From January the first to February the twenty-eighth, 1861.

Thomas Butler Gunn
132 Bleecker Street, New York
Mr. Thos. Butler Gunn, an artist of the staff of the London Illustrated News, is visiting Charleston on a sketching tour, and is at the Charleston Hotel. Mr. Gunn brings credentials and references of the best import, and is in himself a gentleman who would need no reference beyond a good acquaintance.

He may extend his tour for some time and over a large section, and we take pleasure in commending him to the hospitable attentions and assistance which may be within the power of any readers in this State or in the United States.

Forty-seven of them were to leave in the steamer Marion yesterday. They had got their passage reduced from $15 to $12 each, in consequence of there being such a large crowd. I went down to pier 4. There were only three students on board when the Marion departed.

Among her passengers was Thomas B. Gunn, the artist. He has gone down South to make sketches for the "Illustrated London Times" or "News." I gave him a letter of introduction to your senior.

After sketching all the prominent points in Charleston—the Bay—the forts—the "Convention"—"Legislature," &c., he will go on to Mobile, if you have anything lively there. I have begged him to sketch the Register office for my private use.

From Seville's correspondence to the Mobile Register. I scissored it out of that paper, finding it among the exchanges in the office of the Charleston Courier. The first sentence applies to the medical students.
In the meantime, I paid my respects to Dublin.

On the morning of the 29th, I started out for certain stores for the Irish Linen, and took a walk with Colonel O'Egan, down the quay, where he told me of the climate. On the return to the hotel, I had an opportunity to meet some of my former acquaintances, and they were most welcome.

On the morning of the 1st, I went to the Irish Linen, and was delighted with the selection of each day after that. After dinner, I went to the town, and was accompanied by some of my former acquaintances.

Dinner was at four, but I stayed a few minutes longer, and then went to the hotel.

The date is June 19, 1901.
Charleston Acquaintances.

Rejoining Golb again, either at the hotel or at Adam’s Express office, we had some pistol practice in company with Lindsay and presently, I think, with Frank Wood, in a large upper room, at the top of the building. After dinner I was out again with folks and introduced to the President of the Vigilance Committee, who publicly took me by the beard and told me that he knew all about me, what I had come to Charleston for—That he had been informed as to these particulars within two hours of my arrival! He was a square-set man, with an unpleasant face, rather Irish in character.

In the afternoon, I went with Carlyle, Golb and a certain St. Clair M. Morgan, a Tennessean to the Arsenal, riding together in Morgan’s carriage. He was a young fellow, very jerky-minded, burning to display his military knowledge; I think he had studied at West Point. He antagonized with Golb; the latter, though assuming great candor and good-will never being able to resist the temptation of advancing unfavorable views of the South and Secession. Morgan, like us, was staying at the Charleston Hotel; he owned a negro whom he used to order about not a little. I remember
At The Arsenal.

while Colt and I sat in the carriage, before Carlyle had joined us, and while Morgan had gone into a store on Meeting Street, we observed the Preceding Convention pass along the side-walk, promenading two and two, towards the hotel, where they always dined at 4 P.M. Colt compared them, ironically, to the signers of the Declaration of Independence, saying each one beheld himself to be an historical character, in his own conceit. They did parade with a little affectation. It was a dull, raw, afternoon, promising rain, as we trudled through the outskirts to the arsenal, where, at the gate, we found a German sentinel on guard. We had to wait a little before obtaining admittance. Morgan fussing over it, taking the sentinel aside with a pretense of secrecy about the counterign (which we all knew to be "Pitren")—the name of the governor—and even taking the man's musket away to show him how to hold it. Passing in, at length, after some members of a mounted corps had ridden by and saluted the two Southerners, we walked briskly across an open space, with trees, and hedges and flowers, all of which must have looked lovely enough of a sunny morning, but were hardly so on a drizzly evening. Reaching the building, we went through an archway into an inner square,
A Seceding U. S. Major.

and after we had looked at the exterior of the surrounding barracks and drank at a pump or fountain in the centre (I forget which) we were invited into the room of the late commander of the Arsenal, Major Humphrey U. S. A., who was there only on sufferance from the South Carolinian authorities, for they had virtually, though not practically, taken possession of the Arsenal and all its contents and Humphrey might be considered a nominal prisoner, though he was free to leave and intended in a day or two to embark for Florida, his native state, there to do a little hunting for relaxation in the Everglades, among (so Carlyle told me) to throw up his commission in the army of the federal government and to share the fortunes of the South. He knew Carlyle very well and made us heartily welcome, producing whiskey, wine and cigars. There was present also a cheery, old, white-haired negro, who seemed the personification of happiness and good-humor; Carlyle shook him by the hand and talked with him as with an old acquaintance. This man was a slave. He waited upon us as though he loved us. Leaving, after an hour's stay, at Morgan's suggestion we went to see a German company, he appro
A German Militia Company.

hending some opportunity for ridicule in their inexpertness. We met by the way, and I was introduced to Captain Jack Cunningham, otherwise known as "fighting Jack," proprietor of the "Charleston Evening News" (a poor paper, with but little circulation) and the hero of a bloody duel. At the barrack, we found the company of German militia, filling a small room, playing cards and smoking, while their mustachs stood stacked outside, in the drizzle! Morgan, in his most consequential, West Point manner, spoke to the captain of the company, ordered the arms in, &c. The Germans were very honest, hospitable fellows, bade us come near the fire; one composed of logs burning on old-fashioned iron dogs, and offered us drink and cigars. I had a glass or so of uncommonly good English ale, and drank to their corps and stood warming myself; with the uniforms, arms, lights and shadows and faces; it was a picturesque scene. We drove to the hotel afterwards and I forget the rest of the evening. It was possibly spent in the hall of the hotel. That "on change" of gossip, possibly included an hour or two, about mid-night, in the editorial room of the Charleston "Gazette.

I have omitted one scene which, I think, must have occurred this morning, on my rejoining Colt,
A quarrel between Colt & Woodward.

at Adam's Express Office — No! it didn't
tough, for now I remember its occurrence,
before the night at the Courier office which intro-
duced to me O'Bryan The Kennedy — admiring law-
ner. So it must have chanced in December.
However as its worth chronicling, here's to do it.
C.olt, then, and myself, were in the
Express Office, after a dozzy morning's walk
down town. I sat with my feet on a chair
near the big central stove and dozed. I have
already stated that Colt entertained a good deal
of jealousy and ill-will towards Lindsey and
thought that Woodward favored his rival in
the sale of arms, depreciating both the man and
his merchandise. Colt was going to return to
New York in a day or two and had some final
business to transact with Woodward, in the name
of which, he tempted him to the offer of some
lot I think about the quality of the rival arms,
and accepting it, said, "Now I've got you where
I want you; I've been waiting for that!" This
angered the Marylander, he took it as an arriv
al of a deliberate design to make money out of
him. He ordered Colt out of the office and
There was a row directly; Colt half defying,
half reproaching him as a brother Mason. etc.,
...and what came of it.

saying he wasn't afraid of his Vigilance Committee and a good deal more. I thought the Cath-ermer showed best in the quarrel, though he did talk, once, about knocking brains out. Aroused from my doze, and only imperfectly overhearing the dispute, I tried to put an end to it, with the usual success in such cases. Colt picked up the few arm's that remained, talking all the time to Woodward, who sat at his desk, replying by monosyllables, and we came away. Colt was very wearisome with his objections subsequent-ly, and his protestations of defying all that could be attempted against him, being indeed in such a highly nervous state, that on my proposing a drink to calm him, he set down the glass untasted and went out into a passage adjacent, where I found him, almost crying. I cheered him up, promised to see him through and so the affair ended, though it had a sort of sequel, to which I shall shortly arrive.

Now I record as to Wednesday morning. After dining, I was in my room, writing my second long letter to the Post when a knocking at my door warned me to slip it under my blotting-paper and accord admission. Enter Colt, agitated, with a blood-stain across his face, with him a sturdy, rough-looking man. What followed occurred on New Year's Day.
The man's name was Hale and he was keeper of an insane asylum at Milledgeville, Georgia. He had lost an eye, and exhibited a mace attached to his cuff, both being effected by a tumbler thrown at him in a row over a dinner table.

of perhaps eight and twenty, a Georgian who had once shot a man in a duck and enjoyed the reputation of being a "desperate" fellow. Very soon I was in possession of what had occurred. St Clair Morgan, inspired, I suppose, by his wrong-headed, aggressive conceit, had正式启动 a quarrel on Colt, abusing him as a "Yankee," charging him with being the Charleston correspondent of the N.Y. Tribune, and finally struck him in the face with his glove, when Colt pitched into and unctuously gave him a tremendous thrashing, almost in front of the bar of the hotel, with half a hundred spectators looking on. Colt told me, afterwards, that his hand was twice on the hilt of a murderous-looking Sicilian knife which he always carried (he had been in Italy, selling arms to Garibaldi) while he had the Tennessean beneath him; South Carolinaan etiquette would have justified him in using it. The New Yorker told this story with much excitement, appealing to the Georgian for corroboration and evidently momentarily expecting the advent of his recent insulter, armed. Presently the Georgian worked himself up into a similar state of feeling and championship of Colt, and went off to get
his revolver. It was in his wife's room, he said, and he hated, like poison, to frighten her, but if that son of a b—h came in his way he reckoned he'd fix him. When he had departed, Colt lay on my bed, still excited and asked me if I had a pistol. I told him two; he preferred the one patented in his own name, which lay loaded and capped in my open carpet-bag on the bed. So he took it and almost immediately there came another pounding at the door, which I had locked. I went out to see who it was, having my little six-shooter in my pocket, and thinking it very likely that Morgan and some friend had come up to take revenge on the New Yorker by assassinating him, in which case I, who couldn't have seen the fellow set on by numbers and murdered in my room, had fully resolved to prevent their entrance or to blow away and kill as many as I could. But it proved only to be a middle-aged South Carolinian, a friendly person, who had come up rather to sympathize with Colt than otherwise—Colt who, raising himself an ace arm, had cocked his revolver and was covering the stranger, as he entered. The Carolinian had his say and undertook to fetch up Woodward, in whose hands Colt wished to take place.
An abortive Challenge.

The affair. (I have forgot to state that he had become reconciled to the Express agent.) Woodward came, heard the story, was friendly and promised that he'd get Morgan arrested for debt if he didn't leave Charleston in consequence of his licking. That done, he went away. (He was a member of the Vigilance Committee and I could not but be conscious of the propriety of the letter which had been so curiously interrupted.) The Georgian, returning with his pistol, took Colt off to take a drink and chances of manslaughter, when I locked the door again and went on with my letter. I saw no more of Colt until the evening, when, after I had had my tea, I went to Adam's Express Office to look for him. There he sat on the raised platform or dais at one end of the immense room, a navy revolver in the pocket of his cloak, while Morgan and two or three others were near the door. Woodward was not present. A challenge had passed from Morgan to Colt, but after some indissoluble manner according to the code, Colt professed to be ready but not to want to fight him. He really was anxious and not unnatural ly to avoid it, fancying he might be waylaid.
An "Enthusiast about the Slave-Trade!"

and shot in the back, set upon by numbers or the like, in consideration of his being a stranger and a New Yorker. He had consulted Charley Lamar, an acquaintance of his, a man who had attained notoriety in consequence of his ownership and captainship of the slaver Wanderer — and to whom I was introduced over the dinner table at the Charleston Hotel) and got this advice: "If he gives you any trouble, call him out and shoot him." I must add here, that the Charlestonians speak of the Slave-Trade as thought I were an amiable weakness — a virtue pushed to excess. "He's quite an enthusiast on the subject!" said Carlyle to me, speaking of Lamar. Yet Bird his gen. hearted brother-in-law utterly abhorred the accursed Traffic.) To return to the Quarrel. I took a chair beside Colt and waited. He returned my revolver to me, so that I had two 44s both loaded. He requested me, in case of a rush being made upon him, of which he was apprehensive, to cover Morgan’s second, who I think was a Virginian and am sure was an ass. Wearing a military costume he came forwards at length and demanding to speak with Colt, drew him behind a screen, from which they presently emerged, continuing the conversation. Morgan, it seems.
Colt returns North.

had misrepresented the circumstances leading to the fight to his second, who was at once consequential and ignorant and who talked jokily of some authority on duelling, but after more blather-stone refused to proceed on behalf of his principal. To whom he withdrew and presently carried off. There was more dreary waiting on our part, at length I got Colt out at a side door and we went through bye-streets and the rain dawn town, he apprehended we all the time of being way laid and set upon. Carlyle was not at the Courier office, so we returned to the hotel, having oysters at my suggestion by the way. Colt came into my room where there was a dull fire and I read Distinct to him, I think Great Expectations. Subsequently we got to reciting poetry and I made him so nervous with Hood's Eugene Aram that he cut me short. And by midnight we parted and each sought his bed. Next day Colt returned to New York by steam boat, the last I saw of him being his face in the hotel coach which was to bear him to the wharf. I missed him awhile, for we had been much together, on some nights sitting in my former chamber drinking sufficiently bad whisky, a bottle
A Trip to Sullivan's Island.

of which we ordered up from the bar, getting also by the exercise of some patience, sugar and a huge iron skillet, in which to heat water. Colt's influence was generally depressing, altogether I did not regret his departure. By the way, Frank Wood visited me on the night before, after Colt had left my room, to learn the particulars of the row.

On Friday the 4th, I hurried off after a late breakfast to the pier at the foot of Market Street, adjacent to the unfinished Custom-house and there joined Carlyle on board the little steamer Osiris, for a trip to Sullivan's Island. I found my tall,编辑型, friend on the upper deck, smoking and was presently introduced to sundry persons, among them a Mr. Kynaston, a middle-aged Englishman of the vagabond or commercial traveller sort, and a very good fellow. He had lived in the South some years, experiencing divers incident al diseases, one known as the "broken-bone fever." There were many volunteers on board, and provisions, bound for the fort. The day proved lovely, sunny and warm. Carlyle must needs make interest with a negro stewardess in whose small cabin we partook of whiskey. At Castle Pinckney there was some delay and a very lively
scene, for the Zouave Troop garrisoning it ran round the fort to the wharf in a brisk trot peculiar to their corps, while others formed in free and easy style, musket in hand and talked with acquaintances on board the Dora. On we steamed again, getting a nearer view of Fort Sumter, with its defiant stars and striped streaming in the breeze of the bright, glad, sunny morning. Carlyle pointed out the localities to me, the distant lines of sandy shore, the groves and palmetto trees. Disembarking at length at Sullivan's Island, we must of course, first of all, take a preliminary drink. Then Carlyle borrowed a telescope and we looked at the sand-scrape and bay, amon trudging through the village of Moultrieville in land. All around us was hot, sunny and sandy. The queer wooden houses quite deserted, sand choking their yards and gardens and spiky plants menacing you over the pale. Arrived at Fort Moultrie, we found a couple of young fellows with crossed muskets and bayonets on guard at the entrance and many volunteers and idlers looking on. Carlyle wouldn't try to obtain admission, so we passed into an opposite field, the gate of which was kept by two young men.
with crossed swords, looking like overgrown Bavie-Knives. A Columbia company had encamped in this field and the houses adjoining, in all the panoply of expectant warfare. Carlyle knew everybody, of course, and we must gain entrance one of the rooms adjacent and pay our respects to the "whiskey of the country," an elderly officer with spectacles being our host. By 3 o'clock we returned to the city, where Hynaston invited us into the store of his employer, on East Bay, to drink Byass pale ale. Then we went to the "Courier" office, from whence I took Carlyle with me to the hotel, to dinner, at which, I think, Marchant was present. At a neighboring table were Paul Hayne (the poet of Charleston) and Lamar, to both of whom I was introduced. Going upstairs subsequently, Frank Wood came to me, to borrow one of my revolvers, as a "protection"; I lent it him. After tea, I received a letter from Haney, written at 745 Broadway "amid the wreck of muslin and the crush of merinos," and dated December 27. It gave me an account of the Christmas festivities, telling how "every one was self-possessed" and "Jack" caused a profound impression in the mad scene, "he" Haney looked particularly well.
Haney's Account of the

as Helen and some of the young men fell in love with him before they were informed of his real sex — their love of course was like all such rapid growths subject to early death and decay. "(A pretended girl at his own case here.)" Nicholas," he continued, "carried off the admiration of the ladies by his grace and good voice; Jack Brockett was the most gorgeously dressed; Welles fearfully and wonderfully made up — a cross between a schoolboy and a bandit — a Gypsy Tinkler or Don Cesar de Bazan being the nearest thing to it. Larry Brockett was good and funny; Hayes wouldn't take your (my) part but prompted, dressed and managed. After the play Nicholas sang, I (Haney) recited, Jack did the "What is it?" with Haney for lecturer — both capital — and Larry sang "Ratcatcher's Daughter." The Candy Bag, an attempt at round games (a failure) The Baledonians and supper succeeded. After Mr and Mrs Edwards were toasted, Jim's Christmas poem was read and proved to be a capital success; other toasts followed and dancing "set in with unusual severity and lasted till 2 o'clock," when the company began to
Christmas Doings at 745-

This out, though a few remained till 3½. Nicholas was as devoted, as usual, in a certain quarter, and, I think, was more kindly entertained than usual. Mattie looked best, bright, happy and lovely. Katy Nichols was the most beautiful girl in the room - you know the difference between these two sentences. Eliza was dressed to advantage. Everybody enjoyed it very much. Forty-five jolly good fellows and gals were. Your absence was much remarked, and Miss Anne seemed to regret it more than anybody else. Have you become necessary to her? Oh! Willie, we have missed you! There was nobody to sing in the basement when we had pipes. Jim enjoyed himself greatly, and remained till nearly 5. Good! We saw Miss Chapman, Jack Crockett's fiancée. Is she all his fiancée painted him? hope so! A nice lady. Like cooking girl, though pale, a niece and daughter by adoption of Windsor, of restaurant celebrity. Old Mr. Crockett was here, and slept at the house, as did Larry and wife, all the Nicholas's and three young George's, ten in all. Quite a caravan-s Serial look the house had in its upper regions. My Suicide story is true, justifiably, but not quite another x x a man's putting his head into
scalding water because his sweetheart's hair won't curl; or make one in love with six women in succession who all reject him, let him flay himself and sprinkle salt on his cuticle while they all destroy themselves with pounded glass because he wouldn't ask them once more before he took his final and final step. Hide and sick would be a tolerable title for such a story. xx Poor Henderson's wife died in the Bloomingdale Asylum, quite suddenly, the day after Christmas. He is much grieved, the more so because he fancied everything about his levity in enjoying himself at Christmas, while she was so ill. Poor man, no one has less need to accuse himself. "Being at the Courrier Office this evening, I found with Carlyle, a young beardless lad of twenty, rather thin and slight in figure, but of middle height, with round grey eyes, rather an aquiline nose, a decided mouth and anything but an agreeable expression of countenance. His face only lacked vigor and fullness to have served for an exact model for a Grand Inquisitor. There was a look of latent, dangerous fanaticism in it which fascinated and repelled you. This youth proved to be none other than John Michel, son to The Irish convict-patriot and was horri-
Captain Coste "suspicions" Frank Wood.

By worthy of his paternity. His father, by the way, was in Paris, acting as correspondent to the Charleston "Mercury." Young Vitriol had come from Alabama, the state of his adoption, to offer his services to South Carolina in the holy cause of Secession, concerning which he was rampant. He had a good manner and address, was a land surveyor or engineer by profession and evidently considered his parentage as conferring merited distinction upon him. With Carlyle we went up to the Mills House, where were many persons to whom Mitchell and myself were introduced and a good deal of drinking done. We journeyed to and fro from the hotel hall to the bar room, along the shady quadrangle three or four times. Captain Coste was there, looking more terrier-like than ever, a little drunk and disposed to be suspicious of Frank Wood, for when that young man's name was mentioned he inquired "Why he wasn't around with folks? &c. &c." I told him what Wood had informed me, that he intended visiting some Charleston friends that evening, on which he repeated with drunken pertinacity, "He ain't gone to see no friends!" There had been some previous talk about Wood in connection with the World, which every day was becoming more imi-
Exultant Secessionists.

Inasmuch as that its Charleston correspondent was more than uneasy about it and talked every day of returning to New York. In the course of our peregrinations between the bar and hall of the hotel, Wood returned, when I told him Boote's remark, not softening it, at which he was much moved and resolved on incontinently securing his passage northwards, professing himself very much obliged to me for my information! And so he ascended to his room in a dejected state of mind, despite his intimacy with Paul Hayne, his knowledge of the president of the Vigilance Committee and the latter. We continued fluctuating about the Mills House awaiting the return of the embassy to Washington, the members of which were in council with Governor Pickens.

Among the persons to whom I was introduced was Mr. Washington, a Virginian and a Georgian, exultant in the news that his state had seized its forts or before seceding. There were a batch of cadets too, in the bar-room, exceeding drunken, foolish and bragging youths who toasted South Carolina and d—d the North in an edifying manner. It was past midnight when Carlyle, Mitchel and...
left the Mills' House, of a dreary, dark, shivery night and
at the suggestion of the former we must
needs go have some oysters at a place
in the same street on the other side of
the way, some distance nearer to
the Charleston Ho-

/ The Mills House, Charleston, S.C. / Tel. / here and
subsequent, young Mitchell fell to talking about
abolitionists, asserting that he had assisted in lynching
one, in a certain county in Alabama, but two
weeks ago. "And he said, "I'm not ashamed to say
that I pulled at the rope. I render myself amenable
to the law by the admission, for as it was done
by the Vigilance Committee, of which I am a member,
it was, of course, illegal. But I am confident it
to gentlemen and men of honor!" This boy with
his frail arms no thicker than a rabbit's legs,
which I could have snapped by a vigorous twist
of the wrist, to be talking thus! I inquired partic-
culare. The man was murdered as an insti-
A worthy Son of his Father.

gator of the slaves to poison their masters. I said that I had always found the abolition, that abolition emissaries were employed for such atrocious purposes difficult of belief; and when both Carlyle and Mitchell declared that such was the case, evidently fully crediting it. "Did you never see any of their pamphlets, published for secret circulation among our niggers?" asked Mitchell, to be promising to procure some for my perusal. Returning to the subject of the lynching, he continued: "We had arrested him once before, and proved that he was a liar and a Yankee. We had him watched and made sure of it next time. We found letters from prominent abolitionists on him, or in his trunk, and powders—poison to give to slaves. I was on the jury that tried him, and I helped to hang him." I expressed surprise that any man should be insane or wicked enough to engage in such an enterprise as that attributed to the "Yankee," when Carlyle struck in with, "You can get a Yankee to do anything for money—no doubt he was paid for it." He got $50 a week and his expenses," said Mitchell. So we walked up to the Charleston Hotel together, at which place the hopeful son of a villainous father had put up, on the
same corridor as that upon which my room was
situated. At this time and subsequently, whenever
I met him, I always had a curious consciousness
of the loaded revolver in my pocket, and a strong
conviction that if I were, at any time, discovered
inadmissible and he of the discovery, I would assured-
ly put a bullet into his skull, taking especial
care of my aim in so doing. The fanatical
faith in the damnable institution exhibited in
this lad was something appalling; he had adopt-
ed its extreme features, belief in the revival of
the Slave-Trade, &c., with all the perversity
of his wicked father—of whom I recollected
with a queer sort of satisfaction, as I walked
beside Víctoríol junior in the streets of Charleston,
that I once made a caricature in the "Pica
tune" which was the most popular one ever produced
in that sheet, representing the ex-convict as a
dirty and odious boy, paddling and trying to
float a worn-out cock-boat—"the Citizen" (his
New York newspaper) in the black puddle of
Mavorr, while Uncle Sam held his nose in dis-
gust at the proceeding. This cut was noticed
and its words copied in innumerable newspapers.

Apropos of J. M. junior, he told of a fight
he had been engaged in. He had applied the term
"Pilgrim, to a friend of his in an Alabama barrack-room, when the exasperated Southerner drew a Bowie knife and made a cut at his breast, slicing a huge gash in his coat. On which, "I took the liberty of pulling a bullet into his hat," said Vitriol junior. "There were a hundred people between us in a minute, and we made it up and shook hands," he added, telling me also that Dean and Adams' parent was his favorite weapon.

I must have received a letter from Boweryen during these few first days of January, on which bears the date of December 21. It has news of Mr. Elrath's assuming control of the Century and Stockton becoming editor, mentioning that its writer "passed a dull Christmas at the Phalanx," being "very coldly received. Not having made any decided advances it was easy to withdraw, when I became aware of my mistake." (In re Mary Bucklin of course?) I have a warm welcome awaiting me at Fort Lee continues Boweryen, and shall go there on New Year's Day. The eldest daughter is charming. "Half of the letter contains an amusing domestic burlesque of Secession and Revolution as appropriate to 15 2 Oeester st. etc."
And Jack Edwards.

had a batch of letters too, from 725 Broadway, (to which I wrote one on the second) also sending more Christmas items. Writes Jack: Dinner at 2½, monster turkeys at either end of the board — new suits, our (the girls and their) present — bottles of champagne (Jim's present) — the persons present beside the family, Haney, Hudson, George, Jessie, Nichols and his five children. The girls and mother gave Haney two decanters and a dozen colored glasses in a tray. In the play, Haney had a suit of Jefferson's's and a black eye, altogether presenting a villainous and disreputable appearance. Nichols came out in a gorgeous dress from the costumes "as did Jack Brockett. The two last insisted on a rehearsal just before the rise of the curtain. Jim's poem "brought down the house." The girls thank me for my Christmas presents generously, Sally copies Jim's lines concerning me, comments ironically on Fanny Fern's absence and that of her party and ends her three pages of punk note-paper by hoping I don't feel lonely and that it mayn't be long before they see me again. Fanny did a headache at Mrs. Thompson's after dinner as I learn from Eliza's note, the crossed bottom page of Sally's
letter. And Mat writes shortest of all, plain and kindly. I needn't say these letters pleased me enough. I got them one morning, as near as I can make out on the third, and recollect taking an afternoo\textsuperscript{r} walk in the environs of the city and on the Battery, in a half morbid, lonely state, rendering me preternaturally sensitive to epistolary kindness. It was a middly-rain, unpleasant afternoo\textsuperscript{r} and the sun set with disagreeable colors, green and murky yellow predominating. There were children playing and some girls walking on the esplanade, and I saw a boat come from the schooner which lies anchored in the Ashley River, the assumed nursery of a future South Carolina navy.

This Battery is the extreme point of the city peninsula, its right facing on the Ashley, its left on the Cooper, its outlook commanding the entire...
And its Features.

Looking towards... 

Harbour, with Fort Sumter, Princtine, Maddrie and John stone in the distance. Plots of thin clay, a perfect wonder in this grassless land, promenades, neatly fenced and covered with broken shells instead of gravel; a handsome bronze lantern, stand, sixty-five feet high, meant for a beacon; a long and solid stone quay, the finest sea walk in the United States; a back ground of the best houses in Charleston, three-storied and faced with verandas; such are the features of the Battery. Standing on this side of the Ashley and looking across it, you naturally see the other side. The long line of nearly dead level, with its stretches of thin pine forest and its occasional glares of open sand, gives you an idea of the whole country.
about Charleston, except that in general you
ought to add to the picture a number of noble
evergreen oaks, bearded with pendent weird-
looking Spanish moss, and occasional green
spikes of the Tropical-looking Spanish Bayme.

This extract is from a capital article entitled
"Charleston Under-Armed", which appeared in
The April number of the "Atlantic Magazine."
I wrote letters to the "Post" both on January
the second and third.

Saturdy. I was told by Mixer, the land-
lord's son, at the bar of the hotel, that a Mr.
Waud had arrived. Now Woodward had inform-
ed me previously of the presence of one in Charle-
ton during the Democratic Convention, but I had
not identified which, forgetting that Waud had gone
either for Frank Leslie. Presently I met
him in the hall, got up in a rough but fash-
ionable suit of mixed colors, producing a general
effect of neutral tint, adopted, as he told me
afterwards, in case he might have to be "under
fire." He was cool and self-possessed, as usual,
did his little knowing about in walking, and
seemed friendly, though he presently intimated
that "perhaps we'd better not be seen too much

together", which I bore in mind subsequently.
A Flag-Raising at the "Courier" Office.

Will had come down by railroad, on his former mission, stretching for Lt. Leslie, having miscarried in an attempt to go by sea, the sailing day of one of the steamers being postponed. I had an appointment with Carlyle, for whom we waited some time, and then went to Adams' Express Office, subsequently with young Mitchell. To that of the "Courier," in the rear of the publishing room across the small yard was a collation or free lunch in honor of a flag-raising in front of the office. We had punch and champagne, but Carlyle didn't appear, so Ward, and I returned upwards, to the Mills House, to Salzedo's.
cigar store and to a boot-store. Talking incidentally of O'Brien, young Mitchell volunteered some uncomplimentary information respecting him; how he, O'B., had pretended on his arrival in this country, to be a first cousin to Smith O'Brien (which I could confirm, for I heard him say it ten years ago) until Meagher denied it, emphatically with contemptuous mention of the pretender. To dinner at the hotel. Afterwards, with Wand strolled to the citadel, where cavalry were drilling, galloping about in good style! It was a lovely May-like afternoon and we strolled about the suburbs of the town, had a look at the Pinckney house, which is as quaint a bit of Queen Anne's time as one would desire to see, barring some out-of-place additions, I think in the shape of door-way or mazza. By East Day we came to the Battery and there waited away the sunset, looking at the Bath-house, the schooner and James Island in the distance. There were some women about who, coated, we remarked, rather English, in their quiet costumes, though South Carolina women doces shadily enough in-doors. We got talk ing of Charley Damoreca among other things,
Will Waud talks about Mrs. Damoreau.

Mystery with Math - House, looking towards James Island and Waud reported Charley as relapsed into the direct or conjugal subjugation. He and his family live at Newark, New Jersey, Charley going to and fro, to between New York, at night and morning. Waud discredits all "Madame"'s story about her Italian birth, puts her down as an unmitigated liar, says that the fact of her marriage with Prideaux, her first "husband" is denied in Boston—that she was merely an elderly FRIENDMAN"s mistress, a clever humbug and ingenious disreputability.

Looking in at the "Mercury" office, where we ascended to the editorial room, we then returned to the hotel and to supper—meeting young Vitrid, who professed to be sick afterwards, in the hall. Sub-
sequently we went to the Express office where were Lindsay, Marchant, Woodward and others awaiting the arrival of a German band of music with which it had been arranged to serenade Mr Benjamin Mordecai, who had given the sum of $1000 to the state of South Carolina, which fact had been duly chronicled and commented in this day's papers. When the band arrived, it entered the Express office and played sundry tunes, particularly Dixie, with a blaze of brass instruments maddening to listen to. W. Ward had gone off to visit some acquaintance, so when a procession was formed, I walked arm in arm with Marchant through Meeting into King and further up a quiet street until we reached the residence of Mordecai the Jew— for Jew he was and Slavebroker also, as well as money lender and stock jobber. The band played, the concourse cheered, the door opened and an invitation to enter was accorded in the words "Gentlemen, walk in!" And we did walk into two neatly furnished rooms front and rear, where there occurred a good deal of crowding and in the latter a good deal of drinking with toasts considered appropriate to the
occasion. Woodward, in proposing that of our host, said, "I'll give you, gentlemen, Benjamin Mordcaii, the friend of liberty." When all the people cheered. Nobody seemed alive to the tremendous absurdity of it. After pronounced champagne, cigars and whiskey, round a huge table which the crowd made an island of, the majority started off, some twenty or thirty of us receiving a private intimation to return and make a night of it. And we did so. It was rather an unreal, picturesque assembly, hookey noses, black eyes and turgid lips proclaiming. Mordcaii himself appeared an elderly and most hospitable Hebrew. The night, though wet, was not cold, the room full, hence the windows opening on the outer piazza or corridor were open, and each one exhibited its complement of grinning black faces. It appeared a free and easy, hearty crowd enough, curiously local, even colonial in sentiment. Woodward loomed up pretty prominently, making brief speeches, in one of which he said that his trade was that of an express man and that he'd express South Carolina right out of the Union; whereas, of course, the crowd cheered. The Queen was toasted and "England and South Carolina" mother...
Out for a Drive.

and daughter!" when I was called upon to respond and to sing God save the Queen, to which they bore chorus. It was a pet sentiment during Secession time, that South Carolina would rather become a colony of Great Britain than return to a defeated Union. W. W. Waud was of the party and sang a song. Stories were told of Mr. Levine, a man with an extremely Jewish countenance employed in the custom-house, distinguishing himself in gross ones. At half past one I left and went home to bed. W. Waud remaining for a couple of hours later.

6. Sunday. W. Waud had a promise from some pilot to place a boat at his disposal, in which we intended making a tour of the bay, but the pilot didn't appear. To the Planter's Hotel, Courrier and Adam's Express office, saw Carlyle. Dined with W. Waud and Lindsay, then to Express office again. Into a carriage with Woodward, Gonzalez (a Spaniard or Cuban), Lindsay and W. W. Through the suburbs, out on a pleasant road. A lovely, sunny, cool afternoon. To the house of a certain Colonel Brown, a hearty old Kentuckian.
Live Oaks, Magnolias and Spanish Moss.

who was absent on our arrival, but returning,
gave us some prime barley-whiskey and took
an especial fancy to me, inviting me to visit
him again, at length. Adjacent to his there
was a fine old house with a magnificent grove
of live oaks and magnolias. I had recognized
previously on other trees the long parasitical moss
familiar to me in my former Southern experience.
It gives them what Willis called a very Don G.
sar de Baxanish look. Here's a photograph of
such a grove, by a Charleston operator; I did
not visit the locality, but it's a characteristic
and therefore appropriate picture.
A Letter from Bigelow.

Returning, we looked in at Woodward's house, being introduced to his wife and some lady friend, also a child or two, to all of whom Lindsay was most politely friendly. W. Wood too, these ladies had met before, in convention time. Woodward showed very hospitable though he was far from well. Returned to the hotel and remained in doors during the evening.

I must have received a note from Bigelow during the past few or five days, for it bears the date of Jan. 2. He wrote of course under the assumed name of Edgar Bolton, "was glad to learn that I was getting on so well with my sketches as it would be difficult for the people of the old country to comprehend what was going on in Charleston without E. &c."

I thought that mine of my favors had missed "but pray don't get into any trouble"—didn't see how a collision could be avoided, anticipated that Maryland would go with the South, encouraging the plans to transfer the Capital to the Secessionists, which of course would involve a war; bade me attend to my own business, would be glad to hear from me but requested me not to write anything to compromise me ("let the Americans think their own stories") and addressed his letter to the British Consul,
not knowing precisely what was my address.

I also got a letter from Boweryam, including me from Cobt. The first relates how G. 0. R., going to the office of the "Illustrated News" found Hayes, the "Wands," and "the rest of the fellows" acquainted with my departure for Charleston, as my name had been published in The Mariner's list of passengers. "They were full of it." Dameron had called on "Edgar D. Moore" to inquire about me, obtaining little information. Cobt's letter is two pages of kindness and hearty friendship. One from Haney, dated Jan. 5, contains the following items. Only made calls on New Year's Day, on Knaudsen, Miss Brown and Haney, Mr. Edwards and Jack accompanying. The evening (at 14 5) rather dull, but kept up till 12. Yesterday the fast-day appointed by President Buchanan - stores closed, churches open.

Nicholas at 14 5 last evening. On the night of the 3rd, a party at 16th street, when Mrs. Potter closed her shutters to deafen the sound of "Dixie" (sung I suppose by the girls and everybody else in the Hayes' room). Bellew has written, saying that Cahill has had a very bad time of it - Bellew evidently supports him. (3) Initials of Bellew's in "Punch," he has joined The Arm-
A Negro's University.

del club—and speaks hopefully of his London prospects. I find a letter, too, from Mr. Edwards, dated Jan 6, acknowledging the receipt of one of mine written on Jan 2, re-telling of the Christmas doings at 745, speaking of the death of Kundoo's wife and describing the hoaxing of Jack Brockett by Toney's detestable mixture of female attire, which the old gentleman had apparently forgotten that I was a witness of.

7. Monday. I had arranged with W. Ward to accompany him and Carlyle to Sullivan's Island, but missed it. They sent a nigger upstairs to summon me and he naturally preferred lying to ascending four stories, so he told him I wasn't in my room. Out to the Express Office, where were Lindsay, Woodward and others. To Courier Office, saw Bird, to the ferry wharf and to Kynaston's business place. Leaping with him up for dam East Bay, up Broad, to Meeting street, into the Express office again. There was a very handsome double-repeating revolver there, to be presented to Captain Caste, ostensibly by friends and citizens of Charleston, really as an advertisement and propitiation by Lind-
say. With Kymaston to the theatre, which we found empty and strolled about, behind and below the stage at pleasure. Parking, I strolled down King Street; returning to the hotel, to dine in company with Lindsay. Wrote a letter—my fourth long one—to the "Evening Post" in the afternoon. W. W. and returned at sunset; he had made some sketches, principally one of Fort Sumter, another of Pointe-Neuf. We went out together in the evening, dropping in at the Spanish cigar-store, drinking brandy at a little den in the rear and then going to the Express Office, where Carlyle came, bringing with him a French drill-master from Georgia. It was a damp, raw night, and we all adjourned to the hotel and its bar subsequently. What an innumerable crowd of persons I was introduced to, to be sure!

P. Tuesday. Writing letters to Jack Edwards and the girls. W. W. and at work in his room on elaborating his sketches; both of us at our employments till 3 P.M. Then to dinner; and to Express Office. Parted with W. and met Carlyle and took a long walk with him, from King Street to the city outskirts. It was a sunny, yet cool day. We met a company of rough-looking
A ramble with Carlyle.

volunteers from inland, marching in double file, to whose Carlyle: "Fairfield boys—always ready! good boys!" as they tramped past us. They wore no uniforms and not many had guns. Dropped into a druggist's, to drink brandy, of course. Past odd, mean-looking shops, houses, sheds and shanties. A call at a gun-smiths where Carlyle had a weapon repairing. A visit to an elderly shabby man named Addison, an English or Scottishman. "He says he is a descendant of the Spectator," said my tall friend "and has the genealogy." I thought that "pious Joe," as Walpole calls him, left no offspring. Returning near the citadel, Carlyle stopped to speak with a delighted negro-woman, a slave, of course. He talked to her with perfect kindness and she regarded him as an old friend. We had previously visited a very English-looking stable, at the corner of a street-like road, with an unbranched tree outside and a pleasant equine smell within. Returning to the hotel rather tired, dozed till the gong summoned me to supper. Wrote subsequently till 9, then turned out again to the express, to the Post and the Courier "offices."
G. Wednesday. Another day of interest and excitement in Charleston. The "Star of the West" steamer, sent with reinforcements to Fort Sumter and Major Anderson, is fired into by the Morris Island battery. I heard of it, first, from Lindsay at the Express office; not knowing of course, that Hill of the Evening Post was on board. (He wrote a good account of it on his return, which sold the copy of the paper in which it was printed immensely.) From the Express, I went to the "Courier" office, finding a crowd (for Charleston) round both the bulletin-boards of "That and the Mercury" and considerable excitement. The latter stated that the steamer was "badly injured", that she might have to run a shore when a land battle must be imminent and more, which the result contradicted. At the "Courier" office, which I found temporarily unoccupied, I wrote a hasty note to the "Evening Post", on Carlyle's desk, in pencil, using editorial paper, and then rushed over the way and mailed it. Returning, Bird came in shortly afterwards.

Up-town anon. A crowd thronging round an officer carrying a flag of truce from Fort Sumter. I followed. At the Express Office, almost opposite the house of Governor...
Pickens, I lettered in company with W. Waud, Woodward, Carlyle and others, the first intending a sketch. T. Wood turned up; he had been absent for several days on a visit to the plantation of Gilmore. Since the novelist, as I suspect his own invitation, I went with him, Woodward and Carlyle to a restaurant, where the latter two lunched, then left them for dinner, at which W. Waud joined me. I got three letters at the bar afterwards one of no moment from Colt, addressing me as the brave girl and talking spasmodic anti-secession, the others from Brower and Mr. Edwards, which I have already chronicled. Wrote another note to the Post, then off to the mail it, in company with W. Waud, who wanted to sketch the...
Frank Wood still scared.

"Mercury" Office. Returning, I went, as promised, to the Mills House, to see T. Wood, who was going to return to New York by rail that night or to-morrow morning and who I found at the Express Office. His apprehensions as to his safety were by no means lessened, since his return, for the "World" had been coming out especially strong, denouncing Secession and Charleston, joking at the expense of Keitt & Co. "It calls them all blasted idiots," said he to me when I met him this morning, in the Courier office. He confessed that he had begged Riordan, a young fellow on the Mercury, not to quote from the World, in case it might excite the popular feeling against him, in spite of his rank Secession letters. He told me too that he had been up into the two newspaper offices to "hook" the World from among the exchanges, so that the editors and folks shouldn't see it. He had left off corresponding with the old paper, he averred—wouldn't have anything to do with it—he had told everybody so. He was very friendly, as people generally are when scared. He gave me his photograph—one of a dozen which he had had taken recently in Charleston, a duplicate of which I saw exhibited for
public admiration subsequently. In view of my own position, it afforded me a curious amount of satisfaction in heightening the imagined dangers of his. I would rather have told my secret to a South Carolinian than this young New Yorker. Riordan really advised him to return, but Carlyle thought he might have stayed safely enough. W. Wand was considerably disgusted at the result of his attempt on the "Mercury" office. He went into a book and stationary store on the opposite side of the way, standing stretching in the entrance, when
Will Wand's Sketching Stopped.

There presently entered a young fellow in a military uniform who went up to the proprietor, Courtenay, and whispered him. A little knot got together, from which Courtenay advanced to request that Wand would not sketch there, as "public feeling seemed to be against it." The young fire-eater too,ustered, that by G—d, they didn't want anything published about them in the G—d—n Northern papers. Wand took it coolly and sensibly, left off and crossed to the Mercury Office, where the folks laughed at the incident. It annoyed W. W. a good deal, though—and also gave him a justification for even more loafing than he naturally inclines towards, which is considerable. There was a proposition this evening to go on a night-cruise again with the Aikin and I saw Wand and some of the others off into a boat from a wharf near the Battery at about 10 P.M., returning to drop in at the "Courier" office, where I found Morgan and some Tennesseans. I missed nothing by declining the night-trip and got a sound night's sleep.

10. Thursday. The usual after breakfast cigar at the Express Office, then letter-writing to the girls at 745. Dawn to town to the Post Office, where I met Vitriol junior, who boasted how he had seen the Star of the West fired...
Hither and Thither.

into and had given three cheers, though there
was nobody to hear them. To "Courier" of-
lice, saw Carlyle and Bird. Returned to
the hotel after a ramble about East Bay
and its vicinity. Writing in my room, W.
Ward drawing in his I sat on a
letter for the Post. Supped together, found
Woodward in the throng in the hall afterwards.
With W. W. to the British Consulate—Bunch
out. To the Telegraph and Courier offices,
gossipping at the former, reading and looking
over exchanges at the latter. Turned out
with Carlyle, strolling to the Telegraph of-
fice again and finally to a rare supper and
at the hotel and the inevitable drinks. Here
is the letter I wrote this day to the Post.

The Reception of the Star of the West—Excitement
in Charleston—What was Said and Done.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

CHARLESTON, S. C., January 10, 1861—10 P. M.

Yesterday was a day of excitement second only
to the memorable Thursday subsequent to the
evacuation of Fort Moultrie. You have learnt the
particulars by telegraph, delayed, however, by a
dozen hours, the wires being out of order. South
Carolina has, to all intents and purposes, com-
enced war against the United States—commenced
it in perfect keeping with her whole headstrong
and precipitate course, without a word of declara-
tion beyond the unauthorized fulminations of the
newspapers. She has fired upon an unarmed ves-
seal bringing stores and reinforcements to a brave
and loyal officer of the federal government, vilified
and menaced in consequence of the faithful dis-
charge of his trust. She exults in the deed, and her
Governor, questioned by that officer, endorses "an
act without a parallel in the history of our country
or of any other civilized government." It now
behaves her only to accept consequences. As yet
unaware of the tremendous responsibility, she
hourly expects them, and makes preparations for
the contest of a character befitting her bad cause
and fratricidal quarrel.

Your "Occasional" (and accidental) correspond-
ent was prevalent throughout the day, an interested
and not unsympathetic spectator. He made one of
those summoned forth to the wharves and battery
by the booming of the guns at early morning, and
like others, strained his sight in vain in the direc-
tion from which the ominous sounds proceeded.
He heard the many-voiced conflicting rumors, as-
serting with exultant boastfulness that the Star of
the West had been sunk; "badly luiled," comp-
pelled to lower the national flag, so severely cri-
pled that she must run ashore, necessitating an en-
gagement by land (or rather by sand), then the
intended reinforcements to Major Anderson would be incontinently subjugated or slaughtered by the troops of South Carolina. And he read, at the cost of a good deal of patience and some pushing, the written echoes of these reports upon the Mercury's bulletin, and the milder, more truthful ones of the Courier.

It was within an hour of noon, (I may remark, incidentally, of a bright, sunny, lovely morning, beating a New York May,) when very much had been done in the way of marching and counter-marching on the part of military young South Carolina, both horse and foot, and uniforms were yet conspicuous in the streets, when that denominatized Broad experienced a new sensation. This was Lieutnant Hall, with a flag of truce and a message from Major Anderson to Governor Pickens. Rumor and the mob went before, beside and behind him, leaving a broad trail in the rear. The first pronounced him a captured officer from the supposed sunken steamer, one charged with offering terms of surrender of Fort Sumter, a spy, Major Anderson himself; and the second regarded him anxiously. I overheard suggestions of lynching him. But on he marched, accompanied by some South Carolina officials, looking neither to the right nor the left—first, mistakenly, to the City Hall, thence to the Governor's residence on Meeting street. Here he remained for two and a half hours, the crowd awaiting his appearance in the sunny street. At 2 0'clock a carriage and two aids of the Governor relieved him from their further attentions.

You are acquainted with Major Anderson's message and the Governor's answer. We did not know either till towards sunset, hence we spent the intervening space in conjecture. The correspondence, communicated to the legislature in evening session, had scarcely elicited a unanimous burst of assent to the resolutions proposed by Mr. Mullins, endorsing the Governor's justification of the firing into the Star of the West, when another message from Major Anderson was placed before it, the more specific nature of which scarcely reached the public ear till this morning. So Major Ripley's "practice firing" at Fort Moultrie startled us into running hither and thither, inquiring whether Major Anderson had, indeed, fulfilled his supposed threat of cannonading that fortification, and Charleston went to bed in an unpleasant state of uncertainty as to the circumstances which might attend her awakening. As usual, occasional rockets soared into the night air, suggestive of treacherous "blue light" communication between Fort Sumter and sympathizers with its gallant defender within the revolted city, and so sleep came down on man and Wednesday ended.

To-day has proved but a dull day—a calm after a little storm, but a treacherous one, ominous of a greater. We read in the newspapers of our yesterday's achievements, duly glorified, of "who fired the first shot," and of Washington's evolutions, which were considered pacific, though not of that character implied by the text, "First peace, then peace." We even congratulated each other as though those "fifteen or seventeen shots" had achieved us a victory, unmindful or unregardful of the echo they would create throughout the North. We felicitated ourselves on the secession of Mississippi, our first follower, and talked desipically of Alabama, whom we were all praising two days ago. We spoke confidently of Louisiana, hoped that North Carolina would emulate the example of Georgia in taking her forts, execrated Tennessee, and rather distrusted the action of Virginia, in spite of the provocation of Harper's Ferry. And the wind blew the dust about our quiet, sunny streets, and the day wore on, rumor growing rife again towards the evening.

As I write now, it is asserted that the Brooklyn has been despatched hither upon the same errand as the Star of the West, but prepared for resistance, and less confidently urged that the last-named steamer will accompany her. What had been before projected, the blockading of the only channel by which she can approach, by the sinking of a ship, has been certainly accomplished. So to-morrow may witness the recommencement of hostilities. There is no possibility of withdrawal on the part of this people; they have sown the wind and must reap the whirlwind, and it is upon them.

A paragraph or so to the normal aspect of revolution here, and I conclude. All business has ceased in Charleston, and there must be, unquestionably, great suffering among the poorer classes, though we read nothing and say little about it. That either the city or the revolution is in the hands of a ruffian mob, who overawe the more decent portion of the citizens and compel them to contribute whatever they may choose to demand, is simply not true, as yet. We may very possibly grow to it. We are none the less living under as complete a reign of terror as that of the first French revolution. It is all the more perfect from its extreme quietness, from there being but few outward indications of it, though these are suggestive enough. Suspicion, as Thackeray wrote of snobbery in England, is "in the air"; we breathe it and are part of it. As in Faquier Tinville's time, we are all conjugating the verb, "I am suspected, thou art suspected, he is suspected," and with reason. To be a South Carolinian seems the only recognised guaranty of a man's political opinions; every northerner is dis-
A Visit to Sullivan's Island.

Wednesday. Finished a letter, then set off alone for a visit to Sullivan's Island, intending to write an account of the same to the Post and not wishing to have anybody with me to identify particulars. For the Post was frequently quoted from and alluded to both in the Mercury and Courier, and the former republished a long extract from a letter of mine dated January 3, description of the physiognomical and manners of the South Carolinians. We read it at the breakfast table, involuntarily suspecting its authorship. At first there were no confidences between us as to my real business in Charleston, or at least only implied ones; he told me subsequently that he supposed me to be corresponding with the Boston Post—I don't know how he got the notion. Afterwards, when circumstances drew us nearer together as companions, I told him the truth, which he kept secret faithfully enough. So starting at 11 o'clock, I went aboard. As I insert the letter I wrote to the Post subsequently, I need only add details which in print might have compromised my safety. At Fort Moultrie I sent in a pencilled request for admission to Major Ripley, who came to the entrance post.
trusted and in danger of being confounded with the execrated Black Republicans.

There is a system of espionage as complete as that organized by the first Napoleon. The gentlemanly stranger who, learning you are from the North, claims it as his own birthplace and sounds you with some mild Union sentiments, intimating his private conviction that "we have gone too far here," the barman who mixes your "cocktail," the colored waiter who attends assiduously upon your party at the hotel dinner and is much interested in the inevitable political conversation, the loungers in its hall or under its piazza—beware of each and all of them. Charleston is one vigilance committee.

No such individual as the apocryphal correspondent of the New York Tribune could exist here undiscovered, of that I am confident.

I credit the assertion of the New York Daybook, that "the citizens of Charleston believe in order," and think that the place has been seldom disgraced by exhibitions of mob-law; but with a revolution in progress, how long will that spirit be kept in check? It is rife in the interior; atrocities are committed there which are never commemorated in the newspapers.

Here's an instance. I was leaving Milledgeville, Georgia, in the cars, within the last fortnight, when, passing through a little wood, we heard the baying of blood-hounds, as in pursuit of something. The conversation of two of my neighbors (they sat in the seat fronting me) informed me that the object of the chase was "a damned Yankee peddler"—what his offence might have been, or of what crime he was suspected, I could not gather. "I reckon," said one of the speakers—a coarse, imperfectly-shaven, long-haired Georgian—with tobacco-stained teeth, and cunning, deep-set eyes, "that fellow begins to sweat behind his ears now;" and then, turning to his companion with a sort of dolorous whine, perfectly indescribable, and which I shall never forget, he asked, "Was there ever people oppressed as we be?"

("One of God's experiences")

He acquiesced if I would promise not to send it to any Northern picture-paper, which, of course, I readily could do. I inquired what he could do in the defensive way in Moultrie. "Do it; do a good deal if that fellow there"—pointing to
Fort Sumter 'don't prevent us.' I asked if he thought Manterie could be held, if Sumter opened fire upon it. 'Perhaps a couple of hours,' said Ripley 'and he may blow us to h--l in half that time.' He talked more freely then than he did afterwards, speaking in a hearty military tone about Bob Anderson, and in some degree talked of the matter as if it were a joke. Ripley impressed me as a perfect soldier of fortune, with some private pique against the W. S. government, disliking the Republican party, but a little disposed to push-push the unmilitary indecision of the secessionists. I had that day's Mercury and gave it him. Asking about the young fellows who were in the fort he said they were 'as green as grass but they had pluck enough and would fight like hell.' They were greatly excited during the firing on the Star of the West and most needed entreat him to let them blaze away with a cannon too. Though they could do no possible mischief and he and they fully expected that Anderson would open fire upon them from Fort Sumter, in retaliation. There was a story about this in, I think, the paper I had given Ripley stating that he had consent
With the remark, "You'll all be in h--e in a minute," "I didn't say that," he told me, with a chuckle. He wouldn't have let "that other fellow," meaning W. Wond, go into the Fort, to sketch for Frank Leslie's. He left me to talk to an


[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

Charleston, S. C., January 12, 1861.

A United States war steamer, generally believed to be the Brooklyn, has appeared outside our harbor, has boarded a small vessel, presumably for information, and incontinent departed, it is supposed, for Norfolk, Virginia. Such was the news which passed from mouth to mouth over Charleston breakfast-tables this morning, with here and there some wilder accompaniments by way of rumor, as that she would lay to outside until reinforced by the arrival of the Harriet Lane, the Macedonian, the Powhatan, and perhaps half-a-dozen others, when a vigorous blockade of Charleston might be expected, to which South Carolina would respond by issuing letters of marque to all who applied for them, inviting Yankee skippers to hoist the Palmetto flag for the enjoyment of the honorable privileges of privateering and piracy at the expense of their countrymen. This, and yesterday afternoon's visit of the Hon. A. G. Magrath, our Secretary of State, and the Hon. D. F. Jamison, Secretary of War, to Fort Sumter, under a flag of truce, with a message of unknown purport from the Governor to Major Anderson, has afforded us matter for conversation and conjecture throughout the forenoon—what the remainder of the day may bring, heaven knows. I may mention, by-the-way, that Major Anderson is popularly reported to have recently shot two or three, or four, Irishmen belonging to his garrison for mutiny, or attempts at desertion—a story which seems to rest upon no better foundation than the asserted visit of a Catholic priest to Fort Sumter.

Pending more exciting subjects, I shall tell you of an excursion I made yesterday to Sullivan's Island.

The ferry-boat Octoro (which I have before incidentally libelled, by describing it as a nautical hy-
elderly officer, when I strolled about at my leisure. On the verge of the ramparts, looking towards Vienna, a sentinel—a very young fellow—challenged my advance, but an intimation that I had just parted from Ripley afforded me an unobstructed passage. Half an hour satisfied my curiosity. I interchanged a remark or two with a raw lad of eighteen or twenty, from New Orleans, who wore the Louisiana secession badge, the button in the centre displaying a pelican feeding her young. Returned to Charleston by 3 o'clock of a sultry afternoon. After dinner in my room awhile, writing. Out to the express office, stretching caricatures &c. in company with Lindsay, Woodward and others. W. W. and came to the telegraph office, Lawrie and other reporters in there, and Carlyle. With him to the Courrier sanctum, reading, loafing, looking at exchanges. Returned to hotel, young Marshall there. Among the lawyers populating the hall there was a drunken Edgefield man, roughly dressed, wandering to and fro, addressing strangers indiscriminately, of course an Seccessionist. The glory of being a South Carolinian. The locality this man came from seems to possess a notoriety for drunkenness and love of fighting. I think.
Sullivan's Island.

Cries of recognition and even of badinage with friends on board the steamer. Certain of these intending to disembark, and the state of the tide not allowing the steamer to approach the pier, a boat put off from the fort for their accommodation. In the meantime our passengers pelted the military young gentlemen with newspapers, many of which fell short of their destination, bedecking the salt water with Mewaries and Couriers. I noticed one gentleman who achieved a triumphant success by the aid of a turnip; wrapping around that vegetable his newspaper, it alighted appropriately in the stomach of the intended and doubtless gratified recipient.

Very soon we were again steaming over the brown waters of the bay towards Sullivan's Island, and, approaching it, had a good view of Fort Sumter, with the stars and stripes floating defiantly in the bright, breezy morning—provocative of comment and objurgation on the part of our military fellow-passengers. Most of them predicted that it would not be allowed to "insult South Carolina" by its presence there for another week; but there were some who, looking thoughtfully at the solid masonry of the strong octagonal fortress, with its double row of port-holes, (most of them closed, but none the less suggestive for that;) its long columned pointed menacingly at its opposite neighbor, Fort Moultrie—and knowing something of the courage and loyalty of its commander—confessed that, if attacked, it would assuredly cost the Palmetto state a dear price in the blood of her bravest. Some of the plans suggested for its assault, if enumerated, would expose me to the charge of falsification or burlesque; you may read their parallels in the newspapers.

Pleasantly we steamed onwards, the sun growing hotter overhead until it was positively sultry, a foolish person in our bow harmlessly discharging his revolver at such stray loons as skimmed over the surface of the water. Three quarters of an hour brought us to Sullivan's Island, where, disembarking, we commenced a perspiring walk of less than half a mile to Fort Moultrie.

Sullivan's Island is all sand, a place of summer resort for bathing and pleasure-loving Carolinans, many of whom have villas upon it. These, at this season of the year, are all closed, Moultrieville, as it is called, looking as silent and deserted a place under the hot noon-tide as could well be imagined, except for the straggling stream of pedestrians, setting, like myself and party, in the direction of the fort. The houses are almost exclusively of wood, of irregular construction and shabby aspect; the gardens hortent with the spiky "Spanish dagger," as I believe it is called, and occasional palmettos, more or less genuine. We saw a picturesque cluster of the real article, in number, by the road side.
It was an Edgefield man who similarly drunk in the same place, was talking of his son: "He cut a man's throat the other day, down in the island," said he, "I don't know where he gets his bravery from; must be on his mother's side, I reckon; there ain't much on the other." "Pretty good stock either side," added I, "I fancy," said the clerk, a New Yorker, willing to profitize the brute.

A rare supper with others; more loafing in and out of bar-room, drinking with Mixer junior and W. Ward. The latter in my room for half an hour, talking of things in general. To bed by midnight.

12. Saturday. To Express office. Talk of the Brooklyn U. S. Steamer being outside the harbour. Lindsay, Woodward and others present. Carlyle came. With him to Courier office looking in at gunsmith by the way, at Harrington pistols, Toledo darts &c. Reading papers at the office. Met Kynaston outside; with him to his store, bought a hundred cigars, to hotel. In doors all the afternoon and till near 9 P. M. Writing the preceding letter to the Post, then cut to mail it. My nocturnal journeys for this purpose were curious. I always write on steadily until within fifteen or twenty minutes
It is a very tropical-looking tree, its straight, sharp leaves radiating from the ends of its branches, which grow only together in a cluster on the summit. When young its trunk involuntarily suggests a species of insane pineapple run to seed; when old it is exceedingly hard, and asserted, like “the herb Pantagruelian,” to be capable of resisting both fire and sword. One of the most popular banners displayed during the secession movement in South Carolina represented “Abe of the West,” axe in hand, endeavoring, in vain, to split a palmetto log.

Fort Moultrie is, as the newspapers will tell you, an enclosed water battery, having a front on the south, or water side, of a depth of about three hundred feet, built with salient and re-entering angles on all sides, and is admirably adapted for defence, either from the attack of a storming party or by regular approaches.” That is to say, provided it is not exposed to the fire of a hostile garrison in Fort Sumter. Passing along its narrow and not very deep moat, we joined the throng of spectators at the entrance.

Here a couple of soldiers on guard, with crossed muskets and bayonets, blocked the way, and an officer (I believe a lieutenant) responded to many applications for admission, according few. A sick man was carted out, a quantity of newly-washed linen, a negress in a pyramidal turban of bright colors, half a dozen recruits, a bottle of whiskey and a cheese were passed in. Unable ourselves to obtain the privilege of entrance, we strolled around the fort, looking seaward. A more fortunate acquaintance whom I encountered in the return to the city gave me some few particulars as to the look of the interior.

The cannon disabled by Major Anderson still lie in picturesque confusion, all smoke-stained and discolored below the ramparts, though their spikes have been removed. They were twelve in number, pointed directly towards Fort Sumter, hence the gallant Kentuckian’s object is apparent—the frustration of any attempt to stop him during his removal. Why they have not been replaced on gun-carriages my informant was unable to conjecture; possibly for lack of the same. All the other guns are loaded and levelled, one or two at Fort Sumter, the rest commanding what is now the only water approach to the city, Maffet’s Channel, six or ten sunken vessels effectually blockading the other. Thus, any vessel endeavoring to enter the harbor against the will of the commander of Fort Moultrie could, and probably would, be destroyed or disabled—in case that formidable Fort Sumter did not interfere.

For the rest, all was preparation within Fort Moultrie; huge stacks of barrels of sand, covered with hides, shielding the guns, the apparatus for heating shot and shell in order, the powder magazine buried in sand, sentinels on the look-out everywhere, in which its present occupants will fight bravely and desperately, and hold it to the last extremity, admits of no question.
of the closing of the mail at 9 o'clock, getting a quarter of an hour's warning from the chimes of St. Michael's church, which play until the striking of 9, to bid all negroes unless provided with a pass home. Charleston is such an old-fashioned city that Carlyle assured me that many of the inhabitants went to bed at that primitive hour. Fifteen minutes afforded me ample time to reach the post-office. I have done it twice or thrice in a crisis by a swift run, in fire. I always enclosed my letter so (generally consisting of six pages of thin French letter-paper, such as is used for transatlantic correspondence,) in two envelopes, the inner directed simply to "Edgar Boston Esq.," the outer to C. E. Miller, a young lawyer having an office in the same building as the "Evening Post" office, which being a corner house, with two numbers, I used the liberty not the Nassau Street one in directing my letter, for the latter is a well-known newspaper street and this particular number appeared on every copy of the "Post" published, just under its title, hence it might have been exposed my letters to suspicion. Hastily sealing & my epistle, then, I would hurry through the long corridors of the hotel, down its four story stair-case and into the crowded hall, all mur-
DEATH OF GENERAL RIPLEY.—NEW YORK, MARCH 30.—The death is announced to-day of General Ripley, the Commander of the Confederate battery that opened fire on Fort Sumter after its occupation by Major Anderson, of the United States army, at the outbreak of the War of Secession.—Reuter. 1867.
The vegetation ornamenting the ceiling is used, I believe, as an attraction for insects in summer.
Posting Letters.  Turkey Buzzards.

mant with gossip. This I would counter across very leisurely and so along the piazza, exchanging my lazy pace at the corner of the huge hotel for a rapid walk. I seldom ventured to consign my letters to the box on the hotel counter, for transmission to the mail, as I was pretty sure that some, if not all of the clerks were members of the Vigilance Committee, and the box was open to everybody's scrutiny. Diving down a side street, then, I struck off through the less frequented thoroughfares towards the post-office, hearing St. Michael's chimes playing all the time and encountering scarcely anybody except a policeman or stray pedestrian. Generally I emerged on the market, either crossing it or pursuing its deserted hall for a block or two, commonly varying my track in some minor particulars. I have a very lively recollection of the black, dank aspect of these empty down-town streets of a rainy night, of the churchyard in front of which Catharine lies buried, and of East Bay. By the way this market is all alive a Saturday night with negroes buying and selling, and at early morning it presents a curious spectacle, the turkey buzzards, the only scavengers of the city sitting in raves in its eaves and roof.
The "Courier" Sanctum

The canvas of the adjacent houses. They are very repulsive, no more bird, like a filthy plebeian culture, at animably tame, insomuch that they infect the road way like a diabolical jaws, picking up what carrion they find. It is quite an Algerine feature in Charleston. Gaining The Custom House, which is also the post-office (a battered, Queen Anne - looking building, from the vault of which Clay - a saint in the South Carolina revolutionary calendar - was led forth to be shot by Lord Cornwall's order) I generally managed to mail my letter within a few minutes of St. Michael's chimes tramping out the hour of nine. There, I generally leaped upstairs into the sanctum of the "Courier" Office, to find Carlyle or Caid at their editorial desks, or both or neither, to talk and look at the latest arrived New York papers, being especially alive to the chance of seeing a copy of The "Post." I used to hunt among the exchanges littering the floor for it, both in Carlyle's and the upper sanctum, being most curious about it and the "Tribune," which was always in demand among the frequenters of the place, for neither paper could be purchased in or safely mailed to any private citizen in Charleston. In these noc-
A queer Temptation.

Turned poaching expeditions an absurd. Temptation often beset me. There was, adjacent to the Custom-house, a clumsy old Spanish cannon, which had been dubbed Old Secession, in consequence of its having been fired in celebration of the 20th of December's doings. Now I was immensely tempted to strike Old Secession and if I could have procured a rat-tailed file or a good long nail, I veritably believe I should have done it. The cannon stood all alone, often on a wet, black night, a blow with a stone would have done it effectually. There would have been such a devil of a row about it on discovery, talk of traitors in the camp, and what not and it would have made a capital item in a letter. This Old Secession was always fired in celebration of any event considered favorable to the Southern cause, as the secession of another state. I was certainly not actuated by any special enmity to the dominant idea or sympathy for the other side, the temptation was simply from the absurdity and risk. Alas in it was one which, like that which beset the fellow who wanted to ostracize Aristides, prompted me to announce my real business in Charleston amid all the flora at the hotel or to hurl rocks for Lincoln.
About Charleston.

Of course I yielded to no such aversive prompting, but I felt it, for all that. This particular Saturday evening (from which I have digressed) the town was very quiet. The Courier office (editorial) shut up. But I found Carlyle and Coote at the Telegraph office and walked up to the Mille House with them, and to the Charleston, where we supped, loafed and then went to the Plantation House. Returning I got to bed and a read at Hood's biography by his children, which I had borrowed from Carlyle, by half past eleven.

13. Sunday. Gossipping with W. Ward, Mordecai and another in the thronged hall, and with him. The former for a walk lasting us at the Express office on our way and finding Lindsay and Woodward there. To the Battery. A roar of cannon on the esplanade. A stroll about the city, involving a visit to an Artesian well, until 12½ P.M. Dinner, then together to the Express Office again. Woodward, Lindsay and others being there. Talk about a man whom we all knew as the Keeper of a certain Patent Agency office on Meeting street, appropriately named W. E. Dodge — probably I have alluded to him before in these pages. This fellow, a Northern man,
of over a year's residence in Charleston, had become prominent during Convention time last spring by his officious courtesy to the press representatives. I believe he devoted a room in the rear of his store to their accommodation; it was known as the "head-quarters." He affected ultra-Southern sentiments and when I was first introduced to him, I thought him the most odious Charlestonian I had encountered. Just before the passage of the ordinance of secession, he presented Keitt with a rifled cane and was duly glorified in consequence in one of foolish Frank Wood's letters to the World. Dodge sold cockades, yancee insignia, anything to turn a penny by. He was a member of an artillery company, affected a glazed French cap with crossed gilt cannon on it and I remember on Wood and my dropping in upon him and inviting him out to drink, I think oft on the day of the discovery of Anderson's occupation of Fort Sumter, he assumed the rampant belligerent. "No by G-d, he was going to wait there under orders! he might be wanted." Well, this fellow, some time back, had got property of some Northern man or in the shape of some patent article to the amount of $100 or $200, and wishing to defraud, denounced his creditor to the Vigi-
Committee hoping to "run the man out of the city." Woodward being applied to on the subject insisted that no hasty action should be taken; so they waited upon the man at the Charleston hotel, questioned him and examined his baggage. He was very much scared, though proved perfectly innocent of being an abolitionist and pronounced so. This groundless accusation incited suspicion against the denouncer, so the Vigilants wished him. They told him that they knew all his friends and antecedents were at the north, his wife living at Newburgh on the Hudson. That they ought therefore be justified in distrust of his ultra Southern professions, inquiring if he was prepared to fight for the South. "Yes by G-d, he was," he said, producing a gun or rifle, "he had brought that on purpose—he'd fight against his own brother or father in such a cause." That rather disgusted them, but it served his turn for a time. Subsequent to the attack on the Star of the West he bragged so offensively that the shrewd Charlestonians resolved to give him a taste of soldiering. So he was ordered with others of his corps to Fort Moultrie, to do duty there. He grumbled and made all sorts of excuses to return to the city, made something like an attempt to desert and finally while making a
Drunk speech from the top of a barrel, stumbled and broke his arm or wrist. I am not sure but that the head was sore in by one of his audience. So they sent him to the city, where other questionable things began to turn up in his disfavor. He was known to be addicted to dabling in correspondence with Northern papers, had written to a Newburgh one, it was asserted, with some show of evidence, to the Tribune. All of these details were, this Sunday afternoon, talked over in the Express office, a bearded Vigilant telling how he had visited Dodge and summed up his character for him, declaring that he believed him to be too mean to live, at which Dodge wept cowardly tears. The fellow came in while we were talking with his arm in a slings and got the faintest of greetings and the coldest of shoulders turned towards him. He had just two false-looking eyes and a forky half-dyed beard. He took himself off very soon and there was talk of his returning north, as he did subsequently to brag of his devotion to the Union.

Left at 4, going off to Laurens Street to visit the friendly Kynaston who lived at a queer little house near a sort of wharf, stretching along the river side. I found him dozing by
a low cotte fire which he made up out of compli-
ment to me and produced cigars, gin and whis-
key. His wife and boy were out at church.

A rather prettyish colored girl waited carelessly
on us; she was a slave, hired from her owner,
his employer. He was a good, civil middle class
Englishman—was Kinaston, a little of the bag-
man order; I think he came from Birmingham,
and I knew he dropped like it is. His wife ap-
peared in the shape of a woman much younger
than himself, rather gaily attired, but speaking
little. She didn't like the South very much nor
any place as well as England. Kinaston spoke
of the liberality of his employers and thought sla-
very right. He told me he had seen a man tar-
red and feathered and ridden on a rail in front
of the Charleston Hotel, for saying he would have
voted for Lincoln. The papers had nothing about
it, he said. (I think he was mistaken there
as I remember reading something of it in New-
York.) I supped and stayed till 7, returning
through the wet, black, blustery night, with a
lot of sample tobacco and a bottle of exceedingly
good Bourbon whiskey which the friendly Kinas-
ton had given to me. Wrote a letter to Ha-
ney before going to bed.
Pistol and Rifle Practice.

14. Monday. Another drizzly morning. To the Express Office, Lindsay there and others, amongst W. Waud came. To the Post-office and "Courier" sanctum, returning to hotel by 12. In doors, writing a letter to the "Post" all the afternoon and part of the evening. Then dined, then turn to mail it, returning to Express Office. W. Waud, Lindsay and others there; Carlyle came. To hotel and supper by 10 and to bed and book half an hour later.

15. Tuesday. To Express and "Courier" offices, looking over papers at the latter. Returning to the former, stayed impatiently with W. Waud until near 2 P.M., when most of a proposed party having assembled, consisting of ourselves, Captain Boote, Woodward, Lindsay and another, we took a fifteen minutes' ride to the outskirts of the city, in one of the long, open Express wagons. There arriving at a long porch, adjacent to a saw-mill, kept by hearty Morris aforementioned, we did some pistol- and rifle-practice, principally with Lindsay's weapons, our marks being, first a log in the water, anon a bit of paper, stuck upon paling. Boote, who besides the handsome revolver presented to him by Lindsay, had an old Dean and
Howard revolver with one burst barrel or chamber, plugged up with a bullet, brought of hitting the mark or coming near it each time, palpably lying. An unpleasant style of human terrier was Coote, conceited withal. There was a "Volcanic repeating rifle" fired, and W. Wand and I used our revolvers. I made the best target shot, I suppose accidentally. We had champagne at the saw-mill afterwards, in a sort of loft, Morris and his hearty associate being very jolly and hospitable. They gave Woodward a lot of oysters to take back with him, and he and Coote occupied themselves in opening them with their knives and eating them on our progress homeward. Coote left us on the way. It was a cool, sunny afternoon; we returned to the Express Office by 5. W. Wand and I supped together at the hotel.

16. Wednesday. To Express Office, as usual. A ramble up-town in the direction of the citadel and thereabouts. Return to hotel; dinner; writing all the afternoon; W. Wand up awhile. Out to mail letter at 9½, returning to Express Office. Fellow's diceing and raffling for revolvers; lost a dollar or so at it myself, not much. W. Wand and Carlyle there. Stayed till 10 ½.
Another Shooting Party.

Then to supper with W. Ward at hotel; Carlyle there. Bed by 11.

Part of Meeting Street, showing the Circular Church, S.C. Institute and Adam’s Express Office in the distance.

17. Thursday. At the Express Office. Then down town. To Chafee, Crofts and Chafee’s wholesale store, friendly Lynastan being off for Florida. To Courier Office, saw Bird. Up-town with Carlyle, to the Express Office; leaving there, Merchant and others present, he from the Arsenal where he is on duty. Another shooting party proposed; with him, O’riordan (of The Charleston Mercury), Beecher, Woodward,
A Letter from Hannah.

W. Wand, Gonzalez, Carlyle and a French drill master all entered one of the Express wagons and tumbled off through the town, talking and singing, till we reached the "Schützenplatz" where we found old Grose, as appointed, and practiced firing with the Maynard and Wamers rifle and our revolvers till dusk. Returning, some of us went to the Theatre and drank at Marchant's invitation, anon to the hotel and supper. I loosed awhile with Marchant in the hall then together to the Express Office. To bed pretty early.

10th Friday. Not well. A letter from Bavery enclosing one from England, from Hannah. The latter, written on the twenty-sixth of December, had a happy new year's greeting written within its envelope. It told of Christmas in peaceful blessed England, of the dear old village church of Shacombé, decked with holly and ivy and box "from our garden hedges" that I know so well; of Hannah in her peplum, alone, thinking and praying for me; of the kind family group in the old parlor, "Little Polly" (Charlotte's child) in the centre "playing with her doll" of Hannah alone in an easy chair by the fire when the rest had gone to bed still thinking of me—and more. Of a visit
Charles's Chigwell Home

of Hannah's to Chigwell, where she stayed three weeks, remaining another three weeks in London. With her went a servant-girl, from Neithrop. Charley and Naomi met them at the station, the latter coming for a parcel. Here's Hannah's picture of Charley's house: 'A villa gate, an iron gate and grass plot in front, a white stone porch. + + Two fair-sized rooms with folding doors, light wall paper, nearly covered with Charley's loved pictures; small-patterned green carpet, of the best quality; walnut-wood chairs, six small and two easy, a pretty couch covered with crimson plush, crimson curtains and table covers. + + Large pier glasses, nearly alike, over two mantel pieces. + + Front drawing-room has a large window, the back opens into garden; cane chairs in that room, a recess on each side of fire-place, cupboards beneath, filled with ornaments in china and glass. Not that when the folding doors are opened and the sun shines in, the rooms look very nice indeed. Edwin bought the chair frames and stuffed them for Charley; + + made the spring mattresses; + + own contents of one room. A vegetable garden in which Charley works when he can; pretty views all round, Hainault forest edging the horizon, houses, trees and fields
And early married life.

adjacent." Hannah and Rosa took long walks, used to meet Charley on his return from London, at night. He starts for business at 8 A.M., returning by 9 at night, involving a long walk to and from the railroad station each time. He is the kindest and most thoughtful of husbands, works hard, comes home tired out, and "is low in spirits sometimes," when he will say "he is weary of life; that there is nothing worth living for; that he wished his night's sleep might end the world with him;" at which Hannah used to wonder, but attributes it to remembrance of what preceded the marriage. Our folks don't visit Blug well, but "Naomi went with William Belton last week." Edwin was working at the house previous to the marriage, but left when the wedded pair returned from their bridal trip to Ransgate. "This worries Charley." My sister Rosa had been with Edwin and Sarah Ann, getting things in order, but on the arrival of the married couple, she (Rosa) left for London before breakfast. They had breakfasted. Mrs. Charley "might heal the breach, if she tried, but don't seem to care about it;" she is very kind to Charley, has nothing to do and the days seem long to her. The first of Hannah's weeks in London was a wet one, spent at the Heritages. She visited
A New York Primer about

Rodney Blandings and wrote of my mother as only one good, earnest-hearted woman can of another. My letter did reach Hannah, as I conjectured at Chigwell, "I never knew of it."

Baweryen's letter told me that he had expected to have been in Georgia on an advertisement-collecting expedition for a projected paper, in expectation of which the previous week from the little man had informed me that he had devised an elaborate fiction for the conservation of his safety-setting forth the ruin of his family by West Indian emancipation! So. My letters to Nancy and "Bolton" Baweryen stated, had been violated, opened, and clumsily sealed. On Sunday last, Shepherd appeared at 132 Oblector, asking questions and disseminating rumors — was he in Charleston or not? — how did Mrs. Oboley know of my being tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail, my head shaved &c. &c.? Baweryen was absent; this was reported to him by the warders. He met Oanks, who confirmed the story "all the fellows at Maataran's were talking of it—he had just left them." At Maataran's Baweryen sent for Gayler lunching with Watkins—summoned him from the table, told him he was "authoritatively able." To deny the rumor, begged.
My being Tarred and Feathered!  

him to prevent Wilkins paragraphing it (which it doesn't appear as certain that he intended doing.) Gaylor "assumed an air of brutal indifference about it, as though implying that the maltreatment was a small affair—particularly in my case. However he promised to deny it." O'Conor then "went in search of Shepherd. He said that Ghelin his brother-in-law had told him on Saturday what he had repeated on Sunday." Half a page of the letter is devoted to talk of the excitement of the north about secession—"people are quite reconciled to the idea of civil war," writes O'Conor.

The cock-and-hull story about myself exasperated me not a little as had it got into the New York papers it must have directed suspicion to me in Charleston, frustrating my secret business there. Hence I felt grateful to my little friend for squelching it, though I divined that he fussed over it rather gratuitously. Of course I did not know whom to attribute the lie to, and it must have had some origin. Writing now (in May) I may state to the best of my conviction that it had its birth in the artist's room of The Illustrated News, and its paternity may be fairly divided between Mr. Alfred Ward and Mr. Solomon Eylinge. They saw my name in the list of passengers by the Ma-
Will Wand warned.

riam and their boisterous habit of brutal jesting did the rest. The thing was probably started as a joke and the wish being father to the thought, the jest was relished so eagerly that they must needs propagate it. Chilton, to whom it is traced, is the "little doctor", whom I used to meet at Mrs. Jewells, and retains intimacy with that family, who doughtless got the story from Wand or his "wife", as Chilton got it from them.

A walk out to the Express Office. W. Waud came. Communicating the tar and feather hoax to him, he told me how he had last night received a warning from a friend, that he, W. Waud, was suspected by certain fellows of being there for purposes inimical to Charlestonians. And this friend advised Will to by no means stray abroad at night into strange bar rooms. Will was apprehensive and irritated about the circumstance and resolved to adopt the advice. We went to King Street together, to a photographers or two, where I purchased the views of Charleston localities ornamenting this book. Returning to the hotel, feeling rather indisposed, I wrote letters to Harry and to Browery. A wet evening. To the Express Office with W. Waud, then together to that of the Mercury and up into.
We are prevailed upon to go to James’ Island.

Its editorial rooms. Talking there with one of the editors, quoth he “If ever you see a particularly big palmetto flag out, you may be sure it’s displayed by a Northern man!” which my observation corroborated. I went alone to the Gavier office afterwards, read awhile among the exchanges, presently turning out with Carlyle into the black, rainy night. He would have me go to King Street with him to a place where was some particularly good brandy or whiskey, but the place was shut up, so we went to the hotel and by 11 I got to bed.

19. Saturday. To the Express Office with W. Waud, then down-town together to a wharf not far from the Battery, witnessing the embarkation of a company of Moultrie Guards, for James Island. We wanted to go thither to Waud to sketch, I to collect material for a companion letter to my Sullivan’s Island one, but though Waud knew one of the company, we found our object unattainable. There was a very rocky Quartermaster who almost snubbed us and then apologized for it. So we adjourned to the Battery, loafed awhile and W. Waud made a bit of a sketch of the schooner Aiken which lay in the stream. Thence returning East Bay-wards we ascended
More Charlestonizing.

To the cupola of the custom-house, seeing Lavine by the way, at his desk. Continuing our walk, we met Carlyle at the junction of Meeting and Broad streets,anon took our several ways. I went down King Street to the Battery, anon returned up it, taking mental notes for a sequel to my descriptive letter about the city. In half an hour I encountered my tall editorial friend again and made two calls with him, one at a Frenchman’s where we drank absinthe another at a fine dry-goods and clothing-store—the Stewarts of Charleston. The owner was very courteous on learning my assumed business. To hotel dinner and room, writing a letter to the Evening Post. Dam tare secretly to mail it at the usual hour, returning to Express Office. W. Ward, Morris the Mill-owner and his jolly assistant “Frank” there. With them to the Frenchman’s of my morning’s acquaintance, through the rain, Champagne, claret, cigars and stories in a little rear room, black, damp, nighth out-side. To hotel by 11 and bed.

20. Sunday. Saw Carlyle in the hall after breakfast, he going to church. I had thought of doing the same, selecting one frequented by negroes both in this and other Sundays.
but the intention proved a square of hell's pavement. In doors, drawing a sketch of the interior of Fort Wadstoe, for transmission to the Illustrated London News. Wand in his room, drawing also, in the afternoon. At 2 O'clock descended, met Major Ripley down stairs amid the crowd, had a talk with him, shaved him, drawing. To Courier Office, returned to hotel with Carlyle and Lindsay. Joined by W. Wand at supper. In the hall afterwards, Carlyle introduced first me, then the others to a certain Senator Allen from Barnwell. He was a jolly, portly, old boy whose name figured extensively, etc.
day in the columns of The Courier and Mercury, in the reports of the legislative proceedings. I think he may generally adopted the role of a Carolinian Joseph Hume. I had remarked him at the dinner table previously. Once I happened to sit at a side table where all the other persons were known to him. He ordered a bottle of brandy and sending it round, made the waiter, who attended on him with the respect and deference always accorded by negroes to wealth and position, pass it to me. He told stories too of fishing, hunting and pic-nicking up at his place on the river and appeared, generally, a South Carolinian magnate. He must needs have us go up into his room to try some special brandy and cigars, which we did, all four of us. It was a spacious room, up only one flight of stairs, consequently very expensive, and not withstanding the humidity of the night a large fire blazed in the capacious grate. We talked pistols, the N.Y. Tribune and Herald, Secession and Slavery, the last topic, of course, provoking the Aaram's rod of the others. Carlyle waxed eloquent and enthusiastic on the subject and standing erect talked his strongest, saying that he had been praying for twenty years for what had
recently happened. "There'll be no fighting," he said; "not one drop of blood will be shed and
we shall be the best friends in the world when we
have separated!" Subsequently Allen told him
that if he'd get a reporter to take down his
Carlyle's) talk, he'd make the "Courier" a livelier
paper than it was—which was pertinent. I
stayed till 1 A. M. and then went to bed, Lind-
say retiring with me up stairs, as he had to start
for Savannah on the morrow.

21. Monday. Letters from润滑油en and
Honey, the former relating a certain proposition of
Stedman's to him, "something of importance to him-
self." He told me he must move, his wife could
not get along with a young lady, daughter of the
boarding house keeper and that he should conse-
cutely get a place for her (his wife) and the children
to board in. For himself, he was in want of a
room near Broadway—would I find him one?
I named a building where furnished rooms are
to be had. Well—That was not exactly what he
wanted—or rather not all he wanted of me. He
would pay the rent; would I occupy it? I could
not see his meaning. Well, the fact was, a land-
lady finding a room occupied only occasionally might
suspect—Oh! said I, what do you want it?
He wants Boweryem to become his Pandan.

"To write or what else? Well he would not want exclusive possession of the place—once or perhaps twice a week all night—giving me due notice. Did I not comprehend? At other times I might have it rent-free." Boweryem did comprehend, and rejected the honorable office of pimp, remonstrating with the proposer in a manner that did the little man honor.

"You complain of straitened means," he said, "you show me your list of debts, yet here you are entering upon a course of intrigue that will sooner or later wreck you disgrace you blast the happiness of your good, loving wife, break her heart and ruin your children." Boweryem left him indignant and disgusted, "almost hysterical at the baseness of the proposition, and solemnly pledges himself to exact retribution on the adulterer; adding, "In the dreadful trouble that his impending over that good lady (Mrs. Stedman) I will, please God, constitute myself her nearest friend and my testimony shall crush him in the proper time and place." The girl in question is a Miss Anna Dunn, "a type of the smart, young American lady, who writes, argues, plays
Gum married. Bill Rogers burnt out.

The piano and coquetts with more than average ability. She is no chinch - 21 years old - and two years ago was under an engagement to be married. "Bavryam got his press precious proposal in the editorial office of the piano "World" and asks my advice on the subject. He also encloses a printed announcement of Mr. Gum's marriage from a London newspaper:

**MARRIAGES.**

On the 23th inst., at St. Pancras Church, Mr. Robert Gum, late of New York, to Bertha Frances Blake Bourne, elder of Henry Blake Bourne, Esq., of Lymebury Lodge, Blackheath.

Of boarding house items I learn that Mrs. Boyle expelled the Kimes for non-payment and that our ex-resident, Shepherd, is dreadfully dissipated in health and appearance, drinks hard, and is going the way of all Bohemia." Nancy's letter is brief; mentions that J. Wood is said to be making considerable capital out of his Charles tan experiences, selling a letter or so to the "Herald" and the death of the "Saturday Press"; that W. Leslie has a daughter born unto her; that Damo "protests he has sunk into hopeless irresponsibility," and lives at Newark. "Of domestic intelligence" Nancy adds - what the devil is this I am writing? - I mean relating to 725 Broadway. I have a very distressing item - Bill Rogers was burnt out of house and home at
I told Boweryon to "go ahead."

A Rochester on Monday night, I think, the family barely escaping in their night clothes — this is said for Mrs. O., who is not well and I am afraid the insurance is small." Out to the Courier Office, Cord and Kennedy were. Returning up town met my cousin chum Speck, in uniform of the Richland Rifles, a Columbia company quartered on Sullivan's Island. Drank with him — met W. Ward, — a proposition that we should visit the company. To my room; writing a letter to the Poor Fell a quarter to 9, W. Ward being in for an hour during the afternoon. Down town secretly as usual through the rain. The puddles and the black byz streets, down returning, in the sitting room of the hotel and the lancers commenced a letter to Boweryon, in which I gave him the best advice I could relative to Stedman's proposition. I told him to be prepared for any mischief that Stedman could do him in any case, for the refusal to be his accomplice would meet suspicion and dislike. That nevertheless if he [Boweryon] were willing to brave this and hope the injured wife — with a reasonable chance of effecting it — to do so, as individually I believed in helping Providence by hunting down scan-
dread. When I last visited Stedman, I remember he proffered me an introduction to this Miss Dunn, commending her as an eligible wife for me! I always distrusted the fellow's masterful ways, and suspected that he bullied his fair, kindly, innocent wife. At supper found Carlyle and was introduced to Colonel Dumont. At the bar with the former, W. Wand about. To room by 11, finished letter to Bavereny, and to bed by 1 1/2.

22. Tuesday. A not day. To Express Office, returning wrote to Nancy and to my brother Charley, a brief note, stating my whereabouts, bidding him still keep them secret from my mother.

Dum Town by 1, an hour alone in the Courier sanctum. Return to dinner. In door with a fire in my chamber (an exceptional occurrence of late) all the rest of the day and possibly evening.

23. Wednesday. Ceaseless rain all day. In doors writing to The Post and in the evening to Eliza Edwards as I had sent her rather a scanty letter before. Going down stairs to post the first, risking the mail-box on the hotel counter, I got a letter from Wellen, enclosed further by Bavereny. Like all of his, it was short, gave me two more pages of kindly meant and obscure...
Bellew's English Doings & Expectations.

advice about adopting outline drawing as a speciality to get over the prejudice against my drawing etc. told me that he had had cuts in Punch (which I knew), that he was a member of The Art-model Club, which includes Sala, Bridge- man, young Talfourd, Palgrave Simpson, Julius Porch, John O'Connell, and others. "I still find England a delightful place" writes Bellew, "barring the climate and certain peculiarities of the people. I hope to settle down here comfortably. I trust to be able to run over in the spring with the 7th Regiment — you know we are trying to get the Volunteers to invite them over. I hope to welcome you some day to this side of the water and see you fighting the British publisher in his own den." W. Ward was drawing in his room all this day or nearly so, and we sat together smoking and talking until an hour past midnight, getting friendly and confidential. We remarked on the contrast between our present surroundings and those under which we first became acquainted, thirteen years ago in Hanover Street, Hanover Square, London, he a bubble-de-boy fresh from The Somerset House drawing school, I an assistant architectural draughtsman of 22; then of Blecher-
Will Wand becomes Confidential.

Street in Levin's life; time and all that occurred there. And Will spoke of intentions which he will hardly carry into effect of returning to England, and of his marriage. Of course he didn't allude to what preceded it, but he talked half apologetically to himself about it, as though desirous of persuading himself that it wasn't such a bad thing to have done after all. 

He intimated that previous to it he had been living very fast in Boston, risking getting into a state of dangerous infatuation about a woman of unquestionably questionable character — the which I should hardly have suspected him of, his selfishness being rather of the cool order than the reverse. 

Well, now, he said, he had married a very young girl, who didn't know much, but she did believe in him and was very fond of him. He was especially drawn up on Boston women, declaring that they nine-tenths of them resented the responsibilities of maternity, adopting odious means to prevent them. Altogether Bill appeared by no means at ease with himself, desirous of making out as favorable a case as possible.

There was an undercurrent of implied assertion of Stephen Blackpool's verdict on Life "To all a Muddle," which indicated a mind not too much at ease with itself or its surroundings.
Here is the letter I sent off to the Post this day. The talk of the secessionist is a compilation, much of it being derived from Mr. Huldy on board the Marion. Nothing of it is invented or overstated.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)


Charleston, S. C., January 23, 1861.

The suggestive truth embodied in the proverb which alludes to the effects of "good intentions," is recognised by its frequent quotation. Never, I think, since Cervantes' dear old Don pricked forth at sunrise over the plains of La Mancha, were so many noble and estimable qualities devoted to the furtherance of a monstrous delusion — an anachronism at once tragic and ridiculous — as are evidenced by the better class of these South Carolinians. They have as little idea of the true nature of their hallucination and whether it leads as Quixote himself, and are sometimes discuss the matter with you as he did with the sponetic exclamations of "that unworthy duke and duchess," with a show of reason, logic and argument which — granting the radically false premises — is admirable to listen to. Their possession is as complete and terrible as those chronicled in Scripture. They believe that slavery is right before God and man; that they are justified in both doing, daring and risking everything for its conservation. Nothing but the pitiless logic of consequences will convince them.

I have endeavored to describe this class of South Carolinians before, their appearance, manner and conversation presenting, in most respects, the opposite of the popular northern conception of fire-eaters. I have spoken of them as the movers and exponents of this revolution, because the common impression is otherwise; and must be set right or the question never can be correctly understood. As yet, these men and those accepting and following the lead of their convictions are paramount, hence the peculiar character of this contest. It has been conducted in strict obedience to South Carolinian officials; traitors, perhaps, to the government of the United States, but certainly not demagogues nor the ringleaders of a mob. Without endorsing the editorial assumptions of the impossibility of the existence of one in this city, (which I think history contradicts in one or two instances,) so far as secession has progressed, Charleston has exhibited nothing like one. From first to last, state authority sanctions everything.

Mind, I do not say that the entire population are influenced by, or even alive to, the principles actuating the class I have described, or that personal interests have not their weight; few human actions but originate in mixed motives. The convictions of the many are as strong as those of the few, but they base them on more direct and coarser grounds, often revolting enough to the northern ear. That phase of southern character which some of your Republican papers too pertinaciously hold up to their readers as the whole of it, is often exhibited in the daily talk of an average South Carolinian. I am going to give you a sample of it. I heard it only last night in one of our bar-rooms.

The place was crowded, the speaker, one of a well-dressed group of half a dozen, not an ill-looking man, though with too sharp features and sinister eyes, evidently possessing position and standing among his class, for all present regarded him with a hale-fellow-well-met cordiality, indicative of good-will and recognition. He had plenty of money and he treated the company again and again, almost ostentatiously. There was no attempt at privacy in his remarks, he rather seemed to court attention than otherwise.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "Georgia is out, by — , and wouldn't have gone out if it hadn't have been for Major Anderson! We owe that to him, any way. I tell you Fort Sumter will cost Uncle Sam the secession of more states than we want to form a southern confederacy. We've got enough now, though we'll have as many as we can get. We're all right; Georgia has settled the business — it was a tight squeeze, though. After all, them Georgians are whole-souled fellows, with hearts as big as a bullock's. They burnt General Scott in effigy, confound him! I wish he'd come to Charleston, that's all. He is a disgrace to the South; has always been half a free-soiler — didn't they run him for President against Pierce? Now, he's no better
than a — abolitionist Black Republican. He wants to coerce the South, and establish a military despotism, with Abe Lincoln and that — nigger Hamlin at the head of it. Hamlin is a nigger; there's no doubt of it! As for Abe Lincoln, he must feel mean, I should think, at causing all this trouble. He'd resign, and be glad to do it. He'll never be President, that's certain, not even over the northern states, the Black Republicans will shoot him first, for bringing them to ruin. It's ten times worse for the North than for the South; what will the Yankees do when we don't buy their manufactures, and have direct trade with Europe. The whole prosperity of the North has been built up at the expense of the South; free trade has cost us thousands of millions of dollars. They are all abolitionists at the North — sucked it in at the breast. "He (the speaker) had lived among them and knew it. There was no reasoning with a northern man on the subject; he couldn't reason on it. He never got beyond the assertion that a nigger was a human being. He had no fight in him, either; you couldn't insult him into fighting. He (the speaker) had tried and only got as mad as he — i in the attempt. They were all inurable fanatics, and fanatic anyhow; he hated all such. The South must be a unit on the subject — Virginia would have to come in, though she was behaving very badly just now; the government had corrupted her. Louisiana was next on the list of secession — she was sure enough, and would face the music nobly. It was a common cause, and none of the southern states could stand out, though some of them might drag a little.

To be sure, it would cost like the mischief. Secession had played the old Harry with business in Charleston already! He (the speaker) hadn't discharged any of his clerks, they had joined the military and he intended paying their salaries, though he was keeping store (a wholesale one) at a loss of some thousands of dollars a month. But that wasn't the question; South Carolinians weren't Yankees in whose eyes a dollar looked as big as a cart-wheel. Their honor was at stake, and he, for one, didn't object to pay a two-dollar tax for his gold watch, or to contribute to the carrying on of the war to the extent of his means. He knew there were planters who were selling off their land and niggers for what they would bring, and hated to see the advertisements in the papers — why didn't the editors keep them out? Those who weren't willing to live or die with the South, had better go North where they properly belonged to.

He hardly reckoned there would be a fight after all, though the boys were spoiling for one. They had behaved splendidly. Think of young fellows accustomed to every luxury out on guard at the forts and batteries on such a — night as this. (It was raining heavily.) It was the same with the ladies; his wife had asked him to buy a revolver for her, and had practised with it till he wouldn't like to be the man she aimed at at fifty paces. If her advice had been taken, they would have occupied Fort Sumter before Anderson; she warned him of that danger often; several of his friends could witness to it. He thought the Governor's allowing the Major get fresh provisions from Charleston — ridiculous; if it wasn't a state of war now, he would like to know what constituted one?

As for the fort, Anderson's men were in mutiny, and their commander, a southern man, would resign his commission directly his state declared for secession. The Major had acted only from a mistaken idea of self-preservation. Anyhow, the fort must be taken, and could be in twenty-four hours. The batteries at Fort Johnson had heavy guns enough to effect a breach in her, and then the garrison would be powerless against the five thousand men brought against her; they could bring fifty, if necessary. He reckoned Colonel Hayne had better come back from Washington; the government was in the hands of the Black Republicans, and didn't intend giving up the fort. Not taking it at the beginning was the only mistake South Carolina had committed, but she had confided in the honor of the government, which had guaranteed that no action should be taken and no reinforcements sent against her. However, it had united the South, and was all right in that respect.

He wanted peaceable secession, but, if Abe went for a fight, he should have enough of it. After all, it was a shame that white men should murder each other about a parcel of — niggers. They had paid for them, and meant to keep them, that was all about it; the Bible sanctioned slavery. And they didn't fear a nigger insurrection either; he knew plenty of niggers — slaves too — who would shoot an abolitionist just as quick as he would. For himself he didn't own any now, though he had when a planter. He believed in owning them. He was a white man and a Christian.

All this was listened to with assent, and evidently considered a good, sound, common-sense view of the matter. Comment would be superfluous.
Thursday. The weather growing up a little. In going down Town I met Ripley, with a great roll of bills in his hand; probably his pay, for there had been talk of his quitting Charleston for Pensacola (though he did not do so) and a paragraph to that effect in the Courier. At the office of that paper I found Carlyle and a young fellow named Gill who had previously attracted my attention by his hollering to W. Wand over the hotel dinner table, and inquiring if he had bloomed (in other words, got drunk) on the previous night. Wand said Gill needed but the addition of a letter to his name to express his character. In truth he was a jock of Columbian birth and had over night squandered or been robbed of his money, of which he had come to Carlyle. We got rid of him at the corner of Meeting and Broad Streets, looked in at Dodge's, finding not its amiable proprietor but a deputy there who told us that W. D. had gone to the north "on business" and that he would probably return. Talking with Carlyle, he defended Dodge, saying that the latter had showed him a letter from the N.Y. Times, soliciting Dodge to write for it, which Dodge declined or deemed...
A drunken and dramatic Hatter.

To the hotel with Carlyle, meeting Ripley and W. Waud there. I carried the former off to a King Street photographer to get his portrait (the one inserted at page 50) returning to dinner. In my room till 6. After supper talking with Marchant (whose grand anti-perspectwe free trade transparency in front of his Theatre had been utterly demolished and scattered by the wind and the rain of the previous day) when we were presently accosted by a Mr. Harry Covert, a wholesale hatter of Meeting Street, not far from the upper Charleston Hotel, on the opposite side of the way. He was a rather small, red-haired man with a heavy moustache and imperial, a la Napoleon 3, a member of the Rutledge Mounted Rifles. Being rather inebriated, he most needs insist on our going off to a King Street restaurant to see him sup and drink champagne during which proceedings we were joined by an old boy, the proprietor of Marchant's Theatre, who presently left us. In an hour we adjourned to the Theatre, to Marchant's "bijou" as young ass Wood affectionately denominated it, there to drink Panterme. Covert grew dramatic in proportion to his intoxication and would vainly give us a specimen of his historic abilities, so, with Larine,
Porym and three or four more, who came in, attracted by the light in Marchant's window, we all went on the stage. There, by the light of a solitary tallow candle which made our shadows gigantic on the darkened house, Covert went through the "dagger-scene" in Macbeth, Marchant shaking the stage-thunder at the right wing. The amateur exhibited real ability but the thing was unspeakably ludicrous and waxed more so anon. We "hi! hi'd!" applauded, laughed, sang, danced Dixie and did all sorts of absurdities; Lavinia and Covert acting together. The former doing, first, the Ghost in Hamlet, with an umbrella for truncheon, and then Richmond in the Bosworth scene of Richard the Third. The thunder introduced to every scene was out of all proportion to the text, and as it rained sharply every now and then outside, it seemed at least atmospherically appropriate. Finally the actors got into the most extraordinary dramatic jumble, alternating fragments of Hamlet, Richard 3, Julius Caesar, The Lady of Lyons, Richelieu and other prominent plays with all kinds of ludicrous and incoherence. In one instance Covert vented Shakespeare's Hamlet, Lavinia responding, as Ghost, in a doggerel comic song; in another there was
Harry Covert.

A combat in which broadwords were represented by umbrellas. After Covert had ranted for at least an hour and a half, becoming quite hoarse, we went out as far as the lobby where another thirty minutes were devoted to story-telling, when it was 11 o'clock, Marchant returned to sleep in his "bijou" and we turned into the street. Covert stuck to me, insisting that we should go to King Street to have some oysters, which we did, at a place filled with young fellows in uniform.
A Row in a Brothel

Covert went to sleep in the box and was very much up indeed, insomuch that he resented the waiter's demanding the amount of the bill and I paid it. I sent him very nearly home subsequently, and lost my way in the dead-silent streets of Charleston returning. Found W. Wand in his room late as it was, he having returned just got back from a ball masque, at "Alice Ashley's," a "fashionable" Charleston courted and, where a large proportion of the "chivalry" had been present, and where a fight had occurred, in consequence of one of the young bloods striking a prostitute, on which provocation all the women pitched into the offender and manaced him frightfully, until the head-hard restored him, plunging into the crowd and knocking her boarders to the right and left like nine-pins. This same woman, I heard subsequently, sent a barrel of whisky as a present to one of the companies, quartered on the one of the islands. Died by 2.

25. Friday. Very wet. In doors, writing to the "Post" and other matters all day; W. Wand in his room, also, much of the time. Turned out on my usual errand at 9 ½, into the drenching black night, mailed letter, looked into "Courier" Office, stayed an hour, then returned to hotel.
[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

Sufferings of the South Carolina Soldiery—Keeping Secrets—Fort Sumter—Impatience of Young South Carolina—An Incident of Charleston Life.


Diarrhoea and dysentery are said to prevail among the troops on Sullivan's, James and Morris islands, to what extent it is difficult to ascertain, for, as I have already intimated, access to the camps requires a special permit from the authorities, and the Charleston newspapers maintain their characteristic reticence on every topic that can be supposed to tell against the popular cause. We are even careful of allowing such to appear too prominent in conversation; we speak incidentally and with bated breath, rather than otherwise. Hence a good deal transpires daily of which the knowledge is confined to a few, and I have heard many Charlestonians admit that they first became acquainted with such and such facts through the medium of New York newspapers. They add, also, that some of them lie considerably, which is equally true. Whether the exigencies of the present revolution have developed the capacity or only increased it, I think South Carolinians possess the useful one of holding their tongues. Adverse particulars may leak from them; they seldom disclose them. They possess, too, a marvellous faculty of hushing things up peculiar to the South, which impresses me like a sixth sense. I have been informed of instances confirming this, which I do not care to put on paper.

I believe a regiment might mutiny and the townspeople know little or nothing about it for twenty-four hours, and am sure that then they would do their best to conceal it from strangers. There are rumors, not of this, but equally suggestive.

The troops, composed of young fellows of unquestionable pluck and patriotism, but accustomed mostly to city life and the reverse of exposure and hardship, are impatient of their passive endurance, nor too prone to submit to the necessary rigors of military discipline. They would infinitely rather be exposed to the fire of Major Anderson's columbiads than to the inglorious attacks of dysentery and diarrhea, which, without adopting the Chinese theory, that the stomach is the seat of the soul, may be admitted as natural drawbacks to a man's courage. They have jealousies and rivalries, too, and quarrel among themselves. It is confidently asserted that some companies are with difficulty restrained from fighting, not against the common enemy, but among themselves, and that their commanders have urged the necessity of an immediate attempt upon Fort Sumter on this ground.

In my last I spoke of a general, indefinite impression that such action was secretly contemplated. Three days of dullness and drizzle have I think, diminished that impression, but increased the desire. The many begin to assert, now, that the state government is desirous of adopting the policy of inactivity, leaving the onus and opprobrium of molestation to the federal authorities, even up to the date of Lincoln's inauguration. They assume the wisdom of this in virtue of the result of the occupation of Fort Sumter upon other southern states, the consequent formation of a slaveholding confederacy of such proportions as to render recognition a necessity, coercion an impossibility. Thus the many, always disposed to accept a temporary lull for a lasting calm. The few, I find, think differently.

They believe that were the above programme feasible and Mr. Buchanan so well disposed toward their object as they assert he once was, though he abstained from blockading the harbor, declaring it no longer a port, cutting off the mails, in short, adopting all the coercive measures which lie in his power—even in that case, South Carolina could not bear the cost of delay. She is bleeding pellucially at every pore. All business has ceased. In the present state of risk, insecurity and danger no vessels enter her harbor—they go to Savannah; for shrewder Georgia, though she has seceded, has yet forborne to disturb existing arrangements with the government of the United States. The purchase of arms, gunpowder, accoutrements and food for the troops costs enormously. Only yesterday a bill for raising $1,300,000 for "military contingencies" was discussed in the legislature, which is engaged in taxing everything taxable, even the wearing of gold and silver watches and negro-minstrel performances. Considering all this, the impatience of young South Carolina, the exasperation of the community at Major Anderson's retention of Fort Sumter, the accidents and chances that might at any moment precipitate a collision, the few do not expect a peaceful solution of the difficulty.

They are none the less resolved, however, to carry out the revolution at all consequences, believing their honor, their interests, their liberties at stake in the contest. They did not count the cost, I honestly believe, but are committed to its payment, even to the risk of utter ruin and bankruptcy. Without desiring war—that folly is confined to the young men—and always attributing the responsibility of it to the United States government, they prepare to accept it as a very probable contingency. I have heard a gentleman in authority state that he believed Fort Sumter would be attacked before the expiration of another week, adding that South Carolina was defied and rendered ridiculous in the eyes of those who had emulated her example, so long as Major Anderson remained there. He supposed that the Administration dared not order his evacuation, in consequence of the overwhelming threats
Louisiana “out of the Union.”

out of sorts and damped. After supper, Carlyle came in; drank with him; introduced to Mr. Sage, a Connecticut man by birth, a Southerner by adoption and sentiment—of course ultra, being born north. He had been in England, knew Forester (Alfred Braunvill), and believed that he had met me there! Talk with him. Alred by midnight.

25. Saturday. Wrote to Davenym and to Haney. Day clearing up, becoming warm, clear and sunny, I went to the Post-office, there meeting Lairine. Returned called at Covert’s store. Dinner. Loafing in the hall afterwards found Speck and two of his corps; drank with them, of course. Speck hurried off to return to Sullivan’s Island by the 4 o’clock boat. To room, reading. At 5 a cannon-shot from “Old Secession” announced the news of Louisiana’s being “out of the Union.” Marchant at tea; talking and loafing with him. Lindsay came in, just returned from Savannah. (As W. Wund and I conjectured, some of the arms in New York belonged to him.) He had been to Woodward’s house, reported him keeping his bed, still sick. Though not dangerously so. Met Odenheimer, one of my Ma-
from the Black Republicans; that it secretly execrated Anderson for having placed it in that position; that the Major himself, a brave and honorable man, would defend the fort to the best of his ability, though deploring the necessity and politically sympathizing with its attackers. When the probability of its being surrendered after a nominal contest was suggested, he remarked tersely that the speaker "didn't know Bob Anderson."

I need not commend to your attention the proceedings of our legislature. It sits daily in Hibernian Hall, a handsome building on Meeting street, erected by the society indicated by its name, the Senate occupying the lower chamber, the Assembly the upper. Both bodies present a deliberative and even distinguished appearance, of which South Carolinians may well be proud. A gay blue flag, with a large crescent moon and lone star, a red one bearing a white Palmetto tree—better delineated than is ordinarily the case—imparts a curious and almost incongruous air of liveliness to the upper room; there are more Palmettos on the blinds, too, and in the lower chamber. The tone in which really important measures are discussed is earnest, vigorous and eminently gentlemanly. To drop in as I generally do, for an idle half hour of a morning or evening, is to receive a favorable impression of southern character.

Its worse traits all seem to cluster about that deplorable "institution"—to grow inevitably out of it. But I have spoken of that before and the approach of the hour for closing the mail warns me to conclude my letter. I will finish with a characteristic incident of Charleston life, for the consciousness of which I am indebted to chance alone.

Not a year ago, there came a Connecticut man to this city who established himself in business as a sort of general agent. He professed the most ultra of southern principles, and during the spring convention made himself unnecessarily prominent in that respect; previous to the passing of the ordinance of secession, too, he must needs publicly present Mr. Keitt with "a rided cane"—advertising the sale of similar articles in the newspapers, and doubtless, making money thereby. (I believe he was glorified in one of your New York contemporaries in this connection.) Well, subsequent to the "commencement of the war," he talked so rambunctiously belligerent that it was resolved to gratify him with a taste of campaigning. A day's duty at one of the forts resulted in something approaching an attempt at desertion, but a broken arm, accidentally received in a tumble from a gun-carriage, while he was making a drunken speech, enabled him to obtain his temporary discharge and return to the city. Simultaneously, unpleasant things began to be suspected of him. He had endeavored to criminate others, he himself presently stood privately arraigned on the charge of being the correspondent of a Newburgh paper of Republican principles. Three days ago he received a four hours intimation to quit the city, and obeyed it.
In Fort Moultrie again. Returning, I was introduced to some acquaintances of Waud's, with whom he had spent much of his leisure - of the nineties of his time. These were a Mr. Waddage, an Englishman of ten years Southern experience, and nephew to the inventor of the calculating machine; a Mr. Murdoch, a Carolinian, and a young fellow named Panckwin, appertaining to a chemist-store next door to the residence of the others, on Meeting Street, and son to their landlord. The two first were very agreeable, intelligent fellows. Waddage very British in everything, Murdoch a member of the Marion Artillery, whose uniform he wore, being bound for Castle Pinckney. After a brief visit to their rooms, we started and, in due time arrived at Sullivan's Island. Preferring the sea shore to the equally sandy but drier road through the village, we walked to Fort Moultrie, into which Waud and I were admitted by an order from Major Ripley, the others by some officer of their acquaintance. A great change was perceptible since my last visit. The guns were all mounted, the spaces between the embrasures filled with huge piles of sand-bags, faced with palmetto logs. The bags were so
A Steamer Aground.

plentiful throughout the interior as to be absurdly but irresistibly suggestive of bedding. We met Ripley there and Mixer, our landlord's son, and the place seemed popular with visitors. Quitting the fort, we pursued our ramble. Just beyond the steamer Columbia, of the Charleston and New York line, lay apparently hopelessly aground. While men were lightening her of her cargo of cotton bales and others standing round a poor fellow stretched on his back on the sand, in a fit, W. Wood made a sketch of the vessel and we then resumed our walk, which lay for the better part of a mile along the sand, past villas and hotels, ordinarily deserted at this time of the
year, now occupied by the troops as extem- 
porized barracks. After a not very successful 
journey of sea-water, which lay between 
us and one of these buildings, we reached the quar- 
ters of the Richland Rifles. These were in 
and adjacent to the Pinckney House, a spacious 
wooden hotel with the piazza common to all 
southern houses. In a villa, on the near side of 
the hotel, we found Captain Dan Miller and 
a score or so of his corps, who gave us a very 
hospitable welcome, all being "Columbia boys," 
and most of them familiar with Babble, who 
had once been postmaster at South Carolina's 
picturesque and pretty capital. They were seat- 
ed in a parlor, with a log-fire on the hearth, and 
had just finished dinner, the remains of which 
were on the table. We smoked awhile, adjourned 
to an adjacent refectory, drank and ate, and 
drained innumerable introductions. At 4½ 
P.M. the company turned out to drill and 
dress-parade, the first in front of the Pinck- 
ney House, when Sport came out of the ranks 
and talked with me. Anon. They all marched 
to tap of drums over the sand-hills to the 
Mcclure House, where the other companies were 
in parade, some in uniform, some not.
Sunset on Sullivan's Island.

That of the Richland Rifles was a good, serviceable one, consisting of a dark-gray hunting-frock, plated on the breast and belted, with trousers to match. These fellows were mostly young men, of good position and family, many of them wealthy in land and slaves. Returning to quarters, Warde and Babidge determined to accept Captain Miller's hospitality for the night, so young Panckrain and I set off over the sand, interspersed with our faces towards Charleston, with such success as to witness the last 6 o'clock ferry-boat steam off, just as we arrived in sight of the pier. Inconveniently we tramped back again. The day had been fresh, cold and sunny, the evening retained its character, looking very picturesque and deserted, with the red sun set streaming down its sandy lanes and over the ocean whose melancholy swash made monotonous music as we tailed over the sand-hills. An old Irishman on half accompanied, half-followed us, I think for the protection of our company (for there were stories that some of the troops had been behaving badly to the poorer population) or for love of gossip. She told me that she had lived in the island for twenty years, that she once paid only $3 a year rent, that her hus-
Captain Dan Miller

brand had helped to build Fort Sumter, that
nearly all the other cottagers on the island had
left their abodes for the city, dreading that can-
nnon balls might render such shanties dangerous
places of habitation. Presently she left us, at
a melancholy looking roadside house, with a
pool of water in front of it. We encountered
a sentinel at the rear of the Moultrie House
who said we stand, hailed a good deal for
the Corporal of the Guard and told us if he
didn't come in a minute he'd let us pass on
his own responsibility. But the Corporal ap-
peared and accorded permission. Further on, on
the darkening sand we passed another with
even less show of denier. Upstairs in Captain
Dan Miller's room, we found our friends and
presently adjourned down stairs to supper,
in a queer sort of hall, open at one end, and
which a sufficiently long table extended. The
captain presided and the corps showed very
pleasantly, Their goodwill and hospitality to us.
Their guests appearing conspicuous. Upstairs
again, where I, being tired, lay down un-
beknown on a buffalo-skinned on the Captain's bed
and dozed for an hour. Amon out with Miller
for a walk, visiting the different villas
and houses in which the troops were quartered. We met two sentinels, one of whom was indoctri
cated and almost speechless, the other imperfectly acquainted with his duties and not very capable of learning them. Captain Dan said neither belonged to his corps. At the houses—which were

Palmettos on Sullivan's Island

lonely enough with no foliage visible except perhaps a distant group of palmettos—The young fellows received us with a single-hearted kindness and courtesy at once delightful and novel. Some of them sat round a wood fire, while one of the number read aloud to them. Returning—
To our quarters we found a dozen or so, among them Ward and Babcock, similarly occupied, and after another visit to the refectory, joined them. Songs were sung, both comic and serious, cigars smoked and whiskey drank, a certain sergeant or corporal England especially distinguishing himself vocally, performing at the top of his voice and with a good deal of humor. At about midnight, after an uproarious and universal "Dixie," I, the Captain, and a portly, bald-headed old boy whom they called Major went upstairs to bed, though the rest kept up till Monday. Their revelry for at least an hour later as I judged from the uproar below.

It was a clear moonlight night, I lay close against a curtained window, looking out on the sand and the sea, and partly from having anticipated my legitimate climber, partly from the novelty of my position, I kept as wide awake as a hare, thinking of unnumerable things past and present, all sorts of reminiscences and fancies besetting me to an extraordinary degree—fifty such visions as this would not contain. Here, I thought of life and death, of the moonlight, the sand and the sea, of gliding along that shore, after death, a strangely
tranquil spirit; of England, Charley's home at Chigwell; of Chacombe as I last saw it in its winter aspect; of Hannah; of Sally Edwards and our summer rides at Grafton Centre; of that girl's future (Sally ran on in my head a good deal, this night); of Mary Wilton and old wooing days, some particulars of which recurred to me with startling distinctness; of my pretty cousin, Annie Mitchell, and how her destiny has taken her to the other side of the round world; of Nelliecop days in my extreme youth, of romances read and loved then—the particular look of passages and cuts in them—of my mother; poor Great-aunt Phoebe's life and death, of Joe, and ten thousand things besides. meantime my best fellow, honest Dan Miller, kept up the most prodigious snoring I ever listened to, the "Major" bearing a stiff burden to it. Just before day-break, I got an hour's sleep, when the sun awoke opposite my window, a broad disc of flame tipping the laughing waters of the restless Atlantic with ruddy gold and calling all things to exist in the glory of existence. Descending to a tremendous breakfast, after that and a smoke, I with W. Waud, Bartrage and Pancknin returned to the city, finding Speck aboard the ferry boat, of
whom Babage spoke not praisingly. Wand and I had coffee with Babage at his rooms, then adjourned to the hotel, from which after obtaining necessary sketching materials W. Wand set off to return to Sullivan's Island. I overhauled my diary for ten pages, then wrote a letter to the Post and one to Flanny remaining in my room all the afternoon, and till the usual time, when I received a letter from Mary Anne, enclosed in a brief note by O'Daveryen and one from Flanny, the latter informing me that money ought to have been sent to me by the Post on last Tuesday. Acknowledged receipt of letters by a hasty line, then came town. At the Courier Office awhile, returning with Carlyle in an hour's time. Meeting Oryan of the telegraph who whispered him, Carlyle presently told me of a negro's having brought in a report of a strange steamer on the coast, having rowed some miles on his own responsibility to convey the news to his master. Of course Carlyle instanced this as an evidence of the attachment subsisting between master and slave. At the hotel, read the whole of Balzac's Petty Annoyances of Married life in bed, waking up at 2. To conclude that diabolically clever and infernally knowing book.
SOUTH CAROLINA.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]


CHARLESTON, S. C., January 28, 1861.

Amid the prodigies amount of unsolicited correspondence with which Governor Pickens is at present favored, there appeared a few days ago, in an envelope bearing a northern postmark, the following bill:

"Major Anderson, U. S. A.:
Dr. to the state of South Carolina,
One month's occupation of Fort Sumter .......... $3 00"

Whether intended as a Black Republican taunt at the expense of the assumed creditor, or a stimulant to the issuing of a writ of ejection at the cannon's mouth, your occasional correspondent will not take upon himself to decide. It is certain, however, that the anonymous inditer hit upon the subject which, just now, is exercising all men's minds in relation to this state and city.

"Will Fort Sumter be attacked, and when? these are the questions. To the former of them I have ventured upon a qualified assent, nor have the past two days produced anything to induce a retraction of that opinion. The preparations are going on, secretly, swiftly and surely. Not so much of the first, though, as to prevent certain particulars becoming matters of current conversation in Charleston.

Look upon the map of this city and its harbor, and you will see at the near end of Morris Island, where it approaches closest—say to within three quarters of a mile of a Fort Sumter—a cape known as Pelican's Point. To that spot have been transported three columbiads, a 42-pound cannon, and a formidable mortar, with ample supplies of shot and shell, but, as yet, what is estimated as an insufficient quantity of gunpowder. I have already spoken of the strict military discipline forbidding visits to James Island, hence accounts vary so widely that nothing definite is ascertainable relative to the batteries at Fort Johnson; they are, however, approaching completion. In addition to which, the exercise of the most jealous caution does not prevent our hearing of the construction of floating batteries, though in what locality can only be guessed at.

On the opposite shore of Sullivan's Island, Fort Moultrie, under the direction of Major Ripley, once of the United States army, (the author, I believe, of a History of the Mexican War,) has almost attained its utmost state of efficiency. Viewing it shorewards from the main channel, you see on the ramparts huge heaps of sand-bags, covered with hides and faced with stout palmetto logs, while the grim mouths of loaded cannon peer out from narrower embrasures similarly protected—at least none of them levelled straight at Fort Sumter. Inside, I am informed, the aspect of the place is ominously warlike, shot and shell and grape piled in sinister symmetry beside the gun-carriages, the oven for heating shot ready for instant use, the powder magazine literally buried in sand-bags, and great mounds of the same here, there, and everywhere.

So, belligerently disposed and only biding her time till everything be perfected and the word given, South Carolina stands at the present hour. And as resolute in his strong island fortress, with the beautiful visiited flag of his country flying in persistent disdain of the red, the white, the green palmette trees and half-moons on the antagonistic ensigns which float it on every side, wait Major Anderson and his little band—equal to whatever lies before them. Averse, as he has declared himself, to the shedding of fratricidal blood, the Major will certainly neither surrender the fort at the summons of the state, nor hesitate to defend it to the utmost; and as certainly South Carolina is pre-committed to the attempt, come when it may.

The popular impression here at present is that a heavy, continuous bombardment, kept up from all available quarters for, say twenty-four hours, must effect a breach in the walls of Fort Sumter; that the Major's force is insufficient to enable him to work more than a few of his guns; that his ammunition will be exhausted, when the fortress can be carried by assault and escalade. I need add nothing to my previous testimony as to the spirit and desire of the troops. The young Pole who was accidentally shot the other day, and who died regretting that his comrades would attack Fort Sumter without him, may be considered the sample exponent of the popular feeling—there are hundreds like him.

You will see by the proceedings of the legislature that we have adopted definite colors for a state flag, not before it was necessary, for bad taste had run riot in the ensigns before alluded to. The colors are undeniably pretty—a dark blue ground with a golden palmette on a white oval in the centre, a white crescent, the horns upwards, in the upper flag-staff corner. I commend you, too, to the reports of our legislature relative to the advisability of placing the arsenal in charge of the cadets, instead of the volunteer troops, for confirmation of my remarks as to the occasional insubordination and inebriety of some of the latter. The captain, Cunningham, who proposed a reconsideration of the report which he had previously submitted to the legislature, on the ground that it had been disputed,
Stedman's Adultery.

I must have got a letter from Bowerymen this day, as I find one dated Jan 25. It informs me that my letters bore the appearance of having been opened, advising me to send others through the Consul (which I didn't do subsequently) and affords some gossip. Stedman has sent his wife to the wintry Phalanx on plea of economy, and his and other of the World's salaries have been reduced. His mistress came to see him at the office; they rendezvous at the foot of the stairs; the shameful intimacy is joked about by Dongo and young Mr. Brath (not my Lake Superior acquaintance) Stedman being vain of it. Weston, Bowerymen's employer, who knows the Dimes has written a note of warning to the mother of the girl. The Kennics have lent 100 to Becker, being 200 in Mrs. O'Doherty's debt. The man using every artifice to escape without leaving his watch and some trusses (!) in pawn. I find also a letter from Jack Edwards dated Jan 24. He tells of the receipt of mine, says that the girls are entertaining Mr. Nicholas "as he writes. They have been dissolving to an alarming extent lately:" Jack took Eliza to a select Source Dansante: Other night, and both her and
But it's half-past ten and I must draw the bow and cut up some bread and cheese and so, with a hearty Good night, honest Jack finishes his letter. I discover that I have omitted mention of letters from home, from my mother, and Rosa, from Boston bearing the date of December 6th. From these I learn that Bolton has called on Boucher and Clarke, that Bob Gunn visited my brother Sharley in Paternoster Row, that my mother has written a long letter to Mary Anne, that the weather is wet, that little intimacy exists between Rodney Buildings and Cligwell, that Boucher is married to a 'very nice-looking young lady with a nice fortune of about two or three thousand pounds' — including the announcement:

On the 20th ult., at St. Saviour's Church, Paddington Wm. Boucher, Esq., of Kensington-park-terrace North, to Eliza, third daughter of the late G. W. Melliship, Esq., of Maida Vale.

That Mrs. Ann Bixby is married to "old John Drinkwater of The White Lion Inn, Banbury," after just a year's widowhood. "I should have thought," adds my mother, "she had had enough of old men. They were married at Drayton, and left to live on a farm near Wroxton. I called was outside. He wouldn't go in."
Charleston Arsenal.

29. Tuesday. To Express Office; Lindsay there, once old Cope. Wrote a letter to Davenport about business and miscellaneous matters, giving up room at 132 Oelecker Street. I had got sanguine about getting no letters or recognition from the "Post," inasmuch as I was working almost in the dark, not knowing whether my communications were received, and not possessing money enough to discharge my hotel bills; I had written an urgent statement of my position in mud, as agreed upon, less so that it would be invisible until exposed to a fire of Dame Tom to post-office; met Carlyle. With him for a walk, intending a visit to Morris' mill, but not getting farther than Arsenal. The day lovely, sunny but with a delicious breeze; it resembled the latter end of an English May. At the Arsenal we found the newly-decided upon flag of South Carolina flying—a white palmetto tree and crescent on a deep blue ground, a crescent moon in the corner, the horn disposed incorrectly, to Carlyle's regret, for they were turned inwards instead of upwards, and the moon represented as altogether too
The tall editor was quite anxious that this error should be remedied, so that it should be the first flag of the “independent State of South Carolina.” He talked too to me of issuing some Southern coin, in token of the Confederate States assuming all the rights of sovereignty. Indeed his ingenuous delight and profound faith in what he considered the triumphant accomplishment and vindication of Southern nationality affected me, even then, with a sort of pity and dread of what might come. The Arsenal grounds looked very pleasant in the sunlight. We met three officers in command, who invited us into the room where Major Humphrey (now hunting in the Everglades of Florida) had entertained us, and did the like, giving us a collation with wine, ale and spirits. It was on this and not on the former occasion that the old
The Floating Battery.

negro described on page 4 of this volume appeared; their similarity induced the error. At 4 P.M. we turned out to see some very miscellaneously dressed recruits drilled in an inner square. About 5 we left, parting at Gowing Street. Joined Waud at the supper table. But together afterwards to a news vendor's, to the Express Office, and to the Pavilian Hotel, to where Lindsay had moved from the Charleston in company with an adopted sister, who joined him at Savannah (?). We found them in a meat room with a cheery fire, played euchre, smoked cigars and drank whiskey. She appeared a pleasant New haven girl, entirely new to the South; friendly and vivacious. At 10½ we returned to our hotel and to bed.

30. Wednesday. With Merchant to the foot of Hazel Street to see the floating battery there constructing for the projected attack on Fort Sumter. A bright, sunny, cool day, negroes and carpenters at work. Surveyed the work, visited a cotton press in operation returned to hotel and wrote a letter to the Post.  I was turning out as usual to mail it, having not a minute to spare, when just as I was diving down Hayne Street at the hotel corner, Carlyle saw me and she was his mistress, another man's wife, according to W.W.
cried "O! Gunn!" in recognition. He accompanied me to the post-office, more leisurely than I intended, volunteering to secure the transmission of my letter, which he accomplished by getting the post-master to re-open the mail-bag which had been closed. Little did my tall friend imagine that he had assisted in expediting a letter to a "black-republican" paper, one only less detested because less violent than the N. Y. Tribune. To the Courier office, then up Town Together. W. Wand away tonight, sleeping at Os at bage's. I got the particulars of the eemporized review described in the following letter from Wand; he witnessed it on the evening of his return to Sullivan's Island.

I spoke in my last at some length of the preparations at the forts in the harbor, and incidentally of the construction of floating batteries. One of these lies in the East Bay, at the Palmetto wharf, not far from the foot of Hazel street, where, this afternoon, I visited it. Here is the result of my observations. It will consist of a huge platform of pine beams, about fourteen inches square, powerfully framed and bolted together and adapted to float upon the water. At one end thick planks of the same material and similarly fastened, stretch upwards and outwards for about twenty feet, at an angle of perhaps seventy degrees, met at the top by a sharper and shorter one, from the summit of which a bomb-proof roof will slope to the rear of the platform, joining another short projecting angle enclosing the battery on that quarter. The taller end, faced exteriorly with three or four thicknesses of railroad iron, and provided on the inside with a lining of sand-bags or cotton-bales, is intended for the receipt of four cannon, forty-two pounders, protruding from orifices cut for that purpose. Towed down to Fort Sumter, anchoring a
most beneath its walls, when the attack shall com-
way, and villas and hotels growing more infrequent
mence, this formidable battery is expected to be of as you journey seawards. These tenements are
signal service in effecting a breach, while its pecu-
lilar construction may cause the balls of the be-
sieged to glance aside or mitigate the damage done
by them.

At least a score of workmen are engaged upon its
construction. When it is completed, and perhaps
another, look for exciting news from Charleston.
With these batteries, with those at Pelican’s Point,
Forts Moultrie and Johnson all ready, with what
cannon and ammunition we have, we shall be pre-
pared to make a final demand of the government
and of Major Anderson for the surrender of Fort
Sumter; in the event of their refusal, awaiting
some cloudy night, to put the question at the can-
non’s mouth. Then the townsmen, aroused from
uneasy slumbers by the roar of these instruments,
the invention of which is attributed, by Milton, to
the Devil himself, will know that the Devil’s work
of fratricidal strife has indeed begun, and the war
commenced in earnest.

Not till then, though. We shall keep everything
quiet until the last moment, as long as it is possi-
ble. We know the value of secrecy. To-day we
have adopted a stringent general order against the
admission of all visitors to the forts and batteries
except such as are duly authorized by a special
order from the Quartermaster-General. Our vigi-
lance, which had slackened a little in this respect
is strictly resumed.

We sleep, I have implied, uneasily. On Monday
night we were stimulated by a report of a strange
vessel seen on the coast, off Stono, apparently
making preparations for the landing of United
States troops. This story, brought by a negro to
his master, induced instant preparation and got our
military under arms in the briefest space. Last
night, too, a similar alarm of a vessel entering the
harbor provoked firing of cannon, the display of
rockets and blue lights from Forts Moultrie and
Johnson and the putting forth of guard-boats
which satisfactorily ascertained the peaceful char-
acter of the visitor. Each night brings its rumors
as each morning dispels them. Grim fact will do
it yet more distinctly one of these days.

Lest you should pronounce my letter too sombre.
I will enliven it with a pleasant episode of which I
was the accidental witness. It occurred on Monday
afternoon, at four o’clock, on Sullivan’s Island,
when the wife of our Governor and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. and Miss Pickens, attended a dress-
parade of the troops there encamped, extemporizing
a sort of review, none the less agreeable and
picturesque for its informality.

I have spoken of the Island before; it is all sand,
with the shabby, wooden-built village of Mou-
trieville scattering over one end of it, the fort mid-

Sale of Slaves.

31 Thursday. With Marchant to his Theatre, where I loosed for half an hour in his "manager's room" until he was ready to accompany me to a Slave Auction, the announcement of which I had seen in the Advertiser Mercury, printed on the other side of a corner containing a Souvenir addressed to the Honorable A. B. Rheat, by a daughter of the Republic of South Carolina," which commences thus:

"Rejoicing in our freedom, it is meet and proper that we should be free."

The morning was a lovely one, the day sunny but deliciously cool. Chalmers Street runs transversely from Meeting to the river side or to East Bay. I had noticed before a signboard with "Slaves for Sale by W. M. Owinge" on it, on the other side of the way from the Auction Mart, which was next door to a building occupied by a fire company. A notice, in addition to the public that were informed that business was to be done by the customary red flag, was posted besides which a post with a large gilt star on its summit indicated the

AUCTION SALES.
[SALE POSTPONED TO THURSDAY, THE 31ST INST.]
A Valuable Bricklayer and Field Hands.

BY I. S. K. BENNETT.

Will be sold, at the Mart in Calhoun street, TO-MORROW, the 31st inst., at 11 o'clock, the following NEGROES, at the risk of the former purchaser, he having failed to comply with terms:

ISAAC, aged about 20, a valuable Bricklayer.
PRINCE, aged about 24, a Mill and Field Hand.
MAY, aged about 27, a Mill and Field Hand.

Auction sale by the yard of dry goods.

January 30
The Auction Mart.

Locality, as also the word "Mart" above the arch way, which was to hold a gate of ornament at iron work. The interior was a longish cool room, with yellow-washed walls and a white-washed roof, let on one side by an open arch-way near the ceiling, and on the other by a square aperture at the farther end, where the side wall did not reach the rear one at any. Some by four or five feet at the top, affording a good glimpse of bright blue sky and the spire of the church in front of which Cattham lies buried. Through an arched doorway in the rear could be seen a portion of a yard, which, as Marchant remarked had a very King's Bench aspect. Some negro men and children were playing there. The auction hall had two long benches or tables placed against the wall on the left side, with steps between them and at the further end, for the purpose of ascent. Opposite there was a narrower bench running from front to rear on an elevation of two steps, for the accommodation of the public. From twenty to thirty persons had assembled, generally respectable-looking business men, attired after the conventional Charleston fashion in black with a majority of home-spun clad country men. The sale was in progress when we entered, "Isaac"
The Selling of a Negro,

on the stand. He was rather a stumpy "boy," commonly dressed, ordinary looking, and his black face wore an expression of wistfulness as his white eyeballs turned towards the auctioneer, a stout man in black, with a heavy gold watch-chain, a pencil and note-book (like those used by boys in writing copies at school), who stood on the table beside the human merchandise. At the further end, near but not on the table, were the other "boys" awaiting their turn. The auctioneer said that he believed the boy was "sound"—his master averred it, so did Isaac himself—he invited bidders to question and examine him. The bidding was not brisk, recession having damaged the market, and the auctioneer endeavored to stimulate it by "Gang! Once! Twice!" when he generally obtained a bid in advance. Once he said "Gang, gentlemen! it's what we are fighting for!" Sitting or standing around, some smoking cigars, the spectators outnumbered the bidders. Once a negro woman passed through the hall, half laughing in recognition of the black faces awaiting her at the gate, where, too, some white idlers were lounging indifferently in the sunshine. Isaac was sold for $65.50, a very low price. Then "Prince"
mounted the stand. He was a tallish, thin negro, prepossessing and mild in aspect, and induced more competition than his predecessor. When the auctioneer's pencil struck the copy-book in sign of effected sale it was presently to put down the sum of $655, as the price obtained. Then "May" was bidden to step up. He looked a "boy" in the English sense of the word, and the auctioneer commended him as a carpenter; "he says he can build a house," said he. One bidder, a youngish man, told May to come to and question him. Many of the spectators left after the sale of "Prince". Marchant had done so before, in consequence of his nose bleeding. May was presently sold for $960, and we all trooped forth into the cool, sunny morning. Everything transpired in a matter-of-fact, business manner. The reverse of melodramatic, but the thing was painful to witness nevertheless, the bare fact of the sale of human beings being could not be other than shocking to one's sympathies and convictions. I strolled about awhile, thought how Prince's docile appealing face would have affected Charles Lamb, then went to the Express office, where I got a brief note from Henderson, the treasurer of the Evening Post, con-
Babbage and His Friends.

Taining $45. To hotel. Wrote off acknowledgment of receipt of money, a note to Harney and paid $50 of my hotel bill on account. Out after dinner for an hour at the Express Office; Lindsay, Marchant and others there. Down town to the Post-office and Courier sanctum. To the Mercury office—nobody there. A military company passed, the band playing the ever-popular Marsillaise. Met Carlyle in Meeting Street. To hotel. Lounging, smoking and talking with Sage till 10. After supper W. Waud appeared with Babbage, and at the suggestion of the latter we adjourned to his lodgings where in company with a hearty Frenchman named Journe who resides there (being one of a bachelor and juntas, of which Babbage is the head) we had toddies and cigars. To hotel and bed by midnight.

Found a letter from Brombergian Raney, dated Jan 20. He mentions the receipt of photographes, that he has sent some at $1 each to the Illustrated News, that times are hard for in New York, that Jim Parton is busy on his life of Franklin, "The girls at 745" lively and gay, going to seances and balls with great fluency under cover of Jack who will be 21.
February 1. Friday. With Waud to the Floating Battery, of which he did not make a sketch, drawing it from memory (badly) on his return to the hotel. To Quinby’s The photographers in King Street. To go ther. In our rooms at work. At 2 ½ Balgage and Jouane dined with us, and before we had concluded our meal, our Honest Captain Dan Miller and Sergeant England appeared at another table. I saw freight in the hall afterwards. To my room writing article. To accompany Waud’s sketches of our visit to the Richland Rifles. After dinner got letters from Waverly, one under the pseudonym of Leonora, which he had used in a former occasion writing amusing femininity appropriate to it. From him I learnt that my invisible letter had arrived in safety. That there are hard times in New York, “stagnation staggering belief,” that the World salaries are all cut down, that there’s a report that it is in the market, that Stockton edits the Century which...
The "Callhoun Guards"

Mr. Elbracht finds some difficulty in carrying on and that Lieutenant Bartlett (who challenged Stedman about the Diamond Wedding business) does the Army and Navy intelligence. Also that O'Sullivan visited Billington last Sunday, who read to him "a very poor poem and a longer one about a girdled tree." Wrote to O'Sullivan in reply. Was summoned by Carlyle and O'Sullivan to go to the arsenal, now occupied by the Callhoun Guard, riding part of the way in an omnibus. We met Captain Jack Cuming ham & near the building. Being admitted to the inner portion we went up a winding stair case to a room where was a table with a demijohn of brandy, another of aquavit whiskey and glasses upon it, arms and accoutrements and two or three volunteers of the "Callhoun Guard" on flock beds on the floor. We got a hearty, not to say uproarious welcome from them. Others of the corps were summoned, among them a huge, good-humored, rather chuckle-headed fellow, very nearly seven feet high, whom they chaffed and slapped on the back and denounced. I know not why a "baby water." I may deserve incidentally that Carolinians are generally above...
The average in height and commonly fine-looking fellows. Among the Guard was a Sergeant Isaac, of Jewish extraction, who assumed the part of England of the Richland Rifles, singing however, much better. He first volunteered a bacchanal military song, then in compliment to me sang "Here's a health to honest John Bull!" To which I had to respond by a brief speech and a song, being accommodated with a reading chorus by the whole strength of the company. While we ate bread-and-butter and sausages, the inexpressible Isaac sang again, this time an amatory duty, which was rendered abortive by the chaff and tumult of the fellows in bed. We had an hour of this and then a volunteer on guard came up to extinguish the lights, and though he and the order were d----d very emphatically, both were obeyed. Returning, we looked in at the Pavilion Hotel and heard a man who had "composed" a "national Palmetto song" perform it with a piano accompaniment. The tune was a plagiarized adaption of the Star-Spangled Banner, the words commenced thus: 

"All hail to the dawn of this glorious morning! The genius of Liberty lights from the skies &c."
We had met Speck at the bar below and he was one of the listeners to the song. At the Charleston hotel, drinking and conversing with a newly arrived troop of Minstrels. And by 11½. An intermittently rainy evening.

2. Saturday. With W. Ward to the Consulate, where we stayed for nearly an hour.

Talking and telling stories both of his North American and Californian experience.

Talking of slavery, I cut out from a paper lying on the table. The Wilmington Journal of North Carolina for Jan. 31. This advertisement, which is worth a whole chapter or indeed a volume on the subject. It offers a premium of $25 for murder:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
NEW HANOVER COUNTY.

WHEREAS, information hath this day been made to us, James Garrason and F. H. Bell, two acting Justices of the Peace, in and for said county, upon the oath of James P. Moore, that Peter, a slave, of dark complexion, medium size, five feet five or six inches high, rather good looking, and aged about twenty years, the property of said James P. Moore, has runaway and lies out, supposed to be lurking about the county, in Long Creek, Lower Black River and Upper Black River districts, committing acts of felony and other misdeeds; these, therefore, are to command the said Peter, in the name of the State of North Carolina, to surrender himself forthwith to his said master, or some other person; and we do hereby order this proclamation to be published at the Court House door, and two other public places in New Hanover county; and we warn said slave if he does not immediately surrender himself as aforesaid, it shall and may be lawful for any person to take him dead or alive, without accusation or impeachment of any crime whatsoever. Given under our hands and seals, this 2d day of August, A.D., 1860.

JAS. GARRASON, J. P., (Seal.)
F. H. BELL, J. P., (Seal.)

I WILL GIVE A REWARD OF TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the delivery of the said PETER to me at my Plantation alive, or Fifty dollars for his head.

Aug. 9, 1860—50-tf

JAS. P. MOORE.
Project to go to Fort Sumter.

Down Broad Street, looking in at the Mercury and Courier offices, then returning along East Bay, after a visit to the Floating Battery. The day was sunny, with a strong wind blowing which covered, smothered and befoul ed us with dust in a disgusting manner. To hotel, found Carlyle and Caske. I went with the former to King Street, then to Dodge's, then returned to a walk and dinner. In door writing until 11. A rainy night. Got two copies of the Illustrated London News, transmitted by and a note from Boweryem.

3. Sunday. A wet morning. Spear, a heavy bearded, friendly, good-humored and Jewish looking watch maker, a friend of Ward's and Oaknage's, whom I had confided my (or rather Boweryem's) watch to and who lived at the hotel, broached a project of visiting Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, obtaining leave of the authorities for that purpose. It was known that I had two letters of introduction to the Major (one from Mr. William King, the other Mrs. Edwards) and a photographer, an acquaintance of Spear's wanted to secure Anderson's portrait. After breakfast, half an hour's cigar with one Ramsay, whom I should
Another New York Correspondent

have introduced before. About two weeks ago, Marvin, the landlord's son told me that a Mr. Russell Ramsay "from England" had arrived and was desirous of knowing me, adding that he had put him into a room next to mine. Whether his first name involuntarily suggested a newspaper correspondent, being that of the Times world-famous one, I don't know, but I ascended the stairs with some distrust that this Englishman might have been dispatched hither from over the water and might perhaps compromise my secret business. An interview with him set me at ease. I found a youngish, slim, rather spotty faced fellow, not very well-dressed and with mediocre, middle-class English characteristics and politeness. He said he was travelling for a Manchester firm, desirous of taking advantage of the expected Free Trade millennium, to be inaugurated by the Southern Confederacy. He talked a good deal, too, of Philadelphia, where he had resided, mentioning Torrey's "Geese" and Shelton Macmurray. I thought I might get an item or two from him about the feelings of the cotton brokers and planters with regard to Secession, and questioning him, found additional reason...
for distrusting his assumed business. To be sure I did not suspect his real avocation—that of a correspondent to the N.Y. Tribune—except perhaps momentary, and for this reason. Many of the letters therein published had really contained blunders and mis-statements—even direct lies; hence I then shared (and do share now) the Charleston impression that they were written in New York. This occurred before Ramsay's arrival. Hence I merely suspected he might be scribbling for some Philadelphia daily, as I had seen "letters from Charleston" published in the exchanges from the Quaker City. We talked awhile, were friendly enough and met at dinner. But that evening he left the hotel for a cheaper boarding house and, thinking him but a shallow fellow, I forgot him. This morning he reappeared as related, saying that a friend had left the boarding house for the further South and that he could no longer tolerate the atrociously bad diet. It is now my impression that he knew scarcely anybody in Charleston and that he returned to the hotel in order to cultivate acquaintance, that he might pick up items. I knew almost everybody and was rather popular than otherwise as "the artist of the Illustrated Lou.
A Bachelor Party.

don News", hence his wish to become intimate with me. Arrival of the letter from Jack Edwards spoken of on Page 106. Saw W. Wand, introduced Ramsay (really Buckstone) to him. In doors writing to The Evening Post till supper. Down stairs, talking with Marchant, Wand, Ramsay and others. With Ramsay to and Marchant to the Theatre, where W. Wand presently joined us. There till 10. Marchant remembered Bashiil, had known him when he lived with his cousin Sewman, remembered seeing him very drunk in a Houston Street Tavern. Marchant knew O'Brien, too, spoke of the Irishman's Horlicking by Captain Farham. The Nicaraguan at The New York Hotel. At 10 I followed W. Wand to the bachelors' lodgings where we found all of them, with Spear the watchmaker and remained till midnight, drinking old Bourbon, smoking cigars and talking politics. As it chanced none present were Southerners, Spear being a Jerseyman and Avery (one of Babbage's chums and a pleasant fellow) either that or a New Yorker. We stayed till midnight, of talking principally with Souane on French novels and literature, in addition to the one topic.
SOUTH CAROLINA.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 3, 1861.

During the latter half of the past week there has been something of a lull in that portion of the drama of revolution here enacting. The legislature adjourned sine die, as you know, on Monday night, most of its members returning home within the two subsequent days, thereby effecting a considerable diminution in the number of guests at the Mills and the Charleston hotels, and in the concourse which nightly assembled in the halls of the same. The crowd now thronging to those popular informal congresses is only exceptionally worthy of the title. One sees, perhaps, not more military caps and uniforms, but in the absence of civilians these naturally preponderate. I may add of our late law-makers, that all were of respectable and many of distinguished appearance. Generally middle-aged, attired in black, (in recognition of a once universal American fashion which New York has learned to ignore, after the English model,) my remarks in a previous letter on the patrician physique of South Carolinians will apply particularly to those constituting her recent legislature.

THE ATTACK ON SUMTER DEFERRED.

It broke up leaving us to discuss Fort Sumter, and make preparations to take it. Up to Thursday I believe, the popular impression was that an assault was imminent. Now we have deferred it, and are all looking to the action of the convention of seceding states which meets to-morrow at Montgomery, Alabama. It is felt that nothing can be hoped from Washington in response to the ultimatum of South Carolina, and that Colonel Hayne, an unrecognised or only dubiously admitted in his official capacity, had better come home. When the demand for the rendition of Fort Sumter shall be made in the name of a southern confederacy, though as yet consisting but of six states, the government, however unwilling to grant it, will be obliged to do so or accept the alternative of civil war. That is how we stand at present.

There are reasons within reasons, of course, for this assent to temporary inactivity. Some of our cannon on James and Morris islands lack gun-carriages, we want more ammunition, and the floating battery is incomplete. I visited it yesterday; it promises to be more formidable than I had anticipated. The taller, end, that where the cannon will be placed, now presents a front of over seventy feet in width, while eight port-holes are prepared for their accommodation. It then rises from the bottom to a height of about twenty feet, and is at least seventy in width from front to rear. Carpenters are at work on it continually.

Notwithstanding these reasons for holding back, the pause offends many, the Rhet-Mercury party particularly. They would willingly precipitate matters, in the hope of securing the adherence and complicity of the dubious border states, which they represent as alternately cajoled and bullied by you Black Republicans. Secretly, too, they denounce and openly condemn Governor Pickens, who is reaping a plentiful harvest of the torna besetting authority. He has even been waited upon by belligerent Charlestonians, whom he knows how to answer. The popular feeling, always prone to extreme views in times of revolution, sides with the Mercury. But for the fact that this one has been, from the outset, under the control of authority, Fort Sumter would have been attacked long ago. The name of it is beginning to sound like a reproach in the ears of the more susceptible and fiery-tempered South Carolinians. I heard one, not two nights ago, declare that he felt his blood boil whenever he heard it mentioned, that his state was stultified, shamed and disgraced in the eyes of the world as long as that flag flew there; that the tearing it down might be counted cheap at the cost of a thousand lives, of which his own should be cheerfully laid down as the foremost. And he unquestionably spoke his convictions.

ANDERSON'S POSITION.

Major Anderson is no doubt perfectly well acquainted with all that transpires here and at Washington. He gets his mails regularly, thanks to the action of the Postmaster-General, who, in the opposite case, would have deprived all Charleston of them; he is in almost daily communication with the Governor. I know nothing reliable of his obtaining food from the Charleston markets; were it so, I think that the Mercury (which yesterday called attention to the horrible treason involved in a lady's smuggling a pound of wax candles under her crinoline to the beleaguered garrison!) would have improved the opportunity. It is now supposed that the Major will not be reinforced; that he has written to Washington requesting present abstinence from all attempts towards it.

THE HARBOUR OBSTRUCTIONS SWEPT AWAY.

It could be done without much difficulty, in spite of the batteries on Morris, on James and Sullivan's Islands, of the watch-boats, rockets and blue-lights which are, each night, ready to start into action upon an alarm of any attempt to enter the harbor. For, first of all, know that the five ships sunk in the main channel have entirely disappeared—not a
Various Matters.

4, Monday. A note from Boweryen brought to me by Ramsay, from the British Consul to whom it had been directed in accordance with my late friend's predilections. To the Express office; Lindsay and Goetz there. Woodward still sick, has to keep his room. To Spear's store in King Street where we (I and Ramsay) found Ward and others. Murdoch came in on a morning's furlough, from Castle Pinckney. To hotel. Wrote to Boweryen and to Jack Edwards. Out with W. Ward to Express office, sent off letter to Jack and the Palmetto song and music spoken of on page 121 to Matty Morris, Oeliiaga and others in. W. Ward and the others off. A dull evening with spits of rain; cat dozing by the fire, Lindsay at his desk. To hotel. After tea loafing in the hall with Ramsay, came together to Institute or Secession Hall, to attend the Minstrels' performance. A Secession song sung, The Poet, an unpleasant style of young fellow in a military uniform present among the audience, as was Lindsay and his sister. On coming out, near Market Street we came up at the latter end of a fray, in which two Irishmen had blazing away at
vestige of them remaining. In point of fact Charleston harbor cannot be blockaded; a swift westerly wind will remove any obstructions. The Emily St. Pierre, drawing sixteen feet of water, came in with perfect impunity. Suppose, now, a vessel with a commander determined to avail himself of this fact, by night, steering directly up to the walls of Fort Sumter, or disembarking troops by means of boats? There is a light always burning nocturnally on the fortress, which we, South Carolinians, are at present unable to extinguish.

COTTON SHIPMENTS.

You will be surprised to learn that a good deal of cotton has been sent off from our wharves during the past week, cleared, provisionally, in English vessels. Georgia, however, shrewd, solid, long-headed Georgia, is garnering the principal business advantages of secession. In a letter recently received by me from a friend at Savannah, he states that that harbor never presented such a lively spectacle, that secession constitutes only the second topic in men's minds, everybody being intent on getting rich as fast as possible.

THE NEW FLAG.

We have reconsidered the arrangement of our state flag and its colors, and decided finally upon them. It is to consist of a deep blue field with a white palmetto tree in the middle and a crescent moon, the horns upwards, in the top angle, near the flag-staff—a design at once tasty and conspicuous. Such a flag now floats over the arsenal. In the discarded one, which I have described in a former letter, the golden palmetto on a white oval was found to be almost invisible.

FREE TRADE.

Secretary Memminger's letter, in yesterday's Mercury, is an exemplification of the inevitable abandonment of the ideas of free trade, of which we heard so much as a primary inducement to secession. He proposes an ad valorem duty on cotton of 10 per cent., "if that be not too high." His letter is extensively discussed among the merchants here. It contains also an incitement to immediate attack upon Fort Sumter, confirmatory of much that I have advanced in this letter.

each other with pistols, one being badly hit in the leg, the other pretending injury and the pavement puddled with blood. Back to supper, and a walk down town where I introduced Ramsey to the Courier sanctum, in which we found Carlyle, young Mitchell and a third person. Vitiel, junior spoke despondently of his non-appointment by Governor Pickens to his staff, but was going to set off for Virginia on the morrow on a special mission. (?) Carlyle and the other person presently went out, Mitchell following, leaving us, two correspondents of "Black Republi-
Another Slave Sale.

came "newspaper e" in the enemy's citadel, each looking among the exchanges for our own work. After half-an-hour, Carlyle returned. We went out with him, took drinks and parted, he to his sanctum again, we to our hotel. I found Wood (who had also been to the minstrels' entertainment) in his room on ascending the four stories.

5. Tuesday. With Ramsey to the "Mart" to see a negro woman named Laura "sold, in account and risk of her former owner, she having proved unsound." We arrived at five minutes before the hour, so strolled on into Broad street and East Bay, returning to find the people pouring out, the sale over. Laura, an oldish negro, had been sold for $12. We found her sitting on the steps between the tables or bench, conversing with two white men, and looking humble and troubled. Together to the Cenolelate (which Ramsey visited every day) on half-hour with Punch. Returned to hotel by 11. Writing a letter to Hamilton in the afternoon and evening, then with Ramsey for the usual drop-in at the "Courier" office, where we found Carlyle, Mitchell, Bird and others. Adjourning presently.
for the inevitable drinks, we were joined next door by Ocecher, Bryan, Lavine and Heiss - the latter recently returned from Augusta, Georgia. Talk, chaff and story-telling for half an hour, then most of us journeyed up-town to the hotel together, and of course to the bar, where was W. Waud. To bed by midnight.

O. Wednesday. Further and further with Ramsay, the Carlyle appeared in a carriage, into which we stepped forthwith and bowled away to the Races, a young Cadet from the citadel completing our party. The morning was lovely, the air pure, cool and sweet. Arrived at the race-course, of course a circular one, a mile round, with a handsome wooden stand for ladies and subscribers, we abandoned our carriage to its negro-driver, strolled about among the horses and equipages, and presently into the upper room of a spacious two-story building where I counted seven gambling-tables, mostly faro. Below was a bar-room. Both rooms had plenty of patrons. Saw W. Waud, Marchant and others, strolling about. The day hot in the sun, cool out of it. We saw the race from the top of our carriage, only Carlyle obtaining admission to the stand. Returning to
Covert: Tipsy and comical.

The hot we dined at L. With W. and Covert (who turned up in the hall and had been betting unsuccessfully on the races) to the minstrels, entertainment, thence to a part-ridge and oyster supper in King Street, with champagne and liquors, on which Covert got rather inebriated and very funny. Going up King Street, he would remove the stepping-stones (used for mounting on horseback) and comment humorously on the store keepers, most of whom he knew. Of one a Northern man who displayed South Carolina's arboreal emblem rather prominently, he said: "Would plant his little Palmetto and think everybody was going to buy dogs of him!" We left him not at his home and returned to our hotel by midnight.

Thursday. A letter from Henderson intimating there was $80 awaiting me at a Adams Express, which accordingly I went and got, in a pile of bills of South Carolina money. Wrote acknowledging the receipt, and answering the letter. It had stated that in my engagement with "Mr. Bolton" nothing had been said about the payment of my hotel expenses — that there must be some mistake in the under-
Difficulty with the "Post" people about payment standing, but that "the firm" was so well satisfied with my "zeal and industry" that it despatched the enclosed $50 and would settle up the balance due on my return, advising me to immediately, as business was growing dull in Charleston. I wrote them, asserting that the payment of expenses was understood distinctly; that had I not stipulated for them, it would argue that or I knew my services would be not only unrecompensed, but rendered at positive cost to myself! For confirmation I appealed to "Mr. Bolton," stated that I could not return by the next steamer, but would on the one following. Having despatched this, I went to work on a letter to the "Post" about the races (of which, as in other cases, I possess no duplicate), completing it by 4. Dined with Carbyle, Ramsey, Marchant and a Mr. Irving, a Southern Carbonearian of the old school, very English in manners and conversation, who had lived in the old country and might have been taken for an English country squire. All of the party had been to the races. After an hour's writing, to the theatre with Ramsey, finding Marchant, and a Frenchman there. There till 9½, when I left for Dalvage's, spending an hour with the fellows.
there. Wand had been carried off by the two Murdochfs, to Castle Pinchney, to remain for a day and night. The bachelors knew both Marchant and Covert, and Osbabbage reported not favorably of either, especially the latter, who had once got into an unprovoked fight with Spear. Marchant, Osbabbage said, was not in good odor in Charleston, first because he was a New, secondly because he had given two balls at his theatre at which all the "ladies" of "Alice Ashley's" and similar establishments had attended; hence the decay of his theatre. He had been at a good deal of expense, he said, in preparation, and if the elite didn't buy tickets, he should fill his theatre any how. The Charleston women, might be justified in abstaining from future patronage, in this case; but they have generally a reputation for an excess of delicacy, amounting to fastidiousness and affectation. I had no personal opportunity of judging, for there is none of that easy intercourse with families common at the North and the underlying "Institution," on which everything is based, develops an evident tendency towards Orientalism in society; but I suppose Charleston ladies are very lazy and languid,
impulsive, wilful and passionate, addicted to a general habit of "letting things slide" diversified with bursts of imperious temper. Their pseudo-modesty is edifying; they'll hardly hold up their dresses in the street at the risk of letting their feet be seen. They dress plainly out of doors, gradually, being Turkish in that particular. Colt (whose experience, though extensive, could not have been of a high order) reported Southern women very accessible in one sense, relaying hotel instances. There's a good story told apropos of Charleston Theatre and the modesty of its lady population. When Fanny Ellsler danced there, a deputation of young men waited upon her, professing their delight, as that of their mothers and sisters but requesting on the part of the latter that she would wear a little longer skirts and be less liberal in her ballet developments. Fanny was indignant, but they soothed and flattered her into compliance. However on the last night of her performance, when the papers had been ringing with her praises and the house was crowded with the "fashion and beauty of Charleston," Fanny took a characteristically French revenge by appearing in the shortest of skirts and indulging in the most daring of evolutions—to
the horror and scandal of South Carolina femininity. She was off next morning, before public indignation could find vent in any popular manifestation.

P. Friday. Writing till 1, despite solicitations to go to the races with Ramsay and others, Carlyle and Marchant having carriages below. To the Post office by 1, calling at Pandkinn’s drug store on my return. In doors till 2, then walked up King street to see the folk’s returning from the races. After dinner, to a boot store in King street, with where I made a purchase, in company with Ramsay and a batch of others among them Covert. Left them at the hotel and went to Babbage’s, supped and stayed till 9. With Babbage, Avery, Jonane and a Mr. Glass (from Columbia) to Spears’ place in King Street, over the rear of his store, where we found W. Ward and Murdoch playing billiards in a back-room, which approached by a bridge. All talking, smoking &c., presently roasting oysters on the fire. Spears had won a wager of a bucket of them on the races, and the loser had sent him five times the quantity. We got to singing subsequently, had the Marcellelasse from
An indignant South Carolinian.

Vonare, did "Dixie," and no end of national tunes. At the early part of the entertainment I remember Murdoch expressing himself very indignant about the conduct of a certain South Carolinian officer — I partly think an "aid" to the Governor — who had gone to Fort Sumter with the photographer before spoken of, having got an order to that effect. Murdoch declared it the act of a spy and sneak, declared that the man had disgraced South Carolina by it, that he wished Mayor Anderson had detected and instantly had him shot or hanged. Why did he not go in his uniform? asked Murdoch, instead of as an assistant to Coxe? Then Anderson might have denied him admission, did he think it advisable to do so? Further, Murdoch hoped that somebody would report his words to the man commented on. At about 2 A.M. our party broke up and W. Wand and I returned to our hotel. He had arranged to be off very early on Saturday morning for Augusta, hence he would have but a few hours sleep. He talked of returning within a week's time or less, so I thought I might see him again before my return to the North, little thinking how long a time must elapse be-
for we might meet again. Will Wand was decidedly popular among his acquaintances in Charleston; he is so generally. A good-looking little chap, of good address, capable of singing a good song, most people think him rather a superior fellow, especially the majority who never go deep into character. He has tact, shrewdness, cleverness, ability with his pencil; might, I believe, achieve position if he possessed industry. But his spirit of work is really about one day of labour to six of loafing. The South, with its unacknowledged law principle of what can be done tomorrow may as well be deferred till the day after, its hundred and one temptations towards self-indulgence, suits Will, though his English blood and latent ambition reproaches him for yielding to it. The consciousness of this crops out in occasional dissatisfaction or blue-devils, as well as a tendency "To set the world at chance" and assert that the Stephen Blackpool estimate of life is a correct one. Withal Will's impulses are good enough; I don't think he could have perpetrated the Sydenham seduction with design or from deliberate selfishness, not nor that of the poor little Yankee girl who is his present
and his Brother Alf.

wife. Indeed few men but lay down a square of Hell's pavement before wrong-doing. In no manner and general amenity—merits which always attract people—Will is infinitely more agreeable than Alf; he has none of the intolerant disregard of others' feelings characterizing his elder brother. The common-sense which induces Alf to attempt to bully the world in regard to the social ostracism with which it inevitably punishes his offence. Alike in many things, yet differing in the one would have been incapable of deserting a woman; the other of accepting the responsibilities of an adulterous passion, as of that want of tact and more, the brothers exhibit equally their father's self-will and probably other family qualities with which I am less familiar.

9. Saturday. To the boot-store in unsuccessful search of a $10 bill, dropped from my roll of them yesterday. A note brought to me— perhaps appropriated by Ramsay. I have thought so, subsequently.
from the Consuls, by Ramsay, written by John Dooner of "Harper's," asking me to send sketches. Talking with Ramsay this morning, he told me that he had written letters to Farney's Philadelphia "Press," for which his hotel expenses were to be defrayed, exhibiting sundry envelopes, addressed to a German woman, the Landlady of Skelton Mackenzie, and rather playfully himself on his ingenuity. I told him not to volunteer any confidences in return, of course, but finding he appeared ignorant of the quiet espionage in practice everywhere in Charleston, I told him a few items of my private knowledge — things which hadn't appeared in the papers. That flustered him a little, as I could see; he averred he had discontinued writing to the "Press" &c. He suddenly determined, however, that he would not join our proposed party to to-day's races, about which he had talked rather fluently before. So I set off with Marchant and two strangers in a hired carriage. The road was lively enough; among the equipages, one containing two women, one a handsome harlot. Arrived at the race-course, as the day grew showery, I was admitted inside the ring by the courtesy of Dr. Irving, who procured me
a ticket and badge, printed in blue ink on white satin, To be displayed in the button-hole. Carlyle was there, of course. On the stand with the company, ladies, girls and young fellows in military costume. Among the former was one very pretty woman in a black velvet "pork-pie hat" and red feather; with large, beautiful eyes, dark hair in a net, a perfect row of nearly teeth and scarlet, smiling lips. She sat conversing with a gentleman, in a lively manner pleasant to see. She was a Charleston belle, one Mrs. Hayward, as I heard from Colonel Lucas, one of the governor's aids, who agreed with my estimate of her beauty, saying that though she was the mother of several children, he considered her the handsomest woman in the city. Among was on the stand, looking and talking enormously British; the little bundles were there also, not acquaintances, Beecher, Moses and others. The races over, quitted the course, found Marchant again, saw Balbriggan, and returned in a crowded stage with the former to the city. To my room for half an hour, or anywhere in. After I had dozed he came again in a hurried manner, summoning me to dinner and telling me that he would
A three hour's dinner.

return presently — he had to go up the street for ten minutes — our friends mustn't wait for him. There were Carlyle, Irving & Covert and Marchant, & invited to dine with the latter. There was also another friend of Marchant's, I think an Englishman, whose name I forget. We made a long dinner of it, sitting over our wine, and remaining at table from 4 till 7, when the folks were at tea around us. I went with Covert to his store when the party broke up and then returned to the hotel. Got a telegraph from Frank Leslie to W. Ward and sent it on to Augusta. To Babage's by 9 and with him to the Governor's Office, unsuccessfully endeavoring to get a permit to visit Sullivan's Island, which with the others had this day been placed under martial law. We saw Dinnon's who curtly denied us. Back to Babage's and presently to Spear's, where we remained till 11½. When I mounted upstairs to my room, I observed the key aside in Ramsay's, a thing not commonly done in a large hotel. So after tapping, I entered. A trunk there, clothes, a few books sent to him as I knew by Carlyle — evidences of a hasty departure. I went to bed pretty certain...
as to what had occurred. As requested, I had made excuses for his non-appearance at dinner. By the way Dr. Irving talked of school over it and told stories about George Frederick Cooke and Kean and other theatrical celebrities.

10. Sunday. Another visit to the floating-brattery, then more marchant and a German of my acquaintance on my return. Then writing a letter to the Post—this:

SOUTH CAROLINA.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]


CHARLESTON, February 10, 1861.

Yesterday's papers contained a proclamation from the Governor, establishing martial law (duly accentuated in capitals), in and over Sullivan's Island "and the waters and marshes adjacent," the provisions of which you have doubtless reprinted. Such a measure had been confidently expected during the past week, and was indeed highly necessary for sundry reasons, some of which I am enabled to mention.

In the first place, some of the troops have been behaving badly. Consisting almost entirely of young men unaccustomed to any control but that of their own will, obtaining no pay from the state, animated only by their devotion to it, detestation of all "Yankees," and an inherent proclivity towards fighting, they do not submit even to lax military discipline with a good grace, regarding themselves as entitled to all the privileges of volunteers—among them, unlimited whiskey, which, up to the date of the Governor's proclamation, was supplied to them by their friends and relatives. These too they invited and entertained, until the island—or at least the camp—was overrun with them, themselves, in their turn, visiting the city a great deal too often, and with equally mischievous effect. There were, also, jealousies, rivalries and grudges among the different corps.

All of these things have borne their natural fruit—drunkenness and occasional riot. On one of the days in the earlier half of the past week some members of a Columbia company (I believe the Washington Guards, or some such title) broke into a house and grossly assaulted a woman there resident, subsequently resisting with their muskets the guard sent to arrest them. After a severe "free fight" the offenders were locked up, and will probably be punished or sent home. Hence, primarily, the Governor's proclamation. Of course not a word of this has appeared in the newspapers.

A minor reason may have consisted in an increased desire for secrecy as to the military preparations on the island—a distrust of spies sent hither by the federal government. It is asserted that such have been discovered and privately sent out of the city. The case of one man, dismissed on the charge of being a correspondent of northern journals, was two days ago paragraphed in the Mercury and Courier, his detection and arrest being due to a notable detective here, one officer Schuboe, who enjoys a great reputation for similar feats. They are generally effected so quietly that their mention in the newspapers is quite exceptional.

FORT SUMTER.

Yesterday, on its return from the race-course, Charleston found two subjects for its evening's discussion—one the arrival of Colonel Hayne and Lieutenant Hall from Washington; the other the establishment of a provisional government for the seceded states by the Alabama Convention, and its nomination of a President and Vice-President. I have a little to say on both topics.

The result of the first was, as I have heretofore remarked, expected, though it certainly has increased the indignation at the continued retention
Ramsay retreats to Columbia.

Previously, at the bar of the hotel, I received a letter from Ramsay, dated yesterday, and evidently written in a hurried, hurried manner. It commenced by requesting me to not to mention its contents to any one — stated that last evening he had received notice that he had better go North — added that Carlyle knew nothing about this — that he (Ramsay) had sent to some English friends in Philadelphia to send him some guarantees — that he had sent to get him to write again saying that "he" declined writing for the "Press" — that "the fellow had promised to say nothing about it to any one, if he " made his record all right; but after my "telling" him this morning, about a man getting tattered and feathered — "he" had determined to go to Columbia until the replies came — that he hoped to be back on Wednesday — furthermore asking me to "make excuses at dinner time," to say he had a letter calling him to Columbia — hoping that Mixes wouldn't charge him while he was away — saying that, should they want his room, would I have his trunk lifted into mine — return —

* See Page 655.*
f Fort Sumter, by adding a sense of humiliation, which is rapidly becoming deep and universal. Few Charlestonians now allude to the subject without bitterly-expressed regrets that the fort was not attacked upon its occupation by Major Anderson, denunciations of the treachery of President Buchanan, assertions that he has played false from first to last with the people of South Carolina, and abjurations on General Scott. Not one in fifty but believes "there will be a fight," the bloodier for its postponement. More temporaryills may intervene, the responsibility may be pushed off even to the verge of Lincoln's inauguration, but it must be grappled with, for the federal government does unquestionably mean not to give up Fort Sumter—it has, at least, definitely avowed this, according to the words of Colonel Hayne's despatch to Governor Pickens, "a flat refusal, insulting in its tone." In this the "fine baited delay" which leaves us as we were four weeks ago, bating military preparation, has ended. What excuse is there for further waiting?

COMMERCIAL OF CHARLESTON.

The fort on its own, Charleston would have achieved a perfect success in secession; without it, nothing but detriment has accrued to her individually. Few vessels enter her menaced harbor, the underwriters of Europe, believing her main channel blockaded, divert the destination of their ships to other ports; the Tasman, the Canton and Paxton, cleared at London, to wit. Whatever the revolution results in, our merchants sadly acknowledge that it will take years to repair the damage done to Charleston in effecting it. Their exasperation, too, is all the greater from the contrast presented by Georgia. She secured her forts, seceded, temporarily trebled her Savannah trade, and now beards New York by seizing six vessels as a forcible guaranty for the delivery of arms which she yet indirectly denies having purchased. In Charleston this last incident is spoken of with enthusiasm, blended with envy. South Carolina wishes "that heaven had made her such another man" for ruler, as Governor Brown. His daring and audacity are contrasted with the presumed temporizing policy of Governor Pickens in a manner by no means favorable to the latter.

But as the supreme head his authority has departed. It now rests with Jefferson Davis, president of the provisional government, which election has given all but universal satisfaction, though many of us would have preferred seeing him Secretary of War, or Commander-in-Chief of the future slaveholding republic. As Vice-President, Senator Stevens is more than acceptable. Hitherto considered as a strong Union man, his going over to the dence that the Major had sent a despatch to Gover-

PREPARING FOR WAR.

We now look for some definite action on the part of the provisional government with respect to our position; but we are continuing our preparations for the inevitable assault upon that provoking fort in our harbor. As far as can be ascertained, these are as follows:

A shell battery at Cumming's Point, the nearest point of attack, being less than three-quarters of a mile distant. This fort is defended by sand, palmetto logs and heavy facings of railroad iron. It mounts a certain number of columbiads (I do not know how many) and a mortar, which are leveled directly at the vulnerable side of Fort Sumter, where its walls are said to be only three feet thick, if Major Anderson has not increased them, as I do not doubt the result will confirm. Searwards this battery presents a sharp, iron-cased angle, so that any ball striking it is expected to ricochet off, without effecting much damage. The orifices for the cannon, too, are provided with heavy iron coverings.

Fort Johnson, one and three-quarters of a mile distant from Fort Sumter, armed with cannon of 24 and 42½-pound calibre.

Fort Moultrie, which I have described before, one and one-eighth of a mile distance from Sumter, with which its columbiads are now in range. The remainder of its armament consists of 42-pounders. This fort will fire badly if Major Anderson open fire upon it. It cannot be held very long.

Castle Pinckney, at two and five-eighths of a mile distance from Sumter—too far off to be of any service.

One or two floating batteries are in the course of construction at Mount Pleasant, and one, spoken of in detail in a former letter, lying between State and Palmetto wharf, off Charleston. The huge joists forming the floor, the beams of the sides and roof, have been added within the last day or two, but at least two weeks must elapse before this battery can be completed. Its plan and construction are generally condemned, and it is pronounced a mere "slaughter-pen" by those who pretend to knowledge on the subject. I have none, and pass no opinion.

POSITION OF MAJOR ANDERSON.

Respecting Major Anderson's condition there are the most conflicting rumors. That he obtains meat and provvisions from the Charleston markets is as true as that it is generally condemned. He may have been reinforced by night by means of boats; the thing is possible and practicable. On the return of Colonel Hayne, a report gained some credence as a strong Union man, his going over to the
"The Tribune's" Charleston Correspondence.

"Tom, please say nothing more than this "as he should have" a defence which would make him very popular," and he was "rather glad than otherwise that it had turned up." Thus, in an in grammatical, jerky apprehensive manner, wrote Ramsay. In view of this and what I know now, I understand the "Tribune" letters. This young fellow was not selected for any fitness for his business, but in default of a better. He wrote with average ability, but did not scruple to invent and misrepresent the Charlestonians. The tone and spirit of his letters I condemn and object to. They misled the "Tribune" and those who put faith in it. They did mischief, both North and South; in one case teaching that the Carolinians were only braggers and bully boys, intent on a game of bluff and willing to compromise after some concessions; in the other inculcating the justification of the Southern faith in the utter mendacity of Northern journals. These Carolinians were (and are) a brave, misguided, headstrong people, not ruffians or traitors to my thinking. At night when I had posted letter and walked leisurely back, I met Carlyle and Rhodes, a Marylander, a resident of Bal-
nor Pickens, stating that he was advised from Washington, through Lieutenant Hall, of coming reinforcements, and that in the event of their molestation on the part of South Carolina troops, he should be reluctantly compelled to open fire upon them. At present few condemn the Major; he is considered as an honorable man of southern proclivities, placed by circumstances in a false position, which leaves him no alternative but his present course. I do not share this opinion of his character.

I think that if Fort Sumter be attacked it will stand a tremendous siege, and that then Major Anderson must be reinforced with a vengeance.

Timore, who dealt in "Super-Phosphate" as a manure, which he advertised extensively in the Southern papers. I had met him over a month ago, in Charleston, to which he had just returned from a journey further south. We three dropped into the Telegraph Office, where were Laura, Beecher and others. Presently there entered Colonel Lucas, another aid to the Governor and General Darlington. The second of these was the officer who had accompanied Lieutenant Hall to Fort Sumter, on a recent return from Washington, and he gave an interesting account of the appearance of the garrison, which as I have used it in a letter to the "Post" need not be inserted here. Among other things he remarked that Anderson "looked like an eagle - he had never seen such an eye and nose in (for one) a man's face." Anderson welcomed Hall, inquiring how he would relish their hard fare after the luxuries of Washington. The narrator, not a very
Major Anderson in Sumter.

high style of man, had evidently been profoundly impressed by the character of the scene, the grim earnestness pervading the preparations. He repeated more than once that had he been in all he wouldn't have returned to Fort Sumter for $10,000—no, not for all Charleston. At Lucas' invitation.

Major Robert Anderson, U. S. A. Photograph taken by Cook of Charleston. See Pages 123 and 137.

I walked back to the hotel with him, the narrator and Darlington, quitting them for a visit to the bachelor junta whom I
April and entertaining a party of friends. A bed by 11 or so.

11. Monday. To King Street, to Book's, the photographer, where I saw the recently taken portrait of Andersen and his officers. I should have got some flowers but Book had two lady sitters and is not a communicative man. To Quinby's, obtaining the uniform portrait of Goethe in a seated on page 91. Drizzle and rain increasing as I went down town, looking into Courtenay's the news vendors, then to the Carrier Office, where I descended drearily. I was ill, tired, and diarrhoealish, and after reading my own description of the Floating batteries, reprinted from the N.Y. Post (or Herald-for that copied it) in an Augusta paper, I went just asleep for a good hour, until on an old sofa, turned out with him in the rain, returned to the hotel, where Lucas gave me his photograph, dined by 3, then to my room, where I passed the afternoon unpleasantly enough with rain outside and diarrhoea within. In the evening I went out again, for a short time at Babcock's.

12. Tuesday. Didn't rise till noon, being
a Letter from Haney.

Tired and sick. Trying a little drawing in the afternoon. I think in-doors during the evening.

Colonel Lucas aide-de-camp to Governor Pickens.

I do not remember when I received a letter from Haney, which bears the date of the fifth. He tells me that my part reached him simultaneously with one from Colonel, full of dole-
Nast returns to New York.

rous complaints about the climate and circun-
locutory habits of England, the first of which he
says is killing, while the other is starving him.
"Shouldn't wonder," writes Hance, "if the Major
and Cadill were pretty steady pensioners on his
bounty, such as it is. God bless him! We got
$130 out of that wretched raffle (of his pictures)
for him, but it was all and more than antici-
pated, before it reached him. + + It is old enemy
"pernicious embarrassment," still pursues him. +
I think he will be here again before July. Nast
arrived on Saturday, + + is a little wider and
stouter, otherwise much as before. He was very
cordially received at the house, especially by Mr.
and Mrs. Edwards. We had all been at Newark
in the Saturday, the Crockett's inviting us to spend
two nights and Sunday with them. Annie came
along, for the sake of propriety. The B's were
very hospitable; we enjoyed ourselves + + went
to church on Sunday morning + person gave
us hell with the bouquet gone. Nicholas's former
wife's sisters and (their) father reviewed the fa-
mily. + + Doesn't matter, now the artist is home
again, however there's a dreadful persistency
in Nicholas + + May the best man win?"
(A very rough caricature intended for Nicho-
Damoreau’s Home in Jersey.

...and Nast sitting at one another, Sally looking on.) “Nast says the “Illustrated London News” proposes his going South to sketch, so you may see him before many weeks; at present he is sick. The “N.Y. News” hasn’t paid him within several hundred dollars. He will draw for it; it has a new proprietor. Jack is 21 tomorrow, he is lively and two fiddles in consequence with you were here.

...young folks in new white tarletane dresses and look superb. Went to see Damoreau at his house, two miles from the heart of Newark. Did hold discourse with his wife, who proved a fearfully entertaining woman, vigorous and tall. Charley had been engaged in rescuing the coal and the wood, the family butter, etc., from the effects of a flood in the cellar, into which Mrs. D. had splashed before day-break. Charley was hospitable, artistic, literary, nicetian, but looked painfully married.” Rather so.

13. Wednesday. Round to Kynaeton’s employed to buy some Bourbon whiskey and cigars, then to Telegraph Office, saw Beecher and sent off dispatch to New York, to the “Evening Post”, stating my intention of returning
on the morrow and inquiring if my stay longer were desired, I met Duchin near the Telegraph Office, and said good-bye to him. Met Carlyle; with him first to the "Courier" Office, then to the Charleston Hotel, where we found Super-Phosphate Rhodes waiting for us. After an hour's delay under the piazza, a carriage, borrowed by Carlyle, arrived, in which we turned off to visit the house of a certain Colonel Bull, in pursuance of an invitation given by him on the race-course. The day a lovely one, worthy of the eve of Saint Valentine, as sung by Ophelia. Through the sunny suburbs, past white wooden villas and quiet roads we went, the negro children staring at us, my companions sounding the praises of the "Institution," ad nauseam—of course. The Marylander at last did more Southern acquaintance in sentiment. Across a lengthy bridge over the Ashley River (for which privilege we paid the heavy toll of $1.75) thence into the country, by hedges and field and forest, the trees having moss on them. An hour's ride brought us to our destination.

Colonel Bull's house is a stone one, built in the reign of Charles 2, of material brought from England. It has a square portico in front, a semicircular sweep of stone steps in the rear,
Colonel Bull's Home.

The first of which commands a view of a grove of magnificent live-oak trees, an 80 feet drive lying between them. Passing a stag's antlers serving as a hat-stand in a place which was too scanty to be called a hall, we entered a parlor, ornamented by pictures, books and curiosities, mineral and other, where our host gave us a friendly reception and, of course, ordered in the Cahowton whiskey. Thus and the adjoining room was small, both looking out on flowers and creepers and a world of greenery. At one end of the house a stone chimney exhibited iron dogs instead of a grate. In this apartment I noticed a row of volumes of English parliamentary debates in old print, which might have been contemporaneous with the age succeeding Johnson. Both rooms were full of knick-knackeries. Colonel Bull had much to tell us of his ancestry (for the house had been built for and occupied by one, the first English governor of the State of South Carolina) and of the settlement of the country, during a stroll through his grounds. In the rear of the house is an obelisk monument (the base of which was quite hidden by vegetation) to one of his ancestors and we could easily recognize the re-
semblance of the present owner of the place to that on the stone medallion. We found camellias and other flowers blooming in the garden, palmetto trees in various stages of growth, huge live oaks covered with pendant moss hanging over the stream, everything looking as idle and sunny as might be, though the air was chill and moist with recent rains. The place had something of the air of a Southern Paradise—but one inhabitable for the white man for little more than half a year. From May to December—a malaria as pestilential as any bred from Putname marshes prevails, when it's death to sleep there. Though the place may be visited in the day-time. At sunset, put spurs to your horse for Azael is abroad.

A Mr. Dragtan, a neighbor of Colonel Bull's, bore us company. Returned to the house and more whiskey, ale and wine, we talked and drank, our host uncorking a bottle of madeira three years older than myself (which I didn't like, though, of course, I dodged the arawal). There appeared a little fair-haired girl called Becky, a daughter of Colonel Bull, by a second wife (deceased) who became great friends with Carlyle, but wouldn't approach me, having been told my nationality and re-
"We'll burn New York!"

received "Tory" impressions as to Britishers from the negroes—at least so her father conjectured. She had asked him, privately, whether Rhodes and I were Yankees—which word comprises all that is mean and atrocious in Southern ears. The party proposing another stroll, I preferred a read and doze on the sofa. On the return of the company, another daughter of our host appeared. Miss Bull was about 10, as I should judge, and presided at table, where we all dined in a rather stately manner, being waited upon by decorous and quiet negroes. Our talk was South Carolinian English, historical and local. Miss Bull took no share in it, scarcely speaking, except about some female acquaintances, in answer to Carlyle. Of course the sentiment of the conversation was ultra Southern and I might have been amazed tame 

aware at the confident belief in an assured victory over the North arrogated by all present. "We'll burn New York!!!" repeated Bull, in the course of conversation. Regrets were uttered that we could not spare time to visit St. Andrew's Church, erected 1706, described as very picturesque—situated. It was past sunset when we departed, little 

Ockey ma-
St. Andrew's Church, near Charleston S.C. Erected 1706
Story about Tarleton.

with me

and friends by professing a firm hand to shake.

Drayton went with us. Returning the talk was to the last degree doleful, all anti-North and pro-slavery. Carlyle vented the rational assertion that any "Yankee" would prostitute his wife for $5 or $10, according to the depth of the bidder's purse! A good story was told however by Drayton concerning his grandfather and Colonel Tarleton, the celebrated royalist general, during the revolution. Tarleton occupied a country mansion adjacent to the other's grounds, when the British held this portion of South Carolina, and permitted his horses to stray thither, inflicting damage on the sturdy colonist, who sent him word that in the event of its being persisted in, he, Drayton, would mutilate them. Tarleton disregarding this, the Carolinian cut off the tail of a splendid charger and then, knowing that the Tory colonel would be furiousely bent on revenge, rode hot foot to Charlestown, to a house now existing in a most picturesque, tumble-down condition on O'Séac Street, not far from its junction with Meeting. In this house Drayton lived and possessing no arms and moment wily expecting the arrival of Tarleton, he made the
poker red-hot and awaited him. Presently
the sound of a horse's hoofs, galloping furiously,
was heard, and the incensed Irishman
rushed upstairs. Rebel draws produces his
poker, Tarleton draws his sword. A parley
ensues in which matters are compromised and
both become good friends. Parting with
my companions at 7, at the hotel, I found
a batch of letters from me, from 745 Broad-
way. Principally about the "flare," as Sally
terms it, in honor of John's birthday, which
is more or less described by all but Eliza;
who descants upon another party that the girls attem-
ded. The guests in honor of Jack's maturity
were as follows: Haney, Hayes, Waat, Wel-
les, Random, Russell, Lane, Jack Brockett,
Nicholas, Nichols, George Edwards, Towsy,
Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Polkemus, Mort and
Josey Brown, Susy Edney, Emmeline Price,
Jo Brockett, Nettie, Miss Chapman and
-I quote Sally's catalogue - "our seven selves."
They kept it up jollily, Haney and Jack
-especially the latter - distinguishing themselves
in speech-making. On the proposal of his
health by Haney, Jack acknowledges that he
drank a tumbler of champagne as priming,
and consequently made a very frothy and effervescent speech. " Pally says he stood on a chair, and talked about "barriers of reason being swept away, and flood-gates of passion being opened! " They kept it up to 3 A.M., when the girls went to bed, the male visitors remaining for another half hour. The Newark party all night. Nast's indisposition, alluded to in Tenny's last letter, is explained by Jack: he received "a hard knock on the head, in a railway collision between Llandudno and Liverpool, just before leaving England, and feels the effects of it yet." Mrs. Tenny's third daughter didn't accept an invitation and kept Jim from coming, being "so violently indisposed that it was necessary for him to be at her bedside continually to soothe her. " Thus Jack: To which Mally adds the comment: "Isn't she a sweet one?" They had two musicians, who says Nast, "played in a very disgusting manner, much to our disappointment, when we expected something grand. " There's talk about moving, for the house is let, at all events. Mr. Edwards will have to give up the shop-front and floor. Jack writes that "Edgar Bolton generally lets us see your letters;
Sally bids me Good bye.

They are read aloud by father at tea-time, and are watched with great interest and pleasure." And Sally, after touching on the possible abandonment of the pleasant basement, of which we have so many recollections concludes thus, in which coming events cast their shadows before: "Life is full of changes, so I must bid you Good bye, and I would say God bless you, but it wouldn't be proper, you know, so I shall have to remain. Yours sincerely, Sally!"

From Eliza's letter I learn that my last to her never reached its destination. Got a telegraphic dispatch from New York, in answer to my morning's one, thus: "Better come home." Up stairs packing. Bablage up. Out with him, said good-bye to the bachelors, to Lindsay and his sister at the Pavilion Hotel, then Mount-Fu. Met Carlyle and Rhodes, retraced my steps with them. To hotel, supper, farewell drinks and good-byes, after another journey to Adger's wharf, at Carlyle's suggestion; he wanting to introduce me to the captain, but the hour was late, the captain ashore and probably dead. I shook hands with Carlyle with a great deal of liking and goodwill; the more so as we
I leave Charleston.

might never meet again. Accidentally mentioning in the course of the day, that the fifteenth was my birthday, he made me recollect that he would drink a glass of champagne to my health, precisely at noon—laying stress on it. And so farewell to him, as a fair sample of his state, which I shall never be able to think unkindly of; and do veritably believe that, but for that one damned institution, it would produce as noble a race of men as any that this continent can produce—if not nobler. Packing up, scribbling off note to W. Wand and to Ramsay (in case of his return), until 1½, then to bed.

14. Thursday. Up by 6½ and in two hours time was overtaken by the coach, as I walked down the cool, sunny street, and conveyed to the wharf, where the "James Adger" lay in the eve of departure. Abroad I found an ex-Charleston Hotel waiter, an Irishman named Courtney, brand for the North, who professed dislike to the Carolinians, on the ground that "they cared a dale more for a naggin' than for a poor white man." From him I got most of the information relative to the domestic economy of the hotel introduced into the latter portion of the preceding volume of this Diary.
The Voyage Northwards.

and subsequently embodied in a letter to the "Post." It was a cloudy, overcast morning, as we steamed out of Charleston Harbor, with heavy, lowering clouds behind Fort Sumter, which presently began to discharge their watery burden. I looked at the long sandy islands, at Fort Moultrie, scarcely to be seen for the sand-hills in front, at the villas and houses, at honest Dan Miller's quarters, and alternating with a curious sense of escape was a mixture of regret and goodwill for my many acquaintances, between whom and the locality to which I was bound there might soon lie the barrier of raging waters. The rain drove me indoors. Saw the captain, got a cup to myself. Dinner at 1, few present, sea-sickness prostrating the majority. I all right, as usual. But sixteen cabin passengers aboard; a cargo of cotton and rice. Doze during the afternoon, then on the upper-deck. An overcast night with a watery, crescent moon. The horns upward (as in the Carolina flag, which was, of course, commented on by the passengers) some spits of rain, persistent lightning and presently fierce rain and heavy thunder. To
A Morning at Sea.

By 9 and slept soundly.

15. Friday. Up by 7. On the upper deck all.

The morning, reading "Examiners" and "Athenaeum,"
sent to me from England, and doing a little
rhyming, which I may put in, as it involves
an attempt at description of the morning:

The western wind blows fresh and free,
The sun in the east shines gloriously.
Over the tumbling, restless sea,
Which, from the near horizon's line
To our vessel's edge, is all ashen
With paly gold, save where the brine
Is crossed by shadows from on high,
From the faint clouds lingering in the sky;
While everywhere else around is seen
White wave-tops and the ocean green.

On the upper deck of the steamer, I
Sit patiently watching the sea and sky,
Listening the swash and monotonous sweep
Of the many-voiced multitudinous deep.

By 10 A.M., we passed Cape Hatteras;
The day warm and beautiful, grew colder
As it progressed; the night was fine, with
Return to New York City.

stars and moon overhead. All day the vessel rolled from side to side, "with a long uneasy motion"—very uneasy, I should say, to those prone to sea-sickness. Scrabbled up diary, idled, took cigars on deck. Four passengers grouped near the chimney-pipe talking Secessiam—found it not interesting or novel. Turned in by 9. And thus passed my thirty-fifth birthday. I knew Hannah had prayed for me and that I was thought of at home, little imagining where I might be, and I hoped God might let me get back to them some day.

16. Saturday. Fine weather, but colder. Making good progress northwards. Talk with a young Trojan (N. Y.) of Southern proclivities. Loafing, packing up &c. By 7 P.M., we reached New York, when it was cold enough with ice-flakes in the river. Half-an-hour's disembarkation with a rain-accompaniment.

In carriage with three fellow-passengers, one a woman, who all got out at the Astor House, I kept on to Bleeker. It was a beastly, drenching night, but how glad and familiar Broadway seemed to me! how curious it was to feel in perfect safety! To have no secret consciousness of being in indefinite peril! Or—
And 132 Bleecker Street.

rived, left traps in hall and surprised Davery
en in his room, to the extent of frightening him,
for I had written no word of my return. Shaw
“his clerk,” with him. Down stairs for a cup
of tea—Mrs. Ooley and Lizzy Woodward.
Upstairs, to my room, unfastening cupboards
which had been nailed up by Mrs. Oo’s order,
in consequence of me having been burst open, and
my chawl stolen. To bed by 11, the rain de-
scending heavily outside.

And thus ended my Expedition to
Charleston, South Carolina, and my
Experience of the unspectacularness of the Rebel-
War that commenced there.

17. Sunday. A fine day after a blustery
stormy night. After dinner to Hobbe, with
Daveryen. An hour there, then through the
dull, wintry, peaceful afternoon, across the well-
known square, & up the Fifth Avenue to 16th
street. Nancy’s room empty and cold; Mrs.
Potter coming out of the Hayes’ room told me
he had been sick for a week past and living at
745. The supper-bell brought out old Hayes
who started as though I were a ghost, Then sci-
The Company at 745.

led me by the arm and gave me a whispered welcome back. Set off down Broadway with mixed feelings to the dear, familiar house. Jack answered my ring. They were all sitting down to tea; I got a great welcome and joined them. Haney, his face swollen and bandaged, his throat affected with an abscess, which Blake man had recently lanced, could scarcely speak.

At 7, Nast came in. He had a little more moustache, was cool in manner towards me— I thought in reminiscence of a certain evening. He went off to church with Sally, Eliza and Jack leaving Matty, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Haney and myself. I went out twice to get water-ice and ice-cream for Haney. Kindly left. The church-goers returned, Anne, George Edwards and Tunney junior came in. I talked with Haney, Matty, Anne and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards—very little with Sally who, on her return, sat conversing with young Tunney. Towards the close of the evening, Eliza, Mat, Jack and Nast formed a group in a corner, the two latter doing lingual drolleries. I made some advances towards Tommy, which he received, with evident distaste or dislike, even manifesting an inclination—
To try his wit at my expense, when I retorted, but with good-will to the little beggar, whom I wished to conciliate, for Sally's sake and that alone, otherwise he might have gone hang. Left at 11, leaving Nancy better though with his sweetheart swathèd and swollen throat, he looked like a man who had cut his throat and repented of it. And as I walked through the square, I felt a curious combination of gratification at being able to spend a Sunday evening in the old way, and distrust that some immoral influence was at work to change it all.

Monday. Dawn-Town. Met Welden in Nassau Street and asked him to drink. He complained of Hard Times, said he was off the Times temporarily. To the "Evening Post" office, Mannick praised my letters and introduced me to Park Godwin, editor in Bigelow's place. To Frank Leslie's, saw him; to the "World" office, saw Stedman, who bragged of his desire to whip South Carolinians and wasn't pleased at my suggesting that did he choose to seek the chance he'd find plenty who'd oblige him to his heart's content. The adultery business has been temporarily quashed, or at least pushed into privacy, by Weston's letter; for the girl
Another Post Letter
doesn’t haunt the staircase of the pious newspaper office. The poor wife and her two children still in Jersey. Talked with Cobb and another principally about South Carolina. Dined with Bowery and Westen. Up-town and writing another Charleston letter for the "Post." It was curious to be able to do the same without looking the door of my chamber, and not to have to rush out before I, To poor it secretly!

WILL FORT SUMTER BE ATTACKED?

Northern Papers in Charleston—False Impressions
Concerning the Rebellion—The True State of Affairs—Major Anderson and his Command—A Description of the Interior of Fort Sumter.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 16, 1861.
I have allowed a gap of almost a week to intervene between this and my last letter, thereby deserving the title you bestow upon me to an extent which might justify your supposing that even my occasional was becoming occasional. I have done this less from lack of matter (though the lull in affairs here continues) than from want of the stimulus of seeing the result of my labors in the fair, broad pages of the Evening Post. I presume it and the public get the benefit of them, (for I disbelieve the stories about tampering with the mails here—the impunity accorded to the "correspondence" of those who manufacture or retail them being a sufficient contradiction,) but I have no means of verifying the fact. You see one cannot buy the Evening Post in Charleston. From New York we get only the Herald, the Journal of Commerce, the amiable Day Book, Frank Leslie's, Harper's, and some of the sporting papers. Wherefore, my scribbling is an illustration of the text about casting bread upon the waters, under the expectation of finding it again after many days.

I judge, however, from what I read in such northern papers as are accessible, and from the report of a friend recently returned from your part of the country, that there is yet prevalent an almost universal opinion, pregnant, I think, with delusion and danger, which may be tersely summed up under the following heads:

1. That South Carolina repents her precipitancy, and is heartily sick of secession;
2. That she will not attack Fort Sumter, in the event of her failing to obtain it by diplomacy and negotiation;
3. That she has played a game of Brag, (hitherto unlucky successful,) but may finally be induced or compelled (to use a suggestive vulgarism) to back down, to recede from her position, to recognise Lincoln and re-enter the Union;
4. That the other seceded states will not stand by her.

On each of these heads I have more or less to say, and I write with all my depth of conviction.

WHY THE REBELLION OCCURRED.

That this state was precipitated into revolution is a fact, though a small one, which has been unduly exaggerated at the expense of almost forgetting the reasons which rendered the precipitation so easy, by far the graver and most important consideration. At the risk of sub-dividing my letter into as many heads as an old Puritan sermon, I must endeavor to explain this.

South Carolina never had any particular affection for or loyalty to the Union; the nationality of her sons (which is as intense as that of Englishmen or Scots—I cannot use a stronger illustration,) is devoted entirely to her state. The first revolution showed this; she has been consistent in it up to this one—always ahead and extreme in feeling; she, however, only carried to excess one which every educated traveller familiar with the South
during the past six years must have observed, an
indifference towards the Union, which the northern
mind finds difficult to realize or credit. I myself
heard it spoken of as "an experiment" as far back
as 1854, in Alabama, in Mississippi and in Louisiana,
and that, too, by wealthy, influential and so-called
conservative men. They did not foresee this crisis,
but were so lukewarm nationally, that its possi-
bility involved what has now occurred. So much
for the charge of precipitancy.

IS THE STATE WEARY OF SECESSION?

As to the impression that South Carolina is tired
of secession, observe:

That, deducting Fort Sumter, it has been so far a
positive success, costing no more than inevitably
might have been counted upon, the cessation of
trade, the expense of military preparation. Now I
do not assert that the merchants and moneyed men
of Charleston (on whom the loss has fallen most
heavily) are indifferent to impecuniosity, but I posi-
tively affirm that the majority of them are so iden-
tified with the universal conviction in favor of se-
cession, that they appear willing to pay even a
severer price for it, supposing that when a slave-
holding confederacy is established free trade will
make them ample amends. This may be nonsense,
but they believe and act upon it. Whatever secret
misgivings exist, it is felt that the community has
gone too far to retract; risked all it has to risk;
and must march onwards, bravely and accepting
consequences. With five states to share its
fortune—a number exceeding its hopes (it
would not have attained them but for the
sympathy excited by the asserted menace im-
plied in the occupation of Fort Sumter)—some
perhaps doubtful in feeling, but yet out of the
Union, South Carolina holds steadfastly to the
path she has chosen. Charleston, which is to the
state what Paris is to France, has not suffered so
sharply and directly as you in New York suppose.
For its size it is a rich city, populated almost ex-
clusively by two classes—merchants, planters,
well-to-do people and negroes, slaves. The inter-
mediate class of "poor whites," which one hears
overmuch about in extreme Republican papers, is
almost nominal. There may be hardship, there is
no popular discontent, still less riot, and no starva-
tion. And high and low, rich and poor, are irre-
vocably committed to secession. The community,
essentially different from a New York one, is na-
tive born—local in its affections and convictions; it
does not think and reason as we do—hence the de-
plorable difficulty of effecting a right understand-
ing of what lies between us. Talk to a South Caro-
lian of pecuniary loss in connection with this
evolution, he flashes out into a declaration that it
is a question of honor, of right and wrong, liberty

or slavery; he will spend his last dollar, shed his
last drop of blood in the cause, scorning from the
very depths of his soul all thought of profit and
loss. We know he is miserably duped, of course—
that his Dulcinea is not the peerless creature he
fancies, but a hideous Magara, intrinsically fatal
and detestable; yet, I ask the blackest of black Re-
publicans if the delusion has not some redeeming
ray, some noble features in its manifestation?

PROBABILITY OF AN ATTACK ON FORT SUMTER.

On the second head, the probability of an attack
upon Fort Sumter, I might simply reiterate my
convictions as expressed in former letters. The
Governor and better class of revolutionists yet cling
to the hope that it may be obtained by negotiation,
and that the federal government will "not be mad enough" to insist on retaining its
own property at the cost of certain civil war. The
Rhet-Mercy party—only a clique, mind, though
an influential one—would prefer a fight, whatever
the result might be, for these reasons:

The irretrievable committal of the seceded states
hostility to the United States government. They
would not allow South Carolina to oppose its arms
unaided, and blood once spilt, there would be no
possibility of withdrawal, of which, at present, there
is some doubt in the case of Georgia and Alabama.
The possibility that the border states might be
stimulated into sympathy, or their interests so ma-
terially effected as to compel their siding with the
South.

A belief that a war is necessary to establish the
Southern Confederacy in the eyes of Europe.

I need scarcely say that the troops, without
understanding or caring to understand the preced-
ing reasons, are all for assaulting Fort Sumter.
They think that the honor of their state demands
the pulling down of the stars and stripes, and, as
Wellington said of his young soldiers, will "rush
to death as to a dance" in the attempt. It is very
possible that these words may excite a "pooch" or
"pshaw," but the men are in earnest, and have
pluck enough to render any cause formidable.

I infer, then, that if Fort Sumter cannot be ob-
tained peacefully, that it will be attempted materially,
mostly the floating battery is finished. It has its
sides completed, and will presently be floored. The
negro carpenters do not work very industriously.
The third misapprehension I have involuntarily
answered in speaking of the first and second.
South Carolina may return to the Union after many
years' bitter experience, but not till then.

POSITION OF THE STATE.

The fourth question, I cannot pretend to discuss
elaborately. Only South Carolina is regarded as
having courageously dared everything for a prin-
ciple, and those who know the South will under-
Morris's Old Woman.

Bavereen dispatched a letter to me dated Feb 16, which was duly returned by the Consul. Here are items from it: "The account Billington gives of Morris' employer is very lurid. An ignorant, ugly, crazed, and eccentric old woman, who has lived on the expectations of her book for two years, from contractors & debts to the amount of $1000 on the strength of its immense future success. Morris is the second amanuensis who has tucked the M.S. The first was a woman. She goes from one boarding house to another, even getting board for her assistance by means of the future magnum opus. The friends in New Hampshire do not press their little bill. All the summer, fall and winter has Morris been incubating on this golden egg." Of boarding house gossip as follows: "The Kimes are replaced by a Mr. Merrill and his wife, rough, hearty, honest western folk, unrefined but jolly. The purple-faced beast Levan is paying attentions to the Irish boy — Mrs. Ham — having reversed that she has saved a few hundred dollars, according

* Man kept a fare-bank and decamped with baggage at length owing Mrs. O'dwyer some money.
stand how much is implied in that conviction. Her being in the worst position of the six secured states, binds them over to identification with her. She has gained nothing but the disruption of the United States and the impossibility of their immediate reconstruction.

The present lull must terminate in the giving up of Fort Sumter to South Carolina, (which I, for one, do not expect,) or an attack upon it—directly the contrary of the first proposition—is considered irrevocable, and the floating battery is completed. The latter ought to be finished in less than two weeks.

Major Anderson and His Command.

In the meantime, how is it with brave Major Anderson and his devoted little band? Accident has enabled me to inform you. Every word that I write is, as near as I can recollect, from the lips of a recent eye-witness.

The garrison, mostly Irishmen, have been working night and day completing the fortifications, at the period of their occupation in such an imperfect state that they could not have resisted an attack had one been made by the Charlestonians. The main doorway is built up so that two men cannot walk abreast through it; one armed with a revolver or bowie might defend it against a hundred assailants, supposing he were not shot himself. Just within, opposite the door, is a huge mortar. The stones on the wharf have been removed to strengthen the weak side of the fort. There are piles of hand grenades ready for use. The lower casemates have been closed fast, the guns shotted, piles of grape and canister placed beside them. The Major looks harassed and wan, but perfectly resolute; he can talk of nothing but the fort and his position; he admits that he dreams of it by night—when he sleeps. He deplores the responsibility forced upon him, admits that his sympathies are with the South, but declares that first of all, he is a United States officer. He objects to his endorsement by abolition journals, declares that they publish forged letters attributed to himself and his officers. His men are all faithful and resolute, in perfect military discipline; they never grumbled or mutinied—all stories to that effect being unmitigated lies. They look haggard and worn, and preserve a strict silence when questioned. They do not now expect to be reinforced. Major Anderson still hopes the business may be settled without bloodshed. But he will defend himself to the last, if attacked. Such, three nights ago, was the internal aspect of Fort Sumter.

don't know which party would have the nastiest bargain.

19—Tuesday. To the "Morning Post" office, saw Godwin, Maverick, Hills and others. No settlement of account yet, as Bigelow must be consulted. To T. Leslie's; got my M. S. about the "Richland Rifles" returned. (I learnt afterwards from Frank Wood that it had been set up, but was crowded out.) Met Rees. Uptown to dinner. On the afternoon found Broad way thronged with people awaiting the arrival of President Lincoln, who presently passed in an open carriage. A tall, lean, more, with
Sally "off" with Nicholas & "in" with Nat.
a good-humored, tough characteristically western face. To Union Place Hotel, Bigelow
out of Town, left note for him. To 745, found Mr. Edwards and Hayes in the basement, taking
their gin-and-water like hearty old Britons. I had a bundle of cigars for the former and joined
the party two. Haney ambushed us down Town.
Mr. Hayes left. The girls came, and presently Nicholas dropped in, whom I was glad to
shake hands with. He left, to return in an hour, during which interval we had tea, W. Big-
low being of the party. Welles came, and Pete
knew. The last two getting to whist with Nat
and Eliza, I talked with Sally. She said
that Nicholas had relinquished his suit; that
Tommy had complained of her reserve and cool-
ness, on his return. That she had spoken of the
Rochebaron story, of which he had cleared him-
self. Ann, declaring that we mustn't talk to
each other all the evening, she went to Welles. A
pleasant gossipy evening, merging into dancing.
I had a cigar by the fire, looking on. Sally's
confidence about Nicholas was corroborated by
his behavior; he danced principally with Matty,
who was very rosy and animated. Sally was
sassy, full of spirits, and audaciously blew
me a kiss as she drew near my chair in the
dance. Party broke up at 11, as usual.

20. Wednesday. Famd Bigelow at the
office. He, after some discussion, reassured
remembered a remark of my recalling which
convincing him as to the justice of my claims,
and accompanying me down-stairs, told Hen-
deron as much. I had another fight about
the payment for yesterday’s letter which Hender-
on wanted to include in my Charleston salary;
finally I carried it and got paid $103.60,
in all representing my last eight weeks’ labor.
Up Town. F. Wood called, to invite me to meet
6 o’clock at his house. Shepherd called. Evening
at 15th street, with Henry in the Hay’s room.
There till midnight.

21. Thursday. Got a note from Skaggs
and from W. Waud, the latter dated Montgomey
Alabama, at which he arrived on the 12th,
quitting Augusta at 2 P.M. on the preceding
day. Augusta is a very pretty city—streets
immensely wide, planted with trees on one side
of it several cloth and grist-mills, laundries
etc, with canals and railway to match—
so that it partly combines Columbia and Sava-
nah with a bit of Lowell, Mass., thrown in.
O returns Mr. Wundle's incivility.

Montgomery, like many other southern cities, has wide streets, not tall but higgledy-piggledy houses, interspersed with fine ones, a river - of course - and indications of jerky enterprise, after the New York model. The people are jubilant about its being the southern capital. "Will went thither to witness Jeff Davis' inauguration, he bids me direct Captain Wandle, saying they have dubbed him thus - possibly in consequence of his sporting a French military cap, with a gilt Palmetto tree upon it, which excited some laughter in the sanctum of the Charleston "Mercury."

But to tailor's, paid what I owed him, then down town to the "Illustrated N.Y. News" office; in the "artist's compartment" found Mr. Ward and Mr. Eytinge. The former's initial salutation was, "Oh! You were not tarred and feathered. Then," said, almost immediately, followed by a tirade of abuse against South Carolinians. I answered, tersely enough (having only come about business) and not affecting any desire attempt at or desire for conciliation, which had a wholesome effect. Furthermore, I expressed my belief that the lynching story had its origin in ill will and my wish to discover its inventor. Sol kept scowling at his work.
His Grievance.

and twisting his mustache, but didn't speak, while I retorted Wand's verbal brutality with interest, until he moderated his tone and presently, walking civil, took me to Leggett, the proprietor, who paid me $3 for the photographs. Subsequently I spoke to Alf about his supposed grievance, the nature of which I had ascertained long before my departure for South Carolina, from Haney, and those from W. Wand. None of the women, Mrs. Jewell or Wade, have called. To Alf's "wife", that I spoke of their children as "little illegitimate", of which I have no recollection whatever. Alf confessed this to be the injury and said he didn't care, but Mary &c., &c., — finally supposing the women had magnified some nothing, after their wont. I'm the editorial desk, with Phillips and Reed, the latter a new editor, in place of one Stewart, a "Daily News" beast, who has had to fly New York for getting a young girl, almost a child herself, encinte, while she lay with his own daughter. But for a drink with Reed. Up. 7 a.m. Evening at 9. To 7:45. Haney there, the girls and their father. Talking with Mat. Jim Parton came, talked with him about Charleston and secession. Left at the usual hour.
22. Friday. Saw Godwin at the "Evening Post" office. Up Nassau street with Hills, he telling of his "Star of the West" experiences. He expected to be made prisoner. Parted in Broadway, staying to witness the parade in honor of Washington's birthday. Looked in at W. Leslie's. Evening at Frank Leslie's Wood's, 40th street. Colt, Mullen and Shanley there. Whiskey, smoke, some sparing and talk, but altogether a slow evening. Introduced to Nicholson, who succeeded to my place on the "World." Left at 11.

23. Saturday. To Harper's. Talk with Pennin and Fletcher Harper. Carroll came in. At the engraver's department, saw Damoreau. To "Caricier" office, saw Smith and Briggs - the latter wanted to paragraph me in his "Tribune." Art items and the former suspected my authorship of the "Post" letters, which Briggs rather pooh-poohed - so much for your "smart literary man" versus common sense. I denied it. A great crowd about the newspaper bulletin, in consequence of an announcement of the discovery of a plot to assassinate Lincoln on his way to the capitol, and of his flight thither from Harrisburg, Va., in advance of expecta-
Sally tells me about Nicholas. At Brook and Duff's found Damony and Hayes the engraver (and married man) and Hamilton the architect. Up town by 2.

In the evening had the Woodward girls, Bowery in, Richardson and latterly Phillips in my room. Smoke, tody, singing and scandal about the boarders. Aired by midnight.

24. Sunday. Indoors all the windy, sunny day. After tea to 745 and to church, walking with Sally; Jack and Eliza preceding us. Confidences on her part about Nicholas. He told her that he intended proposing on Christmas Day, and again on New Year's, but obtained no opportunity. He has called her "a heartless flirt," a "beautiful friend" or ""— which she retailed laughing. She says he is very vain of his good looks and equally sensitive to ridicule. He laments his presumed intellectual inferiority, supposes that Sally must find his conversation dull after Feney's, Parton's and mine. This she objects to, thinking, rightly enough, that a man ought to accept his own individuality. (It works ill for Nicholas in another way, raising the girl's self-esteem at the expense of his own.) He talks of his happiness
with his first wife—how she (who had been dead twelve months) adored him. Her kinsfolk object to his chilling for Sally. They are, she says, "hard-looking, silent people—he spends occasional evenings with them, when not a word passes. He doesn't care much about his child, thinks Sally; he went to see it but momentarily, when it was sick. On her telling him so that he was "the most inconsistent man she knew," it hurt his self-esteem hugely. He had talked of going west to forget her. "Another case of O'Donelal," I said, which brought out an acknowledgment that that victim still remembered her, in letters written to his friends. Nicholas knows vast as his rival. Questioning her about prepossessions, engagements etc., and getting a characteristically feminine answer in, "Nobody who comes to the house," he jumped at the possibility implied in it and learnt the truth from Bliza, who is rapidly assuming the position of Sally's buffer-holder. The rivals have as yet met but once, Sally with more generalship than candor, keeping them to alternate evenings and to some extent to the same arrangement an afternoon—
And Warning Towards Naas.

Broadway promenades. Of course Naas thinks Nicholas a canicied puppy and Nicholas dislikes Naas. Sally is evidently increasing in dissatisfaction with her good-looking admirer. He has been comparatively affluent and, she says, is indolent—his good looks, manner and past fortune combining to spoil him. Evidently Nicholas won't win. Of Naas, Sally confided but little, which was equivalent to confiding a great deal, admitting however that he was jealous and self-willed. She laughingly admitted that my interpretation of his rejection of my advances was correct. All of these confidences were couched in love on our way to and in church, for we whispered together throughout the first hymn, but were decorous subsequently. It was a fine moonlight night, with a sharp wind blowing in our return. Only Illaney, beside the family, at the house, he recovering health, Mort Thomsen visited him once at 4 A.M., Pardour frequently. Mort looks over-worked; he lectures in the winter-time, scribbles now, weekly, for the “Mercury” and is to be married to Grace Eldredge in May. I saw the announcement of this, at Charleston, in the “Courier.” We
talked about Fanny of Stewart, the dry-goods man, sending her a $100 in fulfillment of a rash promise made to a friend, on reading a "Ledger" article of Fanny's — said friend immediately putting it into print. Also of her making a "touching" charity article about an accordion boy entering a city car after she had pronounced him "a little Nuisance" and snubbed Jim for giving him a penny: Jim found his own remarks put into her mouth in the "Ledger", the uncharitable part being transferred to a stranger.

25. Monday. In doors till 5, among other matters writing to Bartrage and casual. Luncheon. Met Wellington in Broadway, anon Colt, with an acquaintance of his. Learning that Lindsay is in New York went to the little armoire store. He had just left. Returning up-town, overtook and walked with Phillips, interchanging a nod with Nicholas, as he passed. After dinner or supper (for our 6½ meal may be either) got a letter from my mother, inclining one from Rosa. Approbations in consequence of my silence—
- talk of the severe winter ("just such a one as that on which your poor, dear, grandfather died — I dare say you remember it, and when you ran to fetch Mr. Ladbury to him, at our house in John Street") — of "suffering and destitution in London" — of Christmas Day at our house at which Edwin was not present, though Charley and Jane and their wives were. Tanner, invited from Lewes, couldn't come. My father "continues just the same; he grows very thin and gets weaker — the late cold weather has affected him much." Ned, being near Neithrop, spent his Christmas Day there, William Bolton sending a dog-cart to fetch him. Rosa's letter is almost painfully affective, pictorial and morbid. I was answering these letters when Bolt came up, and stayed for an hour or more, leaving me to conclude them by midnight, after his departure. Stedman, whom I met this afternoon, told me of a story appearing in a New Haven paper, asserting a visit of mine as a quasi-spy, to Fort Wunter, on pretext of sketching. It evidently originated in consequence of the enterprise of Cook the photographer.

26. Tuesday. A walk eastwards, returning,
met Banks and amon Woodward, one of the "Picayune" and "Lantern". He took me into a story store, where he was acting as agent for the sale of "Baby Tenders" — in which the infant swings in a cradle. Down-town by 4, saw Lindsay; with him, at his request, to Frank Leslie's. Saw J. A. Wood, who had a recent copy of the "Charleston Burns", containing paragraphs sepertely eulogistic of me and of W. Waud. In the first Carlyle spoke of my returning with a portfolio of sketches (!) and of the general regret of my Charleston friends at my departure. Up-town to 16th street, dining with Haney. Left at 8, dropped in at Dixie's, then at 745. Mat, Sally and Jark in; talked with the former, who is very friendly, jist now, and was in the best of humor to-night.

27. Wednesday. Down-town. Took Lindsay to Leslie's, he bargaining about an advertisement-portrait. To Hanays. Return up-town, meeting little Mrs. Dobson at the corner of Bleeker and Broadway. She lamented the raising of her rent by her landlord and said that "Willy" was a fine boy of 15, and that her gentelemen-boarders
How the Vigilance Committee "Dogs the Precipice of the Stranger".

"[From an Occasional Correspondent]"

Carns's S., C., February 25, 1861.

I have alluded more than once to the course taken by the Vigilance Committee of this town in the matter of the railroad workers. I do not mean to malign them, for I have always held the opinion that the railroad companies, by their own inaction, have driven the men to desperation; and in some cases, the punishment of the offender, but not necessarily the punishment of the community, initial in their presence, may be followed. This committee arrogates the power of expulsion, and all conduct derogatory of the safety of the community, to any stranger who has been found guilty of the offenses that have been committed by the railroad workers. The Vigilance Committee may be considered the initial punishment of the community, and the power of expulsion may be considered the final punishment of the community.

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I.P. Thursday. The third of May weather. To the Evening Post Office, looking over file, to get copies of my letters, succeeding not perfectly. Looked in at Haney's. Met Branks at Crook and Duff's, when he said he was 'practising draughting.' Called on Lindsay. Up Town. Haney came, supped and stayed till past 10.
to the surveillance of the Vigilance Committee; that within an hour of dinner-time he had been waited upon by an individual member of it, who advised his immediate departure for the North. Asserting his innocence, the Englishman obtained this grace, that if within a specified number of days he could clear himself of the charge he might remain, during which interim, however, the Vigilant insisted on his banishment from Charleston. He started, therefore, at once for Columbia, and it is to be presumed that he experienced some difficulty in procuring the required vouchers, for he never returned. He went off so hastily, indeed, as to leave his baggage behind him. Not one of the dinner party was cognizant of the reason of his disappearance; to the best of my belief they are ignorant at this moment. The thing was managed with equal secrecy and efficacy, qualities characterizing in the highest degree the proceedings of the Charleston Vigilance Committee.

SLAVE LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS.

SCENES IN A CHARLESTON HOTEL.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 8, 1861.

Hotel life throughout the South is in the aggregate uncomfortable, slovenly and repulsive, with rare exceptions involving the opposite of these characteristics, of which truths I could relate instances enough. I once sojourned in a Nashville hotel, where a sick traveller, having lain for a day and a half unattended in his chamber, and having pulled down the bell-ropes in his ineffectual endeavors to make known his condition, at last succeeded in doing so by discharging the contents of his six-barrelled Colt’s navy revolver into the wall. I once put up at an Alabama establishment, in which I and three companions were obliged, regularly, to enter our bed-room—the top of a rickety piazza—by the window, for the door wouldn’t open, and to which apartment there once ascended at two A. M. an inebriated acquaintance of one of the occupants of the four beds, for the purpose of engaging him in a friendly and facetious conversation, during which he dropped candle-grease all over the counterpane! At present, however, no such experiences are mine. An inmate of the Charleston Hotel, in the city of that name, South Carolina, I think its domestic economy presents some pictures of slave life which may prove entertaining to your readers.

My apartment is on the fourth story, at the rear, just in the middle of the topmost corridor, thereby necessitating as long a journey, upwards or downwards, as is practicable; had the room either to my right or left been assigned to me, I should have saved some steps. My window commands a quadrangular prospect, including the servants’ quarters, and, over the roof of that building, the bay and harbor, looking bright enough of a fine day, dull and misty on a wet one. Outside, the long corridors, lit with gas (which isn’t supplied in the rooms above the second story), with their numbered doors, have rather a prison-like aspect, an impression increased by the constant locking and unlocking on the part of guests or servants.

THE WAITERS.

At 7 o’clock A.M. the gong (that abominable instrument, the invention of which stamps the Chinese as the most atrocious of people) announces breakfast, a meal procurable until 11. Purchasing the morning’s Mercury or Courier in the hall, and entering a long and spacious dining room (reminding you of that of the Ocean House, Newport), you proceed to your place and order breakfast. At first, if ignorant of the manners and customs of southern hotel life, you fare but indifferently, but presently, finding the Turkish system of backsheesh in general operation, you adopt it, selecting one particular “boy” for your personal attendant. Him you fee, say thrice a week, with quarter dollars, when he waits on you royally, considering himself your servant for the time being. You hear him say to his fellows, “That’s my boss;” as you pass along the corridors.

He and they are slaves, of course. There are over a hundred waiters at the Charleston Hotel, hired from their masters by the landlord at $10 per month. (One, almost white, and possessing some special accomplishment, obtains a $3 bonus, I am told.) When a planter or traveller brings his own slaves to the hotel they are allowed their board free of charge, giving in return their services, first to their owners, then to the guests in general.

SUBMISSIONNESS OF THE SLAVES.

Knowing the above, you equally obey the dictates of good-nature and prudence in seeing your waiter, under which stimulant he becomes as assiduous and deferential as he would be dilatory and indifferent, lacking it. He remembers your culinary likings, will, indeed, sometimes zealously duplicate your yesterday’s breakfast without orders, while you read your newspaper. Approbative in the extremest degree, if you prefix a request with “I’ll thank you,” or, “Will you oblige me,” or any such unexpected courtesy, he absolutely cuts a caper of delight before rushing off to obey the mandate, comporting himself in other respects
like a grown-up child. Surveying him and his fellows, generally intelligent-looking negroes, neatly dressed, most of them wearing rings, and some watch-chains, observing their humble, dutiful behavior, a northern man is appalled to see how they have accepted their position as slaves; how their every word and action implies their recognition of the unchristian belief in their essential inferiority. I think that this very submissiveness is, in itself, a tremendous protest against the inherent wickedness of the cherished institution.

Would it be possible so to subdue any other race? I doubt it. "Gurth, the son of Beowulf, born thrall to Cedric the Saxon," with his dog's-collar round his neck, had yet his rights and possibilities of emancipation; in a generation or two he was almost certain of becoming a freed-man—not so Quashee or Sambo. His very lovable qualities conspire to perpetuate his enslavement. Yet they are capable of a dreadful transformation, as witness St. Domingo. The South has no reason to fear a repetition of that awful experiment possibly for some generations, but if it persists in hugging this evil, in believing it to be the one good, desirable thing, that punishment must follow is as certain as death and judgment.

To return to the waiters at the Charleston Hotel. It is not difficult to understand how the eager observance of slaves gratifies the Southern recipient; how he comes to consider it essential to his comfort and well-being; how, in short, mutual relations grow up between slave and slave-owner, rendering the problem of the extinction of the wrong horribley difficult. Its perpetuation flatters that instinct towards mastery which we all possess. Every man with a white skin below Mason and Dixon's line is an aristocrat. You observe it in the demeanor of the Irish waiters towards their colored associates; they would be insulted were they required to take their food with "nagurs." One morning, being in my room, I overheard an altercation between the chambermaid and a good-looking mulatto who officiates as fire-maker. He had called to her rather familiarly, and she, indignant at his presumption, was rating him soundly. Who was he talking to? she asked; she would let him know she was no wencl, to be spoken to in that manner! Individually he was by far the pleasantest-looking personage of the two.

TREATMENT OF THE SLAVES.

You very rarely hear a slave spoken harshly or inconsiderately in a large hotel, nor is there occasion for it. I have heard harsh words from a drunken man, hardly in any other instance. Southerners of education and position are less exacting, more tolerant of the shortcomings of slaves than a northern man finds it easy to be. They seem to allow a certain margin of error, idleness or small duplicity as incidental to negro position. It is an involuntary recognition of the necessity of tempering a huge injustice with minor indulgences.

They are liable to be "paddled," however. This punishment is generally administered at the guard-house, by the Charleston police, who are all Irishmen. They use a thick, flat board with holes in it. Any offended master or mistress sends a slave to the place of chastisement with a note, stating the desired amount, which is duly honored. Like "institutions" breed like results all over the world; in Sala's "Journey Due North" we find the same system in operation in Russia.

At our hotel only white porters are allowed to handle baggage, as slaves cannot be trusted. X is also forbidden by law to sell or give them liquor. Of course they get it secretly, and have a "high time."

CURIOS FEATURES.

Their approximateness is curiously manifest in their respect for persons of apparent wealth or consideration. Thus, a man who orders a bottle of wine to his dinner will secure more attention—always provided he fees his "boy"—than a water drinker. Let him appear in company of any recognized Charleston magnates, above all let him entertain them at a side-table with the appropriate accompaniments of champagne, &c., his "boy" and all the "boys" around henceforth conceive the highest opinion of him. "My boss a real gentleman," your sable attendant will say, crowing over his fellows and feeling his own importance considerably augmented in consequence of your presumed aristocracy.

Do they listen to the conversation in progress under their noses?—the eternal talk of secession, of which Charlestonians are never weary? Of course they do. Do they understand it? I think this very doubtful. They have certainly become so incorporated in the system as to share to some extent the feelings of their masters. To both the word abolitionist is suggestive of nothing but unqualified, monstrous villany. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing in connection with slavery is the hearing of it discussed for hours together in the presence of slaves—as any resident of the South can hardly have missed witnessing scores of times. Hence the absurdity of the Oriental-looking darskey in the Illustrated London News cut. Vol 10. page 14.
A correspondent of the Baltimore *American* writes:

With your leave, I shall continue my description of the Convention of South Carolina.

Prominent among all the minds of the assembly, Judge Withers, of the South Carolina bench, stands very high. This gentleman is quite venerable and pleasing in appearance. I would consider him advanced in years, probably about sixty-five, rather tall, and quite prepossessing. His hair is long, very fine and nearly a silver grey. The whole contour of his countenance is pleasing and bland. His forehead is wide and of good height. The eyes are not large, but of a greyish hue, and mischievous-looking as a hoyden of sixteen. His manner is quick, impulsive, and evinces no diminution of energy, either bodily or mentally. When he speaks it is upon the impulse of the moment, and with great rapidity and clearness of thought. He is one of the most active thinkers and subtle reasoners in the body. Fun, however, and an overweening love for sarcasm and caustic remarks, are his chief peculiarities of style. As a Judge upon the Bench, I am told he is very upright, and extremely severe.

Chancellor F. H. Wardlaw, another eminent member of the South Carolina Judiciary, is noted for his legal attainments and critical ability. His judgment is remarkably good. His appearance is not altogether prepossessing. His mental qualities are, however, of a superior character, and he is distinguished for ripe scholarship and literary ability. In person he is short, rather stout, with a large head, heavy features, and full florid face. His voice is tremulous and not very clear. The distinguishing marks of the face are his eyes, which though small, are set far apart, under a fine, wide forehead.

Hon. D. F. Jamison, the President of the Convention, and a member of the Governor's Council of State and Secretary of War under the new Republic, is a gentleman universally liked. His character is unexceptional and pure. Until the present crisis he had for many years lived as a planter, retired from public life. In manner he is modest, unassuming, and seemingly diffident. Personally, the President is above medium height, thin and pale. His face betokens gentleness of disposition and mildness of character. The forehead is good, though seared with the wrinkles of care. It is not a thoughtful face. He wears at this time a heavy beard, which serves to fill up to some extent the hollowness of the cheeks. I should take him to be about fifty years old, though there is no sign of grey either in his hair or beard.

Hon. Alexander Mayzck is one of the “characters” of the Convention. He has for many years filled various offices of public trust, and though he has been in the State Senate a very long time, has not for ten or twelve years voted for any representatives to the United States Congress. On occasions when a ballot for these gentlemen was required, Mr. Mayzck has always deposited a blank ballot. So determined has his opposition been to the continuance of South Carolina’s relations with the Federal Union, that he has persistently refused to sanction it even with his vote. He is a thoroughly-going slave-trade man, and thinks that a re-opening thereof is the only way to christianize the African. He is rather aged, with stern, rough features, grey hair, and an inflexible, stubborn will.
Mr. Dunkin, another Chancellor in the Convention, is well known to Reporters from his disposition to kick against an account of their speeches, &c. He is a man of good understanding, and some legal attainments. On the Bench his rulings are very severe, and he is said to deal out the full measure of justice to all criminals. In appearance he looks something like the Baltimore Bonaparte, with head shaped similar, and short, stubborn grey hair.

Hon. Maxcy Gregg is a noted lawyer of recognized ability and legal acumen. He is most easily recognized on account of peculiarly constructed ear trumpets, which he uses on account of deafness. In manner, he is quick and nervous; is of a sanguine temperament, and speaks very fast. His face is remarkably good.

Among the rest, Mr. R. N. Gourdin is also quite a prominent member. The greatest peculiarity of the man is his constant desire for secret sessions. He is, nevertheless, a man of much information and acuteness. A merchant by profession, he possesses great commercial ability, and is one of the largest Cotton factors in this city.

Leonidas W. Spratt is a pale and sickly-looking gentleman, formerly editor and proprietor of the Charleston Standard. He is the recognized father of the movement to revive the African slave trade.

One of the greatest minds in the Convention is acknowledged to be Hon. C. G. Memminger, of Charleston. This gentleman, you will remember, as the Commissioner of South Carolina to Virginia. He has the appearance of a careworn lawyer, with pale complexion, eyes set far back, broad, high forehead, and prominent cheek bones, with slightly grey hair. He is a fluent, eloquent speaker, and close thinker.

NOTICE.

WE TAKE THIS METHOD of informing the community that we have our new, comfortable Jail finished, and are now prepared to take charge of all Negroes sent to our care. We pay as high prices as times will afford. Strict attention paid to Negroes put in our care for sale, but no advances made until times get better. Always put your Negroes where they will get plenty to eat and good lodgings.

BARDEN & PETERSON.

B. C. BARDEN,  
Jan. 3d, 1861.

E. PETERSON.

19-1f
The letter on the opposite page was sent to Haney and hawked about by him to the daily papers, none of which would buy it. At last he got $5 for it, from Smith of the N.Y. Courier. He last Bellow tried to get an invitation to the 7th Regiment from some London Volunteers, but totally failed. O'Brien had joined the corps in the hope of accompanying his new comrades in the trip. The inception of the Civil War called them to Washington instead.
To date my letters from London would be an absurdity. I am living in Fog. London, to be sure, may be somewhere around, amongst the smoke, but fog is the principal thing—that is what I live in, what everybody lives.

I know it is a very stale joke, to laugh at London atmosphere. I am aware that it is a time-honored custom for travelers to anathematize the yellow medium, rich cockneys call ‘h’air.’ I know it is a trite, worn-out, threadbare subject, but what is a fellow to do, who living in it, who is full of it, (literally) ? I must speak. I must explode! The fog is everywhere, out in the streets—Parks—the Squares—I find it in my bed room, up the nose, down my throat, in my pockets. It gets into my hair and makes my tresses sticky, so that it hurts when I comb myself. It penetrates my eyes, my ears, my brain, my boots, my shoes, my stockings. It gets into my conversation, into my bed, into my letters, into, to, over, under, around everything! I am going fog mad. Ha! a-h-h-h—a-h! I suspect I am very dirty, I am not certain, not having seen myself for weeks.

During the day there is so little light, and the mirrors are so begrimed with smoke—that they reflect nothing but a dim silhouette. At night—well, you may guess that satisfaction you can get out of a couple of candles, an atmosphere about as thick as Mississippi water.

They don’t burn gas in the houses here—they have a prejudice against it! It is not considered wholesome at—all—I like the word, but, it is a fine, full flavored, useful cord; it is the sponge of the vocabulary, it-wipes out all you may have said before, (if you choose to use it), and able you to start afresh, it is a kind of etymological 1nkr upt act, which clears of old accounts, and allows you to start afresh. For example, Brown is a first-rate, open hearted, generous fellow, but—then let poor Brown look out for himself—but enough of buts, and enough of fogs.

There is a good deal of talk here in London, just now, amongst the Volunteers, about a project, set on foot some time ago, to invite our gallant Seventh over here during the coming summer. It rather strikes me that these London recruits will be not a little astonished at the drill and discipline of the Seventh. I hear from Volunteer officers that they cannot hammer into the heads of their men that a soldier should obey orders—being Volunteers they think they have a right to do as they like, so you may fancy how they get along. I amuse myself sometimes by dropping into inn parlors and gradually drawing the conversation of the assembled old jades to the subject of this Seventh invitation, and then to their remarks. "What," says an old fellow, "going to invite the Yankees over here? Well, there’s some sense in that! Has to save a lot of those French fellers as they was a talking of a going to do, its perfectly ridiculous. You can’t understand them d’ye see to begin with, and then if you did, why what then? Why nothing, that’s what I always says, and what’s the use? Excuse me, sir, the liberty I take with a gentleman whose acquaintance, I—ah, haven’t the honor to be acquainted with, but would you go so far oblige me by laying your finger on the bell close by you? I think I’ll take a little ‘oland and ‘ot water. Ah! I thank you, sir, I am much obliged."

My impression is that the Seventh will have a roaring reception here if they come over.

John Brougham is here, though not now playing any engagement. His first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre was most successful, in spite of some prejudice existing against him at first, on account of being an American! John, it seems, is going to have a theatre of his own in London—I do not mean John Bull, but John Brougham. Some enterprising capitalists have undertaken to erect one for him in Regent Circus, and Brougham intends to show Bull what a theatre ought to be. At present the English notion of a place of amusement is a building that has a disagreeable smell, where people go to be swindled by box-keepers; a place, in fact, where you pay the price of your entertainment through the nose. Besides which, in London playhouses the seats are hard and narrow, the floors dirty, the audience noisy, the entrances dangerous, the check-takers insolent—the whole dear and dirty.

At the present time famine is very prevalent in England; large numbers of the "lower orders’ are starving to death. London’s streets are crowded with gangs of raving, begging for bread. It is impossible to convey any idea of the piteous wailing of these big, broad-shouldered, manly-looking fellows. Six or eight will be in a gang; first one cries "We’re a—a—ll frozen out," then another takes it up, the first still continuing, then another and another, till they’re all crying together—"We’re a—a—ll frozen out," not in chorus but somewhat on the principle of a gle; but what a gle! Sometimes the beggars are gardeners, in which case they carry a frozen vegetable fastened to the end of a long pole.

Talking of famine, Bourricaud and his wife are making four hundred dollars per week, between them, at the Lyceum. There has been a rumor floating round to the effect that the author of the "colleen Bawn" intended starting a Theatre on the American one price—no swindling principle—but this is now contradicted. We have a good many American Missionaries teaching these H dropping barbarians a little civilization; but there is plenty of room for more.

One Mr. G. F. Train is trying to convince cockneydom of the superiority of our horse-railroads and cars over the common omnibuses; but they won’t see it. Poor Train; he has been working like a steam-engine for months and months, trying to get a grain of common understanding into or out of John Bull’s head: let us hope he has an extra, elastic, vulcanized heart, for if he
It was all hash about the impecunious John Bourcham having a theatre built in London. He was playing at the Princess's, for Bourcicault in 1863, when I renewed my acquaintance with him at a tavern, after a night's performance. Bourcicault had the Adelphi for awhile and, when producing *The Octoroon*, displayed both the Union and Confederate flags over the theatre. The wily little beggar also printed the Latin motto *"Trojan and Tyrian are to me the same, on the top of his play-bills.*
has not, these sweet people will assuredly break it for him.

Howe, the sewing-machine man, is to be seen daily in the Strand, with his abundant locks, and broad-brimmed hat. I don't know what he is doing here, but the mere sight of a New-Yorker is refreshing to exiled eyes.

There is some talk of another Grand exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in 1852; but doubts are expressed on the subject, many people being of opinion that the world has not yet recovered from its surfeit of Industry in 1851.

Sala's New Magazine, "Temple Bar," or, as I heard it spitefully called the other day, "Marsala's Tyburn Gate," seems to be quite a success. Amongst its principal writers are Sutherland Edwards, Austin, Blanchard Jerrold, Yates, and the Editor himself. Sala is a great card here; though not so much known in America. For some time he wrote many of the best articles in the "Household Words." His first connection with the paper was rather curious. He was in pawn at a Coffee Shop in the Strand; he owed a bill, and had no money to pay it, but he had a pen, so he wrote an article and sent it to Dickens, with a note begging Mr. D., if the article were accepted, to send him the money at once, at the same time explaining his position. (It is usual here, I understand, for authors to give publishers six months' credit, or something of the sort). Mr. Dickens happened to be at his office, (a very unusual thing with a London editor) was pleased with the article—sent Mr. Sala the money, and engaged him immediately, at a salary of five guineas per week. And now Mr. Sala conducts (that's the new word for editing) the Temple Bar Magazine, writes for half-a-dozen other works: gets about a hundred dollars a week by his pen, and is regarded as the King of the Bohemians. Authorship, and artistiship too, are both better occupations, as far as pay goes, than in the United States; but then, employment on your side is more readily obtained by young beginners than in this foggy city.

Yours,

H—Atmosphere.

Consul to Liverpool.—We are able to announce, on authority little liable to error in such matters, that the appointment of Consul to Liverpool, has been tendered to Charles F. Briggs, Esq., of this city, who has signified his willingness to accept the same.—(New York Leader.

A bid for office on the part of old Briggs. He has no chance of being Consul to Liverpool as of becoming Pope, but "ask enough and you'll get something." "Signified his willingness!" quotha! What is there he wouldn't "accept" in the way of office? )
POETRY Lyrical and Idyllic. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. (Scribner.)—Here is another collection of verse born on the other side of the Atlantic, the writer of which is still, we apprehend, in the Debateable Land. It would be hard to predicate whether he shall issue thence into Eden or into stygian Arabia,—into the warmth and happiness of fame or the arid and painful desert of neglect. Mr. Stedman’s Preface assures us that he has taken pains with his poetry, and the pages bear out the Preface. Let us present the following; in which there is much to admire, though a certain confusion of史诗 and sanyi, which speaks of a mind and imagination not wholly self-agreed or settled:

SUMMER RAIN.

Yesternight the air was dry
As the winds of Araby,
While the sun, with pitiless heat,
Gazed upon the glaring street,
And the moat poured fountains seal’d,
Till the people every where—
And the cattle in the field.
And the birds in middle air,
And the thristy little flowers,
Sent to heaven a fainting prayer
For the blessed summer showers.

Not in vain the prayer was said;
For at sunset, overhead,
Sailing from the gorgeous West,
Came the pioneers, abroad,
Of a wondrous argosy—
The Armada of the sky!
Far along I saw them sail,
Washed by an upper gale;
Saw them, on their luminous route,
Fling a thousand banners out;
Yellow, violet, crimson, blue,
Orange, sapphire—every hue,
That the gates of Heaven put on,
To the sainted eyes of John,
In that hallowed Pheasant isle—
Their skysy pennons wore; and, while
I drank the glory of the sight,
Sunset faded into night.

Then diverging, far and wide,
To the dim horizon’s side,
Silently and swiftly there,
Every gallon of the air,
Manood by some celestial crew,
Out its precious cargo threw,
And a gentle summer rain
Cooled the fevered Earth again.

Through the night I heard it fall
Tenderly and musical,
And this morning not a sigh
Of wind uplifts the briny leaves,
But the sahion-tinted sky
Still far earthy turmoil grieves,
While the melody of the rain,
Dropping on the window-pane—
On the leaf and tree,
Round us all its pleasure throws,
Till our souls are fried wholly
To its constant melancholy,
And, like the burden of its song,
Passionate moments glide along.

—The two words marked in italics will “point the moral” of the above remarks.—In ‘Bohemia’ we find something of Prof. Longfellow,—in ‘To Late’, a far echo of Mr. Browning’s singular but striking poem, ‘Evelyn Hope’,—in ‘Flood Tide’, one more emulation of ‘Locksley Hall’. Here is something simpler and more commonplace—a song, well worth setting to music:

VOICE OF THE WESTERN WIND!

Voice of the western wind!
Thou singest from afar,
Rich with the theme of a land
Where all my memories are;
But in thy song I early hear
The echo of a tone,
That fell divinely on my ear
In days forever flown.

Star of the western sky!
Thou beamest from afar,
With laster caught from eyes I knew,
Whose orbs were each a star;
But, oh, those eyes—too wildly bright—
No more eclipse shine own,
And never shall I find the light
Of days forever flown.

Mr. Stedman, like Mr. Jones, will have his humour, and his trials to be ironical and Byronical; but the verses in which this is attempted shy, least agreeable and worthy side of his talent. Should it please him to listen to counsel, and to labour, he may do honour to America, whether the States be united or disunited.
Little Things.
Only a little shriveled seed—
It might be a flower or grass or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear, shining hours—
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom—wonder as far and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain;
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream.
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room—
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

—Henry Van Dyke.
Der Boeren.

Fight on, brave souls with Botha and De Wet!
Ye noble men and boys, whom to oppose
Requires ten times your force in English foes.
God crown your arms with freedom's victory yet,
For hallowed is your strife, ye patriots bold;
And may your every aim be true to thrust
The tyrant's legions into Afric's dust—
Fools that they are, mere purchased things and sold.
That heart is pulseless to our nation's creed
Who lauds the coining of men's blood to gain
Gold for a clique and subjects for a reign,
Or for assaulted freedom does not bleed.
Rise, freemen, all! ere King and Would-Be King
And Greed the knell of all republics ring.
—Franklyn Quinby, in The Public.
FORT MOLTRIE, IN CHARLESTON HARBOUR, SOUTH CAROLINA: THE SECESSION FLAG FLYING.
GROUP OF GUNS AND GUN CARRIAGES DISMANTLED BY MAJOR ANDERSON AT FORT MOULTRIE—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF HIS COMMAND. [See Page 50.]
THE LATE GENERAL R. S. RIPLEY.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORE.

GENERAL ROSWELL S. RIPLEY.

General Roswell S. Ripley, who died suddenly at the New York Hotel on Tuesday morning, and whose portrait appears in to-day's GRAPHIC, was a native of Ohio and was born in 1834. He received an appointment to West Point and graduated from that institution in the class of '43. He received his commission as Second Lieutenant of Artillery in the same year. He did gallant service in the Mexican war and was brevetted Major for his bravery at the storming of Chapultepec. He sent in his resignation as an officer in the regular army in 1853 and settled down in Charleston, S. C., going into business. He wrote and published a "History of the War with Mexico." At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was an enthusiastic Southerner, and was one of the first volunteers in the Confederate Army. He served under Beauregard at the bombardment of Fort Sumter and was commissioned a Brigadier General. At Antietam he was wounded and incapacitated from active service. At the end of the war he settled down to business again and gained a competence. Of late years he has spent most of his time in New York, and was a regular guest of the New York Hotel. He was well known and generally liked by the Southern colony in the city and by the many Southern men who stay at the hotel. He leaves a wife and two grown-up daughters in Charleston.
The Executive Council of the Social Democratic Federation have sent a long “open letter” to the King. It is to be issued for general distribution during the present week. Meanwhile its trend and tone can be judged from the following passages: “We Social-Democrats are neither monarchists nor courtiers. We are in favor of a Socialist or Republic in which neither king nor aristocrat nor plutocrat will have a place. But we recognise plain facts, and we should be no more inclined than are the overwhelming majority of common Englishmen to depose you in order to set up King Capital, with his horde of greedy sycophants, as President in your stead. . . . That you are very popular, Sir, there is no doubt whatever, and this great and growing popularity is not wholly unearned. You have kept yourself of a cheerful countenance through stone-layings innumerable, and doleful public functions not a few; you have been all things to all men on the racecourse and in the cricket field, as well as in politics and general affairs; you are nowise averse from that pomp and circumstance which economists denounce and the people love; you have shown yourself at home in the doctor’s rounds, and have displayed in the face of danger the cool and imperturbable courage of your race. Last, not least, you are credited with having thrown the whole weight of the Crown on the side of a reasonable peace with the Boers; and you have exhibited no enthusiasm for a war which has proved as costly and disastrous in its progress as it was mean and degrading in its inception. But, Sir, your responsibilities are only just beginning. The test of your career has just come. Always much more influential in public affairs than is generally known, the head of our State, as King of England and Emperor of India, will, in your person, be able to affect the course of policy to an extent which has never been so much as thought of in our time. If the collapse of Liberalism as a political creed and as a political faction; the general indifference of the mass of the people to their own affairs—all have together created a general desire for less talk and more determined and capable action, no matter from what quarter the change may come. . . . Standing outside of party, and proud of the position you occupy as the head of the greatest Empire in the world, it is for you to do your share in bringing about a better state of things. “Sir, we make no appeal to you, we offer you no congratulations. We content ourselves with pointing out the valuable work you might help to do. As a member of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the People two-and-twenty years ago you must fail to have noticed that the great vested interests of capitalists, and housefarmers stood good right in the way of even partial reform. But this problem of better and healthier dwellings cannot possibly be solved by private effort or municipal pottering. It is true, ‘so long as there are poor they will be poorly housed,’ but national agencies might mitigate the evil. The same truth applies also to education, and it is scarcely creditable, even to the English Royal Family, that the English should now be the worst educated of any civilized nation.”
CHARLESTON—TERMINAL POINT OF ATLANTIC COAST LINE.
“From Flag to Flag” is described on its title page as “A Woman’s Adventures and Experiences in the South during the war in Mexico and in Cuba,” by Eliza McHilton Ripley. This is a very unpretentious, desirable, entertaining little book. It is exactly the sort of book that it seems very easy to write and yet of which there are very few. It is a natural, straightforward record of a woman’s daily life, during a historical period and amid the very events that were making the history, and it is delightful to see them through this novel domestic medium. There have been a number of books similar in character published, by Northern women, but very few, and fewer still of merit, have come from Southern women, yet they had by far the most entertaining lot, to hear about. Mrs. Ripley puts two witty quotations on her title page: “Faith! I ran when I saw others run,” (Henry IV.) and from the same play, “See here, my friends and loving countrymen, this token serveth for a flag of truce betwixt ourselves.” She writes with freedom from narrow, sectional prejudice; though she is provincial enough to be entertaining in her view of past Southern splendor, referring often to the “spacious mansions” and “fluted columns” in talking about those rather bare and bad style country houses in which Southern gentle folk used to feel so touchingly fine, though they had less luxuries than are often demanded these days by our gentlemen farmers’ head gardeners. She writes well in just the direct plain, but bright way that is wanted and when she gets into Mexico and Cuba she has more sense than most travellers as to what is significant and interesting in her surroundings.
QUARTERS OF THE UNION OFFICERS EXPOSED TO THE FEDERAL FIRE IN CHARLESTON.—SKETCHED BY ONE OF THE OFFICERS.—[See Page 880.]