

"PELHAM, OF ALABAMA."

Up to the fore-front, spoke never a breath,
Up to the battle, the cannons and death,
Up by the fierce guns, over the ford—
Rode young John Pelham, his hat on his sword.

Out spoke brave Stuart, our cavalry lord:
"Back to your guns, lad!" Never a word—
Uttered the gunner as onward he spurred;
On with the cavalry, no business there.
Backward the winds blew his bright yellow hair,
Back blew the battle smoke from the red fire;
Up rose the battle dust higher and higher,
Out rang the silver notes clear as a bell.
Heard above bursting of shrapnel and shell,
Out rang the orders from Fitz Lee, the brave:
"Charge the left battery!" "God, 'tis his grave."

On by the crashing balls, hissing balls, then—
Sabers and pistols and horses and men—
Over the hill went, over the dead,
Fitz Lee and cavalry, Pelham ahead;
Down by the sulphur smoke, to the red plain,
By the left battery Pelham is slain.

"Gently now, comrades," "Take up the bier,"
"Bear it back quickly," the battle is near;
"Rein down the charger," "Muffle the tread,"
"Weep, Light Artillery," Pelham is dead.

"Soft," let me look at the white, white face,
Fair as of woman, all womanly grace;
Closed are the eyes that flashed on the field,
Broken the falchion that never would yield;
Still is the heart that beat for his land,
Hushed is the voice and cold is the hand;
Never to ride with the ringing brigade,
Never to lead with the glittering blade,
Never to charge with the red cross again—
"Weep, Light Artillery," Pelham is slain.

"Peace, Light Artillery," 'tis the hero we bear,
"Brush back the threads of his bright, sunny
hair,
"Call him the gallant, and tell him we weep,
"Mighty in battle, how calm is his sleep!
"All hail ye his comrades," "Stifle your grief,"
"Look," 'tis the face of our beautiful chief,
Droop, Red Cross banner, "Fare thee well,
"Peace," 'tis the ashes of Chivalry's son."

"Weep, Alabama," another of thine
Hath pillowed his soul at the ultimate shrine,
He passed from your midst to the Valley of
Tears,
And left you the footprints of glorious years!
"Droop, Red Cross banner," gallant and brave
Slumbers but now in the echoless grave,
"Rein down the charger," "Muffle the tread,"
"Weep, Alabama," John Pelham is dead.
BOYCE, Va. W. P. CARTER.

BACHELOR AUTHORS.

Not An Honest Woman-hater to Be Found in
the Lot, But All Posing As Irresistibles.

[Cincinnati News Journal.]

Miss Kate Sanborn concluded her course of
ten lectures on literature, at Bartholomew's
school, with "The Bachelors," yesterday after-
noon. The "Bachelor Authors" was, she
thought, a difficult subject. They were so
numerous and had done so many curious
things. Pope, Pollock, Herrick, Goldsmith,
Macaulay, that good man Watts, Hans An-
dersen, Voltaire, Ballou, Swinburne, New-
ton, and a host of others, were and are bach-
elors. Pope was known as the interroga-
tion point of literature and hated
women. Dr. Watts was said to have
written one of his sweetest hymns
after being refused by a woman. James
Buchanan, the bachelor President, was some-
thing of an author, and used to publish his
love verses in the papers. In art the bach-
elors were also numerous. Raphael, Angelo,
Landseer, Joshua Reynolds and Beethoven
were never married. Congreve, the drama-
tist, was a specimen of the bachelor lady
killer, and Swift, bitter and malicious as he
was, was really of the same order. Cowper
was of a tender, sensitive nature, and was as
shrinking as the petals of a dainty flower.
At twenty-eight he met with a love misfor-
tune and the wound never healed. Keats,
also tender and modest, had been affected by
Cupid's darts and never recovered. Pope had
the iron driven into his soul by his deformity,
which made him all the more bitter.
Dr. Thulenberg and Adam Smith had
curious stories told about their love affairs,
and even Hans Andersen, gentle and lovable
as was his nature, had his trials, and told
his story in his own simple and childlike
way. Andersen's reveries on one of his
desolate Christmas eves, which he spent in
sorrow and bitterness, were read by the
speaker. Turner, the artist, had his life
shaped and sharpened by his lone shadow,
and he became reserved and dropped into the
hard line of money-making. Something seri-
ous pervaded his writings and paintings.
The Hermit Throë was a recluse, and stood
aloof from mankind, and went out only to
transact his little business. He said
he would rather be the cedar
post than the farmer who set
it. He was bitter and conceited, and
probably inherited the latter quality from
his mother, who said that Emerson wrote like
her son. He affected to despise mankind,
and said men and women were little more in-
teresting than chipmunks. Lamb was de-
fined as the self-denying bachelor, because
he gave up marriage on account of his sister.
Gray and Erasmus were old-maidish bach-
elors. Goldsmith was a blundering bachelor,
and his life might have been changed, good
natured and lovable as he was, had he mar-
ried. The ideal bachelor was Whittier, who
was everybody's friend, gentle, good and
kind. Next came the claims of whom Hume
was a distinguished example. Encased in
his shell he was a regular bivalve, scoffing at
everything, and even defending suicide.
Nowhere in his correspondence could be dis-
covered an evidence of warmth and senti-
ment.

The corpulent bachelor authors made a
long list. Hume was the fattest of the fat-
test. Not appreciated at home, he was in-
toxicated with the praise of Paris, and made
a failure in the salons as a society man.
Gibbon's corpulency was even ridiculous,
and he went through several courtships, but
forgot that his fat kept pace with his fame.
After reading several chapters of his "Rise
and Fall of the Roman Empire," he got on
his knees to make his proposal. She refused,
and Gibbon could not regain his feet until
helped by two stout women. The "rise and
fall" was here reversed. The cadaverous
skeleton, with Rogers as a representative,
came next. Byron said he would walk
ten miles to miss him, and Sydney Smith
called him the death closet. He was shut up
in the catacombs under the impression that
he was a mummy. Rogers was, neverthe-
less, a wit, and a man of rare delicacy and
refinement. Voltaire was remarkable for
his attenuation in face and form, and was
known as the "wicked mummy." He often
alluded to his cadaverous aspect himself,
joking with others about it. Buckle, Boyle
and Spencer were never married, and the
fact may have been that many of them never
had time. Humboldt was a general favorite
in society, and was courted and feted;
he was witty and sharp at repartee. Though
his name was associated with lonely
rivers, unpeopled wastes, mountain
peaks and travels, he was never
known as a husband. Buckle was always
an invalid and was devoted to his
mother. Erasmus was a very facetious man
and the best critic of his age. Horace Wal-
pole, who for sixty years satirized men,
women and things, loved to write letters.
In his old age he became infatuated with
Miss Berry, but feared that the world he had
so long ridiculed would laugh him down.
Pope delighted to write letters, and would
send half a dozen copies to his lady friends.
Though many detested the "wasp," he was
devoted to his mother, and was self-sacrif-
icing. Macaulay was never married, but
his noble nature shone out in his letters to
his sisters. When one of them got married
he said he had nothing left but his ambition.
She said some bachelors actually didn't get
married because they had not the courage
to give up their selfish habits and
assume the matrimonial responsibility.
There were the timid bachelors,
who, if some woman would pick one of
them out and lead him to the altar, it would
be all right. By diligent search the honest
woman-hater could not be found. There
were none. The irresistibles were numerous.
That is they thought they were, and crowd-
ed up to fill the vacancies. Malthus thought
it was as wrong to do without women as it
was unpleasant to live with them, and Cato

A Sermon On Base Ball.

The Rev. Mr. Woolsack, in his sermon up
the creek last Sunday, as reported by the
Oil City Derrick, made a few remarks perti-
nent to base ball. Pointing out of the win-
dow at a game in progress on the adjoining
Wilson flats, he said: "See that loafer with
the bird cage on his head standing like a
straddle-bug behind the bat. He is not dese-
crating the Sabbath Day by playing ball, be-
cause he isn't playing ball. He can't play.
He imagines he can, of course, and goes
through all the painful contortions of a real
ball-player, but in the devil's score-book he
is charged ten times over for every error he
makes, and a nice record he will have when
the season is over."

Just then some one made a long hit and a
shout went up from the crowd.

"Yes, hoopla!" yelled the preacher, raising
his voice above the din, "hoopla until the
cows come home, but unless you raise your
voices in hosannas to the Lord you will
never reach the shining home plate of ever-
lasting life. That was a long hit to center,
and I give his nibs there credit for taking it
in, but the Devil will take him in just as
slick on the last inning of all. You may
send in your curved balls, and smash the
leather in the nose to the right or to the left
field; you may steal from bag to bag and
slide in home on your pantaloons, but finally
you will get a goose egg in the
kingdom to come. Aye, pound
on the pearly gates with your base ball bat,
if there is a shadow of a Sunday game on it
down to the eternal roast you go. Saint
Peter careth not whether you belong to the
Snapdragons or Whangdoodles; if you swing
the restive willow and pound the bags Sun-
day satpette will not save you. There goes
another long hit to left, and another howl
goes up from the assembled multitude of
dukes and loafers. Chase the ball; aye, leg
it until your ungodly heels beat a tattoo on
your coat-tails, but my word for it the devil
will never get away from your elbow. Old
Clocie is a base-runner and a ball-chaser
himself, and he will stay with you until his
own dominions freeze over and have to be
abandoned for an e-pond."

A HEART TO LET.

She had my heart—she rented it awhile;
A fair-haired, blue-eyed, gentle tenantee;
And, half in mischief, half in truth, in guile,
When she departed carried off the key.

And so I have a vacant heart "To Let;"
The sign is pasted up all over me;
And yet I can no worthy tenant get,
Because it's locked, and she has got the key.

Now hath my heart to me grown worthless quite;
No other tenant would I have save thee;
Forgive your landlord's accidental slight,
Come back, and you shall have it, dear, ren-
free.
—[Life.

"CONQUERED AT LAST."

A PRIZE POEM ON THE GRATITUDE OF THE
SOUTH FOR NORTHERN HELP.

Some time since the Mobile News offered a prize
for the poem which, by a Southern writer, should
be judged most meritorious, expressive of the grati-
tude which existed in the Southern heart towards
the people of the North for the philanthropy and ag-
nammy so freely and nobly displayed in the time
of the dire affliction of the South by pestilence.
This offer on the part of the News called forth
seventy-seven competitive compositions from
various parts of the country. The committee to
whom the manuscripts were submitted decided in
favor of the poem entitled "Conquered at Last,"
by Miss Maria L. Eve, of Augusta, Ga., which is
here given:

You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.
You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

So the mad wind blows in his might and main,
And the forests bend to his breath like grain,
Their heads in the dust and their branches broke,
But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?

You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing,
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.

We laid down our arms, we yielded our will;
But our heart of hearts was unconquered still.

"We are vanquished," we said, "but our wounds must
heal;
We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel.

"We are conquered," we said, but our hearts were sore,
And "woe to the conquered" on every door.
But the spoiler came and he would not spare,
The angel that walketh in darkness was there:—
He walked thro' the valley, walked thro' the street,
And he left the print of his fiery feet.

In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere,
And buried away with never a prayer.

From the desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part:—
You heard it, O brothers!—With never a measure
You opened your hearts, and poured out your treasure.

O! Sisters of Mercy, you gave above these!
For you helped, we know, on your bended knees.
Your pity was human, but oh! it was more,
When you shared our cross and our burden bore.

Your lives in your hands you stood by our side;
Your lives for our lives you laid down and died.

And no greater love hath a man to give
Than lay down his life that his friends may live.

You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine
That you brought to us from a Hand Divine.

You conquered us, brothers; our swords we gave;
We yield now our hearts,—they are all we have.

Our last ditch was there, and it held out long;
It is yours, O friends! and you'll find it strong.

Your love had a magic, diviner than art,
And "Conquered by Kindness" we'll write on our heart.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—You will probably please your
poetical readers by reprinting the inclosed verses
written for Decoration Day, June, 1886. I find
them in an old scrap-book filled with cuttings
from old newspapers of that date and several
preceding years. I have never seen them in any
collection of Southern war poems, and think
them worthy of preservation. I. I. O. J. M.

IN MEMORIAM.

Oh, Peace, thy coming feet
Upon the hills we greet.
White angel, we have sighed for thee so long!
What dost thou bring us now,
With thy serene brow,
And with thy glad and forgotten throng?

What healing o'er the land
Falls from thy gracious hand?
What good for all our ill doth thou allow?
Our hearts grew faint with pain;
We prayed for thee again—
Oh, come, sweet angel, with thy healing now!

Ceased is the fearful strife,
No more with murder rife
Upon our ears the roaring cannon smite;
No more with sick'ning fears
And with fast falling tears
Our women ask for tidings of the fight.

No more upon the field,
Against all mercy steeled,
Men rush and struggle with demoniac rage—
No more the wounded lie
Under the cold calm, sky
Praying that death may soon their pangs as-
suage.

No more the trampled corn,
Nor ruined walls forlorn,
Tell where the enemy's wild ranks have passed—
No more the cradled child
Is to the houseless wild
By its pale, trembling mother hurried fast.