

# THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

VOL. I.

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No. 35.

## BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED HOLT COLQUITT.

The subject of this sketch was born in Walton county, Georgia, on the 20th day of April, 1824. He is the object one of the late Hon. Walter T. Colquitt, one of the most eminent men and distinguished Citizens of Georgia and of the South.

After completing his preparatory studies, he was entered by his father as a student at Princeton College, New Jersey. With the details of his college course we are not familiar, further than that he graduated with distinction, being appointed as writer and speaker to represent the College at the annual commencement, and giving premises generally of that usefulness and position to which he has subsequently attained. In the year 1845, he was admitted to the practice of the law, he was, after passing through the usual course of study, admitted to the bar, and opened an office in the City of Macon. This was about the time of the commencement of active hostilities between the United States and Mexico—and to the threats of our young Colquitt resolved to resign. He was induced by President Polk to accept a commission in the United States Army with the rank of Major, and this position he continued to fill until the close of the war, and though still a mere youth, and with but little experience, he discharged its highly responsible duties with fidelity, and with entire satisfaction to his country and to his government.

At the battle of Buena Vista he acted as aid to Gen. Taylor. For his conduct and gallantry on that occasion, he was afterwards highly complimented, amongst others, by President Davis, then Secretary of War, in a communication which appeared in the "Daily and Weekly Public Journals."

At the conclusion of the war he resigned his commission in the army against the urgent solicitations of many high officers, who held out to him flattering prospects of promotion and distinction.

Preferring the peaceful pursuits of civil life to the profession of arms, he returned to his native State, and with the intention of devoting himself to the practice of the law, and soon thereafter was married to the daughter of Harwell Turner, Esq., a wealthy and influential citizen of Twiggs county. He then removed from Macon to Southwestern Georgia, where he engaged in planting and in the practice of his profession; he was beginning to acquire a lucrative practice and to take that position at the bar which is usually won only by years of toil and study, when exciting events in the political world drew upon him prominently the

ties, and furnished a sufficient justification to his numerous friends who urged him to consent to a reelection.

He sought the retirement of private life, and about two years thereafter was married to Mrs. Sarah Turner, the widow daughter of Rev. Henry Burr, an estimable citizen of Twiggs county.

He next served as a representative of his county in the General Assembly of Georgia, but did not engage actively in political affairs until the last Presidential election, when he was elected a Senator for the State at large. He declined in the ensuing body for selection to the event of Lincoln's election; was chosen by his county a member of the Convention called to consider measures of resistance and safety. He was one of the committee to draft the Ordinance of Secession, and himself voted for that measure and was one of its most active and zealous supporters. Upon the breaking out of the present war, he was a member of the State convention in Atlanta, of which he was chosen Captain, and to which the "Confederates" of "Baker Fire Extra" was given. This, with other companies, was organized into the 6th Georgia regiment, and to the command of it Captain Colquitt was elected, and he became a Major.

All eyes were now turned to the "Old Dominion," every available soldier was despatched to the borders of the young Confederacy which had suddenly so greatly enlarged its boundaries and capacity. Col. Colquitt with his regiment was ordered to Richmond, and thence to Yorktown, to be prepared for the defense of the Peninsula. No opportunity was here offered of winning those laurels which victory alone can entwine about the brow of the brave warrior, as Yorktown was not destined in history to be again memorable as the scene of a grand and decisive engagement. Col. Colquitt, however, remained in command of one or more brigades in operations upon the Peninsula. Is these were developed a cool, clear, discriminating military judgment, and a capacity for command which were for him the entire confidence of Gen. J. B. Magruder, who warmly recommended him to the government for promotion.

During the battle of Yorktown by land and naval forces of McClellan, Col. Colquitt commanded the Infantry within the works. After the evacuation of that place, Colonel Colquitt's regiment was assigned to Gen. Rains' brigade in Gen. D. H. Hill's division. The brigade was mustered into field of Petersburg, but did not take part in the assault of the enterprise.

Before the battle around Richmond, Gen. Rains' being transferred to another field of duty, the command of the brigade devolved on Col. Colquitt. This brigade consisted of the 6th Georgia, 25th Georgia, 27th Georgia, 28th Georgia, and 13th Alabama regiments, and were under the command of Col. [Continued on third page]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED HOLT COLQUITT.

educated in the school of Southern Right. Maj. Colquitt took an active part in opposition to the Compromises measure of 1850. In consequence of his strong leader's decided aversion to the cause of Southern Right, he was one of the "For Jackson," as they were termed, and they accordingly selected to man him as a candidate to represent his district in Congress.

Maj. Colquitt boldly entered the lists, predominated his principles from the hustings every where throughout the district, and was elected by an overwhelming majority.

His congressional career, though brief, gave abundant promise of the honors which were to stow him, but he chose to follow in the path which so auspiciously opened before him.

Before the expiration of his term of service, he had the misfortune to lose his distinguished father and his beloved wife. This double affliction did not permit him to enter again into the turmoil of poli-

tical chafe in the sharp repulse which was then and there given to the rebels.

From this division was great renown and distinction. It was in the advance, and fought three hours without support or reinforcement, charging the enemy's works, rushing forward over felled timber in the face of a terrible fire of artillery and musketry, and finally driving the enemy from his entrencheds and camps. The sixth Georgia regiment, led by its intrepid commander, was conspicuous in that action, and is entitled to a full share of the glory of that brilliant success, as its list of casualties will show that it likewise fully honored the cause of the enterprise.

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## THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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AYRES & WADE, Editors and Proprietors.

Richmond, Saturday, May 2, 1863.

**TERMS.**—Subscription, \$10 per annum; \$6 for six months, (no subscription taken for less than a year). The Standard copy at \$5 for any country or individual money taken. Office in the building occupied by Gazette at No. 415, near the corner of Virginia Streets.

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**NOTICE TO POSTMASTERS AND AGENTS.**—Any person sending us a box of tea subscriptions, with the price of subscription, will be entitled to one copy of the "Illustrated News." Any one sending us a list of names will receive three copies of this paper gratis.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

As an evidence that we are leaving no stone unturned to give the public a first-class literary paper, we take pleasure in announcing that we have secured the valuable services of the following named talented gentlemen and ladies, each of whom will contribute weekly to the columns of this paper:

W. GILMORE SIMS,  
JAMES GUTHRIE,  
HUBERT PLEASANTON,  
John R. Trowbridge,  
Dr. GIDEON W. HABSBY,  
Rev. C. W. J. CRAVEN, D. D.,  
S. S. BEVAN,  
PAUL H. HAYNE,  
JOHN ESTEN COOPER,

HENRY THOMAS,  
JOHN B. DANIEL,  
GRACE MILLWOOD,  
MRS. HEMERET—(Louise Mandeville),  
SALIER E. POWELL,  
ALICE LUCILLE TALLEY,  
MABEL LOUISE ROSEN,  
CHARLES WILDEWOOD,  
Mrs. MARY A. McCORMICK.

And many other writers, whose names are withheld from motives of delicacy.

## THE TIMES.

We had expected to commence this article with the following sentiment:—"The times are very dull times, so far as any army movements are concerned." But intelligence has reached us, just as we sit down to write, that the enemy has crossed in force at Fredericksburg, and also at a point five miles below. This news will or will not be confirmed before we go to press. If the crossing has been effected, a column of magnitude will in all probability have taken place at the former. The news is now certain, however, that the flagship, Sumter, to catch Lee in a weakened condition, and help to accomplish their designs before Longstreet can be called from Suffolk. But Lee, we suspect has enough left to give him a sound drubbing. Another signal may be to get a handle out of the men whose term of enlistment expires in May. Poor devil! They are to be allowed still to gratify the malignity of their abolition masters, who, seeing that they positively refuse to re-enlist,—this we take to be the case, or the advance would not have been made,—have determined to get all they can out of them, before they are permitted to leave. We have heard reliable authority for this at a short distance from Washington, as much hammaras matter, to be worked up to the hot ultraligatus, regardless of the terrible carnage, the numberless thousands, the tears of widows and the wailing of orphans, which follow invariably every great battle. Viewing the master in this light, we are encouraged to hope for results even more satisfactory than those that attended the first battle of Fredericksburg, but we tremble to think of the gallant Southern spirits who must go down in the coming shock of arms.—May a merciful deity deal gently with us, and make our losses as light as possible.

We get quite a budget of news from the Yankee papers of the 31st. We find that the Rebels, after a hard-fought battle, fought in various directions, Murfreesboro and Burbridge, with 6,000 men, the whole command under Price, have been driven from Cape Girardeau by the builder McNeill. After three hours' severe fighting, Jackson's Commissary, Banks, defeated the Rebels on the night of the 17th, at Bentonville, about six miles southwest of Benton Range; driving them, after a hard fight, and taking over a thousand prisoners. The Rebels destroyed ten steamboats and two gunboats, to keep them from falling into our (Yankee) hands. The steamer Corvina was captured; the Rebel batteries at Fort DeRussy had been reduced to silence, and the Rebels at Benton.

Possessions gained by General Ward, and a large amount of ammunition and arms-seized. General Granger, the Yankee, had defeated General Dick Taylor, with two Texas regiments and three battalions, at Irvin Beach, capturing some prisoners, and over 1,000 head of cattle, horses and mules. This is a very rich report of madaussian confederacy, to the Yankees invite us. Our readers will, of course, judge sparingly.

The news, so far as Gen. Taylor is concerned, we regret to say, has been partially confirmed.

The sternness Penna brings bitter dues from Europe. John Bull's government has much exercised about the ditch in which is being built a canal for the Emperor of China, and the Emperor being, as many believe, a relation of the old King of Ireland, we are informed by the very un Chinese applications of Jefferson Davis. One known by the officers of Customs at Liverpool, has been seized by the Admiralty, and is being held at a British port.

A number of men continue to work on her, making her ready for sea. Another, the Japan, as Virginian, was run out of the Clyde on the 34 of April, exactly 24 hours before the order for her arrest arrived from London.

The Confederate Leon had rallied, was again at a premium, an "enormous business" was done in it in Liverpool on the 13th inst., and she was regularly sent in the Paris bourse at a premium.—This is now, however, the Yankee Leon was in a bad way. The Union agents, fearing they would be unable to raise the wind in England, were disposed to gall the Dutch of Holland. This is not bad news.

The Polish insurrection has not been crushed out, as we had been led to believe. England, France and Austria had sent friendly but warning notes to the Russian government. Under this pressure, the

latter had offered an amnesty to all Poles who returned to their allegiance by the 1st of May. The combination of so many of the great powers in behalf of Poland, induces us to hope that the way to Polish liberty may be opened, and the unpopularity preserved.

Able-bodied young Irishmen are said to be leaving for Yankees land, at the rate of 1,400 a week. More food for powder. Negro and Irish are to do the fighting, while herein Jonathan sticks to his government and avoids his government.

On Friday evening 24th April, a shocking tragedy occurred in Richmond. Robert E. Dill, Clerk of the Commonwealth Safety-Knife of Representatives, was shot by a third resource, by Robert E. Ford, one of his sailing-clerk. The cause assigned for this melancholy event was the discharge of Dill by Dilley for alleged neglect of duty. Ford is now in prison, awaiting his trial.

By way of Chattanooga, we hear that the official report of the battle of Chickamauga, and the wounded, shows that their loss was 19,513. At this 5,500 captures, and the grand total amounts to within a fraction of the whole number of Bragg's army engaged in that terrible fight, the magnitudes of which we have now for the first time a correct conception.

We give the customary hasty patch of despatches from the South, which convey a vast deal of interest, interesting incidents, and, hence, the public is in a state of the most disturbing bewilderment.

Most boats have passed Vicksburg. The number of armed vessels between that city and Port Hudson is said to be 12 or 15, together with a number of transports. What damage they are doing no one knows with any certainty. Farragut is illustrating the dignity of the Yankee navy by robbing her-roosts and pig-pen.

Several states, laden with exceedingly valuable government stores, have arrived during the week at "Confederate port." The telegram conveying this direct intelligence came from Wilming-ton, and the unavoidable inference is that the Confederate port referred to is doubtless to be either Raleigh, Montgomery or Knottsville.

We have heretofore neglected to mention that the Committee on the Flag and Seal, after two years of herculean labor, have reported the Seal is the equestrian figure of Washington on the mound at Richmond, and the motto, as amended by the Senate, is "Deo Vindice." The Flag is the present Confederate flag, altered by putting a bar of blue on a white field, in place of the red, and surrounding the stars with a blue border. In the Confederate battle-flag in place of the stars are the words "CONFEDERATE STATES."

The Seal was shown with general favor; the Flag resorted to be tooted by vocal observation, often it shall have been made up and given to the brevet.

Later but tragic intelligence from Fredericksburg confirms the opinion that the enemy intrudes, if he has not already commenced, a general advance and engagement. In addition to the latency which have crept about Deep Run, one and a half miles, as previously stated, below the town, it is stated that Stoneman's Division, consisting of a body of cavalry and 3,000 infantry, has crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, with a view to intercepting and leading the railroad connection at Gordonsville. Troops are being concentrated in Richmonde in numbers, and a battery is momentarily expected. The heavy rain which fell Wednesday night and Thursday morning may delay operations.

A fight between the Confederate Generals Imboden and Jones, and the intrepid Miltay, is said to have occurred in the Valley, but the news lacks confirmation.

A tug-hog and two barges have passed Vickburg. The blockade at that point seems to have become as ineffective as that of Yankee at Charleston.

## NO SUCH WORD AS FAIR!

Can you be aware of the difficulties which are involved, have been, since the commencement of the publication of the "News." One of the greatest obstacles in the way of the publication of a first class illustrated paper, is the want of a sufficient quantity of fox wood. We made every effort to get out of the difficulty; we experimented on native woods, but with poor success; we ordered ours North by the blockader runners, but were swindled on more than one occasion. Not despising, however, of eventually succeeding, we forwarded, through a friend, an order to Europe for one of the very best box wood, and, on Thursday morning last, had the gratification to receive a dispatch, stating that the order had been ordered by an English gentleman, Mr. F. G. Smith, of Newgate, who makes this arrangement at this date with possibly enormous profits. In a few weeks, we shall transfer the printing department of our establishment to our new store building on Cary street, where we promise our readers many improvements in the general appearance of the "News." At the same time, we shall commence the publication of a highly interesting newsletter from the polished pen of the editor of the "STEREOTYPE." Let your subscribers date from that number.

## NEW BOOKS.

MANUAL OF INGENUITY FOR VOLUNTEERS AND MARTIAL ORGANIZATIONS. By William Gilman, Captain of Vt. Infantry, Instructor of Tactics and Commandant of Cadets, Virginia Military Institute. With numerous plates. Richmond: West & Johnson, 1863.

This excellent little book has just been published, in a selected manner, by Morris West & Johnson. It is unnecessary for me to say in word my commendation of the book for it has already commanded by competent judges to be the most comprehensive military work now in use in the South. In point of typography and binding, it surpasses any yet given from the Southern press, and contains over two hundred finely executed lithographic plates.

AN ELEMENT OF PRACTICAL SURGERY FOR FRIES AND HYATT. By Edward Warren, M. D., Surgeon-General of the State of North Carolina. Revised by F. F. French, Surgeon-General of the State of Maryland. First edition. Richmond: West & Johnson, 1863.

The above work has just been issued by those enterprising publishers, Morris, West & Johnson. Notwithstanding the productions

there in, as its title indicates, an "Epitome," it contains within a small compass a vast deal of information on the important science of which it treats. The style is exact, perspicuous and condensed, and the work affords ample evidence of man's labor and learning, as well as practical acquaintance with the numerous subjects discussed. Altogether, it is a valuable contribution to Southern science, and as such, should be in the hands of every Confederate Surgeon. The distinguished author has accomplished his task in a successful manner, and we predict for the work a well deserved popularity.

## RESOURCES OF SOUTHERN FIELDS AND FORESTS.

In our notices of this work an error occurred, which, in justice to the enterprising publishers, we take pleasure in correcting. The book was printed by Morris, West & Johnson, of this city, and printed by Evans & Cowgill. In the copy sent to us the name of the printers only appears at the foot of the title-page, and we were thus led into the error of supposing they were the publishers.

## OUR NEW HEADING.

Our readers will remember, that several weeks ago, we offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best design for a heading to our paper. Thus far, we have received over twenty designs, some of which are really beautiful. The prize has not yet been awarded, but the list will be closed on the 10th of the present month, and we trust that a selection from the numerous designs before us will be made.

## "RED MEN."

The officers of the Improved Order of Red Men will hold a meeting in this city, "the 16th, 17th and 18th Moon," for the purpose of the establishment of a Southern Organization for the government of colored tribes in the Confederacy. See notice in another column.

Written for the Illustrated News.

## SCRAPS FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

NO IV.

## BY KATHARINE ELSTON.

## THAT TIRESOME MAN! \*

Oh! don't, that seem man again! Just as I had settled myself to have such a nice chat too! How very provoking!—What? What?—What? You say, I don't look provoked? I can't help it—that's it! I can't even say that is not a fault of mine. Well, I was born another word you say. I'm in a prodigious hurry, am I not? Well, you wouldn't have me so impulsive as to keep the man waiting, would you?—Well, I'm afraid he'll be here soon as possible. There is a ring at the doorbell. That's a provoking girl will think. I did it because I was frustrated. Well, let her—I am. I wonder what makes me so silly? You inoculatable sinners, you don't go in there like dogs and bairns—just as I do, and want until you are eunuchs. Well, I am as dignified as you are—eunuchs. Well, I am as dignified as you are—eunuchs. That's made you feel so queer.

Let me alone, now, if you please. Why haven't I been here before? Because I didn't feel like it, Miss. Now, for mercy's sake, don't be so silly as to think I have been gone enough to cry. You seem to be so much struck with my eyes, that I expect you will say, "There is nothing very, if you please, than the beauty of her eyes, and that is the most important thing in the world." I have a secret to tell you, but I have no time to go into it. Please, have no time to go into it, all the day do you? You have the same one, do you? Pray, Miss, how do you know it?—I haven't another one like it, haven't I? Much you know about it. You don't give me an inventory of my possessions yet. Well, I am not so good as you. What did you say? What did you say? If that tiresome man? I suppose I had just as well tell you—if I said you will be mercifully find it out—I didn't say any? You think that's nice, do you, after all my woes of perpetual single blessedness? It is a poor consolation, I know, but I am not so good as you. What did you say?—except Harry?—you say? Fiddlesticks, he's nothing but a boy! He hasn't such pretty white hair as you have. Well, what is that?—Well, "green eyes" and "blue stockings" and "pink lace" and the honest—oh, that is something to be proud of. He didn't get a scalding bullet. Harry couldn't leave his mother? Why not, I'd like to know? She'd enough to take care of herself, in all events. She's a good girl, though. She would have thought she earned anything about that young fellow? After all, I believe it's nothing but envy!

ENVY AND SLANDER.—Envied the fairest victim, and slander loves a shining mark. It is astonishing with what facility women can be inveigled into spreading calumny against those who appear superior, and how ingeniously a whisper against an innocent woman is twisted into a tale of guilt, or hint of evil caught and bandied about when directed against an obviously honest man. In the game of chess, there goes no piece so far as to hazard every man's fortune but the knight. Fortune seems not only accidentally capricious, but malignant; and the horse player is beaten, not by the skill of his adversary, but by an unseen power in the air. How often is it that us women play the important game of human life? An envied mortal finds his utmost exertion vain, and others against unfriendly witnesses, which mock the wisest efforts, and turn them again a-blissful.

TRUE PHILOSOPHER.—He is the true philosopher who enjoys life while he can, and quaffs the foaming spark before the sparkle leaves the brim.

## SKETCH OF BRIO. GENERAL ALFRED HOLT COULIPT.

[Unfinished from First Page.]

Coulipit during the successive battles before Richmond and in the memorable Maryland Campaign.

As an evidence of the estimate which Major General D. H. Hill had of the efficiency and prowess of his troops, he ordered Coulipit, during the Maryland campaign, after an arduous march, to take a strongly fortified battery of the enemy, and which occupied a commanding position, this brigadier was ordered, forward with instructions to charge and capture it if possible. "Wheeled up in gallop style, but night intervening, the assault had to be deferred until morning. The men slept upon their arms with the prospect of a desperate and bloody day's work before them. The morrow disclosed that the enemy had abandoned their position during the night, and it was not doubtful if it were possible for any one brigade to secure those works successfully, it would have been accomplished by Col. Coulipit's Brigade. On the following day the skirmishers and light troops were actively engaged with the rebels near Broad Run. He was present at the division of Gen. D. H. Hill's corps, and waiting orders for another march with the forces of Gen. Jackson, they moved on to the essential field of Gold Harbor. Formed in line of battle, the brigades of Col. Coulipit moved to the scene of strife over an open field, upon which the enemy posted an immense fire of artillery. Taking advantage of the abundance of the ground, Col. Coulipit was enabled partially to protect his command. In his front there was a thick forest of pine growth, in which the enemy's sharpshooters were concealed. It became impossible to dislodge those, and in order to reach them it was necessary to move around the rear of the forest, and on other hand, to attack and repel them. It was no time for indecision; accordingly, Col. Coulipit was ordered to push across the marsh and charge the thicket, which was vigorously defended in the face of an annoying fire. The woods were cleared of the enemy, and as the brigades reached the outer edge, it was confronted by the heavy compact lines of the force which had been massed in the open field. Col. Coulipit moving his brigade to the front so as to be in shelter range, engaged the enemy in one of the most terrible encounters of those fearful battle-fields. For more than two hours he maintained the unequal combat. The 6th and 27th Georgia Regiments, who were in the thickest of the fight, lost but nine men, and of those, only one was wounded, while the others were captured or abandoned their ranks, and the number almost equalled the number of the dead. The 1st and 2nd Georgia rapidly expanded. Just at this critical moment a brigade apparently came to his support and before the increased size of our heroes' soldiers the enemy broke in confusion and fled. A general ride over the field the next morning remarked that he could distinctly trace the bridge which led the dead of the enemy in their red and blue uniforms which indicated Zouaves and Regulars.

The bridge-bearer participated in the action of White Oak Swamp, and after the retreat of the enemy moved forward to Muckers Hill, which was the scene of the conflict of July the 1st. Upon a high commanding position, the enemy had posted his batteries, and the signal for battle was given.

The signal being given for an advance, he moved forward as directed, but before the terrible fire of artillery the troops he was to support fell back and were breaking in confusion through his lines. With the concentrated fire of their batteries directed against his brigade, it was with the greatest difficulty that he could advance at all. He succeeded, however, in reaching a fence, and then reforming, poured a fusillade fire upon a column of the enemy which advanced several hundred yards in front of their batteries.

They gave way under the fire and Colonel Coulipit mounting the fence with his drawn sword called upon his men to follow him. The thunder of their artillery, however, continued and unable to make the retreat safe, he and his troops, too, became hopelessly the horizon of that leader, assisted by his gallant bearing, and enriching his reputation, won a laurel wreath upon the heads of those who had risked a gall upon the enemy, who broke in confusion before their charge.

This was the last of the series of desperate conflicts around Richmond, and it is doing no injustice to other troops to say that none exhibited more非凡 courage, or were handled with superior skill as a judgment, than this brigade.

Col. Coulipit with his command accompanied the army into Maryland, and at the battle of South Mountain fully justified its reputation.

It was thrown in the field to hold the enemy in check until our stronger divisions could be concentrated, and for some time it was the only body of troops to dispute the onward march of McClellan.

Three days after this Col. Coulipit again and his brigade in the celebrated battle of Sharpsburg. Space fails us to enter into detail of that arduous struggle, where

"For long time in even scale  
The battle hung."

But it may give the reader a striking impression of the character of the contest when we note the loss of the Brigade in that sanguinary field. Col. Coulipit's horse was shot under him, his Adjutant-General was killed, every field officer save one in the five regiments was either killed or wounded, in some of the regiments only two captains escaped, many of the companies were left entirely without commissioned officers, and the total number of casualties was nearly seven hundred.

Among the noble spirits who fall on that fatal field, and whose names should ever live in the grateful recollections of their countrymen, were Col. Levi Smith, of the 27th Ga., Col. Basley, of the 2d Ga., Lieut. Col. M. Nettles, and Major T. P. Morgan, of the 6th Ga. Regiments. In the list of Captains, Lieutenants and privates were some of the highest social rank and brightest prospects for future usefulness and distinction.

Soon after the battle of Sharpsburg, Col. Coulipit was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and was assigned to the command of the second corps, which he held until the end of the war.

In private life the character of Gen. Coulipit is irreproachable in all his relations of life. He is distinguished by uniform kindness, by a serenous and delicate regard for the feelings and rights of others, and by a benevolence which embraces all classes and every worthy enterprise.

A wealthy planter, his hand and heart are ever open to the calls of the needy. Like the Chevalier Bayard, he is a knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*." To all of these amiable qualities he adds the character of a practical Christian.

The name of General Coulipit is prominently mentioned in connection with the office of Governor of Georgia at the approaching election in October next.

Written for the Southern Illustrated News.

## THE GREAT BATTLES OF ANTIQUITY.

BY ARTHUR MCGRYDE.

## III.—PLATIA.

Marathon was the beginning of that renowned contest between the Greeks and Persians—mighty as any of the ancient day, which arose in the time of Darius Hystaspis and culminated on the sublime field of Arbela, having existed for a period of over 160 years. Marathon was the second of those three great battles of antiquity which light from the morning skies of history, and presented the intended subjugation and enslavement of the Grecian States.

Xerxes, the Persian King, on ascending his father's throne, to the boundless ambition to add to the wealth of Darius his son, and to the ruling power over the whole world, made a scheme for a second invasion of this country. His preparations were on an immense scale; and reached over a period of months. Troops were levied in all parts of the empire, and every part of the land which was tributary consisted of many large contingents. According to Herodotus, this army amounts to numbered over five millions; a statement altogether prodigious, and which can only be accounted for from the fact that Xerxes reigned over a vast empire, and that the numbers of his army were not known, and every Persian subject capable of military duty forced to be in his service if he refused to follow his sovereign to battle.

At the head of what was rather an unwilling concourse, than a disciplined army, he set forth from the city of Mycale, in Asia Minor, in the month of September, A.D. 490, and crossed the Hellespont, the Bosphorus, Thermopylae, and Leucas, and the former subsequently took possession of Athens, where Xerxes remained till the completed destruction of his fleet of the neighboring island of Salamis. This struck him with such apprehension for the bridge he had left behind him, that he sent a party of soldiers to Europe, in the hope of finding a more favorable route, which he had brought with him. At this juncture Mardonius, one of his generals and son-in-law of Darius, suggested the return of Xerxes to Asia, leaving with Mardonius the command of the army, and Xerxes consented to this, more extensive than the South of Carolina. Xerxes, however, accepted the proposal, and, accordingly, a few days after the battle of Salamis, commenced his retreat, being escorted by Mardonius as far as Thessaly, where the latter, however, was compelled to turn back, and Mardonius turned southward, which says Herodotus, consisted of the 10,000 Persians called Immortals, the Sacae, Bactrians, Medes and Indians. Mardonius, having wintered in Thessaly and occupied Aspasias, eventually the Capital of Attica and retired to the city of Thessalonica, where he was joined by Xerxes, and the Persian army was collected, and, after some strategical movements on both sides, met him on the Aesepus, which separates Immortals from the Sacae, Bactrians, Medes and Indians. The Greeks were encamped on the opposite bank, and amounted to seven thousand. The Lacedaemonians and Thessalians occupied one wing, the Athenians and Plataeans the other; those Greeks who had been stationed in the centre having to the number of 35,000, 62 to Plataeae. This arrangement was adopted by the Greeks, that the Persians might be exposed to the full weight of the Lacedaemonian and Thessalian arrows, and that the Athenians and Plataeans, supposing his army in full retreat, would attack him, precipitating himself upon the Lacedaemonians. Teges, however, had been discovered by the leader of the Persians, who had sent him to reconnoitre. Having offered sacrifices, the Lacedaemonians and Tegeans joined battle. The Aspasias conducted themselves with courage, particularly Mardonius, but were inferior to the Greeks in skill and discipline. The Persian commandant fought at the head of the army, and chosen Persians, was slain. His army fled to its entrenchments. There his followers were overtaken and assailed by the Greeks, full of rage and revenge. A fierce combat ensued, in which the Persians had evaded with Arachosia; but of the rest of the army of Mardonius it is related, only three thousand survived this memorable conflict.

The cause of the Persian defeat at Platina have not been explained, both before and since. They were a fatigued army in numbers, lack of discipline, and that moral in ability resulting from a consciousness that our purposes are unjust.

Poetry on War.—There is a poetry in every existence, but, first, especially, is like painting, silent poetry. Our life begins like the church services, with mass, and afterwards comes teaching and repentance.

THE SPLENDID WOMAN.—The Universe is doubly peopled, with souls and with spirits; but the latter are invisible, or only partly seen in the bright day-light of life.

SANNETTES.—Sannettes, like pinceaux, have their greatest beauty in the tail; and in both the feet are apt to be ill-shaped.

Written for the Southern Illustrated News.

## DOWN IN TEARS.

BY VERA.

Oblivious air and hard the ground,  
Not one ray of sunshine hath,  
O'er the waste, with hollow sound,  
Moaning low, the cold wind sighs.  
Sower, break the stubborn soil,  
Lavish in the furrows heap,  
Gaze not from thy patient till—  
Sow the seed, and wait the reaping!

Sommer nightfall on the hill,  
Birds in every green tree singling;  
Shouts of joy the soft air fill,  
Hear the harvest they are bringing!  
And the sun sets on the plain,  
His long beard is covered in dust,  
Mellow heaps of ripened grain,  
Inte golden sheaves is binding!

In the dark and narrow tomb,  
Colder rest we had, weeping;  
Ach, Ach, in quiet home,  
Leave it to me, Sorrow keeping.  
To the nod we nod, weeping,  
Faith her heavenly vision leading—  
Unto God's supreme decree,  
We in mock submission bending!

On our life a mortal chill,  
Like a frosty hand, leaves lying,  
Her fall—we weep, weeping,  
On His faithful word relying.  
Earth shall melt with fervent heat,  
Time be but a passing song,  
We our long measured treasure greet,  
Sown in tears, but reaped in glory!

THE PATH OF BRIGHT.—"Mr. Windham," said Madams Wharton, "I take you to be one of the few who will never, from selfish considerations, deviate from the path of right, however difficult it may be to follow; while the mind and fumes of evil blind the eyes and mislead the soul, and draw us away from these." They are but tokens of that malice which God, for his own purpose, has made frail and feeble, and has given us a short life to meet the wild tempests committed up to this moment, before bringing my spirit home." "Old Madame, a thousand, thousand thanks," said Claude. "We are, indeed, weak and frail—with passions we cannot command, and with temptations which we cannot resist; but we are in the hands of God, for whom the streams go down unresisting into the whispering deep." "You have pronounced here the sliest words that ever fell from the lips of an honest man," said Madams Wharton. "You begin the chapter with such a contemptible machine. No, sir, we are gifted with passions for the purpose of commanding them; we are placed amid temptations in order that we may resist them. It is the narrow mind and the vulgar heart that are prone to submit themselves to be ruled by temptation." The hand that directed the stream against the stream, it holds back from the whirlpool, and avoids it by the independent force left by heaven. The most sublime sight in the universe is a man tempered by the divine spirit, who, by the exercise of self-control, resists the yielding—and, with opportunity to grasp that which he desires, yet by the exercise of a self-controlling sense of right, passing by the thing by which he lives—for living without it, and turning his back upon it forever."

HISTOR.—For history to omit the living, is to imitate Italian funerals, where the corpse is unanswered, and all the attendants wept.

FLOWERS.—If flowers have souls, the bees, whose nurse they are, must be seen to their dear, fluttering, bungy infants.

PHYSICIAN.—Philosophy should resemble the electric fire, and attract as well as drive.

Written for the Illustrated News.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA, NO. 3.

I am composed of 58 letters.

My 19, 48, 55, 10, 6, was the great poet of Greece.

My 22, 7, 20, 36, is what every body is after.

My 19, 27, 16, 23, is word by the ladies.

My 31, 32, 37, 35, 7, 17, in the way "Abe" went to Wash-

ington.

My 3, 13, 22, 23, 35, 2 is a lady's name.

My 19, 43, 9, 1, 16, 39, was a brave Trojan warrior.

My 23, 29, is what a woman is in South Carolina.

My 51, 57, 55, 4, 54, 42, 23, 8, 9, 29 in a good institution.

My 14, 56, 53, was of little use the past winter.

My 32, 44, 50, 34, 20, in the first Hebrew month of the year.

My 53, 37, 23, 45, 20, 24, 3 is a pale exercise.

My 46, 41, 55, 4, 7, 21, is a kind of hot.

My 18, 38, 39, 58, 5, is the way loves write.

My 3, 11, 9, 15, is a animal in South America.

My whole, every one won't admire; half, every one will admire; the other half, every one won't admit.

Answer in next number.

J. R. E.

Parsons, Va., 1855.

25<sup>th</sup> Answer to Charade in last number: Stars and Bars.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year  
1859, by ALEX. & WINE, in the District Court of the  
Confederate States for the Eastern District of Va.

Written expressly for the Southern Illustrated News.

## PADDY McCANN;

OR

### THE DEMON OF THE STUMP.

By W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Author of "Michael Mulligan," "The Captain of Krashaw," "Border Bougons," "The Yenomans," &c.

"If this be not a man, then trust me thy biterous! If this be not a devil, then trust me thy biterous!" —*If this be not a man, then trust me thy biterous!*

(Goodwood.)

"I say that I'll say I—Lord! how I have confounded' me, and what big words she has, and what a harpoon of a tongue! — and the straitened life of the high and the haughty, the marriage. She says—would you believe it? — that marriage is a kind of tyranny, for the destruction of womanhood!

"I say that I'll say I—

"Why does she prachies the doctrines of a Freedoom-sundered man, Furey, who denounces marriage?"

"I say that I'll say I—

"How did you like your supper, Paddy?"

"What I ate of it was prime good, but I had to do so much helping for Miss Anne Statia first, I had hardly a chance to eat any thing."

"Yes, what a feeder she is! Why, Paddy, she'd eat a poor fellow out of house and home, even if he were a waun'ter. She's supposed to be very good sort of brother, who only likes himself, and has no care for her in all them feathers and furrows, the Lord only know!"

"I say that I'll say I—

"Paddy, she'd eat a poor fellow out of house and home, even if he were a waun'ter. She's supposed to be very good sort of brother, who only likes himself, and has no care for her in all them feathers and furrows, the Lord only know!"

"I say that I'll say I—

"Paddy, she'd eat a poor fellow out of house and home, even if he were a waun'ter. She's supposed to be very good sort of brother, who only likes himself, and has no care for her in all them feathers and furrows, the Lord only know!"

"I say that I'll say I—

"The next night we were to have the great supper for the cabin ladies; but in the evening M'aley told us they had to postpone till Tuesday night, as they could't get things fixed ready for us all its terries. Well, Monday night we had for Miss Anne Statia, Mrs. Thompson, and the Cappin, he got an invic to you, sent him Saturday morning. But I said I would'n go, tell he said I must."

"I say that I'll say I—

"Paddy, it's the right reason for a young person to see everything that's to be seen, while he's young. It'll do to think over when yo' o're is. At this 'swarney' of Miss Pyuch, she's a waun'ter, and they all pre tend to be smart people. The things they claim to be the cream of society. But these people, poets and philosophers and such, are made up and wits and what-nots, they claim to be the cream of society. And them people are only vulgar—some pepper, vinegar, and a smart chance of them may be put down as emblem milk, and well watered in their faces. Each of them has some lesson to teach, and each of them has some lesson to learn. But the few are downright boole. They but on all contrive to talk talked about for half cl, them are editors or connected with the press; and the rest are not. And the rest of the gods thing in the way of writing, though they have song on little editor and newspaper to give 'em a blab-blare. They work together in little sets or parties; they call it 'the literary set.' And they all go with a chuck, from day to day. You'll meet here at Miss Pyuch's, all them people you've read about in the newspapers. Reading the newspapers about 'em you'd think that such, great, learned, and wise people, as they go from one set to another and you'll hear a different story. What one 'dik' prases another abuses. What I want y'a, in particular, to see is the very persons you've set out to see. And when you stay there three minutes, only give 'em rope, and they'll hang themselves before your face, and be lieve all the time they're playing Cappin Orange, and the like. And when you go through a fool and his tongue gods can't guess. You must go, in order to see how very little some of our biggest newspapermen air."

"Well, he persuaded me, and I agreed, when the light come, to go.

"But," said I, "Cappin, I'm thinking to leave you next week and put out for home. I've been away long enough, and I'm getting tired. I must go back and see how the old world is. I must go back and see how the old world is. I don't feel altogether at home in my native birth! I don't feel altogether like a white man any where else; and I must go home, of only to give my poor old mother a chance to talk for nothing, and to let her know I've got my man. I must go home, of only to give my poor old mother a chance to talk for nothing, and to let her know I've got my man. I must go home, of only to give my poor old mother a chance to talk for nothing, and to let her know I've got my man."

"I say that I'll say I—

of South Carolina, now leading at the Clarendon House, who has been robbed of his money, and is now compelled to sell his chamber furniture to pay his lawyer bill—

"When I heard of the distress of the young man, and that he was from South Carolina, I cried out, 'Ten dollars!' just to give him a lift, and never once thinking that he would sell for such a price; and as I said the words, quick as the lightning, the auctioneer cried:

"'Gone—ten dollars—end up your money—'

"And with that he pushed down the box, I pushed up the money, and took up the box, and opened it; and, Lord bless you, the thing was all bumblum, and a cestch-penny, and was brand-new—had never been used by any human creature at all. So I said to the auctioneer:

"'Look you, master, this box won't worth a copper—it's all gingerbread work.'

"'It's not me,' said the auctioneer, with a grin—

"'This is not me,' said the auctioneer. You bought it with your eyes open!'

"And with that there was a general laugh all round the room, as everybody was laughing at the auctioneer's blunder. That laugh rolled me to the quick, and with one spring, I jumped upon the table and drew my bowie-knife; and, with the box in one hand, and the bowie-knife in the other, I cut the box open upon him, crying out like thunder:

"'Yes, you bloody, devoring villain, I did buy it with my eyes open, but you, blud, had the nerve to sell me with a lie! And now, you dog, you'll pay for it, and pay every penny, and take your box, and I'll break over your dear'd head, and cut off your ears in the harrangue!'

"'I say that I'll say I—

"'It's Edito Ruffman!' said the auctioneer was stand'n out of his

seven senses, and he just dashed off to his desk, and laid his hand on the table, and I dung the box into him! I picked up the bill, and just flung it at him! And I'll tell you, he mouth is always greasy, as of he had just come out of an eating house.'

"There's one more your Southern wench, and then you'll be a full person in high life's!—

"'You'll say again, you South Carolinian, by playing upon her tender feelings, and durn you, nothing shall save our own!'

"With that I walked out. There was no laughing this time, for I just looked round upon the room, savage and grim.

"Well, would you believe it, even that went into the newspaper. After that I got Thompson to go with me when I went to see the auctioneer, and when we got there, and the auctioneer was stand'n out of his

seven senses, and he just dashed off to his desk, and laid his hand on the table, and I dung the box into him! I picked up the bill, and just flung it at him! And I'll tell you, he mouth is always greasy, as of he had just come out of an eating house.'

"There's one more your Southern wench, and then you'll be a full person in high life's!—

"I say that I'll say I—

and just check hands with Miss Pynch, when she found me not, and was beside me in a twink.

"'Oh my friend, are you here? How happy I am to meet you again. I'm out of town, but I'll be back to-morrow. I'll be back to-morrow to resume our precious conversation. And now tell me who you'd like to know among all these eminent persons? I know 'em all, and will introduce you to them. There's the beautiful Eddy, the author of "The Raven." You've heard of Poe's "Raven"—the beautiful bird of night—a bird of the grave-yard, which sits upon a stately, silent, black boughs, midnight wad—Nevermore! Eddy is a dangerous fellow among us women. He'll worship her. He is so divine a poet; and when you see her, you'll say, "What hair! What a mouth! What a nose! What hair! What a mouth!" Oh! he is perfect!'

"And there's Mr. Kirkland looking at her, her hair powdered, and golden locks to—say, and yet would you say he is not? And he's been engraver, like a slender young girl of seventeen, reclining in a bower! Oh! I've vanity of some! She writes droll, witty books, and is a miserable est

"That tall, faded woman," says she, "looking so dejected and sour, is the famous female metaphysician, Margaret Fuller. She's a woman of the world, and goes to the walks and listens as she talks! When she speaks to you she does it in a way that seems to say, "young person, I see you now how an apprezzed reader, and I see you now how a wise person in your life."

"That dull-looking person you see alongside of her is Mr. Henry Tuckerman, the famous essayist. I can't say he writes a very respectable essay, though always makes a good show of it; and when I look at him, his mouth is always greasy, as of he had just come out of an eating house.'

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"There's one more your Southern wench, and then you'll be a full person in high life's!—

"I say that I'll say I—





