

mindful of his own wound, the venerable sea-dog hastily grasped at the pole, and says he: "Ah, now, what do you want to do that for, Mr. Davis? What's the use of pushing my turret overboard?"

He said this so mildly that the Confederacy burst into a prodigious horse-laugh, and drew in his pole again.

"As no possible good could be attained by taking Fort Piano, the indomitable old Rear Admiral at once returned with the squadron to his original anchorage; having gained all that was required, and proved his iron-clad monster to be fully qualified for actual service. Everything is now ready for the anticipated conquest of Duck Lake."

I give you the above in quotation marks, my boy, because it is the official report as it appears in all the reliable morning journals, and clearly and satisfactorily explains everything. The first of April is close at hand.

Yours, fortuitously,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XC.

GIVING A DEEP INSIGHT OF WOMAN'S NATURE; PRESENTING A POWERFUL POEM OF THE HEART BY ONE OF THE INTELLECTUAL FEMALES OF AMERICA; AND REPORTING THE SIGNAL DISCOMFITURE OF MR. P. GREENE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 5th, 1868.

WOMAN'S heart, my boy, in its days of youthful immaturity and vegetable development, may be felicitously likened unto a delicate cabbage, with an invisible worm feeding upon its sensitive petals. To the eye of the ordinary and unfeeling observer, the cabbage is in perfect health, and its intense greenness is thoughtlessly accepted as a sure indication of an unravaged system. Man, proud man, with all his boasted human wisdom, would smile incredulously, if told that the tender vegetable — the magnified and nervous white rose, as it were — had beneath all its seeming verdancy, an insatiable and remorseless worm gnawing at its hidden core. Man, I say, would thus wallow in his miserable ignorance, and persist in his disgusting blindness. But mark that dainty little figure coming up the garden-walk, my boy. It does not walk erect, like boastful Man, does not spit tobacco-juice like haughty Man; and as it approaches nearer, we perceive that it is a hot-house Pig. Ay, my lord: I say to you, in all your glory of human understanding and trifling degree of snobbishness, it is a Pig. Yes, madam: I remark to you, in your jewels, and

laces, and absurd new bonnet, — it is only a Pig. *Only a Pig! O-O-ONLY a Pig!* And why should we say “only” a Pig; as though a Pig were so *very* inferior to proud Man? We all accord to the awful and unfathomable German Mind a preternatural gift of philosophy, so far above the contemptibly-limited thing we call human understanding that no man can ever understand a word of it; and how does that German Mind express itself when it desires to describe the Vast, the Extensive, and the Somewhat Large? Why, it simply observes “Das is von ‘Pig’ thing.” And is not this unaffected remark sufficient, my boy, to raise the wrongfully despised Pig to the dignity of an adjective, at least? But look once more at the hot-house Pig in question, as he stoops thoughtfully to the cabbage which derisive Man has esteemed perfectly sound. He pushes it once with his nose; he raises his eyes, blinking in the glorious sunshine; his tail vibrates a moment; a solemn wink, — a grunt of deep reflection, — and he *turns to another cabbage!*

Yes! this despised little roasting-pig, this unconsidered Flower, as it were, has surpassed all the vaunted wisdom of stuck-up Man, and discovered the worm at the core of the sensitive cabbage!

Woman’s heart, my boy, in its days of youthful immaturity and vegetable development, is a metaphorical Cabbage with a figurative worm at its palpitating core. That worm is a passionate yearning for TRUE SYMPATHY. Heartless but wealthy Man comes along, and says: “This Cabbage is in perfect health, and I will Husband it.” He *does* Husband it my boy, and what is the consequence? Not knowing anything about the existence of the worm,

he cannot, of course, furnish that TRUE SYMPATHY which is necessary to end its horrible gnawings; and so the worm keeps feeding until the Cabbage Heart becomes a mere shell, when the least zephyr will break it. How different the result had that Heart been — or, that is to say, how changed would the case have been had she — or, in other words, what an opposite spectacle might we — or, rather she — if he — if she —

Really, my boy, I am all in a cold perspiration; for I find that I must have made some dreadful mistake in my argument. Hem! There really *must* be some strange mistake in it, my boy; for I cannot follow it out without making it scandalously appear, that a man, to really understand a Woman’s Heart, must be something of a Pig. This conclusion would be very insulting to the women of America, and there certainly must be some mistake about it.

What led me into this philosophical vein of analytical thought was a touching poem of the home affections, which was sent to me for perusal on Monday by one of the intellectual Young Women of America. It is one of those revelations of Woman’s inner-self which move us to tearful compassion for a sex doomed to be the victim of man’s selfishness and its own too-great sensibilities. The terrible picture of woe is called

“WOMAN’S HEART.*

“BY SAIRA NEVERMAIR.

“We went to the world-loved Ball last night, —
Claude and I, in our robes of gold;

* The measure of this striking poem is Owenmeredithyrambic.

He in a coat as black as jet,
And I in the jewels I wore of old.

"Diamonds covered my head in pounds,
Seventy large ones lit my neck, —
Over my skirts they burned in quarts,
Counting in all a goodly peck.

"Hopped the canary 'neath the wires, —
Spoke the canary not a word;
When to my heart the chill has struck,
How can I sing? — can any bird?

"We were together, Claude and I,
Bonded together as man and wife;
Little I thought, as I uttered my vows,
What was the real Ideal of life.

"He is my Husband to love and obey, —
Those were the words of the priest, I think. —
He is to purchase the clothes I wear,
Order my victuals and order my drink!

"Well, it is well if it must be so:
Woman the slave and man the lord;
She the scissors to cut the threads
After the darning, and he the sword.

"Was it for this I played my cards,
Tuned the piano's tender din,
Cherished a delicate health, and ate
Pickles and pencils to make me thin?

"Better it were to be born a serf,
Holding a soul by a master's lease;
Better than learning Society's law,
Gaining a Husband and forfeiting peace.

"Mortimer sighs as he sees me dance,
Percy is sad as he passes by,

Herbert turns pallid beneath my glance;
All of them married — and so am I.

"Well, if the world must have it so,
Woman can only stand and endure;
Ever the grossness of all that is gross
Rises the tyrant of all that is pure.

"Marriage, they say, is a sacred thing;
So is the fetter that yields a smart.
Give *one* crumb to the starving wretch,
And give *one* Object to Woman's Heart.

"Claude, they tell me, should own my love;
Well, I have loved him nearly a week;
Looking at one man longer than that
Grows to be tiresome — so to speak.

"What if he calls me Angel wife;
Angels are not for the One to win;
Yet is my passionate love like theirs, —
Theirs is a love taking all men in.

"Hops the canary 'neath the wires,
Speaks the canary not a word;
When to my heart the chill has struck,
How can I sing? — can any bird?"

Let us mingle our tears, my boy, in a gruel of compassion, as we conjointly reflect upon this affecting revelation of Woman's Heart.

On Thursday last, my architectural steed, the gothic Pegasus, conveyed me once more, by easy stages, to the outskirts of Paris, where I found the aged and respectable Mackerel Brigade cleaning their spectacles and writing

their epitaphs preparatory to that celebrated advance upon the well-known Southern Confederacy which is frequently mentioned in ancient history. The Grim Old Fighting Cox, my boy, has rashly determined, that the unfavorable weather shall not detain our national troops another single year, and there is at last a prospect that our grandchildren may read a full and authentic report of the capture of Richmond in the reliable morning journals of their time. And here let me say to the grandchild Orpheus: "Be sure, my boy, that you do not permit your pardonable exultation at the triumph of your country's arms, to make you too severe upon the conquered foes of the Republic." I put in this little piece of advice to posterity, my boy, because I desire to have posterity unanimous.

I was conversing affably with a few official Mackerels about several mutual friends of ours, who had been born, were married, and had expired of decrepitude during the celebrated national sieges of Vicksburg and Charleston, when a civilian chap named Mr. P. Greene came into camp from New York, with the intention of proceeding immediately to the ruins of Richmond. He was a chap of much spreading dignity, my boy, with a carpet-bag, an umbrella, and a walking-cane.

"Having read," says he, "in all the excellent morning journals, that Richmond is being hastily evacuated by the starving Confederacy, I have determined to precede the military in that direction. Possibly," says he, impressively, "I may be able to find a suitable place in the deserted city for the residence of my family during the summer."

Captain Villiam Brown listened attentively, and says he :

"Is your intelligence official, or founded on fact?"

The civilian chap drew himself up with much dignity, and says he :

"I find it in all the morning journals."

Certainly this was conclusive, my boy ; and yet our supine military men were willing to let this unadorned civilian chap be the first to enter the evacuated capital of the stricken Confederacy. Facing toward that ill-fated place, he moved off, his carpet-bag in his left hand, his umbrella in his right, and his cane under one arm, a perfect impersonation of the spirit of American Progress. By slow and dignified degrees he grew smaller in the distance, until finally he was out of sight.

It was some six hours after this, my boy, that we were conversing as before, when there suddenly appeared, coming toward us from the direction of the capital of the Confederacy, the figure of a man running. Rapidly it drew nearer, when I discovered it to be Mr. P. Greene, in a horrible condition of dishevelment, his umbrella, cane, and carpet-bag gone, his hair standing on end, his coat-tails projective in the breeze, and his lower limbs making the best time on record. Onward he came, like the wind, and before we could stop him, he had gone by us, dashed frantically through the camp, and was tearing along like mad toward Washington.

"Ah!" says Villiam, philosophically, "he derived his information from the daily prints of the United States of America, and has seen the elephant. The moral," says

William, placidly, "is very obvious, — put not your trust in print, sirs."

If it be indeed true, that there is "more pleasure in anticipation than in reality," the war-news we find in our excellent morning journals should give us more pleasure than one poor pen can express.

Yours, credulously,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

LETTER XCI.

CONTAINING THE VENERABLE GAMMON'S REPORT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH THE WAR HAS CONDUCTED ITSELF UP TO THIS TIME; AND THE MOST SURPRISING EPITAPH OF A VICTIM OF STRATEGY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 12th, 1863.

DEPRESSED, my boy, by that low-spirited sense of reverence for shirt-collared Old Age, which is a part of my credulous nature, I proceed to record that the Venerable Gammon has once more torn himself from idolatrous Mugville to beam venerably upon all the capital the nation has left; and as I mark how fatly he waves continual benediction to the attached populace, I am impressed anew with the conviction of the serious mental magnitude of large-sized Old Age. It was on Monday that a delegation of anxious civilian chaps grovelled around this aged idol of a mournful nation; and as soon as the awe-stricken spokesman of the party had crawled within speaking distance of the Venerable Gammon, he sniffed deferentially, and says he:

"Sire, we desire to know how soon we may expect an honorable peace to end the present war, which it is perpetual bloodshed."

The Venerable Gammon placidly placed his beneficent right hand between his patriarchal ruffles, and says he:

"My friends, this war is like a great struggle between