

AUGUST 15, 1872.

THE



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

	PAGE.
A Twilight Dream.....	378
The Stage.....	384
Sharon.....	386
Daisy.....	395
Up in the Wild.....	402
M. Lemoinne on Arbitration.....	403
Fidelis.....	404
The Truth of History vs. the Truth of Fiction.....	495
The House-Wife.....	407

M. W. HAZLEWOOD, Publisher, 1011 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Subscription \$2.50 per annum.

Single copy 25 cents.

Copy 3

The Old Dominion Magazine.

VOL. 6.

RICHMOND, VA., AUGUST 15, 1872.

No. 8.

A TWILIGHT DREAM.

“I can read my life’s sad story
In a light unknown before.”

The summer Sabbath day was dying slowly, and I stood at the western window of my chamber watching the burning glories of the sunset. Colors glowed, flickered, then died there, beautiful and tantalizing as those which have gleamed for ages before the mental vision of master painters, mockingly eluding their efforts to transfer them to canvas. Warm, passionate crimsons, solemn imperial purples, and burning gold, lay in piled up masses of cloud against the ethereal blue of the back ground. It were no stretch of the imagination to have thought the whole western heaven one stupendous portal, through which the souls of God’s chosen might pass triumphantly up to the home He has prepared for them; nay, to the very footstool of His burning presence-throne itself. Angels might have descended and not have wished a more royal pathway, on the long, quivering

beams of light that gilded the river and hills, touched the steel-tipped spire of the village church, and even stole coyly into my window and played over the holy, wistful eyes of the Evangeline on my chamber wall.

But I could not enjoy the beauty of the summer evening then. I felt for a moment, as I stood with folded arms looking at the rare loveliness, a stifled yearning that “the peace which passeth all understanding” might droop its white wings of blessing over me, and tone my turbid thoughts into harmony with such a scene; then, the old rebellious nature reasserted itself.

“It is all beautiful—all perfect,” I said aloud, turning angrily from the window and facing the meek-browed picture. “Every thing in nature and art gratifies this craving for symmetry and grace; and yet, like luring devils, they all only

the next day went through with the Resurrection, and a third priest, who played Judas, came very near dying, while he was hanging, for

his courage failed him and he had to be hastily let down (unhung, *dependre*.)

A. T. J.

SHARON.

It has been a good while since the writer was passing the seat of Commodore Jones, which stands in that county of Virginia named in honor of Lord Fairfax, the great patentee.— My business being urgent it was not my purpose to call, but approaching the gate on the turnpike, pony spied a large structure for the accomodation of animals like himself, and he showed a reluctance to advance. He had an unpleasant habit of lying down when unwilling to proceed, and once served me so three miles from Lynchburg on a hot day in June. Making his escape, the incident gave me a walk amounting to a good many barley corns.

“Follow your own inclination,” said I to pony. “At least till you get a good meal. Then you must be led out, for Lord Wellington never talked about anything but his duty. Waterloo with him was nothing but a slight affair which he owed to England.”

The Commodore received me in a cordial way.

“Dismount. Your steed shall be fed on splendid oats grown by a sailor, and you know that men live on oats in Scotland and horses in England, according to Johnson’s Dictionary.”

“No disparagement to the Caledonians,” I replied, “for in England the King, his Premier and their horses eat corn alike. The Cornubians, who live in the West of England, are fond of sprouts, and the French are said to relish frogs. No apprehension is entertained of one who has fed crews of seamen on the green lawns of the ocean just as if they had been flocks of sheep on the plain of Sharon.”

He laughed.

“Ah,” said he, “that was done out of the granaries of Uncle Sam, who owns a multitude of cribs.”

And then he politely handed me up the steps of his portico into doors kept open by the heat of a summer day. And we may add by that hospitality which is never absent from seafaring men.

Say something about the house and premises. This is done at the mandate of two daughters, Mary Landon and Julia Ringwood. We never fancied too much minuteness in writing. It ought to be suggestive instead of rigid in its details. But it is possible that some reader at the Gosport Navy Yard or possibly at Rio Jaerico may desire to know the sort of home in which the Commodore lived for so

many years, and from which he went forth to wrestle with so many storms. The dwelling was white, making a contrast with the verdure by which it was encircled. It was stuccoed on the exterior, and presented a neat appearance. Situated on a height quite above the tanks in which several varieties of fish were swimming. The premises were stocked with exotic trees from distant islands in which the mariner had from time to time moored his ship. Several clover fields—a good deal of shrubbery and circles bordered with foreign flowers. It's not my custom to say much about interior furniture, such as chairs and tables, but the easiest one of the former was ex consequentia assigned to the writer. There was an admirable portrait of my host in full naval dress, taken by King, of Washington, and one of his consort by the same artist, both of which were mangled in the late needless war. Hope U. S. will replace them ere long in a reëmbellished state. There was a representative frigate apparently under full sail which made a magnificent display of itself with all its furbelows. The only annoyance was an antique parrot with blue wings, spots of red, a curved beak and a most unruly, saucy tongue, which came to Sharon from off the tropical belt of the world. There were books. Voyages toward the North and South Poles. Never seeing any sense in such perilous undertakings my interest in them was of course more obtuse than acute. Albeit, we did skim over the Life of Lord Collingwood, the second hero of Trafalgar. There are times when it is better to

talk with the living than to hold converse with the dead. Alas! in reading their lives we are appalled by the fact that Nelson descended to his grave in St. Paul's stained by several crimes, and Wellington sleeps beneath the dome of the same cathedral whose reputation suffers from the execution of Ney; but a sense of right and wrong followed our own Lee and Jackson along the whole line of their illustrious victories until their banners were planted and recognized on the walls of the New Jerusalem.

"Commodore," said his guest, "it seems needless to ask whether you be a native of the Old Dominion."

"Born," he replied, "1790 at Hickory Hill, Westmoreland, Va. Of Welsh extraction, but not sorry that Wales after ages of contest was blended with England, and that without any detriment to its honor. The principality had long been an acute thorn to the English Rose, but became an important leaf in the widely expanded flower of the British Empire."

"But, Commodore, what first turned your attention to marine objects?"

"Was sent in 1801 to the College of William and Mary, but something told me of my unfitness for law, medicine or politics. After awhile left. Applied myself to the study of mathematics and particularly navigation. Obtained a midshipman's warrant.—Became a lieutenant. Some men are born for sea service though their parents may live among ploughs, corn and wheat. Can any man believe that Cook could make a farmer who circumnavigated the globe, or Scoresby who harpooned six hundred mon-

ster whales, or Selkirk who ran away from the largs of Fife because he possessed that inventive faculty common to all successful mariners?"

"Then," I replied, "you believe in a kind of inherent passion prompting us to some special pursuit."

"It would seem so," he replied.—
"My imagination was filled with the marvels of the sea. Its shells looked smoother than velvet, its islands greener than the emerald, and its waves more blue than the sapphire. The ocean presents many sights to the mariner which are not visible to the pent up landsman. There are domestic ports, foreign harbors, populous cities, cinnamon islands like Java, pepper ones like Borneo, bread fruit trees in the Sandwich, the Southern Cross, Magellan clouds and more curiosities than we can number. We are made wise not by books but by what we observe. Objects novel and curious are apt to make an indelible impression on the mind. In short the naval officer who aspires to the broad pennant must be insulated to his calling. He must eye it as he would a single star and not use his telescope to resolve his one vocation into a couple. He will be caught at last if he should double his windings in running off from his peculiar duties."

The bell rung for dinner.

After dinner. "'Tis my wish, Commodore, to pump out of you as much as possible during my brief sojourn, but to take things dispassionately and not so zealously as if your ship were wrecked and all on board about to perish. Am told that in the war of

1812 you had a brush with the British somewhere near the Crescent city of New Orleans. So opposed to that war that my ignorance of its events is great. Am something too of a Quaker about war, though your guest had the temerity to risk his life in the battle of the White House, on the seventh of September, 1814, and U. S. has never paid me to this day.— My carpet bag has been kept open, but the pay has never yet jingled on the tympanum of my ear. And yet each ball flew at us fast as a shuttlecock, and the fight was kept up for two long hours."

"That was just the time," he replied, "that my affair lasted."

"Where," I asked, "did yours take place?"

"On Lake Borgne which communicates with Lakes Pontchartrain and Maurepas and with New Orleans.— Our seven boats encountered forty-five British barges. Getting a ball into this shoulder, which is still there, the enemy took me prisoner."

"Bless me," said I, "how rash you were with such a disparity of force. You might have been sure of a disastrous result."

"True," he answered, "but a surrender without a fight would have brought a cashiering or a drum-head court martial on the young lieutenant. Uncle Sam shells out to the successful, but is inexorable to the unfortunate who won't fight. A thought," he continued, "has just struck me, and you must have been sent to Sharon in the very nick of time. Have a claim against Uncle Sam of four thousand dollars. The heads of the De-

partments won't hear to the thing, but it's all just. Now you are a practical man, and just say how can you help a sea-beaten mariner to get his dues."

"Must sleep," I answered, "on that proposition. Will give you my views in the morning. 'Tis sunset. Shall not leave Sharon to-night.—Tityrus entertained Melibœus, and you must entertain one who will put you into a way to get your claim."

The morning came. "Commodore," said I, "a practical man can give advice before breakfast. Have bestowed on that claim of yours my best reflections. Overlook the Departments. Carry your affair directly to Congress. Collect your old musty documents—give me a History of Louisiana, and a map of the New Orleans environs, and let me sketch out your voyages and services in about ten or twelve pages for the Naval Magazine in Washington. Order extra copies of the sketch to be struck. Send a copy to Henry A. Wise, and to each of the Virginia members, for the Old Dominion ought to rule.—Did'n't Virginy present you with a splendid sword costing the State five hundred dollars. Counsel should always be given in a few pointed words. Take mine and mark me, you will soon call on the Departments with a warrant for your money."

"A very Daniel come to judgment," said my host. "You have hit the target right in the centre.—Let's go to breakfast. Then the old records shall be found. There's a History of Louisiana about the house written by a Creole. Which will you

prefer, a steel or gold pen, a goose or a crow quill? Do you like plain paper best or paper edged round with gilt?"

"Anything will suit," I replied, and all was done according to Gunther.

True as truth the Commodore obtained his claim by the vote of Congress. It went through like a flash on telegraphic wires. How often have kind acts been done just at the cost of a little scribbling. Ye scribblers! how little do you know the power of the pen. Why, insects can create a coral tree, on the branches of which purses of gold may be suspended. Yea, they can build islands among the South Seas on which mariners can stand, and frigates with gay streamers may be moored.

"But, Commodore, it's impossible to go over all your voyages; but you have been twice to the Sandwich Islands in the North Pacific. They are interesting, for at Owyhee Cook lost his valuable life. Give me some hints about those affairs which nature, under the direction of the Great Supreme, has dispersed over the sea."

"Of the cluster," he remarked, "Owyhee is the largest; but they are not like a bunch of grapes, for they lie over an extensive space, separated by different distances. It is by far the most populous of the group, and has the greatest number of square miles; but Mowee, Morotoi, Woahoo, and Atooi are quite considerable affairs. Tahoorā is uninhabited. The hum of industry, and the din of the anvil are never heard on that rock; but one may hear the fretting of the

waves and the cry of the sea-birds. After the murder of the Bourbon Duke, the French (not the English) ought to have sent Bonaparte to that rock, for the Duke belonged to France. He was a stem of the regal tree."

"But is there no mountain," I enquired, "in Owyhee?"

"Yes, Koah, eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. It has three peaks covered with snow, but below you can collect as many cocoa nuts as you please."

"But, my kind host, have been talking with Penn and Franklin, the two Sandwichers now on your farm. They are well built, interesting lads. How came they in these diggings?"

"They were very curious," he replied, "to see Old Virginny. They begged like cats, with their very eyes, to be taken on board, but were told it was Uncle Sam's ship, and they probably believed that Uncle Sam was some good natured old man. My ship hoisted sail, got out to sea some miles, and lo! we descried the lads swimming after us with all their might. I took a sea trumpet and warned them to return, but on they came. At length they sat the water like a pair of graceful ducks, and gazed wishfully at the ship. Fearful that they might be taken with the cramp, or that some shark might bite off their feet, after a parley we took them on board. They are about returning to Owyhee. They long after the milk of the cocoa nut, and to be fed by the trees."

"You were right, Commodore, to rescue the boys, for captains at sea

have won medals by acts of humanity. Just as right as if they had escaped from the shipwreck in which Falconer was drowned."

The writer is opposed to the mixture of sacred with secular things, and Literature is a pursuit different from Theology, the noblest of all sciences. Otherwise a conversation could here be given about the Mission established in Owyhee in the autumn of 1819. The colloquy was most satisfactory. We only wish that the Reverend S. Smith, of England, could have heard it, for he was long the ringleader of the anti-missionary host. A religious journal is the proper channel through which such a conversation ought to be presented to the public. We are not opposed to distant allusions being made to religious themes for reverence is implied in distance. Hovering round the leafy purlieus of Eden Milton constructed a grand poem out of the simple elements supplied by Moses. He had nothing but a garden or a park, a river and four streams, bdellium, onyx stones, gold, a happy pair of mortals and a celestial machinery.— Using these elements he wrought out his great work; but he felt at the same time that there are teachings and feelings connected with Revelation too sacred for the gay science inspired by the Muses. This was exactly what Dr. Johnson meant when in his Lives of the British Poets he pleads for the segregation of Religion and Poetry. He meant that no man could argue the theology of the Sabbath through the medium of Poetry; but he would have read with delight

the Sabbath of Grahame, in which that day is set forth in all its quietness, the cessation of labor, the repose of the plough, the landscapes through which the people thread their way to the kirks, and the song of praise arising from lowly roofs. And that man is an enemy to the Sabbath who cannot relish such embellishments. Any person of cultivated taste will admire the Missionary Hymn of Heber as a madrigal for private use, but as a hymn for the people it is too flashy. On this account many have complained that it gives them a painful rather than a pleasing impression.

Just then the consort of my host appeared in the parlor.

"You'll never get that claim. It's lost time."

"Your opinions," I answered, "are entitled to respect, for you are a daughter of an antique Virginia lady and a reader of Latin and Greek, but you are mistaken. You don't understand human nature. Wait till Congress meets and you'll see. Your husband has mingled much among men, and he has the help of a Ringwood Hermit. He can count on Mercer, Wise, and Old Hickory. He helped the last in 1815 at the battle of the Cotton Bags. But your guest must be off."

"Oh, no!" she replied. "A party is making up for an excursion to the great falls. You don't like collations, but have never seen the Corra Linn of Fairfax. It's a grand sight."

"Be it so," I replied.

Next morning we started for the

cataract. It was but four miles distant from Sharon, and the day was lovely. Noticed several cottages on the way. Thought of the seventy cascades which a late traveller saw in Lapland during one day's ride, of the headlong Tivoli—Tockoa which rains down a perpendicular of a hundred and eighty feet, in Georgia, the Cahoes in Mohawk river, Bakers in New York, Bellows in New Hampshire, and more than we can mention. Reached the sight. Superb. It has been roaring for ages, that is ever since the water of the Shenandoah Valley broke through the Blue Ridge. Saw a gentleman at a distance, not of our party. He seemed to be taking notes of the vision. Louis Philippe had been there when a wanderer over the United States. Dickens also in forty-two, when he could see nothing good in the American Nazareth. Delighted on his second visit because he was lionized by Yankees. They gave him for his artificial readings a pocket full of money. Lo, that which was once a desert became smiling as a green-house, and he promised on his getting back to Gadhill, in Kent, to call in his puerile Notes on America. That was a good promise, for when he wrote them the pen must have been held between his toes. Hurried back with a practical scheme in my head.

"Commodore, you own one-third of the Virginny side of that great water power. If you and the two other partners will turn your attention to getting up a second Lowell you will be the most formidable Triumvirate that ever ruled the Roman Empire. More so than the three Consuls of

France, and you are not a man like Bonaparte to seize the lion's share."

"Do you think," said he, "that no one has any practical sense but yourself? Why, we have already obtained a charter from Virginia to found a second Lowell, and that charter will bring us *spoons*."

"Very good," I replied, "but sell the water to Congress, for that body are piping and the people of Washington have begun to dance at the prospect of being moistened from the Potomac."

"That," said he, "is an original hint worthy of Rob Roy McGregor. It must be thought of and improved."

Hope the readers of the OLD DOMINION will pardon my introducing a little episode into this narrative. At the time to which this writing refers, a highly interesting lady was domesticated at Sharon. She was from Dublin, the capital city of Ireland. She was imposing in her appearance, of dignified, yet courteous manners, fine powers of conversation, excellent attainments, and most agreeable to Virginians from the ardor of her social feelings. She was the very person with whom to hold colloquies, and even long Indian talks on various topics, but more especially about her native isle. We do not know that this accomplished lady had ever been to the Giant's Causeway or to the Killarney Lakes. My impression is that she had never visited either of those natural curiosities; but she was at home in her description of Dublin, the luxuriant soil by which it is surrounded, its noble bay, the embankments of the Liffey, its quays, streets, pub-

lic buildings, canals, College, and Parliament House, in the last of which the manly eloquence of Grattan had been so often displayed. Nor was this remarkable lady less interesting when led out by modest questions into other portions of the Emerald Isle, particular Wicklow, in the vicinity of Dublin, and Edgeworthstown, in Longford. With what a profound interest did the writer listen to her word-picture of Wicklow, from Bray Head down to Arklow, with her touches of the elevations, streams and rustic bridges of Avoca Vale, so often sung by poets, and talked of by sentimentalists. Nor was she less eloquent in portraying the mansion with its rural improvements, which a grateful people purchased for the comfort of the illustrious Grattan, whose fingers were never soiled by unjust gains and whose rhetoric was but the out-going of his patriotic emotions. It was mine to catechise, but hers to reply. She was devoid of all that political fanaticism which leads so many of the Shamrock Isle to revile the English Government as the source of all the woes by which Ireland is crushed, when manifestly the union of 1801 has been a fountain of good as can be shown by her statistics. But it was time for the writer to leave, and accordingly he left.

Pony had not advanced more than four miles on his way to Ashgrove, so long the seat of the Fairfax family, where it was my purpose to call. On looking back a servant was clearly in pursuit, and my steed very cheerfully wheeled himself round, thinking, perhaps, of the juicy clover on which he

had been fed. The servant gave me a letter, in which, much to my surprise, the Irish lady informed me that she was on the eve of being married to a gentleman from Massachusetts which is called the Bay State, and she wished her new acquaintance to tie the knot. Who could fail to comply with a request expressed in such modest terms by a daughter of Eve so eloquent? A wedding, though an affair of every day occurrence, never fails to excite a portion of interest. It will always produce something like an eddy in the current of human life. Rogers once wrote a little book called "Human Life," in which he rings the marriage bell with vigor, and Joanna Bailie does the same though she spent a long life in single blessedness. Jeremy Taylor, a grave divine, published a truly poetical sermon under the title of "Marriage Rings."

Found the family all astir in their preparations for the grand event.— The occasion was to be honoured by the presence of Senator Choate, the Hon. Caleb Cushing, and several other members of Congress. Virginia was to be represented by the Hon. John Taliaferro and Judge Somers, the latter having been a native of Fairfax. And last, but not least, ex-President Adams was to be a wedding guest. City hacks laden with Amphictyonites came up the hill and drove round the circle.

The writer could not fail to be impressed by the circumstances. The bride was from an historical island on the west of England. She had crossed an ocean of three thousand miles in extent and arrived in the New World

unconscious of what was to be her future destiny. Friends were made and she had captivated a worthy gentleman from the red hills of Massachusetts. An individual was present who had once filled the Executive Chair of the great Republic, the affairs of which he administered with ability and economy. That economy will one day be brought into an awful contrast with our expenditures under the present oligarchy by which we are ruled. He was a litterateur as well as a politician, having been at one time a belles-lettres professor in Harvard University. After the performance of the ceremony it was natural to seek the acquaintance of men distinguished in the Council of the Nation. Cushing had just returned from his mission to China and had been quite observant of the Celestial Empire. He gave the public a long letter about the Chinese minerals. As a New Englander he was at home on that subject. They are all fond of material things whether the gold of California, the pebbles of Brazil or the diamonds of South Africa. There seem at present to be great difficulties touching the whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone, but should he reach any mineral district the traveller will soon reappear. We give up Sir John Franklin for we suppose minerals are rare within the Arctic and Antarctic circles. We presume that Parry found but few in his Polar Sea. Cushing was well posted up in all the humanities. We are glad to find from reading his late book that ex-Governor Wise is a humanist. We believe every word he has written on that subject and that

William and Mary turned out great men because its pupils studied classics rather than mechanics. Materialism enslaves a people, but the humanities set them free. We shall ever believe except for steam that the South never could have been subdued. Any tyro in military tactics can see that Grant was no general, and yet from his material resources he brought a greater general than Wellington and Bonaparte combined to a surrender, not under an apple tree. This has become a *stereotyped falsehood*. We found Senator Choate a pleasant gentleman with whom to converse, but in his oratory he sometimes went over the boundary which divides between ratiocination and the vocabulary of the poet. He contended most strenuously for the mental superiority of Shakespeare to Sir Walter Scott, and on that point we totally disagreed. Shortly after our interview he wrote me a letter, but from that wedding night to the present we have never been able to make out one word of it any more than if it had been written in the Gribotongue. Our Virginians acquitted themselves admirably, as is their habit in all genteel companies, but being somewhat Virginianised himself the writer thinks it more becoming to notice the ex-President of the United States, who was by far the most diffident person in the parlor. He occupied a large arm chair accorded to him by the whole company. He was too unpretending to seek out interlocutors; but it was clear that any approach to him would be agreeable. General Roger Jones introduced me to the sage of Braintree, for

he succeeded to the residence of the elder Adams about four miles from Boston. It struck me as best to open the conversation by some question that might start him on his foreign travels. The question acted upon him like magic. He was fairly aroused and the great old cities of Europe passed in panorama before one who had never set foot on foreign soil. Many, many years had elapsed since the writer has looked into the "Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge, but if memory deceive me not the old seaman told his story to one on his way to a wedding feast. That was a tale of woe which befel the ship after the shooting of the albatross, the bird of good omen among sailors. But my venerable interlocutor had nothing tragic to unfold and no calamity to record. He took joyous views of life, for he was spending a green old age. We had mapped out several things upon which to obtain the views of the ex-President. Among them was the authorship of the Junius Letters, the design of Dean Swift in writing about the Lilliputians, the authenticity of the Ossianic Poems, and the vision which is said to have warned the younger Littleton of the time he would die, and several other subjects. But the announcement was made that the Irish bride was about giving us the "Halls of Tara." The great Harlem organ would not have drawn me away, but no Virginian can be impolite to ladies and especially to one so accomplished as the Dublin bride. But in a day or two after we wrote out the long talk with the ex-President and received a letter from my interlocutor

expressing his pleasure at being so fairly represented. The handwriting was somewhat tremulous, but perfectly legible and unlike as possible to the hieroglyphic of Senator Choate.

The writer is just entering into oc-

togenarianism and Virginia readers of the OLD DOMINION are too amiable and too Christian to deny him the pleasure of continuing these reminiscences of a life that has been like a Persian tale. T. B. BALCH.

DAISY.

BY MITTIE F. C. POINT DAVIS.

“Calm is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only thro' the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground.
 Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
 These leaves that rodden to the fall;
 And in my heart, if calm at all,
 If any calm, a calm despair.”

This morning brings her back to me—this sunshine, this sweet blue air, the breath of autumn sighing over the hills and through the valleys—all are redolent of her presence, all remind me of her, because on such a dreamy morning we first met.

Tell you my story? Nay, did ever man or woman, however gifted or eloquent, fashion into words all the glory of loving? Still less have human hearts learned to paint word pictures of their saddest emotions, living epitomes of their despair.

For it is despair that has settled so coldly on my spirit, shutting out the brightness of life and hope, and making the wide world a desert since we parted.

* * * * *

It was the last pic-nic of the season at the charming little mountain retreat into which I had carelessly drifted the day previous, and as I was totally unacquainted among the ladies of the party, Fred Handburgh good naturedly undertook to secure me a partner for the impromptu dance that was forming on the grassy level where we bivouacked; so it was almost without any volition of my own that I found myself bowing before an enchanting shape, a violet-eyed divinity, in blue muslin, who smilingly consented to be my partner in the lancers.

The listless indifference I felt at first soon warmed into enthusiastic admiration of Miss Tresilian's grace and beauty. How she danced! The