

# THE WEEKLY

## A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Burtonides.

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### Literature.

#### THE EJECTED TENANT.

My father ploughed this old land—  
His sire for ages led before;  
His means he shared with bounteous hand,  
And always plenty laid in store;  
His barns teemed with the fruitful corn,  
His kine lowed o'er the pasture field,  
His cheerful song rose with the morn,  
His labor brought us tenfold yield.

There's every spot he loved so well,  
The haystacks, the upland's loam,  
The meadow bank, the little dell,  
That lies behind our cottage home;  
My mother too, I see her still,  
My footsteps watch with gentle care,  
Reprove against her utmost will,  
Or in my boyish pleasure share.

There's yonder meadow by the stream  
Where oft I roved in childish glee,  
And in its bright early bloom,  
I've climbed for nests the big oak tree;  
And when maturer years grew nigh,  
I went a wooing down the vale,  
And whispered love with fondest sigh,  
While mirth went round or starting tale.

Then famine stalked with fearful strides,  
And gnawed at stalwart manly hearts,  
And tore each loved one from our sides—  
'Tis madness that the thought imparts.  
I struggled with the demon wild,  
For things grew sadder day by day—  
I strived to mourn with weeping child,  
But one by one they pined away.

'Twere better thus a thousand fold,  
To die beneath the old roof-tree,  
Than perish in you ditch from cold.  
Where ruffians meet to drive me,  
A stranger will from henceforth sow  
And reap this rich and fertile soil,  
And in my own loved home below  
A stranger rots from day to day.

This sod from off my poor wife's grave  
I'll all on earth that I hold dear,  
While far across the Atlantic wave  
I'll shed my lonely bitter tear.  
'Tis thus thy heart, dear fatherland,  
Arefy of joy, of love and light,  
Made desolate by the spoiler's hand—  
The lust of gold his only right.

#### WOODED.

In leafy glades, the garden-walls  
Around the limes and plants were drawn—  
Round many a myrtle interspace,  
And cringing breath of summer lawn,  
High on the wild-sweet Tuscan urn,  
The peacock drooped; and far below  
Ranged many a terrace statue-dusk,  
And fringed with balustrades snow.

"I love," I said, she silent turned,  
Her thoughtful face passion-swept,  
While twenty shadows, faint and wild,  
Ran round the carvings of her mouth.  
I stole one hand across the seat,  
And touched her dainty, shining arm,  
Leant to her neck, and whispered through  
The tress that hid her small ears' charm.

The hot wind stirred the pleached grapes,  
And sifted half the fountain's froth;  
"And if I love, or dream I love,  
Sweet cousin mine, needst thou be wroth?"  
One moment trifling with her fan,  
She pressed the margin to her brows;  
"Love," she replied, "and peace and rest  
Dwell in your heart, and heart, and house."

"Wouldst see the picture I adore?"  
Through parted lips she answered "Yes,"  
Then, sweetly breathing, turned to me  
Her sweet face white with pain's excess.  
I drew the mirror from my breast,  
And placed it in her passive hand;  
"Look, cousin, look at her I love,  
The lightest bloom in the land."  
A faint blush bloomed on her cheek,  
Her low voice trembled through and through,  
She drooped her head—"Ah, cousin mine,  
God help her, for she loves you too!"

Then rising up, elosk-linked we paced  
Where the dais and plants decked the swarth;  
Nor heard the bells of Time, until  
The great stars wheeled across the north—  
Till half the palms leaped black in shade,  
And half the poplars grew pale,  
And woke, and of the passion-dew,  
The mellow-drooping nightingale.

Rich peace was mine, from hand and plant,  
To the faint splendor in the light,  
I fancy myriad voices sighed:  
"God bless her, for she loves you too!"  
But death comes oftener to the happy. Sarah tried to love  
her husband—she was certainly grateful to him for the elegant  
home in which he placed her, and the jewels he lavished with  
a willing hand to deck his young bride. But sometimes, when  
she stood in a gay and fashionable crowd, blushing with dis-  
tinction, and the envy of half the city, the memory of her country  
home would come up suddenly before her, and the words she  
had uttered on that eventful day seemed written in letters of  
fire wherever she turned her eyes. "A contented mind is a  
contented feast," her heart said within her as she remembered  
the words, and she saw the fulfilment she had made.

There were not wanting those among the throng of her  
acquaintances who would gladly have won the ear of the  
beautiful Mrs. Lovelace with their words of flattery. But, with  
all her faults, she was a good and virtuous woman. The lessons  
her parents had implanted in her young heart were not all  
lost, and she was true, in word and deed, to the husband who  
had learned to adore her.

A love so pure and true, and deep as his, could not fail, at  
last, to meet with its reward. By degrees she banished the  
image of her rejected lover from her mind, and devoted herself  
to her husband. He little guessed the secret of her fond in-  
clinations, little knew that she was so kind, so gentle, and so  
good, in presence for the sin who had commended in marriage  
him; but he fancied that she loved him, and the old man was  
happy.

Sickness came at last, and laid him prostrate upon his bed.  
Sarah felt a strange pang of remorse at the thought that he  
might die, and watched him night and day. All that the  
most faithful love could have prompted was done, but the old  
man's days were numbered. And they roused her from the  
deep sleep of utter weakness and exhaustion, into one night, to  
see him die.

She knelt beside him, and kissed him fondly. He laid his  
trembling hand upon her head with a terrible smile.  
"From the hour of our marriage," he said, speaking with great  
difficulty, "you have been my pride and joy. You have been a  
good wife, and you will have your reward. Perhaps I was too  
old, but that is all past now. Kiss me, my dear child."  
Her tears fell fast upon his pale face, as she bent to press  
her lips to his. She felt them growing cold, and sank down  
with her head lying upon his breast. Never had she felt so  
utterly alone as then. And as she gazed upon the closed eyes,  
and the happy smile that lingered around his lips, she thanked  
God in her heart that she had never known the truth. In that  
hour when her dear husband was far nearer to her heart  
than the living lover in all the flush of youth and passion had  
ever been.

A little thinner, a little paler, and more quiet in look and  
voice and manner, the young widow moved once more around  
the humble farm-house of her father. There her eyes in-  
sensibly were attracted to a young man, tall, thin, and  
dark, who had been seen in the village, and whose eyes, would  
meet her unobtrusively and humbly, were agreeably sur-  
prised to find her greeting them even more cordially than before.

letters. Her mother gave them to her, and watching her  
narrowly, saw that the young farmer's was read first.

It was a frank, honest, manly letter. The young man asked  
for her daughter as if she was the most precious thing on earth.  
It was evident how deeply and tenderly he loved her. His af-  
fection stamped itself in every line.

But the old man wooed the girl in a different strain. He  
said little of his love, but spoke so openly of the splendid city  
home made ready for his bride, of the diamonds she should wear,  
and the proud and aristocratic circle over which she should  
reign. The girl's cheek flushed, and her eyes sparkled as she  
read. The glow at her heart faded in the glitter of those  
new jewels, and she laid the letters back upon the table with  
an air that showed her mind was fully made up.

"Well, my daughter," said her mother gently,  
"Sally colored and hung down her head."  
"Mother, I like John Grant very much, but only as a friend,  
I think. I don't want to marry him."  
The old man started to his feet.

"What is it Sally that is speaking so? Is it my girl that  
has encouraged an honest fellow to love her, and now casts him  
off like a worthless thing, because an old dotard fool old enough  
to be her grandfather, offers her a piece of coloured glass?"  
Sally—

"Husband!"  
The gentle laid upon his arm, and the gentle eyes that  
met his own, quieted his rage. He sat down again and sighed  
heavily.

"Well, Sally, I have always said you should marry to please  
yourself, and I'll keep my word. Not another word will I say  
against it. But remember, as you make your choice, you must  
be in it; and mark my words, you will rue the day when you  
marry Simon Lovelace for his money. O, that I should see a  
daughter of mine—"

He checked himself, and rushed out of the room. He had  
taken an unwise course. The girl might have been won over  
by gentleness, but now all the pride of her nature rose up at  
her father's words. Her mother sought to look at her, and  
felt that all persuasions would be useless now.

"Sally, you little know what marriage is," she said at last,  
"I am afraid it is the gold and not the man you covet. Think  
for a moment. Can you love, honour and obey him?"  
The girl's proud lip curled scornfully.

"Can you bear to spend your whole life with him—to give  
him all your thoughts, all your love—can you be true to him,  
my child, and cling to him as well in adversity as prosperity?  
Think seriously."  
"Mother, I will try."

But the girl's face was averted, and her voice trembled. Mrs.  
Ainslie sighed, but the next moment her face brightened as she  
saw a gay, handsome young man leap the fence, as if disdaining  
the gate, and come up to the door.

"Here comes one who can, perhaps, do more towards chang-  
ing your resolution than I," she said. "I will leave you to talk  
to him."  
Sarah looked up as Mr. Grant left the room, and there upon  
the threshold stood John Grant, his fine face glowing with hope  
and pleasure.

"Oh, this is cruel!" she exclaimed. And springing to her  
feet, she would have left the room; but he stopped her.  
"Why, Sarah, how is this? It is asked playfully. You are  
not going to run away from me, just because I have spoken out  
plainly, as an honest man should, are you? It has been hard  
waiting for a year back, and you were so kind and gentle with  
me on last Sunday night, that I thought I must try my fate  
at once."

The young girl gazed at the recollection of that Sunday  
night, so full of innocent happiness.  
"Let me pass," she said coldly.  
"No, I will tell you what is the matter," he answered,  
"taking both her hands in his. She tried to free them, but he  
held them fast."

"It is because I was wronged, last night, when you stepped in  
the dance, to let old Simon Lovelace fix the rosette in your  
hair? Come, I will confess that I was wrong. I ought to have  
kissed you better. For me to be jealous of the old man, was  
perhaps rather ridiculous. But you shall never find me so again.  
Only say to me, I will be true, and I may kiss your hand in  
wedding day, if it likes, what, still silent? I tell you I will  
never care for him again!"

"Never!" she echoed, looking up in his face with a dreary  
smile, "and yet you have greater cause than ever, for I am  
going to marry him."  
The young man started back, as if he had got a blow. "Sarah,  
you are not to marry Mr. Lovelace!" she repeated.

There was no need of forcing her hands now; he dropped  
them of his own accord, and stood looking at her in silence.  
"And so you have been trifling with me for a year back," he  
exclaimed in bitter scorn. "Laughing in your sleeve at your  
promise, I have no doubt, and setting your trap for the wretched  
old miser. Woman, if I had not been so true to my word, truly,  
I could hate you as I would hate a fiend. Do you know  
what you have done? My misery will be your curse. I see  
with you in your splendid home, and everything you see or  
hear shall remind you of the man you have ruined. Here is  
your picture," he added, fiercely tearing it from his neck.

"Take it, and the golden chain with it, since you love gold so  
well. Or let it be there." He threw it upon the floor at her  
feet, and turned away.  
"May God forgive you," he said, as he turned at the door to  
take a last look at the fair face that had worked his ruin.  
"—May God forgive you, and pity me!"

She lifted the despised picture from the floor, and gazing at  
the smiling innocent face (so different from her's at that moment)  
and it in her bosom, and burst into tears. But when her mother  
entered, she was calm, and saying simply—  
"I shall marry Mr. Lovelace, mother," went to her own room.  
The marriage was a dreary one. The old farmer kept his  
word, and said nothing more against his daughter's choice, but  
she read violence in his clear blue eye. And when the vows  
were all spoken, and she turned away from her husband to hide  
her face upon her mother's breast and hear her low fond bless-  
ing, she wished with all her heart that she might die then,  
and be at rest.

But death comes oftener to the happy. Sarah tried to love  
her husband—she was certainly grateful to him for the elegant  
home in which he placed her, and the jewels he lavished with  
a willing hand to deck his young bride. But sometimes, when  
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had uttered on that eventful day seemed written in letters of  
fire wherever she turned her eyes. "A contented mind is a  
contented feast," her heart said within her as she remembered  
the words, and she saw the fulfilment she had made.

and looking so pale and interesting in simple mourning that they  
were away much more delighted with Mrs. Lovelace than they  
had ever been with Sally Ainslie.

The police were coming with his process. One told  
her kindly she had greeted her and how she had insisted on  
making her a present of a beautiful book which—another dis-  
played a set of corals, as a token of her liberality—a third  
waxed eloquent in her favor over a splendid annual, which had  
just been received—another went into ecstasies at the sight of  
a portfolio of new music, which was just what she had been  
longing for many a day. Then, one of the old families fur-  
niture of the cottage had not been thrown aside for any useless  
city trumpery; the old easy chairs and pine tables were in their  
places, and some chance visitor at the cottage had seen Mrs.  
Lovelace eating bread and milk out of the old-fashioned pewter  
porringer, with as much relish as if she had never seen her  
magnificent services of silver and Sevres china. If Sarah had  
tried her best to resume her old footing on her native place,  
she had accomplished all she wished.

But there was one person who listened to all these accounts  
of the pretty widow with a lowering brow. From the day of  
her marriage John Grant had never begun to speak her  
name. But neither had he been seen to pay any attention to  
another, though scores of pretty girls were ready and willing  
to be so flattered. He had been contented with his wife, and  
eagerly sought after on that account. But the efforts of all  
were in vain. He was always gallant and polite, but never  
tender—and the mere mention of Mrs. Lovelace's name would  
draw the blood from his cheek, and set his heart to beating,  
so loudly that he fancied it must be heard on every side of the  
room.

The wisecracks of the village wagged their heads and smiled  
knowingly at Mrs. Lovelace's return. Indeed one of them went  
so far as to pour out all these symptoms of unwelcome  
love to their fair object. But much to the good lady's astonish-  
ment, Sarah neither smiled nor blushed. She trembled a little  
—her cheeks grew pale, and she looked as if she were weeping.  
"I did not come down to be insulted with stories of—that  
man, Mrs. Smith," she cried, indignantly. "If you wish to  
keep my friendship—never mention his name to me again."

She hurried out of the room as she spoke, and left the news-  
monger to spread the story as she chose. As a matter of  
course, John Grant heard it before he was twenty-four hours  
older. He turned away with a careless laugh, but still the tale  
haunted him, and he found himself wondering a dozen times  
that day, as he followed the plough, what such strange agita-  
tion could mean. Could it be, after all, that Sarah remembered  
and loved him? His heart leaped within him at the thought  
it would go over there to-night and ask her, like a man, he  
said to himself, at sunset, as he drove his cattle slowly towards  
home. It is no use my trying to live this way. To see her  
every day in the street, or at the window of her room, and yet  
to say nothing, is too much for me to bear. If she will take  
me, I may yet be a happy man—if not, why the sooner I am off  
and far away from this village, the better!

Having come to this resolution, John Grant saw his cattle  
safely beyond the night, and went up to the room to dress  
for the evening interview. John was no city dandy. He was  
a simple, handsome, healthy, and robust young farmer; and yet,  
when he had donned his suit of black broadcloth and brushed  
his curly hair and flowing beard before the glass, I doubt if  
Broadway could show a finer specimen of manhood than he.

His dress was simple, and his hands were good and  
brown, but his hair, when he had brushed it, and his face, with  
its honest, fearless expression, was such a one as any one  
might admire and love. I am sure I should have done so.  
After one-half satisfied look at himself, John went down into  
the kitchen and took his seat at his mother's table. The table  
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With a beating heart he awaited her answer.  
Her face was turned away, but when he bent down and  
caught a glimpse of it, it was full of sunshine.

"Will you, Sarah?" he repeated.  
He caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately. To  
know that she was all his own, when he had so nearly lost her,  
was almost too much joy. But she shook back the dark hair  
from her face and laughed merrily as she stole from his arms.  
"John, I told you my wealth was mine no longer. But I  
have only made a mental transfer of it. It is all yours now?"  
"Sarah, have you not lost it?"

"She made him a graceful little courtesy."  
"No, sir, only that I have made it all over to you. Still, if  
it is likely to prove such a burthen to you, I presume I can  
find ways enough to get rid of it."  
"I shall not copy his answer. It might not sound so well  
upon your paper as it does here."  
But Sarah leaned her head against his breast, and looked  
around upon the beautiful scene with a smiling heart. It was  
the same on which she had gazed so discontentedly two years  
before.

"A contented mind is a continual feast," she murmured. "I  
could not understand it then—but now I think I feel the truth  
of these words, dear John."

THE CIVIL WAR IN THE STATES.  
FURTHER DETAILS AND INCIDENTS OF THE LATE  
BATTLE AT BALL'S BLUFF.

Before proceeding, let me say a word relative to the nature  
of the country around Ball's Ferry, and it may serve to  
explain the nature of the engagement. The Blue Ridge  
branches off towards Harper's Ferry, where the Potomac  
crosses it by way of an extraordinary spur of nature. The range  
of mountains extends into Maryland, and lines the horizon above  
the Potomac, terminating in steep bluffs, and occasionally in-  
dulging like Edward's Ferry. One of these bluffs rises on  
the Virginia side about Ball's Ferry. I shall take it to  
be about fifty or a hundred feet high. It is only approached by  
a single bridge path, which winds upward, and which can only  
be traversed with great caution. Our men could only ascend  
in single file, and even then with difficulty; and in many  
respects the landing appeared to be as perilous as Wolfe's  
celebrated ascent of the Heights of Abraham. In the middle  
of the Potomac, a rather shallow, or anything, to the Maryland  
side than the Virginia shore, is an island about a mile long, or  
perhaps less, and known as Heron's Island, and in width a  
furlong or two. In crossing, therefore, our troops had to debar  
on the island, and re-embark, before they could attain the other  
shore, which made the operation even more tedious than it  
would have been in an ordinary circum-stance.

The means of transportation consisted of two miserable flat-  
boats, capable of carrying thirty men each, and a metallic life-  
boat, carrying ten men. They were managed by inexperienced  
boatmen, who knew nothing of the river, and were compelled  
to pole their craft through the water. The current was very  
strong, and in some cases boat loads were swept down the river  
past the landing place. On reaching the island, they crossed  
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would have been in an ordinary circum-stance.

Climbing up the bluff, the rebels aimed in the line of  
battle, in a field some hundred yards in front of the main  
line. In the meantime, a company of Massachusetts 15th,  
which had been in the advance as skirmishers, came upon a  
party of rebels of the Eighth Virginia Regiment, who were in  
the field undergrowth. They fired, the rebels retreated, and  
the Massachusetts men, afraid they would give the alarm, con-  
tinued to advance, and were soon engaged in a close fight, and  
were taken to the Virginia shore in boats equally as weak-  
less as those which brought them from Maryland. Indeed, so  
slowly were the troops transported that it was far into the after-  
noon before the whole battalion reached Virginia. The bat-  
talion numbered in all about six hundred men. Adjutant  
Baker remained on the Maryland shore to superintend trans-  
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