Beauregard, Battery Bee, Fort Ripley, and a host of others, mounting more than one hundred guns, among which were a number of English manufacture, and one from the wreck of the Keokuk, the fellow of which is mounted on the Charleston battery. These works are in fine condition and but few of the guns are spiked. The magazines are filled with powder, and immense piles of shot and shell are strewn around in every direction. Marks of shells from the Ironsides and the Monitors are visible in and around old Fort Moultrie, in front of which the wrecks of a dozen or more blockade runners are visible, which had been grounded and destroyed by our fleet. The old Moultrie House and nearly all the cottages which once beautified Sullivan's Island have either disappeared or are in ruins, and Moultrieville is, in reality, no more. This was formerly the summer resort of the Charlestonians, but now presents a most desolate and forbidding aspect. We walked for a mile or more through these immense works, interspersed by bomb-proofs, not less than twenty feet high, the raising of which in this flat and sandy country must have been a work of great magnitude. The sand is held firm by a heavy sodding of peat from the neighboring swamps, on some of which a heavy green foliage has made its appearance.

## FORT JOHNSON.

After leaving Moultrie we crossed the harbor to James Island, on that point of which is Fort Johnson, a work nearly