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DECEMBER, 1872.

CONTENTS:

GEORGE OF WYOMING.....	347
THE NIGHTINGALE.....	350
BURIED, BUT NOT DEAD.....	362
LINES.....	367
CARRIE CLIFTON.....	368
MARBLES.....	5 6
LOST ALICE.....	581
THE LITTLE RED (BREAKFAST CAPE).....	583
THE IRON CAPTAIN.....	590
SERENADE.....	594
HOME, SWEET HOME, AND ITS AUTHOR, JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.....	595
SEVEN DECADES OF THE UNION.....	604
MRS. JUDGE CLAYTON'S POSTOFFICE.....	615
EDITOR'S TABLE.....	623

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GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

BY T. B. BALCH, D. D.

The writer has never gone over the ridge of mountain which divides Mercer from the county that serves as the caption of the present paper. But a person who went in days of yore to the Red Sulphur of Monroe was apt to hear of Wyoming. There is a fascination in the word for all inclined to be pensive. Campbell has made it so by his poem, in which he records the massacre that took place in 1778 on the margin of the Susquehanna. Misfortune helps our mental associations. It has made additions to the beauty of Anne Boleyn and Mary Stuart, to the learning of Jane Grey and to the valor of the Orleans maid. But we can apprise the reader that he will find nothing sombre in our present writing, for we prefer the joys to the sorrows of life.

Our group at the Red was rather scanty. More agreeable, perhaps, on that account. One short table

served for the company. We were shut in between mountains both West and East. The Alleghanies begin in Georgia and wear a good many spurs in their long race before they reach the goal set up in the Catskills on the Hudson. Situated in this way, one could think of the most depressed valleys and of the highest mountains all over the world. At the same time it was natural to think of the hot wells of the English Bath, the medicinal waters of Cheltenham, of Tunbridge on the Medway, of Moffat on the Annan, German Spas and sundry other places to which the gentry resort either for pleasure or health. Nor could we suppress a feeling of satisfaction that our old Virginy surpasses them all in the variety and efficacy of its mineral springs for the curing of valetudinarians.

"Could you help me to number them?" said I to Miss Gertrude, a young lady of our coterie.

"Oh," she replied, "they are widely dispersed—some in Berkeley, Bath, Greenbrier, Monroe, some warm and others hot, some sweet and others acrid, some of an auburn color and others like a patch in the sky that is of azure appearance. They gush from the hills and tarry in the vales; but take notice that my preference is for the Blue over the Red."

"Why that," I replied, "is like Jack Doe versus Dick Roe. Methinks you ought to be at the Blue Spring of Greenbrier instead of this locality. Fountains of health which the Creator has opened for our benefit should not be brought into an invidious comparison. Like Addison, let us be thankful for all our mercies."

"You are right," she replied, "and your remark ought to have been heard with a violet meekness."

My new acquaintance was not simply intelligent. A young lady by proper application may become the mistress of valuable attainments. In London she might have been called a Blue Stocking, but Virginians are too polite to designate any lady in this way.

"Why," I said, "did you turn your attention to anything abstruse?"

"Haven't ladies," she replied, "governed Empires, shaped the destiny of nations, controlled cabinets, served in observatories, discovered asteroids, measured the diameter of sun, moon, stars and promenaded on the milky way?

Was not Zenobia quite as learned as Longinus, her Secretary, and Christina was more profound than her Counsellors. It is not my wish," she continued, "to figure in high places; but except for algebraic equations and conic sections, imagination would have made me wild as a deer. Even now it's more frolicsome than we could wish. It's prone to cover hills with lamas, to fill the woods of Wyoming with Persian gazelles, to dream that rocks are but smiling conchshells of the sea and to invest the grey Alleghanies in azure robes. No prude am I; but an artless little body with a pair of large black eyes, not overhandsome, but trying hard to be agreeable. If you scribble about me don't call me Gatty Wyanoke, but Gertrude of Wyoming, the county of my nativity."

"Your request shall claim special attention," I replied, "but I didn't exactly like the flash of your eyes during your speech. It was intended perhaps for nothing more than heat lightning. Remember, my fair interlocutrix, that you are talking with a friend."

"Aware of it," she rejoined.—"Thought your question about abstruse things was intended to impinge on the right of ladies to be sensible. Women have a right to mental improvement. Ashamed of my suspicion. My cheek burns. Your forgiveness can make this ruby blush white as snow. How much more can Divine forgiveness. You are fast winning my confidence. Rebuke me. Teach me."

"Teach you, indeed," I replied. "You may have been born in Wyoming, but you must have heard at least of Blarney Castle."

Raining. Shower after shower descended on barn, inn and porch. Torrents were raving down the Alleghanies. Branches overflowed, bridges swept away, and small trees floating on adjacent creeks. Virginians are not particular enough about bridges. They ought to make them high as the one near Alloway Kirk. Rheumatism in my right arm. It was chronic when the limb was at rest but acute when moved. Friend Gertrude sympathized. She remembered King Cotton. At length Dorse, an old man of color, approached the sofa on which the patient was reclining.

"Master," said he, "Indians and darkies is good doctors. Can cure you in a giffy if you'll follow my *proscriptions*."

"What is it you're going to try?"

"Don't know," he replied.— "Found it out in the woods. It's cured every body at the Red Sulphur."

"Whether it cure or not," I replied, "for your good intentions you shall receive four silverlings, but if it cure then a gold piece equal to five dollars."

Who wouldn't pay as much to get out of this misery. At that he took his panacea out of an oyster shell and rubbed the arm, and really it seemed to help the muscles.

"Will call in the morning," said Dr. Dorse, "and *git* the guinea."

He came accordingly and re-

ceived his pay. We write the sheer truth, whether the cure resulted from the effects of the imagination or the virtue of the remedy.

"Did'nt intend," said he, "to take one cent if you had'nt got well."

"Why, Dr. Dorse, you are like Bonaparte, who did'nt want lawyers to be paid unless they gained their causes, or physicians who did'nt heal their patients, and of course his soldiers unless they won all their battles. What a Solomon was he. But, Uncle, spend your gold piece in a prudent way. Don't save it up till Christmas and then drown it in eggnog."

"No indeed," said the Doctor. "Shall keep it to remember you by, for it's the biggest fee in all my practice. Gentlemen has been here who put me off with a little gold dollar, but this here guinea has dropped out of old Dorse's oyster shell. Master, don't they git pearls out of shells?"

"Yes," I replied, "but don't compliment me at the expense of Virginy gentlemen."

"Oh, I makes it a *pint* to speak out at times. Good morning. Here comes Miss Gatty to ask about your rheumatis."

"What induced Campbell," said the young lady, "to lay the scene of a poem in America?"

"That is a question difficult to be answered. He wrote the work at Sydenham, in Surrey, a distance from us of three thousand miles. It is not easy to enter into the ruminations of a student when inter-

course with him is prevented by circumstances. Poets creep every where in search of themes. Petrarch went to the Sorgue, Dante ascended far beyond the diurnal sphere on which he lived, and Tasso skipped to Palestine. We incline to think that Campbell felt an interest in America from the fact that his father had lived at Falmouth in Virginia. I was well acquainted with the Campbells of Westmoreland, but not with his cousins in Richmond. Mrs. Leland, one of his relatives, resides in Northumberland, and Mrs. Robt. Mayo near the Hague."

"Did he ever celebrate any other massacre?" asked my interlocutrix.

"He did; that of Glencoe, which took place about 1692. Glencoe is in Argyle at the head of Loch Etive. The poem is inferior to his Gertrude. He does not launch enough of hot thunderbolts at the villains by whom the deed was perpetrated. Macaulay has tried to gloss over the part which the Prince of Orange acted in that terrible tragedy. But he ought to have obtained the simon pure lime in vogue at *Washingtown*."

"You are gliding into politics," said the lovely Gertrude. "Remember that the golden thread of literature never runs in that direction. It curls itself off from public haunts and shies away from popular gatherings, but acts as a clew to conduct the student into some quiet hermitage where he winds among books in which the creations of genius have slept for

ages. And then he emerges from the labyrinth rich in the spoils of ancient and mediæval times."

"You have given me," I said, "a rebuke; but it was deserved. Devotion to politics has kept down the literature of Virginia for many a long and weary year, but we hope the prospect is improving. We wish that Campbell had laid the scene of his work on James River, where he could have found a real and not an imaginary heroine in the person of Pocahontas. She arrested many a tomahawk about descending on our pioneers. Our sires, too, had to fall as victims under Indian ferocity, and Rolfe might have answered for his Waldgrave. Smith, during the time he staid, might have filled the place of his Albert, the Petrarch of Wyoming. But we ought not to complain. His Muse chose to hover over Pennsylvania, and poets will neither respect our wishes or submit to our dictation. Let us give all honor to Campbell who first caused the Castalian fountain to water our deserts, and shed its sacred moisture on a hamlet parched and reduced to ashes in the fire of savage vengeance. And aye the white man was along in that deed of blood. He helped to rend with wolfish fury the chain of peace and drown the calumet in the tranquil Susquehanna. He held the torch aloft, and hastened the rush on aged men, women and helpless children. Let the name of Butler be transmitted from the records of earth to the darkest cloud that shrouds the pit of final despair."

"And there was a real Wyoming then?" said my interlocutrix.

"Yes, indeed, that massacre was no fiction. The spot bears another name at present as if the people wished to blot out the remembrance of that hideous slaughter. The village stood on the banks of a noble river that flows from Otsego Lake, and supplied by tributary streams, ends its majestic career in our own Chesapeake Bay. Well may boatmen who pass the locality lift their oars in homage to that caravan of martyrs, and may Heaven save the Gertrude of the Virginia Wyoming from such a destiny."

The rain was over and gone. Days were bright. Some additions to our company. On the porch.

"What makes you so prone to ask questions?" said Miss Gertrude.

"It's a good way," I answered, "in which to get posted up in a knowledge of distant objects. A Caledonian once tarried with me all night at my Ringwood home. He had been a shepherd in the Shire of Renfrew, and was seeking the same office in Virginny. I pounced on him with a multitude of questions about the district from which he came."

"And what did he say to your inquisitiveness?"

"He said, 'What induced you to leave Scotland for Virginny?' 'Never left it,' I replied. 'Virginny answers all my purposes in the way of living.' But now, Miss Gatty, not disposed to pass over the flat top elevations which conceals your

county from our view, please give me a little sketch of Wyoming. We dare say that Wyanoke, the cottage in which you were reared, is quite equal to the one in Pennsylvania, burnt down by Brandt, that half Indian and half German."

"Well," she rejoined, "your request can be complied with in very few words. 'Tis not my wish to elevate our county at the expense of truth, though the imagination of Campbell might easily invest it with charms to match the vale of Wyoming that lies under the foliage of Luzerne in Pennsylvania. Poets, you know, are privileged characters, and our Romanesque writers could fill the Patent Office at Washington with all sorts of inventions. They can beat the Yankees all hollow. Our people are pretty much like the rest of mankind, plain but sociable, and honest as circumstances will allow when the times are hard."

"What," said I, "have you no Albert to settle all disputes and put an end to all litigation as was done at Wilkesberry, on Susquehannah's side?"

"No, indeed," was her reply. "The court house at Oceana stands open the whole year round like the Temple of Janus when the Romans went to war. Lawyers plead and judges determine, but still, when court is over, the people happy as larks, fly to their homes if their names have not been docketed as sued. Even neighbors are cross to each other at times, especially they who live on farms, and complaints

are general about trespassing on their fields."

"Have you any graceful deer over in Wyoming?"

"They retired for the most part with the Indians."

"Any mocking birds?"

"Occasionally we hear those mimics; but they are rather sparing of their own peculiar notes."

"How is it with musical instruments? At twilight do you catch the sound of some distant flageolet, or that of some Spanish guitar, when your Valley is bewitched by the same moon which lends enchantment to the Abbey of Melrose?"

"The Jew's harp," she replied, "is rather more common among us than the bandore."

"Then your Valley is misnamed."

"Oh, no," she rejoined. "We have the blue bird and the laverock. Of the seven principal colors we prefer the azure. In looking through a prism my eye falls immediately on the refracted line of blue, and the orange is but a zero in the comparison. Wish my eyes were of that blue, for black is next to no color. But don't take a wrong impression of our Wyoming. It's charm consists in the countless number of its rivulets that intersect each other at every point of the compass. The tympanum of the ear can't escape from their ceaseless murmurs. We have Sandy River and the Guyandotte that are kept flowing on by their tributaries. We can go fishing when we please, for we are not without trout runs

in abundance. Wonder that old Walton, the English angler, was not born at Oceana. Spring and summer parties are common. My pony, called Garron, has borne me in all directions, and has slaked his thirst at all the burns and impressed his footsteps on all the sands."

"Your landscapes, then, must be aquatic, and as your capital is Oceana we wonder you are not all drowned. I took you for a sylvan fairy, but you report yourself as a nymph of the sea. In all probability the valley of the Shen was once a lake, but the captive could not be held by the grey Alleghanies. It broke the Apalachian chain and since that eventful day how many nymphs have stood upon its undulations, cropped their blooming flowers, and spent their lives amid the unction of Blue Ridge tints."

It is pleasant to converse with a sensible lady, and with many such has it been my privilege to talk. We must be just to the colloquial powers of Miss Gatty. Her good sense was set off by occasional gleams of gaiety and even humor. A little inclined at times to the satirical, but hers was not the satire of malice. It stopped with playfulness as did that of Addison and Cowper. Met with her the next day.

"Gave you yesterday," she remarked, "only a bird's eye view of Wyoming."

"Have you anything to subjoin?" was my answer.

"Yes; Middlesex, in England, derives its name from the fact of its being touched by six shires, and

three historical counties bind on Wyoming."

"What are their names, for it is pleasant to pick up even the fragments of history?"

"Why, don't you know? They are Raleigh, Boone and Logan."

"Truly," said I, "a good deal of history may be learned from names. Look at Mercer who fell at Princeton about 1777, or at Pulaski who lost his life at the siege of Savannah, or Russell, basely executed in 1633, or at Wayne who whipped the Indians, or at Fayette who lent us his sword in the Revolution. But not to be tedious. It would be easy to take the map of Virginny and read out volumes of Indian, English and colonial history. And from the naming of our counties Virginians might learn lessons of patriotism and eloquence. Look at Carroll, Wythe, and Braxton, each of whom affixed his name to the roll of Independence, or at Henry, who thundered out the rights of man, or at Grayson, who foresaw the evils into which the adoption of the Constitution would plunge the South, and Wirt, learned in the law, who amused himself with the shells of the essayist. Has it ever hurt Virginia that one of her counties bears the name of a man of letters?"

"In what year," said Gertrude, "was Sir Walter Raleigh executed?"

"In what year? Let me draw on my considering cap. The son of Mary Stuart reached the British throne in 1603 and reigned twenty-five years. He fooled a long time with his prisoner who was confined

in that den of iniquity called the Tower of London. At the instigation of the Spanish Ambassador, Sir Walter must have been *murdered* about 1618, and met his fate rather in a way too humorous, but humor becomes the fashion when tyrants reign. They are laughed at under the guillotine and the scaffold."

"But," said my interlocutrix, "does not a doubt exist as to the place at which Daniel Boone first saw the light of this world?"

"For some time," I replied, "there was such a doubt, but it is now regarded as certain that he was born in the town of Bristol, Buck's county, Pennsylvania. The place is opposite to Burlington in New Jersey on the Delaware, and not far from Philadelphia. In early life he removed to the Yadkin river, North Carolina, from which settlement he undertook the opening of a new State to the white man. His adventures, as you know, were very romantic, and it's a pity they have never fallen under the pen of some Virginia De Foe, or the pencil of a Southwestern artist. He might have become a millionaire, but devoid of a talent for the main chance he died in a Missouri hut. The old saying is true that Republics are ungrateful. After enriching tens of thousands the Legislature of Kentucky might have given him more than a few paltry acres of land. Gifts may blind the eyes of rulers, but we reckon that the great trapper and bear wrestler saw as clearly after as before the *boon* which he received."

"Hinting at politics again," said the amiable Gertrude. "What are your views of Logan, the Mingo Chief? Garron took me not long since to the burning Spring of Logan. 'Tis always pleasant to find anything warm in this cold world even though it be but a desert fountain."

"Logan," I replied, "was a friend of the whites. He said nothing but the truth in his speech to Lord Dunmore. Virginia has done herself honor in recording his name on her soil. He never was vindictive until Col. Cresap, by the bullets of his party, had severed all the cords which bound the old chief to his wigwam. Luther Martin undertook the defence of Cresap, but Jefferson was too strong for him in history, but it was well for Jefferson that the combatants were not fighting in a forum. Martin was the profoundest lawyer in Maryland."

Our company at the Red was becoming more enlarged. Some had even arrived from the Blue. The swarm, perhaps, had an inkling that Gertrude, the Queen Bee, could be found only at the ruby waters of Monroe. Confirmed in this impression by the fact that they who came were for the most part young.— They seemed to think that no shade could ever enter the sunlight of the world. A wrong estimate of life, for what son of Adam or daughter of Eve can boast of a total exemption from perplexities, annoyances, feuds and miffs? Our restiveness is portrayed in Roaselas,

for the party achieved an egress from the happy valley of Abyssinia. But it is far wiser to enjoy present good than to take trouble or interest. Our Creator is pleased to see us not simply contented, but cheerful without being frivolous. Miss Gertrude was generally smiling, but never allowed her merriment to interfere with her dignity. We noticed, however, a tendency to agitation.

"Have you heard any bad news?" I inquired.

"No."

"Are you afraid that the Indians during your absence will break in upon Wyoming and create havoc in your peaceful valley?"

"No; for the Indians, ever since the battle of Point Pleasant, have been gradually retiring from reservation to reservation until they will probably be lost in the Pacific."

"My suspicions, then, are alive that you are expecting the advent of some Henry Waldegrave who figures in the poem of Campbell with his Iberian boot and his Spanish plume."

"No," she replied; "no travelled young gentleman is looked for on my part."

"But perhaps," said I, "he may be untravelled. He may not, like Waldegrave, have ascended the Jungfrau or traversed the Vale of Arno. Your choice may have lain within the limits of the Old Dominion. Your eye never wandered to the crooked streets of Boston or marble palaces of New York in

search of the one who is to meet you at the altar of Hymen."

"Don't like to be overquestioned," she rejoined. "Said my catechism when a child."

"My interest in you is most profound. Give me his name. Is it Green, Brown, or White?"

"Neither, but since you press me so urgently he calls himself Arthur Blue."

"Why you are more candid than was Miss Knickerbocker, who would not even whisper the name of her intended. But a long time since there was a family of Blues in Upper Virginia. One of them was a mathematician, and like Genl. Washington employed himself in the survey of lands. He knew a vast deal about the limestone valley, and possibly the youth who has won your hand may be a descendant. Glad, indeed, that you are to live in the azure district of Virginny. We shall be quite near neighbors. It will be my business by seeing the gentleman on my return to hurry up the affair. Ladies are never in a hurry. They are not to seek; but always to be sought, and await their partners to call them out to the dance of life."

"Exactly so; he must come after me even were Gertrude in Spitsbergen instead of Wyoming. He would be a poor concern if he couldnt cross the Alleghanies to remove his fairy from Wyoming to the haze of the Blue Ridge. We don't doubt him in the least degree. We have had some little jars and miffs, but they soon passed away.

Better they should have occurred before than after marriage. In married life there are two wills, but we hope he may so wield the rod of Aaron as to swallow up mine except where conscientious principles may be concerned."

"Admirable," I rejoined. "You will be happy in your ornamented cottage. Hortense Beauharnais found more enjoyment in a Swiss cottage than on the throne of Holland. But it's no time for romancing. The crowd gathering at the Red incommodes me and interferes with my elbow room. Must be off soon as possible."

"Won't you call at the Blue Sulphur?" said Miss Gatty.

"No; the crowd is greater there than at the Red."

"Shall miss you," she continued.

"Perhaps you may," I replied, "till Sir Arthur makes his appearance."

When about to start who should lead out pony but Doctor Dorse.

"Doctor, my advice is that you add a letter to your name, and then you will become celebrated as was Dr. Dorsey of Philadelphia. Add as much as possible to your medical researches. Search the woods, examine plants, pull on the rocks for oysters. fill the shells with your nostrums, and let them all be arrayed on a shelf. Miss Gatty will prepare the labels. It's a great thing to be such a doctor as Bree, of London, who prepared an electuary of rhubarb, sulphur and iron for curing all defects in our respiration. I say, with perfect truth, that

your remedy made my arm strong as Bonaparte's. It's my conviction that you could have cured that hero when he was wounded in his *heel*. Keep an eye on the Wall street victims of rheumatism who come to the Red, for their purses are weighty. Some of them can measure the circumference of a picayune and pant after the dust of the earth on the heads of the poor, but others pay out liberally for services in the healing art. They can turn rice into dollars and cotton pods into guineas. By the way, Doctor, did you keep that gold piece?"

"Did, Masser, for some time."

"Only for some time? Was that your promise?"

"No, Masser, but my wife, Chloe, said it was a sin to put it in a napkin when my son wanted a hat, and daughter a bonnet. And what's left is going for oysters."

"Then, Doctor, here are a couple of silverlings if you'll not hold on so tightly to pony's bridle."

This was long before greenbacks came into fashion, which are now at a discount. In due time Gertrude of Wyanoke became Madam Blue.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

(Concluded.)

The day before the ball, Wilhelmine was alone in her chamber, very much worried over what she should wear. She had sent home to Gretchen all the money Monsieur Gerold had paid her at the Castle, so that she had not enough left to buy herself even a ribbon, and Bertha never made her any presents now.

She examined her dresses one after the other and found none suitable. This faye silk was too dark and heavy for an evening dance, above all in the country in

midsummer. During the whole season she had worn her printed muslin skirts, and one of them had even a large tear in it, it was impossible to wear them upon such an occasion. Her taffetas silk was badly made and very much worn; when Bertha had given it to her it was far from being new. Nothing was left then but the white tarletan—the everlasting tarletan which she had worn every time they had danced at the Castle since she had been there. Wilhelmine looked at it with disdain.