

THE DEATH OF HOOD.*

The maimed and broken warrior lay
By his last foeman brought to bay.
No sounds of battlefield were there—
The drum's deep bass, the trumpet's blare.
No lines of swart battalions broke
Infuriate, thro' the sulphurous smoke.
But silence held the tainted room—
An ominous hush, an awful gloom,—
Save when, with feverish moan, he stirred,
And dropped some faint, half-muttered word,
Or outlined in vague, shadowy phrase,
The changeful scenes of perished days!
What thoughts on his bewildered brain,
Must then have flashed their blinding pain!
The Past and Future, blent in one—
Wild chaos round life's setting sun.
But most his spirit's yearning gaze
Was fain to pierce the Future's haze,
And haply view what fate should find
The tender Loves he left behind.
"O God! outworn, despondent, poor,
I tarry at Death's opening door,
While subtlest ties of sacred birth
Still bind me to the lives of earth.
How can I in calm courage die,
Thrilled by the anguish of a cry
I know from orphaned lips shall start
Above a father's soulless heart?"
His eyes, by lingering languors kissed,
Shine like sad stars thro' autumn mist;
And all his being felt the stress
Of helpless passion's bitterness.
When, from the fever-haunted room,
The prescient hush, the dreary gloom,
A blissful hope divinely stole
O'er the vexed waters of his soul,
That sank as sank that stormy sea,
Subdued by Christ in Galilee.
It whispered low, with smiling mouth—
"She is not dead—thy queenly souther."
And since for her each liberal vein
Lavished thy life, like vintage rain,
When round the bursting wine-press meet
The Ionian harvesters' crimsoned feet;
And since for her no gallant curb
Could bind thy patriot will superb.
Yea! since for her thine all was spent,
Unmeasured, with a grand content,—
Soldier, thine orphaned ones shall rest,
Serene, on her imperial breast.
Her faithful arms shall be their fold,
In summer's heat, in winter's cold;
And her proud beauty melt above
Their weakness in majestic love!"
Ah! then the expiring hero's face,
Like Stephen's, glowed with rapturous grace.
Mad missiles of a morbid mood,
Hurled at his head in solitude,
No longer wounding, round it fell.
Peace sweetened his supreme farewell
For sure the harmonic hope was true—
O, South! he leant his faith on you!
And in clear vision, ere he died,
Saw its pure promise justified.
—(Paul Hamilton Hayne, in the *Illustrated*)

*During the terrible yellow fever season of 1873, Gen. Hood and his wife died at very nearly the same time. They left a large family of children unprovided for, under circumstances which aroused the sympathy of the public, North and South. At the South, a considerable fund was subsequently raised for their support; while Northern philanthropists, we understand, adopted two of the children.

It may not electrify the entire country when I make the announcement that Mistress Peet has left New York city and taken up her permanent abode in Chicago. It is, nevertheless, more grave a matter than many might suppose, for Mistress Peet has for fifteen years had the sole making of the haggis, that "monarch of the pudd'n' race," for St. Andrew's Society in that city, so that Chicago can not only now boast of the champion haggis-maker of America, but has for some time been famous as the home of the laureate haggis poet, Mr. J. G. Horne, Allan Pinkerton's venerable accountant, who, in 1875, wrote the following, which, as it has never appeared in print, and is deserving of wide publicity, I give in full for the benefit of the COURIER-JOURNAL'S many Scotch readers:

HAGGIS.
Noo lka mon with cheek to chaw
The hale contents within this maw,
Aroon' the board just let him draw
His hunkers, while I tell you a'
It does na hand a hoodie craw;
It's naething but a haggis!
And ev'ry son of Scotland kens
That haggis is not made by hens,
An' does na graw about the fous,
But is a dish to gie your fren's
Wha like gude food in Scottish glens,
An' tak it in their haggis.
But here's a Yankee come to "gruess"
What we hae cookit in a mess,
An' ca's it "hash!" He'd speer the less
If he had left this wilderness
An' lived whair folk ken hoo to dress
In goredicuts for a haggis.
It wad na dae to tell this chiel
A haggis's wame does here conceal
Twa puns of suet an' a'ntmeal,
With leeks chapt fine, for fear the de'il
Our puddin' with the pat wad steal,
An' patent-right our haggis!
So let us dra' up cheek for chow,
An' for our haggis keeps our mou',
For when it's done we'll wat it through
Wi' something like our mountain dew,
Or else we'll sup the barley brew
To Scotland an' to haggis!
Whew!—"twal puns of suet and a'ntmeal," "leeks
chapt fine," "mountain dew" and "barley brew!"
Don't they make on's mouth water, thought?

OCTOBER NINTH

FOUR MILES AHEAD.

[New York Sun.]

With hopes and fears we sent them forth,
And they wintered there in the frozen north;
Two winters they spent in the arctic zone,
Where slowly they perished, and one by one;
But surely we ought to be well content,
As toward the pole our explorers went,
And they marked the exploration line
Four miles ahead.
Oh! but the record is wondrous fine,
With nineteen dead.
How many is that to the mile? Hold on!
The record is made and the work is done,
Though most of them perished along the track,
We ought to be thankful that six came back,
Of course we must count upon toil and pain;
But think of the record, and think of the gain!
We have passed beyond the British mark,
Four miles ahead!
And here and yonder are, cold and stark,
Our nineteen dead.
Where is the man who made the mark?
Turn over the leaf—that page is dark.
He made it—that's glory enough for him,
Though cold is his flesh and his eyes are dim.
Some lives must be offered for such a gain;
And think on our right to be proud and vain.
He has planted our flag on the northward track
Four miles ahead!
Well, let us be thankful that six came back,
And God help the dead.



LT. GEN. LONGSTREET.

From a Photograph taken from life.

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

On a lone, barren isle, where the wild roaring
billows
Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests
rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-dropping wil-
lows,
Like fond weeping mourners, lean over the
grave.
The lightning may flash and the loud thunders
rattle;
He heeds not, hears not; he's free from all
pain;
He sleeps his last sleep; he has fought his last
battle.
No sound can awake him to glory again.
Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the
legions
That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st
them on?
Alas! they have perished in far chilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon
rattle;
They heed not, they hear not; they're free
from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep; they have fought
their last battle.
No sound can awake them to glory again.
Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb can not bind thee;
For, like thine own eagle that soared to the
sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind
thee
A name, which before thee, no mortal had
won.
Though nations may combat and war's thunder
rattle,
No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the
plain,
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep; thou hast fought
thy last battle,
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

"UNCLE IKE'S DOLLAR."

The following verses and one dollar came to the COURIER-JOURNAL a few days since. The dollar has been handed to the Hood Committee, and the verses are presented to the readers of the COURIER-JOURNAL:
I ain't nuffin' but a darky, an' 'tain't often dat I cries,
But when I hear 'bout dat 'ar def', de tears ris to my eyes.
He used to come to our place—I knowed him well, you min'—
I nebber thought dat he'd go fus', and lef ole Ike behin'.
Bouf black and white was alluys glad to see his blessed face;
'T was like a bust ob sunshine, sar, a-gleamin' 'round de place.
Mar's John an' he was mighty thick; de way dey lub'd one nudder
Was like de sayin' dat de 'freen is closer den de brudder."
I feel dat bad about it dat I dunno what to say;
'Cept dat my po' old heart is achin' sore for dem dis day.
It don't hurt me 'bout de Gin'ral, nor his wife, because I kno!
De blessed Marster up above is took 'em from de woo
An' sorrow of dis yeathly plain, an' said to dem
"Well done,
Thou good an' faithful sarvants; behold! your crown is won."
De part dat's hurtin' me so bad, is 'bout dem babies lef'.
All fadderless an' mudderless, to scuffle for dersef'.
I know a 'scription's bein' raised, fru all de Souferen lan'.
For dem pore little chill'ern; but I didn't understand
If dey would let a darky be'p; it isn't much I know;
But I've got a dollar, gemmon, an' I WANTS to gib it so.
I hopes you won't be 'sulted, 'kase I lub'd Mar's Gin'ral Hood;
Don't min' about my color, sar; I doesn't think he would.
He's gin me many a quarter, wid a pleasant smile an' joke;
An' when I thinks 'bout his pore lambs, I've farly fit to choke.
I 'spec dey'll git a heap ob help—I hope dey will I've sho'—
Dem lebben liddle orphans, sar, dey needs compassion so.
De ladies an' de gemmon, too, w'il take de thing in han',
An' sen' de hat a-trabblin' fru all de Souferen lan'.
I know dey'll do de thing dat's right; still, for de ole time's sake,
Dat when I thinks about it, makes my heart feel fit to break—
An' de kind words dat he's gib me, sar, so hearty-like an' true—
Now don't refuse me, gemmon, PLEASE to take Ike's dollar, too.
M. G. MCC.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—Here is the alphabetical alliteration wanted by the "little school girl" in Okolona, Miss.:
"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Bodily, by battery, beheaded Beigrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come—
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavor empowers essay,
For fame, for fortune, fighting furious fray,
Generals 'gainst Generals grapple—eracious God!
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill!
Labor low lays loftiest, lonrest lines,
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murder-ous mines;
Now noisy, noxious, noxious nought
Of outward obstacles opposing oucht,
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quakingly, quarter quest;
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Swarrior stops such sanguinary sounds,
True to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy trait!
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukrainian
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish ye warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier?
Yield, ye youths! ye yeomen yield your yell
Zeno's, Zapher's, Zoroaster's zeal,
And all attracting, arms against arms appeal."
JOHN T. PICKETT.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR—A number of correspondents have also kindly sent us copies of above, for which we extend our thanks.
FOREST, MISS., Dec. 11, 1880.—If you see fit, publish the following "exquisite poem" (?) so earnestly wished for by "R. Y." of Frankfort, Ky. (Date, Nov. 29, 1880):
"You kissed me, though I knew 'twas wrong,
For you are neither kith nor kin,
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?
"You held my hand—that wasn't right—
(Why will men have such wicked ways?)
You held it not a moment, quite,
But in it there were days and days."
I know not whether this is the "exquisite poem" desired, but thinking it might be, I send it.
HARVEY JAMES.