

NEWS.

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GEN. J. E. B. STUART.

The subject of this brief and imperfect notice, whose name unweary enthusiasm throughout the Confederacy and terror to the farthest borders of Yankee-land, is the son of the late Archibald Stuart, for several years a member of the House of Representatives of the United States from the district which then embraced the county of Patrick, in Virginia, where, we believe, he was born. At a very early age he gave token of a quick and active mind, and, under the fond care of devoted parents of the highest social and moral worth, he grew up to manly stations marked by every trait that gives promise of future distinction. His father died ten or twelve years ago, fully of honors; his mother yet lives to witness with joy the eminent service he is rendering to his country, and the proud fame he has won in its successful history.

James E. B. Stuart entered the Military Academy of West Point in the year 1838. Among his contemporaries at that institution were General-in-Chief Andrew P. Hill, Henry Heth, George H. Stuart, T. H. Holmes, Beverly H. Robertson and N. George Evans, and Colonel Seth A. Barton, Alexander Cunningham and Thomas S. Roberts of the Confederate army, and Burdette, Vicks, Willson, Copeland and others of greater or less note or distinction in the Yankee army. Among his immediate classmates were Colonel John Pagan, General W. Curtis Lee and John B. Kilpatrick, now well known to the eyes and ears of this service, and Major Groble of the Yankee artillery, who was killed in the first battle of the war at Great Britain.

In the United States Army, the highest rank attained by Stuart was that of first lieutenant, but he was the first Captain of the regiment raised for its officers, of which the Yankee General Sumner was colonel and our own Major General Joseph E. Johnston lieutenant-colonel. His operations in the old Federal Cavalry were conducted mostly upon the distant frontier, far from the public eye and from the observation of newspaper correspondents, and thus many deeds of great and high enterprise went unchronicled, which would have established a reputation for their actors had they been transacted upon a theater nearer to civilization and journalism. The heroes that lived before Agamemnon, we are told, passed away without recognition, because they had no poet to celebrate their achievements, and the dashing dragons who swept the invading Indians before them on the prairies of Nebraska and through the deserts of New Mexico, had small chance of securing the applause of their countrymen in the Atlantic States, because that convenient fiction of everyday life, the newspaper reporter, was not at hand to write down their exploits. The *Santa Fe Gazette* was the sole medium of informing the world what was going on in those Western solitudes, and the news staff of this journal was not in the most efficient state of organization. It was a wild life, that free,ashing expanse in the saddle over the mountain ranges of the West, and the weary, sun-baked and the blue, billowy expanse of verdure around, varied only by the change of latitude, or a rough hand-to-hand encounter with some of the savages, and revealed, now and then, by glimpses of the silver peaks of the Rocky Mountains; and the exhilaration and joy and danger of it well suited to the temperament of young Stuart, who rode with the boldness of his courser and fought with the ferocity of his foot. There are doubtless on file in the pigeon-hole of the War Department at Washington, official reports of many encounters with the savage, recording in a sure, dry and matter-of-fact manner, in the glowing narrative of a Walter Scott or an Alexandre Dumas, would give us interest with the stories of celebrity. One of these only, in which Lieutenant Stuart bore a part, has been recorded in our newspapers, but the account is so short and unauthoritative as to be of little use. On the 29th July, 1857, when we were absorbed with the Atlantic telegraph and other exciting matters of the "piping times of peace," Col. Sumner encountered a force of three hundred of the Cheyenne tribe, strongly posted upon Solomon's Fork of the Kansas river, and, after a sharp struggle, put them to flight in great disorder. In this combat Lieutenant Stuart was wounded. At the outbreak of the present war, Lieutenant Stuart took no time in resigning his commission, and offering his sword to the cause of his native South. He was soon ordered to his exploits since that time. They have been most effectively laid before the public, in a brilliant series, by our daily journals. With his rapid rise from a colonelcy to the

command of a brigade and soon after to the rank of a major-general of cavalry, our readers are familiar. Perhaps the most striking and successful of all his expeditions were the Pamunkey raid through McClellan's lines, in which but one man, the gallant and lamented Captain Letland, was lost, and the recent descent upon Callan's Station, where he captured such a vast quantity of stores and captured the official correspondence and full dress uniform set of the rebellious John Pope, Major-General U. S. A. As a cavalry officer, General Stuart combines with his regular West Point training much of the *clash* of Jack Morgan and Tarzan Affly. Ready for any enterprise, his military coat seems to be that of the French leader, *de Fontaine, escadre de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*



GEN. J. E. B. STUART.

From a Photograph by B. T. Cowart, Esq.

In the old army, General Stuart was always popular. He was universally known under the pleasant nickname of "Beauty Stuart," so reflecting upon his personal appearance, but the irony was not happy, for on horseback, at the head of his column, there are fewer finer looking men in our general. His expression is frank and agreeable, and the lower part of his face is overclouded by a tress of reddish-brown hair, his eye is bright and mobile, his movements are full of grace, his address is pleasing, his port lofty and his horsemanship perfect—although he would chafe at the stentorian among a hundred thousand men upon the Virginia or the Carolina *Chassé de Mars*. In the social circle, his manners are engaging and his conversation fertile and suggestive.

General Stuart married a daughter of Philip St. George Cooke, Colonel of the Second Dragoons in the U. S. Army. This officer, though a Virginian by birth and education, (he is the brother of the late John K. Cooke of this city,) preferred his rank to his duty, and remained in the old service to make war upon the Southern people. He is now a Richmond man and was under McClellan when siege was laid to Richmond. It was said that one of Stuart's objects in the Pamunkey expedition was to take his father-in-law prisoner.

At the age of nineteen, General Stuart became a communicant in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and his religious profession has always been consistent and faithful. He is not less instant a prayer than watchful upon the marsh and fearful in fight, and will take no mean place in the ranks of those Christian soldiers of whom Garfield and Hendley Vears are the highest types in the English Army, and of whom, with Lee and Jackson, Lee and Pickett, and Hill and a host of others, our own service furnishes so many shining illustrations.

That conduct often seems ridiculous, the secret reasons of which are wise and solid."

A CARBID MIND.

There is nothing sadder so fine a light upon the human character as candor. It was called whiteness by the ancients, for its purity and virtue; and it has always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However little sought for and practiced, all do the homage of their praise, and feel the power and charm of its influence. The man whose opinions make the deepest mark upon his fellows, whose influence is the most lasting and efficient, whose friendship is instinctively sought, where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flustering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose liquid candor and ingenuous truth transmit the best of real feelings pure and without reservation.

There are other qualities which are more sherry, and other fruits that have a higher place in the world's code of honor, but none were better or better less warmly by use, or elain a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the soul must pay to virtue. As it is the most beautiful, so it is the subtlest of moral qualities. Now-a-days into so few mistakes, none darker and defame themselves with so little falsehood and wrong, none so free from the pain of doing wrong as those who walk amid the fog. The fall and misuses, passions and vices of our untamed life, eluded habitually with candor. The rare and costly unity of prudence and principle, and the calm and serene, patient and serene, without being and discrimination of views, is to be found only in minds pre-empted and enlarged by candor. To live, and to seek, and to attain, is a power, whether it is right and true, to believe, at every juncture of experience or thought, that nothing is so good, or so dear, or so innocently as truth, to be true, to be true, and to avoid all the unpopular disguises which he often disfigure it in this world—this must be safest and best, whatever we may think of it, if God really requires there an eternal discharge between truth and falsehood, right and wrong. In nothing have man so vital an interest as in truth. Nothing should we so earnestly strive to get at, or laid fast when obtained. By the truth and set it out.

SOBRIETY OF THE GREEKS.

The food of an English laborer would be enough in Greece for a family of six persons. The rich are well satisfied with a dish of vegetables for their meal; the poor with a handful of olives or a piece of salt fish. The entire population are temperate and sober in whole year. It is not believed a Greek ever died of indigestion. Drunkenness, so common in our countries, is a rare vice with the Greeks; they are great drinkers, but not drunkards. They would have serious doubts about passing a cup-bottle without drinking at it; but if they enter a tavern it is to chatter in the dining-room, and not to get drunk. The coffee houses of these are full of people, and all hours, but the customers do not take strong liquors; they ask for a pair of coffee at a penny; a glass of water, light for their cigarettes, a newspaper, and a game of dominoes; they then have enough to keep themselves occupied for the day. In two years I have not met with a man dead drunk in the streets, and I believe it would be easy to count all the drunkards in the Kingdom. It may be said that the Greek people have no inclination for any kind of excess; and they take all their pleasures with equal sobriety.

This sobriety naturally explains the fact that sobriety is rare in Greece. Madness also is a malady exceedingly rare in the Kingdom. An hospital for the blind has just been constructed in Athens; it will never be necessary to build one for maddens.

In all societies, it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but because, if disgusted with them, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theater of life, we feel taken up to a wrong, or the house.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds.

The parent eye is profaned from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is directed from the darkest storm.

THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Richmond, Saturday, September 20, 1862.

The "Illustrated News" is published every Saturday afternoon... The "Illustrated News" is published every Saturday afternoon...

Wanted—Agents for the "Illustrated News" in every city, town and village... Wanted—Agents for the "Illustrated News" in every city, town and village...

Advertisements—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted... Advertisements—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted...

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Two competent Wood Engravers. The highest price ever paid in this country will be given to good artists.

THE TIMES.

Intelligence from all quarters still continues favorable to the cause of the Confederacy... Intelligence from all quarters still continues favorable to the cause of the Confederacy...

The latest reports from our army in Maryland are in the highest degree satisfactory... The latest reports from our army in Maryland are in the highest degree satisfactory...

A report has been in circulation for some days, that our forces had captured the entire Yankee army at Harper's Ferry... A report has been in circulation for some days, that our forces had captured the entire Yankee army at Harper's Ferry...

From Wetters Valley, the news continues to be cheering... From Wetters Valley, the news continues to be cheering...

in view of the force lying from Charleston. It is hoped they have been cut off... in view of the force lying from Charleston. It is hoped they have been cut off...

From Tennessee, we learn that Duell has returned from his trip to Bowling Green... From Tennessee, we learn that Duell has returned from his trip to Bowling Green...

P. S. Since the above was in type, the reported surrender of Fort Fisher has been confirmed... P. S. Since the above was in type, the reported surrender of Fort Fisher has been confirmed...

DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

It cannot be denied, we think, that there has been late of late years a great decline in the Drama... It cannot be denied, we think, that there has been late of late years a great decline in the Drama...

Among the causes assigned by English writers are the following... Among the causes assigned by English writers are the following...

It is not to be denied, we think, that there has been late of late years a great decline in the Drama... It is not to be denied, we think, that there has been late of late years a great decline in the Drama...

acted with imperfect compass and bad performance, the managers wonder at their... acted with imperfect compass and bad performance, the managers wonder at their...

To all these causes it must be added that true dramatic talent is an exceedingly rare gift... To all these causes it must be added that true dramatic talent is an exceedingly rare gift...

What is the cause of this singular moral phenomenon? We very much doubt... What is the cause of this singular moral phenomenon? We very much doubt...

A NATIONAL HYMN.

No nation was ever so destitute of a national hymn as the late United States... No nation was ever so destitute of a national hymn as the late United States...

A SOUTHERN PUBLISHING HOUSE.

The Southern people are a reading and thinking people, and one found this out... The Southern people are a reading and thinking people, and one found this out...

WAR-BLOUD THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

MORGAN JONES AND THE DEVIL.

A REBUIE.

On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that thirty thousand men and their horses lay dead! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the iron wheels, strewn with man's arms, and the broken helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken armor; all the variety of military ornaments, lance caps and bayonetted bayonets, and every color, plume and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, lances; but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing scene of a fight and death which the imagination can never display more auto-terminally to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the recollections of the British and the devastation, for they had fallen in the last Mothers, and wives, and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the serried ranks and the intention, as they were scattered, the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible.

Many in places the dead lay deep upon each other, making the spot beneath them red and hot; compicqued, exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lance and cuirassier were sent there thickly on the earth. Mosty attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the least easy by the musketry of the inner line. Farther on, you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had been scattered; cuirassiers and hussars were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the gray chevrons which had carried Alby's cavalry. Here the Hightlanders of the minor line, side by side, together; and the heavy dragon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Pole-lancer. On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was overgrown with wood, the troops looked deep in mud and gore by the frequent rick of rival cavalry, the thick stream of cars of the Imperial Guard pointed out where Napoleon had taken position. A British horseman, whose favored corps, on whom his last chances rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the battle was rememberable by a mass of English bayonets lying on the hill; below the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard attempted to meet the British, and afford time to their disorganized companions to rally.

A POCKET SERMON.

If there is one thing more beautiful than forgiveness, it is the humility which hastens to acknowledge a fault, and to crave forgiveness. All are liable to offend, and are created great enough to confess their errors. Pride stands up and defends itself; but the noble soul makes haste to atone for its wrongs, by frankly admitting them. It requires a man to be made to weep for what he has done wrong, and to say: "I forgive."

If the heart would but learn this lesson, how much evil suffering might be avoided. Have we not often, by our flitting misanthropic enger spirit, spite, bitter estrangement, hatred and bitterness,—these last hatching a whole hearted viper to scorch in hearts where only love should abide?

A false pride is the spiked fence that shuts us out from the Gates of Paradise. Humility are the gates, and it is the angels that open the gates. If you have wronged your brother, do not persist in the wrong; let not unworthy shame restrain you; but go to him with tears of love, and say: "I used to hinder you, and prevent you, and I was wrong—now I did wrong—now I mean to do right." And if that brother is worthy, he will love and cherish you by the more tenderly than ever he could.

Husbands and wives are rendered wretched; children trample up wrath against parents, and parents against children; brothers are themselves against brothers, and sisters learn envy and hate; lovers are estranged—the greater their love, the colder and littler their estrangement; and friends draw to each other by every quality of heart and soul, are thus rendered into opposing thunders—clouds of resentment and wrath,—all for what is fit! that during idle pride, which respects to each, in the midst of mutual wrongs and recriminations, "He not the first to acknowledge that you are doing wrong."

Where two who have loved had out, and there is error on both sides, each should only hate and contend, but be without generous atonement. And it is exceedingly rare that, in differences of this nature, both are not in fault. But there are instances in which one man is in the right, and the other in error;—envy may sacrifice from another's bow if kept about him. Such a one can only pity and wait. A wrong is an eternal wrong until it is acknowledged, and Christ himself cannot forgive until sin is atoned for by contrition and confession.

HAPPINESS.

Filices truly says that man can never be happy in a thousand things, and the latter he follows in the wake of the first from him. Almost everything promises happiness to us at a distance,—such a spot of honor, such a pile of estate, such a room, or match for a child,—but when we come nearer to it, and it is not what we expected, we fall short of our expectation; and it is hard to say which of these is the greatest disappointment. Our hopes are usually larger than the enjoyments we can really get, and they are ever so near to us, we may never come, is many times more painful and troublesome than the evil itself which it comes.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTERMINER.—If an acorn be suspended, by a wire of thread, to within half an inch of some water, and then a lightning-bolt or such a powerful wind, to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst, and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upward its top into the sky, with leaves and branches. A young oak-tree, growing in this way on a small-bottle of soap, is a very interesting object.

"Why, yes," answered Morgan, "there's some truth in that; some sense in it. I need to be kept with you, as you say, then, but we fell out, and I have not seen his face two months."

"Aye!" exclaimed each of the party, "how's that, Morgan?"

"Why, then, be quiet, and I'll tell it all."

And thereupon Morgan emptied his pot, and had it filled again, and as he drank of his wine, told his own story.

"Well, then," said he, "you must know that I had not seen his horse for a long time, and it was about two months ago from this that I saw him coming along the brook, with his wife, and as I was going down the brook, how should I have come but the devil himself! But you must know he was dressed mighty fine, like any grand gentleman, though I knew he did not well by the appearance of which hung out at the bottom of his trousers. Well, he came up, and says he, 'Morgan, how are you?' And says I, 'I'm all right, and you?' 'Pears well enough, I thank ye.' And then says he, 'Morgan, what are ye looking after, and what's that bagging they're carrying with ye?' And says I, 'I'm all right, and you?' 'Pears well enough, I thank ye.'

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LOVING AND FORGIVING.

John Paul Richter fairly says: "Man has an unfortunate readiness in his evil hour after forgiving, and in his rage to bring together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow and a night-piece; and to transform a single fault into a whole life; and this only to give himself thoroughly relief the pleasure of being angry. In love, he has fortunately the opposite faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of its aspects into one beam; by means of the lightning-gleams of imagination, and letting his sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved and also conserved being is already beyond his reach. In order, however, that we should do this sooner and easier, we ought to set like Wicklemann, but only in another way. As he, namely, set aside a particular half hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and admiring his wife; so we should devote a particular hour weekly to do so, and sanctify a similar hour for the purpose of being kind to our friends, our families, our wives, our children, and our friends—and in doing so, we should be a beautiful crowd of angels of good qualities. And, indeed, we should do so for this reason, that we may not forget the time of our lives, when the beloved being are already departed hence, and are beyond our reach."

GENUINE RELIGION.

How beautiful is that religion which teaches me to love God above all things and my neighbor as myself! Religion benevolent, and benevolent includes every virtue. The benevolent, in order to be uncharitable to his neighbor, cannot be compassed, cannot be impure in act or thought, cannot be selfish; they love God and their neighbors, and do it as they would be done by. But who is religious who is benevolent? who is, at all times, pure in thought or deed? who is, at all times, free from consciences, from uncharitableness? None. No, not one. The correct taught us those on which "hang all the law and the prophets," the love of God and the love of thy neighbor, may be impressed upon the heart and have the whole individual state of the understanding; while the mind is in this state, the individual is religious. But the errors of the world and their jarring collisions must, at times, occupy the thoughts, and divert the mind from this wholesome state. The passions which have been cherished by bad education—the indulgence that has become habitual before the beauty of vice for a time, and the thousand and one other passions which tempt the rich to uncharitableness, and the poor to envy and malice, all by their unhappiness, the truth from the heart of a religious man, and as they would be done by. But who is religious who requires to do as well as to suffer. Truth becomes effective by frequent contemplation; and the habitual recurrence of its precepts into practice.

RUSSIAN COSTUME.

The mass of the Russian population is clothed in a very small exposed. Cotton trousers tucked into high boots of half-dressed leather, a coat short and a sheepskin cap. The whole outward man of the moskiv, whose entire equipment may cost about ten roubles (60s.), the sheepskin being the most expensive article. The children are in a simple female costume, which consists of a saraphin of long petticoat laid by straps, which pass above the arms, a chemise with a high collar, and a long blue shawl. The women wear a pair of shoes, and sometimes stockings, but more frequently strips of osten or linen cloth wrapped round the legs and feet; for up-and-down wear, a quilted jacket is added. The dress, and the circumstances will permit, a sash or long cloak and a Russian fashion. The simplicity of their dress is not a matter of taste with these people, who, when they have any extra money, they do not spend in ornament, but in amassing to observe the gradual transformation of the servant women; who, on coming into town for their first service, had long and shining braids, but as their wages are gradually increased, assume the necessary mode (foreign fashion), and indulge extensively in crinoline.

Nature's pale has ceased its healing,
And the world seems hushed in slumber;
Sirens reign, so in the chamber
Of the hanging, raptured spirit,
Ere it bursts in earth-bound fetters—
Ere it staves in heaven's journey.
Sitting by your chamber window,
In the holy evening twilight,
Thousands of other wilds of
Tranquil bliss the passions seem
Softening as the wild west's breathing
Over the ocean of the lakelet,
While it sleeps unmoored, unstartled,
'neath the silvery hush of nightfall!

I'm above—and with no other
To intrude upon the silence,
Beneath the spirit of my fancy,
Which comes on the wing of evening,
Gently breathing, gently whispering
To my ever restless aches—
Sweetly soothing, calmly soothing!
All the passions to rebuke!

Concealed has this quiet gaze;
Hallowed be this quiet picture;
Ere the hour, while, in green pasture,
Feeds the sweet-green cow;
And, from there it rises heavenward,
Till it reaches habitations
Where it meets the saints and holy,
And communes with God Almighty;
That, my first verse, may ever
To retire from earth a dream—
To commune in holy rest!

MAGNANIMOUS ACTIONS.

Napoleon, when he had conquered kings, princes and nobles in his power, emperors and kings who had commenced the war, and done their utmost to defend, crush and destroy him, did not give them their liberty, but allowed them to retain their kingdoms, and gave the children of Che-patra were captured and brought to Rome in order to grace the triumph of Augustus Octavian, the injured and neglected wife of a noble Roman, and the mother of the emperor, as most persons would have done, under the circumstances, took them to her own home, had them educated, treated them as her own children, and gave her dowry that they married, as becoming their rank, as the children of a celebrated mother and queen.

Maria Theresa pardoned a woman who had committed one of the greatest crimes against her, saying, "I thank you that your enemy is your queen."

Queen Joanna, upon the death of a distant relative, but one of her best loved nieces, took to son, educated him, treated him with all the tenderness of a mother, and gave him her favorite niche in marriage.

Prince Richelieu, when he was in the Holy Land on a crusade, he fell dangerously ill. His disease was of such a nature that in order to be cured, it was necessary to have fruit and nuts. Scadin, the great Saracen chief, hearing of his sickness, sent him the required fruit and nuts, and thus saved the life of his greatest enemy, and the only foe he had ever feared.

A ROUGH BED-FELLOW.

There is a good story going the rounds of the papers, told in a man in Arkansas, who had been drinking till late hours of the night and then started for home in a state of acute oblivionness. Upon reaching his own premises he was too far gone to discover any door but he went on until he was almost insensible, and lay himself down in a bed which was a general rendezvous for himself. They happened to be out when the newcomer arrived, but soon returned to their beds.

The weather being rather cold, they, in the utmost kindness and the trust hospitals, gave their privileged companion in the middle of the bed, some five or six feet from the wall, and as place of the quilt. Their wrath prevailed him from being injured by exposure. Towards morning he awoke, finding himself comfortable, but upon looking towards his bedfellows he supposed himself enjoying the accommodation of a tavern, in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand, and catching hold of the stiff bristles of a hog he exclaimed: "Hello! my good friend, you've got a new kind of a beard!" When did you share last?

A COLORED DIVINE.

A negro preacher, who, like some other preachers, was in the habit of using big words, but did not always succeed in getting hold of the right one, made a funny mistake once.— His text was, "Broad is the road that leads to death, and many there walk therein." He said, "Broad is the way that leads to life, and few there be who take it." "Broadest" brethren, there be two roads, ebony body goes in one or adler ch'run; that's the road, and the road that leads to death and leads right down in damnation, and a great many goes in it; but dap an smaller road, and dat an do narrow road, dat leads to life, and dat's the road. "If dat's de case," said an excited colored brother in the congregation, "dis diggs cuts for de woods."

