

Though Bandoline surely excels all pomade,  
The Southern supply couldn't run the blockade;  
At first it *did* bring an exorbitant sum,  
And then contrabandoline straight did become.

## IV.

As Linda was practising "Norma," one day,  
Her father came in in his usual way;  
And having first spat on the carpeted floor,  
Went on to address her as never before:

CHORUS.— Showing conclusively why this tender parent had  
never done so before:

On Southern plantations when money is flush  
Paternal affection comes out with a gush:  
But when, as in the war times, the cash is *non est*,  
The Father is lost in the planter distressed.

## V.

"My daughter, my Linda," he tenderly said,  
"Your mother for several years has been dead;  
But not until now could I muster the strength  
To tell you what all must have found out at length."

CHORUS.— Casually demonstrating how it must really have  
been found out at length:

The Dixian feminines, true to their sex,  
To each other's precedents pay their respects;  
And if there's a secret in any girl's life,  
They're bound to disclose it before she's a wife.

## VI.

"That you are my child, it were vain to deny;  
But who was your mother? There, darling, don't cry.  
The truth must be told, though it harrows me sore,  
Your ma was an Octoroon slave, — nothing more."

CHORUS.— Analytical of morals in the sunny South, and touch-  
ingly illustrative of the Institution affected by the  
Emancipation Proclamation:

Your slave is your property, therefore 'tis clear  
The child of your slave is your chattel fore'er;  
Though you the child's father may happen to be,  
That child is a slave, — otherwise, prop-er-ty.

## VII.

"I've bred you, my darling, as ladies are bred,  
You've got more outside than inside of your head;  
But now, that your pa can no longer afford  
A daughter to keep, you must go by the board."

CHORUS.— Concerning the manner of going by the board gen-  
erally adopted in the land of Chivalry:

The planter on finding his funds getting low,  
Right straight to an auctioneer's shambles doth go;  
And "Find me a ready-cash buyer," says he,  
"To take his own pick out of my fam-i-ly."

## VIII.

Miss Linda sprang up with a look of dismay:  
"You surely don't mean, dear papa, what you say?"  
Then spake the stern parent, nowise looking blue,  
But smiling, in fact: "Well, I reckon I do."

CHORUS.— Calculated to account for the complacency of the  
tender parent on this trying occasion:

Now what, after all, is a sale to the chit?  
Some gallant may buy her and love her a bit;  
One half of the women in marriages sought  
Are simply and plainly and formally bought.

## IX.

"Dear father," said Linda, "step out for a while,  
I'll think the thing over, and merit your smile;  
For if what I'd bring would relieve you the least,  
I'll bring it myself, though I'm sold like a beast."

CHORUS.— Tending to deprecate any imputation on the maiden's  
refinement that might follow her use of that last  
expression:

The culture of woman, as known in the South,  
Tends greatly to widen and quicken the mouth;  
And if a fair Southerner's language is coarse,  
'Tis because nothing finer her style would endorse.

## X.

The parent went out, and he stayed for an hour,  
Having taken some punch and a Hennessey — sour;  
And when he came back, 'twas his daughter he found  
Slain by her own scissors, and dead on the ground.

CHORUS. — Suggesting facts to the coroner's jury, and clearing  
up all mystery as to the lamentable suicide:

Since scissors for ripping out stitches are made,  
A girl in extremity finds them an aid;  
She's only to open them fairly and wide,  
And give them a cut at the stitch in her side.

## XI.

Beside the dead body a billet displayed,  
Said, "See, dearest father, the mischief you've made;  
I couldn't survive to be sold; for you know,  
I'd far rather die than a sell-ibate go."

CHORUS. — Commenting genially on the idiosyncrasy of female  
character evidenced in this revelation:

All over the world it is plain to espy  
That woman a husband has e'er in her eye;  
And if no fine fellow her husband can be,  
She'll even take up with a *felo de se!*

## XII.

The neighbors came in. "What a pity!" said they,  
"To lose such a daughter, and in such a way."  
"My daughter be hanged!" said the parent sublime, —  
"It's one thousand dollars I'm euchred this time!"

CHORUS. — Deducing a beautiful and useful moral from this  
burst of paternal agony:

My dear fellow-citizens, lay it to heart:  
Who'd sell a young woman must work it up smart:  
Or else, like the planter, whose story I've told,  
He'll only go selling to find himself sold.

When I had finished singing, Captain Samyule Sa-mith  
exhibited a small manuscript, and says he:

"The noise having ceased, I will proceed to read a  
small moral tale, written by a young woman which lives  
in Boston, and is destined to become an eddycator of man-  
kind. The fiction is called

"MR. SMITH.\*

"The first of April. You know the day. A point of  
time, an unit of twenty-four hours, with a night on each  
side of it, and the sun laid on top to keep it in its place.  
You have undoubtedly passed the day in New England at  
some period of your miserable life. You have felt your  
coarse nature repulsed, too, when some weary and desolate  
little child has dreamily pinned a bit of paper to the hind-  
ermost verge of the garment men call a coat, and then  
called the attention of passers-by to your appearance.  
You have despised that little, weary, hollow-eyed child for  
it. Beware how you strike that child; for I tell you that  
the child is the germ of the thing they call man. The  
germ will develop; it will grow broadly and largely into  
the full entity of Manhood. In striking the present Child  
you strike the future Man. Ponder this thought well.  
Let it fester in your bosom.

"John Smith sat at his table, in the lowest depths of a

\*The idea that this moral and exciting tale appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is scornfully repelled by the Editor of this work.

dreamy coal-mine, and helped himself to some more pork and beans. I know not what there was way down in the black recesses of the man's hidden soul to make him want so much pork and beans. I look into my heart to find an answer to the question, but no answer comes. Providence does not reveal all things to us. Is it not well it should be so?

"He was a hard, iron-looking, adamantine man. His eyes were glowing furnaces for the crucibles of thought. You felt that he saw you when he looked at you. His nose was like a red gothic tower built amidst broken angles of sullied snow, and his mouth was the cellar of that tower. His hair was of the sort that resists a comb. You have seen the same sort on the heads of men of great thought. It is the tangled bush in which the goat of Thought loses itself.

"John Smith hiccupped, as he helped himself to some more pork and beans. He did not notice that the foot which he had semi-consciously placed on a pale, sickly child, was beginning to move. But it did move, and there crawled from under it the shape of a diseased dwarf of womanhood. This timid, pallid thing, uplifted itself to its bleeding feet, and nestled to the side of John Smith.

"'Y'oe hae been separated by unspeaking space from dis humble leetle place for some hours longer that zis boosom could uncomplainingly indure, — y'oe have.'

"The child meant to say, in its coarse, brutal, unlettered way, that the man had been absent too long.

"John Smith helped himself to some more pork and beans. He was a man, you know, and could not answer without deep thought. He took his knife and wiped it

thoughtfully upon her head, and then sawed off a sickly yellow curl. When he placed that curl on the same plate with the pork and beans, its coils seemed like those of some golden snake.

"'Girletta,' he said, with the ring of iron in his tones, 'why is it that the beasts never want to marry? God made them as He made us; yet they never ask priests to make them slaves to each other.'

"The sickly little waif cringed closer to that inscrutable great heart which underlaid a soul of eternal questioning. She shuddered like a wounded hog, but could not answer. An inward fever was devouring her.

"The man took some more pork and beans. 'Girletta,' he said, almost fiercely, 'the beasts teach me a lesson; but I will not, dare not, SHALL not heed it. I want a home; my heart demands some one to work for me; to support me. I am weary of labor, and want some one to labor and toil and suffer for me, and do my washing. I love you. Have me.'

"The atom of womanhood contorted her diseased features into the pale twist of agony, and her bosom heaved with stormy wavings, like the side of a tortured and choking brute. Falling to the ground, she writhed, and struggled, and kicked convulsively, as though seized with some inward pang. Then she rose slowly to her shattered little feet, and drew an old cupboard to the middle of the wretched cave and beat her head against it.

"It was the child's first taste of that great mystery of perfect love which woman is doomed to share with the thing called Man.

"'Yo' air indulging in secret cachinnation, at the expense of my sair heart.'

"The child meant that he was laughing at her.

"John Smith helped himself to some more pork and beans, and sat back in his stern, dark chair. What were his thoughts as he looked down on that miniature fragment of womanly humanity? Perhaps he thought that there might be angels way up in heaven just like her. Bright seraphs, with ruby eyes, and silver wings, and golden harps, and just such pale, haggard, gaunt, sunken, bleared little faces.

"'Girletta,' he said, 'I hereby make thee mine. Take some of these pork and beans.'

"She fell upon his bosom.

"There let us leave them. Do you think they were any less happy, because they were way down in a dreamy, rayless coal-mine, where men work their souls away to give others warmth? If you think so, you have never felt what true love is. Your degraded and starless nature has never had one true soul to lean upon. When you lean upon a soul, you see everything through that soul, which gives its own hue to everything. Man's love is a pane in his bosom, and through that pane the eyes of woman look forth to see the new world. The medium is the ultimatum. God gives us love that we may live more cheaply and happily together than if we were separate. A bread-pudding is richer where there are two hearts, than plum-pudding is to one alone. The world will learn this yet, and then the lion will lie down with the lamb, and even you will be less depraved. The First of April found John Smith unmarried, but it left him nearly wedded. Let us think of this when the spring birds sing again. It will make us more human, more charitable, and fitter to be blest."

As Samyule finished reading this excellent religious tale, my boy, I stole from the tent to meditate in silence upon the terrible revelation of human nature. Are there not dozens of Smiths in this world, — ay, even John Smiths? I should think so, my boy, — I should think so.

On Friday morning, I went to Accomac, to attend the funeral of a young chap who had finished with delirium tremens, and was deeply affected by the funeral sermon of the Mackerel Chaplain, who had kindly volunteered for the occasion.

Having shaken hands with the parents of deceased, the worthy man commenced the service.

He said that man was born to die. He had known a number of men to die, and believed that death was every man's lot. If our dear brother here could speak, he would say that it was his lot. What was death, after all, but an edict of liberty? Death was the event that set us free, and freedom was a priceless blessing. Political demagogues pretended to believe that certain men should be the slaves of other men, because their skins were a little darker than the others. What a bright argument was this! If dark skins disentitled men to freedom, he (the speaker) could point out more than one Democrat who certainly ought to be a slave. (Great laughter.) Freedom was plainly the condition Providence intended for all men, without regard to color, no matter what Tammany Hall might say to the contrary. It was because we had permitted a violation of this condition in the cases of four millions of fellow-beings, that this terrible war had come upon us. We could only conquer by declaring the slaves, now and forever, FREE! (Tumultuous and enthusiastic applause.)

It was the duty of every loyal man to see that this principle was carried out, even as they were about to carry their departed brother out: though it must not be inferred that he meant it should be carried out on *beer*. (Great laughter.) When we had once settled this matter at home, we could afford to say to John Bull and Louis Napoleon: "Interfere if you dare. We are ready for you both." [Male parent of the deceased — "Why don't you go and fight yourself?"] That gentleman who spoke then, is as bad as the patient who said to the doctor who was recommending some wholesome medicine to him: "Why don't you take it yourself, if it's good?" (Great laughter and applause.) But he would detain them no longer, or the papers would say that he had talked politics.

At the conclusion of this discourse, my boy, the male parent of the deceased offered the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an inscrutable and all-wise Providence to free our departed brother from the bonds of life; and

WHEREAS, Freedom is the normal condition of all mankind: therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we will vote for no man who is not in favor of Universal Liberty, without respect to color.

Passed, unanimously.

Politics, my boy, are, in themselves, a distinct system of life and death; and when we say that a man is politically dead, we mean that even his en-graving is forgotten; and that the brick which he carries in his hat is a species of head-stone.

Yours, post obit,  
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

## LETTER LXXXI.

SHOWING HOW A MINION OF TYRANNY WAS TERRIBLY PUNISHED FOR INTERFERING WITH THE CONSERVATIVE WOMEN OF AMERICA; AND DESCRIBING THE KENTUCKY CHAP'S REMARKABLE SKIRMISH WITH HIS THANKSGIVING DINNER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 7th, 1868.

As I make it a practice to pay all my honest debts, my boy, and have never flagellated a person of African descent, I could not properly come under the head of "Chivalry" in an American dictionary, though I might possibly come under its feet in the "Union-as-it-Was;" yet I have that in my nature which revolts at the thought of a war against women, and am sufficiently chivalrous to defend any cause whose effects are crinoline. The bell-shaped structure called Woman, my boy, was created expressly to conquer unresisting adversaries; to win engagements without receiving a blow, and to do pretty much as she pleases, by pleasing pretty much as she does. She is a harmless creation of herself, my boy; and to war directly against her because she may chance to influence her male friends to war against us, is about as sensible as it would be to execrate our hatter because a gust of wind blows our new beaver into the mud. If the hatter had not made the hat, the wind could not have blown it off, and if God had not made women, she could not encourage the well-known Southern Confederacy against us; but