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LEONAINIE.

A STRAY POEM WHICH POE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE WRITTEN.

Kekowa (Ind.) Despatch.

In the house of a gentleman of this city we saw a poem written on the blank fly-leaf of an old book. Noticing the initials E. A. P., at the bottom of the poem, it struck us that possibly we had run across a bonanza. The owner of the book said he did not know who the author of the poem was. His grandfather, who gave him the book containing the verses, kept an inn in Chesterfield, near Richmond, Va. One night a young man, who showed plainly the marks of dissipation, rapped at the door, asked if he could stay all night, and was shown to a room. That was the last they saw of him. When they went to his room the next morning to call him to breakfast he had gone, but had left the book, on the fly leaf of which he had written the verses. The editor of the Despatch believes that Edgar A. Poe was the writer of the poem, and that it has never previously been printed. It is as follows:

Leonanie—angels named her;
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her
to me
In the solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom.
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot as joy caressed me—
Lying joy that caught and pressed
me
In the arms of doom!

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel-tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper—
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve
you—
Tales are told you to deceive you—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme;
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem;
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie difted
From me life a dream.

LOVE OR PRIDE.

CHAPTER I.

Great purple shadows swept across the hay-fields, the distant landscape was becoming indistinct, and the moon was slowly rising in the heavens.

After a while the twilight deepened into as much of darkness as there would be in the Summer night, and silence fell upon the earth. Then a girl stole noiselessly across a small garden, and stood beside a gate that led into the adjoining churchyard. A yew tree spread its dark branches above her, but the silver tints that were slanting down upon the tall gravestones, and bringing out the delicate lines of the old church spire, touched also her white face, making it whiter than usual. She did not start as a tall figure approached from the farther side of the churchyard. She had evidently been expecting some one, and when she heard the words: "You are out late, Miss Jervis," she quietly answered:

'I was waiting for you; I wanted to say good-bye to you before you went away.'

'I thought you had done that already,' replied the young man, with some bitterness.

'Not quite,' returned the girl, wearily. 'You were too angry for me to say it as I wished.'

'Had I not a right to be so?' he asked 'Ever since I have been at Shelford you have been deceiving me. I believed you to be as earnest as I was myself, and now—'

He paused.

'And now?'

Her voice had a sharp ring in it as she repeated his words, as though she would give denial to what he had said, but her face looked like stone in the moonlight, white and immovable, as she continued;

'I did not understand that you could really be in earnest, otherwise I might have told you before what I have told you to-day.'

'You do not believe in me—you looked upon me as heartless—as a deceiver. You do not believe in me now.'

'I do.'

'What do you believe? he asked impetuously. 'Nothing good, or you would not give me the answer you have given me.'

'Everything good, except the knowing what is good for yourself. I want you now to say good-by to me without any anger in your heart. The day will come when you will perhaps bless me for what I have had courage to do to-day.'

And she held out her hand.

The young man hesitated.

'Is there no hope?'

'None.'

Her voice rang low and clear through the summer air. Again he hesitated then suddenly taking both her hands in his, he bent down and kissed her for the first time.

She gave a faint cry, and disengaged herself.

'We part in peace.'

And with these words she turned and fled, not looking back, or perhaps she might have repented her decision

Once in the house she sat down in the empty sitting-room, made light as day by the moon-beams. The old dog rose as she came in, and when she threw herself heavily into a chair he laid his head in her lap.

There came a sound of clattering plates in the kitchen on the opposite side of the narrow passage, and her mother's voice sounded sharply, giving her directions about supper.

Presently she entered.

'Where have you been, Ally? How ill you look! and you're all shivering—Come into the kitchen, child; Annie's gone off to bed, and there's a bit of fire in the grate. It might be winter instead of midsummer, to feel your hands.

Alice rose mechanically. She walked dreamily into the little kitchen, where her fond mother drew a chair to the fire for her.

Presently a ruddy, good-humored-looking youth entered, saying;

'Let me have my supper here, mother; the fire look pleasant though it is summer time.'

Mrs. Jervis opened the oven door and took out a covered dish that had been kept warm there. Alice, watching her as she placed it on the table, and laid a knife and fork beside it, instinctively roused herself, and, taking a jug from the dresser, went to the cellar to draw some beer for her brother.

It was a relief to her to perform this menial service; it seemed almost an answer to the question she had been asking herself over and over again, since her conversation with Mr. Scrope in the morning. She was even glad that all around her looked so commonplace, so poor—poorer and commoner than ever to night. And a bitter feeling rose in her heart and made her almost indignant that some people should be so much favored, in a worldly point of view, than others.

When she went to her own room, instead of undressing, she opened the window and gazed out toward the yew-tree under which she had parted with Mr. Scrope, and then suddenly untwisting her long hair she turned to the looking-glass, not with a feeling of vanity, but in order to find what had so attracted him.

It was more than a handsome face that answered back her gaze, one which showed an amount of earnestness, and intelligence not often met with. Of this she was no judge herself, neither of the continual change of expression which Mr. Scrope had begun by curiously observing and ended by being thoroughly interested in. He was passing the Long Vacation at Shelford, reading and fishing, and had made the acquaintance of William Jervis on the banks of the river, and through him, whom it was a condescension on the part of Mr. Scrope to notice, of Alice herself.

Alice perhaps understood the footing on which they stood better than her brother, and the innate pride in her nature caused her to accept it with reservations. She felt the gulf between them, and measured it by the world's standard. Therefore, when Mr. Scrope made his somewhat startling offer, she, in spite of her surprise, was not unprepared with her answer.

And now that she had given it, she asked herself over and over if she had done right.

Mr. Scrope was an only son; a brilliant future was before him; a world of which she knew nothing was familiar to him. Could she, who was accustomed to the littleness incident to circumstances somewhat above actual poverty, move with propriety in circles accustomed to every luxury? Would his relatives so far above hers accept her and her belongings? She answered, 'No.' Mr. Scrope had argued, what matter since it rested with him to give her place and position in the world as his wife? But that she knew would be a separation for him from all former associations, and her own unfitness to move in her lover's sphere would make her a clog upon the life of whom, before she knew it, she had given her heart.

Such had been the train of argument she had pursued, and she had struggled free from the prospect open to her, not without pain, and had dismissed it as a dream of beauty that had nought to do with waking hours. And now—

But it was over. The morning rose, and she went about her tasks as usual, perhaps even more energetically, since she needed an outlet for her pent-up feelings. Mingled with pain there came a sense of happiness in the knowledge of Mr. Scrope's love. To have possessed it—nay, perhaps to possess it still—carried her into another world, in which, however, she must always be alone, since all that had passed must forever remain her own special secret.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Scrope went abroad, and after a short time he returned home to begin his career.

Alice Jervis pursued her homely and monotonous life. She grew quieter and graver, and worked more diligently. She believed that she had decided rightly as regarded Mr. Scrope's happiness, and the sacrifice she had made for his sake made her feel that she had a right to be interested in him, and she lived in the excitement of seeing his name in the papers and in gaining every particular of him within her grasp. She smiled when she read his name among the presentations at court balls. At such times she looked down at the shabby dress and poor appointments surrounding her, and wondered what sort of an appearance she could have made in other circumstances.

At length she saw another announcement. Mr. Scrope was going to be married.

She turned pale, and put down the paper.

And yet she had expected this announcement—had looked for it day after day. Nevertheless she felt a strange pang, which as long as he was unmarried she had escaped.

Down by the river, where the water-flags hoisted their yellow standards among the reeds, and where the forget-me-not blossomed along the banks, she sauntered, listening to the murmuring waters, whose burden was, "Pass, pass, pass!" Even Rover appeared to understand it, for he looked up moruntully into her face and whined.

Then great gray bars of cloud spread across the setting sun, and blotted out the sunlight; but still Alice paced up and down under the pollard-willows, until the evening was far advanced. Night was setting in around her; the light and life were over. She had scarcely realized until the present moment how pleasant Mr. Scrope had been in her every thought.

The morning after reading the news in the papers, another very startling piece of information come to her.

She was an heiress.

By one of those strange chances in life that are so common now-a-days, her mother's brother, beginning life as an artisan, had amassed a princely fortune, and he had left it between Alice Jervis and her brother.

And Alice Jervis sat down and wept bitterly. To her it had come as a mockery Her lot in life was cast, what did she want with money now?

In due time she read of the marriage itself; She cut it out of the paper and placed it in her pocket-book. It was all over.

CHAPTER III.

Three years slipped away. Three travelers entered a hotel in a little foreign town. One, a beautiful woman, a little past her first youth, whom one knew in a moment, in spite of the improvement that had taken place; but her brother was scarcely to be recognized. A tutor and three years of foreign life had caused a marvelous transformation. The third, an elderly lady, was not much altered, excepting that her dress was handsome as heart could desire.

They took their places at the *table d'hote*, and exactly opposite to them sat a lady and gentleman The latter looked wearied, and his short black mustache with the curvings of the restless mouth beneath it. The lady was fair, fashionable, vivacious.

Alice Jervis started. She would have moved, but William Jervis, all ignorant of past events, had exclaimed—

'Mr. Scrope!'

Mr. Scrope looked across, wondering at the friendly recognition from an apparent stranger. Then his eyes fell upon Alice, and he started; but quickly recovering himself, he bowed, saying—

'Pardon me if I did not at first remember you.'

Mrs. Scrope had turned in delight toward William Jervis.

'The first English voice, excepting my husband's, that I have heard for three weeks. I do not understand Italian, and have consequently had no one to talk to but Mr. Scrope. Can you imagine anything more dreadful?'

And then turning to her husband, she said;

'You must introduce me to your English friends.'

'Mrs. Scrope—Mrs. and Miss Jervis,' said Mr. Scrope, his look riveted on Alice.

The face that had never left this memory in spite of his marriage, had grown to a higher beauty than even he had imagined to be possible. And though he knew it not, it had come about through her striving after an ideal that she deemed worthy of him.

Stilling the pulses that throbbed so painfully, Alice conversed with him as with an old friend, and yet the remembrance of their parting on that moonlight night was vividly presented to both of them.

Mrs. Scrope talked incessantly, the more especially as William Jervis was a lively talker, with a frank, half-jesting, half-deferential manner that had something very winning in it.

Alice Jervis watched Mrs. Scrope narrowly, and wondered why Mr. Scrope had married her? And instantly the answer came; Because he did not care very much about her, but found that the alliance would add luster to his career.—There was something paradoxical in the idea, but it passed with her. She had argued that, if Mr. Scrope had really cared for herself, to care much for Mrs. Scrope was impossible.

So they met, and so they parted, in the little out-of-the-way Italian town; and Alice had seen Mr. Scrope once more.—Was she glad or sorry?

The Scropes returned to England; the Jervises remained abroad. And they heard nothing more of one another.

CRAPTER IV.

Exactly why she had come there she could not tell. It was more to gratify an old longing than for any definite reason, though she had persuaded herself into the belief that she had business at Shelford. At any rate, upon the anniversary of that day, eight years ago, when she had waited under the yew-tree to say good-by to Mr. Scrope, Alice Jervis stood with her hand on the wicket gate, quietly reviewing her life, and once again asking herself whether love or pride had had the greater part of her decision.

The branches of the yews were waving gently, the roses were rustling their silver tipped leaves, and the white moonlight fell upon the graves. Still with her hand upon the garden gate, she looked toward the church, trying to believe that the years had stood still, and she was there waiting for Mr. Scrope.

She was turning away, when a dark figure approached her, and a well remembered voice said·

'Miss Jervis!'

'Mr. Scrope!'

'Yes; I was waiting for you. I wished to see you before you went away,' he said.

Almost her own words in their last interview.

She looked up at him half fearfully.—It was so strange to see him there at that hour of night, and an almost superstitious awe crept over her.

'I wanted to tell you that you have ruined my life so far. I heard that you were at Shelford I knew that you would be here to-night; and I have come to ask you if you repent the past, and are willing to atone for it.'

Alice shrank back.

'Mr. Scrope!' was all that she could say.

'The inferiority, if there be any, is on my side,' he said; 'you have improved the past—I have wasted it. Yet the wasting of it I lay to your charge. I knew you better than you knew yourself. I wanted a wife who would understand me and would give me sympathy. You could have done this, and you refused it. Will you refuse it now?'

Bewildered, and yet indignant, Alice shrank further away from him.

'Mr. Scorpe' she said, 'I bid you go back to your wife. I bid you repair the brilliant prospects you seem so wrongly to have marred.'

'I wish I could,' he answered sorrowfully, 'Wy wife is dead, Alice, or I shuld not be here to-night. She died two years ago. You are hard and unjust as you have ever been.'

'Dead!' stammered Alice; 'how could I know? I have but just returned to England.' She moved nearer to him; she held out her hand. 'Forgive me,' she said.

And their eyes met; and Scrope, looking down into hers, stooped and kissed her quivering lips for the second time in his life.

☞There is a servant girls' tradesunion at Dubuque, Iowa. A lady recently endeavored to re-engage a servant girl who worked for her two years ago and gave excellent satisfaction, but the girl resolutely refused to go, though she acknowledged that she liked her former mistress as much as the latter liked her. The lady urged her to give her reasons for refusing a permanent place with one whom she acknowledged she liked so well. Then the girl said that she was a member of a secret society of servant girls each of whom was pledged to bring from her employer's a given amount of provisions every week, and in return for this, when out of employment the person to who these articles were given supported them until they found, or she could find for them, another place. And the girl refused to re-enter the employment of her former mistress, because the lady had been so kind to her that she could not make up her mind to steal anything from her.

☞"Young person" (applicant for house-maid's "situation")—"May I ask, sir, if you keep a boy?"

Old gent—"A boy! No. Why?"

Young person—"Oh, to clean boots and knives, carry up coal and—'

Old Gent—"A—may I ask—can you play the piano?"

Young person (dubiously)—"No, sir.'

Old gent—"Ah, then, I'm afraid you won't—that is, we shall not suit you. I and my wife always carry up the coals and wash the dishes, and all that sort of thing. All we want is some one to play the piano!"—*Punch*

THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY AND OBSERVATION, OF KENT COUNTY, DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Thomas Smyth, Chairman;

Richard Lloyd,	James Anderson,
Thomas Ringgold,	Joseph Nicholson,
Thomas B. Hands,	John Page,
John Scott,	Joseph Rasin,
James Nicholson,	Richard Frisby,
Eleazer McComb,	Emory Sudler,
Jesse Cosden,	William Bordley
Josias Ringgold,	James McLean,
Isaac Perkins,	Charles Groome,
John Maxwell,	Levering Merritt,
Ezekiel Forman,	Rd. Cruikshank,
Gustavus Hanson,	William Ringgold,
Jos. Nicholson, jr.	Simon Wilmer,
John Kennard,	James Ringgold,
Richard Gresham,	Robert Buchanan.

☞Norristown Herald: The fashionable male shirt collar is now decreasing in height. A young man can pass under a telegraph wire without ducking his head.

☞How many troubles might mankind be spared if they would only stop to hear each other's explanation!

GETTING TO THE POINT.

[*First Attempt.*]

"Miss Lelle, I've bought the nicest little
cottage—
The snuggest nook, just big enough for
two;
But ere I fit it up I'd like to ask you
If you—if you—
I mean, if you would paper pink or blue."

[*Second Attempt.*]

"I really think I'm getting rather ancient—
Was twenty-eight upon the first of
May—
So I've resolved, that is, if *you* will help
me,
To find—to find—
Something to keep my hair from turning
gray."

[*Third Attempt.*]

"What would you say if I—if I should
tell you
That there is no one half so dear to me
In all the wide, wide world, or e'en in
heaven,
As is—as is—
In these hot days, as is first-class iced tea."

[*Last Attempt.*]

"About this oak and vine affair, I'm
thinking
"I'd really like the vine—no, oak to
act,
Provided some sweet girl, or *you*, for instance,
Would act—would act—"
(*She.*) "The vine?"
(*He.*) "*That's it!*"
(*She.*) "I'd try."
(*He.*) "In fact?"
(*She.*) "In fact."

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

From the Baltimorean.

THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN HAMPTON ROADS.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE FROM AN EYE WITNESS.

Alex. McDonald, Esq., one of the editors of the Lynchburg News, writes from Old Point, where he is now visiting, an interesting reminiscence of the great naval engagement which took place in Hampton Roads some fifteen or sixteen years since. In view of the recent death by violence of Capt. Catesby Jones, who acted so conspicuous a part in the engagement, as well as from the graphic and truthful manner in which the narrative is given, it will be read at this time with peculiar interest. We, therefore, transfer the main portion of the letter to our columns as follows:

I will now proceed to fulfill the promise made in my last letter to describe the great naval battle on these waters in March, 1862, which created such a wide-spread sensation—every shot of which I witnessed from the batteries on the opposite shore, and which reflected so much lustre on the Confederate naval service.

For several days the coming of the Merrimac from Norfolk had been daily expected, and there was no surprise at our camp when she was descried steaming gallantly down the stream, not under cover of the night as the enemy predicted, but in the broad light of a noonday's sun. Excitement at once mounted to fever heat on shore, and the batteries and beach were lined with enthusiastic men. There was some doubt at first as to the destination of the great monster—whether Fortress Monroe or Newport News—but on striking the channel of Hampton Roads, she was headed up stream, and it was then known that the latter was to be the point of the attack. At the mouth of the James river lay the two huge blockading frigates, the Cumberland and the Congress; and standing there in the majesty of their great proportions there was that in their formidable appearance well calculated to inspire dread as to the result of the coming struggle. Very quiet and peacefully were they lying there, with the sailor's clothing flattering in the rigging, and they curiously gazing over the guards at the approaching minister of death.

On she sped, not a moment faltering, but eagerly pressing forward under full head of steam, like an athlete pressing to the battle. Not long did it take her to overcome the intervening space. Two little gunboats, the Beaufort and the Raleigh, accompanied her, and one of these was the first to open fire. As though spurning so insignificant a foe, the blockaders paid no attention to this "small fry" until some seven or eight shots had been fired, and then they opened a terrific broadside, and kept up a continuous fire. The little boats replied with spirit, but the Merrimac opened not her mouth, but pressing on in the face of a terrible fire, moving in a circuit, until she had gotten around the men-of-war and on the right flank of the heavy land batteries. When the desired position had been attained she opened a murderous fire on the batteries and the Cumberland, and continued it with incessant roar until it was said every land gun had been dismounted and the works destroyed.

Having accomplished her purpose in that direction, she then turned her undivided attention to the Cumberland, and poured a fearful fire into her. This process, however, being too slow for the fiery soul of battle which had been aroused in the Confederate Titan, she was set in headlong motion and dashed her steel prow into the quivering side of the luckless Cumberland. That did the work. Immediately she began to settle, and down, down, down went the noble vessel, firing all the time, her last broadside being discharged as the water was almost ready to enter the mouths of the guns. Thus was finished one of the imperious warriors of the water; and a great shout went up from our shore to the heavens.

Next came the Congress. But here let me state before going further that immense commotion had been created at Fortress Monroe by the onset, and that the steam frigate Minnesota and other vessels were at once put in motion to go to the rescue of their ill-starred companions. Heavy fire was opened on these from our Sewell's Point batteries as they passed up the channel; to which they replied warmly but kept on their way. The Minnesota when near Newport News grounded fast, but went into the fight. The conflict was now raging hotly between the Merrimac and the Congress. Now came a new element into the struggle. The Jamestown, the Patrick Henry, and the Teazer, which were lying up the river some 12 or 15 miles, hearing the uproar, came gallantly steaming down and entered into the fray. Here was now furious work all along the lines. Several hundred guns were engaged, all thundering away like "Jove's dread clamor," at their highest pitch.

It is impossible to conceive of a grander or more terrific spectacle than that then presented. Broadside after broadside, volleyed and thundered, and the flashing of guns, the dense smoke, the awful roar, all conspired to make the scene one of grand terror. But this thing could not last always. Under the concentrated fire poured into her wooden sides, the Congress was forced to strike her colors and run up a white flag. And here followed an act of perfidy on the part of the foe. With her white flag flying, the Confederates who went to take possession of the surrendered vessel were fired upon, and some of them wounded. Then, in return, fire was opened on her again, and she was soon in flames. I have never seen any explanation of this act of bad faith. The Minnesota then stood single-handed and alone. Another man-of-war, the St. Lawrence, I believe, started from the fort to her assistance, but she encountered such a galling fire from our land batteries that she tucked tail and returned. Still another vessel went with a similar fate. The Minnesota fought bravely under unfavorable circumstances, and the cover of night came to her rescue. The engagement was kept up with unabated fury until dark, when our vessels drew off and took their positions near Sewell's Point for the night.

In the meantime, the Congress was in lurid flames. The sight was sublime beyond description. The whole outlines of the vessel, amid which the fiery tongues were shooting, were visible for hours. As the fire progressed the guns on board were discharged, one by one, and their solemn boom floated over the waters like a midnight dirge to the deep. Between 12 and and 1 o'clock at night the magazine was reached and exploded with a shock that shook earth and air and water for miles around. The darkness then gathered about, and all was silent where the god of battles had held his fiercest revels.

The next morning bright and early the Merrimac started up to take possession of the Minnesota, which it was supposed would be an easy prey. But, to the surprise and bewilderment of everybody, the little monitor (which, by a strange coincidence, had arrived during the night,) stepped in between, and then commenced the remarkable encounter between the two iron-clads, the first the world had ever known, and which caused a complete revolution in naval warfare. I will not describe the second day's fight. It was a struggle between giants of the deep. After about half a day's continuance, the monitor drew off and retired to the fort, in a considerably damaged condition, it is said. The Merrimac steamed up to Norfolk but little injured, but all dented with cannon balls. The lamented Catesby Jones commanded on the second day, Admiral Buchahan having been severely wounded the first day, while bravely exposing himself on the iron deck of his vessel.

A year or two after the war I met with Capt. Morris (then Commodare), who commanded the Cumberland in the engagement). I complimented him on the manner in which he fought his ship: he replied that he was there for that purpose, and that it never occurred to him to do otherwise. He was pulled up out of the water after the vessel had gone down. He also said that the havoc was terrible. The loss on the two vessels was, I believe, about 400. On the other side it was small, not amounting, I think, to more than five or six.

This must answer for my war reminiscence. To some it will be news—to others it will revive an almost forgotten memory, so rapidly do events fade away in the rush of life.

The play of knives and forks just below calls me to an action more agreeable, if less exciting. In this latter engagement, under the stimulating effects of a delightful sail on the bay this morning (in which several ladies got sea-sick), I feel that I am prepared to do my duty.

From the Phila. Weekly Times.

THE CONFEDERACY'S LAST CAPITAL.

STRANGE SCEMES AT SHREVEPORT, LA., IN MAY, 1865.

Shreveport was the last capital of the Confederate nation. There were assembled the civil as well as the military genius of what was left of the Confederacy intact. There Stirling Price called Tom Reynolds "the pretended Governor of Missouri," and Dr. Kavanaugh called Reynolds "a cowardly deadhead," and Reynolds called Price "a toddy-sipping blusterer." Kirby Smith was accused of cottoning to the enemy, both in the staple and the surrender, and gave over the command of the troops to Simon Bolivar Buckner. Buckner and Price quietly went off to New Orleans to surrender the Department for Smith, and General Herron, appointed by Canby to receive that surrender, brought them both back on his steamboat, and also Major General Brent, now of Maryland. Herron's steamer was in the advance—twenty steamers in all—and as the others were deeply laden with provisions for the starving rebels, he rode ahead over the low water and approached Shreveport on an afternoon in May, 1865. The scene on the levee was so tumultuous that even the rebel commander shrank back, unwilling to leave the steamboat. They knew that Shelby and others had revolted against a surrender, and might attack this unarmed boat, and their own status was uncertain. Selby was even then drawn up on the prairie west of Shreveport earnestly debating an assault on Herron. Price, Buckner and Brent were well-educated, polite men, all of some Northern affiliations; they did not go ashore until next day. Herron's nearest steamer, which contained troops, was nearly a day behind him. In this uncertainty he ordered the band to play, and drove up to the wharf in the view of full 20,000 armed men looking in wonder at those lonely stars and stripes, and all jabbering in the wildest confusion.

"I'll be derned," cried one fellow, "if that ain't General Herron up there!"

Herron went ashore, and this man elbowed through the crowd to him:

"General, what does this mean? Have we surrendered?"

"Yes," said Herron, "you have surrendered. I have come up to parole you and give you something to eat. My transports will be here pretty soon."

The man jumped upon a bale of cotton and made a speech: "Boys, this is General Herron. You've all heard of him in these parts. We've surrendered! [Huzza.] General Herron's here to issue our paroles and give us transportation home, and Glory be to God! to give us something to eat. [Immense yells and cheers.] I propose three cheers for Gen. Herron!"

That huge concourse of wild men swayed and shouted and nearly pressed Herron off the wharf. A thousand different emotions were expressed in their faces, but chiefly gratitude. Looking down from the steamer, sad and apprehensive, and cast anew on the barren strand of civil life, were the brave old veteran of Mexico, Price, and Buckner, the defender of Fort Donaldson, whose accomplishments survived that humiliation. It was the last general scene in the rebellion. Dick Taylor had surrendered at Citronelle, Ala. May 4, and Joe Johnson had surrendered April 26.

Herron threw himself, with ready diplomacy, upon the confidence and co-operation of the Confederate line officers at Shreveport, and sent for several of them by their soldiers.

"I am not acquainted here," he said, "and would like you to indicate a suitable building for my headquarters."

They told him to take the bank, and led the way up through the town of 15,000 inhabitants, the ragged rebel veterans thronging round and following.

"Now, officers," said Herron, "let us help each other to protect the people and guard these streets. Set your own guards to-night, and let us close this war up creditably to both armies."

That night, very late, Herron walked out and inspected the town. The late rebel soldiery were doing their duty as faithfully as if they had been Union regulars. Sleep and security pervaded all places, though the weary truants by hundreds were stretched along the sidewalks and under the trees, dreaming, perhaps, the drone of old backwood sermons which told of other prodigals, crying: "How many hired servants of my father have bread and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise, and go unto my father!"

Gen'l. Herron says that the Southern Union feeling was better at that moment than it has ever been since. He began the systematic and long labor of issuing the paroles in duplicate, which required the assistance of the Confederate captains and adjutants. The distant Missourians were paroled first and sent home in steamboat From the farthest points of Texas Arkansas stragglers came in to coveted pass and discharge.

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