









## Forgetting the Things Behind.

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which has come to him through them.

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of character, which have been devel-  
oped by what they have brought on,  
what they have taken away.

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consequence except as character has  
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 posed on anything which he has



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—Mr. Wm. K. Pittsbury has been notified by the commissioner of state pension judge Richard Johnson, that his application for a pension is on file and in good shape, and that there would be no trouble about his being given a pension. Mr. Pittsbury is a deserving confidence man, a veteran, and is entitled to recognition of the hands of the state.

December, 1897

national Law who have been cited.)

5. That a neutral is bound to use like diligence to prevent the construction of such a vessel. (See *Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870*; also

Forgetting the Things Behind.

There is a grace in forgetting as well as in remembering; there is a genius in knowing what to discard as well as what to keep; and both these are the invariable possessions of a successful and efficient life. No man of common sense can forget his sins; no man of judgment can forget his mistakes; but he does not carry them with him. What he does carry is the experience which has come to him through them—the strength, the wisdom, the grace of character, which have been developed by what they have brought or what they have taken away.

A man's real life is always before him; the past is only valuable for what he can learn from it. The days fade from all distinct recollection, because these artificial divisions of time are of no consequence except as character has grown or degenerated in them. A man's greatest achievement, once accomplished, begins immediately to recede, and becomes less and less in his eyes. No ~~really~~ great man has ever reposed on anything which he has done; there has always been the consciousness that he was greater than any expression he had given of himself, and that the real satisfaction and joy of his life lay, not in the work, but in the doing of it. One task succeeds another, one experience follows another, ~~in~~ enters succession; a man's work is never finally done, because his life is always expanding, and the time will never come when this law of progression will cease to operate. There can be no heaven which is not a heaven of development. It is a great waste of strength to make one's faults and blunders and sin impediments in the onward march. There is no virtue in continually bemoaning the misdoings of the past. Real repentance is not lamentation, but girding up the loins for the work of expiation. Let the dead old year bury its dead; leave behind the depressing memories of failure and defeat, while you carry their lessons in your heart. Your real life is not behind but before you; it is the new year, and not the old, which is your opportunity.

Washington's administration; also the Foreign Enlistment Acts of 1819 and 1870; also the Queen's Proclamation.)

April 19-1891.



work, and walks about on narrow foot ropes 150 feet above the deck, with the utmost disregard for the height above the deck or the pitching of the ship as she foams through the surging billows.

They are taught all the sailor's manual and the art of practical navigation. They handle the sails and ropes and skin up the masts and crawl out upon the yards just as other seamen do while working a ship at sea.

At 6:45 they must rise from their bunks on the gun deck and their breakfast is ready at 7:25. Then the work of the day begins and is kept up until 12:35, when they are ready for their seaman's dinner. At 5:35 comes supper, and at sundown, if the weather permits, they are required to assemble on the spar deck by the chaplain, and at 8 o'clock comes the first night watch.

The diet is plain, hard tack and "salt horse" being the principal articles of food, and the boys grow tough and stout on this sailor's fare. Sunday afternoons there are services by the chaplain, and this routine is kept up day after day during the three months of the cruise.

#### AN ENJOYABLE TRIP.

"We had a very good time," said Cadet Woodward, "and there was much to see and learn during the voyage. At Funchal we were allowed shore liberty on four occasions, and on one of those 15 of us procured horses and rode to the top of the Cran' Curral, which is the crater of an extinct volcano about 6,000 feet above the sea level.

"From the high altitude we had a sweeping view of the little group of islands and the sea around us. We had a fair look at the crest of Pico Ruivo, 6,050 feet high, the loftiest elevation on the island. The island is 30 miles long by 14 wide and the climate is very pleasant, the latitude being 38 degrees north and the temperature never going below 50 or above 80 degrees.

"On one occasion three men jumped their liberty and the police were advised to arrest them, a reward being offered for their apprehension. They were caught and imprisoned, but they escaped, and securing a shore boat set out for the ship. The police pursued in a boat, but the deserters held them at bay until one of our whale boats was sent after them and they were carried aboard ship.

"The dagoes were furious and ran up close to the ship, when some of the men in the forecabin heaved buckets of coal down on them and frightened them terribly. They demanded the reward, and rather than haggle with them the officers paid it.

"Returning we were thirty days at sea and passed several waterspouts that were in plain view, but not in our course. We encountered some rather rough

weather off Cape Hatteras, but arrived in port safe and sound.

#### STRICT DISCIPLINE.

"Our ship was commanded by Commander Edward White, with five officers of the watch, paymaster, paymaster's clerk, master of navigation, assistant navigators, chaplain and two doctors, with the other attaches of a ship such as the cooks and other employees. There was no sickness and no accident of a serious nature.

"The cadet draws a salary of \$500 a year, with \$9 per month commuted rations. Out of that salary he must dress himself neatly and must at all times have two uniforms, one for parade, and the other for ordinary occasions. The discipline is very rigid, but the officers are not harsh.

"The standing of a cadet when he graduates constitutes his rating in the regular service. The first in his class stands first in the line of promotion. Those of us of the class of '99 who go through successfully will be ensigns when we finally graduate in 1901. We will remain in that rank for about six years, and it will take from eighteen to twenty years for us to reach the position of lieutenant commander in the United States navy."

#### OTHER GEORGIA BOYS.

Cadet Woodward is in love with his work and has taken to the profession of seamanship with all the ardor that he was wont to enter upon the accomplishment of other tasks in his younger days. He gives a good account of other Georgia boys who are at Annapolis.

DuBose, of Georgia, is the second boy from this state to graduate first and has just carried off the honors of the class of '97, and is stationed for the present at the academy. Albert Hodgson, who graduated twenty years ago was the first to win that high honor.

Ellis, of Macon, is in the class of 1900; Roper, of LaGrange, a nephew of Senator Gordon, is in the class of '98; West, of Rome, is in the class of '99; Furse, of Savannah, is in the class of 1901, and is one of the handsomest men at the academy; Sheffield is in the class of '98, and Reynolds is in the class with Burt of Americus, class of '97, and both are away on their two years' cruise.

Cadet Woodward is accompanied by his friend Cadet Toon, who was left on the sick list at Funchal last year and sent from thence to England. He has a beautiful cane of the real teal wood which grows nowhere else in the world except in the Maderias. The tree reaches a height of fifty feet, but it is so scarce that it is only used for walking canes.

Their leaves of absence will expire September 3rd., at 7:30 p. m., and then will begin another year of hard work for the boys who are furnishing material for the officers of the new American navy.



## FAME WON ON THE FIELD.

### THE FIFTH GEORGIA REGIMENT AT CHICKAMAUGA.

A Scrap of History of That Field of Car-  
nage, Where Georgians Displayed  
Heroism Not Surpassed by the  
Warriors of Any Nation.

In the battle of Chickamauga, one of the bloodiest battles of the late war, fought on the 19th and 20th (Saturday and Sunday) of September, 1863, the Fifth Georgia went into the fight with about 300 men, and at the close of the second day's fight mustered at roll call on the morning of the 21st, only 100 men, a heavy loss.

The last day of the fight was Sunday, and the beautiful sunset of that autumn day rested upon the Confederate flag waving victorious over the whole field.

The Fifth Georgia regiment had the honor of taking part in carrying the last point held by the Federals that Sunday afternoon, a point which had been hotly contested by the enemy, during the whole of that day, and to show at that time the "utter demoralization" of the Federals, it is said that Generals McCook and Crittenden, of the Federal army rode into Chattanooga alone, unattended by a single member of their staffs, and their commands scattered to the four winds of heaven. On the night of the first day of the fight the woods took fire, and the cries of the wounded were dreadful to hear as the flames closed in upon them.

At sunset of the first day, the Fifth Georgia regiment had fallen back and taken position behind the brow of a small hill, and it was almost certain death for one to raise his head above the brow of the hill, as the sharp shooters of the enemy kept up an incessant firing in that direction. One poor fellow of Company B, (Griffin Light Guard) thoughtlessly raised his head above the brow of the hill, when a shot struck him in the forehead and he fell back a corpse. That ball whizzed in close proximity to your correspondent's head. So near did it pass that he felt the wind that the ball in its passage carried with it.

While the command was behind this hill, and about the closing hours of the day, the steady tramping of General Cleburne's men was heard advancing, and as these veterans passed us we gave them a shout of welcome, and in a few moments we too were up and advancing to the support of Cleburne's men.

Then came the "Fire of Hell" in those dark woods upon the banks of the Chickamauga, in Indian dialect, meaning "The River of Death." As the battle surged to and fro that fateful autumn night, the boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the shouts of the advancing Confederates and the cries of the wounded, made an impression upon the hearts and minds of all of those who were engaged in that night's bloody work that will last as long as life lasts. After having almost passed through the two day's fighting unhurt, your correspondent was slightly wounded at the close of the second day. On Sunday afternoon, the Fifth Georgia regiment that had been held in reserve up to that time, was ordered to the right to reinforce our line at that point, to make a last and final attack upon the Federals, who then held their last position upon the field. The fighting of "the Blue Coats" at this point was a terrific one, in defense of their last position, and Byron in his "Corsair" forcibly expressed the desperate energy of Chickamauga's bloody contest on the part of the Federals when he says:

Within a narrow ring compressed, be-  
set,  
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and strug-  
gle yet;  
And now they fight in foremost file no  
more,  
Hemmed in, cut off, cleft down and  
trampled o'er.

Well, as I write today, all these bloody scenes are over, and though we are proud to have once been Confederate soldiers, nevertheless, we are glad that white winged peace is again ours, and that "loyalty" to our reunited country's flag cannot be doubted.

Wm. K. Pillsbury.  
Fifth Georgia Regiment of Volunteers.  
Dawson, Ga., Sept. 7, 1897.

After all here  
I am, to-day, Sept.  
22, 1897 in my sick  
room enfeebled by  
advancing years and  
no doubt made to a  
certain extent so by the  
exposure & privation I  
went through as a Con-  
federate Soldier over  
30 years ago. I was  
young when on the field  
of Chickamauga I followed  
my flag to victory but  
I am old now, & if I  
only risen for Heaven, then  
all will be well. W.K. Pillsbury

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The erection of a Confederate monu-  
ment in Dawson is being agitated.

The members of the graduating class  
of the Dawson public schools have been  
in a state of expectancy as to who the  
honor pupils will be. Superintendent  
Homer Wright has announced Miss  
Carrie Bell as winner of the first hon-  
or. Mr. Guyton Parks, son of the Hon.  
James G. Parks, as winner of the sec-  
ond honor. The graduates will be Miss  
Carrie Bell, Mr. Guyton Parks, Misses  
Addie Jennings, Claude Lowrey, Allie  
McLendon.

The grand jury recommended that a  
dispensary be established in Dawson as  
well as in the villages of Parrott, Bron-  
wood and Sasser, all of them in this  
county.

### A Memory of Bishop Hedding.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage for many  
years the distinguished pastor of Fifth-avenue  
Baptist church, in New York City, in a  
sermon delivered at the Sea Cliff campmeeting  
August 28, 1872, in a passage referring to  
Bishop Hedding, said:

"The Bishup was attending a Conference at  
Schenectady, and was the guest of an old friend  
of mine, who lived next door to the church  
where the Conference met. On Sunday eve-  
ning he was too much exhausted to attend  
service in the extreme heat of the weather,  
and kept his room, from the window of which  
he could hear the sermon. After service Dr.  
Rawson, brother Beckley, and myself went up  
to his room to see if we could render him any  
service before retiring. We found him sitting  
in the dark, his face buried in his hands,  
and sobbing like his heart would break. With  
some alarm we asked him if he was sick or in  
trouble; his only reply was:

"No, no, my brethren, you can do nothing  
for me."

"His tears fell fast and his breast seemed to  
heave in its agitations more and more, until  
we became alarmed and excitedly asked:

"What is amiss, Bishop?"

"At last, he said:

"Dear brethren, I have been sitting here  
listening to that brother while he was preach-  
ing. I could hear every word, and I have been  
examining my poor old heart to see whether  
it loved the Lord Jesus as much now as when  
I was of your age, my boys."

"As he spoke his lips quivered and tears fell  
fast. I said:

"And what, Bishop is the result of the  
hour's investigation?"

"O, my child, the result is written in the  
Word. I can say with Peter: 'Thou knowest  
all things; thou knowest that I love thee!'"

"I would rather have such wealth as that  
than all the riches in the world."—Michigan  
Advocate.

### TO PERFORM ITS DU- TY.

leaders of the South have made  
of Mr. Gladstone,

Admissions of  
British Cabinet Min-  
isters.

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and fitted,  
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d. But it so happens that  
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Federals; and having no  
them on the high seas."—  
Affairs, April 26, 1861.  
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Majesty's Government for  
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vessels."—Treaty of Wash-

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al Secretary of State  
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of the United States.

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scape of a prisoner; and  
the escape, and that the  
speech in the House of



Second Annual Decoration

— OF —

Confederate \* Graves,

Saturday Afternoon, June 5th, 1897,

— AT —

CAMP CHASE,

Near COLUMBUS, OHIO.



COLUMBUS, OHIO, APRIL 23RD, 1897.

At Camp Chase there are buried over 2200 Confederate soldiers. From Virginia, 337; Kentucky, 158; Tennessee, 337; Alabama, 431; Texas, 22; Georgia, 265; South Carolina, 85; North Carolina, 82; Arkansas, 25; Mississippi, 202; Florida, 62; Maryland, 9; Missouri, 8; Louisiana, 52; and unknown, 125.

When Ex-President Hayes was Governor he ordered a Mr. Briggs, who was a farmer in the neighborhood, to clean it up and take care of the ground and he would pay him \$25.00 per year out of the contingent fund; that was done each year until the first Democratic Governor, which was Governor Bishop, was elected, and his adjutant general then ordered it stopped and would not allow it to be paid. Then the place became a wild waste again until Gov. J. B. Foraker (now United States Senator) became Governor. He then caused his adjutant general to correspond with the United States Government and explained to them the condition and the disgrace it was, and urged them to fix it up, and it resulted in an appropriation sufficient to build a substantial stone wall around the plat and an iron fence around the Confederate burial ground at Sandusky; since then nothing has been done with it.

Last spring Wm. H. Knauss, a Union soldier who was badly wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., associated with him Capt. W. B. Albright who fought through the war in the Confederate army, and some few other friends, and had a large arch built in the cemetery, and decorated the burial grounds with a couple thousand flags, and on the arch had inscribed "AMERICANS;" also had a profusion of flowers, hanging baskets of flowers etc., attached to the arch; and appropriate addresses were made by Northern and Southern gentlemen.

Mr. Knauss placed restrictions upon all speakers not to speak of Politics or any Society but to rise above all parties and be Americans etc. There was not an adverse criticism from any one of the large number that was there and the newspapers commended favorably upon the subject and gave much praise for the brotherly spirit manifested.

Mr. Knauss defrayed all the expenses. He has again called together a few respectable gentlemen to prepare for another service there this spring, hoping that it will terminate in an association to perpetuate a kind feeling, and also that there will be sufficient funds raised to point up the walls which surround this graveyard, if not enough to repair all this year, to do part this year and more next year.

Therefore it has been resolved that the subscribers hereto be a committee to ask the Confederate Camps to donate what in their judgment they can if it be but one dollar, or more if convenient, without taking from those depending on their charity.

The Committee will be pleased to receive remittances at an early day so they will know how to prepare for the occasion. The balance left from the decoration services will be spent in repairing the walls and grounds. We will make full reports to GEN. GEO. MOORMAN, ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS of proceedings, receipts and disbursements, also to the "Confederate Veteran" published at Nashville, Tenn., which Magazine No. 8 of August, 1896, contains illustrations of the burial grounds and part of the decoration taken some two weeks after the services were held last year.

It would also be appreciated if the near by Camps or friends would send flowers, as you will bear in mind that the Union decoration drains the gardens and markets of flowers in the neighborhood. All those sending flowers please prepay express charges.

Address WM. H. KNAUSS,

31½ N. High St.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

COMMITTEE:

Col. Wm. H. Knauss, Union Veteran.  
Capt. Wm. B. Albright, Confederate Veteran.  
Gen. E. J. Pocock, Union Veteran.  
Major A. J. Marlow, Confederate Veteran.  
J. H. Nolan, Union Citizen.  
Rev. Dr. T. J. Dickinson, Son of Confederate Capt.



Wesleyan U. Advocate

I spent two years in Dalton, a dry town. I saw only one drunken man. One of those prohibitory snakes in the grass, said there was more whiskey drank in Dalton under prohibition than when they had seven whiskey shops! I told him I would give him twelve hours, and if he would find a half gallon of whiskey in the town I would give him the whiskey and ten dollars. He nosed round. I met him the next day and asked him if he had found the whiskey. He claimed he was jesting.

I spent one year in Cartersville. I saw one drunk man and he came from Rome, a whiskey depot. I spent four years in Athens. I saw only one drunken man and the jail was without an occupant the most of the time. When I was in Cartersville there were still some of the hypocrites who claimed to be prohibitionists. They said there was more whiskey expressed in jugs than when they had grog shops. I went myself to the express office and examined the books and they did not express a gallon a week to Cartersville.

If the people drink more under prohibition, why do the whiskey makers and venders so violently oppose prohibition? The whiskey issue is financially, morally, and socially greater than all the other issues now before the country. Let the friends of God and humanity drop all side issues in party politics until this great evil, and curse is driven from the State. Send only reliable men to the Legislature. Leave for the present all the small fry at home, and send men of character to settle the question. Three-fourths of all the better classes, in fact all the better class want prohibition. If all the pulpits and churches in Georgia would show to the devil and whiskey men that they were in dead earnest, the whiskey men would lay down their jugs, without firing a single prohibition gun. The men who make, sell, and drink whiskey in their reason and conscience are against it.

Vote for a true man. This is not a party, political issue, but an issue for God and our common humanity. It is an issue to quarantine against those pest houses of death and hell. S. P. RICHARDSON.

maintained on hand in the South when the blockade began 2,750,000 bales—a little more than half the total quantity supply, or so much of it as could be properly picked together with what remained from the previous year, have in the winter and spring of 1861-'62. The quantity act to July or August, 1862, was reckoned not to exceed 5 which, but not the whole, went to England."—Bernard page 286.

OUR HEROIC DEAD.

A king once said of a prince struck down: "Taller he seems in death!" And this speech holds true, for now as then. 'Tis after death that we measure men. And as mists of the past are rolled away. Our heroes, who died in their tattered gray. Grow taller and greater in all their parts 'Till they fill our minds as they fill our hearts. And for those who lament there is this belief: That glory sits by the side of grief." —J. BARRON HOPE.

"Know How" Pays.

The engine of a great factory suddenly stopped and would not go. One and another worked at it for hours. Hundreds of men were standing idle. At last a man came, and he said: "I will fix it in five minutes." He took a few rods of iron, and he was gone. The engine started again. The man who had fixed it was called "Know How." He was paid a large sum of money. He was a "Know How" man. He was a "Know How" man. He was a "Know How" man.

LET US GIVE THANKS.

Bessie Chandler, in the Housewife. Yes, there are gloomy days of dark repining That sadly flits along on leaden wing. And yet somewhere, the sun is always shining, And every winter surely ends in spring. Yes, there is pain and suffering heart-rending. And pitiful old age grown faint and gray. But young lives come to crown the old lives' ending— Think of the children in the world to-day. Yes, there is war. God waits a little longer Ere he will all this jarring strife subdue; But human life to-day was never stronger, And human hearts were never half so true. Yes, in each life there will be bitter sorrow, But 'tis not long—this space of mortal breath; There waits for each of us a grand to-morrow, There waits for each the kindly night of death. A world where sunbeams dance and birds are singing, Where violets never fail to come in May, Where little children's voices sweet are ringing, Where love shines steadfast on the darkest way! A world where dear life meets us, full of gladness, And guides our steps o'er easy paths and steep; And where her smile has faded into sadness, Dear Death soothes every weary heart to sleep. Beyond our sight the angels are rejoicing, They stand around the throne in shining ranks; Oh, let us join the song that saints are voicing, He is our Father—let us, too, give thanks!

as much as a man  
but weather. I want  
so much with heat as  
these hard pavements, brick walls  
and crowded houses, are reflecting  
the heat. Make it insufferable to man  
and beast. Many have been  
This morning I saw a poor mule,  
working in an ice wagon, broken down  
and had to be released. Men are  
here and there, and work is being  
pounded on account of the heat.



Only part of a letter from Rev. Dr.  
J. H. Burges to Trinity Church,  
Savannah, Ga., to me.  
Wm. Pillsbury

Savannah Ga. July 31<sup>st</sup> 1866.

My dear Bro. Pillsbury!

Your letter came to me yesterday;  
the living age last week and we receive  
the London News regularly. For all of them  
it promises of richness you are clear  
and hardly receive my sincere thanks.  
I wish I could see you; talk with you;  
hear you laugh and catch the emphasis  
you place upon your honest convictions.  
The honest man is the noblest work of  
God. Such an one has his blessing in  
this world, and though I am Christ,  
will receive his commendation in  
the life to come. You stand I think of  
you and all of you, in London! I  
wish I could hear the London congregation  
down here in Trinity Church. What a  
thrice we would have! Every Sunday,  
twice a day, through this hot weather  
& proceed to these people. Our congregation

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which, but not the whole, went to England."—Bernar  
page 286.

A king on  
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# Yourself.

[Lucy Hayes-MacQueen, in the Journal of Education.]

IF YOU are a true teacher, your earnest desire is to see your pupils grow strong and wise, and loving and good. They will imitate you. What are you, yourself?

That little boy Jack, from Poverty Lane, with the pinched face and eager eyes,—what is he to you?

You have heard the old story of the poet, how he said, "I get my inspiration in my garden;" and when a would-be poet asked to see this garden, the wise man led him to a narrow back yard in a crowded city, where a few struggling plants bloomed palely, how the would-be poet looked in ill-disguised contempt at "the garden"; and how the poet, looking reverently upward at God's blue heaven, said: "You see my garden is not very wide nor very long, but, ah! it is wonderfully high."

So little Jack should be your inspiration. He is only a dot, but he is wonderfully capable of becoming noble and high through yourself.

First of all, how is your heart toward Jack? I know teachers who pride themselves on "just hating children." I know "successful teachers" who neither feel love for Jack nor wish for his love in return. They say: "I will not be a hypocrite. I will teach him well, and discipline him severely, and thus fulfil my duty. I hate maudlin sentimentality."

If you feel this way, if your heart does not go out to Jack in love and divine pity, become anything that is honest, but do not be a teacher.

Your heart being right, study yourself for Jack's sake. . . . Be strong and cheery, and full of human interest to him, so that he will not be afraid to laugh, and cry, perhaps, before you. Do not talk of him, but to him. Go to his home, and invite him to yours. You wish him to be neat. Dress as well as you can, and choose pretty colors, for children love them. Arrange your hair becomingly. . . .

You want Jack to be good. Are you trying to be? You want Jack to be loving. How do you treat your parents and your brothers and sisters? Are you anxious to do them kindnesses, and do you speak tender words at home?

Jack is looking at you yourself, reading you, weighing you. He sees your deficiencies, but he sees also your virtues; for the sake of those, he will make up his mind to be noble, and when he has once made up his mind to be so, you have accomplished as much as the noblest poet or artist or genius, for you have inspired a soul.

<sup>5</sup> Whiting to Seward, 10th December, 1861, Vol. VI, page 44.

<sup>6</sup> Heyliger to Benjamin, 27th December, 1861, Vol. VI, page 55.

<sup>7</sup> Benjamin to Maffitt, 27th January, 1862, Vol. VI, page 57.

AS A NEUTRAL.

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, the agent of the insurgents at "an active and accomplished whether in the disposal of the ments;" and that "the articles reference to everything else, are

7 days after was transferred to Steamer Gladiator, Commander Federate States." He remained and representative of the insur-

and fitted out in England under 24, 1861, between <sup>What was done at Nassau.</sup>esty, and Mr. Caleb

ement was to enable her to sail by the insurgents. She was to s, and was "to proceed to a port intermediate port." No con-on was made in England.<sup>4</sup> She 10th of December, 1861.<sup>5</sup>

ted States vessel of war came his vessel would not leave, and slower than the man-of-war, to the British authorities that e trade" which the insurgents thought "some step should be that he is infringing on the Richmond and added, "I have re not been without their effect, discussed at a meeting of the ve that in the course of a week ess the captain of the enemy's ence will be preferable to his ntinued, "in obtaining a very sting laws, viz: the privilege of \*That modification was all that privilege converted the port of not be blockaded by the naval ay of the United States vessels States ask the Tribunal to find e British authorities at Nassau, ents, and freighted with articles age, and to transship its cargo ry by distress, was a violation

an officer in the service of the mandated the Florida,) was sent n insurgent vessel,<sup>7</sup> (although January, 1862, a portion of the

<sup>3</sup> 1861, Vol. VI, page 51.

<sup>2</sup>

me small. So among people among and  
-there at home show the church in  
account of the heat. Mr. Williams and  
his family are out of the city. They are  
in Western North Carolina not far  
from Asheville. This is his first vac-  
ation since he came to Savannah.  
I shall stick to my church until con-  
venience and so the best I can pro-  
vide & keep well. To preach on Sunday  
and look after the sick with you are  
as much as a man ought to do. This  
hot weather. I have never suffered  
so much with heat as this summer.  
These hard pavements, brick walls  
and crowded houses, are reflecting  
the heat, make it insupportable to man  
and beast. Many have been over-  
come. This morning I sent a poor man,  
working in an ice wagon, broken down  
and well to be released. Men feeling  
here and there, and work is being sus-  
pended on account of the heat.