

gloom of the present his prophetic spirit caught the distant sunshine of a righteous peace, to which the war was a necessary and painful introduction. Let us all remember those eloquent words of lofty cheer with which, standing in his place, bronzed in the summer weather, his fatigue uniform travel-stained and dusty from camp and field, the warrior-statesman closed his reply to the sneering cavils of the fallen angel of Kentucky—and let them end this sketch of him whose memory may safely be confided to the jealous keeping of impartial fame: "There will be some graves reeking with blood, watered by the tears of affection; there will be some privation; there will be some loss of luxury; there will be somewhat more need for labor to procure the necessities of life. When that is said, all is said. If we have the country, the whole country, the Union, the Constitution, free government—with these will return all the blessings of well-ordered civilization; the path of the country will be a career of greatness and glory such as, in the olden time, our fathers saw in the dim visions of years yet to come; and such as would have been ours to-day if it had not been for the treason for which the Senator too often seeks to apologize."

BLUE YARN STOCKINGS.

"WHAT have you there, Katie?" asked a young man, in the familiar tone of an intimate acquaintance, touching, as he spoke, a small bundle resting on Miss Katie's arm.

"Guess." A smile, sweet but serious, went rippling for an instant about her lips, and then faded off. Her calm eyes, clear and strong, looked steadily into her companion's face. They had met, casually, and were standing on the street.

"Zephyr?" And he pushed his fingers into the bundle.

"No."

"I give it up."

"Blue yarn."

"What!" There was a lifting of the eyebrows, and a half-amused expression about the young man's mouth.

"Blue yarn and knitting-needles." Katie's voice was firm. She did not shrink from the covert satire that lurked in his tone and manner.

"No!"

"Yes."

They gazed steadily at each other for some moments, and then the young man gave way to a brief fit of laughter.

"Blue yarn and knitting-needles! Ha! ha! Soldiers' stockings, of course."

"Of course." There was no smile on Katie's face, no playful light in her eyes, but a deepening shadow. The levity shown by her friend was in such contrariety to the state of mind in which she happened to be, that it hurt instead of amusing her—hurt, because he was more than a common acquaintance.

From the beginning of our troubles Katie Maxwell's heart had been in them. Her father was a man of the true stamp; loyal to his country, clear-seeing in regard to the issues at stake, brave and self-sacrificing. He had dispensed liberally of his means in the outfit of men for the war; and more than this, had given two sons, yet of tender age, to the defense of his country. Katie was living, therefore, in the very atmosphere of patriotism. She drank in with every breath the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice. "What can I do?" was the question oftenest on her lips; and when the call came for our women to supply stockings for the soldiers in time for the approaching winter campaign, she was among the first of those who responded. It was only on the morning of this day that the Quarter-master-General's appeal had gone forth, and already she had supplied herself with blue yarn and knitting-needles.

"I didn't believe you were such a little—"

The young man had uttered so much of his reply to Katie's "Of course," when she lifted her hand with a sudden impulse and said, almost sternly,

"Take care, George!"

"Take care! Of what?" He affected to be still amused.

"Take care how you trifle with things that should be held out of the region of trifling."

"Soldiers' blue yarn stockings, for instance! Ha! ha!"

"Laugh if you will, but bear in mind one thing."

"What?"

"That I am in no laughing mood." Her clear strong eyes rested firmly in his, with something of rebuke in their expression.

"Tut, tut, Katie! don't look at me so seriously. But indeed I can't help laughing. You knitting blue yarn stockings! Well, it is funny."

"Good-morning, George." She was turning away.

"Good-morning, Katie," was answered lightly. "I'll call around this evening to see how the stockings are coming on."

When Katie Maxwell left home an hour before her step was light and her countenance glowing with the heart's enthusiasm. But she walked slowly now, with her eyes cast down, and a veil of unquiet thought shadowing her countenance. This interview with one in whom her heart was deeply interested had ruffled the surface of her smoothly-gliding thoughts. The cause of her country, and the needs of those who were offering their lives in its defense, were things so full of sober reality in her regard, that the light words of George Mason had jarred her feelings, and not only jarred them, but awakened doubts and questionings of the most painful character.

Katie Maxwell sat down alone in her own room, with hands crossed on her lap and eyes fixed in thought. She had tossed the small bundle of yarn upon the bed, and laid aside her bonnet and cloak. Now she was looking certain

new questions which had come up right in the face. Was there in the heart of George Mason a true loyalty to his country? That was one of the questions. It had never presented itself in distinct form until now. He was in good health, strong, and of manly presence. No imperative cause held him at home. During the summer he had visited Niagara, taken a trip down the St. Lawrence, enjoyed the White Mountains, and, in a general way, managed to take a good share of pleasure to himself. The state of the times never seemed to trouble him. It would all come out right in the end, he did not hesitate to affirm; but not a hand did he lift in defense of his country, not a sacrifice did he make for her safety. And yet he criticised sharply official acts and army movements, sneered at Generals, and condemned as weak or venal patriotic men in high places, who were giving not only their noblest efforts but their very lives to the cause. All this; yet were his hands held back from the work.

Occasionally these things had pressed themselves on the mind of Katie Maxwell, but she had put them aside as unwelcome. Now they were before her in stern relief.

"He is not against his country. He is no traitor! He is sound in principle." Such were the thought-answers given to the accusing thoughts that shaped themselves in her mind.

"If for his country, why, in this time of peril, does he sit with folded hands?" was replied. "Is he afraid to look danger in the face? to endure suffering? If he loved his country he would, self-forgetting, spring to her defense, as hundreds of thousands of true-hearted men are doing!"

Moved by this strong thought-utterance, Katie arose, and stood with her slight form drawn to its full erectness, her hands clenched and her eyes flashing.

"And, not enough that he holds off, like a coward or an ease-loving imbecile; he must assail with covert sneers the acts of those who would minister to the wants of men whose brave acts shame him! Loyal to his country! Is that loyalty? Do such things help or harm? Do friends hurt and hinder? Sound in principle! I am afraid not. By their fruits ye shall know them. Where are his fruits?"

Katie stood for a little while, quivering under strong excitement. Then, sitting down, she crouched as one whose thoughts were pressing back upon the mind like heavy burdens. There was a dull sense of pain at her heart. George Mason had been dear to her. But the shadow of a cloud had fallen upon the beauty of her idol. It had been gathering like a thin, almost viewless vapor for some time past; and now, compacting itself almost in an instant, it was dark enough to hide the sunlight.

Gradually the brave, true-hearted girl—for she was brave and true-hearted—rose into the clearer atmosphere from which she had fallen. The pain left her heart, though a pressure as of a weight lay still on her bosom. The smile that

played about her lip as she joined the family circle, not long afterward, was more fleeting than usual; but no one remarked the soberer cast of her countenance as it died away. Her skein of blue yarn was speedily wound into a ball, the requisite number of stitches cast on to her needles, and then away went her busy fingers—not busier than her thoughts.

"What's the matter, Katie?" The unusual silence of her daughter had attracted Mrs. Maxwell's attention, and she had been, unnoted by Katie, examining her face. The maiden started at the question, and colored just a little as she glanced up at her mother.

"You look sober."

"Do I?" Katie forced herself to smile.

"Yes."

"Perhaps I feel so." Then, after a pause, she added, "I don't think this kind of work very favorable to high spirits. I can't help thinking of Frank and Willy. Poor boys! Are they not soldiers?"

"Dear, brave boys!" said the mother, with feeling. "Yes, they are soldiers—true soldiers, I trust."

"But what a change for them, mother! Home life and camp life—could any thing be more different?"

"Life's highest enjoyment is in the mind, Katie. They are doing their duty, and that consciousness will more than compensate for loss of ease and bodily comfort. How cheerfully and bravely they write home to us! No complainings—no looking back—no coward fears! What a thrill went over me as I came to the closing words of Willy's last letter: 'For God and my country first; and next for you, my darling mother!' And the words thrill me over and over again, as I think of them, with a new and deep emotion."

Katie turned her face a little farther away from her mother, and bent a little lower over her knitting. Often had the contrast between the spirit of her brothers—boys still—and that of George Mason presented itself; now it stood out before her in sharp relief. As she sat, working in silence—for she did not respond to her mother's last remark—her thought went back in review. She combed over well-remembered sentiments which Mason had uttered in her presence, and saw in them a lukewarmness, if not a downright indifference to the great issues at stake, felt before—now perceived distinctly. Her father talked of scarcely any thing but the state of the country; George found many themes of interest outside of this absorbing question, and when he did converse on matters of public concern it was with so little of earnestness and comprehensive intelligence that she always experienced a feeling of dissatisfaction.

The light tone of ridicule with which he had treated Katie's declaration that she was going to knit stockings for the soldiers hurt her at the time, for her mind was in a glow of earnest enthusiasm, and the pain that followed quickened all her perceptions. The incident pushed

young Mason back from the very near position in which he had for some time stood, and gave Katie an opportunity to look at him with less embarrassment and a more discriminating inspection. Before, there had been a strong sphere of attraction when she thought of him; now, she was sensible of a counteracting repulsion. Language that seemed to mean little when spoken, remembered now, had marked significance.

It was observed by both Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell that Katie was unusually absent-minded at tea-time. Mr. Maxwell talked about national affairs, as was his custom, and Katie listened attentively, as was her wont. Among other things, he said:

"In love of country—which involves an unselfish regard for the good of all in the country—every virtue is included. The man who is not a true patriot can not be a good citizen nor a true Christian; for love of country is that vessel in the natural mind down into which flows a love of God's kingdom; and he who loves and seeks to establish that which is highest as God's universal kingdom in the earth, helps to establish all that is lowest. In times like these, when our national existence is threatened by a force of giant magnitude and intense purpose—when all that we hold dear as a people is threatened with destruction—there must be, in any man who can look on quietly and take his ease; who can be lukewarm, or put even straws as hindrances in the way of any patriotic end, however humbly exhibited, a leaven of selfishness so vital with its own mean life that it will pervade the whole character, and give its quality to every action. I hold such men—and they are all around us—at a distance. I mark them as born of base elements. I do not mean to trust them in the future. If I were a maiden, and had a lover, and if that lover were not for his country—outspoken and outacting, full of ardor and among the first to spring to her defense—I would turn from him. The man who is not true to his country—and the indifferent are not true—will be false to all other obligations in the hour of trial. Trust no man who is not ready, in this hour, to his utmost."

Katie listened, and her soul was fired. She drank in fully of her father's spirit. That evening, as she sat knitting alone in the parlor, she heard the bell ring, and knew by the sound whose hand had pulled the wire. Her fingers grew unsteady, and she began to drop stitches. So she let the stocking upon which she was at work fall into her lap. She sat very still now, her heart beating strongly. The heavy tread of George Mason was in the hall. Then the door opened, and the young man entered. She did not rise. In fact, so strong was her inward disturbance that she felt the necessity for remaining as externally quiet as possible, in order to keep from betraying her actual state of mind.

"Good-evening," said Mason, almost gayly, as he stepped into the room. Then pausing suddenly, and lifting both hands in mock surprise, he exclaimed,

"Blue yarn and soldiers' stockings! Oh, Katie Maxwell!"

Katie did not move nor reply. Her heart was fluttering when he came in, but in an instant it regained an even beat. There was more in his tones even than in his words. The clear, strong eyes were on his face.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, gayly, now advancing until he had come within a few feet of the maiden. Then she rose and moved back a pace or two, with a strange, cold dignity of manner that surprised her visitor.

"What a good actress you would make!" he said, still speaking lightly, for he did not think her in earnest. "A Goddess of Liberty! Here is my cane; raise your stocking, and the representation will be perfect."

"I am not acting, George."

She spoke with an air of severity that sobered him.

"You are not?"

"No; I cautioned you this morning about trifling with things which should be held out of the region of trifling," she answered, steadily. "If you are not sufficiently inspired with love of country to lift an arm in her defense, don't, I pray you, hinder, with light words even, the feeble service that a weak woman's hands may render. I am not a man, and can not, therefore, fight for liberty and good government; but what I am able to do I am doing from a state of mind that is hurt by levity. I am in earnest; if you are not, it is time that you looked down into your heart and made some effort to understand its springs of action. You are of man's estate, you are in good health, you are not trammelled by any legal or social hindrances. Why, then, are you not in the field, George Mason? I have asked myself a hundred times since morning this question, and can reach no satisfactory answer."

Katie Maxwell stood before the young man like one inspired, her eyes flashing, her face in a glow, her lips firmly set but arched, her slender form drawn up to its full height, almost imperiously.

"In the field!" he said, in astonishment, and not without confusion of manner.

"Yes, in the field! In arms for your country!"

He shrugged his shoulders with an affected indifference that was mingled with something of contempt, saying blindly—for he did not give himself space to reflect—

"I've no particular fancy for salt pork, hard tack, and Minie bullets."

"Nor I for cowards!" exclaimed Katie, borne away by her feelings; and she pointed sternly to the door.

The young man went out. As he shut the door she sunk into the chair from which she had arisen, weak and quivering. The blue yarn stocking did not grow under her hand that night; but her fingers moved with unwearying diligence through all the next day, and a soldier's sock, thick, and soft, and warm, was laid beside her

father's plate when he came to the evening meal. Very sweet to her were the approving sentences that fell from his lips, and they had balm in them for the pain which had wrought at her heart for many hours.

Only a day or two the pain lasted. Then it died out; and even as it died there were whispers on the air touching George Mason that, as they came to her ears, impelled her to say, "Thank God that he is nothing to me!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes upon the 8th of November. The most important event of the month is the departure of the great naval and military expedition for the South. The vessels having been collected in Hampton Roads, set out on the morning of the 29th of October. The expedition comprised 84 vessels of all classes, of which 18 were steam gun-boats, 23 steam transports, and 32 sailing vessels. The military force embarked is estimated at 20,000 men, made up mainly of the choicest regiments from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Michigan. This force is under the command of General Thomas W. Sherman; and the naval force under Captain Samuel F. Dupont. The destination of the expedition was not divulged. Before any intelligence was received of the fleet, after its departure, a violent tempest sprung up, which increased in force as it passed northward. Two or three vessels belonging to the fleet returned, more or less disabled, bringing accounts of severe storms. For a week serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the expedition. But on the 4th of November news was brought to Hampton Roads by one of the blockading vessels, that she had passed the fleet on the night of the 2d; that the storm, which appears to have been comparatively light toward the south, had passed, and that the expedition was within 30 miles of Bull's Bay, which lies about 23 miles northeast from Charleston; and that this commodious port was apparently the destination of the expedition. Port Royal Harbor, 50 miles south of Charleston and 35 miles north of Savannah, and Brunswick, Georgia, about 50 miles south of Savannah, have also been conjectured to be the destination of the expedition. These are all excellent harbors. It is surmised by many that all are to be occupied. At the time when our Record closes no account of the landing of troops at any point has been received, and our intelligence only renders it probable that the expedition has received no serious damage from the storm.

The National forces have experienced a severe check on the Upper Potomac. On the 20th of October General Stone, who commands the army of observation posted on the Maryland side, determined upon a reconnoissance in force of the position and numbers of the enemy near Leesburg. The troops sent over for this purpose soon found themselves in presence of a superior force. Colonel Baker, Senator from Oregon, commander of the "California Regiment," so called out of compliment to him, though composed mainly of volunteers from Pennsylvania, was ordered on the 21st to cross the river to support the reconnoitring party. The means of transport were deficient, and totally inadequate to afford facilities for retreat in case of being overpowered. The reinforcements under Colonel Baker consisted of a part of two Massachusetts regiments, the 15th and the 20th; the New York Tammany regiment, and a part of the California Regiment, numbering in all

about 1900 men. The fighting was kept up the whole day, the enemy being continually reinforced, until their numbers greatly exceeded ours. Baker was killed while encouraging his men to hold their ground. A fierce struggle ensued over his body; but his men succeeded in carrying it from the field; it was taken to Washington, whence it will be conveyed to his home in California. Our troops were pressed back to the river by the force of numbers. There were no sufficient means of crossing. Many plunged into the stream and were drowned. Many more were taken prisoners. We had about 1900 men, all told, in this battle; of these about 200 were killed, nearly as many wounded, and according to the Southern account 529 were taken prisoners—a total loss of more than 900 men. In a preceding part of this Magazine will be found a biographical sketch of Colonel Baker. This disastrous engagement will be known as the battle of Ball's Bluffs. The Confederate loss is stated by themselves at about 300 killed and wounded.

Several skirmishes have occurred during the month in various quarters, of which the following are the chief: On the 16th of October a party of the Confederates appeared at Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry, and began cannonading the National forces across the river. Three companies from the 3d Wisconsin Regiment then crossed, charged upon the enemy, captured a cannon, and fell back to the river. Here they were reinforced by companies from the 28th Pennsylvania, under Colonel Geary, and made a renewed charge, driving the enemy back with great loss, the attacking party suffering but slightly. —In Kentucky, on the 21st of October, General Zollicoffer attacked the National forces at Camp Wild Cat, with vastly superior forces, but was beaten off with great loss. —On the same day, at Fredericktown, Missouri, 5000 Confederates, under Generals Jeff Thompson and Lowe, were attacked by 2500 National troops under Colonel Plummer, and completely routed. —In Western Virginia, General Kelley, who commanded at Philippi, attacked the enemy at Romney, on the 25th of October, and after a sharp action of two hours, routed them, taking their camp equipage, cannon, and many prisoners, with but trifling loss on his part. —On the morning of the 9th an attack was made upon the camp on Santa Rosa Island, near Fort Pickens, occupied by about 200 of Wilson's Zouaves. The enemy, 1800 strong, embarked at Pensacola Navy-yard, and in the darkness succeeded in reaching within 600 yards of the camp before being discovered. The Zouaves, after a sharp fight, were forced back from the camp, which was burned. Assistance was sent from the fort, and the Confederate troops began to retreat to their boats, pursued by the regulars and Zouaves, who kept up a sharp fire upon them, which was continued as long as their boats were within range. Their loss, as acknowledged by themselves, was 350 killed, wounded, and missing. Of the Zouaves, 10 were killed, 16 wounded, and 9 taken prisoners; the