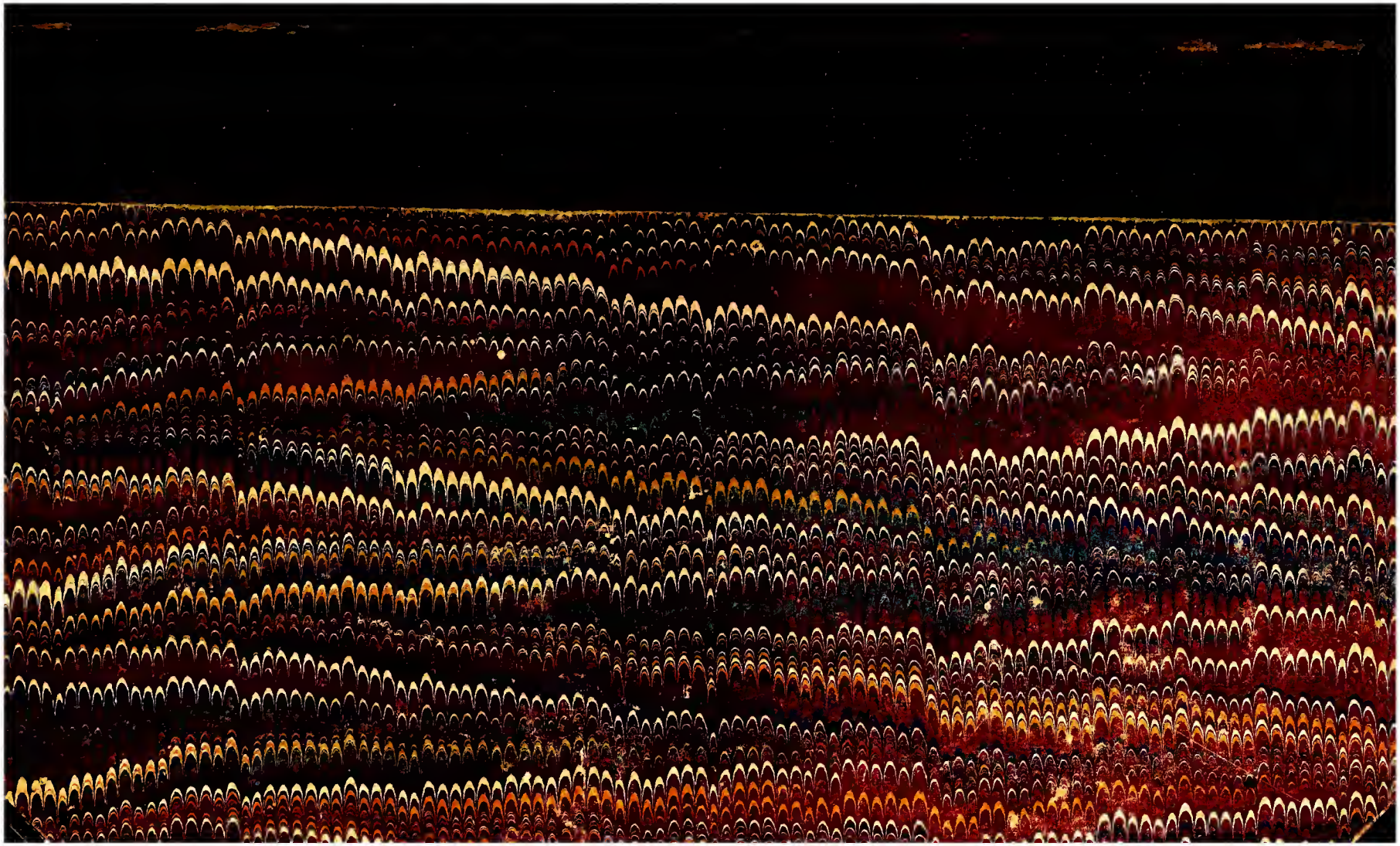

MARGINALIA;

OR,

GLEANINGS

FROM AN

ARMY NOTE-BOOK.

BY "PERSONNE,"
Army Correspondent, &c.

COLUMBIA, S. C.:
STEAM POWER-PRESS OF F. G. DeFONTAINE & CO.

1864.

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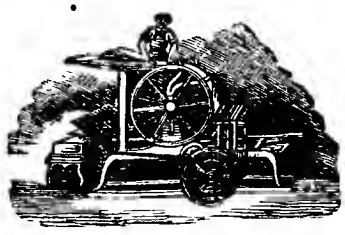
1864.  1864.

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BY "PERSONNE,"

ARMY CORRESPONDENT OF THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

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INTRODUCTION.

The object of the present work is three-fold—to perpetuate the memory of the outrages of an infamous foe—to exhibit the virtues of the Southern people, and to preserve to posterity a selection of Sketches and Incidents illustrative of the different phases of the Southern war. Compiled as they are from various sources, it is unnecessary to apologize for the fact that some of the anecdotes herein presented have been published before; but for the first time they are now given to the world in an aggregated form. It is believed that they will entertain and instruct the reader of the present generation; yet, if no other purpose is served, they may supply the future historian with "facts stranger than fiction," and, to our children and children's children, exhibit the lights and shadows of the times in which their fathers lived.

The incidents of "Marginalia" are characteristic of every class of persons on both sides—Presidents and People—Generals and Privates—Soldiers individually and collectively—self-sacrificing civilians—noble hearted women, brave boys, impulsive children and devoted slaves. The highest moral integrity, and the lowest human depravity, are blended in their exhibition with the humorous, religious and heroic; and the compiler deems it no fault, if, in the miscellaneous arrangement of his subjects, the thoughts of his readers trip suddenly

"From grave to gay—from lively to severe."

TO

HON. GEORGE A. TRENHOLM,

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES,

THIS VOLUME OF

INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SOUTHERN REVOLUTION,

Is dedicated as to one who, in his own person, nobly represents the highest type of Southern character.

INDEX.

MARGIN-ALIA;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM AN ARMY NOTE-BOOK.

THE TWO CAUSES.

"Let it be remarked," says the London *Index*, "that while all other nations have written their own histories, the brief history of the Confederates, already so full of imperishable glory, has been written for them by their enemies, or at best by lukewarm neutrals. Above all has the Confederate nation distinguished itself from its adversaries by modesty and truth, those noblest ornaments of human nature. A heartfelt, unostentatious piety has been the source whence their army and people have drawn their inspirations of duty, of honor, and of consolation. The North has produced no such man as Stonewall Jackson; and to Davis, Lee, and Longstreet, it can oppose only an Abe Lincoln, a Hooker, and a Pope. While on one side of the Potomac internal peace has never been disturbed, freedom of speech and of the press has never been impaired, and the rights of the citizens have remained sacred, though the body politic was straining in an agony of desperate self-defence; on the other side of that stream, though no enemy's foot has yet trod the soil, a military despotism maintains itself by a reign of terror. Surely these are palpable facts which might weigh against unsupported slanders, whether clothed in the meretricious charms of fiction, or uttered by blasphemers of the Beecher and Cheever school."

THE TWO RACES.

In the year 1834, M. Michael Chevalier, the distinguished political economist of France, was sent to the United States by M. Thiers, then Minister of the Interior, on the special mission of inspecting the public works of the country. But, extending his sojourn and enlarging the scope of his observations, he spent two years in visiting nearly all parts of the then Union, and studying the characteristics of its social organizations, and the working of its political machinery. His observations and impressions

were communicated to the *Journal des Débats*, in a series of letters, which were deemed of sufficient value to justify their transfer, subsequently, from the columns of that paper to a book. As the book is not of easy access, we make from one of his letters, written at Charleston, May 28, 1834, the following extract, showing the difference which he then discovered as existing between the two great people now at war:

"The Southerner of pure race is frank, hearty, open, cordial in his manners, noble in his sentiments, elevated in his notions; he is a worthy descendant of the English gentleman. Surrounded, from infancy, by his slaves, who relieve him from all personal exertion, he is rather indisposed to activity, and is even indolent. He is generous and profuse. * * * * To him the practice of hospitality is at once a duty, a pleasure, and a happiness. Like the Eastern patriarchs, or Homer's heroes, he spits an ox to regale the guest whom Providence sends him and an old friend recommends to his attention; and to moisten this solid repast, he offers Madeira—of which he is as proud as of his horses—that has been twice to the East Indies, and has been ripening full twenty years. He loves the institutions of his country, yet he shows with pride his family plate, the arms on which, half effaced by time, attest his descent from the first colonists, and prove that his ancestors were of a good family in England. When his mind has been cultivated by study, and a tour in Europe has polished his manners and refined his imagination, there is no place in the world in which he would not appear to advantage, no destiny too high for him to reach; he is one of those whom a man is glad to have as a companion and desires as a friend. Ardent and warm hearted, he is of the block from which great orators are made. He is better able to command men than to conquer nature and subdue the soil. When he has a certain degree of the spirit of method, and I will not say will (for he has enough of that), but of that active perseveranee so common at the North, he has all the qualities needful to form a great statesman.

"The Yankee, on the contrary, is reserved, cautious, distrustful; his manners are without grace, cold, and often unprepossessing; he is narrow in his ideas, but practical; and possessing the idea of the proper, he never rises to the grand. He has nothing chivalric about him, and yet he is adventurous, and loves a roving life. His imagination is active and original, producing, however, not poetry, but drollery. The Yankee is the laborious ant; he is industrious and sober, frugal, and on the sterile soil of New England, niggardly. * * * He is crafty, sly, always calculating, boasting even of the tricks which he plays upon the careless or trusting buyer, because he looks upon them as marks of his superior sagacity, and well provided with mental reservations to lull his conscience. He is little given to hospitality, or rather he displays it only on rare occasions, and then he

does so on a great scale. He is a ready speaker and a close reasoner, but not a brilliant orator. For a statesman, he wants that greatness of mind and soul which enables a man to enter into and love another's nature, and leads him naturally to consult his neighbor's good, in consulting his own. He is individualism incarnate. But if he is not a great statesman, he is an able administrator, an unrivalled man of business. If he is not suited to command men, he has no equal in acting upon things, in combining, arranging, and giving them value."

MR. SEWARD TO LORD LYONS.

"My lord, I can touch a bell on my right hand and order the arrest of a citizen in Ohio. I can touch the bell again, and order the imprisonment of a citizen in New York; and no power on earth but that of the President can release them. Can the Queen of England, in her dominions, do as much?"

THE PERSISTENCY OF HATE.

Just twenty years ago, in the Federal Congress, Mr. Dellet, of Alabama, asked Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, whether he understood him to say, "that in God's good time the abolition of slavery would come, and let it come."

Mr. Adams nodded assent, and said with great earnestness, "Let it come."

Mr. DELLET.—"Yes, let it come. No matter what the consequences, let it come, said the gentleman. Let it come, though women and children should be slain, though blood should flow like water, though the Union itself be destroyed, though Government shall be broken up. No matter though five millions of the people of the South perish."

Mr. ADAMS.—"Five hundred millions, let it come."

THE PIETY OF THE CONFEDERATES.

A Baltimore correspondent, writing to the London *Index*, says:

"But before I close, I must tell you of the beautiful humility and heroic piety which seemed to pervade the hearts of all the Confederates I saw. I have never seen a strong religious sentiment so generally prevalent as I find it among them. Of twenty men with whom I conversed one afternoon, seventeen were professors of religion, and the eighteenth said he was a man of prayer, and looked to God as his protector. A plain, unlettered Georgia boy said: 'In all my intercourse with these Yankees, I have never heard them allude once to what God can do. They talk about what twenty millions of men can do, and what hundreds of millions of money can do, and what their powerful navy can do; but they leave God out of the calculation

altogether; but, sir, the Lord is our trust, and He will be our defence.' The Rev. ———— was with me during a part of my tour. He was asked on one occasion to lead in prayer, in a barn filled with wounded, near Sharpsburg. After a season of most solemn and affecting devotion, a young man called the reverend gentlemen to his side, and said: 'I am dying, sir; but I am not afraid to die, for I hope to go to heaven. Nor am I sorry that I have been slain in battle, for I would willingly sacrifice a dozen lives, if I had them, for such a cause as we are fighting for.'

"Time and again I heard the one hundred and twenty-fourth Psalm quoted: 'If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.'

"They are not given to vaunting themselves; there is nothing at all of the spirit of bravado about them; and so far from manifesting a ferocious disposition, they very frankly confess they are tired of the war; but at the same time they are animated by a determined resolution that, God helping them, they will never be subjugated. When one of them was asked if he did not fear that the prodigious armies now organizing against them would utterly overwhelm them, he replied that, 'With God above, and General Lee at their head, they feared nothing that man could do.' History, sir, furnishes no legends more touching and glorious than are exhibited in the sacrifices and endurance of the Southern people. Such a people merit the admiration of the world, and deserve to achieve their independence."

HEROES.

Heroes more often die unknown than known. Battles are won through deeds of valor that Sal Eddin might envy, and the doers thereof are seldom named. Much praise is lavished on brave generals individually; the private obtains his collectively, and collective praise is of no more value to the individual soldier than the collective prosperity of a nation is to the starving workman out of employ. Pillow was brave at Belmont. Pillow always is brave; but there were many hundreds just as brave as Pillow on that field, whose names will never be heard in connection with it. Among them was one Dr. Brooks, originally from Illinois, but, at Belmont, a member of Colonel Tappan's regiment. When our forces were beaten in the early part of the action, the greater number obtained shelter beneath the jutting bank that there skirts the river's side. *On* that bank, for some ten minutes stood Brooks, returning the volleys of the enemy from his solitary rifle. Federal bullets were whistling a sort of orchestral version of Temps' "Kill, kill," duet around him, but Brooks continued unhurt and unmoved. Finally, a

shell dropped near him, exploded, and shattered his skull. On that bank he lingered, unattended and uncared for, till found by Dr. Creighton, a Memphian surgeon, from Thursday, the day of battle, till the following Saturday, and then died. How long would a general have been left thus unattended after a display of such heroism? Now this would seem hard, yet there is good reason for it. All eyes are on a general, the movements of all depend upon him, and, in some cases, the safety of all. Cases of individual bravery and prowess in such an army as ours become so numerous that they are regarded as a matter of course; and in such a struggle, the reward the brave soldier should seek is the knowledge of duty done, and the patriotic pride of feeling that his country's freedom is due to him and such as he.

In the same battle a Mississippian gave singular evidence of possessing that *sang froid* which has been so long the peculiar characteristic of the French zouave. He was out of percussion caps; an old-fashioned shell happening to land near him, he cut off a fuse that was attached to it, and continued touching off his gun with it from his left hand, pointing the instrument with his right alone. He, too, was killed, cut in two by a ball from one of our own guns which the enemy took in the early part of the day.

The *tenacity* of Southern courage was finely exemplified in the case of young Lieutenant Walker. When his captain was shot down, he assumed the command, and with flashing eye, and lip quivering with anxiety "to do something," led his men toward the foe, as eagerly as though life, wealth, and bliss were only to be found in their bristling lines. He, too, was killed, shot down in the very fever of his glorious excitement. But even when on the ground, he strove to be leader still, and complete exhaustion alone conquered him. One man, striving to relieve a wounded comrade, approached the river's edge to obtain a bucket of water, amid a very hail-storm of bullets. He filled the bucket, turned from the river, received a Minie ball through his brave and tender heart, and fell forward—dead. It may be doubted whether greater individual bravery was ever displayed than that which turned the surprise of Belmont into a glorious victory. Enough to fill a volume might be gathered from the experiences of a single regiment.

GENERAL LEE.

You cannot imagine a plainer or more unostentatious looking man than the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate armies—General Lee. Take a human form, say five feet ten inches in height, its constituents well knit together, full in its proportions, and yet without superfluity. Add to it a well shaped, squarely built head, with a front whose every line is marked with energy and genius, a pair of keen, dark eyes—brown in the parlor,

but black in the field—that seem to embrace everything at a glance; a handsomely shaped nose, such as Napoleon liked to see on his generals; a mouth indicative of an iron will, and a countenance whose natural expression is one of gentleness and benevolence; cover the head, mouth and lower part of the face with a heavy growth of short, grey hair; invest the whole figure with grace, and an unassuming consciousness of strength, purpose and position; let it speak to you in a voice whose tones of politeness never vary, whether uttered to the highest or the lowest in rank, and you have as full and complete a description as I can give of the distinguished man who, at this moment, holds in the hollow of his hand the destiny of his country. The general is as unostentatious and unassuming in dress as he is in manners. He wears a colonel's coat (three stars without the wreath), a good deal faded, blue pantaloons, high top boots, blue cloth talma, and a high felt hat, without adornment, save a small cord around the crown.

"LIBERTY 'S THERE YET."

Captain McFarland, describing some of the scenes of the first battle of Manassas, relates the following:

"Meanwhile our reinforcements were pouring by, and pressing with enthusiastic cheers to the battle-field. On the other hand, many of our wounded were borne past us to the rear. One poor fellow was shot through the left cheek; as he came past me he smiled, and muttered with difficulty, 'Boys, they 've spoiled my beauty.' He could say no more, but an expression of acute pain flitted across his face, and shaking his clenched fist in the direction of the foe, he passed on. Another came by, shot in the breast. His clothing had been stripped from over his ghastly wound, and at every breath the warm life-blood gushed from his bosom. I rode up to him, as, leaning on two companions, he stopped for a moment to rest, 'My poor fellow,' said I, 'I am sorry to see you thus.' 'Yes, yes,' was his reply. 'They 've done for me now, but *my father 's there yet! our army 's there yet! our cause is there yet!*' and, raising himself from the arms of his companions, his pale face lighting up like a sunbeam, he cried, with an enthusiasm I shall never forget, 'and *liberty 's there yet!*' But this spasmodic exertion was too much for him; a purple flood poured from his wound, and he swooned away. I was enthusiastic before, but I felt then as if I could have ridden singly and alone upon a regiment, regardless of all but my country's cause."

DID'NT WISH TO EXPOSE HIS REAR.

When Prince Napoleon visited our army at Manassas, his supper the first night was a half-picked bone—provisions being so scarce, and the fare of our generals so scanty, that nothing better could be provided from the

vieinity. The next day he rode over the battle-field, but turned very siek at the sight and odor that met his senses. Subsequently, he reviewed our troops. While riding down the line, he expressed a desire to pass back in the rear. Lieutenant Colonel Skinner, of the First Virginia Regiment, who was by the side of the Prince, for the moment was plaeed in a dilemma, but reeovering himself quickly, a flush mantled his rugged faee, as he replied in Freneh: "Your royal highness, we would gladly take you to the rear, but the fact is, the linen of the men is in rather an exposed condition. It being a part of the person which we never expect to show to the enemy, our men think rags there of but little consequenee."

PORTRAIT OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

Imagine a man about five feet ten inehes high, rather thiek set, full ehest, broad, stalwart shoulders, and, indeed, the whole *physique* indicating what is commonly ealled a "well made" man. He is the pieture of health, yet there appears no redundancy of flesh. His face is slightly bronzed, from the eonstant exposure of his eampaigns. It was said of Cæsar that if he had not been a eonqueror, he would have exeelled all his contemporaries as a boxer or athlete; and so I should say of Jackson, he would be a dangerous antagonist at fistieuff. His appearanee at first impresses you with the idea of great powers of endurance, strength, and elasticity of frame. The expression of his face adds to rather than diminishes the general effeet.

There you see self-eommand, perseveranee, indomitable will, that seems neither to know nor think of any earthly obstacle; and all this without the least admixture of vanity, assumption, pride, fool-hardiness, or anything of the kind. There seems a disposition to assert its pretensions, but from the quiet sense of conviction of his relative position, which sets the vexed question of self-importance at rest—a peculiarity, I would remark, of great minds. It is only the little and the frivolous who are forever obtruding their petty vanities before the world. His face, also, expresses courage in the highest degree, and his phrenological developments indieate a vast amount of energy and activity. His forehead is broad and prominent, the oceipital and sincipital regions are both large and well balaneed; eyes expressing a singular union of mildness, energy, and eoncentration; cheek and nose both long and well formed. His dress is a common gray suit, of faded eassimere, coat, pants, and hat, the coat slightly braided on the sleeve, just enough to be perceptible, and the eollar displaying the mark of a major general.

It would be a profitable study for some of our military men to devote one hour each day to the contemplation of the magnifieent plainness of Stonewall. To military fame whieh they can never hope to attain, he unites the

simplicity of a child, the straight-forwardness of a Western farmer. Last Sunday he was dressed as above, and bestrode as common a horse as one could find in a summer day.

It is said he is a fatalist, as Napoleon was, and has no fear that he can be killed before his time comes. He is as calm in the midst of a hurricane of bullets as he was in the pew of his church at Lexington, when he was professor of the Institute. He appears to be a man of almost superhuman endurance. Neither heat nor cold makes the slightest impression upon him. He cares nothing for good quarters and dainty fare. Wrapped in his blanket, he throws himself down on the ground anywhere, and sleeps as soundly as though he were in a palace. He lives as the soldiers live, and endures all the fatigue and all the suffering that they endure. His vigilance is something marvellous. He never seems to sleep, and lets nothing pass without his personal scrutiny. He can neither be caught napping nor whipped when he is wide awake. The rapidity of his marches is something portentous. He is heard of by the enemy at one point, and before they can make up their minds to follow him, he is off at another. His men have little baggage, and he moves, as nearly as he can, without encumbrance. He keeps so constantly in motion that he never has a sick list, and no need of hospitals. In these habits, and a will as determined as that of Julius Cæsar, are read the secret of his great success. His men adore him, because he requires them to do nothing which he does not do himself, because he constantly leads them to victory, and because they see he is a great soldier.

A YANKEE OPINION OF A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S HATE.

Rev. Dr. Storrs, in his anniversary address at the exercises of the Holyoke Seminary, Massachusetts, said that a returned prisoner lately remarked that while at the South he could easily endure the taunts of the men, he had never before realized what and how terrible was the stinging hate of woman—so intense, bitter, and beyond all belief; and he had come back with one additional mercy for which to thank God—that the devil was not a woman.

WORTHY OF THEIR SIRES.

On which side of the present conflict is the blood of the old Revolution of 1776? On the side of the South, many of the very names which adorn the pages of our revolutionary history are now conspicuous in the contest. In the gallant and accomplished General Lee, we have a son of Light-Horse Harry Lee, on whom Washington so confidently relied during the whole of the war of the Revolution. In the late General Garnett, the blood of the brave Mercer, who fell at Trenton, by the side of Washington,

coursed its rich stream. General Magruder, who commanded at Bethel, bears by descent the revolutionary name of Bankhead. Major Randolph, who so effectually manœuvred the howitzers on that occasion, is a grandson of Jefferson, the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence; and Captain Brown, who commanded one of the batteries under Randolph, is a grandson of a gallant soldier, who carried to the grave a bullet from the field of Guilford. General Johnston is the son of an officer who served under Lee in his legions. Floyd is of revolutionary stock, descended from the Prestons and Lewises. Governor Winston, in the field with his regiment from Alabama, is a grandson of Patrick Henry; and Hampton, of South Carolina, with his splendid legion, equipped at his personal expense, is a grandson of Wade Hampton, of revolutionary fame.

THE AGONIES OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A writer relating the scenes he saw at the first battle of Manassas, says: "In a little clump of second-growth pines, a number of wounded had crawled for shelter. Many of our men were busy doing them offices of kindness and humanity. There was one New York zouave who appeared to be dying; his jaws were working, and he seemed to be in great agony. I poured some water down his throat, which revived him. Fixing his eyes upon me, with a look of fierce hatred, he muttered: 'You d—d rebel, if I had a musket I would blow out your infernal soul.' Another pale youth was lying in the wet undergrowth, shivering in the rain, and in the cold of approaching death. He was looking wistfully towards a large, warm blanket spread across my saddle, and said, in his halting, shivering breath: 'I 'm so cold.' I spread the blanket over him, and left him to that end of his wretchedness which could not be far distant."

SHOULDER-STRAPS DO NOT MAKE AN OFFICER.

During one of the campaigns in Virginia, an altercation took place between an officer and one of his privates, who was in every way, socially and intellectually, his superior. In the course of the conversation, the subordinate made some irritating remark, when the officer exclaimed: "If you repeat that again, I will lay down my rank and fight you." "Lay down your rank," was the indignant response; "that wont make you a gentleman. A cowardly Yankee would fight with straps on his shoulders, but it takes a gentleman to fight for eleven dollars a month."

"STONEWALL" ADMINISTERS THE SACRAMENT.

On the morning of a battle near Harper's Ferry, after a sermon by one of his Chaplains, Stonewall Jackson, who, by the way, was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, administered the sacrament to the church members in

his army. He invited all Christians to participate in this ceremony. A Baptist, the straightest of his sect, thoroughly imbued with the idea of close communion, was seen to hesitate, but the occasion, and the man who presided, overcame his scruples, and thus it has happened that the prospect of a fight and the eloquence of Jackson made a Baptist forget that baptism is the door into the Church. In all Jackson's army, an oath is rarely uttered. A religious enthusiasm pervades it, which makes every man a hero. Conscious of the justice of our cause, and imbued with the strongest convictions of patriotism, his men are irresistible. In this incident we have an explanation of General Jackson's invincibility, and we are thus enabled to understand why his men are all heroes, and why they endure, without a murmur, the severest hardships to which any troops have been subjected during the war. When peace is restored, it will be honor enough for any man to say, "I belonged to the army of Stonewall Jackson."

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF VIRGINIA.

In an appeal to the people, published by Colonel Imboden, commanding the Confederate forces in the neighborhood of Staunton, this officer relates some characteristic anecdotes of the patriotism, hardihood, and simplicity of the mountaineers of Virginia.

"On a certain occasion," says Colonel Imboden, "I halted, near sunset, by a log cabin in one of the wildest gorges on the Dry Fork of Cheat. An aged mother and several daughters were the only members of the family at home. The father had been in Camp Chase over a year, on a charge of being a rebel; an only son is a soldier in one of my companies. I asked for corn to feed over three hundred horses. The old lady said they only had a little, raised by herself and daughters, but I was welcome to it if I needed it. I took half she had, and paid her for it, when she seemed to doubt the propriety of receiving money from a Southern soldier, as she thought it a duty to *give* us what we wanted. Her son's company was not along, and she did not see him. The eldest daughter said: 'Colonel, tell brother we are all well, and doing well. We expect our papa will soon be released from Camp Chase and come home. Tell him to be contented in the army, and write to us if he can. If we had known you were coming we would have had his winter clothes ready to send to him, but we will have no other chance when you leave. Tell him we have made enough corn to do us, and have plenty of meat. We have caught five large bears in a pen, and salted them down for winter. The Yankee sheriff came with five soldiers along to collect the taxes, and wanted to take the mare, but I had sold the bear skins for money enough to pay him, and I hope it is the last time I will ever have to pay Yankee taxes.' I thought, as I rode away into the wilderness, that the strippling soldier—but seventeen years of age—

whose home I had just left, would hereafter, in the eyes of a just and impartial posterity, have a prouder claim to honor than the son of any heartless speculator, though he inherited millions of his father's ill-gotten gains."

The Colonel refers, in another place, to an old mountaineer, seventy-five years of age, who has "killed more Yankees than any man in the command since the war began." He hunts them as he does large game, and rarely fails to bring down his man at two hundred yards with a long old rifle. He got two shots last week, and says at the second shot "the Yankee behaved mighty curious; he put his hand to his side at the crack of the gun, and laid down on the horse's neck, like he was sick, and then fell off." Such was the old man's simple account of the fate of one of the invading scoundrels.

A NOBLE SLAVE.

The following incident is related by an eye-witness—one of upwards of fifty who are cognizant of the facts. Such instances of genuine loyalty have their parallel nowhere so frequently as in the pages of Southern history, and give a flat contradiction to all the partial and puritanical statements ever made by Mrs. Stowe and her tribe of worshipping abolitionists:

"The night before the attack of the abolitionists on Secessionville, (June 16, 1862,) Daniel, a servant of Lieutenant Bellinger, of Lamar's Artillery, had taken his master's sword and pistol to a house about one hundred yards in rear of the fort to clean them, and having fallen asleep, did not awaken until the alarm of the assault was given, just at daylight. Suddenly, remembering that his master was without his weapons, he seized them and rushed to the fort through the hot fire with which the enemy, who had flanked the works, were sweeping down the men in the rear. Daniel attempted to enter at the usual place of entrance, but seeing that it was certain death to proceed further in that direction—three of our men, who, like himself, had slept out of the works, were killed at his side—he tried another place. But the storm of projectiles shut him out there, too. Determined, however, to do his duty, he rushed across the line of fire, and fell, mortally wounded, pierced by three balls. But, faithful even unto death, he entreated the men near him to carry the sword and pistol for him to his master. One of them answered that it was useless, for his master was killed. 'My God!' said the poor fellow, 'they killed him because he had no sword.' And, forgetting the agony of his own wounds, he upbraided himself for his carlessness, which he believed had caused his master's death.

"As soon as the fight was over Lieutenant Bellinger, hearing of Daniel's condition, hastened to where he lay, and the faithful fellow, upon hearing his name called, raised his languid eyes, and exclaimed: 'Ah, master, they

told me you were dead, but, thank God, if I'm to die this day, that it's me and not you,' and, taking the pistol from his bosom, he gave it to the lieutenant, saying: 'I tried to carry your sword to you, but they shot me, and when I fell it dropped, and I'm afraid it's lost.' 'Come, Daniel,' said his master, 'don't trouble yourself about that now, we'll take you to the surgeon, and he'll soon make you all right.' Daniel, however, expressed no hopes of recovery, and lamented that he could not see his master's children before he died. 'Tell them at home,' he said, 'that I promised to take care of you, and that I tried to do so to the last of my life.'

"He lingered several days, and died. The last words he ever spoke being, 'Dunean and Normie will be sorry when they hear I'm dead.' Those were the names of his master's children."

FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

In reading the reports of the battles in Mexico, and remembering the positions now occupied by the various officers, some curious coincidences are found. Thus, Magruder gives special credit to Sumner, and Joseph E. Johnston is warm in his commendations of Reno. After the battle of Churubusco, Major Loring reports to his immediate superior, Earl Van Dorn: "The rifles were accompanied throughout by the distinguished young Lieutenants, Beauregard, Smith, and McClellan, the two latter in command of a portion of the engineer corps. All, I am happy to say, bore themselves with the greatest gallantry."

At Churubusco, McClellan was under the immediate command of Lieutenant G. W Smith, subsequently street commissioner in New York, and now one of the generals in the Confederate service.

TURKS AND YANKEES.

A historian of the Saracen conquerers says: "It was, moreover, a common injunction to spare as much as possible the countries they invaded. 'Destroy not palm trees,' says Ababeker to Yesuf, 'nor burn any field of corn; cut down no fruit trees, do no mischief to cattle, only such as ye kill to eat.'"

Compare these Turks of more than a thousand years ago, in the very midnight of the ages, with the Yankees of this day, who organized expeditions for the express purpose of doing what the most savage and barbarous people of the world would not permit.

A PILLAGING EXPEDITION.

The St. Louis *Democrat* contains the following account of the movements of a cavalry brigade under Colonel Cornyn, of the Federal army:

"This brigade left Corinth, Mississippi, on one of the last days of May, 'for the purpose of making a path of desolation through a section of country not heretofore traveled by our forces.' It was the intention (to quote more of the select language of the narrator) to 'play the devil generally,' and to leave on the minds of non-combatant people 'a vivid impression as to what war really is.' The brigade was five nights in the saddle, and in that brief space their abolition eulogist claims that, among other acts of signal vengeance, they burned seven cotton factories (all private property), costing an average of two hundred thousand dollars each, the largest of these containing three hundred looms, being valued at one million dollars, and employing hundreds of men, women, and children. The stock of manufactured goods on hand is described to have been more valuable than the buildings and machinery. Steam flouring-mills, steam saw-mills, private dwellings, yellow, waving wheat-fields just ready for the sickle, were alike destroyed in the wantonness of vengeance. Speaking of the immense amount of forage committed to the flames, the jubilant narrator says: 'Immense is not the word—language cannot describe the scene—the smoke rising from burning corn cribs in every direction, and for many miles on each side of our path.' Great numbers of slaves were brought away, but this was a matter of course."

A PEN PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JACK MORGAN.

The following sketch of this redoubtable chief, though somewhat florid, is one of the most graphic that has been given to the public:

"Morgan is precisely six feet in stature; his limbs are faultlessly symmetrical, and his action is the very poetry of motion. His hair is auburn, his eyes blue, his forehead high and broad; his face wears the flush of hale health, and is radiant with the light of thought. His hands and feet are small, and in his locomotion there is a remarkable elasticity and grace. His brow is of an eminently mental mould. Decision flashes from his eye; and his lip indicates a firmness beyond the reach of embarrassment. His address captivates everybody—'the girls all love him, and the boys all swear by him.' He is, in the broadest and most comprehensive sense of the terms, a gentleman, a scholar, a soldier, and a Morgan. Wary, intrepid, circumspect, and bold, he is endowed with the rare capacity of self-possession in the very jaws of peril—he can *think*, and deliberately decide what it will be best to do, however great the danger. His perceptive faculties are preëminently fine. Intuitively he comprehends in a twinkling all manner of riddles, whether they come in the form of a 'weak invention of the enemy,' or in the more 'questionable shape' of better laid schemes of masterly strategy. His predominating characteristic is quickness. His apprehension is quick, his decision quick, and his action quick.

"In the purity of his sentiments, the elevation of his principles, the daring of his spirit, and the manly comeliness of his person, he is emphatically a Chevalier Bayard. Of one bright, noble quality he is the fortunate possessor, which shines conspicuously—looms up over all his other brilliant gifts. I allude to the holy awe with which he views the character and feelings of that connecting link between good men and angels, commonly called woman. When he captured that train of cars between Nashville and Louisville, with about a dozen women and four Yankee officers aboard, one of the women, who was the wife of one of the captured officers, rushed up to him, and exclaimed: 'Oh, Captain Morgan, I implore you don't, for Heaven's sake, hurt my poor little husband.' 'Madam,' replied the Colonel, 'I am a Southern soldier, the proper definition of which is, an honorable gentleman. The soldiers of our army, madam, are not fighting for plunder, and we therefore respect private property. We are not capable of poltroonery, and we therefore invariably treat with the profoundest respect the sex. There is a locomotive and train of cars, madam; they are valuable to your Government, and would be still more so to mine. I cannot consent, however, that yourself and the ladies who are with you shall be turned into this forest without protection. Take it, madam, and with it take your poor little husband, and go home.' Whereupon the astonished and delighted feminine Yankee grasped his hand in a spasm of ecstacy, and rained upon it a flood of grateful kisses and tears.

"That feature in his character which is seen first, and remembered longest by all, is his unaffected modesty. It sheds a soft and sweet fragrance around and over his whole character. Whenever you praise any deed of his daring, his response is: 'Ah, sir, it was the boys did that—the boys, sir, the boys.' Wherever he is, he is always the centre of attraction—the observed of all observers. Yet he never seems to be aware of it. Old men stare at him, and all the young ones shout for him; but he moves along just as though nothing had occurred."

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Dr. Cross, in the Holston *Journal*, thus describes the field of battle on the day after the fight of Murfreesboro':

"Ah! how many expired with the year. Here they lie, friend and foe, in every position, a vast, promiscuous ruin.

> 'They sleep their last sleep; they have fought their last battle;
> No sound can awake them to glory again.'

"After a pretty thorough inspection of the ground in the rear of our lines, from Stone's River to the extreme left, I ride to the front, where the dead lie thick among the cedars, in the proportion of five Yankees to one

Southron. Here are sights to sicken the bravest hearts—sad lessons for human passion and oppression. Here is a foot, shot off at the ankle, a fine model for a sculptor; here is an officer's hand, severed from the wrist, the glove still upon it, and the sword still in its grasp; here is an entire brain, perfectly isolated, showing no sign of violence, as if carefully taken from the skull that enclosed it by the hands of a skillful surgeon; here 's a corpse sitting upon the ground, with its back against a tree, in the most natural position of life, holding before its face the photograph likeness of a good looking old lady, probably the dead man's mother; here is a poor fellow, who has crawled into the corner of a fence to read his sister's letter, and expired in the act of its perusal, the precious document still open before him, full of affectionate counsel; here is a handsome young man, with a placid countenance, lying upon his back, his Bible upon his bosom, and his hands over it, as if he had gone to sleep saying his evening prayer. Many others present the melancholy contrast of scattered cards, obscene pictures, and filthy ballad-books—'miserable comforters' for a dying hour, but an instructive commentary upon the Yankee cause. One lies upon his face, literally biting the ground, his rigid fingers fastened firmly into the gory sod; and another, with upturned face, open eyes, knit brow, compressed lips, and clenched fists, displays all the desperation of Yankee vengeance, imprinted on his clay. Dissevered heads, arms, legs, are scattered everywhere; and the coagulated pools of blood gleam ghastly in the morning sun. It is a fearful sight for Christian eyes."

GALLANT EXPLOIT.

The following incident is related, and its accuracy vouched for, by an officer under whose command it occurred:

"Sergeant Gray, of Captain Wood's company, of Scott's Thirty-Seventh Virginia Regiment, captured in one of Jackson's recent battles a Yankee captain, lieutenant, and eleven privates. He overhauled them, and commanded a halt, when the captain ordered his men to fire. They did so without inflicting serious injury upon Gray, who rushed upon the captain, took his sword from him, and told him if he did not command his men to surrender, he would kill him instantly. The gallant captain succumbed, when each private marched singly up to Gray, and laid his arms at the conqueror's feet. After he had secured all, he shouldered the eleven muskets, and marched the thirteen Yanks into camp. This is what one resolute man did, and were the statement not vouched for, it would seem to be incredible."

THE FIDELITY OF OUR NEGROES.

The fidelity of our negroes, thus far, has been as much a subject of gratification to us as of surprise to the enemy. It has been thought that every slave would gladly avail himself of an opportunity to regain his freedom, but the prophets have been disappointed. A characteristic incident is related by a respectable gentleman who lives between Fairfax Court-House and Alexandria.

He was the owner of an old man and two younger men. Having confidence in their faithfulness, and the honesty of the Federals, he left them on his plantation. The latter, however, visited the premises, and asked the old man if he did not want his freedom. The old fellow told him no; that he was living near the line, and if he desired it, could have obtained his liberty any time within the last twenty years, simply by crossing over. As he was old and infirm, they left him, but carried off the two boys. General Tyler, for it was he, asked them if they did not want their freedom. "Oh, yes," said one of them. "Would you fight for us?" "Yes, sir, and I would shoot my old master the very first man." This gave the officer great confidence in the artful but faithful respondent. So they put him in uniform, mounted him on horseback, and treated him with other marks of favor. He, however, had not wavered in the slightest degree in his fidelity, and was taking observations of the various points. After having possessed himself of all the necessary information, he started off before day, one morning, and came to this place. His master carried him to General Bonham, who obtained from him very valuable information, as he had not only ascertained the location of the Federal batteries, but the number and calibre of their guns. The other boy remained in Alexandria.

Another incident, equally characteristic, is recorded of a free negro—a descendant of the slaves manumitted by General Washington—who owns and occupies a farm of one hundred and fifty acres in Fairfax County, near Mount Vernon. This man has offered twenty-eight acres of his farm, to be sold, that the proceeds might be used in the defence of Virginia, and he is willing to fight himself.

This reminds us of still another incident, though it has but slight application to the subject. A gang of slaves were rolling a cargo of bomb-shells on a small steamer, for transportation to a fort. One of the darkies, not understanding their use, exclaimed, "Gorra mighty! what de white folks gwine to do wid dese big balls?" "Why, you fool nigga," replied a knowing-looking comrade, "dem is Davis pills, to work de Yankees out ob Fort Pickens."

A GOOD CAUTION.

At one time there was a fear that the President, for some cause, would attempt to deprive Beauregard of his command. Wigfall, of Texas, a bold, dashing, independent, plain-spoken man, referring to the subject on one occasion, in the presence of Davis, remarked: "Mr. President, don't touch him. Whenever a man becomes so popular that the men of the country name their race-horses and steamboats, and the women name their babies after him, don't touch him, let him alone!"

HURRAH FOR THE DEVIL.

While the Yankees were occupying Canton, Mississippi, a little boy, five years of age, passing by a bevy of soldiers, shouted, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis." "Hurrah for the devil," was the indignant response. "That's right," said the little fellow; "you hurrah for your captain, and I'll hurrah for mine."

RUNNING A FAT LADY.

During one of the raids of the Federals in North Carolina, they entered the house of a venerable lady, and deliberately proceeded to hew and hack her elegant furniture. She remonstrated against this vandalism, when the brutes drove her out of the house, and, at the point of the bayonet, compelled her to double-quick around the premises, amid their gibes and laughter, until the poor woman fell, exhausted. A fact which adds to the barbarity of the treatment is, that the lady was so portly as for several years to have been an invalid. The wretches, when they left, had the audacity to say that "the exercise would do her good."

ISSUING HIS RATIONS.

After the battle of Boonsboro', in Maryland, when our army fell back, one of our pickets was surprised by a huge Yankee, and ordered to surrender. Pretending to do so, the Confederate suddenly mounted the Yankee, and made him a prisoner, then started for camp. He did not know exactly what course to take, but traveled in the direction of Sharpsburg, where, at the end of the second day, he met General Evans, of South Carolina, and staff.

"Who have you got there?" was the inquiry of the general.

"Wall, he 's one o' the blue-bellies, Gineral, but I reckon he 's mighty nigh sorry for it. Kin yer tell us whar we 'll git suthin' t' eat? Haint had nothin' fur three days."

"Camp is only two miles away," was the reply. "But where have you been, and how have you lived?" continued the general.

"Ben! why, we 've ben lost, and as for the livin' part, I jest concluded I 'd turn commissary, and press pervisions to keep me and the Yank, so I marched him *into a corn-field, and issued three days' rations;* but we 've ben two of the sickest dogs, Gineral, that ever nosed a bone. Yer have n't a drop of '*diree* corjul' about yer?"

Fortunately the general had; and, considerably mollified by a strong pull at the flask, the Confederate resumed his journey.

BARBAROUS FEDERAL GENERALS.—YANKEE CONFESSIONS.

The North, even—we mean the honest, conservative portion of the people—are put to shame at the infamy and atrocities of some of her military tyrants. The Philadelphia *Evening Journal* has an article on "Barbarous Federal Generals," in which it speaks out thus boldly:

"Whatever may be the final result of the present sanguinary war—whether the seceded States become subjugated or independent—the future impartial historian will pronounce the judgment of posterity against a few names that have figured conspicuously in the Federal service.

"One of these worthies is Ben. Butler, who commenced his military career at Big Bethel, and ended it at New Orleans, where he played such fantastic tricks against humanity that the administration was compelled to remove him, and appoint a man whose instincts are not so brutal—who, in comparison, is a gentleman—we mean General Banks. Another one is Turchin, of Illinois, a colonel who was tried by court-martial for permitting and encouraging his men to arson, murder, plunder, and rape—who was condemned and ordered to be dismissed in dishonor from the service, which sentence was approved by General Buell and promulgated, but who was immediately promoted from his colonelcy to a brigadier-generalship by Mr. Lincoln, and is now in service under General Rosecranz.

"Another is an adventurer from the land of the blue-noses, named McNiel, who in cold blood ordered ten innocent non-combatants to be shot, because they resided in the neighborhood of one who had been abducted from his home by a guerilla band. The flimsy pretext for this barbarity was, that it was done in retaliation for his murder, but his subsequent return, safe and sound, destroyed the last prop upon which such an infamous, wholesale murder was sought to be justified. If the heart-rending agony of the ten widows, and the wailing of their orphaned children, do not reach his conscience, then he will suffer all the more in hell, where there are saints in comparison to him.

"Another name is that of Milroy, a canting, Methodistical preacher, who has embraced the opportunity of civil war to wreak the petty vengeance and malice of his narrow soul upon the unfortunate, heart-broken, and impoverished women and children of Virginia. His conduct in West Vir-

ginia was bad enough, but his ferocity in the valley around Winchester is shocking. But a short time since he ordered a family out of the lines, and would not permit them to take their clothing with them. It is said that even their crinoline was denied them, although they had treated our troops in the most kindly manner. He moved into the mansion immediately, and appropriated it for his headquarters, together with the spoons, pianos, &c., and, in a fit of generosity, presented one of the pianos to a female who was residing in one of the camps thereabouts. This family, although it was well known to have sheltered and succored our soldiers when the fate of war had thrown them captive in the neighborhood, was thus cruelly and unnecessarily thrown helpless upon the world, to gratify the lust of pillage of this general.

"Another name is that of Steinwehr, whose complicity in the shocking scene of the burning of New Market will be remembered. It was proven that those who were trying to escape from the burning houses were driven back into the flames with the sabres of ferocious soldiers. Can the mind of man contemplate a greater scene of horror than was presented by frantic citizens, driven from their homes by the torch of the incendiary, shrieking and terror stricken? How they must have cried for mercy; how their piercing shrieks must have risen above the roar of the crackling flames, enveloping their own homsteads. But these did not pierce the heart of this general. No; nor were any of his accomplices punished for this deed of infamy and horror.

"These incarnate fiends, without having any military ability whatever, have driven the people into hostility, when they might have been secured as friends. This article will be construed into a disparagement of our army and its officers; but let us tell those who would do so, that nothing disparages our army so much, either at home or abroad, as the neglect to seek out and punish such offenders. The administration cannot plead ignorance of the facts. The acts of Butler, McNiel, and Milroy were brought to their notice by the protest of the enemy, while those of Turchin and Steinwehr were brought forward in the evidence before the court-martial. In every case they were protected and promoted by the administration, while Lieutenant Edgerly was dismissed for voting the Democratic ticket in New Hampshire, and Lieutenant Van Buren for permitting his soldiers to rifle a hen-roost. To insure promotion—rob, murder, and destroy; to incur dismissal—abstain from robbery and inhumanity, or vote the Democratic ticket."

WAIFS FROM A CAMP DIARY.

To the Pensacola light-house was attached a small house for the keeper. One of the "Floridians," upon seeing it, observed that it was the *biggest chimney* to a small house that ever he came across.

In the fight at Pocotaligo, South Carolina, one of our sharpshooters had a fiddle strapped to his back. I found him hard at work, trying to *get even*, he said, with the d—d Yankees for making him lose his bow.

'Tis said that man, with latest breath,
Betrays the ruling passion strong in death;
But Yankees, true to country, will
Lie till they die, and then—*lie still.*

NEGRO DIGNITY

Private Gibbs, of Charleston, was captured and sent to Hilton Head, and a negro, in uniform and armed, was placed as guard over him. A mischievous idea occured to Gibbs, to test the negro's sense of "freedom and equality with the white man." So, stepping up to him in an unguarded moment, Gibbs asked him, authoritatively, "Whom do you belong to?" Taken by surprise, the negro answered, submissively, "To de 'state of Geddis, on de main, sir," meaning an estate on the main-land—then, recollecting his changed condition, he walled his eyes angrily at Gibbs, and said: "Look 'ere! stand off dare. Didn't you know I put here to guard you? I belong to Mister General Hunter and myself, now;" and he strutted forward and back with pompous dignity.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

The Lexington (Virginia) *Gazette* gives the following extract from a letter written by an officer to a citizen of that town. It relates an amusing incident, which the officer says, "unlike most good things of the kind, is true:"

"On Monday succeeding the battle of Fredericksburg, the Yankees asked and obtained a flag of truce, to collect and carry off their dead. As soon as it was understood that this was the case, there was a cessation of the previous incessant firing between the skirmishers on both sides. Soon the men of both parties began to lay down their arms and walk out into the neutral ground between, and talk and swap newspapers, tobacco, coffee, &c. Then the lines grew more confused and mixed, till at last there was no separation between the advanced lines of both parties.

"About this time, one of our fellows, a rough, wild-looking specimen, with his toes out of his shoes, his bushy hair protruding from the topless crown of his hat, ragged pants, and no coat, with a dingy, chocolate tint pervading his whole person, was rambling around generally, with nothing to give, but ready to accept anything, from a newspaper to an overcoat. Presently he espied a bran new Belgian musket lying abandoned on the ground. This was precisely the thing our Confederate Adonis wanted to complete his equipment and costume; so he picks it up, and starts off for his lines. Just then he is spied by a Yankee major on horseback—a fellow

got up in the highest style of military tailoring, with new coat and trappings, and, above all, a superb pair of patent leather top-boots. He rides up quickly, and calls out, rather sharply:

"'Put down that musket, sir! You can't have that.'

"Our Brummell gives him an edgewise glance of incredulity, and making no reply, pursues the even tenor of his way. Fretted that his appearance and authority should not have produced more effect upon such a looking fellow, the Yankee rides up close to him, and calls out, very curtly and sternly:

"'Don't you know, sir, that you can't come within our lines and carry off guns under a flag of truce? Put it down, sir, and go back to your regiment.'

"Mercury looks up at him kindly and inquiringly, as if to be satisfied that he is in earnest, and, shaking his head at him, but without even slackening his pace, or weakening his hold of the musket, coolly replies:

"'Never mind, sir! I 'll shoot you to-morrow, and *get them boots*.'

"Do you think it will make much difference with that fellow whether the Government gives him shoes or not?"

YANKEE REVERENCE FOR GENERAL LEE.

When the army was passing through Pennsylvania, the ladies frequently came out of their houses to show their feeling of hostility to us, and to display some evidence of it. At one place, a beautiful girl ran down the steps of an elegant mansion, and, standing on the terrace in front, waved a miniature United States flag in the face of our troops. Behind her, applauding her act, was grouped a party of ladies, all richly and fashionably attired, evidently belonging to a family of some note. The troops passed by quietly, offering no insult to the flushed beauty as she flaunted her flag in their faces. At that moment General Lee rode up. His noble face, and quiet, reproving look met her eye, and the waving flag was lowered. For a moment she looked at him, and then, throwing down the miniature banner, exclaimed audibly, as she clasped her white hands together: "Oh! I *wish* he was ours!" The flag was not picked up, but with hands still held tightly together, and a sad, thoughtful face, she went back to the porch. No further attempt to show Union sentiment was made by those ladies.

THE SPIRIT OF OUR HOMES.

A few instances illustrate:

"Mr. James Argo, residing in Pulaski County, Georgia, has fourteen sons and sons-in-law in the ranks of the 'Pulaski Volunteers' The old gentleman himself was a soldier, stationed at Norfolk, in the war of 1812.

"General Joseph Graham, of Lincoln County, North Carolina, has left a name renowned in history as a Revolutionary hero. His mantle has fallen upon his descendants. His youngest son, Ex-Governor Wm. A. Graham, has five sons in the army. His sister, the youngest daughter of General Graham, and wife of the Rev. Dr. Robert H. Morrison, has two sons and four sons-in-law in the service, two of the latter being 'Bethel' Hill and 'Stonewall' Jackson.

"The Shuler family, originally from Orangeburg District, South Carolina, exhibit a representation of fifty-one names in the Confederate service. The Easterling family have in Confederate service sixty-three representatives, all hailing from South Carolina.

"In Cleveland County, North Carolina, Mrs. Hamrick, a widow, has but seven children, all sons, six of whom she has devoted to the Southern cause. She would devote the seventh, and her all, but that he is a small boy, too young for the army At the first call of her country, this noble mother urged her sons to the field. With such sons and such mothers, we fear not the issue.

"In the list of casualties of the Fifth Virginia Regiment at Fredericksburg, we see among the killed Lieutenant Bell, of Augusta County, the ninth killed out of twelve of that family in that regiment."

THE TRUE SPIRIT.

In these times of trial to men's souls, a modest exhibition of genuine patriotism and courage, in soldier or citizen, woman or child, commands the admiration and sympathy of all. What language can describe the emotions of those who fully appreciate the unyielding heroism with which the patriotic preacher, Rev. Peyton Harrison, of Cumberland County, Virginia, bears the weighty afflictions imposed upon him by this unholy war? At Manassas, the flower of the flock fell, at the head of his company, and with perfect resignation he bowed to the stroke. At Fort Donelson, another son, Rev. Dabney Carr Harrison, a joint-heir with his brother Peyton to their father's love, fell while gallantly leading his men in defence of that position. Closely following upon the telegram of Captain Dabney Harrison's death, the news of his daughter's death came upon him—a lovely young lady, who breathed her last at Brandon, on James River, a day or two since. And yet, in the face of this battalion of sorrows, he evinced that undying spirit, the bulwark of Southern independence, when he said, in a quiet and determined manner: "I have two more sons left to devote to our cause; when they, too, are gone, I will shoulder the musket myself."

FIDELITY OF OUR SLAVES.

The characteristic exhibitions of Yankee character and purpose do us, incidentally, great benefit in affording instances of the well-tried fidelity of the servants.

An old servant woman, who had been faithful under all trials and temptations, went to the Yankee who had the basket of keys belonging to her mistress, and demanded the smoke-house key, saying that, as her mistress had had neither breakfast nor dinner, she was determined to cook her something to eat before she left. This faithful negro cook happened to be possessed of a tongue which could run, when provoked, as fast and foul as a fish-woman's. When the Yankee refused to let her have the key, to get her mistress something to eat, she poured out upon him a stream of denunciatory epithets which he richly deserved, but which it would not do for us to publish. The reader may form some idea of what she said from the following, which are some of the mildest epithets used in the old woman's vocabulary: "You mean, low, trifling, dirty, poor white trash, you ain't fit for nothing but to rob and steal. You poor, cowardly robbers, that's fit to steal niggers, and den rob der masters and mistresses, what ain't got nothing to fight you wid. Why don't you go up the Valley, whar Massa Jackson is. He 's got guns, and swords, and bayonets, just like you is; why don't you go up dere and see him, you mean, sneaking, cowardly, poor white trash, de wus kind in de world." The old cook gave him "Jessie," and, as she was in the panoply of an Ethiopian skin, they were compelled to take it.

A SOUTHERN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

A few years ago, Sir John Musgrave and his beautiful daughter visited New York, bringing with them the prestige of a good name, and wearing the livery of exceeding gracefulness and refinement of manners. They were feted and caressed by the merchant princes of the great commercial metropolis. The daughter won the heart of the gallant son of Henry Grinnell, the generous and noble-hearted merchant of New York, who hath been, and is now, the unflinching and dauntless friend of the South, and who has defied the Lincoln Government in the *expression* of a bold and manly opinion in our behalf, and in the *manifestation* of the most substantial aid and comfort to our cause.

Sir John and his daughter returned to England, and soon thereafter his daughter accompanied Florence Nightingale to the Crimea, and was the constant companion, day and night, of that angel of mercy, in her ministrations to the dying and wounded soldiers in the Crimean war. On her return to England, young Grinnell met her in London, and they were married, where they settled, enjoying all the luxuries and elegancies of life, which the princely wealth of their fathers could so well afford them. Colonel

———, of Virginia, had often met Miss Musgrave in New York, and whilst passing down the street in Richmond, suddenly and unexpectedly met her, wearing that bland and joyous smile and expression of recognition which imparts such a beautiful benevolence to her countenance. "Mercy!" exclaimed Colonel ———; "I would as soon have expected to see an angel from heaven! Pray, Miss Musgrave, how came you here?"

Her story was soon told, with most unaffected simplicity. "After leaving New York," said she, "I returned to England, and went with Florence Nightingale to the Crimea. On my return home I married Mr. Grinnell, and on the breaking out of the war in America, my husband avowed his determination to link his fortunes with the South; and I accompanied him. He soon raised a company—fitted them out at an expense to himself of fifteen thousand dollars—preferred that some one of more experience should be captain, taking for himself a lieutenancy—and he has gone to fight for the South, and I am here in one of the hospitals of Richmond, caring the best I can for the wounded and dying soldiers of the Confederacy." And she passed on—if not an angel from heaven, certainly an angel of earth—the Florence Nightingale of America!

AN APT REPLY.

When the streets of Montgomery were crowded with soldiery, and inspiriting martial music stirred all hearts, a lady chanced to pass along one of the principal thoroughfares, when a volunteer, who probably felt the "one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," very politely saluted her by raising his hat, and remarking: "Farewell, my good lady; I'm going off to *fight* for you;" to which she instantly and very composedly replied: "And I intend remaining here to *pray* for you, sir." There was something in this reply so apropos—so womanly—that there was a general raising of hats among the group, who doubtless felt that a warm and truly generous heart beat in the bosom of the fair creature who had pledged herself to invoke the benediction of Heaven upon them.

The following noble compliment, nobly-won, was conferred on a private in his army by General Beauregard. Mr. Jones is a native of Fairfax County, but a resident of Warrenton, Virginia, and his town, county, and State will do well to be proud of the young hero, who has won such uncommon honors. The order which follows was read at the head of every regiment in Beauregard's whole army. All praise to the general who thus honors merit, even in the ranks:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI, April 12, 1862.

"[GENERAL ORDERS No. 14.]

"The Commander of the forces desires to call the special attention of the army to the intrepid behavior of Private Elcon Jones, Company K, Seventeenth Regiment Virginia Volunteers, while on detached service in the signal corps, during the bombardment of the upper or Rucker's Battery at Madrid Bend; when the signal-flag, having been twice shot from his hand, was, nevertheless, promptly recovered by him, and his messages accurately transmitted without interruptions.

"Preferring the post of danger and of duty to the relief proffered by his commanding officer, Private Jones remained at his perilous position for six days and nights, affording an example of patriotic devotion and personal valor eminently worthy of the emulation of his young countrymen-in-arms.

"By command of General Beauregard.

F. H. JORDAN,
Assistant Adjutant General."

FEMALE HEROISM.

Two of the late Judge Clopton's daughters had a servant hired at Fortress Monroe, and could not get her by sending. They made one of their servants row them to the fort in a boat; they were armed with revolvers, and demanded admittance; the sentinel refused; they insisted, and were told that they would be fired upon; they said fire, then, and drew their revolvers and entered the fort. They told the officers that they had heard that the Hampton people should not throw up sand-banks, but that it should be done, if the ladies had to do it; that they would head a company of ladies to do it. The officers said, if they were specimens of the ladies, they did not know what the men of Hampton would do.

OLD ABE AND HIS WIFE—PEN PORTRAIT.

Russell, of the London *Times*, has furnished the following concerning the present occupants of the White House at Washington:

"Leaving the hubbub and phiz-drinks and constant spitting of Willard's, the reader is permitted to follow Mr. Russell to the aristocratic seclusion of the White House. The servant who took the guest's hat was slow to believe that the gentleman was invited. 'He was,' says the Diary, 'particularly inquisitive as to my name and condition in life; and when he heard I was not a minister. he seemed inclined to question my right to be there at all, for,' said he, 'there are none but members of the Cabinet and their wives and daughters dining here to-day.' Eventually, he relaxed,

instructed me how to place my hat, so that it would be exposed to no indignity, and informed me that I was about to participate in a prandial enjoyment of no ordinary character. Mr. Jeams having been thus conciliated, the reporter was led to the reception-room.

"Mrs. Lincoln was already seated to receive her guests. She is of the middle age and height, of a plumpness degenerating to the *embonpoint* natural to her years; her features are plain, her nose and mouth of the ordinary type, and her manners and appearance homely; stiffened, however, by the consciousness that her position requires her to be something more than plain Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the Illinois lawyer. She is profuse in the use of the word 'sir,' in every instance, which is now almost an Americanism confined to certain classes, although it was once so common in England. Her dress I shall not attempt to describe, though it was very gorgeous and highly colored. She handled a fan with much energy, displaying a round, well-proportioned arm, and was adorned with some simple jewelry. Mrs. Lincoln struck me as being desirous of making herself agreeable."

The portrait of the host is thus given in another chapter:

"Soon afterwards there entered, with a shambling, irregular, almost unsteady gait, a tall, lank, lean man, considerably over six feet in height, with stooping shoulders, long, pendulous arms, terminating in hands of extraordinary dimensions, which, however, were far exceeded in proportion by his feet. He was dressed in an ill-fitting, wrinkled suit of black, which put one in mind of an undertaker's uniform at a funeral; round his neck a rope of black silk was knotted in a large bulb, with flying ends projecting beyond the collar of his coat; his turned-down shirt-collar disclosed a sinewy, muscular, yellow neck, and above that, nestling in a great mass of black hair, bristling and compact, like a ruff of mourning pins, rose the strange, quaint face and head, covered with its thatch of wild republican hair, of Lincoln. The impression produced by the size of his extremities, and by the flapping and wide-projecting ears, may be removed by the appearance of kindliness, sagacity, and the awkward *bonhomie* of his face; the mouth is absolutely prodigious; the lips, straggling, and extending almost from one line of black beard to the other, are only kept in order by two deep furrows from the nostril to the chin; the nose itself—a prominent organ—stands out from the face, with an inquiring, anxious air, as though it were sniffing some good thing in the wind; the eyes, dark and deeply set, are penetrating, but full of an expression which almost amounts to tenderness; and above them projects the shaggy brow, running into the small, hard frontal space, the development of which can scarcely be estimated accurately, owing to the irregular locks of thick hair carelessly brushed across it."

A PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS AND HIS CHILDREN.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Courier*, writing under date June 17, 1861, describes as follows:

"The parlors of the President, at the Spottswood Hotel, this evening have been the *locale* of a pleasant interchange of courtesies between himself and the members of the Virginia Convention. On the first day of their session, the body passed a resolution instructing the Chairman to address Mr. Davis, and ascertain when it would be convenient to receive them. He responded, naming the evening, upon which a resolution was passed that the members should pay their respects in a body. They accordingly assembled at eight o'clock, and, headed by the venerable Ex-President John Tyler, and Hon. John Janney, the President of the Convention, proceeded arm in arm from the Capitol to the hotel. Arriving here, the door of the private entrance was thrown open, and the procession ascended to the Presidential parlors, where were present the Chief Magistrate; Hon. Robert Toombs, Secretary of State; Hon. Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy; Hon. Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury; and Mr. Wm. M. Browne, Assistant Secretary of State. As the gentlemen severally advanced, they were introduced by Mr. Ewbank, the Secretary of the Convention, and in ten minutes the apartments were filled by a hundred or more of the 'solid men' of Virginia, each one happy in that happiest of all reflections, that he was looking his very best.

"The President always looks well, but never, to my mind, is he so much in his element as when the centre of an admiring throng; throwing out those brilliant scintillations of thought with which his fertile mind is so pregnant. This was especially the case this evening. Not only was each gentleman met with a kind and different greeting from that received by his neighbor, but, after the formalities of the introduction were over, the freedom with which he moved hither and thither, dropping a compliment to one, calling up some reminiscence of the past to another, touching gently upon the events of the time to a third, relating a brief but appropriate anecdote to a fourth, and making himself eminently agreeable to all, did not fail to produce upon the minds of his visitors the impression experienced by every man who spends even five minutes in the Presidential presence. Davis adorns the social circle as well as he has the forum or the field. Combining the freedom of the friend with the caution of the diplomat, yet giving full scope to his fine conversational abilities, he draws more out, and puts more into his auditors, with less restraint and less effort, than one would believe possible. You look, you listen, and you talk. Magnetized by one of the most irresistible smiles in the world, charmed with his language, and yet involuntarily drawn into the expression of your own sentiments, you

soon forget that you are talking with the President of the Southern Union, and remember only the man. Such is President Davis in the parlor. What he is in the cabinet, as statesman, and soldier, the world already knows.

"Moving around in the crowd were two microscopic Davises—Maggie and Jeff., Jr.—as handsome and brilliant a pair of household angels as ever blessed a parent's heart. Maggie is what the ladies would call 'a perfect gem.' She has large, brown, expressive eyes, long lashes, which, but for natural vivacity, would give her an almost pensive cast of countenance; round, rosy cheeks; a sweet little nose and mouth; a dimpled chin; a fine growth of black hair, clipped short on the neck, and a clear, rosy complexion. Add to these charms a tiny form, pretty enough to belong to a divinity, and you have a pen-and-ink portrait of a diminutive specimen of humanity who would make a jewel of a picture in any kind of setting, whether she belonged to a President 'or any other man.'

"The other Davis—young Jeff.—is a chubby, broad-shouldered, gray-eyed, big-headed, brown-haired chap, five years old, fat, fair, and fresh as a rosebud; but beyond these points, he is a boy like any other.

"The father seems proud of both these bantlings; and as they edged through the crowd and took a place by his side once or twice, though engaged in conversation with a number of gentlemen around him, he still found time to bestow upon them the smiles and caresses of affection."

THE SPIRIT OF OUR SOLDIERS.

The full story of moral heroism, personal sacrifice, and gallant deeds written in blood during this war, can never be transferred to history. We can only preserve such instances as occasionally find their record in the columns of the press:

"A mother had proposed to hire a substitute. The son replied: 'No, I say now that I will never leave my flag in the hour of peril. Come weal, come woe, I will always be found fighting under the Confederate flag until liberty and peace are restored, and the Southern Confederacy is acknowledged by the civilized world. If you have any money to spare to hire a substitute, you had better do it; though, if you hire five hundred it will have no effect towards bringing me home, for I intend seeing this war out, if I live.

"A mere youth, who belonged to the cavalry, rode by a poor, weary, and forsaken soldier, and observing that he was barefooted and the blood running from his feet, immediately jerked off his boots, and, throwing them to him, said: 'Take them, I have a horse and you are a-foot;' and rode off before a reply could be made. The result was, the poor little fellow took pneumonia and died."

A Northern paper contains the following:

"A rebel major, who was wounded and taken prisoner, said, after one of our surgeons had dressed his wounds: 'Gentlemen, I did not expect such kind treatment at your hands; but I tell you, in all candor, you never can capture Richmond, unless you do it over the dead and wounded bodies of fifty thousand men. We have resolved it; we shall endeavor to perform it.' This sentiment is shared by all the prisoners we have captured."

"During one of the adventurous raids of General John Morgan in Kentucky, a shell struck a Sergeant McDaniel on the leg, crushing and mangling it so terribly that he died a few hours after. As the general rode by him, he called out: 'How are you, general;' and as the general turned around, he said: 'Don't mind me, I am past cure;' and calling to some comrades who were near, said: 'Here are some few cartridges—you will need them.' These were about the last words spoken by the poor fellow. Another poor fellow, who was shot through the intestines, as the surgeon approached him, said: 'Doctor, don't mind me; my wound is fatal; go to those whom you can assist.'"

A NOBLE BOY.

A friend from Holly Springs related to us the following incident, which occurred in Jackson, Tennessee. Little Bennie Malone, a boy about ten years of age, and son of Dr. B. J. Malone, of Jackson, resented manfully an insult offered his mother, by one of the infamous Yankees quartered there, by striking him a severe blow on the head with a rock. Standing by a squad of Yankees on the sidewalk, he heard one of them use some insulting language about his mother, as she passed them, when he said: "Sir, she is my mother;" to which the chivalric Yankee replied: "I don't care a d—n if she is." At this moment the little fellow let fly a rock, which brought the accursed Yankee to the ground, whence he was carried to his quarters. When last heard from he was considered to be in a precarious condition, and fears were entertained that he *might* recover. Little Bennie was arrested and carried before the military authorities, but on a hearing of the case he was released.

A FEARFUL ORDEAL.

On the battle-field of Gaines' Mill, near Richmond, on the 27th of June, 1862, Colonel Gregg's first color-sergeant of the First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, James H. Taylor, was killed, after having been shot down three times, twice rising to bear his flag. He was only sixteen years of age. Young Cotchett next fell, and the colors were passed to Shubrick Hayne, who, in like turn, was soon shot down; when a fourth, Alfred G. Pinckney, took them from Hayne, and almost instantly fell, mortally

wounded, across the body of his friend. Gadsden Holmes stood ready to receive them, in turn, but fell, pierced with several balls, before the opportunity occurred. Hayne was but eighteen, and the other three not twenty-one years of age. Thus in a few moments were offered and accepted upon the altar of their country five as noble spirits as have ever graced the annals of *any* history, upon their first battle-field.

Not long before, while their regiment was drawn up in line, their colonel had said to them of the colors: "Die by them, boys, but *never* let them trail." How faithfully was this order carried out. Surely, such heroism deserves the grateful remembrance of their country.

TREATMENT OF FEMALE PRISONERS.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Exchange* says:

"The 'grand army of the North,' no longer running from Richmond, is now warring against women. A constant reader of your paper, I notice your moderate notice of these 'female rebels,' and for the sake of truth, send you the enclosed, leaving with your discretion to do with it what your judgment suggests; for *mine*, awed by the surrounding bayonets, dare not venture beyond the truth, and even trembles at this. But to facts. Imagine a listener, rather than an actor, relating her experience.

"On Saturday, at eleven, A. M., Mrs. ———, entertaining her sister, a lady friend was much surprised to see two men enter and announce that she was under arrest, and her family also. Immediately, armed men placed themselves in her parlors, at all the doors, and around the house, while the two men proceeded up stairs, throwing open the sacred doors of her apartments, forcing open drawers, desks, wardrobes, boxes, tearing the bedding from the beds, searching the pockets of dresses, with an activity which threatened destruction to everything. Remonstrance was vain, for they were told to hush, or else they should have guards placed over each one of them. Their hands were violently seized because a pocket-book was detained, and the unfortunate female pushed into a room with a soldier over her. They were grossly insulted, bringing the tears into their women's eyes. Every insult, in act and speech, was shown to them; and when their desks and pockets had been robbed of their contents, they were all huddled into one room, with armed men to guard them.

"I have long wished for some term to define a mass of vulgarity, ruffianly conduct, and insult to unprotected women, and have found it in a New York detective policeman. The prisoners have four guards over them. They turned them out of their parlors; sleep and smoke on their sofas; answer the bell when their friends call; their cards and notes are all examined. They illuminate the house, seated at the front windows, with their legs over the chairs; thrust themselves whenever the ladies meet together

(the family being large) to hear their remarks; have examined and threatened the servants if they did not tell. The prisoners cannot get a pitcher of water without a guard being sent with their servants. Their mail is taken possession of, and their privacy intruded up in every way.

"Now, as there is a God in heaven, have I stated exactly what this nineteenth century has allowed. Isolated from all their friends, thus are they left to the vengeance of this Government. The charge of treasonable correspondence cannot be sustained. No letter has ever been written to any Confederate leader; nor can proof be found to sustain this arrest. They are entirely ignorant into whose hands they have fallen, and are as much guarded as if they were the veriest convicts on record."

THE BRIGADIER GENERAL ADOLPH VON STEINWEHR.

Among the many aspirants for infamy in the Yankee army, there is no officer of rank so little known to the Southern public as the Brigadier Steinwehr, who, in his late order to his understrapper, Steadman, exhibits a cold-blooded impudence which is truly Gothic. He is a genuine Yankee fee, fau, fum general, who proffers the hospitalities of his tent to Virginia gentlemen with the condition annexed of shooting or hanging one of his guests. From a gentlemen, whom chance threw much in the way of this truculent general long before he was the imposing brigadier that he now is, we have obtained some interesting particulars of his life in America, which we propose to lay before our readers:

Brigadier Steinwehr is, as his name implies, a German, and hails from the little principality of Saxe Gotha. His family have been respectable; and an uncle of his is now a General of that pigmy Government. Steinwehr, the Yankee general, first made his appearance in the old United States in the character of a draughtsman, in the hydrographical bureau, under Professor Bache, and, at a salary of three dollars a day, worked in Mobile, under direction of Captain ——, of the United States Navy, who was then engaged in the survey of the coast. An intimacy soon sprung up between Steinwehr and Mrs. ——, and their conduct gave rise to a great deal of scandal. As the details would be offensive to ears polite, we pass them over in silence, contenting ourselves with mentioning the result of the intimacy. Madam left Mobile the divorced wife of a dishonored husband, Steinwehr bearing her company, marked, for life, with the gash of a Bowie-knife, extending across his face, from the eye to the chin.

Madam had a good deal of personal property, jewelry, &c., and our Yankee general, then unfledged, next turned up in New York at a fashionable boarding-house, under the title of Baron Adolph von Steinwehr, and the east-off wife as Madam le Countess de von Steinwehr. The baron made a desperate plunge into society, but, despite all his efforts, could never reach

the enchanted ground, the inner circle of the elite. German barons were a drug in the market; a Japanese Tommy was worth a dozen barons at that time. Our Yankee fledgeling general left the metropolis in disgust, and turned up in Albany, New York. Here barons were scarce, and as the Baron Steinwehr had felt the knife and boots of Americans, and others, he droped a peg or two, and tried the scientific and injured innocence caper. In Albany, he represented himself to the Van Rensellærs, Ten Eycks, Townsends, Bayards, and others, as a German noble, who, suffering from his love of liberty, his contempt of rank, &c., and being an outcast from the land of his fathers, deprived him of his vast possessions, was forced to fall back upon his acquirements for a living. He met with a great deal of sympathy and encouragement. He made a great noise; he was to write a book; teach drawing; make a physical geography, &c.; in short, he "got into society," and all went swimmingly with him for a time. But it was not long before he displayed qualities which did not increase his popularity. He obtained endorsements on bills which he forgot to honor; borrowed books and other articles of value, and pawned them; borrowed small change which he never repaid, and at last—"breathe it not in Gath"—he was suspected of stealing what he could not borrow. He cheated at cards, and was *tabooed* in Albany. For this same trick he had been kicked by the less refined inhabitants of New York City. Albany refused him, and he was obliged to leave his drawing pupils untaught, and his projected physical geography unfinished.

A penniless rowdy, he returned to New York City about the time "Honest Abe" made the discovery that seventy-five thousand Yankee volunteers could not squelch "the rebellion." He saw in the disorders and necessities of the times an opportunity for a position; and a brewer, named Speyer, upon whom he had been sponging, saw an opportunity of getting rid of a heavy encumbrance. Speyer, who ruled a large portion of the lager-selling and drinking community, set himself to work, and raised a regiment for Steinwehr; and the latter, having lived in Albany, knew the modes of doing business there, and had little difficulty in obtaining the commission of colonel. How he rose to his present position can be briefly told. Not deficient in pluck or impudence, he stood while others ran; he worked while others loafed, and is now a brigadier general. The styling himself A. Steinwehr, is an attempt to Anglicise his name—the "Baron Adolph von Steinwehr" being played out. Should he, at any time, fall into the hands of our troops, the following description will serve to identify him: In height, he is about five feet four inches, compactly made, but rather short-legged, broad shoulders, quick in his manner—in affectation of the French style; bald head, what hair there is left being sandy; bluish-grey eyes; nose aquiline, and slightly flattened by a blow; mouth large, but well

formed; chin prominent; moustache sandy, sprinkled with gray, and a frightful gash on the left cheek, from the eye to the goatee—a *souvenir* of Mobile.

OUR OLD MEN.

A gentleman, who has been traveling through the country, relates the following: Riding up to a house, he called for a drink of water, and inquired of the lady who sent it to him, if there were any young men who wished to volunteer. He was told that she thought there was. During the conversation, the old man came limping to the door, and heard the inquiry for volunteers, when the old lady remarked: "Why, old man, you can go;" and, turning to the recruiting officer, she said: "He can't get about much, to be sure, but then, he can sit in a fort and touch off cannon."

At the time South Carolina seceded, a venerable citizen of that State was residing in Galveston, Texas, and, there being a prospect of her coercion, expressed his determination to return and volunteer. His extreme age was suggested to him, by an affectionate grand-daughter, as a reason why he should remain at home. "Why, grand-pa, suppose you went, what good could you do?" "What good!" replied the old sire, with spirit; "why, I could stand by and say, hurrah, boys!"

A YOUTHFUL HERO.

Among the many youthful heroes who fell, dying or wounded, at the battle of Williamsburg, was John Tyler Waller, the same who at Leesburg received the approbation of General Evans for his heroic conduct.

Young Waller (fourteen years of age) belonged to the gallant "Home Guard," of Lynchburg, Virginia, Captain Otey, whose company was in the thickest of the fight during the entire period of the action. When met by his father, who was deeply distressed, he remarked: "*Father, I fell defending my dear mother's grave.*" God grant him recovery from his wounds.

GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

At Shiloh, the brave and heroic Sidney Johnston directed the First Missouri to advance, and then riding to where an Arkansas brigade was wavering, he seized the barrel of a musket in his hand, and cried out: "You Arkansas men, who boast of using the Bowie-knife, let me see how you can use the bayonet!" and led a charge, before which the Yankees fell back in dismay, but not until one of their accursed bullets had struck the noblest man upon the field, and he who sacrificed his own life for the welfare of the Yankee wounded. But a few moments before receiving his wound, the magnanimous leader of the Southern army passed over a gully filled with Yankee wounded, groaning pitifully. Turning to his own surgeon, then the

only one of his staff with him, he said: "Go back and mitigate the sufferings of some of those poor, miserable devils." The surgeon declined, upon the ground that his proper position was inseparably attached to Johnston. But the general repeated the request, and his surgeon left him to attend to the sufferings of the enemy's wounded. A few moments afterwards, General Johnston received a severe wound in the thigh, from the hemorrhage of which he died. Had his surgeon been present, the wound might have been dressed, the hemorrhage stopped, and his life saved. As it was, he concealed the fact of his wound, continued to lead forward his successful columns, and finally perished, the victim of his own magnanimous, heroic nature.

GENERAL PETTIGREW.

He received a disabling wound through the lungs, and as he was being carried off the field, he inquired of his attendants, "How goes the battle?" The reply was, "Against us." "Then," said the gallant Pettigrew, "lay me down, and go and fight." He was laid down, and was made a prisoner.

BRECKINRIDGE AT BATON ROUGE.

A correspondent of the Mobile *Tribune*, writing from Grenada, says:

"Honor to whom honor is due," and it is but right that the fact should be recorded, that the Kentuckians won the most glory in the Baton Rouge battle. They distinguished themselves for gallantry, as they had done at Shiloh, under the same loved leader. Breckinridge, too, acted with the intrepidity of a Marlborough. At one critical period, when the fall of General Clarke was, apparently, about to throw the army into a panic, he rode quickly forward, and eloquently exclaimed: "Come, my brave boys, and follow me—I will lead you on to victory!" The next moment, a whole phalanx of bayonets was rushing like an avalanche upon the foe, and the victory was ours!"

MEN WHOSE NAMES SHOULD NEVER DIE.

When Brigadier General Garland, of Virginia, fell, mortally wounded, on the bloody field of Sharpsburg, his aid rode up to the dying hero, with the inquiry: "Are you hurt, general?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am dying—go tell the senior colonel of this brigade to assume the command."

But not among generals alone do we find ever-memorable illustrations of all that is ennobling, and all that is divine in human impulses and character. The armies of the South furnish from among the common soldiery instances of heroism, and of an inextinguishable love of glory, which no

recorded example of human greatness transcends in ennobling characteristics.

When Sergeant Spithaler, of the "Swiss Rifles," fell, mortally wounded, on the battle-field of Perryville, his thigh crushed and torn by a cannon-shot, Colonel Tyler, his commanding officer, went to him, saying: "Let me have you removed to the rear."

"No!" said the expiring hero, "let me die on the battle-field."

His name should never be stricken from the roll of his company, and whenever it is called, let some war-worn comrade answer, as was done for one who fell thus in the old war for Independence—let some old veteran answer: "Dead on the field."

COLONEL COLQUITT'S GALLANTRY AT JACKSON.

Lieutenant Hutchinson, in command of the color company (Harris County, Georgia), of the Forty-Sixth Georgia Volunteers, in the battle of Jackson, thus alludes to the gallantry of Colonel Colquitt, in a private letter:

"Perhaps no man ever behaved with more coolness and bravery on the field of battle, than did Colonel Colquitt. He was with us, side by side, during the action of three hours, and when one asked, 'where he was?' 'There he sits,' was the reply, 'on his horse, the balls whizzing around him, and cutting the leaves over his head.' At one time, I heard his voice above the noise of musketry, shouting, '*Stand firm, men! Remember you are Georgians! Let us fall together!*' The whole brigade are pleased with his bearing, and none more than the Forty-Sixth Georgia, who would not exchange him."

HOW A BRAVE MAN CAN DIE—COLONEL ROBERT A. SMITH.

GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 4,
RICHMOND, February 14, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: At your request, I willingly furnish you with the following narrative of the last hours of the noble and devoted Colonel Robert A. Smith, who commanded and bravely led the Forty-Fourth Georgia Volunteers on the bloody field of Ellison's Mill, near the city. I fully agree with you, that the deeds of that Christian gentleman, polite and accomplished soldier, and intrepid warrior, should find a permanent place in the records of this bloody war.

For some weeks before the seven days' fighting around Richmond, Colonel Smith had been in a very low state of health—confined much of the time to his bed. The evening of the 25th of June, I called at his marquee to see how he was—with his usual kind welcome, he invited me in. I sat for a few minutes conversing upon general topics, until a courier was ush-

ered in, with orders. With a countenance calm, as if considering some subject that had been previously well digested, he read over the orders, and soon the courier was gone.

"Well, Captain," said he, "we get ready to-night for the work of to-morrow."

"What is that, Colonel?" I asked.

He then briefly gave the orders, saying: "See that your men cook their rations well."

"Colonel," said I, after a moment's silence, "you will not be able to go out with us." He sat—for he had raised himself, and was sitting on the side of his bed a moment—as if in a deep reverie, but suddenly, lifting his drooping eyes, and brightening up, said, "Yes, Captain, I shall go, if I *live*."

He then reclined upon his bed, and closed his eyes. I saw that he was quite feeble, and felt little like talking, and I left his tent.

All was now hurry and bustle in camp. Some with gloomy countenances, some with buoyant spirits, went to work preparing for filling their canteens and haversacks. I was busily engaged, for several hours, in getting my company all ready.

At one o'clock, A. M., on the 26th, we were to leave our camp to take up the line of march for the banks of the Chickahominy, on the Mechaniesville road. About midnight, I went to the colonel's tent; he was awake. I silently approached his bed, "Ah!" said he, "you up already? Well, soon will be the time." He was quite feeble. I said to him:

"Colonel, you are not trying to go out this morning, are you?"

"I have thought but little about it," said he.

I was quite anxious to have him go with us, had he been able; but I knew he was not able. Every man, had each been consulted, would have said that he wanted Colonel Smith to be in command when we went into the fight. But all would now say, he cannot go this time. I remonstrated against his going, but to no effect: he said, "I shall go."

Soon the order came for us to get into line. I was with my company until the regiment was formed. When we were ready to march, Colonel Smith came out, and was assisted to mount his horse. We were ordered to "left face," and "counter-march," as we should move forward left in front.

We started towards the Mechaniesville Turnpike, but the road being very muddy, and the night very dark, we had to stop frequently, half an hour at a time, in order that the troops ahead of us might get out of our way. I was marching just behind Colonel Smith; and about the second time we stopped, which was before we had got more than one-half mile from camp, the colonel beckoned me to him. When I was by his side, he said to me:

"I am very sick; help me down."

I took him under each arm, and assisted him from his horse. When I had led him to a log, he sat down, and very soon began to vomit. I held his head some time; he was very sick. After he became easy, I entreated him to return to camp, or go to some house, assuring him that he was not able to proceed further.

"No," said he, "I will go on."

I assisted him to and upon his horse, and again we moved forward. About day-light, we reached the Mechanicsville road, and halted. Again I assisted him from his horse. He could scarcely stand when he was on his feet. Very soon he was vomiting again, and, while holding his head, I found he had an ague. I told him that he was doing great injustice to himself to go on; but he persisted, and said that he was determined to go. I knew that it was useless to urge him further, since he was determined to go. After resting some half or three-quarters of an hour, we marched on until we were within half a mile of the Chickahominy, where we inclined to the right of the road, under cover of a hill, and in a beautiful grove of majestic oaks, we were halted, and ordered to "stack arms" and rest. Soon the troops of our (General Ripley's) brigade were all down resting. I went to Colonel Smith, and asked him how he felt.

"Very poorly," he replied.

I then asked him if he wished anything. After he had a bed fixed of leaves, with a blanket spread over them, he laid down, and said to me:

"Captain, you will be detached this evening, as skirmishers—your company, with three others."

"Well," I replied, "I will do the best I can."

"Yes, I know you will discharge your duty; I hope you will come out successful."

I then left him. I knew from his flushed cheeks that the fever was preying upon him. "Poor fellow," thought I, "how he is suffering!"

Soon, all around was still. Here a group of soldiers in earnest conversation. There one sits apart, meditating, perhaps, about home and its endearments. Yonder they lie, with the earth for their bed, wrapped in slumber, dreaming of fond and loved ones far away. Oh! could we know the soldier's dream when he lies sleeping his last sleep, just upon the eve of a terrible conflict, and in full view of a field soon to be drenched in gore—yes, drenched in human gore! Ah! how sweetly he dreams, and is troubled not. Perhaps some loving husband is asking for one more embrace and kiss from that adored wife; or the affectionate father is clinging to his darling little one—that curly-headed boy, or that rosy-cheeked little daughter—asking for one more evening with them before he becomes a sacrifice upon his country's altar. Here is that beloved son, about whom that loving mother has spent so many sleepless hours, and for whom she has so often gone to her God in

humble, yet bold, supplication. See, he smiles. Oh! little he thinks of the sad and terrible hour just ahead. He, perhaps, is by that fond mother's side, telling her how he has fought to win his country's freedom. Well, my pleasant-looking fellow-soldier, I hope all your fond dreams may be realized. But here is the betrothed lover; see that placid countenance; how calm he rests. He wots not that the conflict is so near at hand. He feels secure, as he trusts in his God; yet he asks to spend a little more time with the idol of his heart. But hear, the order is going round to "be ready," and soon we start.

Pray excuse this digression. A sleeping army, just before a great battle! Oh! who would survive the conflict?

I went to my colonel, and saw that he was already up, and preparing for the field. I was ordered to take my company and report to General Hill for orders. Soon I was off. After the skirmishers had made the reconnoissanee ordered, and gotten possession of the bridge over the Chickahominy, the brigade crossed, and I saw Colonel Smith, as he rode along ahead of his regiment. Soon thereafter I saw him assisted from his horse, a gentleman actually taking him in his arms, as he would a little child. Having drawn his sword, and formed his line of battle, he spoke a cheering word or two to his men, when General Hill ordered the whole line forward, to charge a battery.

See that noble man and gallant soldier, Colonel Smith, as he dismounts his horse, and marches off on foot, telling his men to follow him. Onward, and yet onward he goes! Though weak and faint from physical debility, and suffering with scorching fever and aching pain, yet so strong in devotion to his country's cause, that, even when he was not able to mount his horse without assistance, he could gallantly lead his devoted regiment over a wide space of ground in double-quick time, and under a perfect storm of shot and shell.

My company being ordered on the flank of the brigade by the general commanding, I did not see the colonel when he was wounded; but from others, who saw him, I learned that he most bravely rushed on until he fell, pierced by the enemy's ball. Then, after he had fallen, to those who went to assist him, he would cry aloud: "Charge, men, charge!"

Dear Colonel Smith, he is gone; but never was a truer patriot, a braver soldier, or humbler Christian carried upon a litter from the battle-field. As you are advised, he died a few days after he was wounded. His death, no doubt, was caused by his extreme physical debility at the time he went into the action of the 26th day of June, thus showing his self-sacrificing devotion to his country. He knew that his whole regiment loved him; he knew it had confidence in him, and he knew that it would fight under him better than any other living man And as he was devoted to his men, and

wished their reputation to be sustained, and wished them to succeed in the great conflict in which they were about to engage, he willingly sacrificed his life. He is gone; but he was a good man. He has fallen, but to rise again. He is dead, yet he still lives—yes, lives in the hearts of his countrymen. But with the men of his regiment he lives in Christian example and noble actions. By his men he will ever be remembered.

MODEL SPEECHES BY OUR GENERALS.

On reaching Fairfax, President Davis was greeted with deafening shouts of welcome, and the rejoicing soldiers were importunate for a speech from the golden-tongued orator. Their desire was gratified by these pointed, stirring, and eloquent words:

"Soldiers: Generals Beauregard and Johnston are here, the orators of the day. They speak from the mouths of cannon, of muskets, and of rifles; and when they speak, the country listens. I will keep silence."

While on his way to Jackson, Tennessee, to take command of the Confederate forces, General Bragg made the following brief, pithy, and sensible speech at Meridian, Mississippi:

"Fellow-Citizens: In deference to your repeated calls, I appear, only to see and be seen, and to tender you my thanks for your kindness.

"This is a time for acts, not words. Experience has taught me, too, that every man should stick to his trade. In many efforts, I believe I never made but one successful speech, and that was in a few words, when I courted my wife—the result then being due less to any merit either in the speech or the speaker, than to an unfortunate habit with young ladies of deciding more from impulse than reason, by which, as in my case, they are too apt to be unfortunate. Ponder well, then, my fellow-citizens, this piece of advice: never call on an old soldier for speeches; and, if you will pardon me the liberty, I will add, never send politicians to command your armies. From that time our cause will prosper."

General Joe Johnston, while in Mobile, was serenaded at the residence of General McCall, with whom he was sojourning, by quite a mob of Mobilians. They called for him, loud and long. Finally he appeared, whereupon three loud shouts were given for the hero of Manassas, to which he replied: "Gentlemen, the hero of Manassas is not here to-night, he is in Charleston." Three cheers were then given for the hero of Seven Pines. To which he replied: "Gentlemen, no one man was ever the hero of Seven Pines. In that bloody battle there were many heroes under our flag, and the very noblest of them were from Alabama." Whereupon, he made his bow, said "good night," and retired, amid shouts and cheers that he did not stop to answer.

OUTRAGES ON LADIES.

As one of the latest, but by no means worst instances, we take the following from the Staunton (Virginia) *Spectator*, referring to the proceedings of some emissaries of Mr. and Mrs. General Milroy, against the family of Mr. Lloyd Logan, whose only offence was the observance of the Confederate appointment of a day of special prayer:

"One of them stepped up and demanded all the keys belonging to the premises. Mrs. Logan refused to give them up. But in the meantime some had taken possession of every room, from the basement to the attic, including the chambers of her daughters. One of her daughters, who had just left her chamber, and had witnessed what they were doing, ran down and besought her mother to give them the keys, as they were breaking every lock in the house. The keys were then given to them. They entered every room, and ransacked every drawer, and stole whatever they could lay their hands upon. They stole all the money they found, and would not allow Mrs. Logan to take a single garment of clothing belonging to her husband and sons. They did 'condescend,' however, to allow her and her daughters to take part of their wardrobe. One of the Yankees dressed himself up in one of Mr. Logan's suits of clothes, and no doubt thinking that, as he had on a gentleman's clothes, he looked more like a gentleman than he ever did before, walked up, with an air of pride, and asked one of the daughters 'how she thought he looked in her father's clothes?' She wilted him with the prompt reply: 'You look, sir, the personification and embodiment of a rogue, which is your true character.'

"Mrs. Milroy, worthy to be the wife of her husband, had arrived, with the view of taking possession of the fine mansion. When this family were thus thrust from their own home, Mrs. Milroy clapped her hands in exultation, and exclaimed: 'Go, ye secesh, I hope you may be made to starve.' They were taken, under guard of sixty cavalry, to Newtown, where they were left, as the Yankees supposed, without the means of getting further."

INDIVIDUAL PROWESS.

At the battle of Brandy Station, when the enemy's cavalry came upon Stewart's horse artillery, which were unsupported, Edwin Sully, son of Sully, the celebrated painter, sprang to his piece, and loaded and fired it three times alone and unaided. One horseman rode up to young Sully, and ordered him to surrender. Sully refused, and ordered the Yankee to surrender to him. The dragoon's pistol, which was leveled at the time, snapped, when he drew his sword, and, dashing the spurs into his horse, tried to cut Sully down; but our hero was ready for him, and as the fellow made the blow, he avoided it, and as the horse dashed past, seizing his rammer

with both hands, and swinging it around his head, he brought it down with all his force on the back of the Yankee's head, killing him instantly, and tumbling him headlong from his horse, of which, with the accoutrements, he took immediate possession.

Young Sully was highly praised by his immediate officers, and by General J. E. B. Stuart, who mentioned him favorably to General Lee, who spoke of him in the highest terms.

A BRIGADE OF HEROES.

President Davis, in communicating by telegraph to Governor James Whitfield, of Mississippi, the sad tidings of General Barksdale's death, added: "He fell like a hero, at the head of a brigade of heroes." A just tribute to the brave Mississippians.

A SPIRITED DASH INTO THE ENEMY'S LINES.

Sergeant Mickler, of the Beaufort Troop, South Carolina cavalry, Company B, was sent by Colonel Butler, with General Hampton's permission, out of our lines, to act as scouts, and do whatever damage they could to the Yankees. He had command of a squad of picked men from the regiment, and some few from the First North Carolina cavalry. He has been all along very successful in keeping the authorities well apprized of the movements of the Yankees in the section of country to which he was sent, and varying the monotony by capturing, from time to time, squads of Yankee cavalry, helping thereby to arm, mount, and equip our hard-riding regiment.

But the handsomest affair that they have yet been engaged in, occured in the little town of Brentsville, Prince William County. Two of the squad were sitting in a house, near a high road, unsuspicious of danger, when, on looking out of the window, one of them observed a squad of seven Yankee cavalry coming up to the house. They managed to slip out of the house unobserved, mounted their horses bare-back, hunted up Sergeant Mickler, and reported the fact to him. He immediately took five others, all of the same regiment, and went in pursuit, and came suddenly in sight of the Yankees as he turned a street in the village of Brentsville. He charged the seven with his squad of six, but being obliged to get through a brush fence the best way they could, only three, who were well mounted, succeeded in getting through in time to take part in what followed. These three were Sergeant Mickler and Private Schoolbred, of the Beaufort Troop, Company B, and Color Sergeant Sparks, of the Brooks Troop, Company K.

The Yankees tried their best to get away, keeping up a determined running fight at the same time. Only one of them succeeded in making his

escape; our gallant little party of three succeeding in tumbling five of them from their horses in the streets of Brentsville, three of them dead, and two wounded. They captured, moreover, one of them unhurt.

The Yankees fought with pluck to the last, but the vigor and vim of the attack was too much for them. They were Michigan men, and were quite indignant at being called "Yankees."

Private Schoolbred particularly distinguished himself, killing, according to the confession of his comrades, two, and wounding and taking prisoner a third, a Yankee lieutenant, lately promoted for gallantry. He saved his own life, and took the lieutenant by his admirable self-possession. He was riding almost side by side with the lieutenant, and had shot every barrel of his pistol, when the latter, observing this, turned on him with a fresh pistol, and, putting the muzzle close to him, exclaimed: "Now, I have you, you d—d rebel." Schoolbred, with great coolness, threw his empty pistol at him, and, with great good fortune, struck the pistol pointed at him, and knocked it out of the hand of the Yankee. He then drew another pistol and shot the Yankee, who, rolling off his horse, cried out: "I am wounded; I give up."

THE LONE SENTINEL.

In the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, held in Columbia, South Carolina, one of the members, Colonel Preston, of Virginia, in speaking on the death of Jackson, related the following:

"At the battle of Manassas, the victory was decided in our favor by the coöperation of the armies of Johnston and Beauregard. Johnston's army, leaving their camps, with the foe in front of them, suddenly crossed the mountains, and, by his forced marches, first gained for Jackson's troops the name of foot cavalry. Jackson that night ordered out his usual pickets, but the officer of the guard came to him and told him that the soldiers were all asleep, completely exhausted, and asked whether he should arouse them. 'No,' replied the general, 'let the men sleep, I will watch the camps;' and silently he rode around that sleeping host, the only sentinel, until day broke in the east."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

On receipt of the news of General A. H. Gladden's wound, at Columbia, South Carolina, Nancy, a slave of his (who, for faithful conduct to his wife in her last illness, to her infant, Mary, and to himself, in an attack of cholera in New Orleans, had received some privileges,) set out to join her master at Corinth, with the necessary documents from the headquarters of Governor Pickens. Hearing at Huntsville information of the place being occupied by the enemy, she, with others, had to come by Mobile, fondly hoping to be permitted again to nurse the wounded soldier and patriot.

But, alas! his spirit had fled, and the sad news that reached her deeply affected her. Being thus far South, and having a son in New Orleans, and learning that Lieutenant Gladden, his nephew, was wounded also, she asked permission to pass on to attend him and see her son, which was granted, and she left for New Orleans. Oh! ye of the North, if your souls could appreciate the relations of master and servant in the South, you would appreciate such affection as this. But you are dead to such a sentiment, and must be left to your idol—the almighty dollar—your measure of sentiment, religion, justice, and right.

YANKEE CRUELTY—FORTY-THREE NEGROES DROWNED.

One of the most atrocious incidents of the whole war, has been related by a gentleman who obtained the facts from Captain James G. White, of King William County, Virginia, who vouches for the accuracy of the statement. When the Yankees made their raid to Aylett's, they visited the place of Dr. Gregg, living in the neighborhood, and took from their comfortable homes forty-three negroes, who were hurried off to York River, and placed on board a vessel bound northward. Along with these negroes, as a prisoner, was a gentleman named Lee, a resident and highly respectable citizen of King William, who has since been released, and allowed to return to his home. He states that when the vessel arrived in Chesapeake Bay, the small pox made its appearance among the negroes, that disease having existed to some extent among the same family before they were dragged from their homes in King William. The captain of the Yankee vessel and his crew were greatly alarmed at the appearance of the disease on board, and very soon determined to rid the vessel of the presence of the negroes. Without attempting to make the shore, and not considering for an instant the inhumanity of the cruel deed, the whole negro cargo was thrown into the bay, and every one left to perish by drowning. Not one, perhaps, escaped the cruel fate visited upon them by those who profess to be their earnest friends and warmest sympathizers.

VANDALISM IN JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

The following extract from a letter received from Jackson, Mississippi, is but in keeping with the conduct of the enemy against whom we are battling:

* * * "I must tell you of some of the outrages committed by the vandals. Besides destroying every pound of food they could find in the stores and on the plantations, they destroyed furniture, fences, killed milk cows and hogs, leaving them lying on the ground. Even good old Bishop Green was visited very hardly. They took his sermons and scattered and trampled them in the mud; took a favorite prayer-book and cut it up;

chopped his piano and melodeon to pieces, and even carried off his robes. At the church they carried off the robes and offertory plates.

"They robbed a woman with four children of her cow and pigs, took her last pound of meal from her, and refused to leave any for her children; and even took off a cake that was cooking, saying they intended to starve them out. Ladies' wardrobes were sacked, the clothing torn to pieces, and everything like jewelry was carried off. One prisoner taken had fifteen watches, besides jewelry. Fences, hedges, and shrubbery were wantonly destroyed; indeed, every outrage that a fiendish malignity could suggest. But I will not shock you further with the recital of these cruel wrongs."

RICHMOND DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.

Tents multiply on the hill-sides around Richmond. Turn your eye in any direction, and they whiten the landscape. Main street is at all times filled with straggling soldiers, in every variety of uniform. Not the least exhilirating sight is that of squadrons of newly-arrived cavalry dashing through the streets; and a cheering sound is that of the artillery rumbling over the pavements. Richmond may be likened somewhat to Paris, when the allied armies encamped there in 1815, and when Cossack and Spaniard, Highlander and Hungarian, from the four quarters of Europe, mingled together in wild confusion. Here we have the representatives of those numerous and peculiar communities spread over the broad surface of the Southern Confederacy. The wild, uncouth, shaggy ranger from the banks of the Rio Grande; the genteel but heavily-bearded Marylander, who surmounts his uniform with a curious sugarloaf-shaped hat, with gold band; the red-shirted Arkansas or Red River boatman; the tall, straight, active mountaineer from the Blue Ridge or Alleghany; the sallow turpentine-maker from the old North Carolina shore; the easy, self-reliant South Carolinian, with the inevitable sprig of Palmetto in his hat; the moustached, close-cropped, scarlet-trousered Zouave, from New Orleans; and a dozen other varieties of Confederate soldiers might be named, who enliven the streets of Richmond with their presence. Several regiments were sent off one day, but their places were filled up before night. Twenty companies of Texans arrived within a few days.

CURIOUS ITEM.

There is a curious item in one of the Yankee papers, in which the writer gives an account of a regiment raising in New York City, to be called the "Calcium Light Sharpshooters." The colonel's name is Berdon, and the lieutenant colonel is Edge, the well-known pyrotechnist (who used to sell large quantities of his fireworks to the South). The calcium lights are to be used to discover rebel camps on dark nights. Edge is making a tremen-

dous quantity of novel projectiles. One of his inventions is an incendiary shell, to be fired from a mortar weighing only twenty pounds. It can be thrown half a mile, and when it bursts it forms a ball of fire two inches in diameter, which can only be extinguished by immersion in water. Wit these shells the "sharpshooters" expect to set fire to the entire Southern Confederacy.

"CUSS 'EM FOR ME."

Blunt, of the Twentieth Tennessee, and now of General Stuart's staff, tells a story of a little girl he met during a recent tour in East Tennessee. The little maiden was vexed with a party of gentlemen who were teasing her, when Blunt walked up. "Look here," she said, "you look like a cussin' man—cuss 'em for me, wont you?"

THE LAST MUD STORY OUT.

We have some tough stories of "Virginia mud," but the following extract from a letter written by a Federal soldier from Stafford Court-House to a Northern paper, beats all the mud stories extant:

"As an illustration of muddy traveling, I may relate a story of a march, which came from one of the officers on Colonel Slocum's staff. As he rode to the top of an eminence, on the way down, he says: 'I saw a driver astride of a team, in a distant mud-hole, jerking vigorously at the single line with which he drove his four mules, and waving his hat furiously above his head. At first I thought he was trying to urge his team over the slough, but soon saw that it made no progress forward, while the driver continued his exertions, and the thought of deserting his saddle appeared not to have entered his head. I reached the spot, but the hand and head of the driver alone remained above the mud. I saw him throw his hat towards me with a convulsive movement, heard him give three cheers for the American Union, and the mud closed over him.'"

"I SHUT MINE EYES FOR TWO HOURS."

The Russian Cossack, Turchin, on taking possession of Athens, Alabama, said to his troops: "I shut mine eyes for one hour." On being told that one hour was not long enough to gratify their pillaging propensities, he replied: "I shut mine eyes for two hours." The devils were then let loose. The Louisville *Democrat* (Yankee) says:

"The citizens had their houses and stores broken open and robbed of everything valuable, and what was too unwieldy to be transported easily, broken or otherwise ruined; safes were forced open, and rifled of thousands of dollars; wives and mothers insulted, and husbands and fathers arrested if they dared to murmur; horses and negroes taken in large numbers; ladies were

robbed of all their wearing apparel exeept what they had on—in a word, every outrage was eommitted, and every exeess indulged in, that ever was heard of, by a most savage and brutal soldiery towards a defeneeless and alarmed population. This is an everlasting disgraee, that ean never be wiped from the page of history.

"I am responsible for these statements. I have no more doubt that they occurred, just as stated, than I have of my own existenee. I know similar aets disgraeed the same brigade when we occupied Bowling Green, Kentueky, and the matter was hushed up, to save the credit of our army, hoping it would occur no more; but this leniency failed to have its proper effeet, and it is no longer endurable."

In republishing the above, the St. Louis *Republican* says:

"We eould hardly give eredence to the above story, but are told that it is even worse than this correspondent relates. The conduet of some of these men was the worst a licentious and brutal soldiery could infliet upon defeneeless women; so vile, indeed, that an offieer of the army, who regards the honor of his eloth, has determined to lay the matter before the Government."

Subsequently, Turehin was tried by court-martial, eonvicted, and cashiered for his barbarities, and received from Lincoln a brigadier general's commission, in token of his Graeious Majesty's approval of his conduct!

SAMSON AND GENERAL POPE.

A ehaplain, reading the Bible to the siek soldiers in one of the hospitals, hit upon the story of Samson and the incident of his slaying thousands of Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass, when he was suddenly interrupted by a wounded man, apparently asleep, with the inquiry: "Who told that story?" "It is from the Bible," solemnly responded the chaplain. "Well, hang me if I did n't think it was a despatch signed 'John Pope, Major General commanding.'"

STUART'S CAVALRY.

A party of five hundred of our men, who had been eaptured at various times, were on the route to Berkeley, Virginia, and having been "double-quicked" for two miles or more, sat down to rest by the road-side. While in this situation, one of the Federal ambulanees, with a pair of frightened horses, ran away, and eame lumbering down the turnpike. As quick as thought, one of our men jumped to his feet, and exclaimed: "Boys, here's Stuart's eavalry eoming, hurrah!" In the words of the narrator, "sueh a skedaddling, kieking up of heels, and seattering through the woods, as immediately took plaee, you never saw in your life. We had two regiments, one of cavalry and the other of infantry, guarding us, and for five or ten

minutes the majority of them were out of sight." Some twenty or thirty knowing ones, taking advantage of the excitement, made their escape in the confusion. It was as much as a man's life was worth to say "Stuart" again until they reached their destination.

BABY PATRIOTISM.

Soon after the occupation of Memphis by the Federals, a party of the soldiers were walking on the principal street, when a little three-year-old rascal, supposing them to be Confederates, left the side of his mother, ran in among them, and, in the most cordial manner, shouted at the top of his lungs: "Howdy, soldier! howdy, soldier! howdy, soldier!" shaking hands with half a dozen of them, who seemed delighted at such a warm demonstration of sympathy—the first they had met with since landing on the bluff. But while in the midst of this hand-shaking, he suddenly screamed out: "Now go shoot de Yankees—shoot 'em all dead—kill de Yankees;" and it was amusing to witness the change that came over their smiling faces. Hands dropped, curses were muttered, and, as they resumed their walk, a hearty laugh followed from the crowd of spectators who had witnessed the scene.

A lady and child were crossing to Edgefield, Tennessee, in a boat with some Federals, when the little patriot shouted for Jeff. Davis. "Madam," said the Federal, "do you teach your children that?" "Yes, sir," she replied, bravely; "also to hate you from their cradles to their graves." Go home, you wooden-nutmeg manufacturers; the spirit of the South is invincible, the rebel flowers thrive most when trampled upon. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected scorn."

COLONEL ASHBY, THE VIRGINIA RANGER.

A Northern writer thus pays a deserved tribute to one of the noblest heroes who ever died on the battle-field:

"Ashby has displayed a genius in the management of his men, which has made him no ordinary commander. He protected the retreat of Jackson most admirably. He is a great horseman, and always has been; and through these mountains and forests of the Shenandoah has ranged on horseback, in the hunt of the fox and deer, and has often distinguished himself in the tournament, which is among the still cherished practices of the Virginians. While riding at the top of his speed, he will throw his lance upon the ground, and seize it again in passing, with the utmost dexterity. His horse, too, is disciplined, like his master, to the accomplishment of the most wonderful feats. He will drop to the ground in a flash, at the wish of his rider, and rise again as suddenly, bound through the woods like a deer, avoiding all trees and branches, clearing every obstacle, jumping fences or ditches with perfect ease. All who know Ashby say he is a man of modest,

quiet demeanor, a silent man, who keeps his own counsel, and is held in the most fabulous regard by his men and inferior officers. He is a Christian, and a man of eminent piety."

His personal appearance is not striking. He is of small stature, but a tower of strength with those for whom he is struggling. So gently are the elements of an almost womanly nature and of a hero combined, that it is not until his sabre is waving above his head, his clear, thrilling voiee rings out, "Follow me!" and his eye flashes with a battle-light, that the man becomes as it were transformed to a giant, and performs the deeds that have made his name famous throughout the land.

AN ENGLISH TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN SOLDIERY.

Mr. Lawley, the correspondent of the London *Times*, pays the following compliment to Southern troops:

"In the shelter of the dense woods about Culpeper, in wonderful spirits, with *physique* ineffably improved sinee the bloody day at Sharpsburg, are clustered the tatterdemalion regiments of the South. It is a strange thing to look at these men, so ragged, slovenly, sleeveless, without a superfluous ounee of flesh upon their bones, with wild, matted hair, in mendieants' rags, and to think, when the battle-flag goes to the front, how they ean and do fight. 'There is only one attitude in whieh I never should be ashamed of your seeing my men, and that is when they are fighting.' These were General Lee's words to me the first time I ever saw him; they have been confirmed by every other distinguished offieer in the Confederacy. There are triumphs of daring which these poor, ragged men have attempted, and attempted successfully, in this war, which have never been attempted by their Sybarite opponents. Again and again they have stormed batteries, formidably defended, at the point of the bayonet; nothing of the kind has ever been attempted by the Federals. Again and again has General Stuart's eavalry surprised Federal eamps at night; no Confederate camp has been surprised since the eommeneement of the war. One or two regiments of these tattered men will stand firm, though attaeked by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and will constantly, under sueh eireumstances, suceessfully hold their ground."

A Federal officer, writing after the battle of Chancellorsville, adds the following praise from an enemy:

"Their artillery horses are poor, starved frames of beasts, tied on to their carriages and eaissons with odds and ends of rope and strips of raw hide. Their supply and ammunition trains look like a eongregation of all the crippled California emigrant trains that ever escaped off the desert out of the clutehes of the rampaging Comanche Indians. The men are ill-dressed, ill-equipped, and ill-provided—a set of ragamuffins that a man is ashamed to

be seen among, even when he is a prisoner, and can't help it. And yet they have beaten us fairly, beaten us all to pieces, beaten us so easily that we are objects of contempt, even to their commonest private soldiers, with no shirts to hang out of the holes of their pantaloons, and cartridge-boxes tied round their waists with strands of rope."

"THEY WONT RUN!"

A Mobile physician, just returned from the North, was one day in a railroad car, in which were a number of Lincolnite soldiers, who were discussing matters connected with their service. One of them exclaimed: "Why is it that our boys can't be brought to charge the Southerners? Can you tell me, sir?" turning to our friend, the Mobilian, whose *incog.* was valuable to him, and who disclaimed any opinion on the subject, saying that he was a doctor, and knew nothing of the matter. Whereupon a comrade of the soldier spoke up, and said: "I'll tell you the reason our boys wont charge—*they know the Southerners wont run!*"

A YANKEE HERO.

During General Longstreet's investment of Suffolk, and on the day that Colonel Connally's Fifty-Fifth Regiment North Carolina troops reinforced the rifle-pits in such splendid style, an incident occurred ludicrously illustrative of Yankee chivalry, and which—though there was an awful fire from the enemy's artillery at that time—produced a shout of laughter in that gallant regiment. A Yankee regiment was sent out, under cover of their artillery, to prevent Connally from reinforcing the pits. The colonel of this regiment advanced it through a partially cleared ground, where there was once a dwelling-house. A solitary chimney stood where the house had been. *Behind* this chimney the heroic colonel "took his stand," while his regiment moved forward. They had not gone very far, however, before the fifty-fifth opened on them, causing them to waver and halt. The redoubtable colonel stuck his head out from behind the chimney, and cheered them on. Another volley, and the Yankees began to break. "What are you running for, you cowardly" (whiz went a bullet by his head, which immediately popped back). Another volley, and the Yankees began to scatter in confusion. "Stand up to 'em, boys" (whiz, and another duck of the head). "D—n you, go back. What—are—you—running for?" (These words were uttered between alternate bobs of the head.) "Go back, fight 'em, you cowards," he screamed from behind the chimney. But it was "no go," and the panic became general. Just about this time a solemn "rebel" voice called out: "Come out from behind that chimney, I see your nose." The gallant colonel "came out," and left at double-quick, amidst roars of laughter from our boys.

GENERAL JENKINS' PAROLING PROCESS.

While General Jenkins was in Hagerstown, he exhibited many traits which it is to be hoped are characteristic of the man. An incident will illustrate. About noon one day, a lieutenant and five men, wearing the uniform of Union soldiers, crept out of some of the houses of the town, where they had been hidden, and delivered themselves up. When they made their appearance before General Jenkins, the following conversation occurred:

Jenkins. "Halloo! who are you, and where did you come from?"

Lieutenant. "We belong to the Union army, or did belong to it, but don't wish to fight any longer against our Southern brethren; so, when our forces left here, we stayed behind, and to-day we come out to be paroled."

Jenkins. "What did you say about 'Southern brethren!' By God, if I thought I had a twenty-fifth cousin who was as white-livered as you are, I would kill him, and set him up in my barn-yard to make sheep own their lambs. I'll show you how I parole such pukes as you are. You are too d—d miserable to be paroled in military style."

So saying, he ordered a detail of six men and a sergeant—"good, lusty fellows, with thick boots"—who paroled the recreant Federals to the west border of the town, where the paroling process ceased, and the detail and crowd came back, highly pleased with Jenkins' mode of paroling cowards.

A BEAUTIFUL DOCUMENT!

Admiral Goldsborough, in command of the Yankee frigate Minnesota, issued the following notice, which was published in the Norfolk (Virginia) *Union:*

"FLAG SHIP MINNESOTA, NORFOLK HARBOR, July 30.

"WILLIAM W LAMB, *Would-be Mayor,*
and the Rebels generally of Norfolk, Virginia:

"Whereas it is reported to me that about twenty-five thousand infernal blackguard rebels are making their way from Richmond, through Suffolk, to drive out the soldiers of Abraham Lincoln, and cut the throats of the Union men of Norfolk: Therefore, take notice, that on the first appearance of the first d—d rebel scoundrel within these lines, I'll blow you and your city to h—.

"(Tell this to your women.)

"Yours, GOLDSBOROUGH,
Admiral, &c."

The first idea that will probably occur to our readers, after its perusal, is, that the above publication is spurious. No decent man could well suppose otherwise. But there is no spuriousness in the case. It is a genuine docu-

ment, from the pen of "Admiral, &c., Goldsborough," and as such we publish it, as a striking record of the times.

There is no doubt that Goldsborough was drunk when he penned the infamous production. But this is no palliation of his offence. We are not surprised at such a beastly exhibition by a Lincoln admiral, because we expect nothing better from such a source. But what will be thought in Europe of a naval commander who could, under any conceivable circumstances, degrade himself, his profession, and his country, by such a vulgar, filthy, blackguard production.

ABOLITION VANDALISM IN EAST TENNESSEE.

A reliable gentleman, from East Tennessee, writing from Shelbyville, gives an account of one achievement of East Tennessee tories:

"A party of East Tennesseans went to the house of a good Southern lady, Mrs. Chesley Williams, living in Eagleville, Williamson County, Tennessee, with the avowed intention of stealing every thing they could put their roguish hands on. The first place they entered was her smoke-house, and because she remonstrated with them for taking her meat, they knocked her down, beat her, and finally choked her until she could not speak. I saw her eight or nine days after it occurred, and she was then unable to move. She is now a cripple for life."

"WEAK IN HIS RELIGION."

At the battle of Kinston, when the shells were exploding around the battery of artillery, a chaplain asked one of the soldiers, sitting on his horse, whether he was supported by Divine Providence. The soldier replied: "No, he was supported by the Ninth New Jersey."

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF CONFEDERATES.

The exchanged officers and privates, several hundred in number, who have arrived by flag of truce boat from Old Point, all speak in the most unqualified terms of the inhuman treatment to which they were subjected by the Federal guard at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio There was no distinction made between officers and privates, but all were alike subjected to the grossest indignities, and robbed of clothing, blankets, and money. General T. J. Churchill, commander of our forces at Arkansas Post, was deprived of his sash and spurs, much of his wearing apparel, and spoken to by the ill-mannered guard as though he had been a dog. Colonel Deishler, who fought so gallantly in North-Western Virginia, and was severely wounded at the battle of Alleghany Mountain, was deprived of blankets, which he purchased in Texas, and stripped of his pants, the brutes who did the act declaring that such articles were contraband. Major Gaines, of Alabama,

who fought nobly on the Peninsula of Virginia, under General Magruder, was made to haul off his shirt in the presenee of Yankee women, who chuekled heartily at the sight of a denuded gentleman.

Captain Morgan, a brother of the general, who was taken near Lexington, Kentueky, was subjeeted to every conceivable indignity, and when he remonstrated, and stated that Federal prisoners were not so treated by Confederates, was told "to shut his mouth, a d—d secesh seoundrel; if he did not, he would be knoeked down."

A CONFIRMED LUNATIC.

The humorous editor of the Richmond *Whig* published the following advertisement:

"*Strayed.*—A liberal reward will be given for the apprehension of a confirmed lunatic, named old Stonewall, who escaped from the asylum, in this place, early in the spring of the present year. He endcavors to avoid detection by calling himself T. J Jackson, and fancies he is an officer in the Confederate army. When last heard from, he was offering personal indignity to an aged and feeble ex-Senator of the United Statcs, who had never done him the slightest harm. He is reported to have misdirected an imbecible cobbler from Massachusetts, who was making his way peaceably towards Staunton, and innoculated a Woolly Horse with the blind staggers, besides molesting, and sometimes even maiming, other good and loyal citizens of the United States.

"It is thought that he is attempting to make his way to Washington, near which eity he was caught lurking a week or two since. He is marked by an excessive irrascibility, a propensity to steal wagons and munitions of war, and an indisposition to sit down quietly and behave himself. The entire efforts of the United and Confederate Governments having failed to arrest him, the undersigned is constrained to offer an adequate reward to the powers of Franee and Great Britain to assist in facilitating his permanent stoppage and detention.

"BY ORDER OF THE SUPERINTENDENT
OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM AT STAUNTON."

FIGHTING JOE HOOKER AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

There is a page in the history of the eampaign that culminated in the battle of Chancellorsville, whieh has never been written—a page that sets forth Hooker in his true eolors, as the most dastardly of the many braggarts the Yankee nation has furnished during this war. We have the facts from sueh a source that we unhesitatingly vouch for their absolute authenticity It will be seen that "fighting Joe Hooker," the great paladin of the North,

sought, in the hour of danger, to shield himself from Confederate shot behind Confederate petticoats!

When the Yankee army suddenly made its appearance at Chancellorsville, four Fredericksburg ladies—Mrs. —— Forbes, the mother of Mr. John Forbes, late member of the legislature from Fauquier, Miss Kate Forbes, and two others—were in the house which gives name to the locality. Hooker refused to permit them to come into our lines, or to send them to the rear of his own. On the morning of Sunday, the 3d of May, when the great battle had begun, and when the Confederate line was drawn up within five hundred yards of the house, the ladies again applied to Hooker, who was standing in the porch, and entreated him not wantonly to expose their lives, but to permit them to go to a place of safety. This he refused, telling them that General Lee would not fire upon the house so long as they were in it.

They asked him if he supposed that General Lee would risk the safety of his army, and perhaps of the Confederacy, on account of the lives of two or three women. "Well," he replied, "he didn't fire upon Fredericksburg under similar circumstances." He then ordered the ladies to go up stairs, and show themselves in the balcony, where they would be in full view of our whole line of battle. The ladies obeyed, but scarce had they gotten upon the balcony, before a cannon-shot struck a pillar of the porch below, against which Hooker was leaning, knocking him to the ground, and injuring him, it is believed, very severely. In the next moment a shell entered the roof, and set the house on fire. All was now panic and confusion, and Hooker, finding that the presence of the ladies was not likely to protect his precious person, ordered them to the rear, and took care to send them by a route directly across our line of fire. By a miracle, they escaped unhurt, and have since been permitted to return to their friends. The house contained at the time of its burning two hundred and fifty wounded Yankees and three Confederates, one of whom was a lieutenant colonel. They were all burned alive.

A PEERESS OF "MOLLY STARK."

The following incident, evidencing the patriotism and devotion of the daughters of Maryland, transpired in a city passenger railway car, and is worthy of being handed down to future generations. A gentleman recently from South Carolina was riding up Baltimore street, and was engaged in conversation with another gentleman upon the events of the day. An elderly lady was seated opposite the South Carolina gentleman, and listened very attentively for some time to their conversation, but appeared to be very uneasy about something. Finally, there was a pause in the conversation, when she exclaimed: "If the men of Baltimore don't fight after what was

done yesterday, the women will." The gentleman replied: "Madam, I don't think you need to be alarmed upon that point, for I am satisfied, from what I saw yesterday, from the unarmed men of Baltimore, that if you place arms in their hands they will face any danger in defence of their rights and their homes. Now, if you have a husband, and boys that are able to carry arms, I advise you when you go home to make them take up arms in defence of the cause of the South." She replied: "I have been a widow for twenty years; but I have two boys able to bear arms, and if they do not fight in defence of the South, they *shall never grease another plate of mine.*" Of the truth of this incident there can be no doubt, as the author is well known in Baltimore.

A TRUE GIRL.

A correspondent of the Atlanta *Confederacy* writes:

"A most touching incident occurred at the cars when we reached Wytheville. They were crowded with wounded soldiers returning to their homes from Richmond. A young lady, on our arrival at the aforesaid place, of elegant manners, and of bright, philanthropic face, appeared in the cars, bearing in one hand a large basket, filled with pies and other refreshments, and in the other bandages and lint, for the wounded, accompanied by a young clergyman, with two large buckets full of butter-milk. As she passed along, she inquired of each soldier if she could administer in any way to their relief. They were perfectly overcome by her kindness, and asked her who she was. She replied: 'Never mind my name; the only compensation I ask is the consciousness of having relieved the sufferings of the soldiers who have been fighting the battles of my country.' With one voice they exclaimed: 'God bless the good Samaritan;' and many an eye was bedimmed with tears as she passed through the cars on her errand of mercy."

SOUTH CAROLINA NEGRO VERSUS YANKEES.

The Huntsville *Confederate* has the following:

"When at Atlanta, recently, we were struck with the excellent face and polite manners of an old negro man, who acted as a porter for us. As we dropped a *douceur* into his hand, we could not but compliment him. 'Ah,' said he, with evident pride, 'Master, I'm a South Car'lina nigger. You don't catch me standin' about de streets, but, when you see me on de street, I'm on some business.' My acknowledgment to him that South Carolina and Virginia negroes were the politest we had ever seen, induced him to draw nearer to us, and in a most confidential and confident tone, he said: 'Master, don't you think we South Car'lina niggers could whip de Yankees?' *We* do."

LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

The New York *Vanity Fair* has an excellent hit at the "intelligent contrabands," who figure so largely in the correspondence of the press from the various seats of war, and at the verdancy of editors and readers who believe one word in twenty spoken by the colored individuals in question. Here is part of *Vanity Fair's* squib:

"You b'long to de army, Mars'r?" asked the Intelligent Contraband, uneasily.

"Yes. That is—I am—yes; I am with the army, sir," replied the *Tribune* correspondent; "and I would like, sir, to ask you a few questions. Where is Beauregard, at Corinth or Richmond?"

Intelligent Contraband. "Yis, Mars'r."

Tribune Correspondent. "Where, at Richmond?"

Int. Con. "Yis, Mars'r."

Trib. Cor "And how many men has he?"

Int. Con. "Niggers, Mars'r?"

Trib. Cor "No. Soldiers."

Int. Con. "'Bout sixty hundred t'ousand, I 'spec's."

Trib. Cor. "What! Are you sure? Are n't you mistaken?"

Int. Con. "Yis, Mars'r."

Trib. Cor. "Well, when did he arrive here?"

Int. Con. "Oh, two, tree, four munts ago."

Trib. Cor "You mean weeks, don't you?"

Int. Con. "Yis, Mars'r."

Trib. Cor. "Do you think the rebels will evacuate Richmond?"

Int. Con. "Oh, yis, Mars'r; dey 'll fite like de debbil!"

Trib. Cor. "You don't understand me, sir. I mean, will they ran away?"

Int. Con. "Yis, Mars'r; dey allers runs away."

Trib. Cor. "But if McClellan had attacked the city three weeks ago, he could have killed them all, couldn't he?"

Int. Con. "Yis, Mars'r; he killed 'em all, I 'spec's. I got under a fence, an' he didn't saw me."

At this point of the chat, the mind of the intelligent contraband seemed illuminated by the vague splendor of some familiar memories, for he screwed his not very expressive visage into a grin, and added: "Now, Mars'r, couldn't yer gib dis nigger a drop o' rye? I orful dry, torkin', Mars'r."

The *Tribune* correspondent expressed an opinion that alcohol was a poison, and that nothing could be more terrible than the effects of drunkenness. To which the Intelligent Contraband replied:

"Now, Mars'r, dat's jes' wat I want."

"Whose slave were you?" asked the correspondent, after a pause.

Int. Con. "Mars'r Davis's."

Trib. Cor. "What, Jeff. Davis?"

Int. Con. "Yis, Mars'r."

Trib. Cor. "And he treated you with great brutality, no doubt?"

Int. Con. "Yis, Mars'r, treat me fus' rate."

Trib. Cor. "But you want your freedom, don't you?"

Int. Con. "Oh, yis, Mars'r."

Trib. Cor. "How would you like to go North?"

Int. Cor. "Putty cold Norf, ain't it?"

Trib. Cor. "Oh, no. Ever been North?"

Int. Con. "Yis, Mars'r."

Trib. Cor. "To what place?"

Int. Con. "To Florider, Mars'r."

Trib. Cor. "Florida?"

Int. Con. "Yis, Mars'r."

Trib. Cor. "Why, did Jeff. Davis ever live in Florida?"

Int. Con. "Oh, yis, Mars'r; he lib dar some forty, fifty year, I 'spec's."

The evidently untrustworthy nature of the replies of this man and brother began to strike the correspondent at about this juncture, and he shut up his note-book and retired.

SLAVES AT VICKSBURG.

After the surrender, General McPherson, the general who superintended the departure of our men from the city, was willing that all the negroes who chose might accompany their masters. It was nothing but right, he said, that freemen, as he contended they were, should make their own election to go from or remain in the city; but in this determination he was overruled, and only the servants of the officers were allowed to go out, if they chose. Colonel Watkins' negro man was offered every inducement by the Yankees to remain with them. Finally, on being promised, if he would remain, a plantation on the Mississippi, after the war was over, should be given him, he replied, as any other negro would have done: "Of what use would a plantation here be to me without negroes to work it?" So he accompanied his master out of the city.

DEATH OF A BRAVE MAN.

A gentleman, just from Isle of Wight County, gives the following particulars of Lieutenant Gambrill's death. They stamp him one of the bravest men this war has produced. Lieutenant Gambrill was overhauled near Barham's Cross-Roads, Isle of Wight County, Virginia, by twenty-one

of the enemy, who immediately demanded a surrender. He instantly replied: "I never have surrendered, and never intend to," at the same time drawing his revolvers and emptying the barrels of each before he fell. Seven of the enemy were killed and two wounded in the brief space of four minutes, when the lieutenant fell, mortally wounded. The survivors then repaired to the house of Mrs. Ely, in the immediate vicinity, and told her that a particular friend of hers was lying dead in the road, a short distance off. Upon asking his name, and being told that it was Lieutenant Gambrill, Mrs. Ely replied, "That she would bury him, if it cost her life." "You ought to," rejoined the Yankee, "for a braver man never lived," and they then related to Mrs. Ely the particulars of his death, and how desperately he defended himself. A lieutenant who commanded the gang, said to Mrs. Ely, that he thought, at one time, Gambrill would have killed him, but added that, had he done so, it would have consoled his friends to know that he met death at the hands of as brave a man as ever breathed.

True to her pledge, Mrs. Ely procured a cart, and calling upon a couple of ladies in the neighborhood, secured the body, washed it, and with her own hands, assisted by her lady friends, gave the body of Lieutenant Gambrill sepulture.

INTERESTING SCENE.

An army correspondent of a Northern paper says that the following scene took place in the army of the Potomac not long since. A chaplain wanted a horse, and without much ceremony took one belonging to a Virginia farmer, but his possession of the property was very brief, as the following conversation shows: The chaplain rode into the presence of his superior officer, and was asked where he got that horse? The chaplain says: "Down on the road there." The officer remarked: "You had better take him back again." The chaplain says: "Why, Jesus Christ, when He was on earth, took an ass from his owner, whereon to ride into Jerusalem." The officer replied: "You are not Jesus Christ; that is not an ass; you are not on your way to Jerusalem; and the sooner you restore that horse to its owner, the better it will be for you."

ALL QUIET ON THE OGEECHEE.

A good joke, too good to be lost, occurred at the second bombardment of Fort McAllister. It exhibits a coolness under very trying circumstances:

"One of our men was literally buried in the sand; one hand first made its appearance, then the side of his face. He put his hand to his mouth and wiped off the sand, and roared out, as loud as he could: 'All quiet on the Ogeechee.'"

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

The Richmond *Whig* reports the following incident, which shows the stuff of which our volunteers are made:

"At the Richmond 'Varieties,' Mm'lle Boisvert was singing the touching song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' when the attention of a portion of the audience was attracted by the frequent sobs of a Mississippi volunteer, as fine a specimen of manhood as one would wish to gaze upon. The soldier was thinking of his home and the loved ones a thousand miles away, and became entirely oblivious of the hundreds gazing upon him. At the conclusion of the song, he vociferously called out an *encore*, offering five dollars if the lady would sing it over again. The pretty cantatrice came forward, and sang in its place the 'Marseillaise,' with her usual fire. The Mississippian, with a yell of triumph, raised himself to his full height, exclaiming: 'I was a child just now, but now I am a man. Hurrah for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy!'"

A BOLD ADVENTURE.

The Washington *Chronicle* gives the following particulars of a bold adventure hit upon by a number of our brave officers, while being conveyed, on board of a steamboat, to Fort Delaware, having been refused exchange. It is decidedly good, and shows what a few fearless and daring spirts may do:

"The steamer Maple Leaf, Captain Wm. H. Deal, left Old Point for Fort Delaware, having on board ninety Confederates, all commissioned officers, who, it was understood, were not to be exchanged for the present. Everything went on quietly until the steamer was just beyond Cape Henry light, when the prisoners gradually approached the guard, only twelve in number, and suddenly disarmed them, placing them and the officers and crew under close arrest, and would not permit them to see in what direction the vessel was steaming.

"After proceeding about forty-five miles beyond Cape Henry, the steamer was run in near the Virginia shore, where all but twenty-six landed in the yawl-boats of the Leaf. They piloted the steamer themselves, and attended to the fire-room and engine. It is said that the muskets of the guard were without bayonets, and unloaded, and each man was seized by four of the Confederates, thus rendering resistance useless.

"During their possession of the boat, they refrained from doing any damage to the steamer, and treated the officers and crew with civility. The ringleaders of the party were a son of Semmes, of the Alabama, and a man named McGowan, of Texas.

"The entire party were mostly from the extreme Southern States, were all dressed in new and handsome uniforms, and seemed to be in possession

of a considerable amount of money. As soon as the party had effected a landing, Captain Deal resumed the command of the steamer, when she put back immediately, to report to General Dix."

AN INDEPENDENT NORTH CAROLINIAN.

The following incident is related of Mr. Nichol Hunter, Clerk of the Court, and one of the sturdy citizens of Kinston:

When the Yankee army halted, he was carried before General Foster, who met him thus:

"Well, sir, what are you here for?"

"That is precisely what I came here to find out, sir."

"Who are you?"

"I am Clerk of the County Court."

"What are your predilections?"

"Intensely Southern, sir, and I thank God for it."

"You are very bold and frank in your expressions; have a care how you talk to me, sir."

"I am not bolder or more frankly spoken than every man with Southern blood in his veins, and I do not hesitate to tell the truth anywhere."

"You can go, sir." He went.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN THE OAK HILL VICTORY.

Mr. John A. Quarles, a young man of Arkansas, who had been prevented by illness from joining a company which went to Missouri from his neighborhood, left home as soon as he became well enough, with a view of joining McCulloch's army. He arrived just in time to take part in the great battle, and fought as an independent volunteer in the hottest part of the field. He and another young Arkansian, A. McNeill, were taken prisoners in the battle, their guns, pistols, and all their money stolen from them, and they themselves were posted by the enemy in front of the ranks, and finally they were placed in the front of Siegel's battery, that they might be killed by their own friends. During the terrible storm of balls that came rushing from our troops against this battery, young Quarles had presence of mind enough to suggest to his companion that they should fall upon the ground, as though killed. It was not long before the gallant Louisianians stormed this battery, and delivered the two young men from their terrible condition, and they yet live to fight under McCulloch.

GRAVE ROBBERS.

Among the fiendish practices of the Yankee, is that of robbing graves, to obtain jewelry from the fingers of the dead. A lady who made her escape from Newbern, North Carolina, states that she went to the graveyard her-

self, and saw with her own eyes several coffins opened, and the bodies exposed; that she saw the body of a lady who died about four months before; that she saw where two of her fingers had been cut off; and she also saw exposed the body of a little child, she supposed to be about two or three years old. She also states that they had opened all the vaults but one.

ROMANCE AND REALITY OF THE WAR.

The Holly Springs correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* narrates the experience of a cotton-buyer among the Mississippi guerrillas, as follows:

"The experience of a Mr. Cones, who was 'gobbled,' as it is now yclept, near LaGrange, was relieved by some flashes of humor, which may be an apology for the very emphatic language which was used by the actors.

"Cones, in company with two or three other buyers, had bought some cotton out at Moscow, twelve miles from LaGrange, just before our army marched from the latter place; and as General Quinby's division had just removed from there, they thought the sooner they got the cotton into LaGrange the better; consequently, four of them, besides the drivers of the teams, started out after it. Cones was the only one of the four who was not armed, and was not on horseback, he riding in one of the wagons. They succeeded in getting the cotton, and hurried back, until they came in sight of the Union pickets at LaGrange, and then Cone's three friends, thinking the teams were out of danger, left him and rode on into town.

"Only two or three minutes after they had left, and as the wagons went down into a hollow, out of sight of the picket-guard, five guerrillas dashed out of the woods, and were alongside in an instant. 'Halt!' Every one of the teams halted, as though they had run against a stone wall. The next instant the muzzle of a revolver was at the ear of every one of them, Cones included, who was riding on the cotton.

"'Are you armed?' asked the guerrilla who held his pistol at Cones' ear.

"'No, sir.'

"'Then get down and unhitch them mules, and turn 'em d—d quick!'

"It was done in the time specified.

"*Guerrilla.* 'Have you a match? I want to touch off this cotton.'

"*Cones.* 'No, sir. I am glad to say I have n't.'

"*Guerrilla.* 'Then get on that mule, quick!'

"In an instant Cones was mounted on what he says was 'a wonderful sharp-backed mule.'

"*Guerrilla* (giving the mule a terrific slash with the wagon whip). 'Now, d—n you, lick them mules up; make 'em go; give 'em thunder!'

"And away they went, at a pace which to Cones, on his razor-back, he thought must split him in two before many miles, three guerrillas behind lashing the mule at every jump. Five miles or more they went at this rate, and not another word had been spoken by any one, when they turned out of the main road into an old and unfrequented path, that wound its zigzags through one of the densely wooded creek bottoms. 'Halt!' said the guerrilla, and he who gave the command commenced hurriedly to relieve himself of some of his accoutrements, as though he was about to go to work in good earnest at some devilish deed. The place was lonely, and fitting to such murderous intents, and Cones says he felt a cold sort of chill run down the full length of even his long legs.

"*Guerrilla* (drawing the cork of his canteen). 'You look like a pretty good feller. Let's take a drink; and for fear you might think it's pizen, I'll drink first.'

"And suiting the action to his words, he placed the canteen to his lips, and turned his face up in the position of one making astronomical observations. After a long pull, he passed the canteen over to Cones, who thought it 'might n't be pizen,' and imbibed.

"*Guerrilla.* 'Now, lick up them mules; give 'em thunder; hurry up.'

"And each injunction he emphasized on the rear of the flying mules with his whip.

"They bivouacked in a thicket that night, but early next morning began their journey at the same pace, and toward evening of that day, they galloped into a rude-looking camp, which turned out to be the nest of Richardson and his guerilla band, within a few miles of Fort Pillow. In a few moments Cones was marched up before Colonel Richardson. After a number of questions, as to what was his business, whether he had served against the Confederate States, &c., Richardson said:

"Well, sir, I 'll parole you."

"At the mention of parole, the guerrilla who had been the most prominent in the capture, and had invited Cones to drink, began to remonstrate.

"*Guerilla.* 'Why, colonel, you ain't a goin' to parole that d—d cotton-buyer, are you?'

"*Richardson.* 'Well, I 've got to parole him or shoot him; and (turning to Cones inquiringly) you 'd rather be paroled than shot, had n't you?'

"*Cones.* 'Yes, d—d if I had n't; but I do n't want to take such another ride on that mule.'

"The parole was soon written, and, much to his astonishment, without being robbed of his money and watch, he was told that he was at liberty to walk back to LaGrange, forty miles. In an hour afterwards he started, and soon after leaving the camp he was startled by the command: 'Halt!' He halted, and out stepped the guerilla who had been most prominent in his

capture, and who had gone away sulky because the colonel would not shoot 'that d—d cotton-buyer,' instead of paroling him.

"Cones was unarmed, and began to have serious apprehensions of what was to follow, when the guerilla said: 'Old feller, let's take a drink.' Cones' heart felt lighter immediately. So did the canteen."

A SHARPSHOOTER SHARPLY SHOT.

The Petersburg *Express* relates the following:

"A gentleman informs us of the death of one of McClellan's sharpshooters, on the Peninsula, under circumstances which possess interest sufficient to give them to the public. Several of our men, it seems, were killed while going to a spring near by, but by whom no one could imagine. It was at last determined to stop this inhuman game, if possible, even at the cost of killing the hireling himself, who was thus, in cold blood, butchering our men. So a sharp lookout was kept for this sharpshooter, and the next time he fired, the smoke of his rifle revealed the locality of his pit. That night a pit was dug by the Confederate soldiers, commanding the position of the Yankee sharpshooter, and arrangements made to get rid of the annoying creature. For this purpose a young Kentuckian was placed in our pit, with a trusty rifle, and provisions enough to last him until the next night. Next morning, early, a man was dispatched, as usual, with two buckets, to go to the spring. He had proceeded about one or two hundred yards, when the Yankee marksman elevated himself, and, placing his rifle to his shoulder, was about to pull trigger, but the Kentuckian was too quick for him, for he pulled his trigger first, and simultaneously therewith the Yankee fell. Upon repairing to the spot, which the Kentuckian did immediately, he discovered a rifle-pit, and a sturdy Yankee in it, in the last agonies of expiring nature. The pit was provided with a cushioned chair, pipes and tobacco, liquor, and provisions. But the rifle which had been used was really a valuable prize. It was of most superb manufacture, and supplied with the latest invention, an improved telescopic sight upon its end. The pit had been dug at night, and its occupant had been provisioned at night; so but for a sharp lookout for the smoke of his gun, there is no saying how long this Yankee vandal would have enjoyed the luxury of killing Southern men, without even a chance of losing his own worthless life. We are gratified to know that he at last met with so righteous a fate."

"THE SHTONE MAN!"

When there were flying rumors that Jackson had captured two thousand of the enemy, and was pushing Pope "to the wall," the departments were silent upon the subject, and no one could get a clue to the facts. The Yankees realized the truth of a trite observation, made by one of our prisoners,

ı "son o' the sod." "Faith," said he, "but this *Shtone man*, Jackson, wid ı wall in the handle to his name, is worrus than an Irish hedge. Ye can't go around it, and ye can't git over it, and what the divil kin a mon do in a lilemmer, but ter fall into it graeefully? Cush la, but I think our Pope has made a bull ov it this time, shure."

MORGAN AND THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

One Sunday morning, during the summer of 1862, Captain Morgan, with forty of his men, suddenly appeared at Gallatin, Tennessee, twenty-eight miles the other side of Nashville. After eatching all the Union men in the place, and confining them in a guard-house, Captain Morgan, dressed in a Federal uniform, proeeeded to the telegraph office, at the railroad depot, a short distance from the town. Entering the offiee, the following conversation took plaee between Captain Morgan and the telegraphic operator, a blustering fellow:

Captain Morgan. "Good day, sir. What news have you?"

Operator. "Nothing, sir, except it is reported that that d—d rebel, Captain John Morgan, is this side of the Cumberland with some of his cavalry. I wish I could get sight of the d—d rascal; I'd make a hole through him larger than he would find pleasant.

While thus speaking, the operator drew a fine navy revolver, and flourished it, as if to satisfy his visitor how desperately he would use the instrument in case he should meet with the famous rebel captain.

"Do you know who *I* am?" quietly remarked Captain Morgan, continuing the conversation.

"I have not that pleasure," remarked the operator.

"Well, *I* am Captain Morgan," responded that gentleman.

At these words the operator's cheeks blanched, his knees shook, the revolver dropped from his hands, and he sank to the floor. He literally "wilted."

After the frightened individual had recovered himself sufficiently, Captain Morgan requested him to telegraph some messages to Louisville; among others, one to Prentice, of the *Journal*, politely offering to act as his escort on his proposed visit to Nashville. Then, taking the operator with him as a prisoner, Captain Morgan with his men awaited the arrival of the train from Bowling Green for Nashville.

In due time the train came thundering in. Captain Morgan at once seized it, and taking five Federal officers, who were passengers, and the engineer of the train prisoners, he burned to cinders all of the cars, with their contents, and then, filling the locomotive with turpentine, shut down all the valves, and started it towards Nashville. Before it had run eight hundred yards, the accumulation of steam caused it to explode, shivering it into a

thousand atoms. Captain Morgan then started southward with his prisoners, and made his way safely to the Confederate camp.

TREEING A YANKEE.

A gentleman of a Virginia regiment, writing to his mother, gives the following account of an adventure he had in one of the recent battles. We copy from the *Examiner:*

"I must tell you of a prisoner that I captured. I spied the villain in the road, and put after him. He dismounted, and, leaving his horse in the road, took to the woods on foot. As the limbs of the cedars impeded my progress, I for a time lost sight of him. But, having secured his horse and effects, I followed in the direction in which he had disappeared. As I rode under a tall pine, with the muzzle of my gun elevated, I was astonished to hear him, from the tree above my head, sing out: 'Don't shoot; I surrender.' The scoundrel saw the glittering of the gun-barrel, and thought that I was aiming at him. I pretty soon got him down, and carried him to the rear, having first secured his personal effects, which consisted of saddle and halter, a canteen of milk, six pounds of bacon, two pounds of coffee, ditto sugar, one pound of butter, a cap, one frying-pan, one spade, a piece of soap, a curry-comb and brush, one oil-cloth, two blankets, a small tent, and a half-bushel of corn and oats—the fellow needed only a saw-mill to be fully equipped."

A HEROIC INCIDENT.

We clip the following from the Mobile *Register:*

"We are indebted to high authority for the fact of the following occurrence in New Orleans, intelligence of which has reached this city. Mrs. H. M. Hyams, wife of the lieutenant governor of the State, passed on the street a number of Yankee officers, sitting in a doorway as she went by. One of them arose and followed her a few steps, and, arresting her progress by placing himself in front of her, told her that she had omitted to bow in passing. She attempted to avoid the ruffian, when he repeated his remark, and asked her if she had not read General Butler's 'Order No. 28,' with reference to the treatment of Union officers and soldiers with respect. Endeavoring to pass the fellow, he threw his arm around the lady's waist, and pressed his foul lips upon her face. As the villain released her from his embrace, the Southern lady coolly drew a pistol and shot him through the body, so that he fell dead at her feet, in the insolent flush of his cowardly triumph over the insulted virtue of a feeble and unprotected woman.

"Another of the officers immediately arose, and, approaching the noble and courageous lady, took her by the arm, and told her, so that the other Federals could hear, that she must accompany him before General Butler.

He immediately placed her in a cab and drove away, but not to the Beast's qaurters. He directed the cab out of the city, and through the line of sentries, and further on still, until beyond the reach of the tyrant's outposts. The act of the heroine had made a hero of the witness. He told her that he considered her act justifiable and noble, and that in a moment he had determined that she should not be sacrifieed to Butler's vengeance, and had adopted the expedient by which he had rescued her. He continued to escort her on her journey through the country, until they arrived in the Southern lines at Camp Moore, when he delivered himself up to the Confederate authorities, to be dealt with as a prisoner or otherwise."

CAREER OF A FEMALE VOLUNTEER.

Among the registered enemies of the United States Government who have been sent across the lines from New Orleans, there was one in Jackson, Mississippi, a lady whose adventures place her in the ranks of the Molly Pitchers of the present revolution. At the breaking out of the war, Mrs. Laura J. Williams was a resident of Arkansas. Like most of the women of the South, her whole soul was enlisted in the struggle for independence. Her husband was a Northern man by birth and education, and a strong Union man. After Arkansas seeeded from the Union, he went to Connecticut, he said, to see his relations and settle up some business. Mrs. Williams suspected his purpose, and finally she received information that he had joined the Yankee army. The Jackson *Mississippian* gives the rest of her story:

She disguised herself in a Confederate uniform, and adopting the name of "Henry Benford," she proceeded to Texas, where she raised and equipped an independent company, and went to Virginia with it as First Lieutenant. She was in the battle of Leesburg, and several skirmishes; but finally, her sex having been discovered by the surgeon of the regiment—the Fifth Texas Volunteers, to which the company had been attached—she returned to her home in Arkansas After remaining there a short time, she proceeded to Corinth, and was in the battle of Shiloh, where she displayed great coolness and courage. She saw her father on the field, but, of course, he did not recognize her, and she did not make herself known to him. In the second day's fighting she was wounded in the head, and was ordered to the rear. She wrote to her father, and then went on down to Grenada, where she waited for some time, but never saw or heard from him.

She then visited New Orleans, was taken sick, and while sick the city was captured. On recovery, she retired to the coast, where she employed herself in carrying communications, and assisting parties to run the blockade with drugs, and cloths for uniforms. She was informed on by a negro, and arrested and brought before General Butler. She made her appearance

before General Butler in a Southern homespun dress. She refused to take the oath—told him she gloried in being a rebel—had fought side by side with Southern *men* for Southern rights, and if she ever lived to see "Dixie," she would do it again. Butler denounced her as the most incorrigible she rebel he had ever met with. By order of the Beast she was placed in confinement, where she remained three months. Some time after her release, she was arrested for carrying on "contraband correspondence," and kept in a dungeon fourteen days, on bread and water, at the expiration of which time she was placed in the State Prison, as a dangerous enemy. Her husband, it so happened, was a lieutenant in the Thirteenth Connecticut Regiment, and on duty as provost guard in the city. He accidentally found her out, and asked if she wanted to see him. She sent him word she never wanted to see him so long as he wore the Yankee uniform. But he forced himself upon her, tried to persuade her to take the oath, and get a release, when he said he would resign, and take her to his relations in Connecticut. She indignantly spurned his proposition, and he left her to her fate. When General Banks assumed command, he released a great many prisoners, but kept her in confinement until the 17th of May, 1863, when she was sent across the lines to Meadesville, with the registered enemies.

HOTEL DE VICKSBURG.

The Chicago *Tribune* published the following bill of fare, found in one of the camps at Vicksburg. It was surmounted by an engraving of a mule's head, behind which was a hand brandishing what might have been a Bowie, or a carving knife. The *Tribune* thought it a melancholy burlesque. The most melancholy thing about it was, the reflection which it must have suggested to a thoughtful Yankee—if there be such an animal—on the prospect of conquering the men who could live and jest on such fare:

HOTEL DE VICKSBURG.

BILL OF FARE FOR JULY, 1863.

Soup—Mule pie.

Boiled—Mule bacon with poke greens; mule ham canvassed.

Roast—Mule sirloin; mule rump stuffed with rice.

Vegetables—Peas and rice.

Entrees—Mule head stuffed, *a la mode;* mule beef jerked, *a la Mexicana;* mule ears fricasseed, *a la getch;* mule side stewed, new style, hair on; mule liver hashed.

Side Dishes—Mule salad; mule hoof soused; mule brains, *a la omelette;* mule kidney stuffed with peas; mule tripe fried in pea-meal batter; mule tongue cold, *a la Bray.*

Jellies—Mule foot.

Pastry—Pea-meal pudding; blackberry sauce; cottonwood-berry pies; China-berry tarts.

Dessert—White-oak acorns; beech nuts; blackberry-leaf tea; genuine Confederate coffee.

Liquors—Mississippi water, vintage of 1498, superior, $3; lime-stone water, late importation, very fine, $2 75; spring water, Vicksburg brand.

Meals at all hours. Gentlemen to wait upon themselves. Any inattention on the part of servants will be promptly reported at the office.

JEFF. DAVIS & CO., *Proprietors.*

CARD.—The proprietors of the justly celebrated Hotel de Vicksburg, having enlarged and refitted the same, are now prepared to accommodate all who may favor them with a call. Parties arriving by the river, or by Grant's inland route, will find Grape, Canister & Co.'s carriages at the landing, or any depot on the line of entrenchments. Buck, Ball & Co. take charge of all baggage. No effort will be spared to make the visit of all as interesting as possible.

A HELLISH OUTRAGE BY YANKEES.

By a letter from Wetzel County, Virginia, we learned the particulars of a most revolting outrage committed by some Yankee fiends upon the person of the wife of Mr. L. S. Hall, member of the State Legislature from Wetzel, and one of the first advocates of secession in his section.

Mrs. Hall had her clothing tied over her head, and in that condition she was thrust into the street of New Marketville, her husband's place of residence. Report says that an outrage to which death is preferable was perpetrated upon her person. The Yankee hell-hounds afterwards burned down Mr. Hall's out-houses, and ransacked his house.

A GOOD ONE.

When our army entered Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, some of the Union females of the town, relying on their sex and the gallantry of the "rebels" for protection, jawed the troops from windows and doors as they passed by. There was one of those women, whose tongue, we suppose, could not do justice to the occasion, who flourished from her bosom a small Union flag, and who, standing in a door, made all manner of ugly faces at our soldiers as they marched along. But her ladyship "caught a tartar" in making a mouth at a tall, "ragged rebel" in the ranks, who, fixing his eye in disdain on the flag that waved from her breast, exclaimed: "Madam, you had better tear that thing from your bosom, we rebels are h—l on breastworks."

This so completely "took her down," that she has n't made an ugly face since.

LIFE AMONG THE PICKETS.

"One of the Garrison," in a diary of the daily progress of the siege of Vicksburg, recorded the following as among the incidents of the 21st of June:

The brass band of the First Regiment Mississippi Light Artillery performed to-night some soul-stirring airs at the breastworks on General Baldwin's line. Contrary to the expectation of many, the enemy did not fire upon the musicians—thus proving good the saying that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage," &c. They prized the music, but said the serenade would not be complete without "Yankee Doodle." They were told that Yankee Doodle did not circulate in "Grant's Bull-Pen," as they classically dubbed Vicksburg. Captain Sublett, of the Forty-Sixth Mississippi, was our spokesman. He went outside the lines, and chatted for some time with the pickets of the Fourth Iowa. The latter seemed anxious to know how we intended celebrating the 4th of July, and what we were to have for dinner. Sublett enumerated a mouth-watering catalogue of luxuries, such as oysters, duck, roast mutton, &c., to which a nasal-twanged Yankee added: "and pea-bread." Sublett soon after returned to our line.

A good thing is told of the opposing subterranean working parties at General Shoup's line. It was discovered that the enemy designed blowing us up at that point, so General Shoup promptly started a countermine, and soon the working parties could hear each others picks. Making a small hole through the thin partition now separating them, they conversed freely and friendly. Our men asked if their neighborly diggers had anything good to eat or drink. Plenty of cheese, sardines, crackers and whisky, was the reply; and at the same time our men were assured that if they would make out a requisition in proper form, it would be promptly filled. Of course, the requisition was soon drawn up according to army regulations, and our boys had a feast.

BRILLIANT EXPLOIT.

A party of our daring marines started to get a steamboat. The party was under the command of Captain James Duke. After experiencing rather hard fare in the marshes of the Mississippi for some days, they discovered the Boston towing the ship Jenny Lind, loaded with ice, up to New Orleans. This was some three miles from the Pass a l'Outre light-house. The brave fellows hailed the ship, and a line was thrown out to them; they were in an open boat. On getting aboard of the Boston, the Confederates made a very pretty display of revolvers, when the captain of the ship remarked:

"I told you they were d—d rebels." It was too late; the fastenings were instantly cut, and our men were in possession of the steamer. In coming round at sea, they met the bark Lennox, from New York, loaded with an assorted cargo, principally stores, to which they helped themselves, and, retaining the captain and mate as prisoners, sent the passengers and crew ashore; they then set fire to her, completely destroying the vessel.

There were about forty on the Lennox. About an hour afterwards, they came up with the bark Texana, also from New York. They did not take anything from her but the captain and mate—the balance they sent ashore. The Texana was then set on fire, and was burning splendidly when she was left. There were about seventeen prisoners on board of the Boston. She was a staunch tug, running about twelve knots an hour, and was a propeller. In the Mississippi River the Confederates were for some time within speaking distance of the United States man-of-war Portsmouth, sixteen guns, and about half an hour previous to their capturing the Boston, a gunboat had passed up within gun-shot of our men.

HOW YANKEE GENERALS DECEIVE THEIR TROOPS.

At Cold Harbor, near Richmond, after the fight was over, a wounded Yankee called to one of our officers, and besought him to tell him what devils had been fighting them, as he had "never seen such a fight before." The officer satisfied his curiosity, and among other forces, mentioned those of Jackson. "Was that devil *here?*" replied the Yankee; "why, yesterday, McClellan had an order read to the army, saying that he had been cut to pieces in the Valley."

CARRYING "THE FLAG" INTO THE NORTH.

Among the paroled prisoners who reached Richmond, from the flag of truce boat, was C. S. Clancey, color-bearer of the First Louisiana Regiment, who was taken prisoner in the battle of the 2d July, 1863, at Gettysburg, whilst bearing his colors up to the very front of the enemy's breastworks, amidst a perfect tornado of shell and bullets. Finding himself cut off from escape, and certain to be either killed or captured, Clancey tore his already bullet-torn flag from its staff, and secured it underneath his shirt. He was taken prisoner, and carried to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, and from thence sent to Fort Delaware, carrying his flag with him, not floating to the breeze, of course, but furled beneath his shirt. Clancey kept his own secret while in the fort, and when the sick and wounded prisoners were selected to be sent southward, he feigned extreme illness, and was put on board the steamer, with a number of others, still holding fast to his regimental colors, which he brought safely away, and exhibited in Richmond. The flag bears the perforations of upwards of two hundred bullets, and one shell; and the

piece of another passed through it in the fight at Gettysburg. Clancey is the sixth color-bearer of the regiment, five having fallen in battle, with the identical flag in their grasp. The sixth, Clancey, has carried the flag for nearly a year, and he certainly can claim to have carried it farther into the North than the Confederate flag has ever yet been advanced, and, what is better, back again in triumph.

GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Mr. Yost, the editor of the Staunton *Vindicator*, who attended the Charleston Democratic Convention, where he met General Butler, who was a delegate to that body from Massachusetts, gave the following account of him:

"A more craven-hearted coward never walked the earth. With the most revolting countenance ever worn by man, he is the impersonation of a horse-thief or land pirate. Without a particle of courage or honor, he is endeavoring to ape the man of war. Driven with brickbats and sticks back from his passage with his regiment through Baltimore by unarmed citizens, he has recently signalized his cowardice by offering insult and contumely to the people of that city, when their hands were tied. We have seen the miserable creature snubbed, spit upon and insulted beyond endurance to a gentleman, with no other response than trembling fear and poltroonery. During the sessions of the Charleston Convention, he was bought with a price, and when called to an account, by young Smith, of California, for some Yankee trick, he begged like a whipped spaniel, and cowered before the gaze of a brave and honest man. The man, in fact, is a brute. He looks like one—acts like one. For such a creature to talk of conquering the South! For such a miserable poltroon to threaten to invade Virginia!"

RAPID FIGHTING.

The rapid succession of battles which has characterized the present war has, we believe, no parallel in history. The languor and lassitude which seemed to have overcome both armies the first year, have been totally reversed. An activity almost inconceivable has succeeded; and achievements almost incredible Marches of hundreds of miles, performed in marvellously short periods, have shown that our troops and our officers are not a whit behind the renowned generals and the famous armies of European history in this important branch of the art of war. Battles on a scale equalling the greatest of European battles, and campaigns of much more extraordinary magnitude than are ever seen in Europe, have demonstrated the resources and the energy of the people of this continent. We do not remember any other war which compares with the present, in these particulars. Those of Frederick and Napoleon possess more similarity than any others, in the

rapidity of movement and number of battles by which they were characterized. The Italian campaign of 1796 has always been regarded as replete with battles to such an extent as to defy competition. But we think the Virginia campaign of 1862 far excels it. In his Italian campaign, Napoleon fought the battles of Montenotte, La Favorite, Castaglione, Milesimo, Lodi, Arcola and Rivoli. There were other combats, but these, we think, were all the pitched battles of magnitude. Now let us see what was done by the army of Virginia during the campaign of 1862, commencing on the 1st of March. It fought the battles of Karnstown, McDowell, Front Royal, Winchester, Strasburg, Cross Keys, and Port Republic (constituting the Valley campaign), Williamsburg, Barhamsville, Hanover Court-House, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill (constituting the Richmond campaign), Cedar Run, Manassas Junction, Manassas Plains—August 29th—Manassas Plains—August 30th—(constituting the campaign of Northern Virginia), Harper's Ferry, Boonesboro' Sharpsburg (constituting, in part; the campaign of Maryland). History does not record a series of battles like these, fought by one army, in so short a space of time.

YANKEE LOVE FOR THE NEGRO.

An officer who participated in the attack on the Yankee forces on James' Island, and captured a number of negroes of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts, says: One of the prisoners told me he was in Beaufort the day the negroes captured in the Combahee raid were brought in. The men were ordered into the ranks, and every one who refused was bucked and gagged in the most inhuman manner until they consented to enlist in the ranks. Some of these poor wretches were kept trussed up for three or four days, and bucked and gagged at intervals, until they gave in their adhesion, and took a place in the ranks. The officer says he conversed with several of the prisoners, and they all gave substantially the same account. Many of the negroes had been induced, with the promise of freedom, to run away from the plantations.

TENNESSEANS ON A CHARGE.

An ancient Tennessean, who had been driven from his home in Murfreesboro' by the prowling wolves of Federalism, amused us, in a discourse the other day, with several *on dits* of the battle of Shiloh. Having three boys in Beauregard's army, he naturally betook himself, after expatriation, to that camp. They were privates in a Tennessee regiment, which had gone into service with rifles from their own gun-hooks. Their uniform was like Joseph's coat of many colors, after the wild beasts had done with it. Every man "had on" just what he left his home in, and that dilapidated by the

wear and tear of camp. For head gear, a coon-skin cap, with a fox tail for ornament, was the height of the fashion. When, at length, arms were received in camp, this regiment was offered the Enfield rifle; but after consultation they declined the Enfield in favor of their own old household rifles, which they better understood.

The battle of Shiloh at last found this regiment in the field, actively drawing beads on the foe. In the distance a Yankee battery, planted on an eminence, was pouring grape and canister upon our columns, and orders came to charge it. Breckinridge, who commanded the brigade, forgetting that his regiment had not a bayonet in the whole crowd, passed the order over to it, and, with a whoop and a yell, off it started to execute the mission. And they filled the bill to a nicety. The Yanks did not wait to see that no bayonets were coming, but fled in dismay before the impetuous charge of the coon-skin Tennesseans. When the guns were all taken, and order was restored, the colonel addressed his regiment—told them they had done very well, but yonder was another battery they might just as well take, now their hands were in. With another terrific yell, off they started, and with a like result. Here they were about to venture again on a third, but just in the nick of time they were told it was a Confederate battery, and they had better leave it alone. That was a charge without the bayonet—a real charge, too.

A LOYAL NEGRO.

A committee was appointed in Portsmouth, Virginia, to urge Robert Butt, a negro of that place, of worthy repute, and who rendered himself famous for his kindness during the prevalence of the yellow fever, to become a candidate for Congress, to represent that District. The negro, more loyal than Segar or Cowper, promptly sent the following response, which was copied from the original:

PORTSMOUTH, December 22, 1862.

To John Council, John O. Lawrence, Nicholas Butler, and others, Committee:

GENTS: Accept my grateful acknowledgments for your flattering invitation to become a candidate to represent the District in the Thirty-Seventh Congress of the United States.

There was a day, in the history of our once glorious country, when such an invitation would have been received with some consideration, but now things are very different, and to accept such a position when I know, if elected, I cannot represent the voice of the people of this District. In my humble opinion, gentlemen, any individual who would suffer his name to be used in this connection, and under the existing circumstances, would disgrace himself, and show but little respect for his friends of the District who are beyond the lines of the United States Government, fighting for our

very existence. I must decline your invitation to become a candidate to be voted for by ballot for a seat in a Congress which knows no law, except the higher law, and are every day enacting unconstitutional measures, thereby disgracing the capital of the country. No, gentlemen, I will leave this position to some one who is more anxious to act the traitor, and have his name written high upon the page of infamy, than one who has ever borne within his bosom the true motto of his mother State—"Down with the tyrant."

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your obedient, humble servant,

ROBERT BUTT.

"LIKE A POSTAGE STAMP."

In the capitol square, in Richmond, a drunken soldier accosted the President:

"Are you Mr. Davis?"

"I am," was the stern reply.

"Are you the President of the Confederate States?"

"I am."

"Well, I thought you looked like a postage stamp."

COULD N'T TALK.

After the capture of Winchester, Lieutenant General Ewell and Major General Early went to Fort Jackson, one of the enemy's strongholds, to raise the Confederate flag which had just been made by the young ladies of Winchester, from two "Stars and Stripes" which formerly floated there. As they came down from the hill, they met the party of young ladies who had made the flag, who, as the generals passed, gave "three cheers for General Ewell." He replied: "Thank you, ladies, now call on General Early for a speech." "Speech from General Early," was the cry from the party. He stopped, raised his hat, and said: "Ladies, I never could muster courage *to address one lady*, much less such a crowd as this," and passed on, amid much laughter from the fair workers.

SELLING A COLONEL.

The Point Coupee *Echo* tells the following story:

"There is an inate spirit of reckless devilment among our 'soldier boys,' that is often amusingly illustrated, and not unfrequently at the expense of the officers, of which the following is a pretty fair sample. But we will let the victim, Colonel C———, tell it his own way, having a keen relish for a joke, even at his own expense:

"'Shortly after reaching Port Hudson,' says the colonel, 'I selected my encampment, and established my headquarters on the road leading to Clinton. One of the boys, for the want of better employment, executed a very neat signboard, in large letters, 'Headquarters —th Regiment, Arkansas Volunteers, R. H. C———tt, commanding,' and nailed it to a tree, facing the road. My attention was first called by seeing people stop in passing to read it, and I ordered it to be taken down. Missing it a day or two afterwards, I supposed my order had been observed, and thought no more of the matter, until rather unpleasantly reminded of it. I was sitting one evening in front of my tent, in company with some brother officers, when a lean, lank specimen of the country gentleman rode up, dismounted, and, hitching his 'critter,' approached the crowd, and inquired:

"'Is any of you gentlemen Colonel C———tt?'

"'That is my name, sir.'

"'Well, colonel, I came in to see if you was ready to pay for them chickens?'

"'Chickens! I presume you are mistaken, sir.'

"'Nary time, colonel, and you 'll save trouble if you 'll pay up.'

"'But, my friend, I never bought any chickens from you.'

"'Well, I didn't say you *bought* 'em, colonel, but you can't say you did n't *git 'em.*'

"'But I do say that I did n't get them! Never saw you in my—'

"'Easy, colonel, easy. I 'll leave it to these gentlemen. Aint this your signboard?' hauling it from the breast of his overcoat.

"'Admitted, sir; what then?'

"'Aint this your name on it?'

"'Well, what then?'

"'Well, just this: last night, when me and my old woman went to bed, there was thirty-two hens, besides the old rooster, in the hen-house, and when we got up this morning (and then it was nigh sun-up, for we waited for the old rooster to crow for day), there was nary darned chicken on the place, but this here signboard was stuck up on the hen-house door; and as it 's got your name on it, why, it stands to reason you tuck the chickens.'

"Amid a perfect roar of laughter from my companions, I 'paid up.' The old fellow counted his money, and handed me the confounded signboard as my 'receipt.' Mounting his horse, he started off, but turning in his saddle, he drawled out:

"'Good-by, colonel. When you come again, leave the old rooster and the *settin' hens, and don't forget your sign!*'"

AN INCIDENT.

The following incident is related to have occurred at the battle of Shiloh: "It appears that our commanding generals were short of battle-flags, and some of the brigades were compelled to dispense with this necessary appendage. As all the brigades and divisions were placed in battle array with their battle-flags, with the exception of General Ruggles', he rode up to the general on whose staff he was, and asked the reason why he had none. Just at that moment a rainbow appeared, and the general, pointing to it with his sword, exclaimed: 'Behold my battle-flag!'"

A RUSE DE GUERRE.

During the fight at Manassas, Lieutenant Turnbull was ordered to take his company and scout in a certain quarter. He set out on this perilous duty with twenty-eight men, the strength of Company A at that time. After advancing some distance, the little party came to a fence, and was about to cross over, when suddenly about one hundred Yankees sprang to their feet on the other side, cocked their pieces, and leveled them at the scouts—one with fixed bayonet was aiming at the lieutenant, within a few feet of his breast. "Hold on," said he, pushing aside the presented musket at the same time, "don't shoot your friends; will you shoot a fellow without giving him a chance? Who are you?" Just at this crisis one of Lieutenant T.'s party came up to the fence, a short distance off, and discovered the enemy, and, without being dismayed, exclaimed: "Lieutenant, here 's lots of the rascals right here now." The lieutenant, seizing the opportunity, said: "Well, boys, you had as well surrender—our whole brigade is just back here!" Ten laid down their arms, and delivered themselves up prisoners of war, whilst the others skedaddled for dear life.

MORAL VERSUS BRUTE FORCE.

It is a significant fact, illustrated in various episodes of the war, that the bullies and blackguards are invariably the greatest cowards, and the first to run in battle. On the contrary, the modest, retiring men, with no apparent force of character, from whom little or nothing has been expected, are the best fighters. Why it is that the "shoulder-hitters," "bruisers," "wharf-rats," and men of desperate renown, who have lived amid scenes of excitement and personal adventure all their lives, thus prove recreant to their reputation for reckless daring, we cannot explain; but it is emphatically true that the gentlemen of the land, those whose career has been confined to the bosom of their families, their professions or trades, and even to idle and enervating pursuits, have shown the highest moral courage, and the greatest disregard for personal safety.

In proof of this singular fact, we may mention a circumstance that occurred on Roanoke Island, in the fight that preceded its capture. There were two men who went from the same town, and were in the same company. One was celebrated as the "game-cock of his county"—a huge, muscular hulk of a fellow, who could out-jump, out-walk, and out-whip everybody in the neighborhood—a terror to all men smaller than himself; the hero of countless fights (in the course of which he had the honor of losing one ear and a portion of his nose by mastication), and a dare-devil generally of the first water.

The other was a quiet little man, an humble book-keeper in a store, and occasionally the manipulator of a yard-stick. Everybody was his friend, and he was regarded as a harmless, modest, innocent individual, who would not hurt a chicken.

Well, war-time came, and the call was made for volunteers. The little man promptly went forward and registered his enlistment, but the bully held off, until popular pressure became so strong that he could not resist. In the course of events, their company was ordered to Roanoke Island, and the battle soon after occurred.

The reflective character of the two men now stood out in bold relief. The "game-cock," at the very first discharge of the big guns, commenced to vomit violently; the clerk, too small to work the heavy artillery, was appointed to fill the station of the powder-monkey, and did his work as if it was so much sport, passing fearlessly from the magazine to the men amid the fire, raising his hat in salutation to the shells, and singing and shouting in high glee. Very soon a shell burst in the works, not far from the bully, and, to use the language of our narrator, "a frightender man you never seen. He acted like a man with the delirium tremens, and screaming: 'Oh, Lord! oh, murder! I 'm killed, I 'm killed—let me get away, let me go,' started in a bee line for the 'rat-hole,' from which nothing but main force could have brought him out till the end of the action."

The little man, however, stood bravely to his post throughout the fight, won golden opinions from the company, proved himself as gallant a soldier as the best, and is now lieutenant of his company, while the miserable, craven-hearted wretch of a "game-cock" is living at home in disgrace, with all the manhood that he ever had cowed out of him.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

Frederick Hubbard, of the New Orleans Washington Artillery, and Henry Hubbard, of the First Minnesota Infantry, brothers, were both wounded at Manassas, fighting on opposite sides; and after the battle met, for the first time in seven years, in a stable, where they and nine other wounded men were laid. The artillery-man, being the less wounded of the

two, was found ministering to his brother. The case excited so much interest, that a surgeon at once dressed the Yankee's wounds, and had him removed to his own hospital.

YANKEE TESTIMONY.

Willingly or unwillingly, the Yankees are giving expressive and significant testimony against their own themes and pretensions, and in favor of the South.

The following account of the horrible condition of the slaves in Nashville is from the charge to the grand jury, by Judge Brien, on the Act for the Punishment of Slaves:

"We of the city of Nashville are absolutely cursed with the presence of a negro population which we find it impossible to control. Nashville is made the general rendezvous for all the runaway negroes in this and some of the adjoining States. They thrust themselves into the houses of our citizens, and defy the owners to oust them. They pilfer, they steal, they scruple at nothing; they respect nobody; they regard no law, human or divine. Some of them are engaged in hospitals, but they are so numerous that this is perhaps only a fractional part. They promenade our streets; they crowd our sidewalks; they thread our alleys; they fill our houses, cellars, garrets. They are too lazy to work; too ignorant to distinguish between liberty and license; too shameless to respect common decency, and too degraded to observe the ordinary rules of morality. The men are thieves and burglars, the women prostitutes and vagrants. There is scarcely a stable, a hog-pen, or a hen-roost that does not bear the impress of a long heel and hollowless instep. These negroes are a curse to the army, a cancer to society, a blight upon honesty, morality, and decency, and a leech upon the Government."

THE CLIMAX OF VANDAL FIENDISHNESS.

Mississippi has been reserved for the capping of the climax to Yankee brutality. Not satisfied with burning, devastating towns, cities, farm-houses, and plantations, their barbaric instincts found vent in the perpetration of an act at which humanity revolts.

The Montgomery *Mail* contained the following:

"Two gentlemen from Canton, Mississippi, called upon us, and related substantially what follows, which we conceive to be the most shocking and heartless brutality of which the incarnate fiends of abolitiondom have been guilty during the present war:

"Mrs. M. R. Fort was a lady about sixty-five years of age, of the highest respectability, and supposed to be worth some forty thousand dollars. She was visiting the house of a friend, six miles south of Canton, when some Yankee officers, hearing of her wealth, and believing that she had gone to

the country for the purpose of hiding her money, went, with a gang of negroes, to the house, at two o'clock in the morning, took her out of bed, and whipped her until six o'clock—four hours—to make her tell where her money could be found. She had no money, and, of course, could not satisfy the savages. The wretched lady died under the torture of the lash."

SOMETHING RICH.

Simon Cameron, late Secretary of War of the United States, was singularly exercised about the body of his deceased brother, Colonel Cameron, of the New York Volunteers, killed at the battle of Manassas. Actuated by a silly pride about addressing General Johnston on the subject, in the latter's proper official capacity, he resorted to every device to secure his object. A flag of truce came to our pickets, and sent in the following note to Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, of the cavalry, commanding at Fairfax Court-House:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, July 30, 1861.

"*To whom it may Concern:* The bearers, Messrs. Gormon, of Baltimore, Applegate, and Sterling, visit Richmond for the single purpose of obtaining the remains of the late Colonel Cameron. All United States troops will show them the utmost courtesy and protection going and returning.

"SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War.*"

Colonel Stuart returned the communication with the following endorsement:

"HEADQUARTERS FAIRFAX C. H., August 2, 1861.

"The within communication has been sent me, but being addressed 'To whom it may concern,' is returned, for the reason that its object does not concern me, nor any one else, that I am aware of, in the Confederate States of America. J. E. B. STUART,

"*Colonel First Cavalry, Commanding.*"

The gentlemen were also informed that General Johnston, when properly addressed on the subject, would give any aid in his power for the recovery of Colonel C.'s remains.

HOW OLD SMITH ESCAPED.

"Old Smith," an old German drummer in the Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, was notorious for straggling on the march. Whether advancing or retreating, he was always in the rear.

In General Jackson's great retreat from the valley of the Shenandoah, after whipping Banks, old Smith got some miles behind, and while sitting on the roadside, solitary and alone, resting and eating his beef and biscuit, he observed a full regiment of Yankee cavalry approaching. He jumped

out into the woods, and as the Yankees eame near, he thundered away on his drum, beating the *long roll* with a terrible vim. [The long roll is the signal of an enemy at hand, and to form line of battle.] His trick was successful, for the Yankees, supposing, of course, that there was an infantry regiment lying in the thicket, faeed about and skedaddled in the regular Bull Run style. Old Smith, replaeing his drum on his shoulder, came out into the road again, with his beef and biscuit in one hand and drumstieks in the other, and resumed his mareh with his usual equanimity.

HAD A REPUTATION.

Among other ineidents of the battle of Murfreesboro', we heard of one in whieh a soldier observed a rabbit lopping aeross the field under a heavy fire. "Run, cotton-tail," he said; "if I had n't got a reputation to sustain, I 'd travel, too!"

TAKING THE OATH.

A very shrewd, sensible man, in Maury County, Tennessee, who had been a strong Union man until the Yankees got there, but who, after that, became equally as strong a Southern man, went to Columbia one day, and was brought before General Negley. "Well," said the general, "Mr. B., you must take the oath before going home."

"Very well," said B., "just have it boxed up, general, and I 'll take it out."

"Oh," said General Negley, "you do n't understand me; you must take the oath to support the Government of the United States."

"Why, general," said friend B., "I have a wife and several children, and it is as mueh as I can do to support them. I am a poor man, and I can't think of supporting the whole United States; that's rather too much."

By this time Negley beeame rather impatient. "Here," said he, handing B. the printed oath, "read it for yourself."

"I can't read."

"Well, then," said Negley, turning to the Provost Marshal, "give him a pass anyhow; he has no sense."

And thus he went home without taking the oath. The Yankee general was outwitted that time. We give this ineident as vouehed for by one of the exchanged Donelson prisoners.

THE YANKEES AND THE NEGRO.

A Northern correspondent wrote from Helena, Arkansas, under date of January 18, 1863:

"Sinee the 1st of January, the ehildren of Ham are having a hard time of it. They are free, with no one to eare for them, nothing to live on, half

clothed, and worse fed. God only knows what will become of the poor creatures.

"Colonel Bussey, post commandant, is a true gentleman, and well liked. Prompt, courteous, and business-like, he is a good man for the position. Every day negroes are coming into the camp with their little bundles, claiming protection and food. Thursday afternoon the following actual event took place:

"J. B. Pillow, brother of the rebel general, who has a beautiful plantation a few miles from Helena, and who was worth half a million of dollars previous to the war, came into camp, through the lines, with one hundred and eighty-three negroes, of both sexes and of all ages. At the head of his servants, who followed in single file, he walked to the colonel's headquarters, where the following conversation took place:

"'Good morning, sir.'

"'Good morning, sir.'

"'Where is the commandant of the post?'

"'Before you, sir.'

"'Well, colonel, here is my small charge, in the shape of free American citizens of African descent, which I deliver over to you. Here is a correct list of their names, ages, sexes, and occupations. Please send them on to the President, with my compliments, and say to him that if he wishes anything else under my roof, on my grounds, or in my pockets, all he has to do is to ask and receive.'

"'Mr. Pillow, I cannot receive these people; I have no food for them—have nothing for them to do—have not food enough for our soldiers, hardly.'

"'And I cannot use them. I had bacon to keep them, but it has been stolen. I had corn, but it has been gobbled. Now, I have nothing for them to eat; and as Lincoln has turned this army into a nigger boarding-house, you will please seat this people at your table.'

"'But I have no such power.'

"'Then give them work. If you fail to manage them, I will teach you. The art can be learned in about thirty years.'

"'I have nothing for them to do.'

"'Nor have I. You will not see them starve, I hope. I am a loyal man—have been a prosperous one, but can no longer care for these people. You have surely some use for them. Nearly all trades are here represented among the men. The women you can find use for somewhere.'

"'Well, I can't take them.'

"'My God, what will they live on? Can you sell me corn and bacon? They will starve unless you do.'

"'No, I cannot.'

"'And you cannot keep them?'

"'No.'

"'Well, God only knows what will become of them.'

"At the head of his old servants he left, and the free people followed him back, crying, and wondering what next would come in their behalf. The poor creatures come into camp, steal provisions, &c., are kicked and cuffed about by all hands, and are at times most unmercifully pounded by some soldier who will not stand their 'sass.' The only idea ninety-five of every hundred of slaves have of freedom is, ease, freedom from labor, theft, and lust."

CAMP ANECDOTE.

A correspondent of the Eutaw *Whig and Observer* wrote thus from Fredericksburg:

"A young, stout, hale, hearty man in a South Carolina regiment, went to General Lee for the purpose of getting a furlough, when the following amusing incident took place:

"*General Lee.* 'Sir, do you know the position of a soldier?'

"*Soldier* (saluting the general). 'I do, sir.'

"*General Lee.* 'Assume the position of a soldier. I want to see if you can execute two or three orders as I give them.'

"*General Lee* (viewing him closely, and scrutinizing his position,) said: About face, forward, march!' and never said halt."

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

A countryman was in the town of Lumpkin, and some one asked him how he liked the war news. He replied: "Very well." "Are you ready to go?" he was asked. "Yes," he replied. "Are you not afraid?" "No. If I should see a Yankee, with his gun leveled and looking right at me, I would draw out my pocket-book, and ask him what he would take for his gun, and right there the fight would end."

SOLDIERS' FUN.

While resting on the roadside, a citizen came riding down the line, affording a butt for the remarks which were mercilessly thrown out from every side. As he rode through the regiment, one fellow—flat on his back in a fence corner—noticed an enormous white beaver that covered the citizen's head, and called out, very peremptorily: "Come down out of that hat, sir; don't try to hide; I know you are up there, for I see *your feet*." The luckless wight spurred up, but, a few paces further on, was greeted by the following query: "Say, Mister, why is that hat of your'n like a bag of dollars? Give it up? 'Cause it 's got no cents (sense) in it." Still further

on, one soldier called to another across the road: "Bill, that fellow is like a ship." "What for?" asks Bill. "'Cause the rigging cost more than the hull." This was more than human nature could stand, and the citizen put whip and spur to work. Nor did he pause until Kershaw's brigade was far in the distance behind him.

WANTED TO BE "TOOK."

Referring to the fact that many of the Federal soldiers are seeking captivity for the purpose of securing a parole, the Kentucky *Statesman* relates the following, as having occurred in the vicinity of Lexington:

"A Confederate soldier, exhausted, laid down by the roadside to rest, and falling asleep, was left some distance behind the army. When he awoke, he found a Yankee soldier sitting by his side fanning off the flies, and patiently waiting to be taken prisoner. Of course he was accommodated."

BOY HEROES.

While the "musquito fleet" of Commodore Hollins was on the Mississippi, an attempt was made to dislodge the enemy from Point Pleasant, near Island No. 10. After firing several rounds, the enemy retired, without replying. Just at this moment several persons, supposed to be women, came out on the balconies of the houses and the bank, waving white flags. The captain of the Pontchartrain ordered her to approach the shore, which she did cautiously. When within about forty yards of the shore, the supposed women, with other Federals, commenced a very brisk fire on the boat with their muskets, killing one and wounding two others. The one killed was a boy of fourteen years, known on the boat as powder-boy. He deserves to be written down a hero. While strong and stalwart men were seeking a hiding-place under the bomb-proof shelter, this brave, manly boy, stood to his post till pierced by the fatal ball. He had hardly fallen, when little Johnny Reeder, of about the same age, stepped up to the captain, amidst a shower of bullets, and spoke with heroic firmness: "Captain, I will be your powder-boy now." We scarcely know which most to admire. Both were brave, and gave striking evidence of the folly of our enemies in supposing they can subjugate us.

The Nashville was saved from the enemy at Beaufort by two young lads, the sons of Captains Pegram and Sinclair. On hearing that the Yankees were about to invade the town of Newbern, they "drummed up" a crew, ran the blockade; and arrived safely in another Southern port.

Two half-grown lads were out hunting in the neighborhood of Newbern, and were discovered and accosted by a Yankee lieutenant.

One of the boys wore the letters "N. C." on his cap, which attracted the Yankee's attention, and he inquired of the boy what they meant. The boy

replied, "North Carolina," whereupon the lieutenant ordered him to remove them. This the boy declined doing, when he was again ordered to take them off, and again refused to do so. The lieutenant then remarked that he would take them off himself; and was in the act of dismounting from his horse to do so, when the boy winked to his comrade, who took his meaning, and in a moment the guns of both the boys were leveled at the head of the Yankee officer, and he was commanded to surrender.

Seeing the utter hopelessness of his case, and perfectly astounded at the spirit displayed by the boys, the Yankee gave up his pistol, and on being ordered to dismount, did so. The boys then secured him, and again placing him on his horse, conducted him to Kinston, where he was safely lodged in jail.

The Columbia (South Carolina) *Guardian* says:

"Dr. Patterson, who has just returned from Richmond, has left at our office a musket carried by a noble and gallant boy from Georgia, Garvin Wightman. The gun bears upon it the evidence of hot work, the stock having no less than five bullet marks, four of them apparently from grape-shot, and the other evidently from a Minie ball. In a note to Dr. Patterson, the youth says: 'This was shot in my hand while retreating from a battery that we had taken, but could not hold. It was struck with grape shot and ball; take care of it for me, as I captured it at the battle of Williamsburg from a Yankee. It has killed five, and done service in the battles of Williamsburg and Richmond.'

"Dr. Patterson states that Garvin is only about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and was at first detailed to guard the requisition stores, but finding that this duty would prevent him from participating in the battles, he joined a North Carolina regiment, and went into action. His father and family, we are informed, are Charlestonians.

"Besides the scars on the gun, Garvin received sundry other favors from the Yankees. Two balls passed through his cap, and his clothing has sundry bullet holes. In his case, too, we have another of those remarkable occurrences showing a special Providence. In his left breast pocket, or between his vest and his shirt, he carried his Sabbath-School hymn-book rolled up. A ball entered this book, and penetrated through the outer folds, lodging in the centre, thus unquestionably saving his life. The book with the ball is in the possession of Dr. Patterson."

FEDERAL ATROCITIES IN BALTIMORE.

The following letter, from a neutral source, tells a story that would scarcely be believed, were it not endorsed by a thousand similar incidents, both in Baltimore and elsewhere:

QUEBEC, October 4, 1861.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

SIR: The horrors practiced by the Lincoln Government upon the people of that once beautiful and refined city, Baltimore, have earned for it the name of the Warsaw of America. At this moment the most honored and talented men of Maryland are pining in the fortress cells of that city, *deprived of the commonest requisites of the humblest conditions of life, made to endure nauseating circumstances that the meanest felon is free from;* seven and eight gentlemen forced into a cell, without bedding, blankets, water to wash, or changes of linen from week's end to week's end; and, with a refinement of cruelty and mental torture, unknown in any civilized country in the world, cut off from all intercourse or knowledge of their families or of the outer world.

Men alone are not the only victims of the *wicked and accursed tyranny*, but even ladies of rank are similarly situated, their crimes being receiving letters from absent husbands and fathers, or wearing red and white ribbons or dresses, or having given charity to the widow or orphan of some one who died in the Southern army. Against the men no charges are made, and the only warrant upon which they are held is, that their names are inscribed by Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Seward upon a list in the hands of a convicted murderer and burglar. The experience of one week in Baltimore, and the horrors inflicted upon the unhappy people of that fated city, would appear to any man used to the actions of a regular government—even of the greatest European despotism—an exaggeration, did not the papers in the service of the tyrannous fanatics, who despotically wield the government of the land, themselves foreshadow the gross iniquity, and call upon the gaping and frightened crowd to fall down and worship the bloody idol they have set up before them.

The prime executioner and minister to the vengeance of Lincoln and Seward is of the most abhorrent stamp, and has inaugurated their reign of terror in Baltimore only as such a wretch could conceive it. This man is a pardoned convict, named Berrett, who, after receiving sentence of death for murder and burglary, and having been known to have committed six assassinations, was released from prison, and made a jailor, but was dismissed for misconduct; he was the captain of a murderous crew, called the "Blood-Tubs," and when all honest men shrank from him, President Lincoln and his minion, Seward, sought and employed him as the minister of their vengeance. This ruffian has daily interviews with the President, and returns from Washington with a fresh list of proscribed victims. Berret has chosen the tools and habits of his old trade of burglar to do the work of his employers.

The universal terror and abject subservieney of the Northern States to the dictates of their oppressor, has been shared by Maryland, and it has, therefore, been deemed more prudent to make the domieiliary visits in the dead of the night. Berrett takes with him several eseaped thieves, his former "pals," and, accompanied by a file of soldiers, goes forth after midnight to do the bidding of the "best and freest Government in the world," by breaking into the houses of their vietims, dragging them from their beds, and thrusting them, handcuffed, into the eells of Fortress MeHenry. General Howard, an old gentleman, the eandidate for governor, and his son, Mr. F. Howard, were taken from their beds and from the sides of their wives between one and two o'eloek in the morning by Berrett and a file of soldiers, who wounded with their bayonets Mr. F Howard's little son, six years old, and so ill-treated Mrs. Howard that she died on the Sunday following. Mr. Lincoln thought "she was served too well, and deelared that the wives and brats of traitors deserved to be threaded upon red-hot jackchains." To the suffering ehildren and wives of his vietims he replies to their request to be permitted to see their parents with a refusal couched in obscene and brutal language, or with some filthy jest, that could not be put upon paper.

Berrett, upon Seward's order, broke into the mansion of a lady of rank, whose husband is in Europe, and with his file of soldiers pulled her from her bed, without permitting her to dress, or even putting on her shoes; the fellow foreed her to go with him from the attie to the eellar in her nightgown, whilst he tore up the earpet, forced the doors, and eut to pieees the beds, mattresses, brocaded ehairs, sofas, &c., and turned out every trunk and drawer, leaving the beautiful residence a total wreck. No reason has been assigned for this outrage, except that his patron, the President, willed it. On the following night, the house of a venerable gentleman was forcibly entered, and every bed eut to pieees; his three daughters were pulled out of their beds, and subjected to brutal indelieaeies the heart siekens at. The following morning the colonel of these honorable and gallant defenders of their country, named Wilson, was taken into custody for various robberies, the property having been found in his shop in Brooklyn, New York. The house of Mr. George, who had no eonnection with politics, was searched for arms; of eourse none were found, but a quantity of wine was, and the officers in eommand of this respectable and gallant army carried it off. Mr. George was determined to bring the thieves to justice, but Mr. Seward has thrown his protection around them, and threatens and bullies the sufferer.

Mr. Faulkner, the late Embassador from the United States to France, has been imprisoned in a common felon's cell, without even straw to lie upon, leaving his three motherless and unprotected daughters in a hotel, Mr. Lincoln refusing him permission to send a message to them, and rob-

bing him of all the money he had with him. Lincoln, when told of the young ladies' grief, and that their dresses were wet with tears, ridiculed it, and made filthy and obscene jokes at their expense. Mr. Wallis, President of the Senate, a man of refined mind, elegantly educated, who held his large fortune as a trust for every good and benevolent purpose, whose eloquence and high talent vied with his goodness and his virtues, has been consigned to a narrow cell, with six other gentlemen, without the commonest convenience that the poorest beggar can command for the wants of nature—torn from his wife and family while suffering from severe sickness, without a change of linen, and robbed of all his money. Mr. Ross Winans, nearly eighty years of age, was taken from his splendid mansion in the middle of the night, and, for a second time, consigned to a cell. This time his crime was giving food, daily, to twenty-five hundred poor people. His last release from prison cost him fifty thousand dollars bribe.

Mrs. Davis, a lady of large fortune, had fed nearly one thousand poor daily. Mr. Seward commanded her to desist from doing so; she refused, and published his command and her letter of refusal. The paper that published it has been suppressed, the materials of the office carried off, and the editor imprisoned.

SUPPLIES AND INFORMATION FOR THE REBELS.

"A Yankee upstart, belonging to Milroy's command, when in the Valley of Virginia, summoned an aged citizen to appear before him, to furnish some information. When duly arraigned, the Yankee began:

"'Do you know of any one who has furnished supplies to the rebels?'

"*Old Man.* 'I believe I do.'

"*Yank.* 'Who was it?'

"*Answer.* 'General Banks.'

"*Yank.* 'Sergeant, take him to the guard-house. Wait a while. Now, old white-headed rebel, mind whose presence you are in, and answer correctly. Do you know any one who has been passing through our lines and back again to the rebels, carrying information?'

"*Ans.* 'Yes, sir, I do.'

"*Yank.* 'Who was it?'

"*Ans.* 'General J. E. B. Stuart.'

"*Yank.* 'Sergeant, take him to the guard-house.'"

NOT A STRAGGLER.

On the morning after the great battle of Manassas Plains, Sergeant ——, of Company A, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, being barefooted, straggled off from his command, traversing the battle-field in pursuit of a pair of shoes, which some frightened Yankee might have thrown away in his flight.

After looking for a long time in vain, he at last saw a pretty good pair on the pedal extremities of a dead Yankee. He sat down at the feet of the dead Yankee, pulled off his shoes, and put them on his own feet. Admiring the fit, and complimenting himself upon this addition to his marching abilities, he arose, and, with knapsack on his back and gun in hand, was about starting to overtake his regiment, when he observed coming towards him a small squadron of cavalry, all of whom, as it was drizzling rain, were wrapped in their large rubber oil-cloth overcoats. It will be remembered that the cavalry are frequently assigned to the duty of picking up the stragglers, and hence there is no good feeling between the infantry and cavalry. As they approached Sergeant ——, the foremost one asked: "What are you doing here, sir, away from your command?"

"That 's none of your business, by G—d," answered the sergeant.

"You are a straggler, sir, and deserve the severest punishment."

"It 's a d—d lie, sir; I am not a straggler; I only left my regiment a few minutes ago to hunt me a pair of shoes. I went all through the fight yesterday, and that 's more than you can say; for where were you yesterday when General Stuart wanted your d—d cavalry to charge the Yankees after we put 'em to running? You were lying back in the pine thickets, and could n't be found; but to-day, when there 's no danger, you can come out and charge other men with straggling, d—n you."

The cavalry-man, instead of getting mad, seemed to enjoy this raking over from the plucky little sergeant, and, as he rode on, laughed heartily at it. As the squadron was filing nearly past the sergeant, one of them inquired:

"Do you know who you were talking to?"

"Yes, to a cowardly Virginia cavalry-man."

"No, sir; that 's General Lee."

"*H-o-o—what!*" And his mouth expanded from a pucker to its most astonishing dimensions. "General Lee, did you say?"

"Yes."

"And his staff?"

"Yes."

"Sciz-z-z-z-*ors* to grind. I 'm a gorner!"

With this exclamation the sergeant pulled off his hat, and, readjusting it over his distended eyes, struck a double-quick on the straightest line for his regiment.

DON'T LIKE FORREST.

"The prisoners, generally, were remarkably impudent and insulting, especially the officers. One of them, a major, was publicly cursing General Forrest on the streets, for a scoundrel and a rascal, stating that when For-

rest demanded a surrender, and the Yankee negotiators were trying to get the best terms possible, Forrest appeared suddenly to get very mad; swore he would wait no longer, that he would rather kill the whole of them than not; ordered his couriers immediately to direct the commanders of the separate batteries to place them on separate points or hills; and ordered four separate regiments to be formed immediately at particular points in line of battle; and that the couriers absolutely dashed off as though they were going to have the orders executed. And as they dashed off, Forrest told them his signal gun would be fired in ten minutes—when, in fact, he said, the rascal had but two little cannon, and not more than a half regiment of men all told. That Forrest was nothing but a damned swindler."

THE PIOUS SLAVE.

A letter from the South Carolina coast contains the following characteristic anecdote:

"I happened to notice, one morning not long since, on the wharf of our island, a very old negro oysterman drawing out his boat on the shore, in order to dip the water out that had collected during the night, preparatory to going out among the oyster-banks. A regular soldier was assisting him, partly for amusement, and partly to hear him talk.

"The oysterman was indeed an interesting specimen of humanity. He was bent and stiffened by age, his head was as white as cotton, while as happy a smile played upon his shriveled countenance as ever wreathed the face of beauty, and his deep-set black eyes beamed with kindness and humility. His boat was a very old canoe, full of holes all along the sides, and I asked him if he was not afraid to venture out on the water in such a thing. He said he was not; that the old boat and old man knew each other, they had worked together for many years; that he did not know which would give out first, but that one thing was certain, we all had to die at some time, and there was no way to get away from death when he came; that his Master above could take care of his old servant as well in the old boat as on the land; that that kind Master had permitted him to live some eighty-six years, had given him food, drink, and clothing all that time, to prepare for death, and if he were not prepared and ready to die *now*, he would be the *greatest sinner* in the world. He concluded by telling us that we were all slaves—slaves to sin, to our passions and appetites—and that death alone could make us perfectly free and happy in the Paradise of God. How far superior, thought we, is the simple and child-like faith of this honest old negro to all the day-dreams of philosophers, that have constructed their systems apart from the sublime philosophy of the Redeemer of mankind. This sable son of Africa was fully imbued with the glorious faith and doc-

trines of St. Paul, that made Felix tremble, and almost persuaded King Agrippa to be a Christian."

YANKEE RAID-MAKERS IN TOWN.

Thirteen Yankees, including one Lieutenant, named Marsh, all belonging to an Illinois regiment, and attached to a raid-making party, arrived at the Libby prison, from Tunstall's Station, where they were taken by a portion of General Wise's command. Sundry other members of the detachment were brought in, by citizens and soldiers, who picked them up straggling on the roads, hatless, horseless, and hungry. One ludicrously appointed individual, having seen the spires of the city from afar off, and being anxious to get shelter and something to eat, directed his steps thither; and, meeting a gentleman on the road, addressed him:

"'Ere you keeps mit der Lippy brison?"

"What?" said the gentleman, reining his steed, and looking curiously at the woe-begone exeursionist.

"I vants to go to brison—umph, yaw!"

"What do you want to go there for?" asked the gentleman, seeing at once that he was one of the strayed-off raid party, but wishing to chat awhile with the poor devil.

"I bes so sick as der helle von dis var—und I kom you gleb meinself up—yaw."

"Where did you come from?" inquired the gentleman.

"Vrom Yankeeland, mit a tam officer, for to break into der railroad und shpile die passengers. Vere 's der brison?"

Finding the tired and hungry Dutchman in a hurry to get along, the gentleman directed him to keep the road, and he would soon reach the object of his wishes. Into town the fellow came, and, overcome by heat and fatigue, he sat down in front of the telegraph office and went to sleep, where he was soon observed, and his character being ascertained, he was put in "der brison"—the only Yankee (and he a Dutchman) who has yet "entered Richmond" on his own hook.

The party captured were sent down for exchange, with others, by flag of truce, making rather a short stay.

MILROY IN WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

The reign of this officer rivalled in brutality and robbery that of Butler in New Orleans. A private letter says:

"The town is full of hospitals. They have Taylor's Hotel, York House, Union Hotel, and when I left, were turning the people out of their homes to make hospitals of them. The soldiers have been camped about in town all winter, and such a dirty place you never saw. The church opposite was

taken for a stable, and we had the horses quartered all around us. The typhoid fever has at last become so bad that it has grown to an epidemic, and there is scarcely a family in town but have two or more, and in some cases the whole family is down, and dependent upon their neighbors for help. All the servants have gone, and the people have been worked and worried to death.

* * * * *

"The Yankees will not allow the people to buy anything without taking the oath, and we would rather starve than do that. We could get nothing either one way or the other, and just had to live on bread, and sometimes had butter. They would not even allow us to buy a bone of meat to make soup for the sick. When the Confederates came towards Winchester, the Yankees once surrounded with six hundred of their men about fifty of ours, and did not kill one—all escaped. Old Milroy was ripping mad, swore terribly, called the officer who had command, and said: "Why is it that six hundred Yankees having one hundred rebels surrounded, let them all escape?" The officer said: "All I can say is, the rebels fought with daring bravery, and the Yankees like cowards." They put the officer under arrest for forty days. Milroy never goes out. He had his wife and four or five children—ugly little red-headed things—with him. They had Mrs. Logan's fine house. You heard, I suppose, they sent Mrs. Logan and family over the lines. They took possession of the house and everything in it. Instead of coming up the Valley to fight the men, they stopped in Winchester and fought women and children. The women were firm and faithful; never would give up one step. When Milroy's wife first came, she had one little trunk, and when she left she had five very large ones—carried off everything she could lay her hands on. They say they will not leave a negro in town when they leave."

ADMIRABLE RETORT.

A lady went to General Milroy and asked for a pass to go over the lines. He said: "I will give you a pass to hell." She told him she did not know his lines extended that far; she had often heard it, but now had it from his own lips.

A BRAVE NEGRO.

In the battle of Belmont, Lieutenant Shelton, of the Thirteenth Arkansas Regiment, and his servant Jack were in the fight. Both Jack and his master were wounded, but not till they had made most heroic efforts to drive back the insolent invaders. Finally, after Jack had fired at the enemy twenty-seven times, he fell, seriously wounded in the arm. Jack's son was upon the field and loaded the rifle for his father, and shot at the enemy three

times after he was upon the ground. Jack's son hid behind a tree, and when the enemy retreated they took him to Cairo and refused to let him return. Jack was taken from the field in great pain, and brought to the Overton Hospital, where he bore his sufferings with great fortitude, till death relieved him of his pain.

GENERAL RANDOLPH "BLOCKADED."

One afternoon our estimable Secretary of War, General George W Randolph, visited the lines below Richmond, and after spending an agreeable hour or two at General Lee's headquarters, started for the city. He proceeded without interruption until he reached the picket's post on the "Nine Mile Road," where he found several citizens who were returning from a visit to the camp. They had been stopped by the sentinel, who informed them that he had orders to allow no one to pass in or out of the lines who did not give the countersign. General Randolph informed the picket that he was the Secretary of War, and that the orders he had received could not apply to him. The soldier replied that he did not know whether he was Secretary of War or not—a Yankee spy might say the same thing; but be that as it may, his orders were to allow no one to pass who could not give the countersign, and, having a ball and two buckshot in his musket, he would enforce the observance of his orders by all comers and goers.

Here was a "fix" for a party of gentlemen, with night coming on, and a heavy drizzle of rain descending. The officer of the day was called, but he could do nothing, as the adjutant of the post had neglected to obtain the countersign from headquarters. At length somebody rode to headquarters, about a mile distant, and returned with the countersign. The Secretary and other camp visitors were then released, and went on their way rejoicing, though previously, it is said, in a very bad humor, believing that the sentinel had exceeded his duty.

A somewhat similar incident is related of Napoleon. He tried to pass one of his sentinels, but the Old Guard told him he could not pass without the countersign, if he were the "Little Corporal" himself—meaning Napoleon. The sentinel was rewarded by Napoleon for his fidelity to his trust, by the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

GENERAL STUART AND THE MILLER.

On a scouting expedition to Massaponax Church, General Stuart rode up to a mill around which the enemy had just been encamped, to see what information he could obtain. The old miller looked at him closely, and said, "Seems like I 's seen you afore." "Yes," said the General, "I was here, you recollect, on a scout a few days ago. My name is Stuart." The old fellow seemed much pleased. "General," said he, "they were all

around here last night and this morning. They said you had been a bothering them a long time with your cavalry, but that now they were going to get in *your* rear and cut you off, and the first thing they knowed you drapped right in behind *them*. Ha! ha! ha! Give it to 'em, General."

JACKSON AFTER THE MAIN CHANCE.

After Jackson took Harper's Ferry, he had a conversation with Colonel Ford, (a Federal officer,) who detailed the following incident: "While we were in conversation," says Colonel Ford, "an orderly rode rapidly across the bridge, and said to General Jackson: 'I am ordered by General McLaws to report to you that General McClellan is within six miles, with an immense army.' Jackson took no notice of the orderly, apparently, and continued his conversation; but when the orderly had turned away, Jackson called after him, with the question: 'Has McClellan any baggage train or drove of cattle?' The reply was, that he had. Jackson remarked that he could whip any army that was followed by a drove of cattle, alluding to the hungry condition of his men."

WHISKY AND TURPENTINE.

The Chattanooga *Rebel* told the following:

One of the Yankee prisoners here asked a guard if he knew "where a feller could get a drink of whisky?"

"Well, no," said the ragged custodian, "but, stranger, yer kin git a first-rate artikle of turpentine round the corner, and I reckon that won't pizin your blue stomach!"

"What does he say, Bill?" said another prisoner.

"Why he wanted I should drink about a gill of turpentine; feller warnt tu burn us eout; wish to h—l I was ter hum!"

NORTHERN TESTIMONY CONCERNING A NORTHERN PRISON.

An Ohio paper published the following:

"It must not be forgotten that there have been from six to seven hundred political prisoners at Camp Chase at a time, and although seven hundred have been discharged without trial, there are yet there some four hundred. One or two hundred of these have arrived from Kentucky and Western Virginia. These men are taken from their homes, some from their beds at night, some from their houses in daytime, and a great many of them are picked up in their fields at work, and never suffered to see their families before being spirited off to Ohio and incarcerated in this celebrated Bastile, which will soon be as famous as Olmutz itself.

"Our Ohioans are put into the same prison with these men from other States, and from them we have learned some facts, which the people of

Ohio ought to know. Many of these men have been kept in this prison for over one year, a great many for five, six, seven, and eight months, without even seeing outside, or being allowed to communicate personally with any one, not even wife, child, father, mother, or stranger.

"They are furnished with nothing but a single blanket, even these cold nights, unless they are able to purchase additional comforts with money they may be able to command. Many are poor men, and unable to purchase; they were not permitted to bring along a change of clothing, and many had on, when seized, nothing but summer wear, and that has become filthy, worn out, and scarcely hangs upon their backs.

"They have no bedding, and are, therefore, compelled to sleep on the bare boards. They have not enough wood furnished to keep fires up all night, and hence the suffering is intensified by the cold weather. If they attempt, after night, to walk out in the yard to take off the chills of the dreary night, they are instantly threatened to be shot by the guards, as ordered by those in command.

"Dr. Allen, of Columbia County, Ohio, said he laid on a bare board until his hips were black and blue. The wood furnished them is four feet long, and they are compelled, each mess, to chop it up for themselves, and, the provisions being furnished raw, they have to cook for themselves. Recollect, always, that these are political prisoners, against whom no one appears as accuser, and no trial is permitted.

"The prison has become filthy—awfully so—and the rats are in droves. If the prisoners attempt to kill one of the rats, they are forbidden, and threatened with being shot instantly. Recollect, always, as we have said above, these are political prisoners, against whom some malicious negro-worshipper has created a suspicion of disloyalty, but whose name is kept a secret, and hence there can be no trial.

"The place is perfectly alive with lice, and no chance is given to escape the living vermin. A dead man, one of the prisoners, was carried out to the dead-yard, and laid there over night, and when visited in the morning by other prisoners, who heard there was a dead man there, they found the hair on his head stiff with lice and nits—the lice creeping into his eyes in great numbers, and, as he lay with his mouth open, the lice were thick, crawling in and out of his mouth.

"Two of the prisoners got into a scuffle in trying their strength, and finally into a fight, as was supposed, and several other persons rushed to part them, when the guards from the lookout fired on them, killing an old man by the name of Jones, from Western Virginia, and the ball grazing the skull of another, he fell, and it was supposed at first he was killed also; another of the balls passed through a board at the head of a sick man in the hos-

pital, and only escaped him by a few inches. The two men engaged in the scuffle were not hurt.

"We might go further, but God knows this is enough for once. It is enough to make one's blood run cold to think of it.

"Now, if any one doubts this—if the authorities at camp or at the State-House doubt it—if the Legislature, when it meets, will raise a committee, we promise to name the witnesses, who, if sent for, will, under oath, prove all this and as much more, some of which is too indecent to print in a newspaper for the public eye."

"STUNG BY A BUNG."

"Hermes," the correspondent of the Charleston (South Carolina) *Mercury*, related the following incident:

"At Sharpsburg, General Lee, meeting one of the many stragglers, inquired: 'Where are you going, sir?'

"'Going to the rear.'

"'What are you going to the rear for?'

"'Well, *I've been stung by a bung*, and I'm what they call demoralized.'

"This was enough. General Lee had n't the heart to say more to an innocent who had been 'stung by a bung'—meaning, probably, that he had been stunned by a bomb—and the soldier departed on his way."

DEATH ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A correspondent of the Due West *Telescope* stated that a Christian soldier was pierced by a Minie ball in the left breast, during the first charge of our troops at Perryville; and in reply to a friend who proffered him assistance, said: "No, I die. Tell my parents I die happy. On, on to victory. Jesus is with me, and can give me all the help I need." A gasp, a shudder, and all was over—all of this world's pain and sorrow.

MAJOR A. M. LEA AND HIS SON.

One of the most affecting incidents of the brilliant and successful recapture of Galveston by the forces under Major General Magruder, was the meeting between Major Lea, of our army, with his eldest and fondly-loved son, who was first lieutenant of the Harriet Lane. Nearly two years ago, the father, then residing in Texas, had written repeatedly to the son, then on the coast of China, suggesting the principles that should determine his course in the then approaching struggle between the North and the South of the United States, and saying that he could not dictate to one so long obligated to act on his own judgment; and that, decide as he might, such was his confidence in his high consciousness, he would continue to regard him

vith the respeet of a gentleman and the affeetion of a father; but that, if he hould eleet the side of the enemy, they would probably never meet on :arth, unless perehanee they should meet in battle.

The father has served nearly eighteen months eastward of the Missis-ippi, and, through unsolieited orders, arrived at Houston, *en route* for San Antonio, when, hearing of the intended attaek on the Harriet Lane, aboard)f whieh he had heard was his son, also plaeed there simply in the order of Providence, he solieited permission to join the expedition, in expeetation of nursing or burying his son, whose eourage was obliged to expose him fatally o the equal daring of our Texas boys. During the fight, Major Lea was)rdered by the general to keep a lookout from a house-top for all move-nents in the bay. As soon as daylight enabled him to see that the Lane ıad been eaptured, by permission of the general, who knew nothing of the :xpeeted meeting, he hastened aboard, when he was not surprised to find ıis son mortally wounded. Wading through blood, amidst the dying and the dead, he reaehed the youth, pale and exhausted. "Edward, 't is your father." "I know you, father, but eannot move," he said, faintly. "Are you mortally wounded?" "Badly, but hope not fatally." "Do you suffer pain?" "Cannot speak," he whispered. A stimulant was given him. "How eame you here, father?" When answered, a gleam of surprise and gratifieation passed over his fine faee. He then expended nearly his last words in making arrangements for his wounded eomrades. His father knelt and blessed him, and hastened ashore for a litter, and returned just after life had fled.

When told by the surgeon that he had but a few minutes to live, and asked to express his wishes, he answered, eonfidingly: "My father is here," and spoke not again. He was borne in proeession to the grave from the headquarters of General Magruder, in eompany with his eaptain, and they were buried together, with appropriate military honors, in the presenee of many offieers of both armies, and many generous eitizens, all of whom ex-pressed their deep sympathy with the bereaved father, who said the solemn service for the Episcopal Church for the burial of the dead, and then added this brief address:

"My friends, the wise man has said that there is a time to rejoiee and a time to mourn. Surely, this is time when we may weep with those that weep. Allow one so sorely tried, in this his willing saerifiee, to beseech you to believe, whilst we defend our rights with strong arms and honest hearts, that those we meet in battle may also have hearts brave and honest as our own. We have here buried two brave and honest gentlemen. Peaee to their ashes! Tread lightly o'er their graves. Amen."

PIETY IN A GENERAL.

The chaplain of the Fifth Kentucky Regiment writes of Kirby Smith:

"Before going into the battle at Richmond, Kentucky, he spent a season alone in his tent in prayer. When the battle was over, he returned to his tent, and gave thanks to God for the victory. When at Lexington, Kentucky, the minister at the Episcopal Church refused to officiate on thanksgiving day, and General Smith arose, read a chapter, led in prayer, and finished the services. In the Kentucky campaign, General Smith was the only general who succeeded in his part of the programme."

OUR RAGGED BOYS.

At the battle of Murfreesboro', the Yankees captured a young rebel, who wore a gunny-bag with a hole in it for a shirt. "Could n't your Government afford to give you a shirt?" said his captor. "Shirt, the d—l," said he of the gunny-bag, "do you expect a man to have a thousand shirts?"

WITHOUT SADDLE OR SPUR.

The following "joke" is told of an army surgeon, who got on a little "bender" while his command was passing through Mobile:

Surgeon was dressing a wound at the battle of Murfreesboro'—soldier came by on a Yankee's back, actually riding him to the rear.

"Doctor," cried the lucky Confederate, from his novel perch, "if I had them spurs you went to bed in at Mobile, I 'd give this feller hail Columby. *Get up, here,* you whey-faced Yankee son-of-a-gun," and he drove his heels into the sides of his jaded "animal," and pushed on, amid the roars of laughter from the surgeon and his corps of assistants.

THE JOHN BROWN RAID—AN IMPORTANT DISCLOSURE.

Mr. Sumner was reëlected to the United States Senate by the Legislature of Massachusetts. Mr. Swans, member of the Senate of that State, although a Republican, would not, it seems, vote for Mr. Sumner, and gave the following reasons for refusing:

"I come now, Mr. President, to what is known in history as the John Brown raid. This expedition was planned and fitted out in Boston, and its expenses defrayed by subscription. The day he started for Harper's Ferry on his deed of murder, he dined in room No. 4, Parker House, in company with some of the most ardent and zealous supporters of Mr. Sumner, and for this reason I allude to it. The Republican party now disown the act, they call him a monomaniac, an insane man; but when the telegraphic wires, with lightning speed, brought the news of his death to New England, so depraved at that time was the public sentiment here, that the village church-

bells tolled out his funeral knell, and the ministers of God, with a few honorable exceptions, prayed in their pulpits that the spirit of the 'departed saint' might rest in peace. This act, Mr. President, was the death-blow to the peace of the Union. Without it, Virginia would not have seceded, and God grant the names of the persons who were engaged in this transaction shall leave a record of them for history.

"Another deed of murder, Mr. President, and I will not detain you longer. When Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, was confined in the Court-House in this city, a meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, to consider the subject. Theodore Parker and the Rev. Thomas W Higginson were there. Mr. Parker, in concluding an eloquent speech alluded to the fact that a slave was confined in the Court-House, and exclaimed, in substance: 'Why stand we here idle? To the rescue!' A rush was made for the Court-House, and at the door stood a poor laboring man, a Mr. Batchelder, a night-watch. His wife and two children were sleeping at home, possibly dreaming of him as he was toiling for their daily bread. The crowd demanded admittance; he refused, and was immediately assassinated on the spot. Who killed him the world never knew. These men, Mr. President, were the confidential friends and supporters of Mr. Sumner, and for this reason I have alluded to the subject."

LACONIC!

Estes (a member of the Legislature, and Confederate District Attorney for West Tennessee) returned to his home in Memphis, and gave some sort of parole, by which he protects himself and property. He writes to a friend outside of the lines as follows:

"*Dear Vance:* Come in and save your property. ESTES."

Vance answers:

"*Dear Estes:* Come out and save your character. VANCE."

A BLOODY CHARGE ON A STOVE-PIPE.

Having had a special but temporary object in view in taking possession of Munson's Hill, in Virginia, it was not deemed necessary to fortify that point. But lest the Yankees might harass the troops stationed there, a clever artifice was resorted to. A stove-pipe, of the calibre of a large columbiad, was mounted on the brow of the hill, with its innocent mouth turned menacingly toward the enemy's lines. The black cylinder was espied by some of the Yankee pickets, and its presence forthwith reported to McClellan. An æronaut was ordered to mount his car and ascend to serene heights, in order to ascertain the nature of the work which our forces had thrown up, and the precise calibre of the gun the pickets had descried. In the eyes of the ingenuous balloonist, the stove-pipe seemed a cannon of

immense size, and several regiments were ordered to capture the gun and dislodge the Confederates.

Right gallantly did the Yankee soldiers rush to the charge. But their fears being silenced by the retreat of our troops, in the absence of danger, their desire for plunder was inflamed, and before they had gone half-way up the hill, they scattered in different directions in quest of booty. The marauders mistook the columns they belonged to, and on their way to the main body they met, and in their excess of valor, fell upon each other. The battle raged fiercely for some minutes, for Yankees are the very people to fight Yankees. Obstinately did each contend for the victory, and before the blunder was discovered, eight Lincolnites lay low in death, and forty more were pierced with bullets. They captured the stove-pipe.

A GOOD THING FROM BRAGG.

A correspondent wrote:

"A soldier who had been favored by fortune with the extraordinary good luck of having obtained a leave of absence to visit North Carolina, telegraphed General Bragg, commanding the army of Tennessee, that he had been married a week, and desired an extension of his furlough. His wish was seconded by friends of the general, with but little hope, it is true, of succeeding in the darling wish of the darling husband. In the course of the day, the loving swain was delighted with the following electric response:

"'Your leave is extended for thirty days. I refer you to Deuteronomy, twentieth chapter and seventh verse, and twenty-fourth chapter and fifth verse.'

"The Bible was instantly called into requisition, and, upon reference, the following quotations were developed:

"'And what man is there that hath betrothed a wife and hath not taken her? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he *die in the battle* and another man take her.'—Deuteronomy, twentieth chapter and seventh verse.

"The second reference disclosed:

"'When a man hath taken a *new wife*, *he shall not go out to war*, neither shall he be charged with any business: but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he has taken.'—Deuteronomy, twenty-fourth chapter and fifth verse."

A NOVEL INTERVIEW.

As one of Wharton's scouts was riding leisurely along near Lavergne, he espied an enemy approaching about sixty yards down the lane. "Who goes there?" he challenged. "Wilder's scout," was roughly returned. "Who

goes *there?*" Wharton's scout: "Surrender or die." "Never surrender; come on!" But Wharton's scout did not "come on." The truth is, he said, that his antagonist was loaded down with six-shooters, and "he was never good at the d—d things." There was a pause. Both parties eyed each other. "Can't we compromise this thing?" cries Yankee. "No; surrender, or I 'll shoot you." "Shoot and be d—d. Never surrender; come on." Pause. Then Wharton's scout exclaimed: "I 'll tell you what I 'll do." "What?" "Give me the road, and I 'll let you off." "Done." The Yankee turned aside, and our man slowly passed, head erect, as fierce as a lion. "Good by." "Good by." And the two rode their ways. Wharton's scout considered it a pretty good "get off," when it is taken into account that the ground was far into the Yankee lines. He said he was n't particular about a fight, and only wanted to save Southern honor.

GENERAL TOOMBS AND A LAZY SOLDIER.

Quite an amusing scene occurred near Warrenton, Virginia. General Toombs ordered the "fatigue" to "tote" rails and fill up a bad place in the road, when one soldier said he could not tote a rail; whereupon the general dismounted, and told the fellow if he would hold his horse he would do it. The man held the horse, and the general shouldered the rail and carried it to and threw it across the hole which he had ordered filled. The soldier was a large, strapping fellow, and the rebuke the general gave him caused peal after peal of laughter, while the man looked as if he would have liked to have been in the hole, covered from sight by the rails he "could not tote."

THE TIGERS.

A good story was "towld" of the gallant Captain Atkins, of Wheat's celebrated battalion. Atkins, who is well known as the "Wild Irishman," being six feet two inches in height, and of the Charley O'Malley school, was formerly of the British Legion in the army of Italy, where, meeting Colonel Wheat, he became so attached to him, that he afterwards came over to this country to join him. It was Captain Atkins who led Wheat's battalion at Manassas, after the noble Wheat fell wounded, leading the celebrated charge of the Louisiana Tigers with a bare shillalah. In the battle in which the glorious Wheat fell, Atkins says, on calling the roll of his company the next morning, but one man answered to his name. "Shure," says Atkins (for thus the story was told us), "that was a sorry report. Divil a man left but meself and the one! Howiver, I immediately proceeded to an election of officers, and the only solitary individual in the ranks was unanimously elected first lieutenant. The next day General Dick Taylor, the chip of 'old Zach,' ses to me: 'Atkins, me boy, I noticed ye's yesterday; yer men

did splendidly.' Did n't they, says I. 'They did,' sez he, 'and desarve promotion.' Well, then, says I, they 've got it, for ivery mother's son of 'em have been put on the staff of Colonel Wheat in heaven, and the only man left was unanimously elected a lieutenant this morning. Wi' that the general orders me to Richmond to fill up me company with conscripts; so, calling me lieutenant, I gave him strict orders as to the discipline to be observed in me absence, and left him in charge of the company until me return."

CONFEDERATE FANATICS.

The captured Yankee officers at Richmond seemed to have a high respect for our infantry. One of them remarked that the cavalry-men were not as well built nor as courageous as their cavalry; but the infantry were too desperate for them. "For," said he, "when the ragged infantry come upon a battery, it is no use to try to hold it. They are going to have it, and if Napoleon's men were behind it, they could not stop them. They are crazy about batteries."

LOVERS VERSUS SUBSTITUTES.

We knew a young lady who was engaged to be married to one who was in the army. He suddenly returned home. "Why have you left the army?" she inquired of him. "I have found a substitute," he replied. "Well, sir, I can follow your example, and find a substitute too. Good morning." And she left him in the middle of the room, a disgraced lover, because a disgraced soldier.

TOBY TRIES HIS GUN.

Toby is a high private in the first regiment of the Mississippi army. His company is armed with the breech-loading Maynard rifle, "warranted to shoot twelve times a minute, and to carry a ball effectively sixteen hundred yards." Men who fought at Monterey and Buena Vista call the new-fangled thing a "pop-gun." To test its efficacy, Toby's captain told the men "they must try their guns." In obedience to the command, Toby procured the necessary munitions of war, and started with his "pop-gun" for the woods. Saw a squirrel up a high tree—took aim—fired. Effects of shot immediate and wonderful. Tree effectually topped, and nothing of the squirrel to be found, except two broken hairs. "Pop-gun" rose in value—equal to a four-pounder. But Toby would n't shoot towards any more trees—afraid of being arrested for cutting down other people's timber. Walked a mile and a quarter to get sight of a hill. By aid of a small telescope, saw hill in distance; saw a large rock on hill; put in a big load; shut both eyes—fired. As soon as breath returned, opened eyes; could see, just could, but could n't hear; at least could n't distinguish any sounds; thought Niagara had broke

loose, or all out-doors gone to drum-beating. Determined to see if shot hit. Borrowed horse, and started towards hill. After traveling two days and nights, reached place; saw setting sun shining through the hill. Knew right away that was where the shot hit. Went closer—stumbled over rocky fragments scattered for half a mile in line of bullet. Came to hole—knew the bullet hit there, because saw lead on the edges—walked in, walked through; saw teamster on the other side "indulging in profane language;" in fact, "cussin' considerable," because lightning had killed his team. Looked as finger directed—saw six dead oxen in line with hole through the mountain; knew *that* was the bullet's work, but did n't say so to angry teamster. Thought best to be leaving; in consequence, did n't explore path of bullet any further; therefore, don't know where it stopped; don't know whether it stopped at all; in fact, rather think it did n't. Mounted horse; rode back through the hole made by bullet; but never told captain a word about it; to tell the truth, was a little afraid he 'd think it a hoax. "It is a right big story, boys," said Toby, in conclusion, "but it's true, sure as shooting. Nothing to do with Maynard rifle but load her up, turn her north, and pull the trigger; if twenty of them don't clear out all Yankeedom, then I 'm a liar, that's all."

SCATHING SATIRE.

The following mild (?) and philosophic views of Yankee nature, as exhibited in their adulations of the Beast, is from the columns of the Richmond *Examiner:*

"To the well-regulated mind, the beastly practices of beasts excite no disagreeable emotion; and it is said that the scientific intellect finds a world of enjoyment in the contemplation of the disgusting utility of the lowest order of creatures. Surely, the feast of the vulture upon carrion is not reprehensible, and occasions in the beholder no special wonder, and never any animosity against the bird for gratifying his peculiar tastes. So the tiger that laps blood, and the beetle that gorges excrement, are but Yankees of the animal kingdom, accommodating the wants of nature; and it were folly to impute to them improper motives in partaking of their ghastly and sickening repasts. It follows that our feelings towards the people of the North—the scarabæi and vipers of humanity—should be characterized neither by rage nor by nausea, but by a fixed, cheerful, Christian determination to interpose sufficient obstacles between them and ourselves; to curb their inordinate and bloody lusts by such adequate means as natural wit suggests; and, as a general thing, to kill them wherever we find them, without idle questions as to whether they are reptiles or vermin. A certain calmness of mind is requisite to their successful slaughter. The convulsions of passion are out of place when one is merely scalding chinches to death.

"The foregoing reflections are suggested, naturally enough, by the account in Yankee newspapers of Butler's triumphant progression from New York to Washington, and back again to Boston. A great hue and cry has been raised at the South because the spawn of Northern cities saw fit to prostrate themselves before this new Haynau—this modern Verres—returned from his conquests—this Beast emerging from his cave filled with dead men's bones. Why this outcry? Wherefore assail the Brute, clotted with gore, or the chimpanzees that danced and chatted at his coming, and beslobbered him with praise? What had this hog-hyena done contrary to his instincts, that we should so berate him and his worshippers? He had hung Mumford. That was true Yankee courage. He had issued a hellish order against the ladies of New Orleans. That was unaffected Yankee gallantry. He had put the mayor and hundreds of others into dungeons. That was the Yankee conception of the proper method of administering the laws of 'the best Government the world ever saw.' He had banished from the city more than twenty thousand people, who refused to perjure themselves by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. That was the Yankee idea of justice. He drove those people off without a change of clothing, and with only fifty dollars in money. That was the Yankee idea of humanity. He confiscated property by millions. That was Yankee honesty. He supplied the rebels in Texas with munitions of war, and pocketed the proceeds of the cotton received in exchange. That was a smart Yankee trick. His troops were whipped at Baton Rouge while he was in New Orleans. He was never under fire, and never smelt gunpowder, except at Hatteras, when the long-range guns of his fleet opened upon a mud fort which had no ordnance that could reach him two miles off, and on the strength of this he issued an address as pompous as Satan's speech to his legions in the bottomless pit. That was making material for Yankee history. After inflicting innumerable tortures upon an innocent and unarmed people—after outraging the sensibilities of civilized humanity by his brutal treatment of women and children—after placing bayonets in the hands of slaves—after peculations the most prodigious, and lies the most infamous, he returns, reeking with crime, to his own people, and they receive him with acclamations of joy, in a manner that befits him and becomes themselves. Nothing is out of keeping; his whole career and its rewards are strictly artistic in conception and in execution.

"He was a thief. A sword that he had stolen from a woman—the niece of the brave Twiggs—was presented to him as a reward of valor. He had violated the laws of God and man. The law-makers of the United States voted him thanks, and the preachers of the Yankee gospel of blood came to him and worshipped him. He had broken into the safes and strong boxes of merchants. The New York Chamber of Commerce gave him a dinner.

He had insulted women. Things in female attire lavished harlot smiles upon him. He was a murderer. And a nation of assassins have deified him. He is the representative man of a people lost to all shame, to all humanity, to all justice, all honor, all virtue, all manhood. Cowards by nature, thieves upon principle, and assassins at heart, it would be marvelous indeed if the people of the North refused to render homage to Benjamin Butler, the beastliest, bloodiest poltroon and pick-pocket the world ever saw."

A NOBLE REPLY.

A Yankee prisoner told General N. G. Evans, at Leesburg, that the South could not triumph in this war, unless they were prepared to "wade knee deep in Northern blood."

The general replied: "Sir, we shall go *breast deep*, if necessary; only leave our arms free to cut down our enemies."

ANECDOTE OF STONEWALL.

The Richmond correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* gives the following anecdote of Stonewall Jackson, the night after the battle of Fredericksburg:

"On Sunday night, a friend of Old Stonewall, invited to share his tent, turned in about eleven, and wrapped up snugly in the blankets. At one o'clock Jackson entered, and just as he was, bran new uniform, boots, spurs, and all, pitched into the pallet, was snoring in fifteen minutes, and in fifteen more had robbed his friend of all the blankets. After a hard struggle, this friend managed to get back enough cover to keep him from freezing—the night was very cold—and slept, as he supposed, five minutes. He was aroused by Jackson, who sprang up, divested himself of every particle of raiment, opened the door of his tent, and went forth in *puris naturalibus*. He called for his old negro man—the same who knows when a battle is going to come off by the fervor of his master's prayers—and made him dash over him two large buckets of water, which had been standing in the freezing air. This done, he returned to the tent, rubbed himself dry with a coarse towel, donned his new uniform, and went out to attend to the disposition of his forces, fully expecting the attack to begin at daybreak. It was then just half-past three; about seven o'clock Jackson woke up his friend, and told him to come to breakfast, the Yankees were clean gone."

HORRID ATROCITY.

An intelligent negro, who has been within the lines of the enemy on the Peninsula, gives a truly horrible account of the atrocities perpetrated in Williamsburg and elsewhere upon our helpless people. He mentions one

case, which makes the blood run cold. The daughter of one of the most prominent citizens (whose name has been given) was seized, disrobed, and then whipped by these worse than savages. Her alleged offence was the utterance of some "rebel" sentiment that offended the miscreants. Such are the scenes which have been inaugurated since the victories of the South near Richmond. This is their revenge for a fair defeat in an open field.

A WESTERN RANGER AND HIS REVENGE.

During the political canvass of 1860, there appeared a champion of the Douglas Democrats in Tennessee, an athletic, hair-brained, go-ahead individual, of ready address and bright mind, who made much repute as a rough-and-tumble occasional elector and orator. When hard knocks and sore bones were to be given and received, he was usually chosen as the best butt and representative. When an appointment could be filled by none of the regular speakers, he was sure to be sent as a proxy for the absentee. Especially at the night mass, or the sudden impromptu gathering, was this Old Zach of the Douglas men peculiarly felicitous and at home. He knew everybody—he was good at local hits—he had the issues all at his fingers' ends. Comely, sanguineous, and good-humored—a big, manly voice, and a clear, honest eye—he put many an older and abler speaker to the right about before the canvass closed. Add that he was one of the first soldiers, most zealous partisans, and most efficient organizers when the war began, and none, who have had much acquaintance with Tennessee, will mistake the portrait to be other than the redoubtable politician and dauntless guerrilla chief—Dick McCann.

As a captain in Rains' regiment for the first year, and leader of an independent band during half of the second, and afterwards major of cavalry, McCann has immortalized himself locally. He is the John Morgan of Middle Tennessee. Familiar with every highway, path, and by-way, he moves invisibly, and strikes always where least expected. Some of the most daring exploits have been done by him. His operations have been limited, because his command has been small, but not less useful or brilliant. Always up and doing—always ready, ambitious, and spirited—always full of animal life and *vim*—always quick-witted, shrewd, and courageous—he has illustrated to a nicety the dashing traits which ever made him a darling with the mob, and has reënacted his political career over the same field, as a military campaigner and soldier. Such is Dick McCann.

Many months ago—immediately succeeding a superb raid of his up to the very breastworks of Nashville—he was outlawed by a Federal proclamation. Under this (one of the bloodiest documents of the war) "his premises, outhouses, fences, and crops, and all things pertaining to the same" (as read

the order), were "remanded to the proper authorities, to be destroyed by fire." The order was obeyed to the letter. A regiment (the Thirty-Second Illinois, Colonel Moore) marched out to the place, and deliberately executed each detail, leaving a once fair farm a heap of charring ruins.

McCann wrote to Rosecranz: "Burn and be d—d; but if I don't give you and your officers who do so h—l, my name 's not Dick McCann." His boast has not been idle. For months, cold and wet, early and late, he has been seen in his saddle, flying, with his little battalion of picked men, from point to point, and many a Yankee has paid the bitter penalty of his commander's folly. Some time since, however, Major Dick performed the crowning act.

Gathering his clan, he left Unionville, thirteen miles out of Shelbyville, at sunset. He pushed, by roads best known to himself, to the left of Murfreesboro', until he reached Antioch. This is a depot nine miles out of Nashville, on the Chattanooga railroad. Here he waited for dawn, and the out train of cars. Both came in season—the one loaded with mist and rain, the other with a regiment of Federal troops. From a copse some distance off, McCann and his party fired two round volleys. The engineer was killed; several blue-coats rolled down the embankment; the whistle blew shrilly and long, and, after much confusion, the cars stopped. Too late! too late! McCann and his one hundred riding men were off, off to the woods, where let them follow that dare.

The cars went no further than Lavergne that day. One of McCann's men slipped thither in disguise, and spent the night. He reported the casualties at forty-two killed and sixty-seven wounded.

"REBEL"-IOUS.

The Chattanooga (Tennessee) *Rebel* perpetrated the following:

"Pat dreamed that the immortal spirit of Stonewall Jackson knocked at the gates of Paradise.

"'Who comes there?' inquired the good St. Peter.

"'Jackson,' was the reply.

"'What Jackson?'

"'Stonewall!'

"'*Come in;* bully for you.'"

"Those people who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazin' particular about the first drop."

"The personal attendant of a general is called *aid-de-camp;* but the staff officer who runs at the first fire is only a *de-camper*"

NOT DRUNK.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch*, speaking of General Jackson, related the following:

"He is said to be, under ordinary circumstances, inclined to take 'cat naps,' and before and during the battles around Richmond, he took little regular slumber. One evening, as he was riding with a single companion, he was observed to be asleep, and to be nodding. His companion wondered, but did not wake him. Presently they passed a man lying on the road-side, who cried out: 'Hellow, where did that man get his liquor?' This woke Jackson, who said: 'Well, I think I 'd better keep awake now.' "

GENERAL EWELL STRUCK IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

During the battle of Gettysburg, General Ewell, reining in his horse, and calling one of his aids to him, said: "I have been struck, assist me to alight."

Having helped him from his horse, the aid inquired where the general had been hit.

"Here," said General Ewell, pointing to his wooden leg; "I 'll trouble you to hand me my other leg."

The fractured artificial limb having been removed, and a fresh one put on in its place, the brave old general remounted his horse, and again rode to the front.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

"Dixie," of the Jackson *Appeal*, told the following:

"Here is a good story of Old Stonewall, for the accuracy of which I do not vouch, though it came to me directly from the camp. The night after the battle, a council of war was held by General Lee, to which all his generals of distinction were invited. General Jackson slept throughout the proceedings, and upon being awaked and asked for his opinion, curtly said: 'Drive 'em in the river, drive 'em in the river.' "

HOW DID HE DIE?

A doting father, as he was riding into Savannah from the country, after the first battle of Manassas, was met by a messenger, who reported to him the sad news of the death of a favorite son. "How and where did he die?" was the instant interrogatory. "Under Beauregard, at Manassas, fighting against odds two to one," was the reply. "And how went the day?" was immediately ejaculated. "The enemy were routed and put to flight," was the response. "Thank God!" said the father; "I am satisfied, then; I give up my boy."

WILLIE P. MANGUM.

One of the most interesting incidents of the first battle of Manassas was related of Willie P Mangum, Jr., son of ex-Senator Mangum, of North Carolina. The young man was attached to Colonel Fisher's regiment, and owed the preservation of his life to a copy of the Bible presented to him by his sister. He had the good book in his left breast coat pocket. It was struck by a ball near the edge, but the book changed the direction of the bullet, and it glanced off, inflicting a severe but not dangerous flesh wound. The book was saturated with blood, but the advice written on a fly-leaf by the sister who gave it, was perfectly legible. It read thus: "To my brother. He will read a portion of this blessed Word every day, and remember his sister."

GENERAL JOE JOHNSTON TURNS SHOEMAKER.

An officer, while riding by the quarters of the general one day, with a saddle on his back, inquired of a person standing by if he knew where to direct him to *a shoemaker*. "There is one," was the waggish answer, pointing at the same time to Johnston, who was in citizens' clothes. Onward strode the interrogator, until he reached the general. He then threw down the saddle, and, looking sternly at the general, with his hands in his pockets, gave the word of command: "That saddle must be ready in one hour, sir." He then turned to depart. "Hold!" said Johnston. "What did you observe?" "I said, have that saddle ready in an hour," responded Captain Obstreperous. "Do you know who I am?" "Yes; you are a shoemaker, and I want you to hurry up, too." "I am General Johnston, sir," shouted the commander. In another moment the saddle was picked up, and the captain in retreat. "Halt!" shouted the general; "who told you I was a shoemaker?" "An officer, sir—I do n't know his name." Then leave the saddle, and return in an hour, *precisely*." He heard, and he obeyed. In one hour the saddle was mended, and in his possession. "Now, captain," said the general, "endeavor to serve your country as I have endeavored to oblige you, and depart." Such is the man who makes heroes and patriots out of his soldiers.

CAMP FUN.

The Richmond *Whig* had a correspondent in Jackson's corps, who furnished the following specimen of soldiers' wit:

"It is when idle in camp that the soldier is a great institution—yet one that must be seen to be appreciated. Pen cannot fully paint the air of cheerful content, hilarity, irresponsible lounging, and practical spirit of jesting that 'obtains,' ready to seize on any odd circumstance in its licensed levity.

"A 'cavalry-man' comes, rejoicing in immense top-boots, for which, in fond pride, he had invested fully forty dollars of pay; at once the cry from an hundred voices follows him along the line: 'Come up out'er them boots; come out; too soon to go into winter quarters. I know you 're in thar; I see your arms stickin' out.' A bumpkin rides by in an uncommonly big hat, and is frightened at the shout: 'Come down out'er that hat! Come down; 't aint no use to say you aint up thar; I see your legs hangin' out.' A fancy staff officer was horrified at the irreverent reception of his nicely-twisted moustache, as he heard from behind innumerable trees: 'Take them mice out'er your mouth; take 'em out; no use to say they aint thar, see their tails hangin' out!' Another, sporting immense whiskers, was urged to 'come out'er that bunch of har. I know you 're in thar; I see your ears a workin'' Sometimes a rousing cheer is heard in the distance. It is explained: 'Boys, look out; here comes Old Stonewall, or an old hare, one or t' other;' they being about the only individuals who invariably bring down the house."

SCENE IN A HOSPITAL.

Lady (at the bed-side of a sick soldier). "How d' ye do? Is there anything you want?"

Soldier (curtly). "No, I believe not."

Lady. "Is there nothing I can do for you?"

Soldier. "No, I think not."

Lady. "Oh, I do want to do something for you. Can't I wash your hands and face?"

Soldier "Well, if you want to right bad, I reckon you can; but if you do, you will be the fourteenth lady who has done so this morning."

THE ARMY SIGNAL CORPS AT NEW ORLEANS—HOW MESSAGES ARE COMMUNICATED—NOVEL WAY OF CONCEALING DESPATCHES—CURIOUS SIGNS.

Though the signal corps is a regular and important arm of the military service, few persons know of its uses and objects. The following from the New Orleans correspondence in a Northern paper, of the signal corps in that department, will give some interesting information on a subject of which very little is known outside its own members:

"The signal corps department connected with this division of the army in Louisiana, is a well-regulated, well-instructed, and most efficient arm of the service. The system of signalizing now in use in the service, originated with Major Myer, an officer of the regular army, and is probably the most complete and thorough code of the kind, and for the purpose intended, now extant in any country. By this method of signalizing, messages can be read through the telescope at the distance of twenty to twenty-five miles.

Despatches can be sent in the sole of the carrier's boot, in the hair of his head, or in the stitches of his coat or breeches, and that, too, without the scrape of pen or slip of paper; indeed, the carrier himself is as ignorant of the code, and of the interpretation of the message he carries, as the rebels would be into whose hands he might chance to fall, or whose prisoner he might become. Not a single line, or sentence, or word, could he, or they, or both united, ever make out. None can read or decipher the messages, or understand the signals, but those familiar with the code, and none but the most reliable of commissioned officers (and these, even, are sworn under penalty of death should they divulge the secret, either to friend or enemy), are ever taught it. Another safeguard thrown around the system is, that it is all unwritten. The instruction is oral, without books or written teaching. The knowledge of the art cannot be gobbled or pilfered, and thus rendered subservient to the armies of the enemy.

"On the battle-field, flags are generally used in transmitting messages from point to point and from station to station, throughout the whole line, and these little tell-tales of discomfort to the enemy are looked upon by the generals with feelings of intense bitterness, hence the extraordinary efforts of his sharpshooters to pick off the signal-officer from his eyrie or keen lookout.

"At the battle of Napoleonville, several officers of the signal-party had their horses shot under them, and during the engagement several others were wounded. In dense fogs or storms, when flags are not available, messages can be sent by sound of cannon, muskets, drums, or other noises, intelligent to the signal-officer, and as readily distinguished as other signs of the code; and besides those above described, there may be other methods of transmitting messages and conveying intelligence of an enemy's movements, not here enumerated.

"In the department of the Gulf there are permanent stations for signalizing—at New Orleans, Algiers, Camp Parapet, and the United States barracks, six miles below the city, on the left bank of the Mississippi, a short distance from the old battle-ground of General Jackson, and where the English General Packenham was killed in the war of 1812.

"The face of the country in this part of the State is so very flat, that signal stations have to be erected upon the roofs of houses and the tops of large trees. The lookout at Camp Parapet is fifty feet from the ground, and is built in the top of a giant oak, near to the levee, or river's bank, and connects directly with a station upon the top of the custom-house at New Orleans, where General Butler has his headquarters, and from which at any moment he can send or receive despatches, as the circumstances may require. This lookout consists of two stagings, the one from six to seven feet above the other. Upon the lower stage is placed a telescope, so adjusted as to

take the exact line of the custom-house, and remains there a permanent fixture. There is also upon this first stage a firm seat for the signal-officer, and from which he issues his orders and sends or receives his despatches. Upon the upper stage the flag, or light, or whatever signal may be used, is placed, under the care of some experienced operator, who knows the sign and motions of the torch or the flag which he handles in obedience to the signal-officer upon the stage below, but who does not know a single word of the message or the information which his motions and waves and other gestures tell out to the station at headquarters. The watchmen at the stations are relieved at intervals of from two to four hours, and the penalty for neglect of duty or sleeping on the post is as severe as in any other part of the service."

OUR CAVALRY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Our soldiers helped themselves to fresh horses of the Dutch farmers in Pennsylvania as they went along. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* describes how it was done:

"The performances of the rebel cavalry are as shrewd as they are dashing. They could not be more correctly posted if they had exact inventories of every pound of horse-flesh in the country. They order the farmers to bring out their steeds forthwith. Nothing less than true statements avail. 'It is a military necessity,' they say, 'and they are sorry for it;' but mental reservations are of no use. 'Smith, you have ten horses, here are only eight.' 'Jones, where 's the roan mare—I do n't see her here.' Miss Martha had ridden the roan mare to meeting. They were sorry to annoy Miss Martha, but the roan mare must have a chance for glory. They call all the blacksmiths from their devotions, and irreverently improvise a sort of horse-shoeing tournament. Everywhere there are scenes of rollicking bravado mixed with humor. 'A short life and a merry one,' Messieurs les Butternuts."

A LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.

A correspondent of the Chattanooga *Rebel* told the following on an honorable M. C.:

"At Knoxville, my exceedingly good-looking and urbane friend, Hon. Wm. G. Swann, was hurrying on to the railroad station to bid adieu to a lady friend, who was on the eve of her departure to a Southern city. When he had neared the depot, and at the moment when his glance met that of the lady in question, two stalwart men, William Murphy and Zeke Gillam, of Rucker's peripatetic 'body-snatchers,' accosted him:

"'Well,' said one of them, 'you can't make the trip this time; we want you up at Colonel Blake's, where they provide quarters for conscripts.'

"'Ah!' answered the smiling Congressman, 'I am the representative from this District in the Confederate States Congress.'

"'You can't come that game,' said Gillam; 'we have already sent to the camp of destruction upwards of fifteen *bona fidy* Congressmen.'

"'Well, but I 'm not joking,' said Mr. Swann.

"'Nor are we,' said Rucker's men. 'You must march.'

"A distinguished lawyer and a great railway king came to the rescue of the Congressman. All without avail—Mr. Swann traveled to headquarters, more than a mile, was there identified, and dismissed.

"He hardly knew whether to laugh or swear as he moved himself down the street. He would indulge a sort of smile now and then, but instantly would clench his fist and stamp his foot, when he reflected on the disappointment to which he had been subjected at the depot, by the operation of that pet measure of his, the Conscript Act."

THE ABOLITION OUTRAGES ON CATHOLIC CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

The New York *Freeman's Journal*, after referring to the outrages committed by the Yankees upon Catholic churches and ministers, at Jacksonville, Florida, Jackson, Mississippi, and Parkersburg and Martinsburg, Virginia, recited the following:

But a deeper cry of anguish reaches us from Louisiana. A gentleman of New Orleans, a devoted Catholic, writing to bid us farewell on the eve of his quitting that city, furnishes us with the following facts, which our correspondent assures us cannot be discredited:

"After the Hartford and Albatros had passed Port Hudson, the crew of the Hartford, Admiral Farragut's flag-ship, landed at Point Coupee, some twenty-five miles above Baton Rouge. They commenced to plunder the place, and assaulted the Catholic church. The church is in the midst of the old parish grave-yard. The monuments there erected to the memory of the dead were broken and defaced, and much wanton damage committed. Father Mittlebron's house was then visited—he being absent at another station. All that they thought of sufficient value was carried off, and the rest of his movables broken or destroyed. Next they broke into the church, overthrew the tabernacle, and took from it the vessels they found there. This was not enough. The Blessed Host was scattered on the ground, while these monsters called out for the Catholics 'to come and look at their God!' One seized the Benediction Veil, exclaiming, 'this will be a nice blanket for my horse, when I get one.'

"Some of the Catholics of the parish entered complaints to Amiral Farragut. His reply was: 'It is well for you it was not the crew of the other vessel, or you would have fared worse!' One of his officers remarked: 'Good enough for the damned secesh rebels.'

"Soldiers of a Massachusetts regiment, aboard the same vessel, were meantime busying themselves at another poor little Catholic chapel, at Shenale, a short distance away, also in charge of Father Mittlebron. In its neighborhood they intercepted the good priest, and demanded of him the horses he was driving. As he refused, they seized the horses, arrested him, and finally transported him to Baton Rouge, where he was imprisoned ten days. At the end of this time they put him on a dry bluff in the middle of a crevasse, with two negroes and a barrel of pork and a barrel of biscuit, telling him to 'wait there till the rebels came for him!' This little island was swarming with alligators and poisonous snakes. Nevertheless, after three days, he found means to escape, and reach his desolated home."

CHASED BY LADIES.

We were driving Sedgwick's infidels across Banks' Ford, when a Yankee officer was seen making his way through the streets of Fredericksburg, where we had no troops at the time, in order to gain the opposite side of the river. A number of ladies, standing on a porch at the time, saw the runaway, and cried out "stop him, stop him;" when Miss Phillippa Barbour, a niece of Colonel Phil. Barbour, of Virginia, with a number of other ladies, gave chase, and ran the Yankee officer nearly down, who, convulsed with laughter at the sport, and the idea of being pursued by ladies, became nearly exhausted, and gave up on being hemmed in at the corner of a garden fence! The ladies took him prisoner, and locked him up in a room until our troops again entered the city.

LIKE TO HAVE SPOKEN TOO LATE.

The Chattanooga *Rebel* related the following as having occurred in that city:

As one of the hospital wagons was proceeding slowly toward the graveyard, the other day, with a load of coffins, the driver was disturbed in his chant (he was whistling "Dixie" to the time of a dead-march) by a rattle in his rear. He turned and looked in trepidation upon the long, narrow boxes. Rap! Rap! The reins fell from his hand. Thump! Thump! Then a voice cried out: "Hallo! ho, there!" Driver was sorely frightened, and replied: "What's the matter? Can't you rest quietly and peaceably? What's the use of takin' it so hard for?" "But I 'm not dead!" returned the voice, making a desperate effort, and wrenching out two screws from the lid. "The devil you say!" "No, I 'm not, let me out of this." "Oh, go along! You 'd better be quiet, we 'll be there presently." "Be *where?*" "Why, to the grave." Another prodigious plunge, and three more screws out. Lid by this time half off, and one arm and part of a leg protruded.

"Oh, Lord!" roared the terrified driver, "do n't, they 'll lay the whole of it to me." "Well, let me out then." The driver cracked his whip, the horses dashed forward, and away went the dead, and the semi-dead, and the would n't-be-dead at all, at a gallop, the coffin of the obstreperous corpse creaking, and rocking to and fro, and the voice of its inmate crying, "Wait till I get out o' here, and if I don't give you — !" At length the grave-yard was reached, where the poor fellow was relieved by the workmen and sextons present. He was full of fight and swore roundly against the "darned rascal that wanted to bury him, dead or alive," but on explanation and expostulation, he agreed to be pacified, and rode back to town sitting upright in his own coffin. He recovered, and returned to his command.

SCENES ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

While the two armies were confronting each other at Fredericksburg, many pleasing incidents occurred between the pickets stationed along the Rappahannock, the distance from each other being less than two hundred yards. A correspondent wrote thus of those scenes:

Two of our privates went over the other day, as I am informed, and took dinner with the commissioned officers on the post; and two of the Yankees came paddling across the river while I was present. Their great anxiety is to obtain tobacco; and a plug or two laid on a small board, with a paper sail stuck in it to waft it over the Rubicon, will invariably bring back coffee, sugar, or anything else they have to exchange. A paper held up at any time will bring a dozen men flying down to the river bank, each with a *Herald, Tribune, Harper's Weekly, Frank Leslie's Illustrated,* or some lesser light of the newspaper firmament, each anxious for a barter. Of course, in these interviews many sharp and funny things are said, but the best of feelings apparently prevail, and, by the Yankees especially, are sought to be cultivated.

Not long ago one of our men, an Alabama lawyer, cried out to his neighbor opposite:

"I say, Yank, when are you coming over again?"

"Look here, 'butternut,' 'simmer down' on that point; we do n't want'er come at all."

"Why, did n't we treat you well?" was the rejoinder—"did n't we give you a ball?"

"Yes," shouted the Yankee, "but you led us a —— of a dance. What time does your music play in?"

"Bull Run time," was the prompt reply—"in C sharps for our side, and B flats for your's."

"Bully for you—whoop—I say, 'Corn fed,' I 'll stand treat if I see you after the war."

"Do n't want'er see yer—seen enough of you already."

"Go to ——," (and the worsted Yankee mentioned a hot place.)

"Sorry I can't accommodate you," said the Southerner; "but old Satan has sent word to General Lee that the place was so full of Yankees already they have to hang on by the window-sills, and he won't take in Southern men no how."

Such is one of the thousand interviews which the "voice of the waters," could it speak, would tell of this strange phase of the war.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Courier*, writing from Kinston, North Carolina, thus described a military execution:

"The mournful cortege, consisting of a rude wagon drawn by a pair of mules, a sad-looking prisoner, with his hands tied behind him, and a dozen troopers as a guard, passed through the streets, and soon gathered in its train a motley crowd of black and white, who followed in procession to the place of execution.

"The name of the culprit was Michael Bryant, of the Sixty-Third Regiment of North Carolina cavalry; his age, about thirty-six; and his offence, desertion—not, however, to the ranks of the enemy. Arrested, he was duly tried by a court-martial, and it being necessary that an example should be made to check a growing evil in the army, he was sentenced to be 'shot to death.' It was not until the morning of his execution that the poor fellow became aware of the day or hour that was to terminate his career, but he had evidently been preparing for the crisis, and when the fact was announced, it fell upon a heart nerved to brave death, come in what shape it might. This composure never left him.

"Reaching the place of execution, which was in a field adjoining the encampment of his old command, the cortege halted in front of an ominous-looking black coffin, behind which was a stake. The guard alighted, and the prisoner, strong and buoyant, as if he was the least among the actors of the drama, also leaped lightly from the vehicle, and took his seat upon the narrow box that was so soon to enclose him forever. An officer then advanced and bound him by the arms firmly, with his back to the stake. I now had an opportunity of observing the prisoner more closely. He was clad in an every-day suit of citizens' clothes, with his pantaloons carelessly tucked in the top of his boots, and as he sat there, watching the preparations for the tragedy, looking upon the faces of his old comrades, with whom he had been associated in camp and field, alone and helpless, with the agony of death so near, and eternity already opening to his vision, the acutest observer would have failed to detect the faintest indications of

tremor on his person. Stern, strong, calm as a statue, he waited until the regiment, on foot, was filed into position before him.

"After a lapse of five or six minutes, came the squad of twelve, who were to act as his executioners, and stood twelve paces distant. The adjutant of the regiment then advanced, and read the verdict of the court-martial. This done, one of the guard approached to tie a handkerchief over the face of the prisoner. Then, for the first time, did I notice anything in his bearing which seemed to indicate that he was not already totally dead to feeling. A glance of his eyes to the heavens, as if he was invoking Divine mercy, a barely perceptible change of countenance, and an expression of unutterable sadness, told of a fearful struggle that was going on within. A moment's pause, and the officer in command, in a low tone, gave the order: 'Ready, aim (twelve rifles, six with blank cartridges, were bearing on the prisoner's heart, and the click of the twelve triggers left but a second between life and death), fire!'

"Hardly had the smothered word issued from the lips, when the body of the unfortunate man, pierced by six balls, shrunk convulsively from the shock, the head dropped upon the breast, and a deep sigh told of an ebbing life. The surgeon of the regiment now advanced to feel the pulse, and at the same instant the colonel exclaimed: 'Attention!' Half a minute had already elapsed, but at that word the dying man raised his bandaged head, and, as if he was peering through the darkness to take a long, last look at the fading world, slowly turned it from side to side; then dropping it upon his breast, it rested there for several seconds, while the awe-stricken spectators looked on with a silence that was disturbed only by the rustling wind. Again it arose and fell, and again and again, until finally the short, spasmodic gasps, succeeded by a death-like repose, showed that the soul of the deserter had returned to the God who gave it.

"On examining the body, I found that one ball had entered at the base of the neck, two the left, and three the right side. The coffin was then opened, the body enclosed, and, in half an hour, all that remained of Michael Bryant was six feet under ground."

"FOR THREE YEARS OR DURING THE WAR."

The Charleston correspondent of the Mobile *Register* told the following story of a private in the ranks of one of the South Carolina regiments at Charleston:

"It seems that a jolly Irish lad took it into his head to enlist a neat piece of calico for the term of 'three years or during the war.' 'Well,' says he, 'Maggie, what do ye's say? Could ye's stand soldiers' rations for three years or durin' the war?'

"'Faith, I could,' said Maggie; and so they both went to the priest, and were married. After the ceremony was concluded, Pat said to the priest: 'Mind ye, this contract is but for three years or durin' the war!' 'No, no,' said the priest, 'it 's for life and forever.' 'Devil a bit,' replied Pat, pulling a paper from his pocket, 'here is the contract between me and Maggie yonder, and it reads, according to her consent, that she enlists as my wife jist for three years or durin' the war, and not a day longer!' And Pat rushed off with his three years' bride, leaving the priest in utter amazement."

AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

The Natchez *Courier* published the following:

"At a charge of our men on the Federal cotton breast-works—when they took, burnt, and spiked the enemy's guns—it is said fifteeen Confederates were taken prisoners. The guard took them before General Banks, who said: 'They are men too brave to be my prisoners; conduct them to General Gardner, and say to him, for humanity's sake, to surrender his works, and stop this effusion of blood.' The prisoners were accordingly conducted to General Gardner, who, having the like number of Federals within his works, immediately ordered their release, allowed them to inspect the whole of his fortifications, and then directed them to be conducted by his guard to the Federal line, with this injunction: 'Tell General Banks that you have inspected all of my defenees; you know their strength; and, for the sake of humanity, request him to give up further contest, and save the further effusion of blood in his army."

THE INCORRIGIBLE JOKERS.

The Yankees are determined to have their fun, if their leaders are afraid to fight On the 1st of April, 1863, between four thousand and five thousand of them landed near Pocotaligo (South Carolina), and, with an air of boldness that augured something terrible, took up the line of march inland. General Evans, hearing of the movement, immediately dispatched four regiments to engage them, and dispute their passage. On coming in sight, the Yankees were found in full retreat to their boats, but a tall pole had been stuck in the ground at the turning point, and on it inscribed, in large letters, "APRIL FOOL."

DR. WARREN STONE, OF NEW ORLEANS.

All the world knows old Dr. Warren Stone. He is celebrated for his great surgical skill, as well as for his greatness of heart, independence of character, and devotion to the South. This truly great man was selected by Brute Butler as a "shining mark," upon which to cast his venom. He

was accordingly arrested, and brought into the presence of the tyrant. The doctor walked up to Butler, without waiting to be asked, and said, in an abrupt, curt manner: "Here I am, General, and I want to know what I am arrested for." Butler looked at the doctor from head to foot, and said, contemptuously: "I had you arrested because you are a great rebel, and the influence of such a man as you are is dangerous to the community. I shall send you to Fort Jackson, to get you out of my way." The old doctor looked steadily into the repulsive, crooked eyes of his wicked enemy, as he indignatly replied: "Great rebel, hey? You 'll send me to Fort Jackson, hey? I glory in being a great rebel; you can send me to Fort Jackson, and be damned." When about to be sent on board the boat that was to convey him to the fort, Dr. Stone was informed that if he would pay a *fine* of five hundred dollars he could avoid going down; but the old patriot scornfully retorted: "Tell General Butler that it seems to be a matter of *dollars* with him, but it is a matter of *principle* with me, and I would not give him five cents!" No man in the community was more beloved and admired than Dr. Stone, and as soon as it became known to his friends that he could be relieved on paying a fine, they sent the money to Thief Butler, and the noble old man was released.

A CANDID WITNESS.

A correspondent of the Milwaukie *News*, writing from Arkansas, gave some very strong testimony as to the influence and result of Yankee meddling and effects on the condition and prospects of the negro. He said:

With no one to care for them, without food, clothes, or medicine, they sicken and die here by the hundreds—freed at last. Back of General Washburn's headquarters, but a short distance, is a peach-orchard, the little graves in rows so close that one can hardly step between them. Here, about two feet under the ground, are over a thousand dead negroes, and day after day others, who have starved to death, are being added to the nameless list. And there are a dozen negro grave-yards in Helena, each being rapidly filled with beings who were once happy and contented, in health and cared for, of use to themselves and the world.

A SOUTHERN LADY'S BROTHER MURDERED FOR PROTECTING HER FROM INSULT.

We found the following in the Baltimore *American:*

"A lady entered General Viele's headquarters to obtain from him a pass to go to Suffolk, to see some friends and relatives residing there. General Viele received her with his usual politeness, but suddenly noticing that she wore the Confederate colors prominently, in the shape of a brooch, mildly suggested that it would, perhaps, have been in better taste to come to his office

without such a decoration. 'I have a right, sir, to consult my own wishes as to what I shall wear.' 'Then, madam,' replied the general, 'permit me to claim an equal right in choosing with whom I shall converse;' and the dignified lady had to withdraw from his presence. Subsequently, the proud daughter of Secessia returned to the general's office without the offensive brooch, and, making a slight apology for her indecorous conduct on a former occasion, reiterated her request for a pass, which was promptly filled up and handed to her.

"The lady proceeded to Suffolk, and, after visiting her friends, she very injudiciously walked around among the provost guard of National troops, wearing the brooch above mentioned in a very conspicuous portion of her dress. The attention of the soldiers was at once attracted to the emblem, much to the gratification of the giddy girl. A very polite and gallant officer, of the Thirteenth New York, accosted her at once, and told her it would be better for her to remove the brooch out of sight, or it might cause a difficulty, but the young lady heeded not the admonition. Passing along, she was met by a soldier, who told her she must not wear the 'Stars and Bars' now, as it was nothing but an emblem of weakness and evacuation. She said to the soldier that she would not remove the brooch for any Yankee hireling; whereupon the soldier snatched the hated brooch from the girl's bosom, and removing the colors, he handed the golden bauble back to its owner. Some citizens observing the act, fell upon the soldier, and were belaboring him pretty badly, when he drew his bayonet from his scabbard, and striking one of the attacking party several blows, he felled him to the earth, and injured him so badly that it was feared he would not recover. The injured man was the silly girl's brother."

A TOMBSTONE HARANGUE.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Examiner*, writing from Winchester, related the following occurrence during the time the Yankees were in possession of that place:

On Sabbath morning notices were sent around to the pastors of the different churches, to the purport that there would be divine service that evening in the cemetery lot of the town. The ministers, supposing it to be the occasion of the funeral of some citizen, and not knowing the source from whence it emanated, read out the notices to their congregations. A large number of persons assembled, when, instead of a funeral sermon, a miscreant, in the shape of an abolition preacher, mounted a tombstone, and commenced his discourse in this strain:

"My colored friends, hearken unto me. You are the children of Israel, and we come to give you freedom. You are oppressed, and we come to deliver you from your thraldom. I stand in Moses' shoes, and President

Lincoln stands in Jesus Christ's shoes. Jesus Christ was a very good sort of a man, but he did n't make the sin of slavery plain enough."

At this point in his remarks the disciple of abolition was set upon by the white citizens present, who threatened to mob him unless he took himself off, which he did.

HOW TO OBEY ORDERS.

When the Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment was quartered at Corinth, the guard around their encampment received all sorts of complicated instructions, some of which were forgotten as soon as delivered, while others were rigidly adhered to by the sentinels.

On one occasion, George Wood, of the Adams Light Guard, was instructed by the corporal of his relief not to permit any private soldier to cross the lines, unless accompanied by a commissioned officer; nor was he to permit any cakes, candies, fresh pork, fruit, or whisky to enter the lines, upon any pretence whatever.

"I b'lieve I 've got 'em all," said George. "Let me see: nary soldier to go across the lines on his own hook, that 's one; no cakes, that 's two; candies, is three; fresh pork, is four; fruit, is five; and whisky makes up the half dozen. All right, corporal, you can toddle."

George had walked his beat but a few moments, when an immense porker came grunting along, evidently well satisfied with his prospects of obtaining a good breakfast from the garbage lying about the camp. He by-and-by approached close to the lines, when George suddenly shouted:

"Halt!"

A significant grunt was the only response from his porcine friend, who still came nearer.

"Halt! I say, yelled George, ef you do n't I 'll be dad blamed ef I do n't shoot."

The pig steadily advanced, when bang went George's musket, and down dropped the porker, as dead as a nail.

The colonel, who was enjoying his late paper a few feet off, started up at the report of the musket, and exclaimed:

"How dare you, sir, discharge your musket without orders? Call the corporal of the guard."

"Corporal of the guard, post No. 9! The d—l to pay here, on my line!" shouted George.

"Arrest that man," said the colonel, as the corporal made his appearance.

"Well, that 's nice," rejoined George; "to arrest a fellow for obeying orders is tight papers."

"I niver gave yeez any orthers to do the like," said the corporal.

"The deuce you did n't," replied George; "hold on, here. Did n't you tell me not to let any soldier eross the lines, without being accompanied by an officer?"

"I did, av coorse!"

"Did n't you tell me not to let any cakes come into the lines?"

"Thrue for yees!"

"How about candies?"

"That 's all right!"

"Then there was fruit?"

"Yis!"

"Whisky?"

"Niver allowed!"

"And *fresh pork!*" yelled George. "You do n't 'spose I was going to let that hog pass my line do you, when I knew it was against orders. When you catch me on post, you can bet your life I 'm thar! I obey orders, I do, allus!"

The colonel burst into a roar of laughter, and ordered the sentinel to resume his duty. The injunction against admitting fresh pork over the lines was for the time being laid aside.

A CASE OF YANKEE BARBARITY.

Among the thousand acts of barbarity practiced by the Yankee invaders in Virginia, none have exceeded the murder of Mrs. George R. Smith, at Suffolk, a full account of which we took from the Petersburg *Express:*

"Mr. Smith resided about one mile from the town, a well-to-do farmer, having around him an interesting family, the eldest one, a gallant young man, in the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment. When General Longstreet invested Suffolk, a sharp artillery and infantry skirmish took place near Mr. Smith's residence, and many balls passed through his house. The Yankees finally advanced and fired the houses, forcing the family to leave. Mrs. Smith, with her seven children, the youngest only ten months old, attempted to escape to the woods and into the Confederate lines, when she was fired upon by the Yankee soldiers, and a Minie ball entering her limb, just below the hip, she died in thirty minutes, from loss of blood. The children, frightened, hid themselves in the bushes, while Mr. Smith sat down upon the ground by his wife, to see her breathe her last. After she had been dead for some time, the Yankee commander permitted him to take a cart, and, with no assistance except one of his children, he put the dead body in the cart, and carried it into town. On his arrival in town, he was not permitted to take the remains of his wife to her brother's residence, until he had first gone through the town to the provost marshal's office and obtained permission. On his arrival at the provost marshal's office, he was

gruffly told to take his wife to the grave-yard and bury her. He carried her to her brother's, John R. Kilby, Esq., and a few friends prepared her for burial, Mr. Kilby not being allowed to leave the house, or to attend the remains of his sister to the grave-yard.

"Nor did the cruelty of the fiends stop here. Mr. Smith was denied the privilege of going in search of his little children, and for four days and nights they wandered in the woods and among the soldiers, without anything to eat or any place to sleep. The baby was taken up by a colored woman and nursed, until some private in the Yankee army, with a little better heart than his associates, took it on his horse and carried it to town."

A GRAPHIC SKETCH—THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG BY MOONLIGHT—MINING THE REBEL WORKS.

A Vicksburg correspondent of the Cleveland *Herald* furnished the following description of the operations of General Grant against Vicksburg:

"Let us climb the parapet and see the siege by moonlight. In front of us, beyond the enemy's works, but hidden from us, lies the city of Vicksburg. Look carefully, and you can distinguish the spires of the court-house and two or three churches. The rebels had a signal station on the former when we came, but our shells made it too warm for them, and they withdrew. The mortars are playing to-night, and they are well worth seeing. We watch a moment, and in the direction of Young's Point, beyond the city, suddenly up shoots a flash of light, and in a moment the ponderous shell, with its fuse glowing and sparkling, rises slowly from behind the bluffs; up, up, it goes, as though mounting to the zenith, over it comes towards us, down through its flight trajectory into the city, and explodes with a shock that jars the ground for miles. There are women and tender children where those shells fall, but war is war.

"Sherman's eight-inch monsters are grumbling far way on the right. Nearer, McPherson's, too, are playing—we can even see the cannoneers beside them at each flash. Our's will open at midnight; then there will be music to your heart's content. Meanwhile, let us go to the front. A hundred yards to the right of where we now are we enter a deep trench. Following this, as it winds down around the hill, we reach the opening of a cave or mine. The air within is damp and close, like that of a vault. Candles are burning dimly at intervals, and we hear a hum of voices far within and out of sight. We proceed, and presently meet two men carrying a barrow of earth, for our boys are at work night and day. Finally, we reach the moonlight again, and emerge into a wide, deep trench, cut across the line of the covered way. This is open, and filled with troops, who protect the working party. A heavy parapet of cotton bales and earth is built on the side towards the enemy, and we must mount them to look over.

"We are now within sociable distance of the chivalry. Those men lying on the ground, ten to thirty yards from us, are our boys, our advance pickets; but that gray fellow, with the bright musket, which glistens so, a few steps beyond, is a 'reb.,' long-haired and hot-blooded, one of Wall's famous Texas legion—a bull-dog to fight, you may be sure.

"Now jump down and enter the mouth of the other mine, which leads towards the salient of the enemy's work. Stumbling along, we reach the end where the men are digging. The candle burns very dimly—the air is almost stifling. Never mind, let us watch them. See that slender, bright-looking fellow swinging that pick. Great beaded drops of perspiration trickle down his face; there is not a dry thread in his coarse, gray shirt; but no matter, the pick swings, and each stroke slices down six inches of the tough subsoil of Mississippi. That fellow was 'Jim,' once a tender-handed, smooth-faced, nice young man, whose livery-stable, billiard and cigar bills were a sore trial to his worthy governor. Jim says that he used to wear gloves and 'store-clothes,' and that girls called him good-looking, but that 's played out now; he is going for Uncle Sam.

"But we return to the fresh air. Look over the parapet again towards the turret, where we saw the rebel picket. Do you see the little gray mounds which cover the hillside so thickly?—ten, twenty, thirty, you can count on a few square rods. Ah, my friend, this is sacred ground you are looking upon. There our boys charged; there they were slain in heaps; but they pressed on, and leaped into the ditch. They climbed the parapet, and rolled back into eternity. Others followed them; their flag was planted, and they sprang over, to meet their certain death. An hour passed, and *one* returned; the rest were dead."

MORALS OF YANKEE OFFICERS.

The most lamentable fact that has been brought to my notice is the large number of officers who have lately been tried by court-martial. The commission of atrocious crimes and all sorts of disgraceful offences by officers, high and low, from colonel to lieutenant, is of daily occurrence. One officer has been guilty of theft, another of drunkenness, a third has proven himself a coward, a fourth has had a fistic encounter with a soldier, a fifth was caught in the company of negro wenches, and so on, *ad infinitum*. A lieutenant was recently found in a miserable log hut, long after tattoo had been sounded, in a condition of drunken bestiality. A few cedar logs were heaped together in the fire-place, and the fire leaped cheerily up the chimney. In the centre of the room, a barrel served as a table, and around it there sat the lieutenant, in the full uniform of a United States officer, playing cards with three blubber-lipped, greasy negro wenches! A court-martial was convened, and the offender was charged with violation of one of

the artieles of war, or, in other words, with eonduct unbecoming an officer. To this charge there was a single speeifieation, setting forth the time, place, and eireumstanees of the alleged offenee. The eourt sat in due form. The charge was read, and the aeeused plead not guilty. The specifieation was reeited, and to this the aeeused naively plead guilty! Here, then, was the height of abolition extravaganee. Guilty of keeping eompany with negresses, but not guilty of eonduet unbeeoming an officer!

MAJOR H. W FRY'S PIOUS PARTING COMPLIMENTS—A DEVIL IN A STOVE-PIPE.

From Saturday, the day of the surrender of Roanoke, till the following Wednesday, Major Fry was confined in a room in the house of Dr. Ritters, on the island. In this room the major diseovered a portion of a keg of powder, the private property of Dr. Ritters. Understanding that he was to be removed on shipboard, the major took about twenty pounds of the powder, and rolling it in a sheet, made a sort of eartridge, and rammed it up the pipe of the stove that stood in the room. In the eourse of an hour after eompleting the job, the major was removed, and, his mind being otherwise oeeupied, thought little more of it. From some of our wounded, who had been left at Elizabeth City, we learn that one rainy day the Yankees, for the first time, built a fire in the stove. In a few minutes thereafter, a portion of the house frantieally lifted itself out of plaee, and fifteen or twenty Yankees were lying in various disreputable attitudes upon the ground, several being killed. One of the survivors remarked, that he had read in the Seriptures of bad spirits in men, women, and hogs, but it was the first time he ever knew of a *devil in a stove-pipe.*

THE OLD LADY AND THE BLACK FLAG.

The eorrespondent of the Savannah *Republican* related the following:

On the morning after the night of 18th September, the army had erossed the Potomae, with the enemy pressing upon our heels, but dared not eross after us. They eursed and swore at us from the opposite bank, threatening every minute to make a general advanee. We happened to go into the little village of Shepherdstown, whieh is just on the south bank, above the ford where the army had erossed the river, and in passing by the door of a small dwelling we stopped to get some water. A blaek flag hung in the portieo, mueh to our astonishment, and we wondered whether the bold people of that dwelling had been wrought to sueh desperation by the enemy as compelled them to hang out that awful sign of resistance. An elderly lady appeared at the door as soon as our footsteps sounded on the doorway, and relieved our doubts. She was tall, stout, red-headed, with a firm look, and carried in her hand a bright-barreled poeket revolver. She asked what we

wanted, and we answered, water. "Very well," said she, "do you see that," pointing to the flag. We answered in the affirmative. "That means no quarter, and this," pointing to the revolver, "is to shoot the first man that goes into that yonder cabbage-patch." It is most sincerely hoped that the Yankees will give us as little cause to exercise our firmness as we did that good Virginia lady the use of her small fire-arm.

EXECUTION AT FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE—DETAILED FACTS AND HISTORY OF TWO SPIES.

A correspondent of the Nashville *Press*, writing under date of Franklin, Tennessee, June 9, 1863, related the following:

"Last evening, about sun-down, two strangers rode into camp, and called at Colonel Baird's headquarters, who presented unusual appearances. They had on citizens' overcoats, Federal regulation pants and caps. The caps were covered with white flannel havelocks. They wore side-arms, and showed high intelligence. One claimed to be a colonel in the United States army, and called himself Colonel Austin; the other called himself Major Dunlap, and both represented themselves as inspector generals of the United States army. They represented that they were now out on an expedition in this department, inspecting the outposts and defences, and that day before yesterday they had been overhauled by the enemy, and lost their coats and purses. They exhibited official papers from General Rosencranz, and also from the war department at Washington, confirming their rank and business. These appeared all right to Colonel Baird, and at first satisfied him of their honesty. They asked the colonel to loan them fifty dollars, as they had no coats, and no money to buy them. Colonel Baird loaned them the money, and took Colonel Austin's note for it. Just at dark they started, saying they were going to Nashville, and took that way. Just as soon as their horses' heads were turned, the thought of their being spies struck Colonel Baird, he says, like a thunderbolt, and he ordered Colonel Watkins, of the Sixth Kentucky cavalry, who was standing by, to arrest them immediately. But they were going at lightning speed. Colonel Watkins had no time to call a guard, and only with his orderly he set out on the chase. He ordered the orderly to unsling his carbine, and if, when he (the colonel) halted them, they showed any suspicious motions, to fire on them without waiting for an order. They were overtaken about one-third of a mile from here. Colonel Watkins told them that Colonel Baird wanted to make some further inquiries of them, and asked them to return. This they politely consented to do, after some remonstrance, on account of the lateness of the hour and the distance they had to travel, and Colonel Watkins led them to his tent, where he placed a strong guard over them. It was not until one of them attempted to pass the guard at the door that they

even suspected they were prisoners. Colonel Watkins immediately brought them to Colonel Baird, under guard. They at once manifested great uneasiness, and pretended great indignation at being thus treated. Colonel Baird frankly told them that he had his suspicions of their true character, and that they should, if loyal, object to no necessary caution. They were very hard to satisfy, and were in a great hurry to get off. Colonel Baird told them that they were under arrest, and he should keep them prisoners until he was fully satisfied that they were what they purported to be. He immediately telegraphed to General Rosencranz, and received the answer that he knew *nothing of any such men*—that there were no such men in his employ, or had his pass.

"Long before this dispatch was received, however, every one who had an opportunity of hearing their conversation was well satisfied that they were spies. Smart as they were, they gave frequent and distinct evidence of duplicity. After this dispatch came to hand, which it did about twelve o'clock (midnight), a search of their persons was ordered. To this the major consented without opposition, but the colonel protested against it, and even put his hand to his arms. But resistance was useless, and both submitted. When the major's sword was drawn from the scabbard, there were found etched upon it these words: 'Lieutenant W G. Peter, Confederate States Army.' At this discovery Colonel Baird remarked: 'Gentlemen, you have played this d—d well.' 'Yes,' said Lieutenant Peter, '*and it came near being a perfect success.*' They then confessed the whole matter, and upon further search, various papers showing their guilt were found upon their persons. Lieutenant Peter was found to have on a rebel cap, secreted by the white flannel havelock.

"Colonel Baird immediately telegraphed the facts to General Rosecranz, and asked what he should do, and in a short time received an order 'to try them by a drum-head court-martial, and, if found guilty, *hang them immediately.*' The court was convened, and before daylight the case was decided, and the prisoners informed that they must prepare for immediate death by hanging.

"At daylight, men were detailed to make a scaffold. The prisoners were visited by the chaplain of the Seventy-Eighth Illinois, who, upon their request, administered the sacrament to them. They also wrote letters to their friends, and deposited their jewelry, silver cups, and other valuables for transmission to their friends.

"The gallows was constructed by a wild cherry-tree not far from the depot, and in a very public place. Two ropes hung dangling from the beam, reaching within eight feet of the ground. A little after nine o'clock, A. M., the whole garrison was marshaled around the place of execution, in solemn sadness. The poplar coffins were lying a few feet away. Twenty

minutes past nine the guards conducted the prisoners to the scaffold. They walked firm and steady, as if unmindful of the fearful precipice which they were approaching. The guards did them the honor to march with arms reversed.

"Arrived at the place of execution, they stepped upon the platform of the cart, and took their respective places. The Provost Marshal, Captain Alexander, then tied a linen handkerchief over the face of each, and adjusted the ropes They then asked the privilege of bidding a last farewell, which being granted, they tenderly embraced each other. This over, the cart moved from under them, and they hung in the air. What a fearful penalty! They swung off at half-past nine. In two minutes the lieutenant ceased to struggle. The colonel caught hold of the rope with both hands and raised himself up at three minutes, and ceased to struggle at five minutes. At six minutes, Dr. Forester, Surgeon Sixth Kentucky cavalry, and Dr. Moss, Seventy-Eighth Illinois infantry, and myself, who had been detailed to examine the bodies, approached them, and found the pulse of both full and strong. At seven minutes, the colonel shrugged his shoulders. The pulse of each continued to beat seventeen minutes, and at twenty minutes, all signs of life had ceased. The bodies were cut down at thirty minutes, and encoffined in full dress. The colonel was buried with a gold locket and chain on his neck. The locket contained the portrait and a braid of hair of his intended wife—her portrait was also in his vest pocket—these were buried with him, at his request. Both men were buried in the same grave—companions in life, misfortune and crime, companions in infamy, and now companions in the grave.

"I should have stated, in another place, that the prisoners did not want their punishment delayed, but well knowing the consequence of their acts, even before their *trial*, asked to have the sentence, be it by hanging or shooting, quickly decided and executed. But they deprecated the idea of death by hanging, and asked for a commutation of the sentence to shooting.

"The elder and *leader* of these unfortunate men was Lawrence Williams, of Georgetown, D. C. He was as fine-looking a man as I have ever seen, about six feet high, and perhaps thirty years old. He was a son of Captain Williams, who was killed at the battle of Monterey. He was one of the most intellectual and accomplished men that I have ever known. I have never known any one who excelled him as a talker. He was a member of the regular army, with the rank of captain of cavalry, when the rebellion broke out, and at that time was aid-de-camp and private secretary to General Winfield Scott. From this confidence and respect shown him by so distinguished a man, may be judged his education and accomplishments. He was a first cousin of General Lee, commanding the Confederate army on the Rappahannock. Soon after the war began, he was frank enough to inform

General Scott that all his sympathies were with the South, as his friends and interests were there, and that he could not fight against them. As he was privy to all of General Scott's plans for the campaign, it was not thought proper to turn him loose; hence he was sent to Governor's Island, where he remained three months. After the first Bull Run battle, he was allowed to go South, where he joined the Confederate army, and his subsequent history I have not been able to learn much about. He was awhile on General Bragg's staff as chief of artillery, but at the time of his death was his inspector general. When he joined the Confederate army he altered his name, and now signs it thus: 'Lawrence W Orton, Col. Cav. P. A. C. S. A.,' (Provisional Army Confederate States of Americe.) Sometimes he wrote his name 'Orton,' and sometimes 'Auton,' according to the object which he had in view. This we learn from the papers found on him. These facts in relation to the personal history of Colonel Orton, I have gathered from the colonel himself and from Colonel Watkins, who knows him well, they having belonged to the same regiment of the regular army—Second United States cavalry. Colonel Watkins, however, did not recognize Colonel Orton until after he had made himself known, and now mourns his tragic end.

"The other victim of this delusive and reckless daring was Walter G. Peter, a lieutenant in the rebel army, and Colonel Orton's adjutant. He was a tall, handsome young man, of about twenty-five years, that gave many signs of education and refinement.

"Of his history, I have been unable to gather anything. He played but a second part. Colonel Orton was the leader, and did all the talking and managing. Such is a succinct account of one of the most daring enterprises that man ever engaged in. Such were the characters and men who played the awful tragedy.

"History will hardly furnish its parallel in the character and standing of the parties, the boldness and daring of the enterprise, and the swiftness with which discovery and punishment were visited upon them. They came into our camp, and went all through it, minutely inspecting our position, works and forces, with a portion of their traitorous insignia upon them, and the boldness of their conduct made their flimsy subterfuge almost successful.

"To the last, however, they denied being spies. They claimed that they were endeavoring to get through our lines in order to visit friends in the North and in Europe. But this story was so poorly matured, that when either told it, it would not hang together, and there was little resemblance between the accounts which the two gave. The arrest so completely confounded them that they were never afterwards able to recover from it. The unfortunate men made no complaint at the severity of their punishment,

except they deprecated the ignomy of being hung; they were too well informed not to know that, upon conviction of being spies, they must suffer death, and hence they expected it, and made no complaints.

"Colonel Orton, who recognized Colonel Watkins as soon as he saw him, told him that he barely escaped his life when the arrest was made—that he had his hand on his pistol to kill him and escape—that had it been any one else here, he would have done so.

"Colonel Orton delivered his sword and pistols to Colonel Watkins, and told him to keep and wear them. He also presented him his horse, which he valued at five thousand dollars, and asked him to treat it kindly for his sake.

"We are all sad over this event. There is a gloom upon every face. Although we are fully satisfied that the mission of these men was to plan our destruction, and that even they recognized their punishment just, according to the accepted rules of war among all nations; still, to see such men suffer such a penalty, has filled our garrison with sadness."

JOE PARSONS OF BALTIMORE.

In one of the hospitals of Alexandria is Joe Parsons, of Baltimore. Joe enlisted in the First Maryland Regiment, and was plainly a "rough," originally. As we passed along the hall, we first saw him, crouched near an open window, lustily singing, "I 'm a bold soldier boy;" and observing the broad baudage over his eyes, I said: "What 's your name, my good fellow?"

"Joe, sir," he answered, "Joe Parsons."

"And what is the matter with you?"

"Blind, sir—blind as a bat."

"In battle?"

"Yes—at Antietam. Both eyes shot out at one clip."

Poor Joe was in the front, at Antietam Creek; and a Minnie ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was but twenty years old; but he was as happy as a lark!

"It is very dreadful," I said.

"I 'm very thankful I 'm alive, sir. It might ha' been worse, yer see," he continued. And then he told us his story.

"I was hit," he said, and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls were flyin' all round, and I wanted to get away. I could n't see nothin', though. So I waited, and listened; and, at last, I heard a feller groanin' beyond me. 'Hello!' says I. 'Hello, yourself,' says he. 'Who be yer?' says I—'a rebel?' 'You 're a Yankee,' says he. 'So I am,' says I; 'what's the matter with you?' 'My leg 's smashed,' says he. 'Can't

yer walk?' 'No.' 'Can yer see?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' says I, 'you're a d—d rebel, but will you do me a little favor?' 'I will,' says he, 'ef I ken.' Then I says, 'Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin'. My eyes is knocked out; but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's git out o' this. You p'int the way, an' I 'll tote yer off the field, on my back.' 'Bully for you!' says he. And so we managed to git together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outen his canteen, and he got onto my shoulders. I did the walkin' for both, and he did the navigatin' An' ef he did n't make me carry him straight into a rebel colonel's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar! Hows'ever, the colonel came up, and says he, 'Whar d' yer come from? who be yer?' I told him. He said I was done fer, and could n't do no more shootin'; an' he sent me over to our lines. So, after three days, I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doin' pretty well, all things considered."

"But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow," I suggested, sympathetically.

"That 's so," he answered, glibly; "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my dooty—got shot, pop in the eye—an' that 's my misfort'n, not my fault—as the ole man said of his blind hoss. But—

'I 'm a bold soldier boy,'"

he continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him in his singular merriment.

A NEW WAR-CRY.

A good story was told of an Arkansas colonel, stationed at Port Hudson. The occurrence, it must be understood, happened shortly after the arrival of the Arkansas troops at that place, and prior to the departure of Brute Butler from New Orleans, and also that his men had been fed for several days on rather lean Texas beef, greatly to their disgust.

Our colonel had his regiment out for drill, and several carriages, filled with fair ladies, were present as spectators. The idea occurred to him that it would be a good place to teach his men a "war-cry," and, considering the locality, nothing could be better than "Butler the Beast." So, after haranguing his men upon the outrages, insults, &c., he closed with, "Now, men, when I give the command—forward, guide centre—charge bayonets—double-quick, march—you must all yell, 'Butler the Beast!' 'Butler the Beast!' 'like blazes.'" The boys seemed pleased with the idea, and anxious "to try it on;" so, dressing the regiment, and raising himself in his stirrups, he gave the commands—and they did charge and yell with a vengeance—not Butler the Beast, but "bull beef!" "bull beef!"

The colonel couldn't stand the pressure; his horse suddenly became unmanageable, and the last that was seen of him, he was disappearing in the distance, among the echoes of "bull beef!"

STONEWALL JACKSON'S FOOT CAVALRY.

General Jackson, who never wore a uniform, or any other mark of his grade or rank, was passing a corn-field one day, and saw a long, lank-sided Confederate pulling roasting-ears. He hallooed to Confederate:

"Come out of that corn-field."

"Go to hell," replied Confederate.

"I'll report you to General Jackson," says the general.

"Report and be d—d to you. I belong to Jackson's foot cavalry, and he allows us to eat as much corn as we want!"

The general rode on, laughing, while Confederate continued pulling corn to "feed Jackson's foot cavalry."

A NEW INQUISITION WITH THE OLD HORRORS.

The New York *World* contained an account, several columns long, of the mode of conducting operations at the provost marshal's office there. When a man was arrested for supposed disloyalty he was not allowed to send for witnesses, but his "affidavit" was taken and sent to Washington. A bell was then struck, and a soldier appeared, who, upon the "that's all, sir," of the provost, collared the unhappy prisoner, and took him into a cell "below"—which means under the building. When the man would be again heard of was a matter of conjecture alone. The following is one of the cases related in the *World's* account:

An individual was brought in for refusing to give his name to an enrolling officer.

Provost Marshal—"What is your name, sir?"

Unknown—"Well, I declined to give my name there, and I think I shall here."

Provost Marshal—"Oh, you think so. Now I'll tell you what I think. I think you'll give it before you've been here a great while."

He sprung the bell again.

"Here is a man who won't give his name. Take him down and give him number four. He will probably give his name before many hours."

The young man, who was not above twenty years of age, seemed like a person hardly *compos*. He was pale-faced and gaunt-looking, was seedily dressed, and had the appearance of having just come off a night's debauch. He was taken down to the detective office, again interrogated, and again declined to give his name.

"Give him number four," said the officer in charge; and he was at once seized and hurried off to the fated locality.

Horror of horrors! Possibly no place since the black hole of Calcutta or the prison hulks of the revolution could compete with cell number four at police headquarters.

Under the reign of the provost marshal, it became part and parcel of the machinery of the office, and was used, as occasion called, to hold fast the worst class of the prisoners arrested, or such as were considered the most flagrant cases.

Passing through the outer room of the detective office in the basement, you come into the sitting-room—a close, badly-ventilated chamber—the larger half of which is underground. Midway in the room at the right is a small half glass door, cut in a partition, through which you enter upon a narrow corridor, facing four small cells. These are numbered, beginning at the south end: one, two, three, four, the latter being at the extreme right as you enter the corridor, which is scarcely wide enough to admit the passage of a man.

The sides of cell number four are sealed up with boards to the top. It is about three feet wide by six in depth. A stationary board fifteen inches wide is put on the right hand for a sleeping pallet, and a three-cornered pine block, fastened to one end of the board, serves as a pillow—there being neither bed-clothes, mattresses, or straw. A water waste and dipper in one corner complete the furniture of the cell. The sides of the place are thickly coated with whitewash, in the vain effort to purify it. The door is composed of iron bars about one inch in width, and a quarter of an inch in thickness, arranged crosswise, so as to intersect each other at every two and a half inches. At the top is a small aperture eight inches square.

The entire place swarms with vermin. In dog days, when the cell door was shut, and the door and windows leading to the outer apartments were closed, the atmosphere was stifling in its character, while the vermin ran riot over the unfortunate victims, who could neither lie down nor sit down from very agony, sometimes imploring, in Heaven's name, to be let out, if only for a few moments. In the hottest weather of the season, three persons have been confined in this cell at once, two of them sitting on the board, and the third lying at full length on his face upon the floor, and all evidencing untold horror and misery.

Sergeant Young has often given directions to have the prisoners taken out at night, and allowed them to lie round on the floor of the outer room.

The individual above alluded to, who would not give his name, was put in number four. The door of the cell was shut and bolted, and the outer door was closed also, although it was one of the hottest days of the season. In fifteen minutes his cries were heard, the door opened, and he was found in a profuse perspiration, with the vermin crawling over and tormenting him.

"For God's sake let me out of this," he said, "and I will do anything you want."

The man or beast that number four cannot tame is beyond the reach of the most ingenious torture. Every delinquent who is alluded to as an

atrocious villain, is wished no worse fate than incarceration within its walls. "Number four" is a by-word among the officers and frequenters of head-quarters, and is promised as a sort of bugbear to such inmates of the detective office as behave themselves unruly.

One of the individuals who had been arrested for some criminal offence, upon reading an account in the paper of a rebel victory, laid the paper down as if in disgust, and remarked, "That 's the way with our boys—just prick 'em and they run." The words were reported up stairs, and the order came down:

"Place him in number four. He will be pricked where he can't run."

The history of this awful receptacle for prisoners can never probably be fully told; and we have only briefly sketched it, to show some portion of the machinery used in conducting the business of the provost marshal's office.

NOVEL SYSTEM OF EXCHANGE.

A correspondent of the Savannah *Republican* gave the following account of the manner in which an exchange of newspapers was effected between the two armies in Virginia:

Lieutenants Williamson and Heard, of the eighth regiment, called upon me, and among other items of interest, told me how they effected an exchange of papers with the Yankees at Fredericksburg. They constructed a little boat, about two feet long, loaded her with tobacco and Richmond papers, and, taking her some distance above, adjusted the sails and started her across. In large letters, the names "Alabama—Captain Semmes," were painted upon her. As soon as she landed, one of the Yankees proposed to destroy her, when a stalwart Irishman stepped foward, and said: "No, faith and be jabers, if she's the 'Alabama,' we 'll parole her and turn her loose." Loading her with coffee and a New York *Herald*, he started her back to this side, which she safely reached after a half-hour's sailing.

A YANKEE HERO.

Colonel McLane, of the Eighty-Second Pennsylvania Regiment, who was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, has been eulogized by the Northern papers for courage and brilliant daring. From a general in the Confederate States army, who saw the colonel on the field after his death, the Richmond *Examiner* learns that he was loaded down with armor—having not only a breast-plate, but steel harness for his arms, and the lower part of his body. The bullet which gave his heroic soul its quietus entered in the rear of his left shoulder, and came out on the right side of the abdomen. He was, apparently, shot while lying on the ground.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

The Cairo correspondent of the New York *World* furnished the following singular incident:

Quite a romantic incident was developed here to-day, and for the benefit of your readers who delight in tales of adventure, it shall be related. A woman, named Annie Clark, arrived from Louisville, and proceeded to General Tuttle's headquarters, bearing in her hand a letter requesting transportation South. According to her story, her husband joined the rebel army at Iuka, Mississippi, his place of residence, and she, being desirous of serving in the same cause, assumed male apparel, and became a member of the Louisiana cavalry, where she remained, doing the duties of a soldier, seven months. Becoming dissatisfied with her position, she resigned and joined the Eleventh Tennessee Regiment, in which she also remained seven months. She was in all the skirmishes, and took part in the battle of Shiloh. While the army was encamped, she frequently went over to her husband's regiment to see him. Upon that memorable field her husband fell. She buried him with her own hands, but her attachment to the soldier's life was not lessened. She continued with her comrades until the fight at Richmond, Kentucky, where she was taken prisoner. During all this time her sex was not discovered. It remained for a Yankee to do that. Soon after her capture, she went to the provost marshal in Louisville for a parole, and while waiting, she happened to sneeze. The wily marshal started at the sound, and declared no man ever sneezed like that. The truth was out, and she confessed. As was stated before, she came here, waited upon General Tuttle, and expressed herself perfectly willing to occupy the barracks with the rebel prisoners, and share their fare. The gallant general could not endure to see a female subjected to the rough treatment of male prisoners, so he informed her she could remain in better quarters, which would be supplied by Major Merrill, Provost Marshal, and he, the general, would furnish her with transportation to Dixie in a manner befitting so heroic a woman. Mrs. Clark seems to be about thirty years of age, and has passed under the name of Richard Anderson.

SERENADED.

General Siegel, of Missouri, was serenaded at Washington. An immense crowd was present, who clamored loudly for a speech; whereupon the General opened his mouth, and said:

"Shentlemens: Ise no mans for talk. Ise de mans for fight. Mine sword hash bin drawn for de stars and sthripes, und py de help of all dat ish good, we vill whip de tam rebelmens of de Sout, or never more drink lager, py tam. Vat you say, mine countrymens?"

HIRED A SUBSTITUTE TO STAY BEHIND.

We have heard of many cases of men liable to conscription hiring substitutes to take their places in the ranks; but the instance reported below is uncommon and noteworthy. The young volunteer who hired a substitute to stay behind with the ordnance wagon, while he hastened to take part in the fight, was Seaborn Williams, of Tuskogee, Alabama, a very modest and retiring, but courageous youth, of less than eighteen years, who was killed in the fight near Murfreesboro' The account which we copy is from a letter from the captain of his company, which formed part of the Forty-Fifth Alabama Regiment. Captain Abercrombie wrote thus concerning the matter:

"The day before the fight, I received an order to detail a man to stay with the ordnance train, to bring up ammunition when it was needed to the company. I detailed Seaborn. I noticed that he left his place in line very reluctantly, and went back to the train. Early next morning I saw him again, with his gun, in line. I went up to him, and asked him why he was there. He replied, 'I have hired another man to stay behind with the wagon; and, if you will let me, I prefer to be with the company in the fight to-day.' Unwilling to mortify him, I consented to his stay.

* * * * * *

"He was conspicuous for his almost reckless daring and courage, and though immediately fronting the enemy's artillery, which was but a few yards from us, and was sweeping lanes through our ranks, he boldly and fearlessly pressed straight forward, while others would attempt to seek some shelter from the intervening trees. His arm seemed to be the first to plant a victorious banner upon the enemy's artillery. But he was too conspicuous a mark to pass unscathed through the shower of balls and canister that the enemy was raining upon us, and just as the enemy was giving way, a fatal ball entered his bowels, and passed through them. He fell, but, looking up from the spot consecrated by a brave soldier's fall, he saw the enemy flying in dismay, and his comrades in hot pursuit to avenge his fall."

THE FRENCHMAN'S PREFERENCE.

Shortly after the fall of Sumter, when it had become evident that a lengthy war was imminent, a Frenchman left New Orleans, and started for Paris. "Why," he was asked, "do you go and leave a prosperous business?" His reply was: "Ah ça. Suppose I die before zee war ovair—I cannot be enterré in Perè la Chaise, eh?" The truth of this was evident: "But," asked his interlocutor, "don't you think you could be accommodated with a grave anywhere else?" Shrugging his shoulders, the Frenchman said: "I would razzare not die at all, zan die and be buried anyvere except in *Perè la Chaise.*

REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

The Richmond correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury*, alluding to Bishop Elliot's proposition for a monument to the unknown dead, said "the topic of unknown heroes was frequently introduced in conversation, and mentioned a number of those heroes, among them a cavalry-man from Texas, who, unable to walk a step, carries a pair of crutches on horseback, and with them has continued to perform all the arduous duties required of him."

This soldier is Lamar Fontaine, a private in the "Campbell Rangers," Second Regiment Virginia cavalry. He is the eldest son of the Reverend Edward Fontaine, an Episcopal Minister, residing near Jackson, Mississippi, who commanded the Burt Rifles, of the Eighteenth Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, in the first battle of Manassas, and who is honorably mentioned in General Beauregard's report of it. He was born in Washington County, Texas, in 1841, while his parents resided there, and was named after his father's intimate friend, General Mirabeau Lamar. Previous to the present revolution, Lamar Fontaine lived in his native State, was educated in Austin, and at the Military Academy in Bastrop, and learned practically the most essential duties of a soldier as a Texas Ranger and hunter on the frontiers of Western Texas, where he was unsurpassed as a dexterous rider and skillful marksman. As soon as the war commenced, he came to Mississippi, and enlisted as a private in the first company organized for the defence of the State, the Mississippi Rifles, of Jackson, commanded by Captain Robert Smith, the heroic Colonel Smith who fell at Mumfordsville, Kentucky. Under this excellent officer he served at Pensacola, as an infantry soldier, and then as an artillerist, until he was transferred to his father's company in the army of the Potomac. At the battle of Manassas he was severely wounded by a cannon shot, which passed under his feet, bruising one of them badly. He was unwilling to be discharged, and his father procured him a transfer to Captain Alexander's Company, (I,) Second Regiment Virginia cavalry Under Generals Jackson and Ewell, he distinguished himself in the battles of Front Royal, Cross Keys, and all the actions of the Valley. Near Winchester, in company with a young gentleman from Campbell County, Virginia, private John Moore, he performed a feat without a parallel in the annals of war, and which is mentioned with the highest commendation in General Ewell's official report. These two young men, unassisted and alone, charged a piece of artillery planted on the Winchester turnpike, manned by eight of the enemy, killed and wounded two of their number, drove the rest from the gun, and brought it off in triumph to their commander. Near Strasburg, a shell exploded against his horse's head, blowing it to atoms, and breaking Lamar's thigh. While his comrades were carrying him from the field, another shell wounded him severely in the hip. Soon after his wounds were dressed, while lying under a tree, a

Minie ball penetrated the back of his neck, passed down near his spine, and lodged where the surgeons have not been able to find it. Since then, his right leg and side have remained paralyzed. He recovered sufficiently to obtain leave of absence from the hospital in Charlottesville for several weeks, which he spent with his company in performing military duty, with his crutches tied to his saddle. In this condition he fought seven battles—Hazel River Bridge, Warrenton Springs, the Rappahannock or Waterloo Bridge, the battles of the 29th, 30th and 31st, at Manassas, and the battle of Germantown.

While the enemy were shelling Warrenton Springs, General R. H. Anderson wished to ascertain what division of the army occupied the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite his position. He volunteered to bring him the necessary information, swam the Rappahannock, surprised three of the enemy's armed pickets, and brought them across the river to the general, who gave the crutched hero a certificate complimenting his skill and gallantry. At the battle of Hazel River, a Minie ball broke one of his crutches, and one of the enemy's horses, without a rider, ran against him and broke the other. In the second day's fight at Manassas, he had a horse killed under him, and another the day after at Germantown. While pursuing the enemy's cavalry, a pistol-shot penetrated his cap, grazed his temple, and knocked him from his horse. Since he has been pronounced incompetent to perform military duty, on account of his wounds, and while acting as a volunteer on hospital furloughs, he has captured six prisoners without any assistance, and killed many of the enemy. In different battles he has had six horses killed under him, and I have no doubt has killed more of the enemy than any soldier in our army.

"BLESS DE LORD, I IS SECESH YET."

A private letter from Winchester, describing the scenes which occurred there during its occupation by the Federal General, Milroy, related the following incident:

"They had an old darkey under arrest because he would not work, and said he was 'secesh.' They put him in the guard-house and kept him for three days on water. The fourth day the officer went, and said, 'Are you secesh yet?' The faithful old fellow, clapping his hands, said, 'Bless de Lord, Massa, I is secesh yet." They then took him up to the general's, and put very large iron balls to his legs, and set him to splitting wood. Brother Alexander went by and saw him. It happened that the officer who was guarding him was the same who had searched our house, and arrested brother. He was cursing the poor old negro dreadfully; said he ought to have a ball on his neck and one on both arms. The old fellow went on splitting, saying all the time, 'Bless de Lord, Massa, anywhere you can put it. You can

kill de body, but you can't kill de soul, and when dat gets to heaven it will be seeesh yet.' Brother called to the officer, and said, 'Halloa, Grant, is that what you call freedom?' Mother and John Godfrey M. were standing on the steps, laughing and talking. Just at the moment, some little children were laughing and making fun of the Yankees; General Clusara passed by, and thought mother and John were laughing at him with the children, and took them both up to headquarters, where they were kept for several hours. So, you see we were not allowed even to laugh."

THE UBIQUITOUS JACKSON!—WHERE IS HE?

A citizen of Richmond was conversing with two wounded Federal officers on a train coming from the battle-field, when one of the latter remarked that McClellan was fully aware of all the movements of the Confederates—that nothing transpired on our lines of which he was not immediately informed. "Ah," said the citizen, "perhaps, then, you can tell me where Stonewall Jackson is at present." "Oh, yes," replied the Federal, "he is in the Valley, and has been largely reinforced." "Indeed," was the rejoinder; "now what would you say if I was to tell you that Stonewall is now in the rear of your army on the Chickahominy, with a fair prospect of giving McClellan a worse rout than he gave Banks on the Shenandoah?" The Federal started as if he had received another shock from a bomb-shell, and at once subsided into silence.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

The Mobile *Tribune* related an instance of female patriotism which is worthy of preservation. Mrs. Deborah Lansford, of Cherokee County, Mississippi, was in a dying condition, with no hope of recovery. While thus situated, she superintended the making of ten pairs of jeans pants for General Price's army, and made a last request of her husband that he should superintend the delivery of the present. Such is a single instance of the true patriotism that animates the noble mothers of our Confederacy.

AN ITEM FOR THE NORTHERN PRESS.

The Lynchburg *Republican* says, that in the interior of some of the Southern States flour is so scarce that children three and four years old have never seen biscuits. The father of a family being on a visit to Savannah, took home with him some buiscuits for his boys, aged three and five years old. Observing the eldest with a coal of fire on the top of his biscuit, he asked him what it meant. "To make the darned critter poke his head out," answered the boy; "that 's the way, dad, to make terrapins crawl." The father laughed a hearty haw, haw, and left.

LAMAR FONTAINE ON A SCOUT.

The Mobile *Register* published the following interesting letter from the father of Lamar Fontaine, author of "All quiet along the Potomac to-night:"

Lamar is continually in the saddle, and employed in very hazardous enterprises. His last feat of arms was the most daring he has yet performed.

He left my house May 24, under orders from General Johnston, to bear a verbal dispatch to General Pemberton, in Vieksburg, and to carry a supply of pereussion caps to our troops in that besieged eity. I parted with him, hardly hoping ever to see him again alive; for I knew that Vicksburg was closely invested on all sides. The enemy's lines of circumvallation extended from Snyder's Bluff, on the Yazoo, to Warrenton, on the Mississippi, and the rivers and their opposite shores are filled and lined with their forces.

He was well mounted, but was burdened with forty pounds of pereussion caps, besides his blanket and erutches. He has no use of his broken leg, and cannot walk a step without a eruteh; and in mounting his horse, he has to lift it over the saddle with his right hand. But he aceomplishes this operation with much dexterity, and without assistance. I loaned him a very fine sabre with a wooden scabbard, to prevent rattling, and a very reliable revolver, which has never missed fire when loaded by me.

The family were called together for prayer, and we prayed fervently that the God of our fathers would shield him from all danger, and enable him to fulfil his mission to Vieksburg sueeessfully, and give him a safe return to us all. I then exhorted him to remember that if it was the will of God for him to live and serve his eountry, all the Yankees owned by Lincoln could not kill him; but if it was the divine will that he should die, he would be in as much danger at home as in Vieksburg, and death would certainly find him, no matter where he might be. I eharged him to use his best endeavors to kill every one of the jackals who should attempt to stop his course, or eome within the reach of his sword or pistol.

He crossed the Big Blaek River that night, and the next day got between their lines and the division of their army which was at Mechanicsburg. He hid his horse in a ravine, and ensconced himself in a fallen tree, overlooking the road during that day. From his hiding-place he witnessed the retreat of the Yankees, who passed him in considerable haste and eonfusion. After their eolumns had gone by, and the night had made it safe for him to move, he continued his route in the direction of Snyder's Bluff. As he entered the telegraphic road from Yazoo City to Vieksburg, he was hailed by a pieket, but dashed by him. A volley was fired at him by the Yankees. He eseaped unhurt, but a Minie ball wounded his horse mortally. The spirited animal, however, carried him safely to the

bank of the Yazoo River, where he died, and left him afoot. He lost one of his crutches in making his escape. This was jerked from him by the limb of a tree, and he had no time to pick it up.

With the assistance of one crutch, he carried his baggage and groped along the Yazoo until he providentially discovered a small log canoe, tied by a rope, within his reach. He pressed this into his service, and paddled down the river until he met three Yankee gunboats coming up to Yazoo City. He avoided them by running under some willows overhanging the water, and lying concealed until they passed. Soon afterwards he floated by Snyder's Bluff, which was illuminated, and alive with Yankees and negroes, participating in the amusement of a grand ball of mixed races. He lay flat in his canoe, which was nothing but a hollow log, and could hardly be distinguished from a piece of drift-wood—and glided safely through the gunboats, transports and barges of the amalgamationists. He reached the back water of the Mississippi before day, and in the darkness missed the outlet of the Yazoo, and got into "Old River." After searching in vain for a pass into the Mississippi, day dawned, and he discovered his mistake. He was forced to conceal his boat and himself, and lie by for another day. He had been two nights without food, and began to suffer the pangs of hunger.

At night he paddled back into the Yazoo, and descended it to the Mississippi, passing forty or fifty of the Yankee transports. Only one man hailed him, from the stern of a steamboat, and asked him where he was going. He replied that he was going to his fishing-lines. In the bend above Vicksburg he floated by the mortar fleet, lying flat in his canoe. The mortars were in full blast bombarding the city. The next morning he tied a white handkerchief to his paddle, raised himself up in the midst of our picket boats at Vicksburg, and gave a loud huzza for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy, amid the *vivas* of our sailors, who gave him a joyful reception, and assisted him to General Pemberton's quarters.

After resting a day and night in the city, he started out with a dispatch from General Pemberton to General Johnston. He embarked on his same canoe, and soon reached the enemy's fleet below the city. He avoided their picket boats on both shores, and floated near their gunboats. He passed so near one of these that through an open port-hole he could see men playing cards, and hear them converse. At Diamond Place he landed, and bade adieu to his faithful "dugout." After hobbling through the bottom to the hills, he reached the residence of a man who had been robbed by the savages of all his mules and horses except an old worthless gelding and a half-broken colt. He gave him the choice of them, and he mounted the colt, but found that he traveled badly. Providentially, he came upon a very fine horse in the bottom, tied by a blind bridle, without a saddle.

As a basket and an old bag were lying near him, he inferred that a negro had left him there, and that a Yankee camp was not far distant. He exchanged bridles, saddled the horse, and mounted him, after turning loose the colt.

After riding so as to avoid the supposed position of the Yankees, he encountered one of the thieves, who was returning to it from a successful plundering excursion. He was loaded with chickens and a bucket of honey. He commenced catechizing Lamar in true Yankee style, who concluded it best to satisfy his curiosity by sending him where he could know all that the devil could teach him. With a pistol bullet through his forehead, he left him, with his honey and poultry, lying in the path, to excite the conjectures of his fellow thieves.

He approached with much caution the next settlement. There he hired a guide for fifty dollars to pilot him to Hankerson's Ferry, on Big Black River, which he wished to reach, near that point, without following any road. The fellow he hired proved to be a traitor. When he got near the ferry, Lamar sent him ahead to ascertain whether any Yankees were in the vicinity. The conversation and manners of the man had excited his suspicions, and as soon as he left him, he concealed himself, but remained where he could watch his return. He remained much longer than he expected, but returned and reported that the way was open, and that no Yankees were near the ferry. After paying him, he took the precaution to avoid the ferry, and to approach the river above it, instead of following the guide's directions. By this he flanked a force of the Yankees posted to intercept him; but as he entered the road near the river bank, one of them, who seemed to be on the right of a long line of sentinels, suddenly rose up within ten feet of him, and ordered him to halt. He replied with a pistol shot, which killed the sentinel dead, and, wheeling his horse, galloped through the bottom, up the river; but the Yankees sent a shower of balls after him, two of which wounded his right hand, injuring four of his fingers. One grazed his right leg, cutting two holes through his pantaloons, and another cut through one side of my sword-scabbard, spoiling its beauty, but leaving a mark which makes me prize it more highly. Seven bullets struck the horse, which reeled under him, but had strength and speed to bear him a mile from his pursuers before he fell and died. Lamar then divided his clothes and arms into two packages, and swam Big Black River safely. He did not walk far before a patriotic lady supplied him with the only horse she had—a stray one, which came to her house after the Yankees had carried off all the animals belonging to the place. On this he reached Raymond at two o'clock in the morning, changed his horse for a fresh one, carried his dispatch to Jackson that morning, and rejoiced us all by an unexpected visit the same day.

SOUTHERN LADIES.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* writes: The indomitable spirit, patriotic resolution, and heroic self-denial of the ladies of this Confederacy is unconquerable. In Williamsburg, they cheered on our men, encouraged them by words and deeds, implored them to strike down the barbarian, and next day refused to let any Federalist, officer or private, to pollute their threshholds. As an illustration: Two days before the battle, the wife of a certain hotel-keeper gave birth to a beautiful boy. The father and husband was in the Confederate service. When the place fell into the hands of the Federals, one of their officers came to her house and demanded to see her. She arose, dressed herself, and met him at the door. "What do you wish of me?" said she. "I want to bring you before the general," was the response. "What for?" "Your husband is a rebel, and you have entertained rebels and given them information." "I understand it," said the heroine; "I keep a hotel; offices who defended my home lodged here; I wish I could inform them of the means of destroying all of your accursed horde, and I would cheerfully do so. You have come to arrest me, but that can be done only when you or I, one or the other, is dead; elect your choice." And he left without her! Speaking of this incident to General McClellan, Dr. Cullen recently said: "How can you ever expect to conquer a people whose women even are so unconquerable?" To which "the young Napoleon" responded by a despondent shake of his head.

A BRAVE BOY.

Among the many acts of heroic bravery, so widely circulated among the newspapers as stirring "scenes by flood and field," in the battle of Manassas Plains, on the 21st of July, 1861, none more justly deserves a passing memento than the gallant deportment of young David Myers, of Louisiana, a grand-son of Colonel David Myers, deceased, formerly of Richland District, South Carolina.

This young soldier is only fourteen years old, and a member of Captain Gary's Company, in the Hampton Legion, and is a nephew of the Honorable Tilman Watson, of Edgefield District, whose name the company bears—the "Watson Guards." This little fellow deserted his military school at Aiken, and contrived to enlist secretly in a company for the defence of Charleston and the subjugation of Fort Sumter, without letting his father or any of his relatives know anything of his whereabouts, and lived so private at Morris' Island, during the siege there, that although he had two uncles (Senators in the State Legislature) in that city during the month of January, who frequently visited the works and defences, they never dreamed that he was enrolled in the encampment as a soldier there, where he remained until the surrender by Major Anderson.

This so fired his young heart that he then insisted, on going to his grand-mother's, in Edgefield District, that he should be permitted to join the Watson Guards, under Captain Gary; and said that he was determined to fight the Yankees to the end of the war; and his grand-mother at length yielded, and sent a big, strong negro fellow to take care of him. On the day of the memorable battle, Dave was sick, and had been several days, but with a light breakfast and a blister on him the size of a breakfast-plate, he ran seven miles as well as any of them, and when in the midst of the severest part of the fighting, after being five hours on foot, shot an officer, and advanced upon him, under a heavy fire, some distance in front of his company, and captured a sword from his person, which he now has in his own possession. He killed a soldier, and took his gun also, in another part of the fray.

After the action, and subsequently to the disorderly retreat of the grand army, when once more upon his sick pallet, Mr. John Nicholson, a brother soldier who had more experience, advised him to go back to Richmond to recruit his health, but turning over, with his teeth firmly set, he declared that he would never do that until the Confederate army had captured the city of Washington. That nothing should deprive him of being present on that occasion, and true to his instincts, he is still lingering in the field, awaiting the slow but certain approaches of the army to that result.

LAST MOMENTS OF CAPTAIN WISE.

A letter, from Ronaoke Island, published in the New York *Herald*, gives the following report of a conversation which a Federal officer held with Captain O. Jennings Wise, in his dying moments:

While referring to the officers, it may be interesting to relate the particulars of an interview which took place between O. Jennings Wise and Major Kimball, of the Ninth New York volunteers, who, it will be remembered, so gallantly led the charge of that regiment in the taking of the rebel batteries. The former, after his capture in the boat, was conveyed to the hospital near the above, where Major Kimball was introduced to him by Dr. Coles, of the Wise Legion.

"I am sorry to see you under these circumstances," said Major Kimball, as the wounded man turned towards him, his face betraying the intense agony he endured; "I hope your injuries are not fatal, and that you will recover."

Wise shook his head with an expression that showed his belief that his days were numbered.

"I hope, Captain Wise," said Major Kimball, continuing, "that the time will come when we shall be re-united under that flag—the Union colors."

Wise shook his head again, and, in a firm, bold tone, ejaculated, "Never! never! We will never live under that flag again. Every man, woman and child in the South is willing to pour out the last drop of life's blood before it shall be so. You may possibly annihilate us, but can never reduce us to the condition of a conquered province."

"Well, Captain Wise," responded Major Kimball, "you cannot be ignorant that the North is determined to enforce the laws and the Constitution, and have the Southern States acknowledge the supremacy of that flag. Our people are as firm as yours in the matter. But there is no use in discussing these affairs now. The war, I hope, will continue to be conducted on both sides in accordance with the principles of civilized nations."

Wise replied he was glad it had been so far, and also hoped it would continue so.

Major Kimball then offered the wounded man any assistance in his power, for which Wise returned his thanks very warmly. The surgeons in attendance now interdicted any further conversation, owing to the weak condition of their patient, who lingered on, until the next morning, when he died.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch* writes:

When the steamer arrived at Currituck, General Wise directed that the coffin containing the remains of his son be opened. Then, I learn from those who were present, a scene transpired that words cannot describe. The old hero bent over the body of his son, on whose pale face the full moon threw its light, kissed the cold brow many times, and exclaimed, in an agony of emotion: "O, my brave boy, you have died for me—you have died for me."

That powerful old hero of Eastern Virginia, as famous for the generous impulses of his soul as for his indomnitable bravery and prowess—recovering now from his illness—and nerved, perchance, more strongly, by the great loss he has sustained, will fight the enemy with an energy and a determination that will scarcely be successfully resisted by the congregating enemies of freedom and humanity.

"WAS N'T SKEER'D."

The Cincinatti *Enquirer* is responsible for the following:

A republican gentleman of this city, in a recent visit to Washington, called upon President Lincoln. In the course of the conversation, the visitor inquired if his excellency had not felt some alarm about the safety of the capital, to which the *President* gave the following classic reply: "O, the Cabinet were somewhat alarmed, but I was n't skeer'd a hooter." The visitor left profoundly impressed that the nation had the right man in the right place!

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

A correspondent of the Columbus *Enquirer* gives the following graphic and harrowing account of what he saw in a Richmond hospital after the battles around that city:

Soon after we "stacked arms," several of us visited a large hospital, which had just been built for the express purpose of accommodating the wounded of this battle; and, oh, my God! what a harrowing sight of human suffering! And if this picture be terrible, what must have been the bloody battle-field on which the noble fellows fought and fell! Here is a poor unfortunate, leaning on his last arm, looking so wistfully and sad, whose right arm has just gone, before the balance of his body, to its sepulture. There lies another, near him, whose leg has just been amputated. Another, as we pass along, pulls out a large Minie ball from his pocket, and, pointing to a ghastly wound in his side, tells us how he suffered, as he lay, the long night through, without water, or food, or gentle words, on the field, just where he fell. We pass row after row of those wounded in the limbs; for this class constituted, perhaps, four-fifths of the whole number.

But away over yonder, in the corner of a building, where a large group are collected around the lowly couch of the sufferer, is the saddest sight of all. An intelligent looking man, some thirty-five or forty years of age, who was wounded in the abdomen the day before, is dying. His mother, sisters, wife—where are they? Alas, they are, perhaps, at this moment, praying for his safe return. No familiar face meets his sinking vision, as his earnest eyes begin to glaze in death. But many of the noble hearted wives and daughters, and sisters of Richmond, like angels of mercy, crowd these halls of horrid suffering, and they gather kindly around the stranger's humble bed, to wipe away death's gathering dews, and with their gentle ministrations, mitigate the agonies that crowd his mortal hour. God bless the noble ladies of Richmond. Every Southern soldier—wounded or well—is made the beneficiary of their unbounded hospitality. And they are kind and gentle even to the Yankee prisoners—the vandal thieves who started here to inaugurate a rule in Richmond like that which curses New Orleans.

KEEN RETORT.

While the Yankee officers, captured by Forrest, at Murfreesboro', were passing Post Oak Springs, a lady of that village, at whom they stared rather impudently, sarcastically remarked that they were a good looking set of Yankees. "Yes, madam," responded one of the captured officers, "and we all wish to marry."

"Well, sir," rejoined the lady, "when you have subjugated the South, or failing in that, emigrated to Liberia, I will guarantee each of you a robust, woolly-headed negro wife."

A HEROIC GIRL.

The Memphis *Appeal* relates one of the most heroic acts of the war, which occurred near Germantown, Tennessee. Two Federal soldiers entered the dwelling of an old citizen, and after being well treated, they demanded the old gentleman's money, and one of the ruffians sought to force a compliance with their demand by levelling his gun at the head of the house. The old lady interposed herself between the gun of the miscreant and her husband, and while the coward hesitated to shoot, a daughter of the aged couple came from an adjoining room, and seeing the situation of affairs, seized a double-barreled shot gun, with which she shot the ruffian through the head, killing him instantly. His companion fled, while the inmates of the house remained uninjured.

YANKEE OUTRAGES IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

Captain Reading, a citizen of Memphis, having made his escape from that city, informed the editor of the Montgomery *Advertiser*, among other things, that the conduct of the Yankees to the inhabitants in the vicinity of Memphis was brutal in the extreme. They are literally no respecters of persons. He related an instance of a lady living about six miles from Memphis, who was called upon by a gang of Yankee marauders. The robbers took possession of the house and beautiful grounds, and ordered the servants to prepare dinner. After having satisfied their appetites, they amused themselves by disfiguring the grounds and portions of the house. Learning that the lady's husband and sons were in the Confederate army, the officer in command informed her that her property was confiscated, and spying a valuable cross suspended from her neck, he ordered her to give it up. This she refused to do, when he called on two of his men to hold her, while a third took off the cross. They stole her wedding-ring, and the miniature of a dead child, which she had in her possession. This is a sample of the way in which the Yankees are running up a huge debt of vengeance, which will yet be repaid with interest by the people of the South.

OLD STONEWALL'S SECRETS.

It has come to be commonly said in camp that nobody knows Stonewall's secrets except his old negro body servant. Some one talking to the old negro asked him how he came to be so much in the confidence of his master. "Lord, sir," said he, "massa never tells me nothing, but the way I know is this—massa says his prayers twice a day, morning and night—but if he gets out of bed two or three times in the night to pray, you see I just commences packing my haversack, for I knows there will be *the devil to pay next day*."

AN INCIDENT ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The following extract from a letter from Fredericksburg, written by an officer in General Lee's army, relates a pleasant incident in camp life, which no doubt helped materially to relieve its monotony:

It is acknowledged that the Federals, with all their faults, have some capital bands in their ranks. One of these organizations came down to the river side opposite Fredericksburg, and favored our boys (who had gathered in large numbers to listen) with a variety of popular pieces, in the best style. Applause from the audience on each side followed. The band then struck up "Dixie," and executed it in a credible manner. At its conclusion, our soldiers sent up such a shout as made the welkin ring. This was followed by "Yankee Doodle," when a burst of applause from the Federals followed. Finally, the band played "Home, Sweet Home," a melody which all could feel and appreciate; and when it was hushed, such a shout went up from both armies as I doubt has ever been heard on earth. I looked around me, and saw tears coursing down many a furrowed and battle-worn cheek, and if the frantic cheers that went up from the other side of the river were any criterion, our neighboring enemies were as much affected.

A HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

The editor of the Knoxville *Register* relates the following touching incident:

After the battle of Sharpsburg, we passed over a line of railroad in Central Georgia. The disabled soldiers from General Lee's armies were returning to their homes. At every station, the wives and daughters of the farmers came on the cars and distributed food and wines and bandages among the sick and wounded. We shall never forget how very like an angel was a pretty little girl; how blushingly and modestly she went to a real rude, bearded soldier, who had carved a crutch from a rough plank to replace a lost leg; how this little girl asked him if he was hungry, and how he ate like a famished wolf. She asked if his wound was painful, and in a voice of soft, mellow accents, "Can I do nothing more for you? I am so sorry that you are so badly hurt; have you a little daughter, and won't she cry when she sees you?" The rude soldier's heart was touched, and tears of love and gratitude filled his eyes. He only answered, "I have three little children. God grant that they may be such angels as you." With an evident effort, he repressed a desire to kiss the fair brow of the pretty little girl. He took her little hand between both his own, and bade her "good-bye, God bless you." This child will always be a better woman because of these lessons of practical god-like charity stamped ineffaceably upon her young heart.

THE LADIES OF FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

A gentleman, highly esteemed by his numerous friends in the army for his hospitality and kindness to the soldiers, for whom a seat is always reserved, as well as for his numerous other attractive characteristics, not the least of which is having his home graced by three beautiful daughters, finding it impossible to obtain even a temporary residence in the country, resolved to remain in town during the bombardment, and, if possible, to protect his house and property from plunder. After the town was occupied by the enemy, he was seized by a couple of soldiers and taken before the colonel of one of the regiments occupying the town, without even knowing the charge upon which he was arrested. His eldest daughter, one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in the city, hearing of the circumstance a moment after its occurrence, immediately set out to find her father, whom she soon overtook, and accompanied to the presence of the colonel. "Sir," said she, "my father has been arrested without a charge, and is innocent of any crime. I have come to ask his release. Your men are more than cowards—they are fiends." "Madam," replied he, "you are right, they are fiends; your father is at liberty to accompany you home." Before they had returned home, a party of drunken soldiers, accompanied by an officer, had gathered in front of the house, apparently with the intention of offering further violence or insult, while the ladies and children were left without a protector. No sooner had the second daughter (who is also a lovely and interesting lady) noticed this, than she drew an old family sword from its scabbard, and placed herself in the door-way, and defied them to enter the house. In vain did the officer protest and advise. With Spartan courage, she still held her place. "Madam," said he, "you are excited." "Not a bit, sir; I am only determined that the first one who enters that gate will find it to his cost." And thus she remained until the return of her father, who relieved her from her unpleasant but responsible post as protector of the family. Can such heroism be surpassed? A Yankee general found in one house a lady guarding her household. "Madam," said he, "you are in danger; will you not go beyond the river?" "No, sir,' she replied, "I have no more business beyond that river than a Yankee has in *heaven*." "Have you a husband in the Confederate army?" was next asked. "No, sir, I have a son; but if my husband does not now enlist, and avenge the wrongs that this town has suffered, I will disown him." "Madam," replied the officer, "I admire your spirit; while I remain here, your person and property shall be protected." The same officer was afterwards heard to exclaim, "I would rather face the whole Confederate army than the women of Fredericksburg."

"OLD BLIZZARD."

The Fort Pemberton correspondent of the Jackson *Appeal* said of General Wm. Loring:

General Loring is called "Old Blizzard!" throughout the whole camp, from the following circumstances: The day before the enemy came down, it was determined to remove a heavy gun from the right wing of our works to the left. It was brought over, but the mud was so deep that the gun stuck fast about twenty steps from the platform upon which it had to be placed. General Loring came up in person and assisted in getting it out of its perilous position. He urged the men to renewed labor, telling them the smoke of the gunboats was not more than twelve hundred yards distant. A desperate attempt was made, and the gun was got into position, just as the boat got in sight. He jumped up on a cotton bale upon the parapet, took off his hat and waved it, shouting: "Now, boys, give them a *blizzard!*" The conical messenger was sped, and we had the satisfaction of seeing it strike the gunboat in the bow.

DEPARTURE OF CONFEDERATES FROM NEW ORLEANS.

A writer in the Jackson *Appeal* furnishes the subjoined graphic description of scenes and incidents attending the departure of paroled Confederate prisoners from New Orleans:

The day has risen which, to all our city, is a day most memorable—one which, when even thought of, will make the blood of every Southerner—of every man—bound more quickly—of one of the events which would alone raise a barrier between the North and South; which even stirred the sluggish blood in the coward veins of those of Louisiana's sons who have basely stayed at home, hoping to profit by and enjoy the liberties their noble brethren will win. Friday, the 20th of February, was one of Louisiana's sweetest days. I will venture to say that the subject discussed at every breakfast table that day was the great event all had been looking forward to—the departure of our paroled prisoners. All were enjoying the idea that, though but for a few brief hours, we should enjoy the sight of the dear grey uniform again on our streets. The humblest that wore it—no matter how rough the material—was looked upon as a hero; was followed by the loving eyes of all; was bid God-speed by the lips of the old, the young, the beautiful. Nine o'clock came. Our streets commenced to fill. At eleven, there was not a gallery, window, house-top, from Canal street as far as the eye could reach, that was not crowded. A little later the levee, from the river's bank to the sidewalk, was impassible. The boat on which our boys were to leave lay near the foot of Canal street. It was to leave at one o'clock. The deck was already filling fast with the prisoners, and at

each fresh arrival the crowd would cheer, wave their handkerchiefs and little flags.

Suddenly we were addressed from the top of a barrel, by a little, sneaking Yankee, who, in a voice tremulous for fear, said: "This crowd is ordered to disperse; thirty minutes is given to it." No move followed. Suddenly a company of infantry appeared upon the scene; marched rapidly through the crowd to the river brink; formed in a long line, and when ordered to charge, deliberately and boldly walked forward, bayonets fixed, upon the crowd of women and children, who moved slowly before them, most of the ladies waving their handkerchiefs over their shoulders, defiantly, in the face of the Yankee scamps. As soon as they were pressed on to the pavement, the ladies, instead of retreating, coolly flanked the line of soldiers, and returned to their post. This was constantly repeated. Suddenly, along thundered three companies of cavalry and artillery. One noble woman, nothing daunted, went further up the river, and our levee, for the rest of Friday, was lined with the crowd to Carrollton. At about eight in the evening, we heard the prisoners would not leave till the next day. The crowd on the street disappeared. Many a husband then went home, expecting to find a wife or child there for whom he had been hunting all day; and many were disappointed. Many a father that night nursed a motherless babe, and probably learned to appreciate more fully the value of a wife. When driven off the levee, many ladies got on the steamer Laurel Hill. She is under Yankee control. They were ordered ashore, but refused to go. The captain then put out into the stream. Instead of frightening the ladies, the act only roused them, and the boat, from the number of handkerchiefs waving, looked as though covered with a cloud. I never heard such cheering. They were carried past the prisoners' boat and down to English turn, where they were kept all day. At about six in the evening, they were brought back to the city. Upon coming to the wharf, instead of landing in submissive silence, they struck up the "Bonny Blue Flag." A file of soldiers was then taken on board, and the boat put off again.

The ladies were kept on board all night without any place to sleep or sit upon, and nothing to eat but a few musty biscuits. They were landed at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning. Of course, as there were about four hundred on board, there was a large crowd of friends and relatives on the levee to see them land, which they were not allowed to do until the crowd was again ordered to disperse. Our brave foes even went into the houses and drove the ladies from the windows and galleries. In one house, where there was a large party of friends, they went in and ordered them to leave. The ladies started to do so, and the Yankees left. No sooner had they turned their backs than the ladies returned to their places, waving and calling out once more, "Good-bye, dear Confederates!" Again the Yan-

kees returned. This was repeated three times, until they drove the ladies out. Amusing incidents were so plentiful that day that I could fill your paper with their recital, and then not recount one-half. But one I must mention. It was that of an old French lady, who, when the Yankees attempted to drive her at the point of the bayonet, placed herself behind a big fat darkey, and told the Yankees, "if you try to stick me, you will have to do it through your dearest friend and sister." She maintained her post. They were insulted that day in every manner. I saw one lady break her umbrella over a soldier's head. The scene beggars description. If there was one, there was a concourse of thirty thousand. A negro girl said, "well, if I've got to be sent to the forts, it shall be for something—hurrah for Jeff Davis! hurrah for Beauregard!" Just then a soldier made a kind of lunge at her, and over she rolled; she picked herself up, and got off, still hurrahing. Many ladies were arrested for waving flags, but were mercifully and generously dismissed the next day.

AFRAID OF FIRE.

Colonel ——, with his regiment, was being carried in a train to Grenada, Mississippi, and, like a great many warriors who have never drawn their battle-blade, he was more intemperate in the expression of his valor than comported with a nice discretion or the modesty which accompanies bravery. He was like the Irishman at Donneybrook, "spilen for a fight," and could n't get anybody to tread on his coat tail. When the conductor asked for his ticket, the colonel wanted to know if he intended it for an insult, and the meek "no, sir," in reply, seemed rather to disappoint our hero. At last, however, a chance occurred. The journal of one of the cars became heated from the friction, and the oil and cotton used to grease the wheels took fire and blazed up, awaking the colonel from his nap. He was furious, swore that the conductor had set the cars on fire, and he would blow his d—d head off on sight.

The train stopped, and out jumped the colonel and the conductor, face to face.

"What in the h—l do you mean, setting this car on fire?" exclaimed the former.

"Why, colonel, you ain't afraid of that little fire, are you?" asked the conductor.

"Yes, by —, I am, and if you try it again, I'll blow your head off."

"Well, colonel, if that little fire scares you, you had better not go to Grenada, I tell you, for the Yankees won't let you stay there five minutes."

This cured the colonel of looking up a fight, and he is now always ready to take a hand when required, but don't go out of his way in search of one.

THE DYING SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

"Next morning after the battle of Gaines' Mills, as I was looking for impliments with which to bury the dead of my company, I came upon a quiet spot where the ambulance corps had brought together a number of our poor fellows, too desperately wounded to be carried even to the field hospitals in the rear. Here they could conveniently be furnished with water, and the few other comforts which their condition allowed during their remaining hours. My attention was particularly attracted to one whose stalwart form and manly features made him a marked object, even among the heroes who lay around him. It was evident that his end was nigh, though his face was calm and his eye still bright.

"Going to him, I inquired if he was much hurt. He replied: 'Yes, I must soon die,' and showed me his wound. A grape-shot had shattered his shoulder, and penetrated deeply into his vitals. He said the shot still remained in his body. Struck with the resigned expression of his countenance, I asked him of his preparation to meet death. He told me that 'before he left home, he had been a careless sinner, but since entering the the army, he had been reading his Bible, and this had led him to serious reflection; and now, that he was about to die, he felt that, though a great sinner, he could trust in Jesus Christ for salvation. He had but one regret, and that was, the thought of how much pain his death would give his sisters and his aged father, whose only son he was.' Tears trickled down the cheeks of the dying soldier, as he spoke of the grief these loved ones at home would suffer. Still his language was that of perfect resignation to the will of God.

"My duty allowed me but a few moments to stay with him, and with a few words appropriate to his situation, I pressed his hand and bade him 'good-bye,' commending him to the blessing of God. My regiment was soon ordered forward in pursuit of the enemy, and I never saw the young man more. But I have often thought of him, and it has frequently occurred to me that it might be a consolation to his friends at home, to know the happy and peaceful frame of mind in which he met death, and which, perhaps, he may never have made known to any one but myself—a total stranger.

"I would have written privately to his friends, but I knew not how to direct the letter. I only remember that he said he was an only son, that he had sisters and a father at home, and that his name was Nesbitt, of York District, South Carolina." *

THE NEW CONFEDERATE FLAG.

The first use made of the new Confederate flag in Richmond was to enwrap the remains of the departed chieftain, Jackson.

FUN IN ABE'S CAMP.

Some of the hordes of Abe Lincoln have fun in them, and seem to be living "in clover." Read the following Washington letter:

I am living luxuriously, at present, on the top of a very respectable fence, and fare sumptuously on three granite biscuits a day, and a glass of water weakened with brandy. A high private in the Twenty-Second Regiment has promised to let me have one of his square pocket-handkerchiefs for a sheet the first rainy night, and I never go to bed on my comfortable willow brush without thinking how many poor creatures there are in this world who have to sleep on hair mattresses and feather beds all their lives. Before the great rush of Fire Zouaves and the rest of the menagerie commenced, I boarded exclusively on a front stoop in Pennsylvania avenue, and used to slumber, regardless of expense, in a well-conducted ash box; but the military monopolize all such accommodations now, and I give way for the sake of my country.

I tell you, my boy, we 're having high old times here just now, and if they get any higher, I shan't be able to afford to stay. The city is "in danger" every hour, and, as a veteran in the Fire Zouaves remarked, there seems to be enough danger lying around loose on Arlington Heights to make a very good blood-and-thunder fiction, in numerous pages. If the vigilant and well educated sentinels happen to see a nigger on the upper side of the Potomac, they sing out: "Here they come!" and the whole blessed army is snapping caps in less than a minute.

Then all the reporters telegraph to their papers in New York and Philadelphia that "Jeff. Davis is within two minutes' walk of the capitol, with a few millions of men," and all the free States send six more regiments apiece to crowd us a little more. I shan't stand much more crowding, for my fence is full now, and there was six applications yesterday to rent an improved knot hole. My landlord says that if more than three chaps set up house-keeping on one post, he 'll be obliged to raise the rent.

The greatest confidence in General Scott is felt by all, and it would do you good to see the gay old hero take the oath. He takes it after every meal, and the first thing when he gets up in the morning.

Those Fire Zouaves are fellows of awful suction, I tell you. Just for greens, I asked one of them what he came here for? "Hah!" says he, shutting one eye, "we came here to strike for your altars and your fires—especially your fires." General Scott says that if he wanted these chaps to break through the army of the foe, he 'd have a fire-bell rung for some district on the other side of the rebels. He says that a half a million of traitors could not keep the Fire Zouaves out of that district five minutes. I believe him, my boy.

FEDERAL RULE IN NEW ORLEANS—REVELATIONS OF AN EYE WITNESS.

General Butler wore a coat of mail, which was clearly discernible under his clothes, and extended to his hips. In his office, two revolvers lay continually on his desk, which he often handled, to impress or intimidate. Until after the entire population had been disarmed, he never appeared on the streets except in a carriage, with three orderly sergeants, and surrounded by a troop of horsemen, all armed to the teeth. As he lay stretched back on the cushions, his glances were as cruel, restless and suspicious as a tiger cat's. His behavior was full of ostentation and bravado. His manners showed him to have been bred in a vulgar station, and no glitter of authority could impress the beholder that he was aught but a *parvenu* and a pretender.

One of Butler's pets is "Colonel" Jonas H. French, whilom provost marshal general of Louisiana, but degraded by Banks to be a police officer in New Orleans—a place which he accepted rather than join the army at Baton Rogue. In the first named office this man committed unparalleled extortions and outrages Although entitled to nothing but his pay as a captain on staff, his profits were from one to two thousand dollars per day. When Banks arrived to supersede Butler, he directed his staff officers to make inquiries in a quiet way among the citizens, and was soon convinced that the stories about French were more than exaggerated. The "colonel," who is by trade a soap pedlar, and is a showy looking fellow, is the leader of the Yankee *ton*. During Butler's reign, French had three carriages, with a span of bloods for each, four buggies, and several saddle horses. He is now reduced to locomotion.

Every fine residence in New Orleans is occupied by Yankees. The house of Mr. Surget, on Rampart street, has been the headquarters of Brigadier General Arnold, who, while laboring under a surfeit of Mr. Surget's wines, had the city cars passing in front, to travel at a snail's pace, that all might know that his highness was ailing. The paintings and furniture have all been sent away, and the cellar emptied. Laeock's house, close by, is the barracks of the Twelfth Maine. Mr. J P Harrison's is now inhabited by Banks and his family, and Sheppard Brown's, by Governor Shepley. A beautiful house on Prytania street, above Jackson street, was taken by some officers of the line, who, on being called to the field, left their paramours in possession, and the house is now a common brothel. George Eustis', Judge Rost's, and scores of other private dwellings, have undergone the same pollution. Butler seized the house of Dr. Campbell for his family, appropriated the sumptuous furniture and plate, and had a lieutenant and two privates sent to Fort Jackson with ball and chain for two years for stealing two of his silver spoons, marked with Dr. Campbell's initials.

A poor Irish woman, far advanced in pregnancy, was heard, by one of Butler's innumerable spies, to say that the priest had told her under no circumstances to take the oath. She was dragged before the general, who flew into one of his paroxisms, heaped upon her the foulest epithets, and directed an orderly to confine her in a dark room, on bread and water, until she divulged the name of her reverend adviser. This she refused to do, and she was probably released by Banks.

The most disgusting and characteristic act of the hyena's career, (more revolting even than his causing the tomb of General Albert Sydney Johnston to be burst open, and his coffin searched for gold and silver,) was the affair of Mrs. Phillips. This lady is the wife of a gentleman in Alabama, who was formerly M. C., from that State, and law partner of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson. She was standing on her balcony adjoining, when the funeral of a lieutenant, killed whilst marauding near Baton Rouge, passed along the street. Being observed by an officer to smile at some remark, she was forthwith reported to the commander-in-chief, who had her arrested and brought before him on the charge of indecently rejoicing at the Yankee's death. He offered her the alternative of the oath and a public apology or unlimited solitary confinement at Ship Island. She refused the apology and the perjury, and was subsequently sent down to the island.

About the same time, a man named Kellar, who keeps an old bookstore, labelled the skull of a Mexican, which had been left in pawn by a medical student, with the word "Chicahominy," and placed it in his show window. For this grave offence he also was condemned to Ship Island, and the general order published on the subject stated that he should "be allowed no communication, verbal or otherwise, with any person on the island, except with Mrs. Phillips." Kellar, who is a man of family, was induced to believe this was the notorious Matilda Phillips, a wealthy courtesan, as well known in New York, Boston and San Francisco, as in New Orleans, begged this part of the order to be rescinded. Accordingly, another general order was promulgated, abrogating "so much of general order No. — as authorized the said Kellar to hold communication with Mrs. Phillips." Such was General Butler's subterfuge, striking at the good name of a virtuous wife and good mother, to relieve himself of the odium attached to his unmanly conduct.

"Are there no bolts in heaven, save what serve for the thunder?"

Another general order was published, advising the negroes that whenever a slave reported his or her master or mistress for having weapons concealed about their dwellings, and the weapons were found as reported, the slave should be liberated directly, and the owner incarcerated. The result has been, in instances without number, that the slaves have thrown old muskets,

sabres or pistols into obscure corners with their own hands, given the information, been freed, and their innocent masters are now suffering on the dreary sands of Ship Island, with ball and chain, hard labor, and salt-horse rations. The testimony of a slave is received without comment or objection. The indignant remonstrance of a Confederate is cut short with "Silence, sir! the oath of a traitor and a rebel is not worth that of a loyal black."

HAD ONE OF THEM.

A gentleman who was at Manassas, saw a negro man, belonging to an Alabama officer, march a Zouave into camp. The negro, a short, thick-set fellow, had two guns on his shoulder, and drove his prisoner before him. The Zouave was a pert looking fellow, and wore his arm in a sling in consequence of his wound. As the negro reached the company in which the officer was standing, he handed over his prize, saying: "Massa, here one ub dese debbils who ben shooting at us, sah."

"WHO 'S DAT?"

Last night, I called on Colonel Scott, of the Louisiana cavalry. You have often heard of him in western campaigns. While in Kentucky, his negro boy, who has followed him since the war began, disrobed a dead Yankee, and assumed the garb of a Federal sergeant. While on his way to Richmond, a ventriloquist, one of the tribe of Benjamin, learned the story connected with the negro's apparel After nightfall, when the negro was nodding, with a valise between his feet, a deep-toned voice proceeded from it.

Voice—I say, Sam, wake up; them 's my clothes you 've got on.

Sam—Who 's dat?

(The colonel said that Sam's eye-balls protruded a foot when the carpet-sack began the colloquy.)

Voice—I 'm Ichabod Smith, of the Thirteenth Connecticut, killed at Lexington, Kentucky. You robbed me of my clothes.

Sam—Fore God, massa Yankee, I did n't spee you 'd want 'em no more.

Voice—Off with 'em, d—n you.

In less than a minute Sam shucked himself. There he stood in the fireless car, on a cold winter night. His teeth chattering, his napped wool straightened, and his eyes rolling about in the agony of hopeless terror. Never since has Sam touched the Yankee clothing. He wears the tattered homespun which he donned at the beginning of the war. When he reaches Knoxville, supply his wardrobe with apparel, with the certificate that it was never woven nor worn in New England, and Sam will live and die a happier man. He has, like the rest of us, a holy horror of Puritanism, in dress, religion and politics, especially in the matter of dress.

KEEPING COOL.

During the fight at Manassas, a captain of a Brooklyn company was sitting down by the side of a brook, out of the way of the shot, when one of his men came down to fill his canteen. He said: "Our first lieutenant is dead, sir, and the second one on the ground wounded." He replied: "I told them it would be so if they staid there," and continued fanning himself.

DISGRACEFUL.

A gentleman at the Twenty-Seventh Precint Station directed the attention of the police to an outrageous affair, which, he said, had taken place at Washington Market. Mr. John Matthews, of the Fire Zouaves, he says, brought with him from Virginia a little mulatto boy, whom he kept at his fish stand, 335 Washington Market. During the absence of Mr. Matthews, several loafers took hold of the boy, and, lifting him by the seat of his breeches, threw him on his head to test the hardness of his skull, which entertainment resulted in the poor boy's head being severely bruised. The experiment was repeated until the boy was knocked senseless. No arrests were made, but the brutes are known.

AUNT BETSY.

Amongst the ordnance captured by our troops at Manassas was one old piece, of very heavy calibre, which the Lincoln soldiers had dubbed "Aunt Betsy." This favorite old gun was ordered to "Sewell's Point," and as it passed along the streets in Richmond, one of the wounded Hessians happened to raise his head, and discovering the old gun, exclaimed: "I will be d—d if they aint got Aunt Betsy, too."

THE "ONE HUNDRED" CALIFORNIA CAVALRY—WHAT THEY HAVE DONE AND WHAT THEY ARE TO DO.

The astonishing feats already performed, and the still more daring and brilliant exploits in store for the California cavalry, recently arrived at Boston, are thus detailed in the *Herald*, of that city:

Our citizens have done well to give the excellent cavalry company from California a fitting welcome. The members of the company are all fine fellows, every inch men, and are true lovers of their country, for the service of which they have cheerfully left remunerative employment in California, which is entirely out of the draft, and have buckled on the harness of war. Their arrival here, and especially their appearance in the streets of Boston, have excited the liveliest curiosity of our citizens, who have been full of wonder to know what the Californians were like, how many Indians they are in the habit of killing before breakfast, and whether they

are themselves white men or aboriginees of the western coast. Consequently, we have heard the most marvelous stories about our guests. It has been currently reported in one place of popular resort, that every man in the company could pick an apple from the ground on the point of his sword while riding at a full gallop. In another place, we heard that the men were native Californians, very expert with the lasso, and that they had been brought east expressly to get Jeff. Davis, Bob Lee and old Stonewall Jackson "on a string;" and they certainly brought their lassoes with them, one of them having been seen by a member of the Charlestown surprise party.

It is common talk that the men ride with equal facility and grace on the top or bottom of a horse, and that when they make a charge nothing will be visible but the tails of the horses. We have heard an absolute statement, moreover, that when the rolls for enlisting the company were opened, two hundred thousand men put their names down, and this hundred were chosen after a trial in a grand tournament, in which they overthrew all competitors, killing many. Our fellow-citizens seem to be so well informed, we can tell them but little that will be new about the Californians.

We desire to add, however, on idubitable testimony, that each of these gallant fellows has a thousand scalps, which he has taken from the wildest Indians of the mountains, without the consent of the owners, and that their favorite sport is to go bird-nesting, mounted upon the agile mustang, which climbs a tree with perfect ease and safety. The bad feature of the case is this—they have been so accustomed to riding horseback that they cannot walk a step, and if one has a horse killed under him, he is obliged to throw his lasso and catch another before he can do the enemy any further injury. With this slight drawback, the men are all that can be expected of civilized white men who were born in houses.

AHEAD OF ALL.

Many are the jokes got up in camp, but we think this one will "extricate the dilapidated linen from the shrubbery." Since the publication of the chaplain story, a friend told us the following: Colonel A. and Colonel B. were commanders of rival regiments in the same brigade. Each anxiously watched the other, to prevent being outstripped in efficiency. One day B. was startled by hearing that a revival was going on in A.'s regiment He immediately turned round to his adjutant, and instructed him to issue a general order convening a revival forthwith. He then made inquiry as to the progress of the revival in A.'s regiment, and learning that fifteen had been baptized, he ordered the adjutant to make a detail of twenty men to be baptized forthwith, "for," says he, "I'll be hanged if I don't get ahead of A. this time."

AN EXEMPTION STORY.

A Western paper relates the following exemption story:

"Doctor, if the lame foot won't answer, I have another all-sufficient reason—one that you cannot refuse me exemption for." "What is it?" asked the doctor. "Why, the fact is, doctor, I have not good sense; I am an idiot," solemnly replied the applicant. "Ah!" said the doctor, "what proof have you of that? What evidence can you bring?" "Proof conclusive," said the applicant. "Why, sir, I voted for Jim Buchanan; and if that is n't proof of a man's being a d—d idiot, I do n't know how idiocy could be proven."

GENERAL JOHNSTON AND JUDY PAXTON.

We heard of a little incident that may profit some of our Northern foes if this paper fall into their hands, and they will take trouble to peruse it.

General Joe Johnston was receiving his friends at the Lamar House. He was surrounded with many gallant officers who had called to pay their respects, and conversation was at flood tide, when there came a smart rap at the door. An officer, shining with stars and gold lace, opened the door, and there stood a venerable negro woman with a coarse sun-bonnet on her head, and a cotton umbrella under her arm.

"Is this Mr. Johnston's room?" asked the American lady of African descent.

The glittering officer nodded assent.

"Mister Joe Johnston's room?"

Assent being again condescended, the swarthy woman said: "I want to see him." In she marched, *sans ceremonie*, and familiarly tapped the great military chieftain on the shoulder. He turned and clasped her bony hands in his, while she, for a moment, silently perused his features. At length she spoke:

"Mister Joe, you is getting old."

What followed? We cannot record the conversation, but we do know that as the general affectionately held his nurse's hand, and answered her artless inquiries, large tears rolled down his soldierly cheek, and among the dashing and reckless officers who witnessed the interview, "albeit, unused to the melting mood," there was not a dry eye. We may say, in the words of a well known ethiopian ditty, "the tears fell down like rain."

The venerable negress, who made the commander of the armies of the West cry like a baby, was Judy, slave of Dr. Paxton, who had "toted" Joe in her arms when he was not a general, and nobody knew that he would be.

WANTED TO TRADE.

A captain of Munford's cavalry, (Second Virginia,) on picket after the battle of Fredericksburg, was accosted by the Yankee picket opposite to him, with the query—"Have you a sorry corporal with you?" "No," answered the captain, "but what do you want with him?" "We want to trade you Burnside for him," was the reply.

A YANKEE BRIGADIER AND A VIRGINIA MATRON.

The Richmond correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal* tells the the following good story of Stonewall Jackson in the valley:

A Yankee brigadier, excessively pompus and conceited, formed much after the model of the lamented John Pope of sorrowful memory, was gasconading in the presence of a worthy Virginia matron, living not far from Martinsburg, of his own military prowess, and was bitterly satirical on Jackson's personal appearance. He said that in one of the battles in the valley he had been thrown very near the great secesh general, and might very easily have killed or made him a prisoner, but that he could not have supposed such an uncouth, clownish, ill-bred looking fellow to be the much-lauded hero of the rebel cause. "*You* kill General Jackson, or make him a prisoner," said the noble woman, "why, sir, if you had suspected for a moment that you were in ten steps of General Jackson, you would have put spurs to your horse, and never stopped running till you had crossed the Potomac!"

THE MARTYR MUMFORD, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Governor Moore, in his annual message to the people of Louisiana, said:

The noble heroism of the patriot Mumford has placed his name high on the list of martyred sons. When the Federal army reached New Orleans, a squad of marines was sent ashore, who hoisted their flag on the mint. The city was not occupied by the United States troops, nor had they reached there. The place was not in their possession. William B. Mumford pulled down the detested symbol with his own hands, and for that was condemned to be hung by General Butler, after his arrival. Brought in full view of the scaffold, his murderers hoped to appall his heroic soul by the exhibition of the implements of ignominious death. With the evidence of their determination to consummate their brutal purpose before his eyes, they offered him life on the condition that he would abjure his country, and swear allegiance to her foe. He spurned the offer. Scorning to stain his soul with such foul dishonor, he met his fate courageously, and has transmitted to his fellow-countrymen a fresh example of what men will do and dare when under the inspiration of fervid patriotism. I shall not forget the outrage of his murder, nor shall it pass unatoned.

NORAH M'CARTEY.

Thus far, Missouri has the better of other seats of hostility for the real romance of war. Most assuredly, the fight there has been waged with fiercer earnest than almost anywhere else. The remote geography of the country, the rough, unhewn character of the people, the intensity and ferocity of the passions excited, and the general nature of the complicity reduced to a warfare essentially partisan and frontier, gave to its progress a wild aspect, peculiarly susceptible to deeds, and suggestive of thoughts, of romantic interest. None of these struck us more forcibly than the story of Norah McCartey, the Jeanie Deans of the West.

She lived in the interior of Missouri—a little, pretty, black-eyed girl, with a soul as huge as a mountain, and a form as frail as a fairy's, and the courage and pluck of a buccaneer into the bargain. Her father was an old man—a secessionist. She had but a single brother, just growing from boyhood to youthhood, but sickly and lamed. The family had lived in Kansas during the troubles of 1857, when Norah was a mere girl of fourteen, or thereabouts. But even then her beauty, wit and devil-may-care spirit were known far and wide, and many were the stories told along the border of her sayings and doings. Among other charges laid to her door, it is said she broke all the hearts of the young bloods far and wide, and tradition does even go so far as to assert that, like Bob Acres, she killed a man once a week, keeping a private church-yard for the purpose of decently burying her dead. Be this as it may, she was then, and is now, a dashing, fine looking, lively girl, and a prettier heroine than will be found in a novel, as will be seen, if the good-natured reader has a mind to follow us down to the bottom of this column.

Not long after the Federals came into her neighborhood, and after they had forced her father to take the oath, which he did partly because he was a very old man, unable to take the field, and hoped thereby to save the security of his household, and partly because he could not help himself; not long after these two important events in the history of our heroine, a body of men marched up one evening, whilst she was on a visit to a neighbor's, and arrested her sickly, weak brother, bearing him off to Leavenworth City, where he was lodged in the military guard-house.

It was nearly night before Norah reached home. When she did so, and discovered the outrage which had been perpetrated, and the grief of her old father, her rage knew no bounds. Although the mists were falling and the night was closing in dark and dreary, she ordered her horse to be resaddled, put on a thick *surtout*, belted a sash round her waist, and sticking a pair of ivory-handled pistols in her bosom, started off after the soldiers. The post was many miles distant. But that she did not regard. Over hill,

through marsh, under cover of the darkness, she galloped on to the head-quarters of the enemy. At last the call of a sentry brought her to a stand, with a hoarse—

"Who goes there?"

"No matter," she replied, "I wish to see Colonel Prince, your commanding officer, and instantly, too."

Somewhat awed by the presence of a young female on horseback at that late hour, and perhaps struck by her imperious tone of command, the Yankee guard, without hesitation, conducted her into the fortifications, and thence to the quarters of the colonel commanding, with whom she was left alone.

"Well, madam," quoth the Yankee officer, with bland politeness, "to what have I the honor of this visit?"

"Is this Colonel Prince?" replied the brave girl, quietly.

"It is; and yourself?"

"No matter; I have come here to inquire whether you have a lad by the name of McCartey, a prisoner?"

"There is such a prisoner."

"May I ask for why?"

"Certainly; for being suspected of treasonable connection with the enemy."

"Treasonable connection with the enemy! Why, the boy is sick and lame. He is, besides, my brother; and I have come to ask his immediate release."

The Yankee officer opened his eyes; was sorry he could not comply with the request of so winning a supplicant; and must really beg her to desist and leave the fortress.

"I *demand* his release," cried she, in reply.

"That you cannot have," returned he; "the boy is a rebel and a traitor, and unless you retire madam, I shall be forced to arrest you on a similar suspicion."

"Suspicion! I *am* a rebel and a traitor, too, if you wish. Young McCartey is my brother, and I don't leave this tent until he goes with me. Order his instant release, or," here she drew one of the aforesaid ivory-handles out of her bosom, and levelled the muzzle of it directly at him, "I will put an ounce of lead in your brain before you can call a single sentry to your relief."

A picture that!

There stood the heroic girl; eyes flashing fire, cheek glowing with earnest will, lips firmly set with resolution, and hand out-stretched with a loaded pistol, ready to send the contents through the now thoroughly frightened,

startled, aghast soldier, who cowered, like blank paper before flames, under her burning stare.

"Quick!" she repeated, "order his release, or you die."

It was too much. Prince could not stand it. He bade her lower her infernal weapon, for God's sake, and the boy should be forthwith liberated.

"Give the order first," she replied, unmoved.

And the order was given; the lad was brought out; and drawing his arm in hers, the gallant sister marched out of the place, with one hand grasping one of his, and the other hold of her trusty ivory-handle. She mounted her horse, bade him get up behind, and rode off, reaching home without accident, before midnight.

Now that is a fact stranger than fiction, which shows what sort of metal is in our women of the much abused and traduced nineteenth century.

A DUSKY VOLUNTEER.

A correspondent of the Mobile *Advertiser*, writing from the camp of the Thirty-Eighth Alabama Regiment, relates the following:

Some weeks ago, a young man came to camp and proposed to volunteer. He was accepted, there being nothing in his physical appearance to indicate the singular *denouement* which followed six weeks afterwards. While on drill, he was recognized and claimed as a runaway slave. He enlisted by the name of Solomon Vernoy; but after his arrest, owned up to be nicknamed Pleg, and being a runaway. He says that he has a boss, but that "by right," he is free. He says that his mother was a domesticated Indian, who was unlawfully sold into slavery, and run off from Kentucky. His looks do not indicate the African, and if he gets a good lawyer, and sues for his "by rights," there will be a pretty law suit, since the master will have to rebut the presumption of color by proof. He must, at least, admire the patriotism of Vernoy, or Pleg, as the case may be.

A BATTLE INCIDENT.

A friend writing from the army, said: "When Stanford's battery on one occasion at Murfreesboro', was preparing to open fire on the enemy, we saw just in front of our pieces, some thirty yards distant, a Confederate soldier, who seemed to be busy picking up some guns. We hallooed and stormed at him to get out of the way, but he paid no attention to us, and he continued to pick up guns, until he had some six or eight in his arms. One of our men now went up to him to lead him away, when it was discovered that the poor fellow had been struck on the head with a bullet, which had partially deranged him. As he was led behind our pieces, still carrying his guns, he said, with a sort of quisical wink: "You don't take me for a Yankee prisoner, do you?"

YANKEE ENORMITIES IN THE WEST.

A disgusted Federal staff officer, writes to the Philadelphia *Mercury* as follows:

I believe the time has come when I am ashamed to acknowledge that I belong to the Union army.

I tell you the truth when I say we are about as mean a mob as ever walked on the face of the earth. It is perfectly frightful. If I lived in this country, I never would lay down my arms while a "Yankee" remained on the soil. I do not blame Southerners for being secessionists, now. I could relate many things that would be laughable if they were not so horribly disgraceful. For instance, imagine two privates in a carriage, belonging to some wealthy Southern nabob, with a splendid span of horses, riding in state along the road we are marching over, with a negro coachman holding the reins in all style of an English nobleman, and then two small drummer boys going it at a two-forty pace in an elegant buggy, with a fast horse, and the buggy loaded with a strange medly of household furniture and kitchen utensils, from an elegant parlor mirror to a pair of fire dogs, all of which they "cramped" from some fine house, which, from sheer wantonness, they have rifled and destroyed. Hundreds of such scenes are constantly occurring along the line of our march, as ridiculous and absurd as they are a burning shame to the army of the Union—*to say nothing of acts committed by the soldiery which would also make the blackest hearted libertine blush for shame.*

JEB. STUART AND GENERAL BAYARD.

During the week of battles in front of Washington, General Bayard went forward, under a flag of truce, to meet and confer with his old comrade in arms, the famous J. E. B. Stuart, of the rebel cavalry. Previous to this war, Jeb. was first lieutenant and Bayard second lieutenant in the same company; but Jeb. was made a major general and Bayard a brigadier. During the interview, a wounded Union soldier, lying near, was groaning, and asked for water. "Here, Jeb.," said Bayard—old time recollections making him familiar, as he tossed his bridle to the rebel officer—"hold my horse a minute, will you, till I fetch that poor fellow some water." Jeb. held the bridle. Bayard went to a stream and brought the wounded man some water. As Bayard mounted his horse, Jeb. remarked that he had not for some time "played orderly to a Union general." The business upon which they met was soon arranged, and the old friends parted—a fight, which had ceased while they were engaged talking, recommencing with great fury on both sides the moment each got back to his own ranks.

A NOBLE MOTHER.

At one of the places burnt by the Queen, and owned by a lady who had been thus villainously left houseless, the commander attempted to converse with her on the bank from the deck of his boat. She proved true pluck for him. He asked her:

"Madam, have you a father, brothers, or any other relative, in this war?"

The lady was quite young, a widow, with two young boys of five and seven years of age by her side. Her reply was a stinger to this three, six and nine months invader and subjugator of Old Abe's. She answered, in sight of the smouldering ruins of her home:

"I have two brothers in the army; and if you keep on this war twelve years longer, (pressing the heads of her boys,) I shall have *two sons to fight you till their death!* I expect nothing better than murder and arson from any of your tribe."

The commander sloped to his gun room, while the lady and boys cheered the departure of the Queen of the West with the "Bonny Blue Flag."

A PROVIDENTIAL RESCUE.

Colonel Stearns, a bold and dashing partisan leader in Tennessee, having captured a detachment of fifty or sixty of the enemy, after killing and wounding a number who were pillaging in the vicinity of Readyville, Tennessee, (forty miles from Nashville,) learned that three of the prowling scoundrels had just gone to a private residence in the outskirts of the village. A squad of the rangers was put upon the track, and found that they had just forced their way into the bed-chamber of a young lady. A rush was made for the room, revolvers in hand, and the ruffians had barely time to realize their doom, when their bodies, pierced by a dozen bullets, were stretched lifeless on the floor.

A LEAN TRIO.

The Richmond correspondent of the Knoxville *Register* perpetrates the following pleasantry at the expense of three of our highest officials:

If the Yankees knew to what extent famine may be endured, and how very little can sustain human life—if they had all seen our President and Vice-President, and our Secretary of War, the idea of resorting to famine, as an agent of hostility to a people whose leaders are the very impersonations of hard times, would never have been adopted. President Davis is the shadow of a man, Vice-President Stephens is imponderable, and Mr. Seddon's bones rattle when he descends the stairways of the Spottswood. The genii of famine conduct this revolution.

A TRUE HEROINE.

When General Forrest arrived at Black Creek, three miles from Gadsden, Alabama, in hot pursuit of the vandals, he found his progress checked by a swollen stream and demolished bridges, while a detachment of the enemy lingered behind to dispute his passage to the opposite side. Ignorant of the ford, if, indeed, there was any, General Forrest himself rode back in quest of the necessary information. At the first house, he made the inquiry, whether there was any person who could pilot his command across the stream, to which a young lady made reply—no male person being present—that she knew the ford, and if she had a horse, she would accompany and direct him. There being no time for ceremony, General Forrest proposed that she should get up behind him, to which, with no maiden coyness, but actuated only by the heroic impulse to serve her country, she at once consented. Her mother, however, overhearing the suggestion, and sensitively alive to her daughter's safety and honor, interposed the objection, "Sir, my child cannot thus accompany a stranger." "Madam," respectfully urged the far-famed chieftian, "my name is Forrest, and I will be responsible for this young lady's safety." "Oh," rejoined the good woman, "if you are General Forrest, she can go with you."

Mounted behind the General, she piloted him across the stream, exposed to the whistling bullets of the enemy; nor did she retire from her post of danger until the last man had safely crossed, and the column seen in continuance of its rapid pursuit, accompanied by her earnest prayers for success.

The name of this heroine is Miss Jane Sansom, who deserves to be long and gratefully remembered.

SINGULAR BATTLE INCIDENT.

There were many incidents in the battle of Stone's River that have not yet seen the light. One, especially, is worth mentioning. In the rebel charge upon McCook's right, the rebel Third Kentucky was advancing upon one of our loyal Kentucky regiments. These two regiments were from the same county, and, consequently, were old friends and neighbors, now about to meet for the first time as enemies. As soon as they came close enough for recognition, they mutually ceased firing, and began abusing, and cursing, and swearing at each other, calling each other the most outlandish names, while the battle was roaring around them, without much attention from either side. It was hard to tell which regiment would come off the victor in this wordy battle. As far as I could hear, both sides were terrible at swearing; but this could not always last; and, by mutual consent, they finally ceased cursing, and grasping their muskets, charged into each other with the most unearthly yell ever heard on any field of

battle. Muskets were clubbed, bayonet met bayonet, and, in dozens of instances, when old feuds made the belligerents crazy with passion, the musket was thrown away, and at it they went, pummeling, pulling, and gouging in rough and tumble style, and in a manner that any looker-on would consider as a free fight. The rebels were getting rather the better of the fight, when the Twenty-Third Kentucky succeeded in giving them a flanking fire, which made them retreat, with quite a number of prisoners in their hands. The rebels had fairly got under way, when the Ninth Ohio came up on the double-quick, and, charging on their now disordered ranks, succeeded in capturing all their prisoners, besides taking in return a great many of the rebels. As the late belligerents were conducted to the rear, they appeared to have forgotten all their late animosity, and were now on the best terms imaginable, laughing and chatting and joking; and as the rebels were well supplied with whisky, their canteens were readily handed about from one to the other, until they all became as jolly as possible under the circumstances.

NARROW ESCAPE OF GENERAL JACKSON FROM CAPTURE.

Coming to a bridge, he was about to cross, when on the bridge he discovered a cannon planted and trained upon him, and the enemy in force behind. It was too late to retreat precipitately. So, with a coolness and an air that was characteristic of the man, Jackson rode up, and, pointing to the piece, said, in a tone of authority to the guard: "Who told you to place that piece there? Remove it and plant it on yonder height." The men in charge moved to obey, and Stonewall, buttoning his coat, turned his horse's head to his staff, and dashed off at their head. Too late the Yankees discovered who their visitor was, and hastily unlimbering the piece, fired its charge after him without effect. A rapid pursuit resulted in the capture of two of his staff, but the gallant chief escaped, to fight them "another day," under more favorable circumstances.

PETER, A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

It is with much pleasure that we chronicle the faithfulness and devotion of Peter, a servant of Major Furlow, who was with the lamented Captain Furlow, in Virginia, in obtaining the body of his deceased young master, and transporting it home under the most trying, and to many persons, insurmountable difficulties. After hearing of the death of Captain Furlow, Peter earnestly sought permission to visit the battle-field in search of his body; this, however, was denied him, and it was not until next morning that he obtained possession of the body. In view of the heavy loss which the Twelfth Georgia Regiment had sustained, and the designed pursuit of the enemy, it was determined to bury all who had yielded up their lives in the

cause of liberty. This Peter insisted should not be done with the body of Captain Furlow; he besought them for permission to carry it home to his sorrow-stricken and bereaved family. For a time, his entreaties were unavailing; at length, however, the devotion of this humble boy overcame the rude necessities of war, and consent was given him to take charge of Captain Furlow's body. After much difficulty, Peter obtained a wagon, for which he paid twenty-three dollars, to transport the body to Staunton. It was now determined to place several other bodies, among them Lieutenant Turpin, in charge of Peter; this was done, and with them all, he entered upon his sad journey, we have no doubt, with a heart comparatively light. At Staunton, he procured coffins for all his charge, paying for them with his money, and that of his deceased young master. (Of course, this has been refunded.)

It is needless to recount the numerous and constantly recurring difficulties of his mournful journey home; no one who has not traveled under similar circumstances can appreciate them. Suffice it to say, that many a torn and bleeding heart is indebted to this slave Peter, for the melancholy, though inestimable privilege, of watering with their tears the graves of their loved ones. With a tearful eye and quivering lip, Major Furlow acknowledged the debt of gratitude he owes to Peter, and, in the depth of his thankfulness, knows not how to regard him, henceforth, as a slave. We commend this instance of genuine and unyielding affection of the slave for the master to the *false friends* of the race, who are warring upon us; a serious consideration of it would improve their morals.

A FEAT OF DARING.

A correspondent of the Chattanooga *Rebel* vouches for the literal correctness of the following statement, it being taken from official sources:

Two days before the battle of Murfreesboro', First Lieutenant C. C. White, Company A, Tenth South Carolina Regiment, was on picket half a mile in front of our lines. Having taken three men and started to establish communication with the pickets on his right, he was suddenly surrounded by a party of Yankee cavalry, and ordered to surrender. Seeing he was overpowered, he gave up his sword. The Lieutenant commanding the Yankees then ordered him to the rear. He started, but noticing the Yankee looked agitated, immediately turned and grappled him, calling to his three men to knock down as many as they could, and to his company to rally to his assistance. Having succeeded in getting a sabre, he wounded several of the enemy, and kept them all at bay until his company came up, when he called out to them: "Shoot the rascals—don't mind me." They fired, killing some and driving off the rest. By the time he had reformed his company, he was charged by a pretty large force of cavalry, whom he repulsed with a loss of fourteen killed and three wounded, left upon the field.

CAVALRY PICTURES!

N' Importe, the correspondent of the Mobile *Register*, wrote the following graphic description of a review of General Van Dorn's cavalry at Spring Hill, Tennessee:

Here we are, on an extensive parade ground, to see a general parade of the largest body of cavalry ever consolidated upon this continent. The dust is flying in huge clouds in every direction, and the tramp of thousands of steeds gives notice of the approach of the cavalcade. Carriages are rattling along the stony pike, carrying their precious burthens of beauty coming to witness the review. Presently, the column begins to assume proper shape, and as far as the eye can take in the view, along those meadows, down in the valleys, and away over the hill-tops, an unbroken line of horsemen present their front towards you.

Still another column approaches, at the head of which is a well built, stout rider, with large, fierce moustache, and imperial of reddish cast, mounted upon a sprightly, sorrel animal. That is General W H. Jackson, at the head of his division. We have spent half an hour now in the hot sun and choking dust, awaiting the formation of the troops for review, and they are now ready at last. Two large columns, with ten thousand horses and horsemen are all facing towards us. That light, blue-eyed youth galloping towards us is Lieutenant Martin, of Jackson's staff, who rides up to General Van Dorn, and informs him that the division is ready for parade. What a sight is now presented to the eye! Thousands of horses formed in line extend as far as the observer can take in the north and south, while on either flank you catch an occasional flash of the brass batteries as the sunlight plays upon the pieces. At the head of each regiment you observe the commanding officer in his neat suit of Confederate grey, or less gaudy jeans. At the head of each brigade is the brigadier and staff.

Everything is ready for inspection—the high-spirited boys, the dancing horses, the gleaming guns and glittering sabres. From the centre in front away dashes Van Dorn, the general commanding, and his staff. Off they go in a gallop to meet the senior commander, Forrest, and then, accompanied by him and his staff, away the whole party dash at a running gallop to the end of the column, until they are lost in the distance; suddenly back again they come, as rapidly as they went, upon the rear of the first column.

The party now approach to where General Jackson, the other division commander, is, and after the usual salutations, Forrest and staff ride off, and their places are taken by Jackson and staff, who ride in turn along the second line, only stopping an instant for the commanding general to doff his hat and salute the brigade commanders; then back again they go around the rear of the column to the right flank, where Van Dorn and

staff leave the division commander and resume their position once more, after a long and dusty gallop, in the centre, and about a hundred yards in front of the entire body.

The command is now given to pass in review. Wheeling by companies to the right, the eye is relieved by the change which gives us a side view of the command as it now marches past us, the band at the head of each brigade, the stand of colors and regimental officers at the heads of regiments, and the company officers slightly in advance of their companies. The head of the first division passes the general commanding, and from the front, an officer, followed by his staff, gallops to Van Dorn's post. He is a large and well proportioned man, six feet in height, of commanding form. His hair and beard are rapidly changing from black to grey, as is his moustache. He has a fine, clear eye, with some expression fire and, but his features otherwise are expressionless, the *tout ensemble* giving one an idea of a bold, daring, defiant man. His conversation is earnest and his words spoken with a firmness that betokens will, but it is instantly perceivable that the speaker was not the recipient of a college education. This is Brigadier General Forrest, than whom there is no more daring officer in our service, and whose name is as familiar as a household word throughout the Confederacy. His veteran Tennesseeans, who have gained for him by their hard blows his well earned renown, pass on in review. The second brigade approaches.

Out turns another general officer and staff. This handsome, dashing fellow sits his horse with incomparable grace and ease, and displays a perfect *abandon*, which is the soul of daring chivalry. That is Brigadier General Frank C. Armstrong, and pray notice the flutter among the ladies in the carriages, and the number of immaculate white kerchiefs which are brought into requisition.

Now passes a regimental flag literally torn to pieces by bullet holes, in the presence of which, as it flaunts before him, the commanding general remains long uncovered. That is the gallant Third Arkansas, which has won renown from Oak Hill to Spring Hill. And here come those rollicking, rascally, brave Texans; and there at their head one ought to see that soul-inspiring presence of Whitfield, with his large, manly form, his grey hairs covered by his huge Texan chapeau, and bold, courageous features, with the devil dancing in the large grey eyes. But he is not there. In his stead is a young man apparently twenty-eight years of age, with wavy black hair, black moustache, an olive complexion, fine expressive features and graceful form. This is Colonel Ross, of the Sixth Texas, commanding the brigade in the absence of the old scarred war-horse, who is in North Carolina, recuperating from the wounds of the field and ills of the camp.

What singular looking customers those Texans are, with their large

brimmed hats, dark features, shaggy Mexican mustangs, and a *lariet*, long enough for a clothes line, around the pummel of their saddles. They are said to be unmerciful to prisoners, but are a tower of strength when there is a fight on hand. When passing a farm at full run on horseback they lasso a hog, jerk it upon their horses, skin and quarter it without stopping.

I observed at headquarters, a pass from General R. B. Mitchell, the Yankee commander at Nashville, to "pass C. Hooper through the lines on all the pikes and return, for ten days," and asked where the bearer of it was. I was informed that our Texas pickets caught him and sent in this pass with the laconic and significant message: "We have lost Mr. Hooper."

Hello! there goes Jack Wharton, the famous Texas ranger, at the head of his regiment, for he is commanding it in the absence of the field officers. "Who is Jack Wharton?" Who isn't he? Who in the command don't know this jolly, rollicking fellow, who tells an anecdote with as much gusto as he skins a Yankee? Jackson now turns from the head of his division as it passes, and joins Van Dorn, Forrest and Armstrong. He is a study, and with those singular dancing eyes, I cannot give his picture.

"Just look at that wax doll in general's uniform," exclaims an enthusiastic young lady, and our attention is attracted to young Brigadier General Cosby, of Kentucky, *petite* in figure, with wavy black hair and moustache, and bright expressive eyes. He is youthful in appearance, and looks as delicate and refined as a lady. Is probably thirty-five, though looking ten years younger. Was a lieutenant in the regular United States army, and is known as a skillful and daring young officer. His brigade consists of Mississippians, all of whom have become much attached to their young commander.

Last of all, comes King's Missouri battery, of glorious fame, under young Churchill Clark, of Elkhorn, lately under King and Johnson, at Spring Hill, where his battery charged the enemy in advance of our infantry and cavalry, and lastly on the Cumberland, where it sunk a number of transports and disabled a gunboat. All honor to its rifled pieces and gallant officers and heroic men!

ABE'S VERY LATEST JOKE.

A gentleman called upon the President, and solicited a pass for Richmond. "Well," said the President, "I would be very happy to oblige you, if my passes were respected; but the fact is, sir, I have, within the past two years, given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet." The applicant very quietly and respectfully withdrew on his tip-toes.

A VIGILANT SENTINEL.

A correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal* relates the following:

As a specimen of the vigilance exercised by the soldiers, take the following: The other morning, as General Joseph E. Johnston approached the cars, with the purpose of getting aboard, *en route* for Mobile, his ears were saluted by the gruff word "Halt!" coming from the stentorian throat of a grey-coated private, who demanded, when the veteran general had come to a stand, what was his business "on this here train?" The general told him he was going to Mobile. "Let me see your certificate," at the same time promptly bring his piece to an "arms port." "Old man," said the watchful sentinel, "no one goes on this train unless he has a surgeon's certificate." At this crisis, one of the general's aids interfered, and explained to the soldier who the "old man" was, much to the amusement of the latter, but to the horror and confusion of the worthy guard, who took the general's compliment to his faithful performance of duty as a reprimand.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

On the night of the 21st of May, 1862, the Third Missouri infantry, Colonel W E. Gause commanding, was ordered to the fort to relieve the first infantry, which was moved to the rear and again held in reserve. The men spread down their blankets behind the stockade, lay down upon them and slept soundly until about four o'clock A. M., when they were awakened by a furious cannonade from two or three of the enemy's batteries placed so as to command the fort. They seemed determined to batter down the stockade and the little redan at its right, in which we had two pieces of light field artillery, for they continued the cannonade fiercely and rapidly until about eleven o'clock A. M., tearing off huge splinters from the stockade posts, hurling them in all directions, breaking arms and legs, and knocking men senseless all along the ranks of the regiment, terribly bruising and lacerating them, when a desperate charge was made on the fort by eight regiments (as they afterwards informed us) of their best infantry. About fifty of them penetrated the broad, deep ditch on the outside of the redan, which was defended by the right wing of the regiment, and a stand of their colors was planted on a slope of the parapet, within fifteen feet of the mouths of our cannon. Great efforts were made by our men to get possession of the flag, but in vain—the fire was too hot. These men having advanced this far, could neither come any farther, for fear of the deadly aim of our men; nor could they retreat, for fear of the fire of their own friends. The only alternative left them was to lie down in the ditch and protect themselves until night, when they thought they could get away unhurt under the cover of the darkness.

The remainder of the assaulting column were held in check, and after a bloody fight, were finally repulsed.

While the fifty foemen before mentioned were lying in the outer ditches, Lieutenant H. H. Faulkner, of Company E, Third Missouri infantry, in looking over the parapet in order to get a shot at them, caught a glimpse of one of them gazing up at him, and as he bent farther over to get a better view, was greeted by a shot from the fellow's gun, which whistled close by his head. He immediately ordered the Yank to surrender. His reply was, "Go to h—ll!" Faulkner immediately picked up a six-pound cannon ball lying near him, and threw it with all his force at the fellow's head, striking him full in the face, knocking him senseless. He then ordered the remainder of them to surrender, which they refused to do. He told them if they did not he would light bomb-shells and throw over among them. They still refused, when the sergeant of the piece of artillery near which he was standing lighted a five-second shell for him, which Faulkner tossed over among them by hand, and it exploded just as it reached the bottom of the ditch. He continued to toss over the shells, at each explosion crying out, "d—n you, will you surrender now?" until he had thrown over all that were at hand, when he desisted. Some idea may be formed of the havoc they made among the stubborn foe, when it is known that twenty-one men, dead and wounded, were found in the ditch where he tossed over the shells. The remainder escaped under cover of the first darkness, carrying with them the stand of colors before mentioned.

THREE WILD CONFEDERATE IRISHMEN.

A Northern correspondent, who was accidentally within our lines previous to the battle of Fredericksburg, writes as follows:

Thinking that I could not proceed through the Confederate lines while they were advancing, I turned into the first tavern, and waited about an hour and a half, when three Confederates made their appearance, and proved to be three Irishmen, stragglers from General Early's force, who had evidently been indulging in their national proclivities. I had a conversation with these three Confederate soldiers, regarding them as a fair type of the lower order of the Confederate soldiery, and wishing to ascertain the sentiments of that class.

Their expressions were about the same as those which I had often heard from the lips of the Confederate officers, and only differed in the brogue in which they were clothed.

"What the divil are you fighting us for? You may bate us now, but you'll niver put us down. By my sowl, we'll fight till the last man ov us is kilt, and thin, be jabers, the women will take a hand at it. You may fight us for all eternity, and thin we won't be whipped, afther all!"

AN ADVENTURE IN THE WEST.

Several companies of the Ninth Mississippi were out on picket duty on the night of the battle of "the bloody crossing of Stone River," when a stout, well made young fellow, named Tom Dillon, an Englishman by birth, who was brought up in Boston, and emigrated several years ago to Yazoo, Mississippi, left his company to reconnoitre the enemy's position. Private Dillon was moving stealthily along across a field on the north side of the Nashville road, under cover of the darkness of the night, when he suddenly came upon one of the enemy's pickets—a strapping Indiana hoozier, over six feet.

"Halt!" cried the Yank, "Who comes there?"

"Friend," responded Dillon, when, just then, the moon slipped out for a moment from behind a cloud, discovering to the hoozier the grey uniform of Dillon.

"Our friends don't wear them sort of clothes," said the hoozier; "you are my prisoner."

"Well, I took you for one of our men," said Dillon, "as some of our troops are out this way."

"Which way?" asked the alarmed hoozier.

"Why, over there," replied Dillon, pointing to where he knew the enemy's lines were.

"Well, come on this way," said the Yank, striking off to the left in a direction nearer to our lines than his own. Just at this moment several shots were fired and whizzed over their heads. "Lie down," cried Dillon, "or else we'll both be shot." The Yank did so, and Dillon, watching his opportunity, fell heavily upon him, at the same time striking him a most stunning blow on the nose, which he repeated in quick succession, while the hoozier cried out "murder" most lustily. Fearing that the noise would draw our men into danger of the enemy's pickets, as well as jeopardize his own safety, Dillon made a gag of his forefinger, being now astraddle of his foe, and forced it across his mouth. "Another yell," whispered Dillon to the prostrate hoozier, "and you're a dead man." Notwithstanding that the Yank bit the finger of Dillon most severely, he bore it manfully, and finding that his enemy was not reinforced, he bade him rise, having seized his musket, and marched him according to Hardee into our camp —thus: "Prisoner—forward, quick step! Prisoner—right oblique! Prisoner—file left, double-quick, and if you break ranks, you're as dead as a mackerel!" On the arrival of Dillon at the picket camp, he then gave an account of his adventure by the picket fire, the boys enjoying a most hearty laugh at the hoozier's expense.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

Under this head, the Jackson Mississippi *Crisis* pays the following handsome tribute to the private soldier:

"Justice has never been done him. His virtuous merit and unobtrusive patriotism have never been justly estimated. We do not speak of the regular soldier, who makes the army his trade for twelve dollars per month. We do not include the coward who skulks, nor the vulgarian, who can perpetrate acts of meanness; nor the laggard, who must be forced to fight for his home and country. These are not the subjects of our comment. We speak of the great body of citizen soldiery who constitute the provisional army of the Confederacy, and who, at the sound of trumpet and drum, marched out with rifle or musket to fight—to repel their country's invaders, or perish on that soil which their fathers bequeathed, with the glorious boon of civil liberty. These are the gallant men of whom we write, and these have saved the country, these have made a breastwork of their manly bosoms to shield the sacred precinct of altar-place and fire-side.

"Among these private soldiers are to be found men of culture—men of gentle training—men of intellect—men of social position—men of character at home—men endeared to a domestic circle of refinement and elegance—men of wealth—men who gave tone and character to the society in which they moved, and men who, for conscience's sake, have made a living sacrifice of property, home comfort, and are ready to add crimson life to the holy offering.

"Many of these, if they would have surrendered honor and a sense of independence, could have remained in possession of all these elegancies and comforts. But they felt like the Roman, who said, 'put honor in one hand and death in the other, and I will look on both indifferently!'

"Without rank, without title, without anticipated distinction, animated only by the highest and noblest sentiments which can influence our common nature, the private labors, and toils, and marches, and fights; endures hunger, and thirst, and fatigue; through watchings, and weariness and sleepless nights, and cheerless, laborious days, he holds up before him the one glorious prize—'Freedom of my country;' 'Independence and my home!' If we can suppose the intervention of less worthy motives, the officer, and not the private, is the man whose merit must commingle such alloy. The officer may become renowned—the private never reckons upon that; the officer may live in history—the private looks to no such record; the officer may attract the public gaze—the private does not look for such recognition; the officer has a salary—the private only a monthly stipend, the amount of which he has been accustomed to pay to some field laborer on his rich domains. The officer may escape harm in battle by reason of distance—

the private must face the storm of death; the officer moves on horseback—the private on foot; the officer carries a sword, the emblem of authority, and does not fight—the private carries his musket, and does all the fighting.

"In those ranks there is public virtue and capacity enough to construct a government, and administer its civil and military offices. The opinion of these men will guide the historian, and fix the merit of generals and statesmen. The opinion of these men will be, and ought to be, omnipotent with the people and Government of the Confederacy.

"Heaven bless these brave, heroic men! Our heart warms to them. Our admiration of their devotion and heroism is without limit. Their devotion to principle amounts to moral sublimity. We feel their suffering and share their hopes, and desire to be identified in our day and generation with such a host of spirits, tried and true, who bend the knee to none but God, and render homage only to worth and merit."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

General John H. Morgan left his camp, which was in the vicinity of Gallatin, Tennessee, on a tour of observation, and while absent, the unexpected appearance of a large force of the enemy caused his command to retire from it and leave it in the enemy's possession. Shortly after, Morgan, who wore the uniform of a Federal officer, returned to find his camp thus occupied, and himself surrounded by the Abolition soldiery. Nothing daunted, they not recognizing him, his uniform, too, deceiving them, he demanded what they were doing there when the d—d rebels were fast advancing upon them from the quarter in which he had approached, and gave them an authoritative command to retire at once in an opposite direction. This they hastily did, when Morgan himself, with no less haste, retired also in an opposite direction, safely reaching his command.

"HERE'S YOUR MULE!"

One of the most popular officers in the Southern army of the Potomac is Major General Hood, of Kentucky. Always accessible, always kind, always brave, his men love him devotedly, and will follow him to the death. The following incident illustrates both his popularity and the cause of it:

A soldier of the Ninth Georgia, passing General Hood's quarters, said to him: "General, will you take a drink with me?" The soldier, swinging the canteen over his shoulder, and feeling he had a right to be more intimate, thus addressed the general: "General Hood, when you want a drink, 'here's your mule!'" General H. thanked him for his kind offer. "General Hood, when you want any fighting done, 'here's your mule!'" The general, unable to control his risibles, laughed heartily, and assured the Georgian that he would call upon him.

YANKEE OFFICER KILLED AT VICKSBURG.

A correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal* relates the following incident that took place after the surrender of Vicksburg:

Colonel A. B. Watts, who was noticed in your paper for his gallant conduct at Port Gibson, has again rendered his name a glorious one. Just after the surrender of the city, he went down to the landing to get a lemon from one of the boats, and had returned, and was in the act of mounting his horse, when a Yankee captain, with a guard, informed him that the horse belonged to Uncle Sam. Colonel Watts informed him that he was an officer, and was entitled to his horse and side-arms. Whereupon, Captain Yank called him a d—d liar, and cursed him for some time, and commenced abusing the women of Vicksburg, and called them a d—d set of outcasts. Colonel Watts then drew his pistol, and remarked to the Yankee, that he hated to kill as mean a dog as he was, but his honor compelled him to do so, and fired, the ball entering the right breast and killing him. The guard cried out: "Kill the rebel!" "Cut him down!" Colonel Watts presented his pistol, and said, in very composed manner: "Proceed, gentlemen; but I will kill four of you before you accomplish your object." But the guard came to the conclusion that he was too brave a man to fool with, and decided to let him pass. Colonel Watts mounted his horse, and rode out of town, and when last heard from, the gallant young hero had arrived safely in Brandon, Mississippi, waiting to be exchanged.

A GOOD JOKE ON THE CHAPLAIN—THE "STOLEN BUFFALO ROBE."

There has been published a humorous letter from the Reverend T. D. Gwin, Chaplain of the First South Carolina Volunteers, calling upon "the man who stole his buffalo robe," and sundry other baggage, to return the same, if he valued at all the blessings of a clear conscience, and an improved prospect of future salvation. The following pious and noble-spirited response to the reverend gentleman will show that the appeal, through the Richmond *Enquirer*, has not been altogether unproductive:

SEVENTEENTH MISSSISSIPPI REGIMENT, POSEY'S BRIGADE,
Camp near Bunker Hill, Virginia, July 16, 1863.

MY DEAR GWIN: I was inexpressibly shocked to learn, from your letter in the *Enquirer*, of the 4th instant, that the temporary loan of your "buffalo robe," blankets, shawl and pillow should have given you such inconvenience, and even suspended your arduous duties in the field for a week.

Had I known that these articles belonged to a chaplain, the sacred package should have remained inviolate.

But supposing from the mark, "Captain," that it belonged to some poor officer of the line, and knowing that it was more baggage than he was enti-

tled to carry, I relieved him of it from motives that will be appreciated by any officer of the line or the field.

On my arrival at camp, on the 1st of April, I divided the blankets among my mess, and in a sudden fit of generosity, I retained the buffalo robe, shawl and pillow for my own use.

The other members now join me in returning thanks, and feel that to your warm and gushing heart these thanks will be the richest recompense.

We are, all of us, exceedingly anxious for you to change your field of labor to this army, where the duties of chaplains are much lighter than they could possibly be anywhere else.

Here they devote themselves to trading horses and collecting table delicacies, with a zeal that eminently entitles them to the appellation of *Birds of Prey*.

I am now patiently waiting for your coat and boots, which I presume you will send to me, in accordance with the following injunction:

"If any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."—St. Matthew, chapter five, verse forty.

For the regulation of the amount of baggage which a chaplain in the army should carry, we refer you to the following:

"Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses.

"Nor scrip for your journey; neither two coats; neither shoes, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat."—Matthew, chapter ten, verses nine and ten.

Anything you may have in excess of the above allowance will be respectfully received by me.

I remain, dear Gwin, with sentiments of eternal gratitude,

THE MAN WHO STOLE YOUR BUFFALO ROBE.

To Reverend T. D. GWIN, *Chaplain First South Carolina Volunteers.*

"MAINTAINING THE HONOR OF THE FLAG."

From the "Home Department" of the New Orleans *True Delta* is extracted the following account of the efforts that were made to prevent the school-mistresses of New Orleans from teaching the young idea how to shoot rebelward. If anything can be more ridiculous and contemptible than the course of the officers of the "best Government in the world" towards female teachers, because some of their pupils draw rebel pictures on their slates and copy books, we have yet to see it.

The police, it appears, made descent on and search in several schools for young ladies, and brought quite a number of badly drawn Confederate flags and secession emblems into court to give evidence of a successful exploit. At the same time the principals of the establishments were arranged in the provost court and their cases adjudged. The first party was a Miss Hall,

prineipal of a school on Carondelet street, evidently a respectable spinster, who pointed to British protection, and expressed her indignant surprise at the inquisitive visitation and search from a police officer. She gave it as her opinion that some of her pupils in the lower classes could have, by way of amusement, drawn the political emblems complained of, but called on the police officer to sustain her in the assertion that in the room of the graduates and other high classes of the school, an unsurpassed lady-like deportment had been evident, and that nothing political was found there.

The judge remarked that the authorities felt it their duty to endeavor that the mind of the rising generation should be trained with proper loyal feelings, and that it was necessary to sustain this object by inflicting a fine of one hundred dollars in the present case. A short time after, Mrs. Loquet, prineipal of a school on Camp street, was arraigned on the same charge, of permitting seditious emblems to be drawn and cherished by the female pupils. The policeman stated that the accused had expressed the opinion that the subject was none of her concern, and not for her to interfere about.

Judge Hughes then explained that he felt convinced, that in the former case, he had been led into an error of judgment, and that severe punishment appeared necessary. He adjudged Mrs. Loquet to pay a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars, which sum was, within a few moments, handed over to the receiving clerk, by a gentleman, who thereafter led the lady out of the court room.

Miss Picot, said to be the prineipal of a school for young ladies on Julia street, was then arraigned, accompanied by her mother. The officer who searched the establishment, and found a number of the infantile efforts at flag manufacturing in the books and on the sheets of paper belonging to the pupils, said that the lady had stated that she had endeavored to enforce the rule that no political demonstrations, obnoxious to the Government, should be indulged in. The lady herself, as well as her mother, expressed regret at the fact that the secret artistic efforts of the pupils should have been offensive to the authorities. The judge evidently appreciated the plea, but felt it necessary to give proper examples as to the punishment of delinquent ladies who have taken on themselves the duty to teach the young minds how to shoot in the right direction.

"DIS AM MASSA LINKUN'S PROCLAMATION."

The negroes who had deserted from the military service in Massachusetts were ordered to be arrested. As the guard were taking them down to the wharf, in Boston, heavily handcuffed, on the way to Fort Warren, one of them held up his manacled hands and exclaimed: "Dis am Massa Linkun's proclamation." The effect can be better imagined than described.

THE NIGGER MINISTER IN WASHINGTON.

A Washington letter in the St. Louis *Republican* gives a laughable account of the reception of the negro minister from Hayti at the United States capital, and his treatment of his brother darkies. The following is extracted:

Two mahogany colored individuals, each with hair showing a decided disposition to kinkiness, have arrived here in the capacities of Minister from Hayti and his secretary. Their *debut* at the capital has raised an exciting discussion in two branches of Washington society, as to whether they are negroes or not. The Abolitionists have made up their minds to admit them to society equality, and accordingly say they are not negroes, but Haytiens; while the colored folks hereabouts insist that they are veritable darkies. It remains to be seen how the question will be decided; but the observation of the writer is that if these new comers are not negroes, then mulattoes are white people.

Representative Hooper, of Massachusetts, led off by having the two Haytiens at his dinner table, and there can be no doubt of the intentions of the Abolitionists to introduce them into white society. Secretary Seward has invited them to dine with him; but it is customary for the Secretary of State to extend this courtesy to all representatives of foreign nations soon after their first arrival, and the premier is no doubt following precedent more willingly than inclination.

The following incident shows which way the Haytiens themselves are inclined: A few days after their arrival, the colored people held a meeting, and decided to establish intimate relations with them by sending their ministers to wait upon them first, and then the common negroes were to follow and pay their respects. The representatives of the free negro Republic of Hayti, getting wind of what was going on, sent a message to the negro preachers, the purport being that they were not receiving calls from negroes just yet. This cool proceeding took the darkies all aback, and some of them have since then made no reserve in venting their indignation at this treatment. At a meeting in one of their churches, the subject had considerable discussion, the burthen of the controversy being that the Haytiens were negroes, and had no right to act like white men. One venerable old contraband, whom report says was a preacher before he came out of the land of slavery, but who, alas! lost his religion when he gained his freedom, wound up a long strain of incentives as follows: "Dese d—d furrin niggers tink dumselbs better dan de President. Massa Old Abe let the cullered folks come into White House, and talks to dem like a fader, and here's dese cusses won't look at 'em. I ain't gwine to hab nuffin more more to do wid 'em, I ain't."

WHAT THE NASSAU DARKIES THINK OF THE YANKEES.

The Nassau correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* relates the following incident:

The Yankee steamship Vanderbilt, Rear Admiral Wilkes, from Havana, steamed up to Nassau, and sent a boat ashore with dispatches for the Yankee Consul. The most ludicrous scene took place on the arrival of the small boat at one of the wharves. The fences and cotton bales around were covered with a swarm of Nassau negroes, who received the Yankees with hisses, jeers, taunts and groans. Blank amazement pictured itself on the faces of the crew, while the officer in command was evidently nervous and nonplussed. During the stay of the boat at the wharf, the darkies indulged in such cynical reflections as these: "Golly, how dey'd put out if de 290 was in sight." "I wonder if dey's heard from Charleston?" "If Cap'n Maffit was here, he'd sink dem in two minutes." A big negro on a cotton bale, surrounded by his satellites, gave a stentorian version of the Yankee national air "John Brown lies a mouldering in the grave," only he altered names and phrases to suit his disgust for the Northern auditors. He also produced "Dixie" and the "Bonny Blue Flag." When the officer returned, and the boat pushed off, cheers were given for Jeff. Davis, and three tremendous groans for old Abe Lincoln. The Yankees retorted not a word. When the sun rose the next day, the Vanderbilt had disappeared—gone to Charleston, it is said. This ebony outbreak in favor of "Dixie" was entirely spontaneous.

A CONTRABAND ANECDOTE.

An army correspondent must be responsible for the perpetration of the following:

The attempts of the darkies to imitate their superiors, and exchange their Southern "lingo" for the more classic language of the North, are often amusing. Here is a case in point: Colonel ——— has a negro cook, who exhibits great shrewdness. On one occasion, he was told by the regimental quartermaster to clear up some hay which was lying loose around camp. He promised to do it, but imagine the surprise of the quartermaster, when shortly afterwards he saw the darkey mounted on the colonel's favorite horse, and riding him up and down near the brigade band, which was then practicing. The quartermaster hailed him, and pointing to the hay which remained untouched, asked for an explanation. Darkey drew himself up proudly on his horse, and giving the "salute" in his best style, said with all gravity: "De fac of the matter am, orderly, de hay question hab bin posponed. De kurnel hab required me for to excise his horse mong de music to familiarize him wid de tunes.'

FIGHTING A JEW.

A soldier in General James D. Morgan's brigade, writes the following amusing incident, which happened when that brigade was encamped before Farmington, near Corinth, Mississippi:

Stringent orders prohibiting officers or soldiers from going beyond the camp or color lines, while in presence of the enemy, were issued and enforced. Sentinels were alive to their duty, and none but a general or staff officer were permitted to stray beyond his lines. In the rear of our brigade camp, was the headquarters of General P., who was not only a true soldier, but a gentleman of the first water. His orderly was an Irishman, a second edition of "Mickey Free." On the extreme left of the brigade was the camp of the Tenth Michigan, Colonel Lum, and immediately on its left flank was a battery, through or close in front of which none save those officers named above were permitted to pass.

Wishing to go to the picket lines, which was in ceaseless commotion day and night, General P. passed through the battery, but Mike was halted. With that boldness and effrontery characteristic of general's orderlies, Mike not only abused but threatened to "wollop hell's delights" (as he classically expressed it) out of the faithful sentry. Matters were approaching a climax when General P., hearing "some tall swearing," came back and claimed his orderly of the sentry, who let him go with a volley of unintelligible Teutonic oaths.

"You must n't quarrel with a sentinel," said the General, admonishing Mike as to the danger of such a practice.

"Damn his sowl," said Mike, "did n't he know I was a gineral's orderly."

"No matter, you should n't fight with a Jew."

"He was a Jew, was he?" quoth Mike, twisting himself back in his saddle to have a look back at the sentry. "Musha, may bad luck to him an' his ginerations; was n't it for 'em, would n't our Saviour be livin' and doin' well amongst us to-day?"

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

Sergeant Hatch, of the Fifty-Ninth Virginia Regiment, was captured in an engagement with the enemy on the Peninsula, and taken to Old Point. His captor was a private of one of the Yankee regiments, named Kimball. A flag of truce boat, arriving at City Point, brought up Sergeant Hatch, who, being duly exchanged, at once returned to his post, below Richmond. Shortly after, he returned to Richmond with private Kimball, whom he had captured in a skirmish near the White House. The incident furnished a theme for interesting comment, as one of the occurrences of an individual character, which find few parallels in the history of war.

MORGAN IN KENTUCKY.

The New York *Herald's* correspondent has a racy account of Morgan's attack on the Nashville and Louisville railroad.

On Monday, the sanguine railroad people at Nashville, discrediting the cry of wolf, made up a passenger and express train, and started for Louisville on time. Your correspondent paid for a seat.

The train, consisting of two passenger coaches (every seat occupied), a baggage car well filled, an express car, containing, among other valuables, a safe and fifty-seven thousand dollars worth of paper money, in charge of a messenger, left Nashville at seven o'clock A. M., and proceeded as far as Cave City Station, half way, without molestation, or even anticipation of trouble on the line. At Cave City, Conductor Sweeney, in charge of the train, learned that Morgan had indeed captured Lebanon the day previous, taking Colonel Hanson, Eighteenth Kentucky, and six hundred prisoners, and was marching toward the railroad, with the apparent intention of cutting it somewhere between Elizabethtown and Lebanon Junction; perhaps the Muldrough's Hill trestle works were to be destroyed. Telegraphic communication with Louisville was yet perfect, and the conductor resolved to go ahead, not cautiously, but swiftly, hoping to run past the rebel column into Louisville before they could advance to the road from Lebanon.

Appealing to Louisville for instructions by telegraph was yet practicable, and the conductor did it. He soon received a reply to this effect: "All right; come on with your train; no rebs.;" signed "Smith," which is a name common to Louisville operators, John H. Morgan, and hundreds of other men. On this occasion, it was used by John. We passed through the black tunnel, winding down over the great trestle work at Muldrough's Hill at fearful speed, but undisturbed, we picked up, near Lebanon Junction, the garrison of a stockade, who had been ordered by General Boyle, telegraphically, to "burn your camp, and come on train to Louisville." It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that John Morgan acted as attorney for Brigadier General Boyle in signing that dispatch. There were twenty-eight of these soldiers, under command of a second lieutenant, whose name I did not learn. They swelled the number of passengers on the train to two hundred, about twenty-five of whom were ladies.

The passengers realized their situation as soon as the firing commenced. Bullets whistled over, through, under and beside the cars, and the cries and shrieks were terrible; the rebels closing around the cars, hallooing and shooting at the now retreating stockaders. The unarmed passengers sought the floors of the coaches for safety, and groveled about in the aisles and beneath the seats, in a wriggling, trembling, seething mass, for the night was offensively warm, and the musketry firing hot.

Hesitating a moment to destroy my watch-guard and secrete my purse in

my boots, as I had seen others fast to do, I found when I came to lie down that the floor was more than occupied. I selected a fat and shivering Nashville Jew, who was muttering to himself that he had "no monish," nor "anydings else," and reclined upon him till we were aroused by a ferocious rebel, crouching along the aisle, gun in hand, and pointed at us, too, saying: "Come, now, Yanks, get out of this; quick, too." Everybody got out speedily, in obedience to the order, and firing ceased. Thirteen of the stockaders had already been captured, one killed, and three severely wounded. Three or four rebel horses lay dead before us. I can only give my own experience during the succeeding fifteen minutes. I was too much harassed to attend to other than private affairs. My feet touched the ground, and I fell into the hands of a big, dirty looking rebel lieutenant, with a United States army revolver in his hand. He inquired for my arms, and I gave him a superior pistol without a murmer, though inwardly cursing the fortunes of war. The pistol did not satisfy the insatiate person, and he slapped all my pockets in quick succession till he felt my watch beneath his hand.

The watch was a golden one, worth six hundred dollars anywhere south of the Tennessee line, and doubly valuable to me for associations, so I ventured to hint, urbanely, that he was robbing me. He "could n't and woul n't help it—a watch was just what he had been looking for!" He left me in charge of a guard, and sneaked away to the next perch, nor did I see him more. The "youthful guard" opened the conversation by inquiring if I possessed a pocket knife. I did, and he wanted it, and got it. I finally prevailed upon him to escort me to the line of prisoners, with my haversack on my arm, although several times on the route through the band the youthful guard was advised by his comrades in arms, "snatch that haverbag." Here and there were little knots of rebs., relieving passengers of valuables and money, and in no case did I see anything taken which was not "just what the rebs. wanted." One Jew, from Clarksville, there were many Jews upon the trains, lost three thousand dollars in money before he reached a place of safety, under the eye of an officer, and narrowly escaped with his life. The rebels were particularly bitter on the race.

Arriving at the line of prisoners, I introduced myself to a couple of officers, who sat lazily on their steeds, with each a leg thrown over the pommel of the saddle. They were major and colonel; major proved quickest; asked me to let him see that haversack. A parcel of unwashed linen, of which I had hurriedly divested myself in the morning, a toilet case with soaps, were "just what he wanted;" a tooth brush he did not want, as he gave it to me, and I stood forth plucked as clean as a young robin.

The colonel, a great, good natured provincial, kindly offered me a bite

of a plug of tobacco, or "mule harness," smiled, and softly felt of the hat I wore. He told me his name was Cluke, and pointed out a ragged line of men in the edge of the grove as "his regiment." My hat, for which I had paid a fabulous price in Nashville, was not good enough, so he compromised and took a traveling cap from the haversack, once mine, now the major's, saying it would be just the thing for "some of the boys," who were short of head gear.

I found General Morgan in the centre of a bevy of ladies, standing uncovered in the falling dew, while all around his men were examining stolen property by the light of fires. He wore no insignia of rank, being dressed in the common round-about and pants of the rebel soldiers. The keen and little Basil Duke, who has risen to the rank of acting brigadier, flitted gracefully about, and seemed to be the master spirit of the party.

Next day, near West Point, on the Ohio, the lumber wagon, on which I had taken passage, passed through the head of the Confederate column on the march. We met several acquaintances of the previous night, but were not hindered.

A PATRIOTIC MOTHER.

A poor woman of Campbell County, Virginia, sent nine sons to the war in one company in the Forty-Second Regiment, one of whom was below conscript age. One of these has died of disease, another has been crippled by a wound, but the remaining seven are now "present for duty." Well, this mother of the Gracchi—said Gracchi being unable to go to see her—came to see them the other day. She is about sixty years of age, but walked to the post where her boys were on picket at the time, from Guinea's Station, fifteen miles distant, in an incredibly short space of time Do you wonder now at the performances of Jackson's foot cavalry, when they have such mothers? But to go on with the story: The accomplished officer now in command of the regiment having mentioned these facts to General Jones, it was decided, first, that the best ambulance in the brigade should convey her back to Guinea's, whenever it should please her to return; and second, that she should dine with himself and staff. Hearing that the wife of one of the nine, as well as another woman, mother of three soldiers in the same regiment, had accompanied the old lady, they, too, were invited. Dinner passed off very pleasantly. One of our guests (the mother of the three) convinced us that we soldiers of the second war of independence were much better off than those of the first, by telling us that she had often heard her father, who was a revolutionary soldier, tell his boys that they didn't know nothing—that *he* had often waded through snow a foot deep in his bare shirt-tail!

A DOCUMENT OF EVIDENCE.

We give place, as an act of duty, to the following report, and ask for it a careful perusal from any in America, or elsewhere, who still have the notion that the Yankees are fighting for civilization and the Union, as contemplated by the Constitution of the United States. Our friends abroad should give circulation to this document:

Outrages of the Enemy—Report of the Select Committee—By Mr. C. C. Clay, Senator from Alabama, 1863.

"The Select Committee of Thirteen, consisting of one Senator from each of the Confederate States, raised under a resolution of the Senate, at its last session, to collect and report evidences of the outrages committed by the enemy upon the persons and property of our citizens, in violation of the rules of civilized warfare and the rights of humanity, ask leave to report:

"That they have received statements of wrongs, injuries and outrages committed by the enemy in only four States of the Confederacy—Alabama, Arkansas, North Carolina and South Carolina—and that these embrace only a small part of what has been suffered by our citizens in these States. But those statements show that our invaders have been utterly regardless of every principle of lawful warfare, every precept of the Christian religion, and every sentiment of enlightened humanity. In a spirit of wanton and vindictive malice, or of robber-like rapacity, they have destroyed or carried off property, for which the estimates, made almost invariably under oath, amount in the aggregate to about five million dollars. In many parts of those States they have burned the dwellings and out-houses, grainaries, gins, and mill houses; the fences and crops; the implements of husbandry and tools of trade, and provisions for subsisting both man and beast; have cut down or otherwise destroyed the fruit trees and vineyards; have killed the oxen, cows, the sheep and hogs; thereby evincing the base and savage purpose of taking from our people all their means of present and future subsistence; of forcing them to seek food and shelter beyond reach of their armies; and of wasting and desolating the land, that they may convert it into a desert. They have burned or battered down public edifices devoted to civil and religious purposes—school houses, court houses and churches—and have either destroyed or taken off the public records, the books and the sacramental vessels; thereby displaying a desire or intention to destroy our muniments of property, our evidences of marriage or legitimacy, our history, and the very bonds of society, and to resolve it into a condition of anarchy and civil strife, where no man's rights are secure, and wrong may be done with impunity. They have not spared even the memorials of our dead, or suffered their remains to rest undisturbed. They have torn down

and mutilated the monuments in cemeteries, and have exhumed and opened coffins, either to gratify sordid avarice or fiendish malignity. They have mutilated or removed public and private libraries, portraits and other paintings, statues and other works of art and taste, pianos and other musical instruments, and all household furniture. They have robbed many persons of relics of deceased parents, children, or other relatives or friends, which were invaluable to them, and valueless to the robbers, merely to torture the souls of our citizens and to satisfy their own mean and malevolent animosity. They have murdered peaceful and unoffending citizens, and have seized and taken many of them far from their families and homes, and incarcerated them in prisons of the United States. To others, they have offered the choice of a prison or an oath of allegiance to the United States. They have rushed by regiments, battalions or companies into our villages, and robbed, like banditti, both men and women, in their dwellings and on the streets, of money, watches and other jewelry. Their soldiers have indulged their brutal passions upon women, sometimes in open day and in public places, with impunity, if not by license of their officers. They have not spared either age, sex or calling. Old men, women and children, ministers of religion, peaceful artizans, merchants, men of science and letters, tillers of the earth, and others not bearing arms, or guilty of any misconduct, have been made to suffer as hostages, or vicarious victims, for the severe but defensive blows inflicted by our gallant soldiers upon these cowardly invaders. Even those unfortunates whom the mysterious providence of God has bereft of reason, or of the faculty of speech, or the sense of sight or hearing, have not escaped the demoniacal wrath of our enemies.

"The Committee would cite examples of each of these outrages, and the testimony by which they are sustained, but it would swell the report beyond the limits which will insure its publication and perusal, and as the wrongs and injuries done are not half told, the investigations having extended to only a small part of four States, they have deemed it best to postpone a full recital to another session of Congress, when they may make a final report.

"In conclusion, the Committee feel warranted in saying that the conduct of the war, on the part of our enemies, has not exhibited the moderation, the forbearance, the chivalrous courtesy, the magnanimity, or christian charity, which the spirit of the age demands, and which the practice of civilized nations for several centuries last past has generally illustrated. It has been a war not more against our unarmed men than helpless and innocent women and children. It has been prosecuted to destroy not only our means of defence, but our food and raiment; not only to conquer, but to exterminate. It has been a war not only against the bodies, but against the spirit of our people also; their souls have been tortured by all the base

arts of cowardly despotism; by subjecting them to insults and humiliations, as if the very slaves of their enemies; by robbing them of priceless treasures, consecrated in their affections by associations with dead or absent kindred; by false reports to those within their lines, and who were cut off from communication with their fellow-citizens beyond them, of repeated defeats and disasters attending Southern arms, and of our concessions of the hopelessness of our cause; by desecrating graves, churches, and other sacred places; by destroying things which do not add to means of hostility, but are only useful in peace, and serve to promote the common and perpetual interests of mankind. In short, it has been prosecuted as if with the fell purpose of subjugating both the bodies and souls of our people, or of exasperating and exterminating them. It has been a war against property, both public and private; against both sexes and all classes of society; against the political, moral and religious sentiments of our people; against their honor and their public affections; against whatever has hitherto been deemed sacred, inoffensive and exempt from hostility by all civilized nations. It has been conducted so as to insult while they injured; to exhibit towards us contempt as well as hatred. It has been waged as if they wished never to have had peace with us, or expected us never to hold in future any equality with them. Its prospective policy has not been to restore the Union, or to have any future commerce or intercourse with us as independent or friendly States. They disdain to conciliate, and design to subjugate or exterminate our people."

A BRILLIANT AND SUCCESSFUL CHARGE.

We have heard of a very singular charge, that occurred at Plain's store, below Port Hudson, but we are unable to give correctly the names of parties in the engagement. A Federal battery of ten guns had annoyed our troops for some time, when the commanding Confederate officer asked an unusual question to the commandant of our battery—whether he thought his artillerists could charge and take the Federal pieces? His answer was: "We can try." The Confederate ordered one of his pieces to a high knoll at a distance, with express injunction to open a brisk fire upon the battery he wished to capture. He then ceased fire with the balance of his own pieces. In a few minutes the whole concentrated fire of the ten Federal guns was upon his one distant piece and squad. At once forming his main company into line, he charged with a yell upon the Federal battery, driving the Yankees from their guns, and capturing the ten pieces. Some six thousand Federal infantry coming up, the Confederates had not time to bear off their prize. Our friends in Arkansas gave a specimen of a genuine infantry charge, but it has been left for the Confederates near Port Hudson, Louisiana, to present a successful and altogether unique artillery charge.

BADLY FRIGHTENED.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* wrote of the battles around Richmond as follows:

Among the many incidents related, is one concerning a private in Colonel Wyatt Aiken's Regiment, from South Carolina. It appears that while watching the Yankees, no doubt with some anxiety, his company passed him, and he found himself alone in the vicinity of Williamsburg road, down which a Vermont regiment had passed. Feeling his way through the woods, he came upon a man standing behind a tree, whom he took to be a friend. He thought that he, too, would get behind the same tree, and take a shot at the Yankees in the road. Quite carelessly, and with not the remotest suspicion who was his companion, he inquired: "What regiment do you belong to?" "I belong to the Fifth Varmeount," was the natal reply. The Palmetto says of himself that at this announcement his eyes stuck out like a lobster's, and he began to feel as if a thousand ants were creeping down the small of his back. The Vermonter was over six feet tall, and had a bayonet; while he was but five feet six, without a bayonet. He reasoned, mentally, that if he ran suddenly, the Yankee would shoot, and yet he felt prodigiously unwilling to remain where he was. What to do he did not know. Directly, the "blue coat" asked him: "What regiment dew you b'long tew?" "Wall," replied the Confederate, (catching at the thought that he would pretend to be a Yankee also,) "wall, I b'long to a Massachusetts regiment, and 've got lost. But I'm goin' down here behind this tree to git a shot at the rebels, and when I see one, I'm goin' to give him fits, like all tarnation."

With this effort, our shrewd Confederate turned on his heel, walked very slow for a few rods, but in less than sixty seconds was tearing through the woods like a lunatic. He brought up, after traveling, he did n't no where, in the arms of the Twenty-First Mississippi Regiment, according to his own confession, the worst frightened man on the ground that day.

"DO YOU TAKE GREENBACKS?"

A train of cars freighted with Federal prisoners stopped at the Atlanta station, when the prisoners amused themselves talking to the news boys on the platform. A Yankee officer said to one of the apple boys:

"What do you ask for your apples?"

"Dollar a dozen."

"Do you take greenbacks?"

Apple boy cocked his little toe-head, winked one eye knowingly, and and replied, with his thumb to his nose:

"No; but *we take blue bellies!*"

THE CONFEDERACY IN JANUARY, 1863.

The following is from the message of President Davis:

Our armies are larger, better disciplined, and more thoroughly armed and equipped than at any previous period of the war. The energies of a whole nation, devoted to the single object of success in this war, have accomplished marvels, and many of our trials have, by a beneficent Providence, been converted into blessings. The magnitude of the perils which we have encountered have developed the true qualities and illustrated the heroic character of our people, thus gaining for the Confederacy from its birth a just appreciation from the other nations of the earth. The injuries resulting from the interruption of foreign commerce have received compensation by the development of our internal resources. Cannon crown our fortresses that were cast from the products of mines opened and furnaces built during the war. Our mountain caves yield much of the nitre for the manufacture of powder, and promise increase of product. From our own foundries and laboratories, from our own armories and workshops, we derive, in a great measure, the warlike materials, the ordnance and ordnance stores, which are expended so profusely in the numerous and desperate engagements that rapidly succeed each other. Cotton and woolen fabrics, shoes and harness, wagons and gun carriages, are produced in daily increasing quantities by the factories springing into existence. Our fields, no longer whitened by cotton that cannot be exported, are devoted to the production of cereals and the growth of stock, formerly purchased with the proceeds of cotton. In the homes of our noble and devoted women, without whose sublime sacrifices our success would have been impossible, the noise of the loom and of the spinning wheel may be heard throughout the land. With hearts swelling with gratitude, let us, then, join in returning thanks to God, and in beseeching the continuance of His protecting care over our cause, and the restoration of peace, with its manifold blessings, to our beloved country.

A HEROINE AT VICKSBURG.

A letter from the "City of the Hills," written by an officer of high character and undoubted veracity, says:

I must tell you of a feat performed by a young girl, as told me by one who saw it, on the day of the hardest fight. Her brother belonged to one of the batteries, and hearing that he was wounded, she started out alone and on foot for the battle-field; and, against the remonstrance of all who saw her, walked along the line of entrenchments and across an open field, swept by a murderous fire of musketry, grape and canister, as if she had been going to church to show her new bonnet, to the point where his battery was. You can imagine that the men whom she passed did not fight the worse for the sight.

THE PUGNACIOUS NIGGERS.

The editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, in a serio-comic humor, thus ventilated himself in 1863:

Christendom is about to be regaled with a most savage, ridiculous, ineffectual and odoriferous novelty. Dispatches announce that the negro soldier's bill has passed the Yankee House of Representatives by a vote of eighty-eight to fifty-four. "The slaves of loyal persons," says the dispatch, "are not to be received, and no recruiting officers are to be sent into the border States without the permission of their Governors. Mr. Stevens said three hundred thousand men would leave the army in May. We could not raise fifty thousand white men. Conscription was impossible."

What a confession is here! More than twenty millions of white people, educated highly in common schools, accustomed from childhood to those practical exercises by which the wits are supposed to be sharpened and the body invigorated, and priding themselves upon their endowments, make war upon less than one-third their number of semi-barbarian Southerners, slothful, ignorant, enervated, depraved; and after two years of war, such as no people ever waged and none ever endured, (so vast in its magnitude and so vehement and malignant its energy,) the stronger power is forced, by the stern necessity of constant defeat and the inherent wickness of the cause, to appeal from its own race to African slaves for help. How shameful the admission of weakness—how ridiculous the appeal for aid! Three hundred thousand white men, trained in all the arts of modern warfare, throw down their arms in disgust in May, and their places are to be filled with negroes, who scarcely know the muzzle from the but of a musket, and who, there is every reason to believe, can never be taught the simplest evolutions of the line. Could the absurd folly of the Abolition crusade be more glaringly manifest than in this preposterous substitution of muscle for mind, ignorance for education, inexperience for training, clumsiness for skill, childishness for manhood, cowardice for courage, blind brute force for patriotism and reason, Africans for Anglo-Saxons? It is the insanity of fanaticism whipped, beaten, driven to desperation. It is the last frantic, furious, useless struggle of bad men, bewildered by the breaking down of an unrighteous cause; in a word, it is the arrant idiocy of hopelessly defeated sinfulness.

Enlightened Europe may turn from the sickening horrors of a servile insurrection, invoked by the madmen at Washington, to a phase of this war, as it will be waged next summer, which, when depicted with historical accuracy and physiological fidelity, can scarcely fail to relieve its fears as to the future of the white race at the South, and conduce, in no small degree, to the alleviation of any epigastric uneasiness that Exeter Hall may experience in regard to the corporeal welfare of the colored brethren.

The fate of the negro, of the white population at the South, and of the Northern army respectively, will be decided in a brief contest, which will occur about the middle of next June, and which we will describe as gravely and succinctly as possible. On the 1st of April, fifty thousand negroes, who have been previously drilled in various camps of instruction, will be debarked at Acquia Creek. Pugnacious Joseph Hooker, foaming at the mouth from long delay, will organize them into brigades and divisions with the velocity of frenzied impatience. But it will require six weeks of incessant toil to perform this simple feat. It is at last accomplished. The pontoons are laid safely and crossed without opposition. To prevent accident, the grand colored division is put in the van. Greely, its commander, remains at Acquia Creek, "with a powerful glass," after the manner of Burnside. The skirmishers of the grand colored division are thrown out. They deploy.

The voice of an overseer calling hogs is heard in a distant field. They rally on the reserve. No rebels being visible, they are again thrown forward. They feel for the enemy, but he is not to be felt. They fire at nothing, fifty feet in the air, and hit it every time. The rebels, being thus driven to their earthworks, the grand colored division advances at the *pas de charge*, singing a Methodist refrain, to storm the enemy's position, and to "carry the crest" at all hazards. Of a sudden, the artillery of A. P Hill's command belches forth a hurricane of shell and shrapnel. There is a rising of wool, as of quills upon the fretful porcupine, under the caps of dusky brigadiers and sooty major generals; there is a simultaneous effusion of mellifluous perspiration from fifty thousand tarry hides; there is a display of ivory like fifty thousand flashes of lightning; fifty thousand pairs of charcoal knees are knocking together, and one hundred thousand Ethiopian eyeballs are rolling medly in their sockets, like so many drunken and distracted moons dancing in an ebon sky; the grand colored division trembles like a mighty pointer dog on an icy pavement; there is an universal squall, as if all Africa had been kicked upon its shins; at the selfsame moment a scattering, as if all the blackbirds, crows and buzzards in creation had taken wings at once. To a man, the Northern army lies prostrate in the field, asphyxiated by the insufferable odor bequeathed to the atmosphere by the dark departed host. For a like cause, the rebel army is in full retreat to Richmond. Solitary and alone, with his nose in his hand, A. P. Hill surveys the silent scene.

WELL PUT.

A Yankee puffer having stated that Hooker's headquarters are in the saddle, the Mobile *Advertiser* observes: "To think of a general that did n't know his *hindquarters* from his headquarters expecting to whip General Lee."

THE CONTEST ABOVE THE GRAVES.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing from Gettysburg, thus alludes to the traces of the struggle at the cemetery:

Monuments and headstones lie here and there overturned. Graves, once carefully tended by some loving hand, have been trampled by horses' feet until the vestiges of verdure have disappeared. The neat and well trained shrubbery has vanished, or is but a broken and withered mass of tangled brush wood. On one grave lies a dead artillery horse, fast decomposing under the July sun. On another lie the torn garments of some wounded soldier, stained and saturated with his blood. Across a small headstone, bearing the words, "To the memory of our beloved child Mary," lie the fragments of a musket shattered by a cannon shot. In the centre of the space, enclosed by an iron fence, and containing a half dozen graves, a few rails are still standing, where they were erected by our soldiers, and served to support the shelter tents of a bivouacking squad. A family shaft has been broken to fragments by a shell, and only the base remains, with a portion of the inscription thereon. Stone after stone felt the effect of the *feu d'enfer* that was poured upon the crest of the hill. Cannon thundered, and foot and horse soldiers tramped over the sleeping places of the dead. Other dead were added to those who are resting there, and many a wounded soldier still lives to remember the contest above those silent graves.

JUVENILE JOKE.

A little boy, in Nashville, Tennessee, a vender of pies, started out with his basket, when he was accosted by a Federal on a horse. A tempting pie was purchased, when the Federal, suspicious by a depraved nature, requested the boy to taste a piece; the boy complied, returned it, and the Federal commenced eating. The boy, understanding the fears of Uncle Sam's hireling, immediately sang out: "Don't you think I know'd which side had the pisin?" The pie was thrown down hastily, but the boy kept the dime and the joke.

AN INCIDENT OF THE COLUMBUS FIGHT.

The Memphis *Argus* tells the following:

Our esteemed citizen, Lem. Farren, of this county, had a son in the fight at Columbus, who was, perhaps, the first to meet his death. His servant was with the company, and, in the progress of the battle, missed his master. Looking for him, he found him cold in death. The faithful slave took his young master's musket and cartridge box, fell into the ranks, and fought all day with unflinching gallantry, dealing death to many a Lincolnite.

JACKSON'S LAST HOURS.

As any facts connected with the character and services and fall of Gen. Jackson are interesting, the following account is taken, at the risk of some repetition, from a correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer:*

The wounding of General Jackson has been minutely detailed to me by Captain Wilbourne, of his staff. The facts, in substance, are these: General Jackson, in company with a number of his own and a part of the staff of General A. P Hill, had ridden beyond the front line of the skirmishers, after the close of the fighting on Saturday night, as was often the habit of the general When he had finished his observations, and as he was returning, he was fired upon through mistake by some of his own men, and was wounded in the right hand and on the left arm. At the same time, all the rest of the party were either killed or wounded—including Captain Boswell, his engineer—excepting Captain Wilbourne, and perhaps one other person. The general at once said he was wounded, and as soon as possible was conveyed to the rear and his arm bandaged. Just then the enemy began an attack, and it was with difficulty that General Jackson was not injured in being borne from the field, as the firing both of small arms and artillery was very rapid, and the rain of shells and balls fell thick and fast about him.

The messenger who carried General Lee the intelligence of this severe misfortune, tells me that he found the general on a bed of straw, about four o'clock in the morning, and that when told of what had occurred, his words were these: "Thank God it is no worse; God be praised that he is still alive," and that he further said: "Any victory is a dear one that deprives us of the services of Jackson, even for a short time." Upon the informant mentioning that he believed it was General Jackson's intention to have pressed them on Sunday, had he not have fallen, General Lee quietly said: "These people shall be pressed to-day," at the same time rising, about four A. M. Hastily dressing and partaking of his simple fare of ham and crackers, he sallied forth, I hear, unattended; and made such dispositions as rendered that Sabbath a blessed day for our cause, even though a Jackson had fallen among its leaders.

As every incident connected with these two great men must interest the reader, I will mention, as quite current, that when General Jackson received the letter which General Lee sent him on Sunday morning, bursting into tears, he said: "Far better for the Confederacy that ten Jacksons should have fallen than one Lee."

General Jackson, after receiving his wound, was conveyed to the house of Mr. Thomas Chandler, in Caroline, where all that skillful attention and attendance could afford to heal his wounds was done, but all in vain; his mission was fulfilled, his work was done, and the hero of the Valley campaign and the Stonewall of the South had passed from earth away.

Of Jackson it may be said, what can be affirmed of but few men that have lived in this great struggle, that he has fulfilled a great purpose in history, wrought out the mission for which he was ordained of Providence, and that, "dying, he has left no stain which, living, he would wish to blot." His example, let us hope and believe, will survive him, and in the coming fights, let Jackson's men show to the world that "a dead Jackson shall win the field."

The Richmond *Presbyterian* says:

A few nights before this battle, an equally characteristic incident occurred that is worthy of record. He was discussing with one of his aids the probability and issue of a battle, when he became unusually excited. After thinking it over fully, he paused, and with deep humility and reverence said: "My trust is in God;" then, as if the sound of battle was in his ear, he raised himself to his tallest stature, and with flashing eyes and a face all blazing with the fire of the conflict, he exclaimed, "I wish they would come." Trust in God and eagerness for the fray were two of the great elements of that marvellous success that seemed to follow him like a star, so that he was never defeated, or failed in anything he ever undertook.

After he was wounded, he retained his cheerfulness, and remarked to a friend the pleasurableness of the sensations in taking chloroform; stating that he was conscious of everything that was done to him; that the sawing of his bone sounded to him like the sweetest music, and every sensation was one of delight.

Conversing with an aid, he pointed to his mutilated arm and said, "many people would regard this as a great misfortune; I regard it as one of the greatest blessings of my life." Mr. S. remarked, "all things work together for good, to those that love God." "Yes, yes," he emphatically said, "that 's it, that 's it."

General Lee wrote him a beautiful note, so characteristic of his own generosity and worth.

After hearing it read, he said, with his usual modesty and reverence, "General Lee should give the glory to God." He always seemed jealous for the glory of his Saviour.

When it was told him that General Stuart led his old Stonewall Brigade to the charge with the watchword, "Charge, and remember Jackson," and that inspired by this, they made so brilliant and resistless an onset, he was deeply moved, and said: "It was just like them; it was just like them. They are a noble body of men."

He had always desired to die, if it were God's will, on the Sabbath, and seemed to greet its light that day with peculiar pleasure, saying, with evident delight, "It is the Lord's day," and inquired anxiously what provision had been made for preaching to the army; and having ascertained that

arrangements were made, he was contented. Delirium, which occasionally manifested itself during the last two days, prevented some of the utterances of his faith, which would otherwise have doubtless been made. His thoughts vibrated between religious subjects and the battle-field, now asking some question about the Bible or church history, and then giving an order—"Pass the infantry to the front," "Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions to the men," "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees"—until at last his gallant spirit gently passed over the dark river, and entered on its rest where the tree of life is blooming beside the crystal river in the better country.

BUTLER'S PERQUISITES.

"Three ships, two steamers, and one barque." These vessels will arrive at Long Wharf. They contain the immense wealth accumulated by General Butler and staff, while stationed at New Orleans, which is estimated at about six millions dollars. There are two boots full of diamonds, one tea chest of childrens' silver mugs, one cradle full of ladies' gold hair-pins, two bandboxes of pincushions, one coal-hod of mosaic brooches, two clothes-baskets of altar ornaments, seventeen valises of gold and silver watches, twenty-one strawberry boxes of gold rings, (stolen from ladies while walking in the streets,) two sugar boxes of silver door plates and knobs, and stocking full of decanter labels, sixteen segar boxes of gold pens and silver ever-pointed pencil cases, twenty-one pianos (one for each of the staff), two church organs (a little out of tune), one hack, five poodles, six stallions, and various other articles too numerous to mention. Colonel French, on his return, will bring the remainder of the lot.

GENERAL HARDEE AND THE ARKANSAS RAW RECRUIT.

An anecdote is told of General Hardee, which shows, in a very amusing light, the kind of material out of which an army of volunteer soldiery is formed. About the beginning of the war, the General was forming the nucleus of an army in South-east Missouri, and being a great disciplinarian, was very active in teaching his men the rules and duties of a soldier's life. It happened one night that a sentinel had been placed to guard some stores near the entrance of the general's headquarters. Returning home rather late from a tour of inspection, he passed the sentinel a few paces from his door, and not being honored with the usual salute of "present arms," he halted, and in a kind but commanding tone, said: "Don't you know me?" "No, sir," replied the uncouth Arkansian, "who are you?" "I am General Hardee, sir!" Whereupon, the raw recruit advanced a few paces, put out his hand for a shake, and said in a most familiar tone: "My name, general is Bill Dickerson, and I'm right glad to make your acquaintance!"

GENERAL STUART'S EXPLOITS.

The Richmond *Dispatch* gives some incidents connected with the gallant deeds of General Stuart, from which we select the following:

Leaving Old Church, and passing down the road by Smith's Store, New Kent was reached, and the column came to a stand at Putney's Mills, on the Pamunkey. There they destroyed the three transports found lying in the river, the fourth having drifted down the stream. On our approach, the Yankees were heard shouting to each other: "Didn't I tell you so," said one. "Old Jackson is after us." "He 's got us, sure," said another; and his voice was stopped by a volley. The vessels had on board a vast quantity of tropical fruits, very tempting to our men; but the three were fired, and long after, the lurid flames were seen lighting up the evening sky. The approach of our men to this place was a perfect "astonisher." A few moments before, some of the renegade dragoons had ridden hastily through the place.

"What's the matter?" was asked. "Hell 's after us," was the only reply, as the bold dragoons added fresh spurs, and hastened on to a place of safety.

Another incident—one of a true Virginia heroine—is still more interesting. Within a few hundred yards of the enemy's cavalry camp stands the residence of the accomplished Miss ————, and seeing a Yankee approaching her house, she demanded his instant surrender, telling him he was surrounded by rebel cavalry, and all resistance vain. Though fully accoutred, and armed with no less than four pistols, the gallant son of Mars divested himself of all weapons, and very meekly surrendered to the young heroine, who unceremoniously marched him into her house, and held him there in durance vile until the arrival of Stuart's troopers, when he was handed over with all honors, the lady blushing, and gallant, dusty horsemen laughing.

At another time, this same heroic damsel saw some twenty-five Federal cavalrymen dashing along the road towards her residence, when she informed them, much to their surprise, that they were entirely surrounded by rebel horse, that the roads and woods were full of them, and all avenues of escape hermetrically sealed. Receiving this gratuitous and pleasing information with woeful countenance, the gallant Yankees raised a white flag, trotted meekly and modestly along the road, when, falling in with a party of our men, surrendered with good grace, delivered up their arms, and were conducted to the rear.

It is narrated that when the Federal cavalry broke and ran from their camps, upon the appearance of the second squadron charging down the road upon them, the chase that ensued was intensely exciting and rapid. While galloping down the roads, "full tilt," amid clouds of dust, and under a cloudless sky, ladies would rush to the doors, wave handkerchiefs, and shout

with laughter and delight, but their constant cheers were soon drowned in the earth-shaking noise of squadrons thundering along the road, and the jar and jingle and rush of flying artillery dashing forward with ten-horse teams. But one hearty old dame, standing at her gate, with waving kerchief, insisted on being heard, as she repeatedly shouted, at the top of her voice: "Hurrah, my Dixie boys! I told 'em you'd come, boys! Hurry! hurry down the road after 'em! They're only half a mile ahead! Chase 'em away, my brave Dixie boys! I've wanted to get rid of the blue varmints a long while. Hurrah for our cavalry!" "Quick, lads, quick!" shouted an old farmer, with stentorian lungs and with much gesticulation, "quick, or they'll escape, the rascals! Cut 'em down, and spare none of the thieving scoundrels!" In fact, the race of two or three miles was more like a holiday spectacle than aught else. Teams would stand at the wagon or plough—negroes rushed to the fence and perched thereon, grinned and laughed, to the great danger of bursting their eyeballs or dislocating jaws—doors were dashed open and out rushed the inmates, cheering—yet onward sped the jingling horsemen, amid clouds of dust and roars of laughter, until naught could be seen of their progress but clouds of dust rising over the green landscape.

SERGEANT MICKLER'S LAST SCOUT.

The daring exploits of Captain John Mickler on the islands of our coast are familiar to all South Carolinians, but it is not so well known that he had a younger brother in Virginia, who has also carried terror among the Yankee marauders. Sergeant William A. Mickler is the youngest brother of Captain Mickler, and went out to Virginia in the Hampton Legion, a private in the Beaufort District troop, (now Company B, Second South Carolina cavalry). His many soldierly qualities, and his constant attention to duty, at length caused General Hampton to appoint him commander of scouts for his brigade. In this capacity, he has more than fulfilled the expectations of his commanding officers, and has been recommended to the Secretary of War by General R. E. Lee for promotion. The dashing affair in the streets of Brentsville; his fight in Cedar Run, where with ten men he engaged, put to flight and pursued for five miles sixty-four Yankee dragoons; his encountering and totally routing two hundred of the enemy's cavalry with fifteen men at Greenwood Church, are a few among the many daring exploits which he has performed. The last affair in which he was engaged was the most successful of all. The facts are as follows:

His entire party consisted of Sergeant Sparks, color sergeant of the regiment; Corporal Doolin, Company A, Boykin's Rangers; Sergeant Henderson, Corporal Mickler, Privates Beck, Johnson and Shoolbred, Company B, Beaufort District troops; Sergeant Butler and Shirer, Privates Crafton,

Hennegan and Hogan, Company I, Edgefield Hussars; and Privates Miller and Willingham, Company K, Brooks' Troop—all picked men, and, with a single exception, from the troops composing the Hampton Legion cavalry. In addition to the men from his own regiment, he had with him a party of ten men from the First North Carolina cavalry, under ——— Hanly, and three volunteers from the Prince William's cavalry. Having stopped for the night in the neighborhood of Deep River, and waiting the next morning for his men to assemble, he learned that a party of ten Yankee cavalry, under a lieutenant, was making its way towards Wolf River Shoals. Corporal Miekler had already been detached with a party of men to scout the road in another direction, after some of the enemy reported to be prowling about. Upon hearing this information, Sergeant Mickler immediately sent Hanly, with his North Carolinians, to pursue them, while he pushed on to cut them off from the ford. Hanly soon came up with the enemy, and gallantly charged them, driving them before him and capturing a prisoner. The chase was kept up for about two miles, when Hanly's men, their horses not being able to keep up, became so scattered, that but two or three remained with him. The Yankee lieutenant seeing this, rallied his men on the crest of a hill in an open field and returned the fire of the North Carolinians. Sergeant Mickler, who had heard the firing when Hanly first charged, had come at a break-neck speed for two miles, and now appeared on the scene. So rapid had been his speed that only Sergeant Henderson and Hogan had kept up with him. He rode up to Hanly, and asked why he did not charge them. The reply was that his men had got so scattered in the pursuit that he had not been able to get them together for a charge. Sergeant Mickler then immediately ordered a charge, and followed by Sergeant Henderson, Hanly and Hogan, dashed upon the enemy. Regardless of the balls which whizzed around their heads, they held their fire till they got within fifty yards, when they opened with their revolvers, and the Yankees broke and fled. Over the hill, across the fields, they were followed by their dauntless pursuers till their flight was partially arrested in attempting to pass through a gate, and Sergeant Mickler's party came up with them. The fight now became hand to hand, four against nine. It was desperate, but short. One of the Yankees was wounded in two places, and four others were unhorsed and taken prisoners. The lieutenant, with his remaining three men, escaped through the gate, and continued their rapid flight across the fields. They were closely pursued by Miekler and his men, and at last jammed in the corner of a fence they could not jump, they yielded themselves prisoners to a foe they could not elude.

Sergeant Miekler now received information that a party of forty-six of the enemy's cavalry were on the way from Brentsville to Manassas Junction. He determined to attack them, and sent off the prisoners under a guard,

keeping with him seventeen men. He laid an ambuscade on the road between Broad Run and Manassas, and awaited their approach. Sparks, Hanly, Hennegan and Doolin were kept mounted, with orders to charge the rear of the enemy's column as they came out of the ambuscade, and secure all loose horses. The remainder of the party were dismounted and secreted in the woods along the road. The Yankees came on with drawn sabers, on the lookout for Mickler and his men. When they got in the ambuscade, one of them, noticing the tracks, remarked, "Some d—d rebels have been along here." Another replied, "No, our boys passed here." Scarcely had he spoke, when the signal gun was fired from the rear, and a rattling volley answered along the whole column. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The cries and groans of wounded men, clinging in terror to their madly rearing and plunging horses, the faint moans of the dying, as they were trampled under the hoofs of their own chargers, and the wild, fearful rush to escape from this scene of death and horror may be better imagined than described.

The mounted men, without waiting for the column to pass, charged impetuously on the enemy, and engaged in a desperate hand to hand conflict with three times their number. Hanly's horse was shot dead under him. Hennegan's charger fell with him in the road, and instantly several Yankee dragoons and horses had fallen over him. He extricated himself from the struggling mass, and crawling up the steep bank, began coolly firing with his revolver at the Yankees as they stumbled over the fallen men and horses. Doolin captured and brought off two prisoners. Sparks followed a Yankee Captain and ordered him to surrender. The reply was: "I surrender, sir, but I can't hold my horse." At the same moment another of the enemy cried out: "Captain, why do n't you shoot the d—d rebel?" and, turning in his saddle, fired his revolver. The ball passed through the body of Sparks, piercing his right lung. Surrounded by enemies, not a single one of his friends in sight, wounded painfully and dangerously, perhaps mortally, his situation was critical. But his coolness and courage never forsook him for a moment. Wheeling his horse short into the woods, he rode about a hundred yards, and fell from his horse to the ground. He was aroused from his fainting condition by the sound of footsteps, and saw a Yankee dragoon approaching. Feebly raising his head on his left elbow, with his revolver in his right hand, he called upon the enemy to surrender and deliver up his arms. And when the fight was over, he was found in the same position, with the disarmed Yankee dragoon standing before him. As soon as possible, Mickler's party remounted their horses and followed the flying enemy. Twice the Yankees, rallied by their officers, and trusting to their greatly superior numbers, made a stand, and twice did Mickler and his men, with revolvers empty, and trusting to their sabres alone, dash upon the

enemy and drive them headlong before them. For a mile and a half was the pursuit kept up down the road toward Dumfries, where Mickler withdrew to secure his prisoners. The enemy lost in this affair two killed on the spot, eight wounded and five taken prisoners; a loss almost equal to the entire number of their assailants. Sparks was so severely wounded that it was impossible to remove him on horseback, and as it was reported that a very heavy force was moving up from Dumfries, it was important that Mickler's party should lose no time in carrying off their prisoners. They sent to a neighboring house for a carriage to convey Sparks, and a young lady immediately came, like a ministering angel, to proffer her services. So they left him to her tender care, and as she bent weeping over him, wiping the bloody foam from his lips, he smiled, raised his head from her lap, and waving his hand feebly to his comrades, said: "Go on, boys, don't wait for me."

INCIDENT AT THE BATTLES ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

There is a young Georgia soldier, who, during the first two years of the war, fought all through the Virginia battles, except the first Manassas, and had never been touched by Yankee ball or shell until the great fight on the Rappahannock. There he was wounded very severely in the face, and also in the hand by Minie balls. Walking off the field, covered with blood and very faint, though still keeping his loaded gun in the uninjured hand, he saw a Yankee marching off three of our boys, unarmed, as prisoners. The Yankee called out to the wounded soldier, being quite near him, to surrender; instead of which he instantly raised his gun and shot the Yankee dead, thus saving himself and releasing the three prisoners. The name of the young soldier is Jesse J. Morris, a private in General Johnston's fine company, the Thomson Guards, Company F, Tenth Georgia regiment. He is one of four brothers now in the service.

THE WAY THEY FIGHT.

A person who was in the battle of Lexington, Missouri, relates the following:

I saw one case that shows the Confederate style of fighting. An old Texan, dressed in buckskin and armed with a long rifle, used to go up to the works every morning about seven o'clock, carrying his dinner in a tin pail. Taking a good position, he banged away at the Federals till noon; then an hour, ate his dinner, after which he resumed operations till six P. M., when he returned home to supper and a night's sleep. The next day, a little before seven, saw him, dinner and rifle in hand, trudging up street to begin again his regular day's work. And in this style he continued till the surrender.

HEROISM.

The New Orleans *True Delta*, in its account of the exploit of the Manassas, relates an act of chivalrous courage performed by two seamen, while shot and shell were falling thickly upon the ram, which deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance:

The Richmond now took the Vincennes in tow, and the Water Witch grappled the Preble, all the time keeping up a heavy fire on the ram, but without striking her except once, and then knocking down the remaining chimney over the vent of the other one. This choked up the outlet for the smoke, and as they were yet burning the tar, sulphur and tallow, the asphyxiating gas that arose from it rushed down and spread throughout the boat, threatening to suffocate every one in a few minutes. Nothing was to be done except for some one to go on deck and cut away the wreck, while the ships, less than a quarter of a mile distant, were raining their balls all around them.

Seizing an axe, Mr. Hardy rushed up the companion-way, nor could Lieutenant Warley, who had not discovered the accident, hold him back. Austin saw him go up, and knowing that he could not stand alone on the arched roof, followed him up. There, on the unguarded top, Hardy cut away the fallen chimney and its guys with the axe, while Austin, bracing his feet firmly apart, held him steady. All the while the balls and shells were whistling past and around them. The vent was opened, and the sulphurous smoke rushed out, just as those below were getting suffocated.

HEROISM AT THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Peyton T. Manning, of Mississippi, an aid of General Longstreet, distinguished himself by leading into the fight a number of regiments, among them the Nineteenth Mississippi. During the excitement of the charge, he found himself many yards in advance of the regiment he was leading, and being tripped by the limb of a felled tree, was thrown on his back. While in this position, a Yankee major rushed up and called on him to surrender. He refused, and snapped his revolver at him. The major returned the fire, the ball penetrating his clothes close to his body. Manning then fired another barrel, and brought the major down. A number of privates ran up just at this time calling on him to surrender. He replied by firing off the other barrels of his revolver, killing two of them, and the rest fled. He returned to the major, received his dying message, his watch, sword, etc., and carried them back to the lines. Here is another of the many instances of personal heroism on the part of Southern soldiers, which, up to this time, has never been recorded.

A POSER.

On the outer picket lines of our advanced post, near Suffolk, Lieutenant Colonel Richard Nixon, commanding the Ninety-ninth New York Volunteers, was the officer in charge of the pickets, who, by mutual agreement, have decided not to fire upon each other.

Being within pistol shot of each other, the outposts converse freely together, and the following conversation took place:

Union Picket—"Hallo, Reb!"

Rebel Picket—"How are you, Yank?"

Union Picket—"I say, Reb, can't you come over and give me a secesh paper?"

Rebel Picket—"No! Our officers don't allow it. They are very strict now."

Union Picket—"That's all in my eye; our officers let us do as we please."

Hereupon, the rebel picket studied a moment, and asked the Union picket whether he meant what he said about his officers. The Union soldier replied in the affirmative, when the rebel archly replied: "If your officers let you do as you please, why don't you *go home?*"

The interesting Union picket was Colonel Nixon, who is considerable of a wag, but a most courageous and accomplished soldier, and this poser of the butternut completely silenced him.

HALTING BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS.

A Yankee "bold soldier" having crept up behind a tree, rather close to our works at Cold Harbor, was discovered by our boys, who brought some dozen dangerous looking muzzles to bear on him, and ordered him to "come in." Yank hesitated; bang, bang; the dirt and bark of the tree was knocked about his ears. He saw he was "in a fight," and so concluded to come in, for which purpose he laid down his gun. Seeing his object, his Yankee brethren began to fire on him. This changed his mind, and he started back to them; whereupon a whole "posse" of rebels let fly at him. Yank quickly came to a halt, perhaps to weigh the chances, both sides hallooing for him to come to them. Wisely deciding the rebels were the most dangerous marksmen, he turned and started for them at something a little above a double quick. The whole Yankee line fired on him; but despite of seventy-five yards of open field, and three tumbles which he took in the race, he reached our lines in safety, with an almost breathless, "Jerus'lem John! how yure fellows shoot!" He said he had been a seaman until recently, and gave his name as Sinbad the Sailor. Doubtless his advent into the rebel lines will compare favorably with some of the adventures of the hero of the Arabian Nights.

FAITHFUL SLAVES.

A private letter from the army said:

Alick is quite well, and begs to be remembered to each and every one at home. During my sojourn in Maryland, he was often separated from me for several days, and often had my horse, and could have ridden into the enemy's line without the slightest difficulty, still he was always on hand when wanted, and seems devoted to me. I now consider him thoroughly tried and faithful.

One of the most touching things I have seen since my connection with the army, was the devotion of major White's servant, an old negro he brought from home with him. The major was shot at a battery which we charged, and from which we were obliged, from want of support, to fall back. The news had not reached the old man, and the next morning he rode down to the lines where we were, to bring the Major's breakfast, and when he learned that the major was dead, he sat down and wept like a child. After recovering himself, he begged to be allowed to go to the enemy's lines and try to recover his master's body, and when refused his grief seemed to increase ten-fold. All day he watched and waited, hoping by some means to get the body; and when I insisted that he should go to the rear, the old man left very reluctantly, begging me to use every means to recover his master's remains: this, about nightfall, I succeeded in doing, by which he was much relieved. The next morning he saddled his horse, packed all of his master's baggage upon him, and started off on his homeward journey of nearly a thousand miles. An instance of greater devotion I never saw.

A FAITHFUL NEGRO.

A soldier from the battle-field of Richmond, has related the following incident, showing the fidelity of the Southern negro to his master. It is worthy of record:

In the fight of Tuesday, near Richmond, a negro man named Nathan, belonging to Lieutenant Williams, of Company G, First Georgia Regulars, was captured by a Yankee Lieutenant, and taken to the Yankee camp. The negro was sent to a spring to procure some water for his new master, but instead of performing that task, he kept on his way to the Confederate lines, where, on his arrival, he presented himself to General Hill, together with two horses which he captured from the Yankees on his "masterly retreat." The horses were wounded, and General Hill gave them to the negro. Nathan immediately sold one of the horses for fifty dollars, but persistently refused to sell the other. He then reported himself to his master, Lieutenant Williams, and is now serving him as faithfully as ever.

LADIES AND CHILDREN IN BATTLE.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Courier*, describing one of the battles around Richmond, relates the following:

During the battle several ladies and children had a narrow escape from death. They were in a house near the position at which the enemy were at one time aligned, and as the latter retreated our troops followed. Lieutenant Moultrie Dwight, the Assistant Inspector-General of General Kershaw, hearing strange voices within the premises, and thinking they might come from the enemy, drew his revolver and tried to open the door. It was locked. He demanded to be let in. The bolt was withdrawn from two doors and two female heads, disordered and frightened, peeped out.

"Any Yankees in here?" said Dwight. "No, there aint one in here—I declare I never was so scared in my life," was the reply. "Let me in—I want to see for myself," and Dwight looked in all the closets, and under the bed. Under the latter he found some babies, but no enemy was discovered, and begging pardon for his intrusion he backed out. The next morning he went to the house again, and found that the occupants, consisting of four ladies and seven or eight children, had barely escaped with their lives. Seven balls had gone through and through the house, over forty had struck it in various places, the top of the chimney had been knocked off by a shell, and various other injuries inflicted upon the premises. Nothing but the presence of mind of the inmates in lying flat on the floor prevented them from being wounded or killed.

THE FLAG OF THE TENTH ALABAMA.

Lieutenant-Colonel J E. Shelby, in an elegant letter to Governer Watts, committed the battle torn flag of the Tenth Alabama Regiment to the care of the State of Alabama. The Governor replied with an enthusiastic, fervid letter, characteristic of the man, and accepted the honored flag, in behalf of the State, "as an emblem of virtue, valor and renown." In his letter he speaks as follows:

This is the flag, which, at the battle of Chancellorsville, was grasped by the dying hand of James George, of him who, when shell and shot fell thick as hail, said: "The flag of the Tenth Alabama has never yet been lowered in the face of the foe; and while I have the strength of arm to keep it uplifted, it never shall be." And he broke not his word. When the staff was severed by a hostile shell, he grasped the broken pieces, with both hands, still kept its folds, in haughty defiance, unfurled, until his body, pierced to death, refused strength to his heroic arms. Well may you say, the stars of such a flag "are fixed with unfading light, in the historic recollections" of our country's noblest battles.

A NUT FOR YANKEES.

We yesterday received a note from an old patriot, seventy-six years of age, residing in Tallahassee, Florida, who after referring to our account of the "Roman Matron," in this city, who bade her two sons defend Virginia against the Northern invaders, and die before they should disgrace themselves, relates an incident of actual occurrence, in the South, which we give in nearly his own words: Two boys, under seventeen years of age, sons of a wealthy cotton planter on Lake Jackson, near Tallahassee, contracted the war fever and volunteered to go to Pensacola. When equipped for the march, and having taken leave of father, mother and sisters, they came to part with their old nurse—overwhelmed with tears, she addressed them thus: "Now, young masters, stop this weeping; go and fight for your country like men, and mind, don't disgrace *me*."

Here is a *slave matron* worthy of Yankee consideration. The father of these noble boys is a native of North Carolina, and of one of her most distinguished families.—*Charleston Courier.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

The "Life of General Thos. J Jackson," by Major John Esten Cooke, abounds in anecdotes of the great hero, which show glimpses of the inner man which no dissertation on his character could convey to the public. "Mystery, mystery is the secret of success," was an expression used by Jackson very often, and the people can never be tired reading even the slightest unveiling of this mysterious man, whom they almost worshipped. We make several extracts from the work before us:

JACKSON AT KERNSTOWN.

At Kernstown, when a portion of his line gave back before the overwhelming number, assailing it, he took his stand close to the enemy, amid a storm of bullets, called to a drummer boy, and, placing his hand firmly upon the boy's shoulder, said, in his brief, curt tones, "*Beat the rally!*" The rally was beaten, Jackson remained by the drummer's side, holding him to his work with the inexorable hand upon the shoulder, the rally continued to roll, and the line was speedily re-formed.

HIS PARTING WITH THE OLD STONEWALL BRIGADE.

After the first battle of Manassas, when General Jackson was ordered to the Valley, his old brigade was left behind with the army of Northern Virginia. On the 4th of October he took leave of it. The historian says:

On that day Jackson took leave of his old "First Brigade." The officers

and men were drawn up as though in line of battle, and their commander appeared in front, as he had so often appeared before when about to give the order for a charge upon the enemy. But now no enthusiasm, no cheers awaited him. All knew for what purpose he came, and the sorrow which filled every heart betrayed itself in the deep silence which greeted his approach. Not a sound along the line, not a hand raised in greeting, not a murmur even going to show that they recognized their beloved captain. The bronzed faces were full of the deepest dejection, and the stern fighters of the old brigade were like children about to be separated from their father. Jackson approached, and, mastering his emotion by an effort, said in the short, abrupt tones with which all were so familiar:

"I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this—whether on the march, the bivouac, the tented field, or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of the battle. Throughout the broad extent of country over which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy, and I trust, in the future, by your deeds on the field, and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, you will gain more victories and add additional lustre to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this our second war for independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and I trust whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of battle it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won!"

Having uttered these words, Jackson paused for an instant, and his eye passed slowly along the line, as though he wished thus to bid farewell individually to every old familiar face, so often seen in the heat of battle, and so dear to him. The thoughts which crowded upon him seemed more than he could bear—he could not leave them with such formal words only—and that iron lip which had never trembled in the hour of deadliest peril now quivered. Mastered by an uncontrollable impulse, the great soldier rose in his stirrups, threw the reins on the neck of his horse with an emphasis which sent a thrill through every heart, and, extending his arm, added in tones of the deepest feeling:

"In the army of the Shenandoah, you were the first brigade! In the army of the Potomac you were the first brigade! In the second corps of the army you are the first brigade! You are the first brigade in the affec-

tions of your general; and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the first brigade in this our second war of independence. Farewell!"

As the last words echoed in their ears, and Jackson turned to leave them, the long pent up feeling burst forth. Three prolonged and deafening chees rolled along the line of the old brigade; and no sooner had they died away than they were renewed, and again renewed. The calm face of the great leader flushed as he listened to that sound, but he did not speak. Waving his hand in token of farewell, he galloped away, and the old brigade, deprived of its beloved chief, returned slowly and sorrowfully to camp.

A PICTURE OF THE GREAT LEADER.

He wore an old sun-burned coat, of grey cloth, originally a very plain one, and now almost out at elbows. To call it sun-burned, however, is scarcely to convey an adequate idea of the extent of its discoloration. It had that dingy hue, the result of exposure to rain and snow and scorching sunshine, which is so unmistakable. It was plain that the general had often stretched his weary form upon the bare ground, and slept in the old coat; and it seemed to have brought away with it no little of the dust of the Valley. A holiday soldier would have disdained to wear such a garb; but the men of the old Stonewall Brigade, with their brave comrades of the corps, loved that coat, and admired it and its owner more than all the holiday uniforms and holiday warriors in the world. The remainder of the general's costume was as much discolored as the coat; he wore cavalry boots reaching to the knee, and his head was surmounted by an old cap, more faded than all—the sun had turned it quite yellow, indeed, and it tilted forward so far over the wearer's forehead, that he was compelled to raise his chin in the air in order to look under the rim. His horse was not a "fiery steed—" pawing, and ready to dart forward at "the thunder of the captains and the shouting—" but an old raw-boned sorrel, gaunt and grim—a horse of astonishing equanimity, who seemed to give himself no concern on any subject, and calmly moved about, like his master, careless of cannon ball or bullet, in the hottest moments of battle.

THE HERO AMONG CHILDREN.

The children of the house, and in the neighborhood, (Caroline County,) will long remember the kind voice and smile of the great soldier—his caresses and affectionate ways. A new military cap had been sent him just before the battle of Fredericksburg, which was resplendent with gold braid and all manner of decorations. General Jackson did not admire this fine substitute for that old, sun-scorched head-covering which had so long served

him; and, when, one day, a little girl was standing at his knee, looking up from her clustering curls at the kindly general, whose hand was caressing her hair, he found a better use for the fine gold braid around the cap. He called for a pair of scissors, ripped it off, and joining the ends, placed it like a coronet upon her head, with smiles and evident admiration of the pretty picture thus presented.

Another little girl, in one of the hospitable houses of that region, told the present writer, that when she expressed to a gentleman her wish to kiss General Jackson, and the gentleman repeated her words, the general blushed very much and turned away with a slight laugh as if he was confused.

These are trifles, let us agree, good reader; but is it not a pleasant spectacle to see the great soldier amid these kindly, simple scenes—to watch the stern and indomitable leader, whose soul has never shrunk in the hour of deadliest peril, passing happy moments in the society of laughing children?

At the first battle of Manassas, while Jackson's wound was being dressed, some one said, "Here comes the President." He threw aside the surgeons, rose suddenly to his feet, and whirling his old cap around his head, cried, with the fire of battle in his eye, "Hurrah for the President! Give me ten thousand men and I'll be in Washington to-night!"

It was the same man who blushed when a child expressed a wish to kiss him.

HIS RECOLLECTION OF THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.

During the ride to Guinea's (after his wounds) he had maintained his serene and cheerful bearing, and talked much in reference to the battle of Saturday. He spoke of the gallant bearing of General Rhodes, and said that his commission as major-general ought to date from that day, and of the grand charge of the old Stonewall Brigade in the battle of Sunday, which he had heard of. He asked after all his officers, and said:

"The men who live through this war will be proud to say, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade!' to their children."

With that grand modesty which ever characterized him, he hastened, however, to guard this declaration even from the appearance of egotism, and earnestly declared that the name of "Stonewall" did not belong to him—that it was the name given to his old brigade, and their property alone.

THE LAST SCENE OF ALL—HIS DEATH.

On Thursday evening all pain had ceased; but a mortal prostration came on, from which he never recovered. He still conversed feebly, and said:

"I consider these wounds a blessing; they were given me for some good and wise purpose, and I would not part with them if I could."

From this time he continued to sink, and on Sunday morning it was obvious that he could only live a few hours longer. His mind was still clear, however, and he asked Major Pendleton, his adjutant-general, "who was preaching at headquarters on that day?" Mrs. Jackson was with him during his last moments, and conversed with him fully and freely. She informed him that he was about to die, and his reply was:

"*Very good, very good; it is all right.*"

He then sent messages to all his friends, the generals and others, and murmured in a low voice his wish to be buried in "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia."

His mind then began to wander, and that delirium which seizes upon the most powerful minds, the vigorous brains, at the mysterious moment when the last sands fall from the glass, began to effect him. He gave orders to the commissary of his corps, the surgeons and the commanders. Among the last words which escaped his lips were, "A P Hill, prepare for action!"

After this he speedily sank, and at fifteen minutes past three in the evening, he tranquilly expired.

JACKSON AND LEE.

These two men had now met (at Cold Harbor) for the first time in the war; had seen each other at work; and there sprung up at once between the two eminent soldiers that profound respect, confidence and regard, which thenceforth knew no diminution, no shadow of turning. Jackson said of Lee, "He is *a phenomenon*. I would follow him blindfolded."

The regret of General Lee at this deplorable event (the wounding of Jackson) was indeed poignant. The soul of the great commander was moved to its depths, and he who had so long learned to conceal emotion could not control his anguish. "Jackson will not, he *cannot* die!" General Lee exclaimed in a broken voice, waving every one from him with his hand, "he *cannot* die!"

COULD N'T GET BOARD.

In one of our Southern cities, a new commandant having been there assigned to duty, applied in person, at the residence of a Mrs. Measle, one of the handsomest mansions in the town, with the following awful mandate:

"Madam, I am Brigadier-General Joseph D. Wilkinson, commander of this District, and I desire boarding for myself and staff!"

Mrs. Measle—"Brigadier-General Joseph D. Wilkinson, commander of this District—*I* am Mrs. Elizabeth Measle—*you can't get it!* Good morning."

GENERAL D. H. HILL A WIT.

A friend from the army gives us the following *jeu d'esprit* of that Christian and hero General D. H. Hill:

"Since the late order promulgated by General R. E. Lee, allowing brief furloughs to two enlisted men, and one commissioned officer from each company in the service, a captain in the Twenty-Eighth Georgia Regiment made application for one of these leaves for a member of his company, then in the regimental band. The document went 'approved and respectfully forwarded' through the offices of colonel, brigadier-general, etc., to General Hill, who most unmercifully left the applicant without hope by the final endorsement thereon: '*Shooters furloughed before tooters!*'"

This will explain why General Hill is said to have no ear for music.

GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE.

As an evidence of the fact that the flummery of gold lace, and fancy equipments and trappings which is so often admired upon the persons of lieutenants, surgeons, etc., do not appear to be more popular with the leading spirits at Vicksburg, than they are with Stonewall Jackson and other fighting men of the army of the Potomac, the Brandon Mississippi *Republican* gives the following extract from a letter of a correspondent:

A few days since, while General Stephen D. Lee was examining the Whitworth guns, in front of General Smith's headquarters, a sentinel stepped up and ordered him off. Lee said nothing, but continued his examinations. The sentinel, with much vehemence, then said: "I order you to leave here, sir, and not touch those guns again!" Lee then left, and proceeded to enter General Smith's headquarters, when the sentinel continued, "you can't pass in there." "Why," said Lee? "Because none but commissioned officers can go in there," said the sentinel. "I am an officer," said Lee modestly, as he slipped out of the view of the faithful sentinel. So plain is General Lee in his appearance and manners, that a stranger would never take him for an officer.

AN INCIDENT.

A touching romance in real life is afforded by the deaths of Captain Chalmers Glenn, of Rockingham County, North Carolina, and his faithful servant, Mat. Reared together from childhood, Mat had shared in all the boyish pranks and frolics of his master, and, in later life, had been his constant attendant and faithful servant. On the morning of the battle of Boonesboro, Captain Glenn called Mat to him and said: "Mat, I will be killed in this battle; see me buried; then, go home, and be to your mistress

and my children all you have ever been to me." From behind a rock the faithful fellow watched all day the form of his beloved master, as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed over that eventful field. At last he missed him, and, rushing forward, found the prediction too truly verified—life was already extinct.

Assisted by two members of his company, a grave was dug with bayonets, and soon the cold and silent earth held all that was dearest in life to Mat. Slowly and sadly he turned his face homeward, and there delivered all the messages and valuables with which his master had entrusted him. From that time it seemed as if his mission on earth was accomplished. Though constantly attending his master's children, and promptly obedient to the slightest word of his mistress, he visibly declined. Finally he was taken sick, and, despite the best medical attention and the kindest nursing, he died February 4, 1863. What a striking instance of the power of affection in the negro heart, and the strength and beauty of the tie between a kind master and a faithful servant! Peace to Mat's ashes! May the unholy tread of a "negro worshipper" never pollute the last resting-place of his gallant master or his faithful self.

WON'T SOME ONE KISS ME FOR MY MOTHER?

Two or three incidents in connection with the battles around Kinston and Goldsboro, North Carolina, are not unworthy of a place in this record:

The first of these concerns a noble young officer named Captain Geo. W Bernard, from North Carolina. Brave, courteous, intelligent, chivalrous and refined, he united in a rare degree the attributes of the perfect gentleman and the good soldier. While at Goldsboro, where he was attached to the ordnance service, he heard of the advance of the enemy on Kinston, and at once determined to link his fortunes with the brave defenders of the State, and as a volunteer, render whatever aid lay in his power. Before leaving for the field, he called on a number of his lady friends to bid them farewell. At the parting hour, he sadly took their hands, and as he spoke, a shadow rested on his face, as if the angel of death had already left it there. "Good-bye, ladies—God bless you." And then he paused. "*Won't some one kiss me for my wife?*" and a tear rolled down his cheek. Strange as was the request, a lady stepped forward from the hesitating circle and replying, "Yes, Captain, I'll kiss you for your wife," and left the fair impress of her lips upon his forehead.

He promptly joined one of the batteries and took part in the engagement at Goldsboro. During the fight it became necessary for some one to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, and Bernard cheerfully risking his life for the purpose, advanced to a spot where he was in full view and range of the Yankee muskets and artillery, and there stood watching the movements.

But it was a fatal moment. The fragment of a shell or grapeshot struck him in the leg and he fell mangled and bleeding to the ground. His comrades carried him to the hospital, and there the surgeons declared it impossible to save the limb. His thoughts were still of his love—his wife. "Oh! God!" was his reply, "is it possible that I must carry home to her but a remnant of my former self?" Poor fellow! Even then, the sands of life were ebbing in the glass, and the scroll of his destiny being sealed. The operation was performed, but the shock was too great for the enfeebled system to bear, and the next morning he was a corpse.

"Dropping the flesh-robe with a smile, so gently did he pass—
Gently as spirits of the flowers from out the new mown grass.
His labors done, his rest begun, he only looketh back
To see the blessings flow for those who follow in his track."

The second incident is of a different character, but it as aptly illustrates the spirit of men "whose souls flash out naked as swords unsheathed for fiery fate:"

At the battle of Kinston, while the Holcombe Legion were hotly engaged, one Thomas Adams, of Newberry, S. C., a private in the company of Captain B. B. McCreary, was wounded in the arm. Refusing to leave the field, he continued so fight on, and was again struck in the leg. Still disdaining to go to the rear, he was a third time shot, now in the side; but he clung to his musket as he fell, and when urged to remove from danger and receive the attention of the surgeon, his heroic reply was, "No! I will never leave my command behind me! Load my gun for me, and I'll fight as long as I have to live." And in spite of persuasions and inducements to the contrary, there the brave fellow remained, and, wounded as he was, performed his gallant part to the last in that tragedy of war. His captain said afterwards that he himself loaded his musket for him, and stood by, while he raised himself up, and taking aim as deliberately and coolly as if sighting at a turkey, he brought an Abolitionist to the ground at every fire.

When the Legion fell back, the boys did not forget to bring their wounded comrade with them, and he is now home, recovering from his wounds.

PUSH THEM TO THE SLAUGHTER PEN.

One of the Yankee officers captured near Louisa Court House, Va., says the men in Grant's army declare, that when their officers were urging them forward to the assault of General Lee's breastworks, a ragged rebel mounted the works and called out: "That's right, officers, push them up to the slaughter pen! We will take care of them." That when the men refused to move forward any longer, the rebels shot down the officers because they could not rally their men.

NATIONAL STATISTICS—ENORMOUS FIGURES.

The public debt of the United States in 1862, according to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, was $1,122,000,000; this amount, in $1 "greenbacks" would, if spread out, cover 1,047 square acres, or 6½ square miles. If laid end to end they would reach 128,332 2½ miles, or 51-8 times around the earth. Allowing the expenses to amount to $2,000,000 per day, they would make, if laid end to end, 288 5-6 miles, or about as far as a locomotive would run in a day. Allowing the 700,000 soldiers to average, in height 5¾ feet, they would reach, if lying head to foot, 752⅓ miles; standing heels and toes touching, would reach 104 miles. Allowing the arms and artillery of the 700,000 to average twelve pounds to each man, they would, if made into railroad iron, make 21⅓ miles of railroad iron. Allowing the clothing of the soldiers to average 12 yards to each man, it would make 8,400,000 yards, or 4,772 8-11 miles. In two years, allowing three suits to each man, it would make enough cloth to reach around the earth.

BRUTE BUTLER.

A refugee from New Orleans furnishes the following incidents. They should not be permitted to pass into oblivion, as the future historian of this contest might find them useful in illustrating a character already infamous beyond precedent in modern times:

Escaping from New Orleans, I reached a plantation upon the Mississippi, in the vicinity of Baton Rouge. Whilst receiving the hospitalities of my friend, the planter, the parish priest of Baton Rouge came in, who informed us that he was on his way from New Orleans to his home, and that he had visited the city for the purpose of procuring a permit from Butler to enable him to bring out food for the suffering poor of Baton Rouge—for the orphans under his charge, and for his own household. He stated that Butler had peremptorily refused to permit any food to leave the city for the poor, saying that "they are our enemies, and my purpose is to exterminate them." The good priest then urged upon Butler the fact that these poor people were necessarily from their extremely destitute condition, precluded from taking any active part in our national troubles, and therefore could not properly be considered enemies. "Sir," said Butler in reply, "those that are not for us, are against us, and if they were our friends they would be in the Union army." "But, general," continued the priest, "you should remember that a large portion of these poor people are women and children—poor innocent children." The monster, to this appeal, hissed between his teeth: "Does he who kills the serpent preserve the eggs? I tell you, sir, my purpose is extermination."

HOW LINCOLN RECRUITS HIS ARMY.

A gentleman from Norfolk, gives the following account to the *Christian Observer* of a proceeding which was doubtless regarded by the enemy as a cute "Yankee trick:"

There are, in the city of Norfolk, four churches, known as the African churches, which are used exclusively by the colored people for public worship. One of these has a bell, and is known as the "Bell Church." A notice was circulated among the colored population, by order of the provost marshal, that on the following Sabbath something would be communicated in the Bell Church in which they were interested. Their curiosity being thus appealed to, the ringing of the bell drew an immense crowd. The house was filled. Many who could not get in stood around the doors and windows with listening ears. At an appointed signal a military manœuvre was executed, and they found themselves surrounded by three hundred soldiers, with fixed bayonets. Resistance was useless—escape impossible. All who were neither too young nor too old for military service were hurried away. No time was given for farewells or for making any preparations. In their Sunday clothes they were marched on board the vessels that were in readiness to carry them to the North to swell the armies designed for the subjugation of the South.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

The St. Louis *Republican* relates the following anecdote on General Sherman:

Backwith, the commissary on Sherman's staff, went into the general's tent a few days since, and accosted him thus: "General, we must make another contract for beef, we have not enough to last two months." "Have you enough to last for two months?" inquired the general. "Yes, sir." "Well, in less than two months the army will be in ———, or in Atlanta; if it goes to the former place, we shall need no beef; if it goes to the latter, we shall find enough; so make no more contracts, Backwith."

THE RIGHT SORT OF SPIRIT.

Lowry's gallant brigade is composed of the Sixteenth, Forty-Third, and Forty-Fifth Alabama Regiments, and the Thirty-Second and Forty-Fifth Mississippi consolidated, and is attached to Cleburne's Division. The noble men of this brigade, when re-enlisting, declared: "We'll fight, if the Government will give us meat and bread—if they cannot do this, on bread alone; with shoes, if we can obtain them—if not, barefooted."

AN INCIDENT OF THE CAMPAIGN ON THE SOUTH-SIDE.

We have had related to us an incident from the South-side, which shows at the same time the fidelity of the slave to his Southern master and the cruelty of his would-be Yankee brother. For many years the Petersburg Railroad Company has had in its employ, at Port Walthall Junction, a most worthy and trusty old negro man named Columbus. When one of our artillery companies moved up from Petersburg, this faithful old slave volunteered his services to them, "to wait on his young massas," and when the battle came off, the old negro might be seen making his way over the battle-field, where the shot and shell flew thickest, administering water to our wounded soldiers. This conduct commended the old negro to our soldiers, and when they moved off, they carried him with them to Drewry's Bluff. Soon after arriving there, the poor old slave discovered that he had left behind him a stocking full of silver, which he had been for several years saving up from his small earnings, and started back to get it, assuring our soldiers, who were trying to dissuade him from going back, "never mind, massas; I'll soon be back to jine you." The brave, honest old negro could not bear the idea of losing his money, and returned back, but on approaching the place, the Yankees caught him and hung him from the limb of a tree. His body was discovered suspended from a tree, the victim of Yankee malignity.

THE CREOLES OF LOUISIANA.

A Massachusetts chaplain, Rev. Mr. Hepworth, writes of the Louisiana Creoles:

Just beyond Carrollton is an immense and magnificent estate, owned by one of these Creoles. His annual yield of sugar is fifteen hundred hogsheads. He might have taken the oath of allegiance and thus saved his property, but he would not. The work of depredation commenced; but he bore it without a murmur.

First we took his wagons, harness and mules; he said nothing, but scowled most awfully. Next we emptied his stables of horses for cavalry service; he did not have even a pony left, and was compelled to trudge along on foot; still nothing was said.

Next we took his entire crop, ground it in his own sugar house, used his barrels for the molasses, and his hogsheads for the sugar, and marked the head of each "U. S."—not a murmur. Then came his negroes, three hundred and more, house servants and all, took it into their woolly heads to come within our camp lines. The Creole was most completely stripped; still he stood in the midst of the ruins, cursing Abe Lincoln, and wishing that he had eight instead of four sons in the army.

JOHN ROBINSON.

"Sumter," the Nassau correspondent of the Charleston *Courier*, writing from Nassau, thus alludes to this faithful servant of the lamented Major John B. Gallie:

I had an interview with an old negro, belonging to Captain Carlin's boat, and I think it due to his fidelity and honesty that I should notice him here. He is about fifty years of age, and a native of Savannah. His master was Major John B. Gallie, of Georgia, who was killed at the attack upon Fort McAllister. John was captured while attempting to run the blockade. He was taken to Fort LaFayette in irons, and confined there eight months. Upon his release, every attempt was made by the Yankee officials to induce him to enter their service. He was offered one hundred dollars per month, to act as pilot on one of the gun-boats designed for operations on Savannah and Charleston. Fearing he might be impressed into the service, he pretended that his age and infirmities prevented him from going to sea again. He remained in New York some time, but was proof against the bribes of the enemies of his native land. Watching an opportunity, he secretly procured passage for Nassau, and he is here now, and about to leave for home, going back joyfully to his mistress and his "bondage." He alluded to his dead master with emotion. "He never spoke a cross word to me for twenty years," said John. He is constant in his love for the South; is willing to die in her service; thinks the New York "colored people" a poor miserable set, and the Yankees "nothing like our folks." It is but justice to faithful John Robinson that his name should be placed among those who have suffered for the South. Though he is among the humblest of her children, let him be honored for his constancy.

ANECDOTE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. Train, in a speech in Music Hall, Boston, speaking of Wendell Phillips, said:

That distinguished Abolitionist went to Charleston, S. C., once, before he was very well known, and put up at a hotel. He had breakfast served in his room, and was waited upon by a slave. He embraced the opportunity to represent to the negro, in a very pathetic way, that he was a man and a brother, and more than that, an Abolitionist. The negro seemed more anxious about the breakfast than he was about his relations and the condition of his soul, and finally, in despair, Mr. Phillips ordered him to go away, saying that he couldn't bear to be waited on by a slave. "Excuse me, massa," said the negro, "must stay here, 'cause I am responsible for the silver ware."

SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the 25th of March, 1863, several gun-boats—the best in the Yankee fleet—attempted to pass our batteries at Vicksburg. Unlike the Queen of the West and the Indianola, they came down the river in the broad light of the rising sun, bravely defying our guns and challenging their power. As the first and larger boat approached our upper battery, an officer came out on top, and with a spirit that was more rash than wise, waved his hat at our gunners and shouted: "Shoot, you d—d rebels. Shoot, d—d you, you can't hurt us." Our boys did shoot. They sent a couple of hundred and sixty pound balls crashing against and through the sides of the Yankee iron-clad in a manner that made her reel and tremble like a wind-shaken reed. It is needless to add that the Yankee bravado disappeared from the top of his boat and was not seen again. This was the opening of the grand and exciting scene. As the boats advanced, battery after battery of huge size guns opened upon them. Our gunners fired with the greatest precision. Nearly every ball took effect. The steam-pipes of the boats were soon cut, and the boats were enveloped in clouds of vapor. The boats were now floating along in a helpless condition, and our batteries, cheered by their success, and by the shouts of the soldiers and citizens who were looking on from the hills above, continued to hurl their huge missives against the devoted boats with increased energy. A shell bursted in the larger boat, killing all around, and bursting the sides of the boat below the water line. She reeled, plunged, and almost instantly sunk, carrying all her crew to the bottom with her, except a few who escaped in yawls and on cotton bales and detached portions of the wreck. The other boat drifted on in a helpless, wrecked condition, and was pulled on a sand-bar by the Albatros. Thousands of our soldiers were collected on the hills overlooking the river, and, as the wrecked Yankees floated by on cotton bales and pieces of the wreck, they would shout to them: "Halloa! there, are you taking a load of cotton to New Orleans? Can't you land and take on a few passengers? If that cotton is for sale, this is as good a market as you can find. Got anything to sell besides cotton? Can you take on any more freight?" and a hundred other rude expressions; but the Yankees maintained a dignified silence, not deigning a single reply. They were picked up by Farragut's boats. Deserters, who made their way to our lines, reported that there were two hundred and seventy of the crew of the two boats killed and drowned.

A STIRRING SCENE—GALLANT ACT.

In the heavy assault made by the enemy on Law's Brigade of Alabamians, on the memorable 3rd of June, 1864, in front of Richmond, it was sud-

denly discovered that the men were almost out of ammunition, so continuous and rapid had been their fire. To have started from the trenches for ammunition at that time, amid the shower of shot and shell that was raining upon the field in our rear, would have been almost certain death; and besides, having just taken position at that point of the line, we unfortunately had no ordnance near. Such a scene was never witnessed; for a soldier without ammunition in the hour of battle is like a ship without a rudder, or a sinner leaving the world without a hope of Christ. Old soldiers gazed upon each other with looks of earnest solicitude, of blank astonishment and solemn inquiry; their lips quivered—they could not speak—and their cheeks were blanched. But it was not with fear. Having begged from their neighbors and fired the last cartridge, they coolly fixed their bayonets, unanimously resolved, "let's give them bayonets, boys," and with the calmness of despair, prepared to die to a man in their tracks, rather than yield their position. Tell me, ye shades of Marathon and Thermopylæ! can such men as these be conquered? The spirits of the patriot dead on every field returns the answer, never!

Heaven always succors such courage and devotion; and so it was with these brave men. At the critical moment, when all seemed lost, the gallant Captain Leigh R. Terrill, brigade adjutant-general, was seen coming at a double-quick through the storm of balls in our rear, with a hundred pound box of cartridges on his head. Divining, with his accustomed foresight, the emergency that would arise, with characteristic prudence and promptness, he hurried off during the first assault of the enemy, and obtained a box of ammunition from Wofford's brigade, which was a quarter of a mile in our rear, supporting us, and returned with it, at the imminent peril of his life, just in time to prevent disastrous consequences. The troops seized on the cartridges like famished men upon bread; loud, wild, defiant shouts, coupled with the clang of a thousand rifles, rose along the line; in a trice the solid columns of the foemen were shattered into flying or falling fragments, and victory was ours.

Laws' Brigade, on this occasion, killed and wounded fully two thousand of the enemy, with the astonishingly small loss on their side of two men killed and six slightly wounded.

AN ARMY WEDDING.

There are very few soldiers who have been in the Western army, who will not recognize in the following picture a great similarity to many army weddings which he has seen. The marriage took place at Bull's Gap, Tennessee:

An Alabama soldier, who to name would be too personal, but who is uglier than the renowned Suggs—in fact, so far diseased with the chronic

big ugly as to have failed procuring a furlough from Brigadier-General Law solely on that ground—wooed and won a buxom Tennessee maid of doubtful age.. Whilst "Speeial" was out that day with his gun, on a porcine scout, for the purpose of reinforcing his haversack, he was interrupted in his reconnoissanee by a husky voice emitting from a ten by fifteen pen, inviting him to halt. Entering the low door, he found a wedding was on the tapis, *en route* to a happy termination. A mirthful Texan—not neeessary to name—had a copy of the Army Regulations in his hand, and his throat was deeorated with a pieee of white bandage, such as is used by our army doetors, all ready to tie the hymenial knot so tight that it could not be undone by the teeth. The bridegroom stood largely over six honest feet in his socks, was as hairy as Esau, and pale, slim and lank. His jacket and pants represented eaeh of the contending parties at war.. His shoes were much the worst for wear, and his toes stieking out of the gaping rents thereof, reminded one of the many little heads of pelicans you observe protruding from the nest which forms a part of the eoat of arms of Louisiana. The exact color of his suit could not be given. Where the buttons had been lost off in the wear and tear of war, an unique substitute, in the shape of persimmon seed, was used. The bride had essayed to wash "Alabam's" clothes, while he modestly eoncealed his nudity behind a brush heap, awaiting there until they were dried.

The bride was enrobed in a elean but faded dress. Her necklaee was composed of a string of chinquapins, her brow was environed by a wreath of faded bonnet flowers, and her wavy red hair was tucked up behind in the old-fashioned way. She wore a stout pair of number nine brogans, and her stockings and gloves were made of rabbit skin—fur side next to the skin. On her fingers were diseerned several gutta pereha and bone rings, presents, at various times, from her lover. She wore no hoops, for nature had given her such a form as to make erinoline of no use to her.

All being ready, the "Texas Parson" proceeded to his duty, with becoming gravity. "Speeial" aeted the part of water for both bride and groom. Opening the book aforementioned, the quondam parson commenced, "close up!" and the twain closed up. "Hand to your partner!" and the couple handed. "Atten-*tion*-to o-r-ders!" and we all attentioned Then the following was read aloud: "By order of our direetive General, Braxton Bragg, I hereby solemnly pronounee you man and wife, for and during the war, and you shall eleave unto each other until the war is over, and then apply to Governor Watts for a family right of public land in Pike, the former residence of the bridegroom, and you and each of you will assist to multiply and replenish the earth."

The ceremony wound up with a regular bear hug between the happy mortals, and we resumed our hog hunt, all the while "guffawing" at the

stoic indifferenee manifested by the married parties on the pieket line at Bull's Gap.

On our falling back from the gap, we observed the happy couple perambulating with the column through the mud and snow, wearing an air of perfect indifference to observation or remark from the soldiery. Should this soldier, who captured "the Maid of the Gap," obtain a furlough for the purpose of locating in Pike, will not our friends of the *Mail*, oblige them with an introduction to our gallant Governor Watts?

INCIDENT OF THE ENGAGEMENT ON THE COSTANAULA.

In the Fifty-fifth North Carolina Regiment there is a private named Early, who exhibited a degree of courage unequalled during this war. When the enemy had thrown their men behind the redoubt in which Corbett's battery was placed, this man stood up in the pits, with his body half exposed and opened a rapid firing on the enemy, almost preventing them from sharpshooting; for no sooner would a Yankee raise his head above the redoubt than a ball would enter his brain, and he would fall dead across the work. In this manner Early had killed six, when I had occasion to go up to the point where he was stationed, and was very much amused at his manner. "Get up there," he would exclaim to the Yankees, "get up and show your heads; why the d—l don't you take a shot at me? Now just raise up for a second," and whenever a Yankee was found bold enough to accept his challenge, a bullet through his head was the reward he received.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

During one of the series of engagements which have came off at the front, says the Atlanta *Confederacy*, as a body of our cavalry was being hotly pursued by the enemy's infantry and artillery, a cannon ball came whizzing just over the head of one our boys, and passed between the legs of a brave fellow of the infantry, who was just in the rear of the cavalry, and in the act of stepping across a branch. Both legs of his pants were almost torn off, but no damage was done to the soldier, further than the loss of a finger. He stood perfectly amazed at his almost miraculous escape. While standing thus, the young cavalryman, near whose head the ball had passed—and, by the way, as brave a boy as ever bestrode a horse, or chased a Yankee hyena to his lair—rode up and remarked: "That is the answer to a pious mother's prayers." The soldier was touched to the heart, and bursting into tears, said, yes, he had a pious, good mother. He felt that in answer to her prayers he had escaped, almost unharmed, from the deadly missile.

A mother's prayer is a safer shield for her boy than bomb-proof fortifications.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF YANKEE IMPUDENCE.

Shortly after the taking of the town of Plymouth, N. C., one of the Yankee chaplains came up to General Hoke, and in the blandest manner said to him: "General, I hope I shall be allowed to retain this chest of theological works presented to me by my friends from the North," pointing as he spoke to an open chest containing books.

"Certainly, sir," replied General Hoke, "the private property of the Federal officers shall, in all cases, be left to them. You seem to have a very handsome collection," added he, carelessly taking up a volume of Scott's Family Bible, and opening it. On the fly leaf, to his surprise, he read the name of Mr. Josiah Collins. Laying it down without remark, he picked up a London edition of Butler's works, and read inscribed on the first page "Charles Pettigrew."

Turning to the chaplain who still stood beside him he exclaimed: "How dare you, you infamous scoundrel, wearing the livery of Christ as you do, attempt to palm off such a trick with me, and tell me these books were presented to you by your friends in the North when they were stolen from Southern gentlemen?"

"Oh, general, they were, as I said, presented to me by my friends *from* the North, though it is true they obtained them in Carolina."

The officer who related this incident to us had it from one of General Hoke's aids, who was present, and himself saw the books. The last seen of that chaplain he was trudging on foot with the rest of the Plymouth prisoners, minus his "theological library."

GENERAL E. C. WALTHALL.

When the war broke out he was District Attorney for Choctaw District, Mississippi, and when the Yalabusha Rifles were organized, was elected captain. When the Fifteenth Mississippi was organized, he was elected lieutenant-colonel of that regiment. At the battle of Wild Cat, he showed great bravery and coolness. He commanded the Fifteenth Mississippi at the ever memorable battle of Fishing Creek, and his bearing upon that battle-field excited the admiration of every one. He was everywhere urging on his men. At one time, it is said, thinking it probable that his men were firing into a Confederate regiment, he raised the flag and rode to the front, within about sixty yards of the enemy, when they said to him: "Take down that d—d thing." The missiles of death were flying thick and fast, and his clothes riddled with bullets, when he turned to his men with a beaming smile upon his countenance, and said: "That's the crowd we are after; forward, boys." When his term of enlistment was out, he raised a regiment (the Twenty-ninth Mississippi,) and was elected colonel. He was in the battle of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary

Ridge and Resaca, where he showed himself worthy of the position he occupies. He has been wounded three times, but is still in the field.

SEIGEL'S EQUESTRIANISM.

When Seigel was in Winchester, he took possession of Mrs. Hollingsworth's house, forcing the family to huddle in two rooms. His tent was just at the door, his officers quartered in the house, and his guards, some of them black, were all around him. He imagined himself a superior equestrian. He would frequently boast to young Mrs. Hollingsworth (who is quite a smart and very talkative woman) of his horsemanship. One day, when he had requested her to come to the door to see him ride, some one prompted her to tell him he rode like Ashby.

She looked with impressive amusement at his springing, wriggling movements in the saddle, his arms lashing his sides, and his legs pressed tight to his steed. As he drew near her, he said: "Vell, Mishes Holinsvort, vat you tinks of my riding?"

"Why, general, I thought it was Ashby," she archly replied.

"Yah, shust so, shust so. Dey often tells me I rides like Ashby, and dat I looks shust like him."

"But, general," rejoined Mrs. Hollingsworth, "Ashby would leap that fence like a deer, and all his cavalry would follow."

"Mein Got, Mishes Holinsvort; vy, dat fence is five foot high!" exclaimed Seigel.

"Well, general, that is nothing; all our men can do that."

"Goot gracious! Vell, vell; Ashby vas a great man. You ton't say he tinks noting to shump dat fence? Vell, vell!" And he rode off, manifesting no disposition, however, to emulate Ashby's feat of leaping a five-barred fence.

PILLOW'S CONSCRIPTS.

The Richmond correspondent of the Knoxville *Register*, tells of the performances of conscripts at the battle of Murfreesboro, as communicated by officers to members of Congress. It seems that General Pillow had brought to Murfreesboro, on the day before the battle, two regiments of conscripts. They were the subjects of jeers and ridicule among their veteran comrades in arms. They bore jibes and jests with becoming fortitude. The battle began. A charge was ordered, and away went the conscripts, and when far in advance of the "old continentals," they would look back, and, under a storm of grape and canister, cry out, "Come on, boys—here's your conscripts!" The Yankees fled and the battery was taken, upon observing which, Leon Trousdale remarked, that "there is nothing in a battle; it consists in a succession of big scares." One of the "biggest scares" from which the Yankees suffered at Murfreesboro, was caused by the mad charge of Pillow's conscripts.

A WARRIOR'S DEATH.

It was evident to the physicians that death was settling its clammy seal upon the brave, open brow of the general, and they told him so; asked if he had any last messages to give. The general, with a mind perfectly clear and possessed, then made disposition of his staff and personal effects. To Mrs. General R. E. Lee, he directed that his golden spurs be given as a dying memento of his love and esteem of her husband. To the staff officers he gave his horses. So particular was he in small things, even in the dying hour, that he emphatically exhibited and illustrated the ruling passion strong in death. To one of his staff, who was a heavy built man, he said: "You had better take the large horse; he will carry you better." Other mementoes he disposed of in a similar manner. To his young son, he left his glorious sword.

His worldly matters closed, the eternal interest of his soul engaged his mind. Turning to the Rev. Mr. Peterkin, of the Episcopal Church, and of which he was an exemplary member, he asked him to sing the hymn commencing:

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

He joined in with all the voice his strength would permit. He then joined in prayer with the minister. To the doctor he again said: "I am going fast now; I am resigned; God's will be done." Thus died General J. E. B. Stuart.

A GALLANT SERGEANT.

Among the Confederate prisoners who reached Richmond by a truce boat, there was a color sergeant of a North Carolina regiment, who deserves to have his name printed in all the papers of the Confederacy, and to receive the special compliments of the President and of our whole people. He was shot down on the bloody field of Gettysburg, where he was subsequently picked up as a prisoner. As he fell, he resolved that the Yankees should not have the colors which he had borne so proudly and so long; and stripping them from the staff he hid them in his bosom. Watching his opportunity, he subsequently sowed them beneath the lining of his jacket, and has worn them ever since, and wore them home.

WORTHY OF HIS FATHER.

Robert Lee, youngest son of the general, after serving fourteen months as a private in the Rockbridge Artillery, accepted a place on his brother's staff. When his brother was taken prisoner, his father offered him a place on his staff. "Thank you," said Robert, "but I have no talent for headquarters." And he went back to the artillery.

HOW GENERAL POLK GOT INTO AN INDIANA REGIMENT.

Colonel Freemantle, an English officer, who has returned home from the Confederate service, relates the following story, which he says was told him by General Polk himself:

Well, sir, it was at the battle of Perryville, late in the evening—in fact it was almost dark—when Lindawn's battery came into action. Shortly after the arrival, I observed a body of men, whom I thought to be Confederates, standing at an angle to this brigade, and firing obliquely at the newly arrived troops. I said, "Dear me, this is very sad, and must be stopped," so I turned round, and could find none of my young men; so I determined to ride myself and settle the matter. Having cantered up to the colonel of the regiment that was firing, I asked him, in angry tones, what he meant by shooting his own friends.

He answered, with surprise, "I don't think there can be any mistake about it; am sure they are the enemy." "Enemy," I said, "why I have only just left them myself. Cease firing, sir! What is your name?" "*My name is Colonel* ———, *of the* ——— *Indiana; I pray, sir, who are you?*" Then I saw, to my astonishment, that I was in the rear of a regiment of Yankees. Well, I saw there was no hope but to brazen it out; my dark blouse, and the increasing obscurity, befriended me; so I approached quite close to him, shook my first in his face, saying: "I'll show you who I am, sir! Cease firing, sir, at once!" I then turned my horse and cantered slowly down the line, shouting in an authoritative manner to the Yankees to cease firing; at the same time I experienced a disagreeable sensation, like screwing up my back, and calculating how many bullets would be between my shoulders every minute. I was afraid to increase my pace until I got to a small copse, when I put the spurs in and galloped back to my men. I went up to the nearest colonel, and said, "Colonel, I have reconnoitered those fellows pretty closely, and there is no mistake who they are; you may go at them." And I assure you, sir, that the slaughter of the Indiana regiment was the greatest I have seen this war.

A HERO AND HIS MOTHER.

Lieutenant B. S. Russel, of the Sixteenth Alabama, was among the slain at Murfreesboro, and fell in the early part of the action. When stricken down, he felt the wound to be mortal, and at once gave his sword to a comrade, saying: "Take this to my wife, and tell her I died bravely." The colonel of his regiment saw that the wish of the patriot was complied with, and in reply to the letter, the widow, true, like all Southern women, to the highest impulses of a noble patriotism, said: "I mourn the death of my husband, but my greatest regret is, that none of his sons are old enough to take his place to battle for our liberties."

EXCITING PARTIZAN ADVENTURE.

The gallant Ashby, whilst falling back before the enemy, who pursued him along the Valley Turnpike, alighted to aid a few men in destroying the bridge across the Shenandoah. The last caisson of his artillery had thundered by, and the Yankee cavalry pursued so closely that a number had crossed the bridge before it could be destroyed. Springing upon his noble grey charger, Ashby sped along the turnpike, followed by eight of the enemy. His pistols were unfortunately empty, and he had no resource but flight. The chase continued for nearly two miles, the Yankees firing at him as they ran. As he neared a place of safety, two of the Yankees, who had outstripped the rest, were nearly abreast of him, when one of them was shot by some of his men, and the other was killed by Ashby with his sabre.

During the latter part of the chase, a shot, fired by a long range gun at a distance of nearly half a mile, struck his horse in the side. The faithful animal continued, with unabated speed, and saved his rider, but the wound was mortal. He was led along the line of a regiment under arms. Our informant says he never imagined so magnificent and spirited an animal. He was white as snow, except where his side and legs were stained with his own blood. His mane and tail were long and flowing, his eye and action evinced distinctly the rage with which he regarded the injury he had received. He trod the earth with the grandeur of a wounded lion, and every soldier looked upon him with sympathy and admiration. He had saved his master at the cost of his own life. He almost seemed conscious of his achievement, and only to regret death because his own injuries were not avenged. Our informant says he is aware it may be considered extravagant to attribute such intelligence to an animal, but really it made the same impression upon all that beheld him.

AN INCIDENT.

In the battle near Petersburg, (1864,) a negro slave who had run away from Alabama some time ago, recognized his "young master," and throwing down his musket, rushed to the young man and threw his arms around his neck, at the same time exclaiming: "You shan't hurt my young master!" Just at this time a caffee, not so mercifully disposed, fired at the Alabamian, but the ball, instead of hitting the object aimed at, took effect in the body of the repentant slave, who threw his ægis of protection around his "young massa," inflicting a severe wound upon him. Master and slave came safely off the field together. The wound of the latter was properly attended to, and thus did his last minute of repentance save him from the fate which overtook so many of his race and color on the 30th of July, 1864.

INTERESTING TO YANKEE PURCHASERS OF REAL ESTATE.

General Bradley Johnson, during the invasion of Maryland, in 1864, found himself one evening quartered in what was once his own house, which had, however, been sold under the confiscation Act some months before. He sent for the new owner, and asked how long he had occupied it. The reply was, "about fourteen months." "Well," said Bradley, "this house belongs to me, and unless you immediately pay me the back rent, at the rate of one hundred dollars per month, there will be a little difficulty between us." The disconcerted occupant stirred round, and pretty soon raised the amount, which was paid over. Upon being asked if he desired a receipt, he replied that it was not necessary.

"Well," said Johnson, "I will give you twenty minutes to move your things out of my house, for I am not going to rent it again. I intend to burn it." And burnt it was.

DWIGHT SHERWOOD.

One day, in making his usual visitations, the Rev. Dr. McCabe called in at the Maryland Hospital, Richmond, and in making his rounds, was attracted to the bed of a young and delicate boy, suffering from the effects of protracted fever. The little fellow had seen only fourteen summers, and his thin, pale face bore marks of disease and suffering. The following occurred, as reported by the Chaplain:

"How old are you, my son?" said the reverend gentleman.

"I was fourteen my last birthday."

"Why that is very young to be in the army?"

"Yes, sir; but I thought it my duty."

"Where are you from?"

"Mississippi, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Dwight Sherwood."

"Why, that is a Northern name."

"Yes, sir; my father was a Northern man, but he has lived in the South for many years, and is a good Southern man."

"And your mother, where is she?"

His little thin lip quivered, as he said, with an effort to suppress emotion, "She is dead!"

"Well, my son, you are very young, and you are very sick. You are not able to endure the fatigues of a campaign, and if you get better, you had better return home, hadn't you?"

The boy turned his large, eloquent eye upon his interrogator, and finally, but modestly replied, as a slight flush passed over his pale, expressive face, "*not until the war is over.*"

"Why, what can you do, you are so young, and so delicate?"

"I am a marker, sir, and I hope soon to be up, and in the field again. I think it my duty."

"Well, you ought to try and be a good boy, to avoid everything that is wrong; and you ought to pray to God to give you a new heart, and to keep you from falling into bad habits."

"I do sir," said the little fellow, his eyes half concealing itself beneath the long, soft lash. "My mother taught me to pray. I have kept out of scrapes, and have had no difficulty with any one but once, and I did not seek that one."

The reverend gentleman then held further conversation with the brave little fellow, and promised to see him again.

He tells us that he could not help contrasting this boy's heroic, but modest bravery, with that of so many who are seeking to obtain substitutes in this the day and hour of our necessitous struggle.

If the boys—mere children—are willing to bare their bosoms to the murderous and vindictive enemy, should not the cheek of the recusant redden with shame, and that of the patriotic men who have bounded forward to re-enlistment for the war glow with honest pride, as they see such as these do and dare in the hour of peril and strife? Be sure that that boy's mother gave from her bosom patriotic nourishment, on which traitors and recreants would have sickened and died in their infancy.

A DESERTER ARRESTED BY LADIES.

A correspondent of the Macon *Telegraph* relates the following incident:

On the morning of the 1st of August, 1864, it was rumored that there was a deserter in Irwin county, about ten miles from the Court House, and no man could be found to arrest him. What are we to do? was the question asked by some ladies in the neighborhood. At this moment two young ladies proffered to go and make the arrest. They made their mothers, and the wife of a soldier who lived near by, acquainted with their intentions. The two matrons volunteered to assist the young ladies; accordingly the carriage was ordered, and a negro man put upon the box. Armed and equipped, the ladies drove to the house of the deserter, boldly and fearlessly they alighted from their carriage and walked into the house. Deserter asked them to be seated, but they declined, at the same time informing him that he was a deserter and their prisoner, and must take a seat in their carriage and go with them to the Court House. Deserter begged, entreated

and prayed, but all to no purpose; to town they carried him and put him in jail, instructing the jailor to keep him until called for by the enrolling officer.

BACKING A YANKEE.

The Saulsbury (N. C.) *Watchman*, tells the following, which demonstrates that all ingenuity is not of Yankee origin, and "Hardee's Tactics" not complete in military orders:

Captain Osborne, of Iredell, North Carolina, was wounded in the battle of the 31st of May, near Richmond, while leading his company in a charge on the enemy's batteries. His wound disabled him, and he fell upon the field, where he remained for some time. Fearing the enemy might bayonet him, he drew his revolver and kept a sharp look-out as the fight progressed. After a while he saw a strong athletic man coming toward the place he was lying, and discovered him to be a Yankee, he coolly awaited his approach. As soon as he came within certain range of his pistol, the captain hailed him and ordered him to surrender. The Yankee took a momentary glance, and seeing the captain's pistol was bearing upon him with a steady and deadly aim, he instantly dropped his rifle. "Throw away your knife," said the captain. It was done. "Now back yourself up to me," was the next command. "Squat down so that I can get upon your back." The Yankee was compliant; and the captain, with his pistol still bearing upon the trembling prisoner, crawled upon him, and ordered him to march into the Confederate camp. The rider and the ridden safely arrived at the captain's headquarters.

NEGRO PATRIOTISM.

A gentleman visiting his plantation on Edisto Island, asked his colored overseer: "George, what do you intend to do when the Yankees come?" and was answered: "Massa William, we have burried de Cotton, and when de Yankees come, bress God! we burn de buildings." Such a people may be driven from their homes and their lands devastated, but to subjugate them is an impossibility.

A JEST FOR THE TIMES.

The war has not subdued all the spirit of fun yet. The Knoxville (Tennessee) *Register* tells a joke connected with the present requisition for conscripts, as follows:

Some days ago Major Rucker was in conversation with a fair, fat, and forty buxom widow of an adjoining county, when, by accident, she mentioned the age of one of her admirers, stating that he was not quite thirty-

nine. The major made a mental note of the fact and soon departed. He went straightway in pursuit of this juvenile admirer of the attractive widow, whom he had before learned, was a little more than forty years of age. When he arrested Mr. Johnson, Rucker told him that he regretted to inform him, that he was under the painful necessity of conscripting him. "I have learned," said Rucker, "from widow —— that you are only thirty-nine. She says that you told her so, and I feel it my duty to take you down to Colonel Blake."

"Oh! ah! yes," said Mr. Johnson, "in fact sir, to tell you the truth, sir, I did lie just a little to widow ——. I wanted—yes, I wanted to get married—you understand, don't you, major?"

"I don't understand anything about it," said Rucker, "you must go with me."

Mr. Johnson's knees smote one another, and in tremulous accents he besought Major Rucker to permit him to send for the old family Bible. This was agreed to. In the meantime Rucker and his new levy proceeded to Colonel Blake's headquarters. By the time they reached Knoxville, Rucker became satisfied that his follower was not less than three score years and ten. The widower's hair dye was washed away, his false teeth had been removed, his form was bent by the immense pressure of mental anxiety.

Colonel Blake wished to know why this antediluvian had been brought to him; but so complete had been the metamorphis of the gay widower, that even Rucker blushed when he looked upon him.

The family Bible came, and there it was, written in the faded scrawl of Mr. Johnson's grandmother:

"Silus Johnsing, born in Bunkuta Nawth Caliny, Anny Dominny 1783."

GENERAL LEE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Sentinel* writes:

The 12th of May, 1864, will be ever memorable and ever remembered, as the day of one of the most bloody and obstinate struggles which have ever marked the annals of war, or added fresh horrors to this most cruel contest.

Before daylight we were moved up to the support of Hayes' and Stafford's Brigades in the works, and scarcely had the grey tinge of morning begun to dispel the darkness of a damp and drizzly night, when, after the three cheers which we knew to be the precursor of a charge, and a brief scattering fire on our right, we were astonished and mortified to see the troops in that direction pouring out of the works in the woods, showing that the enemy had there broken a passage. The enemy poured their concentrated masses

through the gap, and moving on the flank with great celerity, were swiftly driving all before them in panic and confusion.

Instantly Pegram's and Gordon's Brigades were formed a few hundred yards to the rear of, and at right angles to, the line of works. All saw that a crisis was upon us. If we failed, the consequence would be disastrous in the extreme.

In this exigency General Lee rode forward in front of our line, his position being opposite at the time to the colors of the Forty-ninth Regiment, of Pegram's Brigade, and only a few yards from where your correspondent stood. Not a word did he say, but simply took off his hat, and as he sat on his charger, I never saw a man look so noble, or a spectacle so impressive.

At this interesting moment our gallant Gordon, spurring his foaming charger to the front, seized the reins of General Lee's horse, and turning him around, said, "General, these are Virginians! These men have never failed! They never will! Will you, boys?" Loud cries of "No!" "no!" "General Lee, to the rear." "Go back!" "General Lee to the rear!" burst from along the lines; and as one led the general's horse to the rear, General Gordon gave the command, "Forward, charge!" And with a shout and yell the brigades dashed on, through bog and swamp, and briars and undergrowth, to the breastworks. The enemy struck with dismay start to flee, but we are upon them like a storm, and their first line of battle withers before our impetuous onset and the cool marksmanship of our men. "Hurrah! the works are ours!" But we stop not. Some of the enemy, more obstinate than the rest, show fight with bayonets, but it is soon over; and dashing over the first line we pursue to the second. Here we encounter another Yankee line of battle, but our onset is not stayed. They stand their ground until our scattered but still advancing line, gets within ten steps, and then, without having fired, turned to run. Few, however, escape, and ordering those who remain to surrender and go to the rear, a portion of the brigade, the Sixty-first and Forty-ninth Virginia Regiments, dash on and form our line more than one hundred yards in advance of our outside entrenchments.

SCENES AT A FLAG OF TRUCE.

"Key," a correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch*, writing from the trenches, near Petersburg, gives the following amusing account:

On Monday a truce was granted the Yankees for the purpose of burying their dead, who were lying just in front of our works in heaps; and already the fumes from their black and swollen corpses were rendering our position almost "untenable," more so by far than could their artillery and Minie muskets. Accordingly at 4 A. M., firing along the lines was suspended,

and operations begun. Curiosity caused the men on both sides to cluster on their respective sides of the flag, and officers and men who had so long opposed each other at more respectful distances, were brought face to face and side by side in front of the yawning chasm, which had proved fatal to a few of our noble boys. This crater now is the resting-place of a large number of Yankees—blacks and whites—and is, to all appearances, nearly as before the explosion, having been filled up and levelled. The Yankees who were killed within our lines, or rather to the rear of our lines, are buried together in a ravine, and their graves occupy a very considerable space of ground. Their total number of killed, black and white, will foot up between seven hundred and eight hundred. After carefully examining with a sick heart this upheaved funeral pyre of our brave boys, I crossed to the front, and though I have seen many of our battle-fields, never did I witness such a horrible sickening sight. From the top of our works, for a very considerable distance, lay the swollen, black and putrid, masses of who were but a few hours before Union soldiers. In many places the bodies were lying across each other, negro and white barely distinguishable save by their uniforms and hair. In one place I noticed the unmistakable wool attached to one rotting corpse resting across another wearing a captain's uniform, who had owned a large sandy beard. The flag, as is the custom, was planted midway between the opposing lines, and officers of all grades, and men, walked freely about on their respective sides; and we were glad to see that many of our officers refused to encourage that impudent communicative trait which the Yankees endeavored as usual to display. I noticed particularly one Yankee major who exerted himself especially to become most familiar with an artillery major of our army. By way of initiating himself into the good graces of our rebel major, and proving that he wished to be most friendly, the Yankee drew from under his coat a bottle marked "cognac," at the same time tapping his new acquaintance familiarly on the shoulder, when the following dialogue ensued:

Yankee Major.—"I say, major, here is something 'extray;' I guess we can take a friendly nip."

Rebel Major.—"I am obliged to you, sir, but I can *not* take a friendly nip with you."

Yankee.—"Oh, pshaw, major, lay aside your prejudices; I assure you its prime good."

Rebel.—"I do not doubt it in the least, but I do not wish to drink with you, sir."

Yankee.—"Well, now, major, I guess if you and me had the settlement of this war, we could soon step aside and have the thing all right, with the dice."

Rebel.—"I should not be satisfied, sir, to rest the fate of the Confederacy upon the chance of the dice. I prefer the mode of settlement *you* have seen fit to adopt—that of fighting it out."

Yankee.—"I guess, major, you fellows went on the principle of not shooting a white man when you could kill a 'nigger,' hey!"

Rebel.—"You are much mistaken—we all must try when we get the blacks and whites together to kill the whites and catch the negroes."

Yankee.—"Well, now, I hold that a white man is better than a nigger."

Rebel.—"So do we, sir; but it depends altogether upon *who this white man is.* Though it seems that you regard them all alike."

Yankee.—(Changing the subject)—"Major, I guess some of your friends would like a 'nip;' won't you ask them up."

Rebel.—"Thank you, major, if I see any one hunting for liquor, I'll send him up," and touching his cap respectfully, our rebel mixed in with the crowd. I noticed a regular specimen of a New York upstart striding about over the fields with a stage stride, hands rammed down in the pockets of his loose sack. His uniform denoted the surgeon. Stepping to a coarse-looking major in blue, he bawled out, "Ah, Belcher, my boy, how d'ye do?" His manner was so New Yorky and disgusting, that I did not think it at all probable anything good could emanate from his brainless skull; so I moved up. Near the flag stood a particularly interesting group, evidently "done up" for inspection. I asked who these animals were, and ascertained that the one on the left, a little, stiff, dried up man, in a large blue sack, with straggling hair, about the color of a rotten rope, and eyes about the color of a spoilt oyster, was General White, the same who surrendered Harper's Ferry to us on a certain occasion—so the Yankees told me. To his right, stood looking as though it was the occasion of one of his famous matinee entertainments, the former dancing master, now General Ferrero. His fondness for dress has not forsaken him, for he looked as nice as a frizzly headed Bowery boy. The time is not far distant, I hope, when he may be called upon to "trip it on the light fantastic toe" to the rear, to the music of our guns.

Next to him stood a tall, lean, cadaverous man, who resembled an ostentatious tombstone, set up by some afflicted wife six weeks before her second marriage, in memory of her departed first. He wore his whiskers "a la militaire," cut close, as was his hair. His eyes were of that peculiar color which it is impossible to describe. But I once saw a valuable dog which was being practiced on by an optician for a disease called the "hooks." His eyes closely resembled those of this General Potter. They were truly the meanest, most sneaking eyes I have ever seen; and a mouth which resembled an opening to a sepulchre, were the only features worthy of note.

How proud it made me feel to turn my head towards our works, on the frank, open countenances of our own Hills, Johnson, Mahone, and Saunders, so plainly dressed, that it would have been impossible to have recognized them but for their bearings.

GENERAL LEE'S BILL OF FARE.

In General Lee's tent meat is eaten but twice a week, the general not allowing it oftener, because he believes indulgence in meat to be criminal in the present straitened condition of the country. His ordinary dinner consists of a head of cabbage boiled in salt water, and a piece of corn bread. In this connection, rather a comic story is told. Having invited a number of gentlemen to dine with him, General Lee, in a fit of extravagance, ordered a sumptuous repast of cabbage and middling. The dinner was served, and behold, a great pile of cabbage and a bit of middling about four inches long and two inches across. The guests, with commendable politeness, unanimously declined middling, and it remained in the dish untouched. Next day, General Lee remembering the delicate tidbit which had been so providentially preserved, ordered his servant to bring "that middling." The man hesitated, scratched his head, and finally owned up. "De fac is, Masse Robert, dat ar middlin' was borrid middlin'; we all didn't hab nary spec; and I done paid it back to de man whar I got it from." General Lee heaved a sigh of deepest disappointment, and pitched into his cabbage.

A REBEL LIEUTENANT AND HIS BROTHER.

The following sketch, of an incident of the field of Gettysburg, is from the *Harper's Weekly*, of January 30th, 1864:

Late one afternoon, too late for the cars, a train of ambulances arrived at the Ledge of the Commission with over one hundred wounded rebels to be cared for during the night. Many of them were but slightly injured, but one of the number, a lieutenant, was so weak and faint that it seemed impossible to do anything to restore him. In appearance he seemed a mere boy, with a clear innocent face, bright blue eyes, and hair that any New England girl might have worn with pride. One of the nurses took him in charge; but he wanted nothing; he had not been willing to eat for days, his comrades said. Finally, however, he was induced to take a little gruel, which he keenly relished; so much so, that for hours afterward he talked of his "good supper," thanking his attendants over and over again for their kindness. But all the while he was growing weaker, and at midnight a change came; and from that time he thought and prattled only of the old days before he was a soldier, when he sang hymns in his father's church. He sang them now again, in a clear, sweet voice, that had the deep longing of a sick soul in it. "Lord, have mercy on me!" he cried now and

then; then songs without words—a sort of low intoning—rippled from his pale lips. His father was a Lutheran Clergyman in South Carolina, and the lessons of his childhood were floating back upon him in the dark hours through which he was going down into a deeper shadow.

All the day following the nurses watched him, sometimes fighting his battles over, often singing his Lutheran chants, till suddenly, at the tent door, close to which he lay, appeared a rebel soldier, just arrived with other prisoners. He started when he saw the lieutenant, and, hurriedly kneeling by him, called him by name; but the ears were deaf then to the call of love. Then, rising, he told the attendants that the lieutenant's brother was wounded and a prisoner not far away; upon which some of the party started after him, returning not long after, carrying him in their arms. But he too was a stranger to Henry—for so the lieutenant was called; and the comer lay down at his side on the straw, and there remained for the rest of the day, the little group gathered around watching and listening to the strong, clear voice singing, "Lord, have mercy on me!" The Lord, looking down, *had* mercy. The day had faded and the night came on; but with the sunset the troubled heart grew still, and the stars, opening their soft eyes, saw only a pale face with the death dews on it in the midst of the group. A rude coffin was obtained, and the body placed in it; but all night long the wounded brother lay close against it, as if unwilling to be separated even from the ashes of him whose feet had pattered right beside his own all the way up from childhood to the borders of that river which all must cross some solemn day. But in the morning duty called—the prisoners must march; and with tears on his face, the bereaved one went away with his comrades, leaving Henry to be buried by those who had so tenderly cared for him while living; first, however, thanking them all for what they had done, and giving them all he had, to show his gratitude, namely, a palmetto ornament from the dead brother's cap and a button from his coat. That same morning Henry was laid away to his long sleep, a surgeon of the commission reading the burial service, and a delegate writing his name on the little head-board of his narrow bed: "Lieutenant Rauch, Fourteenth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers."

CHARLEY MILLER—THE YOUNG WARRIOR.

The subject of this sketch is a boy not fifteen years of age, a native of Louisville, Kentucky, small in stature for his age, slight and delicate in appearance, gentle, unassuming in manners, modest—we might say, timid as a young girl—and with all, one of the most gallant soldiers in the army.

Without the consent of his parents, he left a home of luxury on the opening of the war and joined General Morgan's command. While on a raid into Kentucky, he was thrown from his horse, and being severely

injured was left in the enemy's lines. When able he returned to his home in Louisville and there remained until fully recovered. His parents used every effort to dissuade him from his purpose of returning to the army, but of no avail. General Bragg had commenced his retreat from Kentucky. Our hero mounted his horse at dead of night, and without bidding adieu, took up his course for our lines, which he entered at Bardstown. He immediately joined the Fourth Tennessee Regiment. His gentle, unassuming manners soon found their way to the heart of his captain, who took him to his mess, and would have relieved him of many of the hardships incidental to the cavalry service. But this would not do for Charley He was always at his post, always ready for his share of duty, and ever amongst the first to volunteer for any dangerous or desperate enterprise. During Bragg's retreat, Wharton's Brigade, of which his regiment was a part, covered the rear of the army, and never had cavalry such arduous duty to perform. In the daily encounters with the enemy, Charley was always on hand, and gained the encomiums of all. After General Bragg had taken up his position at Murfreesboro, General Wharton, while picketing in the front, being desirous of forming a scout company, called for details from his command of a select number of tried, brave, and skillful men—amongst others, the young soldier volunteered and was selected. This life seemed to please him. Ever on the alert, hovering around the enemy's camp, raiding through Tennessee and Kentucky, capturing couriers, cutting off pickets, etc. Frequently being the bearer of reports to Wharton, he at last attracted that general's attention, and was taken on his staff. Fourteen months has he been the bed-fellow and mess-mate of his general. During that time he has always been on duty and has done his part gallantly and nobly. In battle he may be always seen riding here and there, wherever bullets are thickest. At the sound of the bugle, the dull grey eye flashes fire. He becomes the hero, the war child, "the little Gavroche." More than one Yankee has fallen by his hand.

During Wheeler's last raid through Middle Tennessee, Charley was one of the first to enter McMinnville, which, after a slight skirmish, had surrendered with its garrison composed of one regiment. Passing down the line of prisoners, who stood with arms stacked in front, a Federal captain stepped from the ranks and presented him with his pistols, a fitting tribute from the captive to the boy-warrior.

This boy, for three years, has been in the midst of all kinds and characters of men, all manner of vice and dissipation, yet the writer who has been scarcely separated from him a day during the past fifteen months, can safely venture the assertion, that he has never tasted tobacco or liquor, played a game of chance, or used a profane or vulgar word. Though in the midst of men who make him a companion, he is modest, retiring, very taciturn, and

seldom speaks unless addressed. He has nevertheless a good education, and is possessed of a fine intellect. A strong mental attachment exists between General Wharton and Charley. The boy is now, 1863, *en-route* to the Trans-Mississippi Department with that general. They would not be separated. Z.

A LADY IN THE YANKEE LINES.

A lady writing from Cleaveland, Tennessee, to the Atlanta *Register*, thus speaks of the treatment of her sex in the Yankee lines:

We think the gifted pen of Sir Walter Scott would fail to portray the proceedings of these vandal hordes. Allow me, sister Georgiana, to tell you that you will never know what constitutes the Yankee army, until you see the path of desolation and destruction carved by their ruthless hands, and feel the wants of the comforts of life, even the essential necessaries of life, deprived of your wardrobes and reduced to half rations. I have seen and felt the want of all. I have seen six or eight Yankees enter the house, demand the keys, and before they could be produced burst the door (of a locked room) down, search every trunk, drawer and box, and if you inquire what they are in quest of, they tell you contraband property, and continue to search every little nook about the room. On one occasion an officer was engaged in this daring bravery, when he seized a box four inches square, containing a set of jewelry. A young lady standing by, looking on in disgust, gently touched the arm of the miscreant officer, saying, "Captain, do you think that little box contains a cavalry horse or saddle?" His reply was no! and he dropped the jewels, and retired from the room ashamed of his cowardice, in stooping to such a petty action. I might relate many such trying incidents, but I will desist, at least for the present.

A NIGHT IN CHARLESTON.

We find in the *Cornhill Magazine* the following graphic account of a night in Charleston, at the time when the bombardment was still a novelty to our people:

On the 21st August, at half-past 2 A. M., I was lying on my bed in the Charleston Hotel, unable to sleep from the excessive heat, and listening to the monotonous sound of the cannonade kept up on the enemy's position from the batteries on James' Island. Restless and weary of the night, I had lighted a candle in defiance of the musquitoes, and sought to pass away the time with a volume of "Les Miserables." It happened to be the one containing the account of the battle of Waterloo, and while deeply interested in the description of the rushing squadrons of cuirassiers, I was startled by a noise that, from connection with my reading, resembled the whirl of a phantom brigade of cavalry, galloping in mid air.

My first feeling was that of utter astonishment; but a crash, succeded by a deafening explosion in the very street on which my apartment was situate, brought me with a bound into the centre of the room. Looking from the window, I saw fire and smoke issuing from a house in which were stowed the drugs of the Medical Purveyor. A watchman was running frantically down the street, and, when he reached the corner just below me, commenced striking with his staff against the curb—a signal of alarm practiced among the Charleston police. At first I thought a meteor had fallen; but another awful rush and whirl right over the hotel, and another explosion beyond, settled any doubts I might have had—the city was being shelled. People are not given to laughing under such circumstances, but I will defy any one, who witnessed what I witnessed on leaving my room, not to have given way to mirth in moderation.

The hotel was crowded with spectators, who had been attracted to the city by the sale of some blockade cargoes, and the corridors were filled with these terrified gentlemen, running about in the scantiest costumes and in the wildest alarm. One perspiring individual, of portly dimensions, was trotting to and fro, with one boot on and the other in his hand, and this was nearly all the dress he had to boast of.

In his excitement and terror he had forgotten the number of his room, from which he had hastened at the first alarm, and his distress was ludicrous to behold. Another, in a semi-state of nudity, with a portion of his garments on his arm, barked the shins of every one in his way to drag an enormous trunk to the staircase. On reaching the hall I found a motly crowd, some of whom with the biggest words, were cursing the Federal commanders. Whirr! came another shell over the roof, and down on their faces went every man of them, into tobacco juice and segar ends, and clattering among the spittoons. I need not say that this is a class of men from whom the Confederacy hopes nothing; on the contrary, by their extortion, practiced on suffering people, they have made themselves execrated. If a shell could have fallen in their midst and exterminated the whole race of hucksters, it would have been of great benefit to the South. The population was now aroused, the streets filled with women and children, making for the upper part of the city, where they could find comparative safety. The volunteer fire brigades brought out their engines, and parties of the citizen reserves were organized rapidly and quietly, to be in readiness to give assistance where required.

The first engine that reached the house struck by the first shell was one belonging to a negro company, and at it they went with a will, subduing the fire in a marvellous short time. At every successive whirr above them the negroes shouted quaint invectives against "cussed bobolitionists," scattering for shelter until the danger was passed. Through the streets I went, and

down to the battery promenade, meeting on my way sick and bedridden people, carried from their homes on mattresses, and mothers with infants in their arms, running they knew not whither. Reaching the promenade, I cast my eyes towards the Federal position, and presently, beyond James' Island, across the marsh that separates it from Morris' Island, came a flash, then a dull report, and after an interval of some seconds a frightful rushing sound above me told the path that the shell had taken. Its flight must have been five miles.

A GENERAL "SOLD."

There are a great many amusing things occurring in camp daily which are lost for the want of some one to take them down. General Fitz Lee meeting a soldier whom he found drunk, with one boot off, no hat, and half a jacket, he asked him whose command he belonged to.

Soldier.—"(Hic)—Hope's brigade, (hic) by golly."

"What Hope is that," said the general.

Soldier.—"(Hic), Hope (hic), this durned war will play out (hic)."

The general went along a little farther, and met another with a major's uniform on. He asked him what command he belonged to, the soldier said, the Sixth Virginia Cavalry.

General.—"You're not a major?"

Soldier.—"No, sir."

General.—"Are you a commissioned officer?"

Soldier —"No, sir."

General.—"Are you a sergeant?"

Soldier —"No, sir."

General.—"Are you a private?"

Soldier.—"No sir."

General—(Very wrothly.) "What the devil are you then?"

Soldier.—"I'm a conscript, sir," drawling his words out as he spoke.

The general soon left town.

DECIDEDLY COOL.

When Wright's Georgia Regiment was drawn up in line of battle to go into its first fight in North Carolina, Wright, in passing in front of his Regiment, observed a tall, giant fellow, with a violin case strapped to his back. Wright asked him "what he was going to do with his fiddle?" The rude soldier had never heard of Mirabeau's dying exclamation, but he almost quoted it, when he said he wanted to "die to the sound of Betsy," this being the term of endearment which he applied to his violin."

After the fight was over, the fiddling soldier did not answer at roll-call. He was found with a broken leg at the foot of a tree, to which he had crawled, quietly sawing the strings of "Betsy."

AN INCIDENT OF GENERAL LONGSTREET.

During the Mexican campaign, Lieutenant-General Longstreet was in command of a company of regulars, and while engaged in one of the battles which marked that struggle, observed a Mexican taking deliberate aim at him from behind the corner of a house. The ball whistled by without injury. Longstreet himself had a musket, and on the re-appearance of the Mexican, both fired almost simultaneously, and without effect. The general now recalled to mind a recommendation of his uncle, Judge Longstreet, the author of the famous "Georgia Scenes," which was, "Use buckshot in close quarters;" and taking from his cartridge-box a bullet, he deliberately seated himself on the ground, and, with the aid of a rock and his pocket knife, cut the ball into slugs and re-loaded. The Mexican made his third appearance. The cool officer drew sight, fired, and the Mexican fell. We do not remember to have seen this incident in print, but it is so characteristic of that gallant lieutenant-general, who has occupied a prominent place in the affections of our people during the present war, that we commit the waif to the broad sea of public circulation. Since that time, probably a volumn of incidents, equally characteristic of the indifference of General Longstreet under fire, might be collected.

THE REBEL CAPTAIN.

In an engagement of Wilcox's Division, near Hanover Junction, Virginia, Captain Norwood, Asssistant Adjutant-General to Brigadier-General Thomas, became a prisoner to the Yankees. In attempting to go to our line of skirmishers, after dark, he walked up to the Yankee line instead, and much to his surprise, found himself in the hands of the Philistines. He was immediately marched up to Brigadier-General Cutler, and by him found to be a hard case, and turned him over to Major-General Warren, commanding the corps, then on the South-side, of the North Anna River.

After vain efforts for an hour and a half, adapting circuitous and cunning questions for the purpose of eliciting information respecting our forces and lines, the Yankee general desisted. As the captain was marching off, he touched his hat politely to the Yankee, saying:

"General, is there any other information which I can have the pleasure of giving you?"

"Sergeant! march off that officer, immediately!" said Warren, while his whole staff roared with laughter at the cool impudence of the rebel captain.

After partaking of a good supper, and being stimulated with two or three toddies and good coffee, the captain, in company with several other prisoners, started to the rear, with a strong escort of cavalry. About midnight, as

the prisoners were passing a train of wagons, the captain managed to put the train between himself and the guard; and taking advantage of the darkness quietly crept under a wagon until the guard had passed; then jumped into the woods and cautiously worked his way through the Yankee army. At one time he walked straight through a brigade of Yankees lying in the road asleep; at another he crawled on his hands and knees across an open field full of Yankee wagons. Having nearly escaped, he came suddenly upon a picket of two Yankees.

They were sitting carelessly at their post, and the captain walked boldly up to them, saying in a short angry tone:

"Why are you sitting on your post, sir? Get up, and hold that gun in a proper position! If I catch you standing guard in that position again, I shall report you."

"Colonel, I beg your pardon," said the trembling Yankee. "I didn't think it was any harm to sit down, sir—I wasn't going to sleep."

"Very well sir. Where are the next posts?"

"Right down there, and there," pointing to the nearest pickets.

The Captain passed quickly on, and of course, did not test the vigilance of the next pickets. He arrived safely within our lines the next day, having marched for ten or twelve hours continuously, and forded a river up to his neck in depth. He was able to give General Lee more information than he could afford to General Warren.

LINCOLN UPON THE BATTLE-FIELD—MORE OF PRESIDENTIAL JOKES.

A Northern paper says: We see that the papers are referring to the fact, that Lincoln ordered a comic song to be sung upon the battle-field. We have known the facts about the transaction for some time, but have refrained from speaking of them. As the newspapers are now stating some of the facts, we will give the whole:

Soon after one of the most desperate and sanguinary battles, Mr. Lincoln visited the commanding-general and the army. While on his visit, the commanding-general, with his staff, took him over the field in a carriage, and explained to him the plan of the battle, and the particular place where the fight was most fierce. At one point the commanding-general said, "here, on this side of the road, five hundred of our brave fellows were killed, and just on the other side of the road four hundred more were slain, and right on the other side of the wall five hundred rebels were destroyed. We have buried them where they fell."

"I declare," said the President, "this is getting gloomy. Let us drive away." After driving a few rods, the President said, "This makes a fellow feel gloomy." "Jack," speaking to a companion, "can't you give us something to cheer us up? Give us a song, and give us a lively one."

Thereupon Jack struck up as loud as he could bawl a comic negro song, which he continued to sing while they were riding off from the battle-ground, and till they approached a regiment drawn up, when the commanding-general said, "Mr. President, wouldn't it be well for your friend to cease his song till we pass this regiment? The poor fellows have lost more than half their numbers. They are feeling very badly, and I should be afraid of the effect that it may have on them." The President then asked his companion to stop his singing till they got by that regiment.

We know that the story is incredible, that it is impossible that a man who could be elected President of the United States could so conduct himself over the fresh made graves of the heroic dead. When this story was told us, we said that it was incredible—impossible; but the story is told on such authority that we know it to be true. We tell the story that the people may have some idea of this man Abraham Lincoln, who is a candiate for four years more of such rule. If any Republican holds up his hands in horror and says this story can't be true, we say we sympathize with him from the bottom of our soul; the story can't be true of any man fit for any office of trust, or even for decent society; but the story is every whit true of Abraham Lincoln, incredible and impossible as as it may seem.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

A chaplain in the army has recently narrated to us an incident, which strikingly illustrates the unassuming character of General Jackson, and as everything connected with that illustrious and lamented hero is read with interest by our soldiers and by all our people, we take pleasure in giving it to our readers:

Immediately before the battle of Chancellorsville, said the chaplain, while the enemy were making a feint of crossing the Rappahannock, near Hamilton's Crossing, I was with my regiment in that neighborhood. Having heard that there was a fine battery on the hill near the Hamilton House, I thought I would go up and see it. On reaching the battery I found an officer standing there, with a cap drawn over his forehead and an oil cloth over his shoulders. I took him for the captain of the battery and addressed him as such. "What do you think the enemy are going to do!" said I, "will they attack us from that quarter?"

"No," replied the officer, "I think not; they tried that at the battle of Fredericksburg, and probably got enough of it at that time."

After further conversation, the officer asked me to what regiment I belonged. I told him I was chaplain of the ——. "And to what church do you belong?" "The Presbyterian," said I. "Well," said he, "I'm a Presbyterian myself. Let us sit down here and talk awhile." So we sat down beside one of the guns, and the stranger gave his views of the duties

and responsibilities of a chaplain, the kind of men they should be, and the vast opportunities of usefulness their position afforded them. I was much struck with his conversation, though he showed an unusual interest in the religious welfare of the soldiers, and set him down as a remarkably pious man.

When the conversation had proceeded in this strain for some time, the officer arose, looked steadfastly across the river, and then turning to me said, "you had better move away from here now, I think I shall have this gun fired directly."

In a few minutes bang went the gun, and away sped the shot, ploughing through the enemy's ranks.

As I moved off, one of my acquaintances accosted me and said: "Well, chaplain, what was the general saying." "General," said I, "I have not seen any general." "Why, yes you have," said he, "you've been sitting down there talking ever so long with General Jackson."

Imagine my surprise when I found that the unassuming, unpretending man I had been talking with, was the great hero of the war, whose name was on everybody's lips.

This little incident is strikingly illustrative of the character of Jackson. It shows, notwithstanding his great achievements and world-wide fame, that his success had not puffed him up, that he assumed none of the airs of a superior, but was ready to enter into friendly conversation with any one who might fall in his way.

It shows, too, how his religion was always uppermost in his mind. Here he was at that moment confronting the threatening enemy, on the eve of hurling the missiles of death amongst them, and yet deliberately sitting down with a chaplain, to talk with him as to his duties and seizing the opportunity in that way to promote the spiritual welfare of the soldiers. Noble man! Such incidents are a eulogy louder than any words, however gifted or eloquent, could speak.

THE DUTCHMAN AND STONEWALL JACKSON.

The following amusing story of the experience of a German sutler in the Yankee army is told by one of our surgeons who was left in charge of our wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, last summer. It seems that the surgeon, in passing through Hagerstown, Maryland, overheard a conversation which took place on the street between the sutler and a friend of his, which was as follows:

Friend.—"Halloo! Broom, I thought you were down in Dixie, sutlering."

Broom.—"Well you zhist take one drink o' lager beer mit me and I tells you."

They both drink, and Broom continues:

You see de times git dull here about Hagerstown, und I tinks I gaes mit the army und sutler. Vell, I zhist takes me mine shpring vagon und mine negro boy, Ike, und gits me some goots und gaes me to Villiamstown. Und dare is de covalree und de infondree und de ardilleree; und de bond plays Yonkee doodles, und Shtar Shpongled Bonner und Hail Golumby; und de Shtars und Shtripes float mit de tops ov de houses mit de vind—und I tinks me dos all is right.

Und den falls me in mit de rear ov de army und gaes me to Martinstown; und dare sells me mine graekers und mine sardines und mine lager beer, und gits me de creen baeks mit mine pocket, und I tinks me dos is good. Und den falls me in mit de army aguin und goes me mit ter Zheneral Banks to Vinchester.

Vell dare at Vinchester sells me mine sardines und mine grackers und mine segars und mine lager beer und all mine goots, und gits me de ereen-backs mit mine pocket; und I tinks me dos is all so good.

Un den gaes me to Mr. Taylor, of de Taylor House, und tells me der Mr. Taylor, now you zhust keep de shpring vagon und de negro boy, Ike, und I gaes me to Baltimore, und buys me new goots—und den gaes me to Baltimore, und buys me heap o' new goots—four five dollar tousand vort—und comes me back to Vinchester und gits me one house close by de Taylor House, so you can see him as you comes mit de Taylor House dis way; und puts me de nice fly paper on the vall, und puts me mine goots in mine house; und runs me two sthicks mit de door out for trow de calico agross zhust for tract de tention.

Und von day coom von nagro boy und looked him mine vinder in und say, "Oh! vot purty goots! Vot heap purty goots! Vish I had some deem goots. Never mind, Shtonevall Zhackson coom here some dese days, den gits me some deem goots!" "Und I say! Vot you know bout it? Shtonevall Zhackson not can com here; dey be too many beoples?"

Und von day coom von Yankee covalree und shteal me mine goots; und den gaes me to der Zheneral Banks, und tells me der Zheneral es von Yankee covalree shteal me mine goots; und de Zheneral say, "I makes dat Yankee covalree bring back dem goots."

Und de next day coom de Yankee covalree und put me mine goots on von counter, und another Yankee covalree shteal me mine goots from de other counter, so I have not so much goots as before.

Und von day coom von nagro vench und price me de goots und say, "Dese goots be too high. Never mind; Shtonevall Zhackson coom here some dese days, den gets me dese goots for nothing." Und I say, "Darn the nagro vench. Vot you know bout it? Shtonevall Zhackson not can coom here; dey be too many beoples." Und den coom de bick bucks mit de ladies, und price me de goots, und they make up mit de nose, und say,

"Dese goots be too high. Never mind; Shtonevall Zhaekson coom here some dese days; he git dese goots." Und I say, "Vot you know bout it? Shtonevall Zhaekson he not ean coom here; dey be too many beoples."

Und von day shtand me in mine door und looked me de shtreet up, und sees me von Yankee covalree coom down the shtreet, fast as he can coom—in mit one shoe and out mit one shoe, und his hair shtiek shraight out mit de vind. Und I say, "Helloe! mine friend, for vot you run so fast?" und the Yankee covalree say, "I no shtop talk me you. Shtonevall Zhaekson coom," und den hears me de big gun go loose, und I tinks me dis be von skearmish in de suburps of de town, and dis be von immoralize Yankee covalree run away.

Und den looks me de shtreet up and sees me de sutler vagon coom; and zhust behind the sutler vagon de ardilleree; and de ardilleree run in mit the sutler vagon, and brake de sutler vagon, and dare lays de grackers, and sardines, and segars, and needles, and pins, and calicoes and lager beer, all in von grond heap in de shtreet, and zhust behind de ardillery coom de infontree; and zhust behind the infontree de covalree; and zhust behind de covalree de gray-backs! Mine vader! dos gray-baeks! and zhust behind de gray-backs coom von Shtonefenee Zhonson mit von big tin horn, and blows, "Who's been here since I've been gone!—who's been here since I've been gone?" and me no shtay for tell him "who's been here since I've been gone!" I gooms avay mit dishgoost.

The old fellow had became so much exeited that he used the words "Shtonefence Zhonson," for "Stonewall Jackson."

HOW A MAN FEELS IN BATTLE.

There can be nothing more puzzling than the analysis of one's feelings on the battle-field. You cannot describe them satisfactorily to yourself or others. To march steadily up to the mouths of a hundred cannon while they pour out fire and smoke, and shot and shell, in a storm that mows the men like grass, is horrible beyond description—appalling. It is absurd to say a man can do it without fear. During Hancock's charge at Fredericksburg, for a long distance the slope was swept by such a hurricane of death that we thought every step would be our last, and I am willing to say, for one, that I was pretty badly scared. Whatever may be said about "getting used to it," old soldiers secretly dread a battle equally with the new ones. But the most difficult thing to stand up under the suspense while waiting, as we waited in Fredericksburg, drawn up in line of battle on the edge of the field, watching the columns file past us and disappear in a cloud of smoke, where horses and men and colors go down in confusion, where all sounds are lost in the screaming shells, the cracking of musketry, the thunder of artillery, and knowing our own turn comes next, expecting each

moment the word "Forward." It brings a strange kind of relief when 'Forward" comes. You move mechanically with the rest. Once fairly in for it, your sensibilities are strangely blunted, you care comparatively nothing about the sights that shocked you at first; men torn to pieces by cannon shot becomes a matter of course. At such a time, there comes a latent sustenance from within us, or above us, which no man anticipates who has not been in such a place before, and which most men pass through life without knowing anything about. What is it? Where does it come from?

A COLORED SCENE ON THE ROAD TO WASHINGTON.

While the New York Seventy-first were at the Junction, between Annapolis and Washington, a very dilapidated darkey, whose garments were of all imaginable hues and a perfect labyrinth of rags, had come into camp to sell a few eggs; while he was there another ebony hued individual came in, vastly important in his demeanor, attired in clean checked shirt, blue jacket and jean pants, with cowhide shoes and felt hat, and in every respect a Turveydrop in deportment.

"Stan' back, you free nigger," said the last comer; "de gemman don't want nuffin out ob dat baskit; why don't you poor free niggers work and do suffin—(aside)—lazy debbils, ain't wuff der salt."

Soldier—"Are you a slave?"

Darkey (with a broad grin)—"Yaas, boss, ain't nuffin else! Never seed a free nig wid sich closes as dem on, yah, yah!"—and he jerked back the lappel of his blue jacket *a la* Unsworth. "I b'longs to Missus, ober on de ridge dar. Make plenty money now 'mong de soger mans."

Soldier—"But you have to give the money to your mistress, don't you?"

Darkey—"Um-m! me! Missus nuffin to do wid dat money boss! I ain't gwine to keep hens an' have um lay eggs for Missus. Missus don't want 'em. Yah-h! you only jokin' wid nigger now."

Free Nigger (with a dolorous whine)—"'Spose ole Gub'ner gone dead, an' left me free nigger; dat my fault, eh?"

Slave (with dignity)—"Don't talk back, man; go 'way; g'long and sell dem tings ob your'n—I knows you're hungry."

A STUNNER.

A gentleman of this city, who has a relative residing in Louisiana, not far distant from New Orleans, has received a letter recently which contains an incident that will bear repeating. It seems that a batch of Yankees and a party of English officers, chanced to occupy adjoining boxes at a resturaunt in the Crescent City. A knowledge of the nativity and profession of the Englishmen, caused the Yankees to introduce topics of discus-

sion, which they thought would be particularly offensive to the sons of Great Britain, so the "rebellion" and "foreign intervention," were expatiated upon at great length. The Yankees were exceessively garrulous, as most Yankees generally are, and time and again, was it asserted, that the rebels would be immediately "squelched," and should England dare to interfere, she would be whipped "out of her boots." The Yankees got through with their refreshments first, but desiring to see the effect of their bombast on the gallant Britons, awaited the approach of the latter to the office where settlements are usually made, when they got up, and proceeded to array themselves by the side of the British officers. Here the remark about whipping England was again repeated, and in such a tone that the officers could not avoid noticing the braggarts. One of them instantly rejoined, "We have heard your remarks; we desire to enter into no discussion of the subject, but have a single question to ask, that is, do you remember the affair of the Trent?" This was a stunner; not a Yankee made any reply, but all hanging their heads in shame, left the building more rapidly than they entered. They had forgot all about the Trent.

DEATH OF REVEREND ISAAC LEWIS.

Any one who, in the last forty years, has been acquainted at Knoxville, Tennessee, will recollect a modest, quiet, inoffensive gentleman, venerable for his age, his piety and his sterling worth ; one who, from his long residence there, had become one of its fixtures, a citizen of such unpretending simplicity of character—so urbane—so cordial—so hospitable—so amiable —so full of public spirit and patriotism as to have secured the esteem and respect of all who knew him, and of strangers, too, who could appreciate character and private worth. Such was Reverend Isaac Lewis, one of the oldest citizens of Knoxville, and for many years a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city—a profession he only relinquished when disease prevented its longer exercise. Of late years, he seldom preached, but when he did go into the sacred desk, all may remember the extreme reverence of his manner, the great earnestness of his exhortations, and the powerful and impressive pathos of his prayer.

In politics he was always a Democrat of the States Rights school—a strict constructionist, and of course an opponent of any administration which would elevate the Central over the State Government. He was the early supporter of General Jackson, and of Mr. Polk, who, when in Knoxville, was always his guest. Of such politics Mr. Lewis of course became, after the Presidential election of 1860, an early and decided advocate of secession, and of our present revolution. In this cause, though decided and earnest, he retained the good will and regard of the decent part of the Union element by which he was surrounded. It is believed that with two

exceptions he died without a personal enemy. With all others, political rancor had given place to that instinct of human nature which allows to a venerable old age an amnesty to past political antipathies, and even soothes the passage to the grave by the exercise of the pleasant charities of life to the sick patriot and the dying Christian. Such was the case of Mr. Lewis, the evening before he died the privacy of his quiet bedroom was invaded by the rude knock of the Yankee soldiery at his door. One of them, when the door was opened, inquired "if that damned old rebel spy was not dead yet—the house is wanted for a hospital." He was told to come and see for himself. He entered, and nothing awed by the presence of Mrs. Lewis and her daughters standing in tears around the bed, he rudely came forward and felt the extremities of the dying man, and for three hours remained by his bed-side, impatient to see him draw his last breath. Death soon came to relieve him from this unwelcome intrusion. In words scarcely audible to his indignant and deeply bereaved family, he calmly whispered, "Be still—say nothing to him—I will soon be beyond their power and their malice—where the wicked cease from troubling—and the weary at rest." So died another martyr to the Southern cause.

For three months he had suffered from Yankee tyrranny and insolence. The city where his long life had been spent was under a siege, in want of fuel and subsistence. His sons were in the camp or the field, and his wife and daughters soon to be turned out of home upon the cold charities of strangers and enemies. Under these influences he sickened—under these savage circumstances he died. It is scarcely to be believed, that under the demoniac instigation of personal hate and political rancor, an enemy could continue so implacable and revengeful. If so,

> "Be ready Gods! With all your thunder bolts,
> Dash him to pieces!"

[*Knoxville and Atlanta Register*

NEGRO FIDELITY.

We take pleasure in recording the subjoined instance of love and fidelity in a slave to his master, it being the fifth of the kind in the same family connexion. The faithful and attached fellow is the slave of Captain Francis Marion Dwight, a South Carolinian by birth, but now a resident of Georgia, who was among the paroled prisoners at Vicksburg:

SUNNY SIDE, August, 1863.

DEAR ——: I wrote you so hurriedly that I don't think I told you of the addition of another black hero to our family. The Yankees took Patrick from Frank, as he was marching out of Vicksburg. Patriek cried bitterly, on his separation from his master, but it did not move a Yankee heart. He was taken to General Logan's headquarters, and offered many

inducements to stay with the Yankees. He says they offered him a hundred dollars a month and a gun to shoot his master. He indignantly rejected the proposal, saying: "Wha' sort a nigger you tek me to be—go shoot my mossa, I lub—I tell you, if I git way, I won't stay wid you for a tousand dollars a day" He said: "Missis—I nebber eus white man befo', but I eus 'em den." He was kept at General L.'s headquarters all day, and at night he made his escape, and went to Lieutenant Suttles, of Frank's Company, who was left badly wounded at Vicksburg. Lieutenant S. passed Patrick as his own servant, and as wounded men were allowed to carry out their servants, he brought Patrick out with him. Even after he got home, Patrick seemed scared. Poor fellow, he was wise for once. He told his captors—"You'll feed me wid soft corn now, den bum bye you'll choke me wid de cob;" whereupon, he says, they called him "a bad, sassy nigger."

TWO SMART DOGS.

During General Birney's recent raid in Florida, a bright little girl was found alone at one house, her parents having skedaddled. She was rather non-committal, for she did not know whether the troops were Union or Rebel.

Two fine dogs made their appearance while a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of her questioners that their names were Gillmore and Beauregard.

"Which is the best dog?" asked a bystander.

"I don't know," said she, "they are both mighty smart dogs; but they'll either of 'em suck eggs if you don't watch 'em."

The troops left without ascertaining whether the family of which the girl was so hopeful a scion, was Union or Rebel.—[*Yankee paper.*

A GLORIOUS HEARTED GIRL.

The *Floridian and Journal* says:

Upon the arrival of the troops at Madison, sent to reinforce our army in East Florida, the ladies attended at the depot with provisions and refreshments for the defenders of their homes and country. Among the brave, was, in one of the Georgia regiments, a soldier boy, whose bare feet were bleeding from the exposure and fatigue of the march. One of the young ladies present, moved by the noble impulses of her sex, took the shoes off of her own feet, made the suffering hero put them on, and walked home herself barefooted. Boys, do you hear that? Will you let this glorious girl be insulted and wronged by Yankee ruffians? Never! Wherever Southern soldiers are suffering and bleeding for their country's freedom, let this incident be told for a memorial of Lou. Taylor, of Madison County, Florida.