

Choice Poetry.

RICHMOND ON THE JAMES.

BY ANNA MARIE WELBY.

[The following beautiful lines are worthy of their author, one of the finest and most accomplished poetesses in the Union. They were written in July 1862 for the Cincinnati Enquirer. We reproduce them at the request of a friend.]

A soldier-boy from Bourbon, lay gasping
On the field,
When the battle's shock was over, and the
foe was forced to yield,
He fell, a youthful hero, before the foe-
man's aims,
On the blood-red field near Richmond—near
Richmond on the James.

But one still stood beside him, his comrade
in the fray;
They had been friends together, through
boyhood's happy day,
And, side by side, had struggled on fields of
blood and flames,
To part that eve near Richmond—near
Richmond on the James.

He said, "I charge thee, comrade, the friend
in days of yore,
Of the far, far distant dear ones that I shall
see no more,
Though scarce my lips can whisper their
dear and well known names,
To bear to them my blessing from Rich-
mond on the James.

"Bear my good sword to my brother, and
the badge upon my breast
To the young and gentle sister that I used
to love the best;
But one lock from my forehead give my
mother still that dreams
Of her soldier-boy near Richmond—near
Richmond on the James.

"Oh, I would that mother's arms were fold-
ed round me now!
That her gentle hands could linger one mo-
ment on my brow;
But I know that she is praying, where our
blessed hearth-light gleams,
For her soldier's safe return from Rich-
mond on the James.

"And on my heart, dear comrade, close lay
these nut-brown braids,
Of one who was the fairest of all our vil-
lage maids:
We were to have been wedded, but Death
the bridegroom claims,
And she is far, that loves me, from Rich-
mond on the James.

"Oh! does the pale face haunt her, dear
friend, that looks on thee?
Or is she laughing, singing in careless, girl-
ish glee?
It may be she is joyous, and loves but joy-
ous themes,
Nor dreams her lover lies bleeding near
Richmond on the James.

"And though I know, dear comrade, thou'lt
miss me for awhile,
When their faces—all that love me—again
on thee shall smile;
Again thou'lt be the foremost in all their
youthful games,
But I shall lie near Richmond—near Rich-
mond on the James."

And far from all that loved him that youth-
ful soldier sleeps,
Unknown among the thousands of those
his country weeps;
But no higher heart, nor braver, than his,
at sunset's beams,
Was laid that eve near Richmond—near
Richmond on the James.

The land is filled with mourning, from hall
and cot left lone,
We miss the well-known faces that used to
greet our own,
And long poor wives and mothers shall
weep, and titted dames,
To hear the name of Richmond—of Rich-
mond on the James.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

If I could, my little lady, I would give to thee,
The fairest, rarest, brightest, of gifts on land or sea,
I would search the wide world over for treasures rich
and rare,

And give thee, for a Christmas gift, my little lady
fair.

If I could, I'd weave the sunshine into a golden
crown,

And at thy dainty feet I would lay my offering down,
I would deck thy brow with jewels, rich gems to flash
and shine,

And sparkle like those merry, bewildering eyes of
thine.

The earth is full of treasures, the world is glad and
wide;

But the dearest place to me, oh, maiden sweet, is at
thy side.

I ask no brighter sunshine beneath the azure skies,
Than the tender smile of welcome within thy dear
blue eyes.

I have no gift to offer, except a loyal heart;
A love which loves thee only, tho' near thee or apart!

Will thou accept my offering, this Christmas gift of
mine?

Then I'll take my Christmas gift from those rosy lips
of thine.

MARY D. BRINE.

Reminiscences of the Late Gen. Breckinridge.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

When the news of the evacuation of Richmond and the capitulation of the remnant of Lee's army at Appomattox Court-house reached Gen. Breckinridge's headquarters, it was determined in a council of war, at which Gen. Joseph E. Johnston presided, that any further resistance to the overwhelming forces of the Federal armies would be a useless effusion of blood on the part of the Confederates, who were already circumvented by the enemy and suffering for food. It was at this period, about the middle of April, 1865, that Gen. Breckinridge, after a perilous ride of over a thousand miles on horseback, evading the Federal cavalry in his fight through North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida, at last succeeded in reaching the mouth of the St. John's river, where he was joined by Colonel Wilson of the Florida cavalry, J. Taylor Wood ex-commander of the Confederate privateer Tallahassee, and Captain O'Toole, all of whom, together with his body-servant, a negro boy, volunteered to accompany him to Cuba. Securing a small boat of only one ton to burden, and but eighteen feet in length—the only means of transportation at their command—these voluntary exiles bravely launched their little craft on the treacherous waters of the Gulf of Mexico. After eight days of adventure and alternate calm and storm, during which their supply of water and provisions gave out, they were at length hailed off Salt Key, on the north west coast of Cuba, by a brig bound from Cardenas to New York. Passing themselves off as fishermen from Florida, they procured some supplies and proceeded on their way, and on the 11th of June, 1865, the party reached the port of Cardenas, in the island of Cuba, without a nautical instrument to guide them over the trackless waters in that frail fishing boat. The party was hospitably received by the Spanish Governor of the place (Colonel Bardaji), to whom General Breckinridge presented his sword and the arms of the party. These were immediately returned, and the hospitalities of the city tendered them. The party remained two days at Cardenas, during which a dinner and serenade were given to General B. by a few American sympathizers residing at the place. A special train was placed at their disposal, and accompanied by the writer and a guard of honor deputized by the Governor, the party proceeded to Havana. When the train reached Regla, on the opposite side of the bay, a large number of people were at the depot, anxious to catch a glimpse of the famous *general confederado*. The ferryboat that took us across the bay was never known to carry so many passengers as she did on that occasion. The tall, soldierly figure of General B., clad in his battle-worn uniform of gray, towered above the crowd as he stood on the bow of the boat gazing at the magnificent spectacle presented by the thousands of ships of all nationalities, among which were the Confederate ram Stonewall and other smaller craft still floating the stars and bars. A wealthy Cuban planter, an acquaintance of the writer, extended a most cordial invitation to the General to make his headquarters with him while in Havana. Many other pressing invitations of a similar character were extended, but General B. courteously declined to accept any demonstrations, either publicly or privately. After stopping about a week at the Hotel Cuvano, he proceeded to Montreal to visit two of his children, who were at school there. From there he went to Europe, and returned to Kentucky in 1867, where he lived quietly and unostentatiously until death closed his honorable career on the 17th of May, 1875.

Not a very great many years ago an old gentleman in Kentucky was met by a friend who said: "Well, Colonel, you dined with the Governor yesterday; who was there?" "Well, sir," replied the Colonel, throwing back his head, digging his hands deep in his trousers pockets and spreading wide his legs, "there was me, sir, and beside myself there were four other high-toned, elegant gentlemen from Kentucky, a gentleman from Virginia, two men from Ohio, a fellow from New York and a son of a gun from Boston, sir. Will you take a drink, sir?"—[World]

LEE.

BY HENRY T. STANTON.

We saw the fragile maiden, May,
Trip down the paths of morning,
And queen July in central day,
Her flower throne adorning,
And weeping trees in sombre lines
Took up an anthem murmur,
When August, with her trailing vines,
Went out the gates of Summer.

Now Yellow husks are on the grain,
And leaves are brown and sober,
And sun-down clouds have caught again
The flush of ripe October;
We hear the woody hill-tops croon,
The airy maize-blades whisper,
The year is in its afternoon,
And leaf-bells sing the vesper.

What is it gives this gloaming song
Its melancholy feature?
What is it makes our souls prolong
This monotone of nature?
What fearful grief is in our hearts—
What swaying under-reason?
What sorrow real now imparts
Its spirits to the season?

The crisping leaves may shoal the ways,
The sun turn down the heavens—
Still all the years have fading days,
And all the days have evens,
Enough—whatever else there be—
That in this autumn weather,
The verdure of the world and LEE
Have silent fled together.

So prone are men where'er they move
To tread the ways of evil,
They seldom hold their kind above
A common grade and level;
But LEE, beside his fellow-man,
Stood, over all, a giant—
The higher type—the perfect plan—
God-fearing—reliant.

A giant not alone in fields,
Where bent the sanguine Reaper
Where death throw o'er his harvest-yields
An autumn crimson deeper,
But with an iron strength of will
He sought his life to fashion—
He held his ruder pulses still,
And closed the gates of passion.

There have been men, whose mighty deeds
On cold historic pages,
Along the reaching ages,
Whose statues stand like sentinels,
On whited shafts and bases,
Whose ashes rest in marble cells,
And sepulchres and vases.

But he who in this autumn time
Was lost beyond the river,
Has found a glory-path to climb,
Forever and forever!
And monumental marble here,
With deeds of honor graven,
What can it be to one so near
The inner gates of Heaven?

By still Potomac's margin dun,
Where shrilly calls the plover,
Where lean the heights of Arlington
Its glassing waters over,
No autumn voices haunt the moles,
No breezy covert ripples,
No longer whirl the leaves in shoals
Beneath the stately maples.

Some vandal's axe has shorn the crest—
The woody slopes are shaved—
No longer builds the dove her nest,
Where mournful croaks the raven;
But down the Southland's fruity plain
The leaves are all a-quiver,
And there his memory shall reign
Forever and forever!

The Lawyer's Trade.

A day or two ago, when a young man entered a Detroit lawyer's office to study law, the petitioner sat down beside him and said:

"Now, see here, I have no time to fool away, and if you don't pan out well I won't keep you here thirty days. Do you want to make a good lawyer?"

"Yes, sir."
"Well, now, listen. Be polite to old people, because they have cash. Be good to the boys, because they are growing up to a cash basis. Work in with reporters and get puffs. Go to church for the sake of example. Don't fool any time away on poetry, and don't even look at a girl until you can plead a case. If you can follow these instructions you will succeed. If you cannot, go and learn to be a doctor and kill your best friends."—[Detroit]