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SOUTHERN LITERARY

MESSENGER

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DR. G. W. BAGBY, EDITOR.



MACFARLANE & FERGUSSON,
PROPRIETORS, RICHMOND, VA.

1863.

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THE LITERARY MESSENGER.

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RICHMOND, MARCH, 1863.

[No. 3.

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

BY ROBERT R. HOWISON.

Author of a History of Virginia.

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At sunrise the main body, under Pegram, were on the slope of the mountain, and, looking down, saw Beverly and the valley of Tygart's river beneath them. Several of the officers urged that they should now venture down into the valley, and endeavour to reach Beverly; but Col. Pegram felt it to be his duty, if possible, to join Gen. Garnett, whose command he believed to be in danger, and to need reinforcement. He knew also that the enemy were near, in great force, and his pocket telescope revealed a body of men moving between his position and the town. It was afterwards ascertained that this armed body was Capt. Lilly's company retreating in safety, and that if the whole command had marched down, they would have reached Beverly and escaped, as the advance guard of the Federal force did not enter the town until one o'clock. Such are the sad *contretemps* of war—so near together are often safety and disaster, escape and captivity! Yet Pegram's decision was right. It was better to suffer in the path of duty, than to swerve from it with the doubtful prospect of advantage.

The march was continued during the day, slowly and cautiously, through the mountain, in the direction of Laurel Hill. The rugged paths and heavy undergrowth, still impeded it; hunger and fatigue began to tell upon the strength of the men; at

seven o'clock in the evening, they reached the valley river, having marched only twelve miles in eighteen hours. Col. Heck asked and obtained permission to go down into the valley and see if the road from Beverly to Laurel Hill camp was clear. He ventured down with a citizen, and at a house, three miles from the main road, he learned that no enemies had been seen. On his return, Col. Pegram decided to move towards the road without delay. Again the weary march commenced; the men were obliged to wade the river three times, following the meanders of their heavy and difficult path; as the rear companies were making the last crossing, several shots were fired: whence they came, the officers could not learn; it was very dark, and this random fire was probably from unfounded apprehensions of the enemy's presence. A Lieutenant and nearly all the men of the Lee Battery disappeared, and it was afterwards found that they had made their way safely to the roads beyond Beverly and escaped.^a

Col. Pegram, having obtained a horse at the nearest house in the valley, rode forward towards Leedsville church, which was on the road between Beverly and Laurel Hill. He learned from the people living in the neighbourhood, that Gen. Garnett had retreated towards Tucker county, followed by a heavy Federal force, and that the enemy were three thousand strong at Leedsville, and were extending their lines on every side. The prospect of escape was now growing more gloomy every

^a Capt. Cowan's Narrative, MS.

hour; his men were nearly famishing—to give them partial relief, he induced the country people to furnish all the cooked provisions they could supply, but the quantity was small for five hundred hungry men. He could learn of but one possible avenue of escape—a precipitous and almost impassable road running east across the several frowning ridges, separating Randolph from Pendleton county. But to gain this, he was obliged to march within three miles of the enemy's camp, at Beverly, and probably through their pickets, and even should he gain the road, he had no reasonable hope that his starving men could obtain from the few poor and scattered settlements along the way, enough of food to keep them alive. *a*

The unfortunate young commander rode to his corps, and ordered them to recross the river and return to the foot of the mountain. A private room was obtained in a farm-house near, and a council of war assembled, consisting of Cols. Pegram and Heck, and the commandants of the companies. A majority thought that escape was physically impossible, and concurred in the opinion of the commander, that a surrender ought to be made. Col. Heck and Capt. J. B. Mooman dissented; though they both regarded the chances of escape as exceedingly small, they thought the attempt should be made, and the march continued until they met an overwhelming force of the enemy, when a surrender could still take place: if, however, they were so fortunate as to evade the Federals, they thought it possible that food enough could be obtained along the mountain road, to keep the men alive until they reached supplies.

Col. Pegram was now called on to decide the most painful question that ever comes before a commanding officer. Had he continued his march, and had his brave officers and men been surrounded and cut to pieces, by the exultant and cruel foe, who had already shown their savage temper at Rich Mountain, or had he gained the mountains only to leave the ghastly and emaciated corpses of his starved soldiers

scattered along their rugged steeps, he would have met a storm of rebuke only less bitter than his own self-reproaches. He could not take such a responsibility. With profound sadness, he determined to surrender.

Late at night he sent the following note to Beverly:

HEAD QUARTERS at Mr. Kettle's)
Farm House, July 12, 1861. }

To the Commanding Officer of the
Northern Forces, Beverly, Virginia.

SIR,—Owing to the reduced and almost famished condition of the force now here, under my command, I am compelled to offer to surrender them to you as prisoners of War. I have only to ask, that they receive at your hands such treatment as Northern prisoners have invariably received from the South.

I am, sir, your ob't servant,
(Signed) JOHN PEGRAM,
Lieut. Col. P. A. C. S. Commanding.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock, the next morning, two officers from Gen. McClellan's Staff arrived, bringing his reply, as follows:

HEAD QUARTERS, Department of the)
Ohio, Beverly, Va., July 13, 1861. }

JOHN PEGRAM, Esq., styling himself
Lieut. Col. P. A. C. S.

SIR,—Your communication, dated yesterday, proposing to surrender as prisoners of war, the force assembled under your command, has been delivered to me. As commander of this department, I will receive you, your officers and men as prisoners, and I will treat you and them with the kindness due to prisoners of war, but it is not in my power to relieve you or them from any liabilities incurred by taking arms against the United States.

I am, very respectfully,
Your ob't servant,
(Signed) GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Maj. Gen. U. S. A., Com'g Department

In his interview with the Federal officers, Col. Pegram stated that he was not in condition to dictate terms; the surrender was made; the Confederate troops marched to Beverly, meeting on the way wagons

a Pegram's official report.

with hard bread, sent for their relief. *a* Arriving in the town, the men stacked their muskets, and no Federal officer appearing to receive their swords, the Southern officers hung them upon the stacked arms, and in a short time many of them were stolen by the vigilant and enterprising guards stationed around them! *b*

The number surrendered was 22 officers and 359 men, of the 25th regiment, and 8 officers and 166 men of the 20th, making a total of 555. In a short time, Capt. Curry, who had been left wounded at Camp Garnett, Lieut. Statham, and other hurt or worn out officers and men, were brought in, but the total number did not exceed seven hundred.

The fate of the intrepid DeLagnel was singular. While lying wounded near the stable at Hart's house, he saw the enemy rush in, and, with brutal rage, commence bayonetting the helpless men, who were too much hurt to escape. Sergeant Turner, near him, held up his wounded arm as they approached, yet he was shot through the body and fell. Certain that death awaited him from these cowardly wretches, if they found him, DeLagnel crawled down into the thickets—evaded all pursuit, and made his way, faint from hunger and loss of blood, to an humble farm-house in the neighbourhood. Here he was sheltered and kindly nursed for some time; he began to recover and ventured to go out occasionally. The enemy learned of his place of refuge and sent a party who took him prisoner, and conducted him to their camp.

General McClellan treated with courtesy and kindness the prisoners whom the fortunes of war had thus thrown into his hands. On being informed that some of his men had bayoneted the wounded, he declared that if they could be identified, he would inflict on them exemplary punishment. *c* His elation at the success achieved by twelve thousand men, over seven hundred, was excessive, and exhibited itself in forms which history preserves

to his lasting shame. It may be, that his self-complacency, in the hour of victory, softened his temper towards the vanquished.

Under instructions received by telegraph, from General Scott, on the 14th of July, all the Confederate prisoners of war, under the grade of commissioned officers, were released upon taking and subscribing an oath, to the effect that they would not take up arms against the United States, or serve in any capacity against them, until regularly discharged from the obligation according to the usages of war. The commissioned officers were released upon giving their parole of honor to the same effect. But, from this privilege were excepted all such officers as had recently been in the United States army or navy, and who, in Gen. McClellan's opinion, had left the Federal service with intent to bear arms against the United States. *a* Under these orders, Col. Pegram and Capt. DeLagnel, were sent North, and many months elapsed before the cold-blooded policy of Lincoln's government, in refusing to sanction exchanges of prisoners was broken down by the immense accumulation of Northern captives within the Confederate lines. Then, they effected exchange and returned to the Southern army.

Among the companies of the 29th regiment, were the "Hamden Sydney Boys," made up almost wholly from students in the college of that name, and commanded by its President, Capt. John M. P. Atkinson, a clergyman who had felt called to take the field for his country. McClellan treated him with consideration and respect, and is said to have addressed his young company as follows: "Boys, secession is dead in this region,—Go back to your college; Take your books and become wise men."

Our narrative now returns to the scenes of Rich Mountain. At about 2 o'clock of the 11th of June, Col. Scott, with his regiment, reached the point on the road leading into the Beverly Turnpike, designated

a Pegram's official report.

b Col. Heck's MS. narrative.

c Mem. from Lieut. Statham.

a A full copy of Gen. Scott's telegram is before me, furnished by one of the paroled officers.

by Col. Pegram, where he halted and prepared to obey Gen. Garnett's orders, and defend the position to the last. Soon the sounds of conflict reached him; the roar of the cannon and sharp discharges of musketry on the mountain, told that a fierce encounter had occurred. But this fire was on Pegram's *left* flank, and after some reflection, Col. Scott concluded that he ought not then to leave his position—that according to Col. Pegram's note, an approach of the enemy on his *right* flank might soon take place, which it was his duty to resist, and should he leave his post and go up the mountain, the threatened assault on the right flank might cause signal disaster. Meanwhile the firing continued, sometimes in constant volleys, then scattering or suspended when the enemy were repulsed. Anxious and impatient, Scott eagerly looked for some message from Pegram to indicate what movements were going on, and what he ought to do, but none came. To end this painful suspense, John N. Hughes, a well known resident of Beverly, and formerly a member of the Virginia Convention, volunteered to go up towards Hart's house and reconnoiter. His offer was gladly accepted, and putting spurs to his horse, he galloped up the mountain. *a*

He approached within two hundred yards of the Confederate lines, in one of those intervals when the beaten enemy had retired. He had seen enough to show that Federal troops, in numbers, almost surrounded the position, and seeing no Southern flag or signal, he feared that the men on the summit were enemies. He was halted by one of DeLagnel's companies, and in a moment of error, hoping to save his life, he cheered aloud for "the Union." He was instantly fired on; a musket ball pierced his breast and he fell dead on the spot. His body was carried up to Hart's house, and being recognised, his death cast a gloom over the Southerners. The brave DeLagnel wept like a child. *b*

Nor was this the last of the sad misad-

venture attending the wild drama of the Rich Mountain fight. A body of Southern cavalry, from Leedsville, appeared at Hart's house, and being mistaken for enemies, were received with a shell from DeLagnel's gun, which induced them to retreat, under the belief that the position was held by the Federals. Something in their appearance caused DeLagnel to suspect that he had fired on friends for foes, and he ordered Lieut. Cochrane, with four of his Augusta Churchville Cavalry, to follow and ascertain their character, and if friends, to conduct them back. *a*

Waiting in vain for the return of Hughes, Scott grew more anxious every moment. He learned nothing until Lieut. Cochrane, with his troops, came up and informed him of the facts. Feeling now assured that the flank approach of the enemy was on Pegram's *left*, he hesitated no longer. He started his regiment at double quick up the mountain, but being reminded by Cochrane that the distance was four miles, and much of it a precipitous ascent, he brought his men to quick time, for fear they would be exhausted when their strength was most needed. He reached a lime-kiln on the road, less than a mile from Hart's house. The battle was now over; the Confederates had retreated; the enemy had seized the cannon and were in possession of the log entrenchments on the summit. From the best information Scott could obtain, their numbers exceeded his as four to one. To attack them in their strong position, with artillery to aid them, would, in his judgment, have been an imprudence from which nothing but disaster could follow. The officers concurred with him. *b* No course remained but to return to Beverly.

Arriving late in the evening, he held a hasty conference with prominent citizens, and it being now apparent that Pegram's position had been turned, and that the enemy, in overwhelming force, would soon be in the town, and in the rear of General

a Col. Scott's official report. Whig, April 23d and 28th, 1862.

b Capt. Curry's MS. narrative.

a Lieut. Cochrane's statement. Whig, April 23d, 1862.

b Their statement is in the Whig, July 27th, 1861.

Garnett's camp, at Laurel Hill, Col. Scott decided that it was his duty to save the large amount of commissary and quartermaster's stores at Beverly. He, therefore, ordered wagons to be instantly prepared and loaded, and twenty-one prisoners to be taken from the jail, intending to march at once to Laurel Hill. But in a few hours he was informed that Gen. Garnett was retreating; no time was to be lost; the night was gloomy; torrents of rain often fell; the roads would soon become heavy. He gave his orders and commenced a retreat with a long wagon train, marching all night, and arriving in Huttonsville about day-break; here he halted to rest his men and was joined by Major Tyler, with the companies under his command.

After commencing his retreat from Rich Mountain, Col. Scott received three written orders from Gen. Garnett. Two of them directed him to block the roads leading into the Beverly Turnpike; these orders were given upon the supposition that the enemy's approach would be on Pegram's right flank, and as Scott's information enabled him to know that no enemy had been or would be in this road, he properly decided that he ought not to exhaust the time and strength of his men, by marching up the route indicated and felling trees. But the last order directed him to block the road leading from Rich Mountain to Beverly, and to "endeavour to keep the enemy in check on the other side of Beverly, until day-light." This order was very important, and was founded on correct premises, having been sent after Gen. Garnett determined to retreat through Beverly. Unfortunately, however, Col. Scott did not receive it until he was far beyond Beverly, on his retreat, and when its execution, by him, was physically impossible. His men did not fell a tree or block a road at any point.

He continued his march through the Cheat Mountain pass, and across Greenbrier mountain, to the river running along its eastern base, where he met Col. Edward Johnson, with his regiment advancing from Staunton. Their united force then crossed the eastern ridge of Alleghany, where they were met by Governor Letcher and Gen. Henry R. Jackson. The

latter assumed the command and retired to Monterey, in Highland county, where he had good communication with Staunton on the east, and the gorge of the Dinwiddie Gap on the west, gave him great advantages to stop the advance of the enemy.

While these events were in progress, Gen. Garnett's command, on Laurel Hill, had been sorely pressed. His whole force there, including Hansborough's regiment, did not exceed three thousand infantry, with three companies of cavalry, and Shumaker's battery of six field pieces. On the 5th of July, Gen. Morris, with the left wing of McClellan's army, moved down from Philippi to Bealington, and took his position about a mile and a half in front of the Laurel Hill entrenchments, with seven thousand infantry, several companies of cavalry, and twelve pieces of artillery. Bloody skirmishing immediately commenced. On Sunday evening, the 7th, before day-break, the Confederate pickets gave the alarm; a Georgia regiment, under Col. Ramsey, immediately advanced from the camp, and scattering as skirmishers in the forest, kept up a rapid fire on the enemy wherever they appear, holding them in check for eight hours. The Federals opened the skirmish with yells and cheers, oaths and obscene taunts, but their fire was entirely inaccurate and without effect. At 3 o'clock, the 23d Virginia regiment, under Col. Wm. B. Taliaferro, took the place of the Georgians and continued a skirmishing fire until night; one of its companies, the Richmond Sharp Shooters, Capt. Tompkins, being armed with fine Minie muskets, rendered most efficient service. During the day, twenty-five of the enemy were killed; how many were wounded could not be ascertained. The 23d, lost one killed and two wounded; at 7 o'clock, the 27th regiment, under Col. Fulkerson, succeeded the 23d, and firing was kept up until nearly midnight. For several days this skirmishing went on without decisive result. The Federals once opened a fire of artillery with round shot, shells and grape, but did no harm except to the forest trees. On Wednesday, the 10th, the attack was suspended; the Northern troops drew off, awaiting the result

of McClellan's advance on Pegram, and of the attempt of Rosecrans to turn his flank. *a*

On the eventful 11th, Gen. Garnett cooperated with Pegram in making dispositions to meet and drive back the flank assault expected. He anxiously waited farther tidings from Camp Garnett. Early on the morning of the 12th, Major Bacon arrived and informed him, that the fight on Rich Mountain had resulted in disaster, that the enemy had gained the position and were marching on Beverly, that Pegram had been shot from his horse and was probably killed, and most of his command were supposed to be prisoners. General Garnett saw the necessity for instant movement, and ordered three day's provisions to be cooked, but while the men were preparing, a tremendous fall of rain made cooking almost impossible. Lieut. Washington, one of his aids, volunteered to go to Pegram's command, and ascertain its condition; he made a daring effort to reach them, but the intervening enemy rendered it impossible, and he returned. Garnett now ordered preparations for the march. His first plan was to push rapidly to Beverly, and, if possible, reinforce and save part of Pegram's command, and then continue his march to Cheat Mountain. It being of great importance to check the enemy, he sent forward Lieut. Humphreys, with a small body of cavalry, supplied with axes, and with directions to block the road leading from Rich Mountain to Beverly.

By a very unfortunate misapprehension, Lieut. Humphreys felled trees and stopped the road between Beverly and the Laurel Hill camp, about two miles from the town. *b* When the main body came up, the mistake was at once apparent, and hasty preparations were made to clear the road, but in conversation with Humphreys, General Garnett learned that he had forwarded to Col. Scott directions to block the road beyond Beverly, leading to Huttonsville. Supposing that this had been done, and knowing that in that case it would be impossible for his army to avoid being overtaken and

attacked by superior numbers and at great disadvantage, Garnett promptly decided to march across the mountain to St. George, in Tucker county.

There is good reason to believe that the Confederate commander intended in this move to accomplish something more than the safety of his army. His line of march would lead him in the direction of Gen. Johnston, at Winchester, and could his troops, in good fighting order, have been united with the division there, they might have essayed an attack on Patterson. But, for the time, to preserve his army was his chief thought. Its condition was very critical.

The march for the mountain pass, commenced at about 10 o'clock, and was continued during the day and part of the night, with a short interval for rest and food. Heavy clouds covered the heavens, and during many hours poured down rain in furious torrents; the road was rugged beyond description, and now, cut by the descending floods and washed into gullies, it was often thought by the officers impassable for the wagons and artillery. It was barely wide enough in some places for a single vehicle. Yet, with resolute endurance, the army toiled on; the men often pushing with hands and shoulders the half buried wheels. The brave commander rode along the lines with the rain streaming from his hair and beard, encouraging officers and men by his words. Late at night he bivouacked at Kalar's Ford, on Cheat River, with his advance, his rear guard being about two miles behind on Pheasant Run. *a*

Early on the morning of Saturday, the 13th, couriers brought tidings that the enemy were close at hand, pressing hard on the rear. They consisted of the Federal General Morris' division, outnumbering Garnett's by thousands and eager to overwhelm him. Preparations were made to receive them. The Georgia regiment first

a "Ned's" Letters in Dispatch, Monday, July 15th, 1861.

b Mem. from Col. Crenshaw. Richmond Examiner, July 19, 20, 23, 26, 31.

a Col. Wm. B. Taliaferro very kindly furnished me with a copy of his MS. report to Gen. H. R. Jackson, which has aided me much in narrating these events. Col. Crenshaw's memorandum has also been very useful.

covered the rear, and after delivering its fire, and checking the advance, retired behind the 23d, which in turn held the enemy at bay. Positions for these successive stands were skilfully selected by Adjutant Corley, and kept back the foe until the rear guard reached Kalar's Ford. This ford crossed the river twice within a distance of about six hundred yards, the road between the crossings, winding through an open field, skirted by a thick forest at the foot of a spur of the mountain.

To gain time for the escape of the wagon train, it became necessary here to make a stand. Four companies of the Georgians were thrown in ambuscade into the skirt of woods; the remaining companies were formed across the open field, and as they were insufficient to rest their flank on the river, the gap was filled by men from the 23d Virginia. The front thus presented, checked the pursuit and enabled the advance guard, with the wagons, to move forward. But, unhappily, a premature order was given to retreat; the Georgians fell into confusion and precipitately retired towards the second crossing, the Virginians of necessity followed; the enemy pressed vigorously; the four companies in ambuscade could do nothing but lie still in the woods, and three other Georgia companies, unable to cross in time, turned up the mountain, and eluding the enemy's notice, buried themselves in the thick forests of the spur. ^a These untoward events destroyed the Georgia regiment for all purposes of organization.

The retreat was now continued to Corrick's Ford, three miles and a half beyond Kalar's. This was a deep and rough crossing, rendered more difficult by the violent rains of the day before. Several wagons were stalled in the bed of the river and abandoned. The teamsters who had crossed, drove their teams with wild haste up the narrow and heavy road to the left; here, nearly thirty wagons were blocked and the horses cut from them. For the infantry and artillery a path was hastily cut, leading from the river to the right and joining the main road some distance be-

yond. There was imminent danger of demoralization and panic. All now depended on the steadiness of the rear guard, consisting of the 23d Virginia regiment and the artillery, and right valiantly did they meet the crisis.

Hastily conferring with Col. Taliaferro and the other officers, Adjutant Corley sent a message to Gen. Garnett to inform him of the position of affairs in the rear. Dispositions were then made for a gallant stand.

The ford and the road for some distance was obstructed with wagons. A steep bank overhung the river, on the right of the path, cut for the artillery; behind this bank was an elevated plane, dotted with trees. ^a On the ridge of the bank, the 23d regiment were drawn up, supported on their flank by three pieces of artillery, one of them rifled and a very fine gun. On the right was a fence, and on the left a skirt of thick but low bushes. Hardly had their position been taken, before the enemy appeared, and his skirmishers were seen gliding rapidly along the opposite bank, under cover of a fringe of trees. Thinking it possible they were the Georgians, who had been left in ambuscade, the Southerners held their fire. Lieut. Washington advanced to the edge of the bank, and in a stentorian voice cheered for Jeff. Davis, the Southerners echoed the cheer and instantly a volley was fired from the enemy. Their character was now revealed; the infantry returned their fire, and the artillery opened on them. Lieut. Lanier handled his guns most skilfully. Just as the 14th Ohio regiment, marching in column, got within range, the rifled gun sent a shell which raked them from front to rear, killing and wounding more than twenty of their number; this raking fire was kept up with so much vigor and effect, that the regiment broke ranks and left the road. ^b

^a Doct. Wm. A. Carrington, surgeon of the 23d Reg. and Med. Director of General Garnett's army, who remained to attend to the wounded, and was taken prisoner by the enemy, but soon afterwards exchanged, has given to me a hasty but very accurate drawing of the localities at Corrick's Ford.

^b Cincinnati account. Dispatch, July 19. Mem. from Col. Crenshaw and Dr. Carrington.

^a Col. Crenshaw's mem. J. D. B's narrative, in Charleston Mercury, copied in Dispatch, Sept. 19th, 1861.

The enemy now threw their skirmishers forward, and, for three quarters of an hour, the musketry on each side was incessant. The Federal artillery poured out a constant fire of shells and grape, but, without effect. The Virginians held their ground with firmness, taking cool and careful aim, and driving back the enemy in their repeated attempts to cross the river in their front. Rain was falling all the time. Some of the men were armed with flint-lock muskets, and seeing that the rain had rendered them useless, Lt. Col. Crenshaw withdrew them from their exposed position and ordered them to form in the rear. Col. Taliaferro dismounted, and taking his post on the right of his men, encouraged them with his voice and presence, sometimes firing his revolver at the enemy.

The check thus given by a resolute stand to the advance of the Federals, was of the utmost importance to the retreating Southerners. It enabled them to gain the brow of the hill beyond the ford, and extricate such of their wagon-train as were not immovable. Finding that eleven of his men were killed, and seventeen wounded, and perceiving a movement of the enemy evidently with the purpose of crossing the river some distance above, and turning his left flank, Col. Taliaferro ordered a retreat. Two artillery horses of the rifled gun were wounded, and, falling, wrenched the tongue of the carriage in two, so that its removal was impossible. With ready presence of mind, Lieut. Washington forced a shoe from the foot of one of the horses, and taking out a nail, spiked the cannon. This was the only piece of artillery lost. The Confederates withdrew in good order.

Meanwhile, Gen. Garnett receiving Capt. Corley's message, rode rapidly to the rear. Evidences of panic and disorganization met his eye. Meeting Col. Ramsey, he asked, "Where is your regiment?" The reply was, "I don't know." Knowing that this regiment was one relied on to protect the rear, the General was astonished and concerned at the answer, and ordered him to collect his men instantly and follow him. Coming up to the 23rd, now in retreat, and perceiving that the enemy were

pressing hard in the rear, Gen. Garnett now adopted a plan, almost desperate in its daring, to stop their advance, and give his harrassed army time to recover and escape. His officers urged him to seek a position less exposed, but he firmly answered, "The post of danger is now my post of duty." He called for sharpshooters; Col. Taliaferro sent him the whole of Capt. Tompkins' company. He selected ten of the best marksmen, under Lieut. DePriest, and ordered the others to join their regiment. He then posted them behind piles of brushwood, not far from the second crossing of the ford, and keeping near them, opened a fire on the advancing enemy, which stopped them for a time.

His purpose being nearly effected, he had ordered the marksmen to retreat, and was in the act of turning himself, when a musket ball pierced his breast, and, falling from his saddle, he died almost instantly. His body fell into the hands of the enemy. It was recognized by officers who had known him in life. Surgeon Carrington, who had remained to attend the Confederate wounded, and had been captured by the Federals, took charge of the body of his General. In death his features bore a look of calm dignity, which subdued to silence even the rude Northern soldiers, who came up to gaze at him. When General McClellan was informed of his death, he ordered great respect to be paid to the remains; he was preserved in a metallic coffin, carried to Grafton, and thence to Baltimore, and finally deposited in the burying-ground of his family, in Virginia. A rude monument of stones marked the place of his death.

Thus fell this chivalrous and accomplished officer. In his sad campaign, it would be hard to point out an error, either of plan or of execution, or a misfortune which skill could have averted with the means at his disposal. He died like a hero, at the spot where peril was greatest, and in the very act of insuring, by his own self-sacrifice, the safety of the soldiers under his command.

Three miles beyond Corrick's Ford, the Confederates reached a point almost impregnable. It was on the road at the top

^a MS. narrative from General Garnett's family.

^a Mem. from Dr. Carrington.

of a mountain gorge, locked in on every side by rugged and impassable spurs. Here a brief halt was made; Col. Ramsey succeeded Gen. Garnett in command. His officers earnestly advised that this fine position should be defended to extremity. But the enemy did not pursue. They had suffered heavily in their forced march and in the fight, and probably learning from their scouts the strength of the Southerners' position, they drew back their forces towards Beverly.

The Confederate army continued their march towards West Union, in Preston county, suffering toils and distresses seldom exceeded. Col. Ramsey was in feeble health, and was often so weak that he could not keep his saddle. Some disorder and demoralization occurred; stragglers began to leave the ranks; some of the cavalry and infantry left the main road and penetrated through the ridge to the East by a precipitous bridle-way, impassable for wagons and artillery. Yet the main body kept together, and maintained courage and constancy in their greatest straits. Food became scarce; thirty wagons had been lost at Corrick's Ford; flour was hastily cooked, and with cows and beef procured on the way, they precariously subsisted. At West Union a new danger threatened them; this point, about six miles from the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was held by the Federal General Hill, with three thousand men. The Southerners passed within two miles and a half of his camps, and, expecting an attack, prepared to receive him. But Hill made no advance. For his failure to attack, he was called to account by his Government, and defended himself by exhibiting evidence that from all the information he could gather from McClellan and others, he had reason to believe the Confederates were nearly eight thousand strong. ^a

Safely passing this point of danger, they crossed the angle of Alleghany county in

Maryland, re-entered Virginia, in Hardy county, and passed the gorge of the Eastern Front Ridge. They now reached a point at which it was necessary to decide whether they should carry out Gen. Garnett's plan of joining Johnston, at Winchester, or go down the valley to unite with Gen. Henry R. Jackson. The officers decided that in their present reduced, feeble and somewhat disorganized state, they could not add much to Gen. Johnston's effective force, and therefore continued in a Southern direction to Petersburg, a small town in Hardy county. From this town, Lt. Col. Crenshaw was sent forward, to provide food and accommodations in the county intervening; he met, every where, the greatest kindness and readiness to assist, but the army followed him so quickly, that only small supplies of food could be collected. On the 21st of July they reached Monterey, and enjoyed a welcome rest, after a march of one hundred and sixty miles, attended by dangers, toils, sufferings and sorrow, which would have broken up an army less resolute and patriotic.

We now return to the seven companies of Georgians, cut off at Kalar's Ford. They turned up the mountain and plunged into its gloomy fastnesses, where the foot of man had never trodden before. Without food or blankets, cold and wearied, these brave men lay down beneath the dripping trees and slept. Sunday morning, the 14th, opened with a clear sky, the sun dispersed with his rays the fogs clinging to the wooded ridges, and cheered the soldiers with warmth and hope. All day they kept up their bewildered march, without guide, save a small pocket compass, which one of them fortunately had. They suffered the pangs of hunger, and sought some relief, by stripping off the inner bark of the birch and spruce pine and swallowing the juice. Again a night was spent in the dismal forest. Monday, the march was resumed; hunger tortured them and began to tell on strength and spirits; young cheeks grew pale and hollow; older men faltered; the cheerful command, "close up, close up men," became fainter; the line grew long and straggling; famine preyed on their vital powers, and glared in their eyes. Captain Jones, of the Washington Rifles had, in the ranks, his son, a gallant

^a The published reports in the Northern papers, stated Gen. Garnett's force at about ten thousand, and his loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, at Rich Mountain and Corrick's Ford, at two thousand! See accounts in Dispatch, July 17, 18, 19, 20, 27, 29 and 30th.

but tenderly reared boy, eighteen years old faint with hunger, he came to his father and begged for food. Shaking out from his haversack a few crumbs of biscuit, the distressed officer said, "Take these, my dear boy, eat them slowly, and may God save your life." Strong men wept at the sight. Yet, in this time of trial, youths of frail forms often shewed "hearts of oak," and bore their sufferings without a murmur. Another night was spent in the forest.

Tuesday, the 16th, found them still wandering without hope. They could not have endured much longer. Without succor their starved bodies would soon have been scattered through the mountains. At mid-day, a stranger appeared among them; he told them his name was Parsons—that he was a Virginian and a friend—that he had followed their trail and could lead them to safety. Yet, even in this hour of anguish, most of the officers and men preferred death to captivity. They feared the offered guide might prove a traitor. After a moment's pause, the commanding officer said to him: "Lead us out of this wilderness, and we will reward you, but, remember, if you deceive and betray us, I will blow out your brains, with my own hand, at the first sight of the enemy!" He guided them, by a change of course, down the mountain, struck a shallow stream at its base, along the bed of which they waded, leaping from rock to rock, and finally emerged into an open field, along which ran a beaten road. A wild cheer of joy rose from the ranks; their faithful and generous deliverer hastened to a neighbouring farmhouse and soon returned with a wagon plentifully loaded with food. A hope and light-heartedness returned. With invigorated spirits, they resumed their march, and in a few days safely united with Gen. Jackson's command, at Monterey.

Such were the facts attending the Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill campaign. It caused a loss to the Southerners of fifty-eight killed, seventy wounded, some of whom afterwards died, about seven hundred prisoners, five field pieces, about fifty wagons, besides camp equipage and stores.

The loss of the enemy has never been disclosed by them, but, judging by the number of their wounded, seen in the hospitals, at Beverly, and the covered wagons seen by country people, loaded with dead and disabled men carried away from Corrick's Ford, they probably had not less than three hundred killed and wounded. The campaign produced sadness and depression in Southern hearts, but no change of purpose or irresolution. On the other hand, the triumph and joy of the North were unbounded. They lauded McClellan to the heavens, boasted that he had "won two victories in twenty-four hours," and bestowed on him the title of the "Young Napoleon." This sounding name has clung to him in cruel ridicule ever since,—even his admirers, perceiving the absurdity of claiming a resemblance between the thunder bolt movements of the great Corsican, and the feeble strategy of a General who made a reputation by assuming as his own, the success of Rosecrans with three thousand men over three hundred, who failed with eighteen thousand to overwhelm Garnett's force of one-sixth the number, and who afterwards took a year to drill an army, and then lost it in the swamps of Virginia. His own dispatches had much to do with his early reputation: inflated in style, and false in fact, they were the embodiment of the man and were greedily welcomed at the North, only because they met there a congenial audience of boasters and liars.

In his telegram to Washington, he said, "We have annihilated the enemy in Western Virginia, and have lost thirteen killed and not more than forty wounded. We have in all killed at least two hundred of the enemy, and their prisoners will amount to at least one thousand. Have taken seven guns in all. I still look for the capture of the remnant of Gen. Garnett's army, by Gen. Hill. The troops defeated, are the crack regiments of Eastern Virginia, aided by Georgians, Tennesseans and Carolinians. Our success is complete, and secession is killed in this country." His men, in their way, were as jubilant as himself. According to their own statements, "every man's face was expanded into a

^a Narrative of J. D. B. in Charleston Mercury. Dispatch, Sept. 19th.

broad grin of satisfaction." ^a They commenced the work of gathering trophies, and seemed to expect the abject submission of the South in a few days!

In Washington, the Federals were in the highest joy. "Hurrah for McClellan! was shouted on the streets, and Here's to McClellan, was the toast in parlors, at tables and in bar-rooms." ^b President, Cabinet, Congress, office holders and camp followers were all on fire, and all united in the pressure, urging Gen. McDowell at once to advance with the "Grand Army," and crush the rebellion! This leads us to review the course of events in that city, and on the Potomac, since our narrative left Gen. Johnston confronting Patterson in the valley.

On the 4th of July, according to Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, the Federal Congress assembled in Washington. All the Senators and representatives from the Gulf States, and most of those from the border slave States, being absent, the Northern spirit was so predominant in the body, that the administration had no difficulty in obtaining such legislation as it desired. Mr. Lincoln's message declared that no subjects would be brought before them, except such as related to the war. He gave his own interpretation of the facts as to Fort Sumter, insisting that the "assailants of the Government began the conflict of arms, without a gun in sight or in expectancy, to return their fire, save only the few in the fort." Yet, with singular inconsistency, he admitted, that with a view to the reinforcement of Fort Pickens and the relief of Sumter, the Government had, "a few days before, commenced preparing an expedition, as well adapted as might be, to relieve Fort Sumter," and it was a fact, beyond denial, that this expedition had sailed, and was off Charleston harbor, when the bombardment commenced. He said, this conduct of the insurgents brought up the question, "must a Government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own

people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?" and that, so viewing the issue, no choice was left him but to call out the "war power" of the Government. He gloried in the spirit of the North with which his call had been met, but admitted that none of the slave States, except Delaware, had given a regiment through regular State organization. He stated that in addition to the seventy-five thousand men, called out for three months, he had already called for a large number for the war, and had added largely to the regular army and navy. The *materiel* of his army filled him with admiration. He said "so large an army as the Government has now on foot, was never before known without a soldier in it, but who had taken his place there of his own free choice. But more than this; there are many single regiments, whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, *is known in the world*. And there is scarcely one from which could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress and perhaps a Court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself!" ^a

When it is remembered that this Federal army, according to the report of Cameron, the Northern war secretary, then consisted, after excluding the eighty thousand three month's volunteers, of two hundred and thirty thousand men, distributed into about three hundred regiments of all arms, ^b we are oppressed by a view of the huge caldron of learning, science, art and statesmanship here seething together! It was fortunate for the South that though this huge host doubtless contained many thousands fitted to be Presidents, Cabinet officers, Congressmen and Judges, of the calibre then possessed by the North, it had few Generals worthy of the name, and no soldiers equal in valor, patriotism and endurance to the men marshalled against them for defence of their homes.

In his message, Mr. Lincoln argued

^a Cincinnati Commercial, in Whig, July 23d.

^b Correspondence of New York Herald, July.

^a Message, July 4th, 1861.

^b Summary of Cameron's Report, in Dispatch, July 13th.

against the right of secession, in a series of imbecile sophisms, which have already been noticed. He was driven by the plain facts of the case, to admit that he had gone beyond the Constitution in some points, but defended himself by the plea that he had committed *very small sins* in this way, and that he had broken some laws in order to keep the rest from being broken by the rebels!

He made no concealment of the magnitude of the task he had undertaken, in attempting to subjugate the South. Any attempt at concealment would have been useless, for the facts already transpired, shewed in what spirit he would be met. He therefore boldly said to the Congress: "It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a *short and decisive one*; that you place at the control of the Government for the work, at least four hundred thousand men, and four hundred millions of dollars. That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages within the regions where apparently all are willing to engage; and the sum is less than the twenty-third part of the money value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole."

To throw some faint rays of light down into the appalling gulf of ruin into which this man and his cabinet were now hurrying his unhappy country, it will be necessary that we examine the financial condition of the United States at this momentous crisis.

On emerging from the Revolutionary War, the thirteen States then Confederated, found themselves involved in debt, which when ascertained and funded, in Washington's administration, amounted in 1790, to seventy-five millions of dollars. This amount continued, with yearly variations increasing or diminishing it, until after the late war with Great Britain, when in 1816, it reached the sum of one hundred and twenty-seven millions. As the resources of the country expanded, and the revenues gradually swelled far beyond the expenses, the national debt was diminished, until in 1836, it might be considered as extinct, amounting then only to the small sum of thirty-eight thousand dollars, while the Treasury overflowed with a surplus of

nearly forty millions, and the Congress was called to exercise their ingenuity in disposing of this large accumulation. But this happy state of things did not long continue: Corruption increased and invaded every department of the government; luxury crept into public expenditures. Before the close of a single administration, a national debt of twelve millions had again been created. From this time, the burthen had never been removed: it had been sometimes diminished, but much oftener augmented, until in the year 1859, it amounted to a sum very near to sixty millions of dollars. ^a The administration of President Buchanan was signalized by extravagant expenditures and reckless creation of government liabilities, so that when Abraham Lincoln entered office, on the 4th of March, 1861, he faced a public indebtedness of fully eighty millions.

As the national debt increased, so did the annual expenditures of the government. In 1790, the modest sum of two millions paid all Federal expenses; in 1820, they had risen to thirteen millions, and for the next ten years did not increase: in 1840, they were twenty-three millions; in 1850, they were forty three millions, and in 1858, they had risen to the very serious total of seventy-two millions of dollars. The last year of Mr. Buchanan's reign, saw them reach nearly to eighty millions, and when his black republican successor was inaugurated, no reasonable prospect of diminishing them could be seen. ^b This sum, for ordinary expenses, together with the annual interest on the public debt, required a revenue of eighty-five millions of dollars a year.

To meet its expenses, the Federal Government had under its control three sources of revenue: *First*, sales of public lands, with other similar supplies, so unimportant that they were ordinarily classed under the same head: *Second*, indirect taxes collected in the form of duties on imported goods: *Third*, direct taxes on the property and persons of individuals. The public lands had yielded an annual aver-

^a Statistics in Am. Almanac 1861, p. 179.

^b Ibid, p. 177.

age revenue of three millions: in 1855, they had, under peculiar influences, risen to twelve millions, but in the next year they fell, and in 1859, they had again sunk to the sum of \$3,839,247. The next year saw a decline rather than an increase, so that three millions of annual revenue was all that could be hoped from them.

Direct taxes had been annually collected by the Government for the period of forty-six years, running from 1790 to 1836; the largest sum collected thus, in any one year, had been nine millions in 1816. In 1836, they had sunk to the insignificant sum of about one thousand dollars, and from that time to the beginning of black republican rule, a period of twenty-five years, they had been entirely unknown.

The customs, or tariff tax, had yielded an annual sum varying with the state of the country, the percentage imposed, and the amount of exports, but generally sufficient to make up all defects in the needed revenue. The highest sum ever yielded by them, was in 1854, when they attained to sixty-four millions of dollars; they afterwards declined, and in 1859, yielded only forty-nine and a half millions.

The secession of the Gulf States necessarily wrought a powerful effect upon the relations of the customs to the revenue of the former Union. Not only were the duties previously collected in Southern ports at once swept away, but other changes speedily appeared, very bitter to the money loving Northerners. Early in the session of the Federal Congress in the winter of 1860-61, Justin S. Morrill, a representative from Vermont, introduced into his House a tariff bill, which, with slight modifications, was passed into a law. In this, the iniquitous protective heresy, which for some years had been dormant, if not dead, once more reared its crest. Encouraged by the absence of many sturdy opponents of their system, and availing themselves of the pretext that the large increase of the public expenditures and debt made an increase of the tariff indispensable, the majority of the Congress passed a bill in which the simple principle of a horizontal tariff of thirty per cent on all imports was abandoned, and a very unequal and complicated system of duties was adopted,

greatly increasing the import charges on many articles, and especially on foreign manufactures. This law went into operation early in the year 1861. One of its effects most disastrous to the North had not been foreseen when it was enacted, but was very painfully manifest even before it took effect. The Confederate Congress had passed their tariff laws, and, discarding all protective ideas, and desiring to raise no more revenue than their economical expenses required, they made the import duty as low as possible, and entirely exempted some articles on which a heavy duty was exacted by the United States. Thus bacon, lard, beef, fish, breadstuffs, gunpowder and lead, could be imported *free* in the South, while in the North they were burthened with a duty of thirty per cent. Coal, cheese, iron in blooms, pigs, bars, bolts and slabs, railroad rails, spikes and plaster, paper and all manufactures of wood, could come to Southern ports by paying a duty of fifteen per cent, while the same articles were compelled to pay from thirty to fifty per cent at the North. ^a On other articles, especially the finer manufactures of wool and cotton, the difference was even more striking. The effect of this was to threaten to turn the whole tide of foreign importations into Southern ports. Even the Boston or New York merchant was prompt to seize the idea, that by importing his goods through Charleston, Mobile or New Orleans, he could afford to pay the carriage from those cities to his own, and yet sell cheaper than he could if he had imported them directly, for the difference in duty would greatly over pay the expenses of the intermediate carriage.

When the inevitable working of these elements was seen, the Northern people and their government were alike enraged. This was the first plain evidence that the South was really about to escape from the cruel commercial vassalage to which she had so long been subjected, and that not only would Northern profits be immensely diminished, but a flood of wealth would be

^a Compare Acts and Resolutions Provisional Congress, Nos. 20 and 88. p. 41, 135, with *Statist* in American Almanac, 1861, 180-182.

diverted into the treasuries of the section which had thrown off a yoke too heavy to be longer borne. The government was even in advance of the people in wrath. Mr. Lincoln groaned for "his revenues," and asked what would become of them? The Morrill Tariff was one of the many causes which hastened on the crisis and instigated the Federal government to a blockade of the ports of the South, and a war of subjugation against her people.

But even after the war commenced and all the important ports in the seceded States were, to a considerable extent, closed by blockade, the Morrill Tariff failed to realize the hopes of revenue founded on it. Though the duties were high, the importations were small—so small, that the customs for the first quarter after the law took effect, amounted only to five and a half millions of dollars.^a Mr. Secretary Chase, of the Federal Treasury, pleased himself with the hope that trade would revive and the customs improve, yet even he did not venture to promise more than thirty millions for a year under this law. Thus it will appear that the total revenues which Mr. Lincoln could expect from lands, customs, and every other existing supply, were thirty-three millions, which would fall short by fifty two millions of dollars of meeting the ordinary annual expenditure of his government.

And now, in the face of this already alarming deficiency, he asked from the Congress an appropriation of four hundred millions of dollars! The very sound of such a sum would have induced honest men to pause and "count the cost." How was it to be obtained? Certainly not by land sales and customs, for they did not yield enough to pay common expenses. Neither could it be raised by direct taxation—it would have pauperized the country or overturned the government. There was but one other mode. It must be borrowed, and whether borrowed in the shape of government bonds sold to capitalists, or of Treasury notes, passed to the public creditors and fundable at interest, it would be equally a debt on which the interest

must be punctually paid, and for the principal of which some adequate representative property-fund must exist, or the nation was clearly bankrupt! Accordingly, Secretary Chase undertook the formidable task of showing that the financial measures proposed by the government were safe and feasible.

Taking the census of 1860 as his guide, he estimated the total value of the property in the States, "not in insurrection," at eleven thousand millions, and of that in the insurgent States at five thousand millions of dollars. And here two grave errors were apparent in the calculations of the Federal secretary, each sufficient to strike away many of the pillars on which his dangerous money plans were built. *First*, he included Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland, as certainly to be relied on for final adherence to the North, when many symptoms indicated the reverse. *Second*, he took the census returns as his guide, instead of the schedules of *taxable property* in each State, which could readily have been obtained. It is well known that the census-takers make their returns, of the value of property, upon information very loosely obtained from the holders themselves, who are often prone to exaggerate their possessions, and to include in their supposed means, ethereal and invisible, assets such as fancy stocks, choses in action, suspended claims and unproductive estate, which can never, with safety, be relied on as a basis of credit. This was especially the case with the property holders of the North. The only real and safe basis was the property *subject to taxation*, and ascertained and valued by disinterested public officers.

Assuming this solid basis as the proper one, we find that in 1860 the taxable property, real and personal, of the free States, amounted to the sum of six thousand three hundred millions, and the same property of the slave States amounted to five thousand millions.^a Thus the amount asked by Lincoln, added to the existing debt, was nearly equal to one-twelfth of the whole

^a Secretary Chase's Report, Examiner, July 11.

^a See estimates in Amer. Almanac, 1861: 248—376. In most cases the specific amount of taxable property in the States is given: in a few States, it has been ascertained by calculation from given elements of population and amount of taxes.

taxable property held by his people! And this was to be only the beginning of the accumulation—a mere trifle compared with the sums needed if the war should run beyond his views of a “short and decisive contest.” It will conduce to a wider comprehension of the subject at once, to say, that before one year had ended from the assembling of this Congress, twelve hundred millions of debt had been contracted by the United States, and that such was then the enormous military, naval and civil burthen heaped up, and so corrupt and extravagant the mode of contract, that even if the war could have been closed in two months from that time, the total of debt would then have nearly reached to two thousand millions of dollars?

Furious as they were for a vigorous prosecution of the war against the South, the Northern leaders could not look at this appalling financial prospect, without some misgivings. Already they began to place themselves with the hope that by brute force they would be able to rob the South of her property, reduce her people to poverty, and apply the means thus obtained to the payment of the Northern debt. Mr. Secretary Chase, in his message, threw out this tempting bait in the following words:

“It will not, perhaps, be thought out of place, if the Secretary suggest here that the property of those engaged in insurrection or in giving aid and comfort to the insurgents may properly be made to contribute to the expenditures made necessary by their criminal misconduct.” This plan was greedily seized upon and advocated at the North. The *New York Times* sought to comfort its readers by saying, “at this time, therefore, it may be encouraging to the country to be reminded that by the law and usage of nations, it is entirely legitimate to make the property of the citizens of the rebel States, whose wickedness has provoked this war, pay the whole debt incurred by the Nation, in restoring the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws.”^a The majority in Congress were sufficiently willing to attempt this policy; yet, having doubts about the effect of a sweeping confiscation law, they contented themselves for the time with passing a law

to forfeit the estates of all officers over the grade of lieutenant of infantry, serving, or who should thereafter serve, in the Southern Army or Navy.

Mr. Chase did not venture to advise that the whole sums needed by the Government should be raised by loan. He advised that a duty should be laid on brown and refined sugars, syrup, candy, molasses, coffee, and tea, and that twenty millions should be raised by direct taxes, or interval duties or excises. The sums thus secured, together with the existing tariff, and the proceeds of lands, he hoped would yield enough to pay the ordinary expenses and the interest on the debt then in being. For the large balance asked, he sought from the Congress authority to issue Government bonds and treasury notes.

Mr. Lincoln found his Congress as full of rage against the South, and as obsequious to his views as he could have desired. The House of Representatives elected Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, its Speaker—a narrow-hearted Abolitionist, with sense enough to make his fanaticism inexcusable. The whole tone of the debate, the measures proposed and bills introduced, showed a determined purpose, if possible, to overwhelm the South and reduce her to the condition of a conquered Province. Instead of limiting their action to the numbers and sums prayed for by Lincoln, they voted him five hundred thousand men, and five hundred millions of dollars, with authority to call out even a larger number of men, if he wanted them! Their very vote was an acknowledgment that they were making war on a Nation, and gave the lie to their absurd pretences that they were attempting to put down a rebellion.

Yet, even in this Congress, there were a few noble spirits who feared not to denounce the Administration and defend the South. Chief of these were John C. Breckenridge, one of the Senators of Kentucky, who, in a speech of great power, showed the violations of the Constitution practised by Lincoln, and solemnly pointed to the dangers of a coming despotism at the North. He was ably seconded in the lower House by Henry C. Burnett, from the same State. Mr. Vallandigham, a representative from Ohio, but of Virginia pa-

^a *N. Y. Times* in Dispatch July 13.

rentage, was eloquent and strenuous in his opposition to the war policy, and sought earnestly, though in vain, for means of arresting it. Numbers bore down these patriotic men. The great body of both houses pressed on the sanguinary measures already in movement.

An advance of the army under General McDowell was now vigorously urged on the War Department. The enormous debt arising, alarmed even the servile Congressmen, and made them insist that the war should be "short and decisive." The Abolition papers repeated the cry. The New York Tribune headed nearly every leader with the slogan—"On to Richmond," and filled its columns with boastings of the victories to be achieved, and threats against all who opposed the movement. Members from the North and Northwest were daily closeted with the Cabinet officers pressing for action, and before the appropriation bills were passed, they threw out significant menaces that their votes would depend on the vigor of executive motion. In the midst of this pressure came the news of McClellan's success at Rich Mountain. Forthwith the torrent already high, overflowed. General Scott gave the order, and McDowell prepared for his memorable advance.

A deliberate attempt was afterwards made by Wingfield Scott, to persuade the world that this forward move was against his military judgment and previous resolve, and that in ordering it he only yielded to irresistible outward pressure. But the attempt has been unsuccessful. He was as thoroughly prepared as he could hope to be—much better than he would be within a few weeks, when the term of his three months' men would expire. His army had been assiduously drilled, and was provided with everything in the way of arms, munitions and supplies, that could make it efficient. He had fifty-five thousand men under McDowell, and eighteen thousand under Patterson, within reinforcing distance. His spies had informed him that the Confederate forces under Beauregard and Johnston were inferior to his in number by at least thirty eight thousand men. With such advantages, it is impossible to doubt that he ordered the advance because he believed he would conquer, and that a

few days would find him at the head of a victorious army in the humbled capital of the Southern Confederacy, and of his native State.

That this was his long conceived plan, is proved by his orders to Gen. Patterson, revealed by that officer many months afterwards. When Patterson first crossed the Potomac, on the 15th and 16th of June, he was informed from Washington, that Gen. McDowell would, nearly at the same time, make an advance upon Manassas. The next day General Scott sent him an order directing him to send at once to the main army, "all the regular troops, horse and foot, and the Rhode Island regiment and battery." This order was imperatively repeated the day after, and the troops and battery were sent. On the 9th of July, Patterson thought himself not strong enough to attack Gen. Johnston's army, and held a council of war. All his important officers opposed an advance, and advised a lateral movement to Shepherdstown and Charlestown, from which points a backward movement could be readily made. Patterson informed Gen. Scott of his condition, stated his purpose to go to Charlestown, and asked *when he intended to attack Manassas*. On the 12th Scott replied, directing him to occupy Charlestown, as he proposed, and informing him that *Manassas would be attacked on Tuesday, the 16th*. The next day, Saturday, the 13th, Scott again telegraphed to him in these words: "If not strong enough to beat the enemy, *early next week*, make demonstrations so as to detain him in the Valley of Winchester." ^a The object of this was plain. General Scott intended to hurl upon Beauregard, at Manassas, his grand army of fifty-five thousand men; he desired, therefore, that Johnston should be kept from uniting his forces with Beauregard's, and at the same time that Patterson should be in position to join McDowell if it was deemed essential.

We turn now again to the Confederate lines. The able and keen sighted commander of the army of the Shenandoah, was never for a moment deceived by the feints of Patterson. On the 15th of July,

^a General Patterson's speech in Philadelphia, 20th November, 1861.

Col. Stuart reported the advance of the enemy from Martinsburg. Watching him closely, he was found to halt at Bunker Hill, nine miles from Winchester, and the next day to move his left to Smithfield, a village eight miles west of Charlestown. Gen. Johnston instantly penetrated the motives inducing this lateral march. He saw that Patterson was seeking to hold him in check while Beauregard was attacked. Receiving, at one o'clock on the morning of the 18th, from the War Department at Richmond, a telegram, informing him of the advance of the Northern army towards Manassas, and directing him, if practicable, to reinforce Beauregard, Johnston made instant preparations to move his army. With consummate caution and skill he kept Patterson uncertain as to his intentions until it was too late to thwart them. His sick, to the number of seventeen hundred, were provided for in Winchester. To defend the town, the militia, under Gens. Carson and Meen, were sufficient, as it was very improbable that Patterson would remain in the Valley after learning of the Confederate movements. The advance guard, under Stuart, made demonstrations of attack, while the main body marched quietly through Ashby's Gap in the Blue Ridge, to the Piedmont Station on the railroad running from Manassas Junction to Strasburg. Here the infantry took the cars while the cavalry and artillery continued their march. He reached Manassas at noon of Saturday, the 20th, accompanied by General Bee, with the Fourth Alabama, the Second and two companies of the Eleventh Mississippi Regiments. Gen. Jackson's Brigade, and the Seventh and Eighth Georgia Regiments, had preceded him; the rest of his army was looked for with eager interest. The President of the road had given assurance that they should arrive during the day.^a

Meanwhile, Gen. Beauregard had selected his battle-field. After thorough examination of the whole sweep of country between Manassas and the neighborhood of Alexandria and Arlington Heights, he had decided, in case of a general advance of

the Federal army, to make his stand on the southern line of a stream called Bull Run, which will be more fully described hereafter. He kept, however, strong advanced bodies between this stream and the enemy. At Fairfax Court-House, Brigadier-General Bonham had six regiments of infantry, four from South Carolina and two from Virginia, Shield's howitzers, and Delaware Kemper's six field pieces, together with about five hundred cavalry, under Col. Radford, of Virginia. Near Fairfax station, on the railroad, General Ewell had three infantry regiments, two from Alabama and one from Louisiana. They were stationed at intervals of about a mile, and had earth works thrown up. Col. Rhodes' 5th Alabama guarded the approach from Alexandria by the Braddock road, and was strongly entrenched and defended by two masked batteries. At Centreville, about three miles from Bull Run, Col. Cocke was stationed with his regiment and Latham's Light Artillery.^a In case of an attack by a detached body of the enemy, even if numbering ten or fifteen thousand, these advanced troops were to resist vigorously; but if the Federal army came on in force, they were to make only such show of resistance as would entice the enemy on with the hope of easy victory, and then retire to their appointed stations in the line of battle behind Bull Run. The rest of Beauregard's army bivouacked for three days previous to the eighteenth, on the Run, steadily awaiting the expected assault.

The long threatened advance began. On Tuesday, the 16th, General Scott and his staff visited the Army South of the Potomac. The next day, at half past three, General McDowell left Washington. His troops were already in motion, marching in three heavy columns, from Alexandria and Arlington Heights, one along the railroad, one on the Braddock road, and one on the turnpike to the Court-House. Night was approaching. Gen. Bonham was prepared to move, and though almost enveloped in the converging lines of the enemy, fell back in order and without loss. Delaware Kemper saluted the approaching column with a fire from his rifle gun, which

^a Johnston's off. Report, Warder & Catlett 102, 103.

^a Examiner July 20, 1861.

killed and wounded several of their number; in the hasty retreat now necessary, the horses of one of his cannon became unmanageable, balked and overturned the piece. It was spiked and abandoned, together with some worn-out tents, and cast off clothing. On the Braddock line, Col. Rhodes with his gallant subordinates, Maj. Morgan and Captain Shelley, received the enemy with a discharge which did some execution, and their advance at that point could have been checked.^a But under the express orders given, Gen. Ewell also retired with his force, and with Col. Coker, from Centreville, reached the main army in safety. The retreat at all points was admirably managed to produce the desired impression. The Federals believed they had won a victory, and pressed on with boisterous joy.

As they passed through Fairfax Court-House, their triumph overflowed; the men ran forward with leaps of jubilee; they roared Union songs at the top of their voices. Among these ditties a favorite one was significant. Two of its lines ran thus:

Old John Brown lies mouldering in his
grave,
But his soul is marching on!^b

The spirit animating such men could not be mistaken. They were robbers and murderers, like the assassin they gloried in! It was ordered of God that many of the voices which howled this pæan to a demon, should in a few days be quenched in blood.

The people of the North were inflated with a confidence in the success of their "Grand Army," which showed itself in loud boasting and threats. Their newspapers were filled with the most minute particulars of the equipment and various divisions of their host, and with prophecies of the complete and ruinous overthrow of the Confederates. The New York Tribune in headings of its columns, portentous in size and type, thus announced the triumph-

^a Gen. Beauregard's Official Report Battle Bull Run, Warder & Catlett, 93, 94, Examiner.

^b For illustration see Mr. Russell's letters to London Times, Oct. 19th.

ant march. "The Forward Movement—Advance of Gen. McDowell's Army—Fifty Five Regiments in the Column—The Grand Corps d'Armée 55,000 Strong—The Rebels on the Run—Return of Deserters—They want to fight and are sent on—The Spirit of our soldiers—They go singing Hymns of Liberty—Woe! Woe! to the Traitors—Additional Artillery forwarded—Desperate condition of the Rebels."^a From the whole tenor of the Northern press, and the conduct of their people, it is apparent that if any doubts of their triumph were felt, they were drowned in a torrent of ferocious vanity.

In Washington city, an excitement prevailed verging to madness. The approach of a sanguinary battle between eighty thousand men once inhabiting a common country, was regarded as a great gala occasion. Hereafter the world will look with ineffable horror and disgust upon the conduct of the men and women who took part in these scenes; they were the fit representatives of the brutal majority who now controlled the North. The Federal Congress adjourned to give its members an opportunity of flocking to the rear of the battle-field, and partaking of the bloody feast expected. Senator Wilson, the Abolitionist of Massachusetts, gave extensive orders for a dinner and carouse to be enjoyed at his expense, at Centreville. Invitations were issued for it; men in numbers went out; even females whom the North considered fair specimens of its standard of modesty and virtue, dressed for the occasion, and rode out to the field; many of them carried opera glasses, with which to view the charming spectacle of mangled limbs and streaming blood.^b Wagons loaded with crockery, glass-ware, and dining furniture, with a bountiful supply of meats, sauces, champagne, and materials for ice cream, went out under the hilarious superintendence of the Massachusetts Senator. So great was the demand in Washington for saddle horses, buggies and road vehicles of every kind, that prices rose, and livery stables flourished. All that part of the population who sympathized with Lin-

^a N. Y. Tribune, July 17th and 18th.

^b See letter of Mr. Russell, to London Times, July 22, 1861.

coln's Government, was full of extravagant hope and confidence.

The South was silent as death. As the crisis approached, we look in vain through her journals for boasts and threatenings. There were indeed words of cheer—admonitions to stand to their colors, addressed to the army. To provide a reserve in case of misfortune, President Davis asked for the militia of Virginia, and Governor Letcher ordered out those of the district running from the Blue Ridge to the head of Tidewater. It was known by the Confederate commanders that the enemy outnumbered them nearly as two to one. But among the officers and men under their command, there was an iron resolution more potent than numbers, and soon to manifest itself in heroic deeds.

Thus on each side the contending sections stood, and their people held their breath to watch the conflict.

CUPID'S FREAK.

H. H. M.

[Respectfully dedicated to one who will understand it.]

As Cupid looked with furtive glance
On Phœbe's marble brow,
And saw the fairy dimples dance
Upon her cheeks of snow,
The little god was so bewitched
By her enchanting face,
Where dwelt in perfect harmony
Each rare and winning grace,
He stooped and one sly kiss imprest,
Half seriously, and half in jest.

The maiden's face glowed with a blush,
When this salute was given,
As mellow as the roseate flush
The sunlight leaves in Heav'n.
And yet sweet Phœbe chid him not,
Nor knew the god's design,
And thought it but the homage Love
Had paid at Beauty's shrine.
But rendered doubly bold by this,
The god imprest a second kiss!

"Oh! deem me not," 'said he,' unkind,
In-dealing thus with thee;
Though called by moon-struck poets
BLIND,
Thou'lt find how well I see!"

When next the maid her mirror sought
To smooth her flowing hair,
A radiant smile illumed her face
But showed no dimples there.
His language now was clear as day,
Each kiss had stolen one away!

She forthwith to her bow'r repaired,
And weeping begged to know
Why other maidens should be spared,
And she be treated so.

Her words were wildly eloquent,
And planned with nicest art;
But still his sullen silence proved
They had not touched his heart.

In mute despair she hung her head
When cunning Cupid, answering said,

"Go! cease thy stolen charms to seek,
Nor idly thus complain;
A dimple worn upon each cheek
Would serve to make thee vain—
Fair maid," quoth he, "full well I know
That Beauty would not rest,
Content with what the gods provide
Though more than Hebe blessed.
Let gratitude the fates repay
Who smiled upon thy natal day.

• Endowed with every peerless grace
Exquisitely combined;
Not only loveliness of face
But beauty of the mind;
Withal a voice whose magic tones
Would thrill an angel's heart!
Which causeth joy far purer than
Æolian harps impart.
Why should'st thou, Phœbe, thus repine,
Since all these matchless gifts are thine?"

But when the little god looked down
Into her earnest eyes,
Where, in reflected beauty shone
The azure of the skies,
And saw, with tears impearled, each orb
Assume a richer hue,
Like new-born violets freshly bathed
In morning's sparkling dew,
He smiled relentingly, and swore
The dimples should be her's once more.

The charms restored in beauty bright,
The faultless maid did seem
As lovely as the forms of light
That grace a poet's dream!
Yet, were she thus exalted far,
Earth's fairest ones above,

He saw how many hearts would bleed,
 In unrequited love,
 So stole their back—'Twas scarcely
 done,
 When lo! each shoulder graced with one!

NEGRO REPRESENTATION. A LETTER FROM AFRICA.

NORFOLK, 1st Jan., 1863.

Mr. Editor,—I belong to a subjugated district. I am required to send a representative to the Federal Congress. The proclamation makes my slave my political equal. I must then vote for a representative of my condition. No white man who would accept a seat in the Yankee Congress, would be worthy my support. A free negro is then the proper representative of my condition, and the fit associate of my legislative masters.

I therefore inclose the reply of a free negro, barber in this city, to a letter requesting him to place his name before the public, as a candidate for Congress. We shall endeavor to elect him, and thus defeat the traitors who would dishonor, by pretending to represent us. We shall at least send a full blooded negro to present his credentials, and thus either outrage what little sense of decency remains among our enemies, or make them repudiate their pretended principles, in the face of the world. If all the subjugated districts would do the same, we should send from the South a black flock that would make summer sessions impossible. Let the serfs of the Norfolk district rally around this nomination, and elect him triumphantly.

Very respectfully,

CRANEY ISLAND.

NORFOLK, harf-pas-too, }
 by my gole repeator. }

Sah!—Your letter inquestin me to become a candidate to represent dis districk in de Congress ob de New-nited State am recebe. Owin to de absens ob my private secciterry, recommen for dat pose by my fren Mr. Ned Evritts ob Boston, I shall write myself. By de same mail I has recebe letter from Honbull Mr. Sumner

asking me to accept pintment ob private secretary to Oystria, from Honbull Mr. Hickman to take commission as Captain in de Hickman Black-Guards to be raise fur de struction of de Dixies. I hab also a little note from de ladies ob de John Brown resurrection siety of Need-ham. Mass., asking a lock ob my har, and a contribution ob five dollars. Dese letters all say dat it is de "universal desire of the Abolition party in both hemispheres" dat I should occupy a possible station. But my fast duty is to my fellah-citizens brack and white. I shall take care ob my white fellow citizens for dey is too valyable to be kilt. If de gubberment 'clude to let dem vote dey will hab a paper to deselves to vote on; but dey carnt speek me to make dem no promise except to allow dem to vote for me—some cullud gemplums wont 'low dem to do dat much. But you mus give your vote on de secret ballop, fur it would injure me in Kongress to have menny white votes. But, sah! I carnt commit myself no furdur. You mus be awar dat dis war was got up on the recount ob de cullud poplation. Mr. Sumner inform me dat de white trash has had dis country for two hundred years. Dey has had all de money, de meat an specially all de whiskey. De Yankees says de cullud poplation ought to rule, but de Dixies wont gib em up, so de Yankees is to whip de Dixies and gib de gubberment to de cullud poplation for de next hunderd years, and den de white folks dey come in agin. Dat seem about far. De cullud poplation is to hab de Prisident and all de offices. Dey is to hab de Banks. Dey is to keep de Hotel. Dey is to keep de Store. Mr. Sumner form me dat in ole time de master was to stan behine de sarvants chair one day in de year. now he is to hab a "Saturnalian century." I spose dat means Satteday night all de time. Dis is when Mars Linkum has drove de Dixies out ob de country, and made dem beg dar lorful masters, dat he gwine to put over dem. But Honbul Mr. Doolittle forms me dat dat wont take place for sebbrul days because Mars Linkum got as fur as Fredricksburg, but his possumcoon bridge

broke down, an he had to go back to Washington city to git him fix. Den he gwine take de Dixies certain. But de districk is to lect members same as ef de dam Dixies was done whip. You ax me sebbrul questions, which I procede to answer. In de fust place, fustly: 1—Will you, if elected, use your influence in Congress to procure the same privilege for de whites as for de blacks? Sah, I answer no. Sah, I shall not; an I wonder at your imperence to ask such a thing. Dis is de war of de cullud poplation; and dey is to hab de land an de fulness derorf. De Yankees is to be below de cullud poplation and you is to be under de Yankees. You can work on de field, but you cant clean shoes, nor open barber shop, nor keep bilyard salune, nur segar shop, nur sell vegebbles, nur open oysters. Dese bizness is fur gemplums and ladies ob cullur, and de white trash carnt trude de self into none ob dem.

2nd. Ar you in favor of proscution ob de war? Of course I is; fur if de war ant proseeute an dat sudden, dese Dixies will git us all an de Yankees besides. Yes I say prosekute tell you white trash kills one another up, an den de cullud poplation will hab de land, and de money to deyselves. Yes, I say Proskute! Proskute!

3rd. Are you in favor of enrolling the colored population as soldiers?

No, sah! de cullud pusson musnt proskute dat. De cullud pusson got no bisness wid musket; he no bizness whar bun buss and minny explunge, an Nfele rifle hit you so fur off dat you hab to write letter and inform de shooter dat he hab hit you and make him pologise. Dis war is de war ob de white for de benefit of de black. We is de invited guess, and you guine ax us to chop wood and cook de dinner? No, sah! you set de kuntry free den we will take it. More dan all dat, an't we done free by de act of Mr. Linkum? What's de use of we fighting? spose de Dixies kill me, what good my freedom guine do me? Spose day ketch me alive and put me up at auction an stribute de money mongst de Dixies dey bin fighting fur lebben dollars a month?

Spose dey catch regiment ob niggers dey all git rich. I know dem Dixies. Meny ob dem nebber had de toe nail ob a nigger in dar lives. Show um a buck nigger wid a good sute of close and a good gun, and dey begin to yell like ebber so many hounds and dey will catch dem niggers ef dey has to run dem into de white house cellar. Dey done got tired of ketching dutch which dey paroles, but dey are not gwine to payroll us niggers, doubt dey payroll dem in de cotton field or de tobacco ground. What's de use ob settin us free ef you send us whar we gwine to be caught and set to work? No, Sah! Dey wants us to set fire to property and stroy it. Why ant we to hab all de property? What we gwine to stroy our own property for? Dey want us to kill de dam Dixies, we dont want to kill de Dixies; we likes dem very well—if we was free, but dar is at least four sides to dat question ob killin. We has got wives and children too; we has got no guns nor does one nigger outn five hundred know which end ob de gun to put to he face. When dis killin begins dey will sen fur some ob dem calvary ob Stuarts, and dey will kill ebbery nigger in a whole county. Why de Yankees wid guns and bressplates carnt stan 'um; how den kin poor nigger stan up ginst dese Dixie debbels? De Yankees is too fur off to help in dese cases. Does you think de Yankees done got tired? Does you think dis nigger army is his last dependance? Den de nigger had better look out, fur de Yankees is preparing to git him into trubble and leave him. But dar is sumthin more dan dat. Dey want to bind de cullud soldier for sebben year. Will it take dem sebben more year to whip de Dixies? No, dey gwine do dat soon as dey gets dar possumcoon bridge fix. What dey want wid him for sebben year? I tell my fellah citizens when dey gits dat unicorn on you dey order de reggiment round to New Orleen and you find yourself in Kuby. Dey sell you like de Hessiums, ef you ant got no more sense dan so many dutch. Dat Hickman try to catch dis coon. He want me to bine my-

self for sebben year. But Hickman has got a brudder dat want to raise reggiment. Dat reggiment will be worf bout million ob dollar. Dis Hickman gwine get order to report to Butler an dat's de lass of dose niggers. I vise my cullud frens to let white trash settle dar own bizness. What good my freedom do me ef I hab to sarve sebben year in de army? I ruther belong to any man in Norfolk. Six dollar a month! to be shot at wid all eorts of gun! and dig all night in de trench! I wouldn't loss my sleep for six dollar a month. Does dey speck spectable cullud gemplus gwine quit his bizness to stan guard and double quick at dem prices? But, sah, dis coon prefer de cibbil service of his cuntry, an he recommen to his cullud fellah citizens to take a Feddul office wid a good salary and leave de war to de Dutch and Yankces.

Now, sir, you see we gree pon dis pint. I am pintedly pose to jining de army for sebben year or any other year, an you can publish dat in de papers.

4th. "Are you a highly scented nigger!" Sah! what is de meanin ob dat obsevation? You pologise and say you want your representative to make an impression upon the oilfactories ob the nation. Sah, I dont comprehend your reclusion. Sah, I is a gentleman of African de-scent, ef dat satisfys you. Now, sah, I wants you to publish some parts—but not all—ob dis letter for satisfaction of black and white, but dis part you neednt to publish. I hab had a young Yankee fur my private secretery. He was recommend by Honbul Mr. Ebrett, de same gemplum dat went round wid his show ob Washington in wax works and wind works. Dis young Yankee say he was chapplin to a brack reggiment. I soon ecubber he was intached to my darter Miss Juliny Ann, and spected to jine in de holy bands of padlock wid de same. He tend to my riting and readin. He pray ebbry whar. I nebber catch dat young yankee dat he want praying. He was what dey calls a bird of pray. So see de perfiddeous perfiddy ob de white trash. My darter Miss Juliny An, in de

moment ob fectionate sociation, put her han in his pocket jes for fun. She got sebbrel things and a piece ob writing to his fren in de north. He write his fren dat de siety fur de melioration ob de cullud race was doing well. Dat he had marry fifteen cullud gals, and had far prospect of improyng de next generation. Dat he had marry dem all under a defferent name and at defferent places and should write dem all to meet him at dis place to procede to his residence in Boston—by way of Brazil—My darter Miss Juliny Ann hab de hystrikes like any other lady an I go after dat chapplin to demand satisfaction for de report dat she was engaged to a Yankee. But I hab nebber see dat dam young Yankee since. He got her bress pin and earring, and de gole ring ob matrimony was found to be worf about two cents, but she had gib him one in exchange dat cost me five dollar.

But dis is all private between gemplums. I drap dese question. I take de groun dat dis districk has bin represent long nough by white trash. Mister Seegur say he can git our money dat is coming to us, but yah! yah! yah! Joe Seegur git my money! I len dat Joe Seegur ten dollar when I hab de honor to keep barber shop in Hamton bout twenty-five year ago. Some time he say he owe me and want to borrow more, den he done forgot all bout it till he mind me of it wid de bankrupt. Git Joe Seegur to git dat mony! dat would be de las ob Seegur and de money too. Dat Seegur got no bizness wid dat place. Its too much money for one white trash to handle. I shall sen one ob my cullud frens to beat him out of his boots. I hab compassion on my cullud opponents. I hab git de post office (apple stand at de door) and another position in de Treasury (oyster cellar under de building.)

I shall take my place in Kongress long side of Mr. Lubjaw and de venabble mister Crittan end, and Mr. Bingham. Dey hab all wrote me dat dey had reserve me a seat by dem, an dat I should hav a share in a army contrack for mule and for shoddy: dat last, I dont know what

it means. I shall den procede by de advice of Mr. Sumner to introduce a Bill for de relief ob de cullud poplation. Wharas all de work dat was ebber done in dis country was done by pussons of African descent, which de Dixies has eat up and wore out and run through dar part, but de Yankees has got dar share ob de stealin now in possession. *Be it re-nacted* dat de said Yankees is to refun back to de cullud pussons de monnies which dey has done hide away from de lorful onner dat had work for de same, to be dispose ob in de following manner, fidellycit dat is to say, &c. It shall be de duty ob de Treasury to pay ebby Sattiday night sebben dollars to ebby cullud man and five dollars to evry cullud female and three dollars to evry child tell the whole mony has bin pay back agin. De secretary ob de interior shall funish ration to feed de cullud poplation an de secretery ob de exterior shall find dem in clothes. Dare shall be a school house, a meeting house and a distillery in evry neighborhood and we cullud population shall have the libbety to go to which ebber they choose free. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Greely both 'poses this last, but I shall bring it before de House. Free whiskey is de right of ebby man. De Yankees has took our public land and gib it to the Dutch, dey call demselves Freesilers. I calls myself a Freestiller Whiskey is now de only thing to be set free an I want de ball to roll on till Free labor, Free soil, Free whiskey and Free niggers shall be de watchwords of free-men evry whar.

I hab thus explained my posish on dis subject till my head swims. You will keep such parts secret as you think proper. Dont show yourseif about de polls anny more than you can help, and you can kuss me every now and then ef you think it will tell, but vote the secret ballop sebrell times ef convenient, and tell other friends to do de same. I hab de honor to be wid sentiment ob considerations fur myself and family. Your representative dat is to be—

HOMBULL CESAR DE BARBER, ESQ.

RECONCILIATION.

BY HENRY C. ALEXANDER.

“Every sarcophagus showed many bas-reliefs—bas-reliefs of battles and of battle-fields; battles from forgotten ages—battles from yesterday—battle-fields that long since nature had healed and reconciled to herself, with the sweet oblivion of flowers—battle-fields that were yet angry and crimson with carnage.”—DE QUINCEY.

The winter night was chill and bright,
And rich with gems of heaven's own light;
Andromeda and blood-red Mars
Shared the sweet empire of the stars;
Nor vagrant breath of amorous air
Woke the strange stillness sleeping there.

The frosted rime on elm and lime
Shone like the rare disguise of crime,
Scarce hiding 'neath its jewelled vail,
The forms of gnomes and spectres pale,
Arrested in their wild career
And prisoned in the crystal clear.

No odorous gale perfumed the vale,
Nor crested knight in golden mail,
And purple vest and red-cross shield,
(Snatched from the Moor on Acre's field,)
Pricked his white steed across the plain,
Or languished to the lute's soft strain.

Yet ne'er before, in days of yore,
When the young earth her baldrick wore,
All woven from the sweet spring flowers,
And pearly dewes and glistening showers,
Did yon fair hills their azure keep
In truer faith or fonder sleep.

On such a time, as rang the chime,
So fated in the minstrel's rhyme—
(When from the fleecy cloud she rose
In all the charms she may disclose,)
The moon her crescent lustre shed
Upon the dying and the dead.

Beneath her lay that proud array—
That on the morn in vesture gay,
With faces flushed or wreathed in smiles,
Through all these pitiless defiles,
Had courted wounds and death with
A spectacle for angels' tears! [cheers—

The screaming shell and savage yell,
 No more invade the tranquil dell;
 No more upon the river's marge
 Is urged the thundering headlong charge:
 Victor and vanquished, side by side,
 Unarmed, their gory couch divide.

No more around that trampled ground
 The cohorts wheel; no more shall sound
 The tell-tale plash, the muffled oar,
 While their dark masses line the shore;
 The trumpet's hoarse triumphant bray,
 As from our ramparts yesterday.

In sable dight, the musing night
 Recedes before glad Hesper's light;
 What time the hours in beaded grey,
 Chase the sad troop of ghosts away;
 And lo, Aurora's ruddy flame
 'Tinges the conscious east with shame!

Again is born the laughing morn;
 Again the darkness is forsworn;
 Yon mountain-top is red with gold,
 While beauteous mists the summits fold,
 And over streamlet, mead and bay,
 Nature holds wanton holiday.

The vernal sky shall heave no sigh,
 Above the scene where thousands lie,
 (As the grim eagle in the air
 Hopes—though afar—to banquet there,)
 Breathless and stark, with gaping vein
 Who "on Gilboa fell down slain."

The turtles in the grove shall pair;
 The spring her ornaments shall wear:
 Disheveled April, maiden coy,
 Shall weep and murmur but in joy;
 And still shall yonder crimson field
 The fruits of peace and beauty yield.

The grass shall grow, the South wind
 blow,
 Where all is mantled now in snow;
 Fragrance and loveliness once more
 The ruffled elements shall pour;
 While from her urn the pale earth showers
 The "sweet oblivion of flowers."

MARCH, 1863.

TRUE BASIS OF POLITICAL PROSPERITY.

E. We admit that it is not fair to expect from a science more good than it professes to impart; it is not just that we should expect Political Economy to teach us what is the manner in which a Government should be conducted, in order that it may obtain the greatest amount of good to the governed; but, as many seem to place a nation's greatest happiness in the possession of wealth, how to acquire which, it is the province of Political Economy to teach; it may be proper, at this time, when the policy of our new government is forming, to show that Political Economy falls far short of statesmanship; that the creation of values should not be the end of all legislation, or the highest aim of a Government. We should take warning from the lessons of our past.

The British Empire lost its chiefest jewels, when, by the rapacity of its Parliament, it endeavored to reap wealth for itself, at the expense of its trans-Atlantic colonies. Through rapacity and hope of profit, the dissolution of the American Union was brought about. From the times of the Revolution, of 1776, there has been jealousy between the North and the South, and the Mexican war which was undertaken in hope that the balance of power between the two sections might be restored, by the introduction of more slave territory on our Southern border, resulted in California's admission, after a severe struggle, as a free State. What was the result? The balance was again destroyed. The free States had the preponderance in the Senate, and the reins of government were in their hands. A struggle for power resulted on the plains of Kansas, the Southern party was defeated, and the fate of the country rested in the hands of the Democratic party, whose discordant elements soon separated, and the government fell into the power of a corrupt, sectional party, in a collection of States, whose social fabric is based on a money basis, and whose

only endeavour is to heap up wealth. All history teaches that the possession of treasure, does not bring public happiness—order.

II. In our new Confederacy, we should appeal from the Economist to the Statesman, we should ask him to seek after, not merely the wealth, but the contentment of the people. Do not look for miraculous powers in him, an overruling control in the heart and minds of men, but let him seek the greatest good of the greatest number, with the strictest regard to the rights of the minority. Let this be no mob-law, squatter sovereignty government.

But to procure the contentment of the people, what is it necessary for the Government to obtain for them?

We answer, that it must be the object of the Government to procure, first, those things which subserve the material or corporeal happiness of its citizens, and, secondly, those things which promote their spiritual well being. And here, let us say, that we are not among those who desire to see politics thrust into the kitchen, and to have a police officer in every coal-cellar, controlling all domestic operations; it is easy to see what an intolerable tyranny this would be.

First, let us see what things are wanting for our bodily comfort—we answer, food, clothes and habitations, and; unfortunately, arms; far be it from us to say, that the public commissary should, each day, dole out a certain ration to each fasting citizen, or that a quartermaster should furnish clothing and suitable accommodations to any one desiring them, for this would deprive the community of the needful stimulus of providing for their own wants, would destroy all industry and all activity; improvement, yea, life would cease. Now, we desire that the government should encourage the production and acquirement of these indispensable articles, so that they can be obtained with ease by the poorest. We regret that we must consider arms as necessary to a nation; horrible as wars are in their progress and their results, terrible

as is the misery they engender; so long as the world remains as it is, with pride and ambition rampant, it should be the duty of a State to be prepared to repel attacks on its quiet, from external enemies and internal foes. Had the Confederacy been thoroughly armed and disciplined, when the war broke out, long ago would it have terminated. Nothing deters foreign aggressors as much as the knowledge that they will be met by a foe prepared to meet them.

Here most governments stop; they are governed by the laws of Political Economy, in fostering the accumulation of values, and in procuring the public safety, by sustaining an army and collecting military stores; but,

Secondly, Government must pursue a course of policy which will conduce to what may be called the *spiritual* contentment of the people, for it is obvious that the nation which possesses food, clothing, arms in abundance, and is in a condition in which all its corporeal wants are supplied, has not arrived at its highest development, unless morality and religion are firmly established, and enter into the internal life of the masses.

The laws of the land should be tried according to the strictest moral principles, which are only found in the divine Scriptures; morals, in Athens, were perverted and not understood; in the Roman Empire, until the time of Constantine, (and after him, too, but not to the same degree), the laws were construed more to subserve what was supposed to lead to the aggrandizement of the state, without regard to principles of the highest importance, only shown to us by Revelation. The church, indeed, cannot be pure, when political policy contracts its action, and employs it as its tool; but how easy it is for rulers to uphold and encourage a spirit of morality and to foster the tendency to education, and the enlightenment of civilization, by lending a helping hand to Religion. And very fortunate are we, in the Confederate States, in that we have two sets of Government capable of pursuing this correct policy. The General

Power can protect Religion, by its countenance and mild legislation; and the State Governments, which possess the real power of sovereignty, by more special and forcible enactments, modifying and improving the spirit of our legal codes, by endowing universities and schools, and establishing hospitals and asylums, where sound doctrines are taught and active benevolence is exemplified.

As in the individual, so in the nation, bodily plenty and comfort, will not bring peace of mind. We must not hope for happiness, as a people, in mere external prosperity. We will not find contentment from an increase of our population, we should not desire extensive immigration; is Ireland happy, though its rich fields are populated by teeming millions? Is England contented with its superfluous multitudes, starving in the streets? That country is not prosperous which contains more citizens than it can feed, without difficulty, on its own soil. We will not find happiness by extending our territory; the size of its domain and the diversity of the interests arising therefrom, destroyed the United States. We will not find happiness from vast increase of wealth; history tells us, that the condition of the poor is more wretched in countries where vast treasures and unbridled luxury abound; nor will prodigious manufactories, or great mechanical establishments, bring us national happiness, for they will attract a class of population, which will poison the tone of society in the Confederacy, and introduce among us the worst features of European infidelity and socialism, or worse than all, Yankee intolerance and faithlessness.

We hope we have been understood in these few paragraphs, written to express the hope that this fearful struggle for Liberty, may result in the formation of a national character, on a sounder, firmer basis than any the world has yet seen. We believe that that Government is grounded on the best and truest foundation, which encourages, by wise action and legislation, not merely the corporeal,

but the spiritual advantage of the people, which seeks not prosperity from increase of wealth, population or territory, but from obtaining that condition which will secure contentment to the citizen. Society has not been and cannot be prosperous without order; order will not exist without obedience to the laws of morality, and morality is perfect only where Religion reigns.

III. These are not Utopian or visionary ideas; we believe that the time is coming when the Bible will be the common law of the nations. With what vast strides has Christianity, of late years, stepped over the barriers of rivers, mountains and deserts, carrying civilization and religion in its hand, freely offering them to whosoever will have them. What vast improvements are taking place in nations long known and long governed, according to the most approved plans of profane diplomatists. We believe that Governments generally are governed by higher views and feelings than once impelled them, and the moral tone and the intelligence is vastly more elevated. Education of the mind alone does not bring moral improvement: this is proved by the police statistics of all countries, where the subject has been examined into. Observation then tells us that the world is growing better and daily improving, is it not necessary to believe this, when it is confirmed by holy Prophecy? When have wars been more numerous and bloody than during the past century? Look at the Revolution of the Colonies—the wars of Napoleon—the wars of Greece and Poland and Hungary, the Mexican war, the revolutions of 1848, the Crimean, the Italian and the wars now raging in Poland, Circassia and the Confederate States, not forgetting the Indian and Chinese Rebellions; these are evidently the predicted forerunners of a milder and holier system, which St. John, the Divine, so beautifully paints; when the world will be ruled by milder councils, “and the Lord shall be king over the whole earth, and it shall come to pass that every one that is left of all the nations which

came against Jerusalem, shall even go up from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts." (Zech. xiv ch., 9th and 10th vs.) Is not the general opinion now prevailing, that great changes are at hand, to be regarded when we recollect the whole ancient world had similar forebodings of approaching great events just before the birth of Christ, when the unbelieving Tacitus records: "Pluribus persuasio inerat eoipso tempore fore ut valesceret oriens, profectique Judæa rerum potirentur."

FOWLER.

February, 1863.

THE OCEAN OF DESPAIR.

BY MARGARET STILLING.

There is a boundless, surging ocean,
Beating forever a dreary shore,
Where darksome waves with a restless motion,

Over the sands in anger pour;
With a muttering, sullen sound of fear,
As if they felt some horror near.

Naught of life o'er the waters gliding,
Breaketh the gloom of its sunless day,
But fearful wrecks by its shores abiding,
Show from their spars a ghastly ray;
While many a monstrous, hideous thing,
Loathsomely to their sides doth cling.

Bleaching bones on its margin shining,
Telling of many a tale of woe,
Point where the breakers are dimly hiding
Darkly under the waters flow—
Striving to show in their warrings vain
Signs of many a bloody stain.

Up from its depths a voice of wailing,
Full of a shuddering, awful fear,
Over the billows its sad length trailing,
Echoes mournfully far and near,
Lofting itself in a quivering sigh,
Far in the dark, o'erhanging sky.

Angry clouds on its bosom shadow
Many a gloomy hurrying form,
Wildly with dread o'er the surging billow,
Fleeing fast from the bursting storm,
Looking back oft with a face of woe,
Strangely pale in the ghastly glow

Alas for the barks with glad hopes freight-
ed,

Forever lost on this fatal shore,
Going down with a thunder that grated
Hoarsely above the ocean's roar.
Who can tell what wild agony burst
Over the soul in those waters curst.

Vain the voice of their earnest warning,
The pleading, sorrowing, wild-ton'd cry,
Cannot reach to the land whose dawning
Recks not of that darkened sky.
For others shall steer not heeding the sight,
To sink as they in darkest night.

A MOLASSES STEW IN THE COUNTRY.

BY RUSTIC.

'Twas during the Christmas of 1862, when I was on detached service in the mountains of Southwestern Virginia, when it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to a "Molasses Stew," something that I had often heard of, but never before fortunate enough to participate in. Molasses stew! Why the very name teems with enjoyment; it sounds as if all the world were shut out, and dull care banished for a time! But let's jog along with my description. Dear reader, this was never intended for publication, merely written to recall some pleasant hours, and carry memory back to those happy days, spent among the hospitable people of Virginia.

The night was beautiful. The new moon, rising in the East, shedding its soft light on everything, tinting every house and tree with faint streaks of silver. The hard heart of an atheist would have been softened, and acknowledged that the handiwork of God was truly magnificent. To me, it seemed as if every object had donned its holiday robes, with the express intention of looking as prettily as possible, and to make every one happy, whose conscience was not a canker, or their hearts harder than adamant. To me everything was beautiful, the whole magnificently superb, every object cloth-

ed with the poetry of speech, and speaking in its softest tones. The voices of birds were silent, but the silence, with the moon's silvery light strewn around in such bountiful profusion, spoke volumes. Such a night every lover of nature loves to see, and contemplate nature's loveliness.

We, the first who arrived, were ushered into a spacious room, the walls decorated with fine steel engravings, representing various scenes, taken entirely from the Bible, not those gaudy, senseless oil daubs, that are now so common, but designs that spoke for themselves, and needed no long explanation pasted to the frame, to tell the beholder what the picture was intended to represent. On the floor was a serviceable carpet, none of your flashy velvet, or Brussels carpeting, that are intended more for show than actual use. A piano on one side, a bookcase on the other, filled with valuable reading, two "tête-à-têtes," and a few chairs, completed the outfit of the room, disclosing to the most casual observer, that the hostess was a lady of great taste and the room itself, the beauty of simplicity. Nothing jarred—everything was in keeping.

I have said before, we were the first who arrived; we were not long alone; very soon the door was opened to admit the guests, and by seven o'clock, the entire company had arrived, comparing most favorably with the customs of cities, where you do not pretend to commence making your toilet before nine, the night being half gone before you make your entrée.

The company have all assembled in the parlour, some thirteen or fourteen, making a very pretty "picture;" I was about to say assembly. Well, if I had, I should not have been far out of the way, for hunt Virginia over, you would not find in any one congregation, prettier ladies.

Do you see that tall, beautifully proportioned lady, with large blue eyes, expansive forehead, short brown hair, and dressed in a plain "calico," on the right of the fire-place, laughing at the gentleman seated at her feet? That is Miss Brown,

of the county; she is the belle of the county, and of course, of the evening, and strange to say, is not wealthy. He who is now so humbly seated at her feet, is Mr. Peyton. His large grizzled moustache, and few wrinkles in his forehead, say that he has passed the meridian of life, but still in tastes and companions, is as youthful as any, and being unmarried, is everywhere welcomed. Seated next, was Miss Doolittle—a resident of the place; examine her face, full and expressive; brown, not quite black, soft hair.—She is the Dorcas of the county. The young man, so deeply engaged in conversation with her, is Mr. Smith; short hair, small, neglected moustache, lead coloured vest, which seemed to think a further acquaintance with his pants, entirely superfluous, and had therefore, seceded. He is now explaining some very difficult proposition, which she cannot or will not understand, for she keeps her eyes employed in quickly glancing around the room, to see if some one won't come to her relief. The lady next, is just from school, in fact not having stopped. She was attired in a black dress, edged with white, her hair short and black, black eyes, almost a "brunette" in complexion; her cheeks were hollow, looking more like a sewing girl of our cities, than one who was in the habit of breathing the pure mountain air. Miss Lizzie Hamilton, for such was her name, had stolen a few short hours from school, to engage in our festivities, only to go back more dissatisfied with her books, and to pine for the time when she will be free, to enjoy uninterruptedly the company of young men, for the young man who was talking to her was well calculated to produce an impression very lasting. He was a naval officer, finely educated, having seen something of the world; was now pouring most delicious melody into her greedy ears, discanting most eloquently upon the beauties of this country, and the attractions of that city, making her long too much for her peace of mind to visit them "in company." Dressed in a blue jacket and pants, which became his powerful and well knit

frame. His face is freckled; he has an open countenance, large and massive forehead; his hair keeps his face company, being a light sandy color, not quite red. The Navy was well represented in the person of Lieutenant Thomas. Then came the hostess; it is useless to say anything about her, the room spoke plainly enough. Next to the hostess was seated Miss Armstrong, habited in a figured silk. You would not be struck particularly by her beauty, at the first glance, her dark wavy hair, neatly smoothed over her face, or dark eyes and Roman nose. She is far from homely; but when engaged in conversation her eyes brighten, and her whole countenance lightens up. She is really pretty, and more than one has been made to bow at her shrine. Conversing with Miss Armstrong, is a young man, Mr. Leslie, attired in all the fashion of the day; he is what the majority of people would call "handsome." Black hair, with about two pounds of pomatum, and looked as if a fly would have the audacity to alight, it would immediately slip up, and forthwith break its neck; a slight dainty moustache, evidently forced and cultivated within an "inch" of its existence, bathed in Johnston's hair invigorator, the ends scarcely supporting the quantity of wax with which he proposed to give it a "distinguish" appearance. Such was the "haircoat" appearance of the exquisite of our evening's company; he was a gentleman of leisure, with small white hands, soft mellow voice, or he made it so appear, for he could not be heard three feet distant in a perfectly still room. Opposite the fire-place sat Mrs. Douglas, a bride of two months, looking as fresh and beautiful as on the night of her marriage. I will not go on with the description of the remainder. Suffice it to say, that Miss Lubbock was there, looking quite interesting; Miss Florence and Miss Vernon, whose dark eyes kept up a continual dance, and you might see when in for "fun;" Lt. Conrad, dressed in uniform; Mr. Prentice in the short jacket and grey pants, denoting the private soldier. Also, Mr. Wilson, seat-

ed by Miss Vernon. They did not seem to have much to say, employing their eyes in looking around, making remarks, that by the smile, which continually illuminated the features told that something was said that she had noticed, and put nearly the same interpretation upon.

Thus the company remained for half an hour, when the ladies suddenly disappeared, leaving us to wonder what that was for. Our curiosity was soon satiated. We were informed that the ladies awaited us in another room. Now comes the time that you enjoy so much. All the conventionalities of fashion are thrown aside, and you are ushered into a room where you are received, as if an old friend, returning from some long journey. In the centre of this room is a table with ten or twelve plates, and containing about two pounds of dark Saccharine substance, called "stewed molasses." In the middle of all this was a plate of butter. Yes! butter; fresh mountain butter, wherewith to grease your digits. Just think of that; greasing your fingers with butter in '62.

Every lady now selects her plate. The young men then advance to the young lady whom they may select, but the fair demoisellès on such occasions, reserve the right of sending you away, and tell you most emphatically, that you are not wanted; then hang your head and go, to find one who will have more compassion, amid the laughter of the surrounding young men. You must act and feel perfectly at home, or you are like a fish out of water, as no one thinks but that you are enjoying yourself in your own peculiar way, and therefore left entirely to yourself, every one having the privilege of laughing at you, when a lady sends you off. If you look at all hurt, they laugh but the more.

They are all paired off, pulling with a will, and many a light-hearted jest. See in yon corner, by the door, the lovely Miss Brown, with Mr. Wilson; he is a stranger, or rather not a resident of this portion of the State, though having spent some time in this neighborhood. Near

the table, Mrs. Douglas; by her side Mr. Leslie. Leaning against the mantle, Lt. Conrad and Miss Vernon, to whom he is paying the most devoted attention. Lt. Thomas is still pouring sweet sentiment in the ears of Miss Lizzie Hamilton. Miss Lubbock has Mr. Smith in tow, pulling and laughing, all unconscious. The rest by themselves, not caring for other company. Mirth and good humor prevailed for some time, the dark molasses is putting on a bright face, hands in the meantime meet, and many an exclamation and laugh is caused thereby. This could not last long, or at least, did not; not all understood the art of pulling, and very soon Mrs. Douglas said:

"O pshaw! Mr. Leslie, you don't know any thing about it; you are more trouble than you are worth."

"You are mistaken; you are the one in fault, this time."

And in an instant the sticky stuff encircles her neck, much to the merriment of the rest of the company.

Miss Brown and Mr. Wilson stay together longer than any, the rest have all parted from some cause, each pulling a separate piece, vieing who will have the whitest. At last the patience of Miss Brown became exhausted by Mr. Wilson's awkwardness.

"Go away; you are of no account whatever; you will neither hold your hands still and let me pull, nor pull yourself."

"All right; give me some, as the roll is too large for you, responded Mr. Wilson."

The roll parts, and away they go, to mingle with the merry crowd: Plaiting is now about over, the ladies wash their hands, the gentlemen desist, they have no idea of letting them go off so easily, and as soon as they are thoroughly cleansed, shake hands, only to see them again undergo the operation of washing hands. This is kept up some time, amid some screams, a good many blows, the gentlemen having molasses all over their faces, which adds to the general good humor.

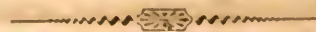
Adjourning to the parlor, music is then

introduced, none of your "operatic," but plain old ballads, not that operatic music is not beautiful itself, but the majority of amateur performers butcher it so horribly that it sounds more like the screeching of a whistle to a high pressure steam engine than the human voice. Admitting their inability to sing correctly, and sometimes of their ignorance of the beauties of "Il Trovatore," "Don Pasquale," "Somnambula," and others, they did not attempt to show off and shock the ears of their auditors. One chorus particularly sweet was sung, Mrs. Douglas singing the air, Miss Brown the tenor, Miss Vernon soprano, Lieutenant Thomas and Mr. Prentice the bass. A song which would have shocked the ears and fastidious tastes of some of our city belles was also sung. I allude to "Mary of Argyle."

That lasted for some time, when the play of "Grinding the Bottle" was proposed. As the majority of your readers, perhaps, do not understand the modus operandi, I might as well explain, and if conversation ever flags, you just propose "Grinding the Bottle," and rest assured that the evening will pass off very agreeably.

The number intending to play is first ascertained. A chair is then set in the middle, and chairs around the room, one less than the number of players. A gentleman takes the centre chair, armed with a stick, the others join hands and pass around, when he taps thrice in quick succession. All must be seated. Then comes the tussle for seats, running across the room in time to be too late; the unfortunate one left out, has to take the chair.

Thus the hours flew by, on winged wings. It was now nearly twelve, the guests are all retiring, and in the morning will be as fresh as ever. Now, Mr. Editor, I am done with my Molasses Stew, and wish you good night.



RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

BY A REBEL RHYMER.

DOODLE AND PADDY M'CLELLAN.

Yankee Doodle lived along
By lying, theft and jobbing,
Until he grew so big and strong
He thought he'd take to robbing;
Yankee Doodle got a gun,
(He stole it for a Minie)
Not deeming any risk to run,
He waylaid old Virginny.
Yankee Doodle dug a hole,
And hid himself completely—
No ground-hog, gopher, mouse or mole,
Had done the job more neatly.
Yankee Doodle just had done
The last lick of his labors,
When old Virginny came along
From visiting her neighbors.
Yankee Doodle took his aim,
His finger on the triggers,
And sung out to the portly dame,
"Your money and your niggers."
Virginny stopped and turned a look
Upon this thief incarnate,
So that his hand and weapon shook,
And his teeth chattered—"darn it!"
Virginny's sons and sister's sons
Rushed on the well-armed stranger,
Who quit his ditch and Minie gun,
And double distanced danger.
Yankee Doodle feeling safe,
Stood for a moment panting;
He then with rage began to chafe,
And then he fell to ranting.
"I'll make you pay with costs and suits
For my new gun and cartridge,
Besides my coat, cap, pants and butes,
All spiled with mud and spatterage."
So having thus been beat and banged,
His ships he sought renown in;
He was so sure of being hanged,
He had not fear of drowning.
So very soon he ventured back,
Inflamed with ruin and rancor,
And next the monster Merrimac,
Sunk his best ships at anchor.
But still he had'nt got enough—
So ventured up the river,
Until he came to Drewry's Bluff
With cannons under kiver.
So Yankee Doodle in amaze,
Beheld his fleet skedaddle,

'Twas hard to say which won the race
Propeller, sail, or paddle.
Yankee Doodle changed his plan,
When this mishap befel—and
He called up his hired Irishman,
They call him Pat McClellan.
Ses Pat "yure honor nivir more
Yure noble self be trubblin,"
"Give me the byes and drink galore,
I'll dig me way to Dublin."
So Yankee Doodle gave him force
And whiskey from the funnel,
While Paddy recommends "av coorse"
"To take 'em wid a tunnel."
For then he said "they can't be doun
Upon us wid their swivels;
"We'll just pop up in Richmond town,
And circumvint the divils."
So Paddy Mac began to dig,
While Yankee Doodle follows;
Sometimes he pours out Mac a swig,
Sometimes he pours out dollars.
They dug some months, when it appears
To Doodle's consternation,
A "Stonewall" fell about their ears,
And stopped their excavation.
So Pat with Doodle double-quicks,
To seek a place of shelter,
Whilst coats, hats, shovels, spades and
picks.
Are scattered helter-skelter!
But Paddy soon took heart of grace,
And showed himself no noodle,
Says he, "We'll have to change our base,"
"Yes sir!" says Yankee Doodle.
"That's just what I intend to do,
For this expense don't pay, sir;
The base that I shall change is you,
When I can find a baser."
So Paddy with spade, kit and cup
Got drunk with friends hob-nobbing,
While Yankee Doodle figures up
The "hull expense" of robbing.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.

When Lincoln suspects a particular Yan-
kee,
Or Seward considers his loyalty cranky,
A touch of the telegraph sends him to jail
Without visible process or tangible bail.
No *habeas corpus* or trial by jury
Protects the poor wretch from Executive
fury;

He is hurried from home into Fort Lafay-
ette,
To the place that the French have called
la Oubliette.
How strange that the name of Lafayette
should seal
A dungeon as bad as Olmutz or Bastille.
But strangely things change! In New
England we saw
A fugitive followed by process of law;
His shackles struck off and made free of
the State,
The pet of the fair and the guest of the
great,
And all these results flowing out like a
rill,
From the fount of the "Personal Liberty
Bill."
The cause of this odd's is quite plain to the
sight,
One culprit was *black* while the other is
white—
Since Lincoln his poor Yankee subjects de-
nies
All the rights of their race, which Ameri-
cans prize,
We will give them some counsel, the best
we have got,
They can ponder it over and take it or not,
Let them blacken their faces, wear wool on
their nobs,
And hire Wendell Phillips to get up the
mobs;
Let Sumner the Martyr, and Butler the
Beast,
And Greely the Printer, and Beecher the
Priest,
Certify they are niggers, and Abraham will
allow them their "Personal Liberty Bill."

AN ODE TO A TRAITOR.

Art thou happy, traitor Segar?
Dost thou have a high old time?
Dost thou cluck with fingers eager
Daily wages of thy crime?
Who had thought the trick was in you!
What a price for your Hotel!
And for your "influence in Virginia,"
By Jove! my eyes! want that a sell?
Hast thou shares in plans of plunder?
Plans against their treasures set?

If this be so, we should not wonder
If thou would do us service yet.

Help to break their public credit,
Spread distrust in their affairs;
Join the band of robbers—head it —
Add your infamy to theirs.

When their money's not worth stealing,
You had better change your base,
Seek congenial home in Wheeling
Give some other nigger place.

AN ADMONITION.

The best iron clad
That our enemies had,
In a tempest has gone to the bottom.
As the captain went too,
With the whole of his crew,
We suppose that the devil has got 'em.

The Monitor's fate
With her armor of plate,
Will admonish an infamous nation
That arms, armor, and force
Are but chaff in the course
Of the tempest of God's indignation.

YANKEE REPUDIATION.

Abe Lincoln's last message undoubtedly
shows,
That five hundred millions is all that he
owes;
As he's spent thrice as much, at the least
calculation,
The rest must be settled by repudiation.

A BAD SWAP.

The time has been the Yankee knaves
Owned both the master and his slaves;
They now would free the negro race
And make the master take his place
'Twould take them but a single crop
To find they'd made a *d—d bad swap*.

YANKEE GEOLOGY—By Professor Banks.

Limestone and slate doth much abound,
But on investigation
From Harper's Ferry some miles round,
Was found a *trap formation*.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

The Yankees convince us the point is right,
That honor and theft may be made to unite.
There's *Brigandier* Butler, to decency deaf,
And Abraham Lincoln, commander-in-chief.

OLD PARTY LINES.

He who old parties would maintain,
And save them from destruction,
Must in his bosom still retain
Some hope of "*Reconstruction*."

ABE'S PROCLAMATION.

The slaves now under Lincoln's will,
Continue in their bondage still;
He only means—the tricky wretch,
To set those free, he cannot catch.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

France violates the doctrine of Monroe,
To make a monarchy in Mexico;
No Yankee to rebuke him durst,
For Lincoln violates it first.

STARS AND STRIPES.

They stole its golden stars and then
Showed their fraternal justice thus;
They sent a million armed men
To give the *stripes* to us.

To capture our capital city,
One week their ability shown,
The next there's a change in their dity,
They're intent on defending their own.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A
BASHFUL MAN.

BY QUILLANINKINS.

"You need not set your thoughts in rubric
thus
For wholesale comment."—TENNYSON.

Mr. Robert Southdown having graduated in the medical department of the University of Arztingen, which we may suppose to be somewhere in Europe, determined on returning home, to inaugurate his professional career in the metropolis of his native State.

But before proceeding with this narrative, it is necessary to notice certain particulars

in reference to his character, temperament and personal appearance, in order that the incidents hereinafter recorded, being indifferent in themselves, may acquire thereby a kind of interest which they would not otherwise possess.

And, first, of his personal attributes, it may be stated, that in point of height he was fairly a rival of the celebrated Harold Hadrada, who is represented by trustworthy chroniclers to have measured seven feet in altitude. But Dr. Southdown was by no means corpulent. On the contrary, his lean, slender figure and hungry aspect, were even more remarkable than his extraordinary height. But it was a kind of leanness, which unlike that of Cassius, so severely animadverted on by Julius Cæsar, excited no suspicion of evil, except, perhaps, that if Dr. Southdown should ever emigrate to one of those well regulated communities in which every body is required, by law, to possess a sufficient and visible means of support, his lower extremities would hardly have been pronounced conformable to the *leg-al* standard.

His cheeks presented the appearance of oblong concavities; his beard vegetating only on the extremity of his chin, stood wire-like and in open order, while the graceful prolongation of his neck displayed to great advantage a finely developed pomum Adami, vulgarly termed an Adam's apple, which had already become distinguished for its singular feats of agility. Add to this a measured slowness of utterance, an invincible repugnance to the use of long vowels, which caused him to pronounce *tear*, for example, as if spelt *tgh-ar*, clear as *clair*, etc., and we have a sufficiently accurate description of his physical peculiarities.

He was moreover, a gentleman of wealth, and withal, a man of irreproachable morality. But his predominating weakness was an enthusiastic, an insane admiration for the characters and manners of the age of chivalry, which though a monomania served sufficiently to indicate the naturally romantic and sentimental turn of his mind. It was his constant study, his sole ambition to imitate *le preux chevalier*, in his lofty sentiment of devotion, his graceful and deferential bearing towards the gentler sex,

and often when alone and fresh from the perusal of some chivalrous romance, he even fancied himself a Liecester, a Raleigh, or a Bayard, who might command at will the spontaneous homage of the universal female heart.

True he had lived in Paris, but like many of our countrymen, who have visited that renowned metropolis, he returned to America as un-Parisian as he had left, and spoke French a little less like a Frenchman, than if he had spent the same length of time among the sable inhabitants of Caffaria. Nor had he lost any of his romantic tastes and prepossessions by contact with the *beau monde*, but on the contrary, remained as ambitious as ever, to emulate the virtues of knighthood, and to acquire that degree of the *suaviter in modo* which might recommend him to the better-half sex. But the one insurmountable difficulty which stood in the way of his ambition, was the fact that he was one of those miserable sinners denominated bashful men, who are constantly committing, or fancying they have committed, some irremediable blunder, whereupon they grow rufescent, writhe like a crushed worm, and altogether succeed in rendering themselves the most wretched and pitiable of human beings. And notwithstanding even the illustrious sage of Monticello had a habit of blushing, Southdown would never confess that he was guilty of the weakness, though he admitted that he occasionally perpetrated some very awkward blunders, and made use of some very ridiculous expressions, all which occasioned him no small amount of uneasiness and chagrin. But it was in the presence of ladies that he exhibited his most remarkable and interesting peculiarities. Here, he deemed it a religious duty to render himself as agreeable as possible, by assuming a gay and cheerful air, which he believed most effectually done, by recounting amusing stories of himself or his friends, though he endeavored rigorously to maintain his own personal dignity, while manifesting a scrupulous regard for that of others. Unfortunately, however, his incorrigible propensity to blundering, and his extreme sensitiveness to ridicule, were constant sources of pain and mortification. Frequently checking him in a full career of laughter,

and changing his gayest moods into a perfect *abandon* of misery, they conspired to make him as unhappy as he was ambitious and persevering. For often when he had set out on a visit, resolved to conduct himself in the most Bayard like manner conceivable, some confounded blunder in making a bow, or taking a seat, or some thoughtless expression of questionable propriety, would throw him into confusion, and convert his effort into a most signal and disgraceful failure, but could never prevent him from renewing the experiment, as often as the recollection of his latest mishap had somewhat lost its painful and discouraging effect. And though there is no concealing the fact, that in his heart he had an abiding and instinctive dread of the fair sex, yet, remembering that gallantry was an indispensable element in the knightly character, and that without association among the ladies, he could never acquire those graces of manner and conversation, as he expressed it, which seemed so necessary in those who might aspire to the favor of womankind, he adopted the sentiment of Corneille;

Plus le pèril est grand, plus doux en est le fruit,

La vertu nous y jette, et la gloire le suit,

and relying upon its truth, as a maxim of great practical value, he manfully persisted in his endeavor to shine among the ladies, which in truth, he always did—by means of his blushes.

After his return from Europe, having passed a few months at home, and obtaining letters of introduction to many of the most prominent individuals of R., he set out for that city with the intention of establishing himself professionally among its citizens. He arrived there in the evening, and although it was quite late, perhaps nine o'clock, he determined to call on the Hon. Mr. Snipe, to whom he was the bearer of a letter. Accordingly, having rendered himself an ambulatory illustration of the high degree of perfection, which at the present day, characterizes the arts of the tailor, barber, washerwoman and other individuals, whose occupation is to improve the work of nature, he repaired to the residence of

the Hon. Mr. Snipe, anticipating us he went, how delightful it would be to have a quiet tete-a-tete with the old friend of his father; a gentleman whose benevolent and courteous disposition seemed a sufficient guarantee that the meeting would be entirely agreeable and satisfactory on both sides. Having reached the door and slightly exercising his immense strength on the bell, a servant duly appeared, who observing from his manner, that he was unusually verdant and diffident, maliciously determined to amuse himself at the expense of the visitor.

"Is your master in?" inquired Dr. Southdown.

"Yes, sir," answered the servant, "walk in, sir; this way," he added as Southdown had not only walked in, but manifested a disposition to enter all the doors at once.

And now they had reached the parlor; the door is opened, and Southdown is introduced, smiling, into a room full of company. As when some Yankee scout in search of eggs has come unwarned upon a party of Confederates, hidden in the standing corn, fiercely they order "halt," and point their guns, and Yankee starts and stares, but dares not flee—this might perhaps, in some measure, represent the overwhelming surprise and confusion of Southdown, in finding himself thus unceremoniously precipitated into so large and gay an assemblage. Instantly the sound of voices ceased; like Cicero in the Roman Senate, the eyes of all were turned on him; that once radiant smile was fixed into a ghastly grin, his face glowed like the setting sun, he knew no one, no one knew him, and as he stood with the letter grasped in his outstretched hand, he seemed an image of intense despair, in whose agonized countenance might be read the curse that overshadowed his existence. It was not in the nature of things that he could long continue thus, and by a happy intervention of the fates, the honored host whose attention had been elsewhere occupied, at length discovered him and hastened forward to relieve his embarrassment. He read the letter; Hon. Mr. Snipe lived further down the street; however he, Mr. De-But, was delighted to see Dr. Southdown and particularly on that occasion, and having announced his name, presented him to

Miss Beatrice Buggs, a sentimental young lady, who perceiving his unhappy condition of mind, with equal humanity and grace, attempted to divert his thoughts by promptly engaging him in conversation.

"The moonlight is very charming to-night," she remarked with true poetic feeling and a sincere love of nature.

"Uncommonly," returned Southdown, with evident approval of the sentiment, though her chaste and beautiful observation made but slight impression on his mind; for in every tone of gayety, in every sound of laughter, he heard a more appalling "hell whisper," than Heinrich Heine ever dreamed; a whisper which told him he had rendered himself ridiculous and that every one present was more or less openly diverted at him.

Now I have always thought, that in composing the tragedy of Ajax, Sophocles intended nothing more than to illustrate the power of ridicule accompanied by the consciousness of having committed some ridiculous act. Ajax, under the influence of mental aberration, occasioned by intense mortification on his failing to receive the armor of Achilles, entered, one night, into a herd of cattle, and having slaughtered a large number of them, returned to his tent, boasting that he had slain his principal enemies, the Atridæ, and this he seems confidently to have believed. But, on discovering his error, the sense of shame and humiliation, excited by the consciousness of his own folly, and the galling taunts of his comrades, became intolerable, and he committed suicide as the only means of escape from his terrible sufferings. So great was the power of ridicule in this instance, as to penetrate and disturb the whole moral and intellectual nature; thus assuming a strictly tragic significance, and becoming worthy of representation before the most cultivated and fastidious audience that ever patronized the drama. Now I would not greatly err in terming Dr. Southdown a modern reproduction of the celebrated Ajax, who could feel as delicately, and suffer as intensely as his more renowned prototype, though not to the extent of forsaking the society of living men and women, to mingle with the gloomy shades.

However that may be, so soothing and

agreeable was the influence of Beatrice's presence, that Southdown gradually lost his embarrassment in a sentiment of increasing admiration for what he considered her remarkably beautiful and intellectual face. "Do you admire Sir Walter Scott's romances?" he innocently inquired, and to this perplexing interrogatory, Miss Buggs responded with surprising readiness; "Extravagantly;" whereupon Dr. Southdown answered: "So do I." From this conclusive evidence of their romantic feelings and literary tastes, each recognized in the other, a congenial soul, mutually appreciative and similarly gifted. "Of course, you visited the ruins of the Château Dangereux while in France," observed this brilliant specimen of femininity, now speaking with the most lubricious volubility. "How I would like to see them? But they tell me I am too romantic, though I am sure, if I prefer romance to the dull monotony of every day life, it would be cruel to deny me so harmless an indulgence." "Unquestionably," replied Southdown, with a determination "to curl." "Indeed, I regard it as peculiarly becoming to your sex, to be fond of poetry; of dwelling amid scenes to which they have a natural adaptation; in a word, to rise to the region of the ideal and never forsake it for the harsh realities of life."

Miss Buggs was filled with rapture, but added, with some mixture of coquetry in her motive and manner, "Don't suppose me entirely unpractical, though I knit a beautiful smoking cap for a friend of mine the other day, and he told me he would prize it as his life." A cursed rival, thought Southdown, but replied with an air of affected indifference, "That is by no means strange, Miss Buggs. And, by the way, it reminds me of a little incident that once occurred to myself. A particular friend had presented me with a cap of that kind, and as I was an inveterate smoker, I kept it pretty constantly on my head. One Sunday morning, concluding to indulge, just before going to church, I put on my cap, filled my pipe, lighted it and took a seat. I continued to smoke until the last bell notified me that I had no time to lose. So starting up hurriedly, I hastened out into the street, but you may imagine my feel-

ings, on finding myself there with nothing on but the smoking cap."

An amusing story, certainly, but his vivid imagination immediately drawing the picture thus suggested, he shuddered with irrepressible emotion, for he felt that every one was gazing at it, and "*Ah! che la morte!*" seemed quivering on his lips. "On my head, on my head, I meant on my head," he added with confused and eager haste to supply what he had left wanting, but Beatrice, less observant than himself, and failing to perceive the necessity for the proposed amendment, regarded the anecdote in its original form, as one of the most humorous incidents she had ever heard narrated. Indeed, she now looked upon Southdown as a paragon of all manly perfections and the very soul of wit.

Now there were two individuals present, who watched the growing intimacy of these interesting characters, with feelings of profound disapprobation, not to say of jealousy and anger. These gentlemen were Mr. John Jawman and Mr. William Wiggle, alias, worshippers of Miss Buggs. And although they had known Southdown intimately at school, they now, with singular unanimity, resolved to revenge the crime he had unwittingly perpetrated in rendering himself so agreeable to Beatrice.

Finally, the company began to leave, and as Southdown reached the street, he was overtaken by Jawman and Wiggle.

"Hello! old fellow," exclaimed Jawman; "haven't seen you since we went to school at Littledone Academy. How have you been? What's the news?"

Southdown replied appropriately in a style equally unexceptionable both as to language and manner, and invited them to visit him at his room, which they promised to do, swearing inaudibly as they left him, that Beatrice should never be his.

They accordingly devised a plan, which for ingenuity of conception and atrocity of purpose, must ever remain unexampled in the annals of human depravity. This I shall in due season unfold.

Southdown returned to his room, and on failing to fall asleep within two hours after going to bed, the truth suddenly flashed upon his mind, that he was in love; deeply and eternally in love; in love to an extent unparalleled in the whole previous history

of the affections. And he naturally concluded that Beatrice was the charming nymph to whose irresistible smiles his too susceptible heart had thus surrendered at discretion.

But a few words now in reference to the Buggses, with whom, as yet, we have but slight acquaintance. The father of Beatrice was a gentleman of distinction, being no less a personage than the honorable Judge Buggs, formerly of Buggsburg, but more recently of R. He was, however, one of those perverted old characters, who, by some mistake of nature, are endowed with more vitality than they have any actual use for, and are therefore fairly entitled to. The great problem of existence was, with him, to ascertain how much better the universe of mind and matter would have been if he, instead of the deity, had created it, and having discovered this very necessary item of information from the manifest errors in the present constitution of things, he deduced therefrom a dogmatic system of rules and maxims, which he endeavored to apply to human life as he found it. The consequences may be readily foreseen. He approved of nothing and no one sincerely approved of him. Professing no sympathy with the tastes and feelings of the young, he despised their most innocent pleasures, and particularly those of young men, whom he regarded, without exception, as doomed at some indefinite future time, to adorn the gibbet or the alms-house. He was nevertheless to all outward seeming, a gentleman of the loftiest stamp, at least he wished to be so considered, but his stern, unbending dignity of manner, his rigid observance and exaction of all the proprieties of polite society, his extreme aversion to every thing not strictly rational and becoming, together with an irascible and impetuous temper, which he could not always control, made him a subject of unaffected awe and uneasiness to all who came within his presence. Mrs. Buggs had, to some extent, contracted the sentiments and habits of her husband, being as haughty and censorious as became the consort of such a judge, though sufficiently bland and indulgent to those whose social position was supposed to be on a level with her own. However, this class of fortunate individu-

als was, in her estimation, extremely limited. But Beatrice, "Who may express thee?" I have carefully examined the poetry of Persia, Arabia, Greece, Italy, Spain, France, Germany, England and America, but I find that her perfections have never yet been even dimly visioned in poetic fancy. Collect whatever is most beautiful and loveable in all, and Beatrice was as much more beautiful and lovable, as the rose is more so than the—the serpent-stalked onion. Strong comparison, but let it pass.

No wonder then that Southdown was in love; no wonder, he immediately began to consider by what means he could become most acceptable to that amiable and interesting family, and that he felt more sensibly than ever, the necessity of subduing his bashfulness and of assuming that sublime air of self-confidence and independence, so essential to a man conscious, as he was, of his natural dignity and importance. But he had not yet been honored with the intimacy of the elder Buggses though he had seen enough of them at Mr. De But's, to form a tolerably correct idea of the difficulties one might have to encounter in obtaining the hand of Beatrice.

A few days after the incident above related, Dr. Southdown was sitting in his office, silently but reverently worshipping the image of the lovely Beatrice, which now, strange to say, never deserted him for a moment, even in his sleep. An expression of heart-born sadness had overspread his manly countenance, for his soul was agitated with the most painful doubts and apprehensions. He was unmistakably in love, but how should he ever make it known to Beatrice? Sterner natures than his, had shrunk in agony from the thought of exposing the inmost secret of the heart to the cold, unsparing scrutiny perhaps the ridicule and scorn of incomprehensible woman. And even granting that she were inclined to favor his aspirations, there was still the necessity of obtaining the consent of her parents; a necessity which suggested so many grim, unutterable horrors, that the bare idea became absolutely shocking. The indignant father, literally crushing him beneath a storm of rage and vituperation, brandishing his terrible fists, like an angry Jupiter, and igno-

miniously ejecting him from the house, made up a vision too fearful to be calmly endured.

Thus the unhappy Southdown,

Acute to feel and curious to explore
Each secret fountain of refined distress,

industriously tortured himself with miseries of his own creation. But, notwithstanding the formidable difficulties which seemed to oppose him, he resolved that nothing on earth should ever diminish the fervor and depth of his devotion. And yet, could he hope ever to win her, considering his own comparative obscurity, and the distinguished eminence of those who had the disposal of her destiny?

“Thus he sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing,”

when two visitors entered, in whom we recognize his devoted friends Mr. John Jawman and Mr. William Wiggle.

The usual salutations having taken place, and the two gentlemen being seated, Jawman led off, while Wiggle affectionately caressed his moustach.

“Southdown, what the devil makes you look so serious? been sick since I saw you?” Being answered in the negative, he continued, “Wiggle and I are just from old Buggs’; he’s gone away to stay a week, and Beatrice sent us down to invite you to a masquerade party, at the judge’s, next Thursday night,” at the same time handing him a neat little card of invitation, bearing his name in the most delicately feminine characters. “Will you go?”

Southdown took it, felt badly and pleasantly at the same time, but contrived to articulate that he had never attended a party of that kind in his life, and feared it might be too much at variance with his habitual soberness of character, to afford him much entertainment. “However,” he added, “nothing would give me more pleasure than to gratify the wishes of Miss Buggs.”

“Of course,” urged Jawman, “you cannot think of declining an invitation coming from her. I tell you, you’ve made an impression, and it is your own fault if it becomes nothing more. As to your objections, you need take no active part what-

ever in the proceedings; you may, if you desire it, be only a passive spectator, for you may be disguised beyond the possibility of detection, though to a bashful man in love, this would be the finest opportunity in the world for disclosing his attachment.”

Southdown writhed, for he scarcely trusted himself with the consciousness that he was in love, but to have others thus rudely drag to light a secret which he believed buried far down in the profoundest recess of his bosom, occasioned him such evident pain and confusion, that Jawman wisely forbore to press his arguments, and merely added,

“Well, we’ll call this evening, Southdown, and by that time, you can have decided whether you’ll go or not.”

After this brief, angel-like visit, they withdrew.

“I think we’ll bring him, Jawman,” remarked Wiggle, as they walked off together, highly exhilarated at the probable success of their scheme.

Southdown, having recovered his usual composure, after the departure of the visitors, now indulged in the most flattering and delightful meditations. Beatrice, then, was obviously dying to see him; she had invited him to her presence and his unmanly timidity had imposed this unbecoming necessity upon her. But what will not women do for love? Of course he could not refuse so simple a request, dictated, as this unquestionably was, by the tenderest sentiments towards himself. And, besides, what more favourable opportunity would ever be offered for revealing to her the gratifying fact that these kindly sentiments were entirely mutual; or what more fitting occasion for practising those graces of manner and conversation, which he so highly esteemed and was so ambitious to possess?

Certainly, he would attend the party. It would be foolish, inhuman not to do so. Broken hearts are indeed of rare occurrence, but there this might happen to be an instance, and how could he live to endure the remorse of having been the occasion of so sad a calamity? But what character should he personate? This momentous question he determined to reserve for

the consideration of Jawman and Wiggle, who returned at the appointed time, and duly resumed their interesting deliberations.

"The very question we have been considering," answered Jawman, in reply to Southdown, who had enquired with great simplicity, what character would best become a man of his height and conformation.

"Our characters are already chosen," continued Jawman, "I shall represent a wild Highlander, Wiggle will appear as a Dahomey prince, and we have concluded that you would make a magnificent Indian Chief. What do you think of it?"

"Now, if you had said a knight of the fourteenth century, I should have thought it more appropriate to my stature," answered our hero, objecting that the dress of an Indian was somewhat too scanty for his taste. But Jawman insisted that it would not be more so than his or Will's.

Finally, after much discussion of the subject, in which all the parties displayed no small amount of taste and erudition, Southdown was prevailed upon to adopt the character of an Indian Chief. True, he would not be burdened with a superfluity of dress, but, on the other hand, it was a character which admitted of the most dignified deportment, the most graceful motions, the most heroic style of expression—all which could not fail to impress deeply the romantic mind of Beatrice.

The preliminaries being thus arranged, the visitors rose to leave.

"Don't be in a hurry; let's all hands take a toddy," suggested Southdown, with gracious condescension, feeling quite well assured that the proposition would be readily assented to.

"I'm your man," said Wiggle promptly, for he seldom spoke unless the spirit moved him, and then *sauve qui peut*!

Jawman signified his acquiescence by silently and leisurely drawing on his left hand kid, until the liquor and sugar were produced.

Now, Southdown was by no means given to intemperance, though like certain army-surgeons of the present day, he usually kept a bottle for contingent purposes, in contradistinction to the strictly medi-

cial one, the only difference, being that the contingent bottle was emptied much oftener than the other was filled, and was frequently full while the other continued empty.

"Southdown," observed Jawman, stirring his glass, "I shall probably not be able to see you again, before Thursday evening, and if, as you say, you are unacquainted with the manner of proceeding at masquerade parties, it will be advisable for you to have some instructions for your guidance. Be careful that your costume corresponds accurately with your character; enter the room precisely at the hour indicated on the card, 9 o'clock, is it not? and to impart a greater effect to your appearance, it would be as well to sound the war-whoop on your entrance."

"And do the thing well, old fellow," advised Wiggle, with characteristic elegance of expression, now entering fully into the spirit of the occasion.

Hereupon, something was said about the health of Beatrice, the glasses gradually rose, their contents descended and immediately thereafter, the visitors departed.

Thursday evening came, and with it the costume, which was all that could be desired, from the beaded moccasins to the waving crest. Old Snort, formerly an *employé* in the Apolloman Theatre was called into requisition by Southdown, for the purpose of applying the paint, arranging the dress and doing him up generally.

And at 8 o'clock precisely, Dr. Southdown, now metamorphosed into a most majestic and savage looking Indian Chief, entered a carriage and rolled away to the residence of Judge Buggs, although thinking of Beatrice, and practising the war-whoop, in a low tone, of course, to ensure as perfect an imitation as possible.

Let us now see what was transpiring at the Judge's. He had *not* left home, neither had it entered into the mind of himself, his wife or Beatrice, to have a persouation, or any other kind of party, on the evening in question. So far from this being the case, on that very evening, the Rev. Mr. Howlem, his wife and daughter, and the requisite number of sponsors, were invited to take tea at the Judge's, at which time and place, the infant Buggs was to be

christened—an unusual hour, certainly, but then an unusual occasion; in fact, one which had not occurred since the infancy of Beatrice.

Now, at the very moment that Southdown, in the garb of a fiercely visaged Red Man, entered the carriage to make his eventful visit to Judge Buggs', the whole party there assembled, were returning from the supper-table to the parlor. Baatrice and Miss Howlem were walking together, mutually embraced, when the former whispered, "O, Catharine, how I wish he were here to-night!" for she had divulged the whole secret of her bosom to that faithful confidante; "so handsome, intelligent and agreeable, would you not like to see him? I am sure you would lose your heart."

"Indeed I would," answered the confidante, though it is uncertain whether she expressed a desire of seeing the hero thus referred to, or signified her intention of losing her heart with him on sight.

"May I ask, of whom you were speaking, Miss Catharina," enquired the Judge, overhearing the remark.

"O, certainly," replied the confidante, "only of Dr. Southdown, a friend of Beatrice's."

"A friend of mine!" ejaculated the terrified Beatrice.

"A friend of Beatrice's!" repeated the Judge, sternly; "why, Beatrice, where have you ever met with such an individual?"

This innocent girl was so shocked at the indiscreet and unexpected disclosure of the confidante, that she scarcely knew what to say.

"At Mr. De But's party; he is no friend of mine, and I am surprised at Catherine for saying so," she added by way of exculpation.

"Southdown, Southdown," soliloquized the Judge; "the name seems familiar; yes, a son of old Dr. Southdown, no doubt; a gentleman of wealth and standing; I knew him intimately—but always considered him ruinously fond of drink."

With the exception of the two girls, a more stately, matter-of-fact assemblage could scarcely be conceived. The Judge and his wife are already known. The Rev. Mr. Howlem was one of those stern,

uncompromising enemies of wickedness and frivolity, who rarely or never smiled, lest the illustrious hero of *Paradise Lost*, who is ever on the watch, should construe the act into a compliment to himself, and boast that he had gained a proselyte.

An hour or so had passed, and now young Buggs, attired in that most imposing and complicated costume usually appropriated to infancy, was formally introduced into the room; the minister and sponsors had arranged themselves, and every sound was hushed for the ceremony to begin, when a wild and fearful scream is heard in the hall, the door is violently thrown open, and the hideous form of a savage rushes into the room.

Startled from his accustomed dignity and calmness, the Judge stood transfixed with astonishment. The Rev. Mr. Howlem scowled, as if the Evil One himself had thus intruded. The elder females screamed in unearthly chorus; the girls collapsed like sensitive plants, and the baby squalled more piercingly than a cracked steam-whistle.

But who can describe the feelings of the unfortunate Southdown? Completely paralyzed with surprise, shame and mortification, he could only drop on a chair and groan in agony of spirit.

"What does this mean?" demanded the infuriated Judge, regaining his self-possession; "how dare you enter my house in this manner?"

"Dear me," cried Mrs. Buggs, "the baby is frightened to death."

"Call the night-watch," advised Mr. Howlem, and he proceeded forthwith to the street door, where he bawled vociferously for the police.

Southdown continued silent, though "dreadfully staring" with a "look of despairing."

"Who sent you here, you insolent scoundrel?" continued the Judge.

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of three of the night-watch.

"Commit that villain to jail, without delay," he ordered, with the most authoritative tone, and the officers were proceeding to execute the command, when Southdown, finding there was no time for trif-

ling—that confession, and explanation, imprisonment and disgrace, were the only alternatives, resolved to speak.

“Ladies, gentlemen, spare me; I mean no harm.”

“Who are you?” thundered the Judge, scarcely able to refrain from striking aim.

“I am Dr. Rob—Robert South—Southdown,” stammered the unhappy man; “I have been basely duped.”

“Dr. Southdown! Beatrice! where is she? Ah, Beatrice, is this the sort of gentlemen of whom you make your friends? Is this the individual of whom you were speaking?”

Heretofore, Beatrice had lain on the floor, having fainted in the most approved attitude, but hearing the name of Southdown, she was instantaneously revived, and drew near to observe him more closely. Unwilling to believe that her hero would be guilty of such undignified conduct, and really deceived on account of his disguise, she replied to her father's question by saying that it could not possibly be Southdown, so far as her recollection of him enabled her to judge.

“No trifling with me, sir,” said the Judge, resuming his angry tone and manner; “no trifling with me, and I advise you not to endeavor to shield yourself by casting the disgrace of this affair on another. Now tell me instantly who you are, or I will forthwith have you arrested as a house thief.”

“Upon my honor, sir, my name is Robert Southdown,” replied the Indian, in a tone of piteous mournfulness; “and if you doubt the truth of my statement, look at that!” and with this he threw the forged card of invitation on the floor.

The Judge took it up, read it, and the mystery was solved.

“This is an outrage upon civilization, sir,” remarked the Judge; “and if you have been rudely treated, Dr. Southdown, you must admit that the fault was none of mine. Under other circumstances, I should have been happy to make your acquaintance, but your present conduct is such that I must request you never to disturb me again with your visits, for I assure you, sir, they will never be acceptable.”

“And let me inform you, sir,” added Mrs. Buggs, advancing with a most threatening aspect, “let me inform you that your acquaintance with my daughter is to cease from this moment.”

“And I warn you, young man, that if you continue these sinful and inexcusable practices, not only will you merit and receive the scorn of men, but the penalties denounced against the wicked will fall upon you with redoubled force,” sermonized Mr. Howlem.

To Southdown the thought of leaving thus ignominiously the presence of his beloved, became intolerable. He desired only to excuse himself, and to see him bowing, gesticulating and remonstrating, with all the grace of a Chesterfieldian, in the garb of a painted savage, and surrounded by every thing that could render him most strikingly prominent on the principle of contrast, was a privilege which few will ever again enjoy—a scene worthy the genius of a Giotto or a Buffalmacco.

“Will you please retire, sir,” asked Mrs. Buggs, angrily.

Southdown did retire, and as he heard the outburst of laughter that followed when the door was closed, he swore a mighty oath, which may be divided into two parts; first, that under no conceivable circumstances would he ever again visit the house or see the family of Judge Buggs—and secondly, that if he should ever meet those scoundrels, Sawman and Wiggle, he would never leave them until they had fully satisfied his deep and burning thirst for vengeance.

S. D. D.

VIRGINIA'S TRIBUTE TO HER DAUGHTERS.

Ye daughters of Virginia a joyous anthem raise,
Your Mother State doth honor you with richest meed of praise;
Lo! now her senate chamber is echoing with your fame,
And men rise up to call you blest as tenderly they name
Your firm devotion to the cause—your country's cross your own—
O daughters of the South could we do less than we have done?

The step of the invader resounded on our shore,
 And when our loved ones sprang to arms
 as they had done of yore,
 Right eagerly we bade them go in the in-
 vader's track—
 They were the sons of Liberty—we *would*
 not keep them back.
 And now upon the battle field with ban-
 ners waving high,
 As grappling with the hated foe they con-
 quer or they die,
 Shall woman all forgetful be of those she
 holds must dear?
 Or shall she weep her country's woes in
 imbecile despair?
 No! daughters of the sunny South, prove
 in this trying hour,
 The free blood coursing through your veins
 has never lost its power.
 Born of a noble race are ye, who did op-
 pression scorn,
 Then sacrifice each luxury until the foe be
 gone.
 Go do again what ye *have* done, go bend the
 knee in prayer,
 A blessing on your country's need may be
 vouchsafed you there.
 Then with a tender sympathy go smooth
 the soldier's bed,
 Go watch and cure and work for him who
 has for freedom bled.
 Ye have been faithful in the past, Virginia's
 love is yours—
 Your monument is in her heart, on you her
 thanks she pours,
 Then want her not by sculptured stone, to
 tell the world your fame,
 If shrined within Virginia's heart yours is
 a deathless name.

January, 1863.

CORA.

A HORRIBLE SCRAPE.

A hard day's ride through one of the wildest and most sparsely settled mountain districts of Virginia, brought me, towards the close of a summer evening, to a river about a quarter of a mile wide, and much swollen by rains. The road went down the river as if to a ford, but as well as I could see, there was no sign of a road on the other side. Habitation of any sort there was none, nor had I beheld even so much

as a shanty during the last ten miles of my ride. The trees being pretty thick on the other side of the water, I had some faint hope that the ferryman's house might be hidden among them, and shouted at the top of my voice to attract his attention. No answer was returned; only the echoes of my own halloing, which came back from the craggy spurs of mountain that lifted their heads on every side, with a strange elfin sound, that increased my fears and added greatly to the sense of loneliness which had been oppressive enough before I reached the river.

My situation was simply appalling. The horse I rode was spent with excessive fatigue, so that, even had the river been fordable, I could not have trusted him in the swift-running current. As I had eaten nothing since breakfast, and had trotted nearly fifty miles in the interim, it may be inferred that my own condition as to strength was little better than that of my horse. Although it was summer time, it must be remembered that a summer night in the mountains is, if anything, a shade or a shade and a half colder than a winter night in the tidewater regions. I had no overcoat, or cloak, or blanket, or wrapping of any description. The district through which I had been riding was known to be infested with bears and wolves. I could not go back, because the distance was too great; I could not go forward, because there was the river; and the idea of sleeping (if sleep were possible) all night on the bank, was out of the question.

Therefore I shouted manfully, until my throat became so sore, and my voice so hoarse, that I could shout no more. I am sure that I wasted a precious half hour in shouting. It did no good. Nobody replied. And there I was, with the tremendous gloomy mountains shutting me in from all the world, and the horrible night fast coming on. What was to be done?

I will not detain the reader with the painful debate which took place in my mind on the above question. The result was, that I got down off my horse, hitched him to a tree, pulled off every rag of my clothes, laid them down on the grass, and put my watch and pocket-book on top of them. My appearance was that of a Geor

gia Major, with a slight variation,—in this, that instead of a shirt collar and a pair of spurs, the sum total of my costume consisted of a bad hat and a pair of green spectacles with double glasses, which I had been compelled to use to protect my eyes from the glaring sunlight reflected from the road.

Thus accoutred, I plunged in. The shock produced by entering the water, gave me so much strength that I swam more than halfway across with perfect ease, notwithstanding the swiftness of the stream. But long before I reached the opposite bank, my newly-acquired vigor left me, and I thought every moment that I must give up and be drowned. I dared not attempt to touch the bottom, lest in relinquishing the horizontal position, I should never be able to regain it, and so struck out, with arms growing more and more feeble, until at last, to my great joy, I grounded in water not more than a foot or so deep. I crawled out on the bank, and laid flat down in the wet mud. My personal appearance was not improved by this performance, but I was compelled to do it to keep from fainting, for my strength was completely gone when I touched the shore.

Probably ten minutes passed before I rose out of the mud. The sun was nearly down, but a rosy light lingered above the dark mountain tops. Looking carefully about, I presently discovered a little path that ran along the side of the river. It appeared to be a cow-path. Adjusting my hat and green spectacles, I walked rapidly along this path, feeling certain that it would lead to a house. The gravels in the path bruised my feet—the briars and limbs scratched my skin—the mosquitoes and gnats bit me on the back—the front part of my person being covered with mud, did not suffer at all, and I wished heartily that I had daubed both sides instead of one. I pushed on in spite of gnats, briars and gravels, anxious to reach the house, and hear once more the sound of a human voice.

All of a sudden I stopped abruptly. Said I to myself—"When you get to the house the dogs may get after you; what are you going to do?"

Having no knife, and no time to lose in hunting sticks that might happen to be ly-

ing on the ground, I fell to work, and after incredible exertion, managed to twist two tolerably stout limbs off a neighboring tree. Thus armed, I resembled the pictures of Hercules, in the story books, being nude, and having a club, or rather two clubs; and what I lacked in muscle, I made up in mud and spectacles.

I hurried forward and soon came to a high fence that crossed the path at right angles.

The moon was up and shining brightly, but my eyes had been so strained in looking for the house that I could not see very distinctly. I mounted the fence very softly, for the rails were very sharp and my feet very tender, and as soon as I got astraddle of the top rail, *up rose a woman who had been milking a cow within three feet of the fence.*

If it had been any other than a bony and sinewy mountain woman, the spectacle she beheld on the fence would have frightened her to death; she would have fallen dead in her tracks, without even uttering a syllable. As it was, she gave forth the most piercing shriek that ever issued from human lips, threw the milk, pail and all, in my face, and flew like the wind to the house—screaming fearfully at every step. The cow set up a hideous lowing and galloped madly after her, followed by the calf, in an ecstasy of fright, with its tail in convulsions.

My intense anxiety about myself had not permitted me to think for a moment of the figure I would cut in the eyes of the first person who beheld me. I do not blame the woman for being scared. An unclad man, plastered with mud, sitting on the top of the fence in the moonlight, and glaring down through a pair of green spectacles, is an object too seldom beheld by even the most favored of either sex, to be contemplated with equanimity. No wonder she ran, and no wonder she shrieked. I would have done as much myself. But if she was scared, I was scared too. I had no idea that a human being was within a mile of me, and if she had risen out of the ground, or dropped plump from the skies, she could not have astonished me more than when she stood up and uttered that terrific scream, which went like a dagger

to my very heart. The running away scene between the woman, the cow and the calf, I beheld but for an instant, for such was my fright and my exhaustion, that it would have been marvellous indeed if the milk-pail, thrown with all the force of extreme terror, had not knocked me down. I fell to the ground, and as the rail on which I had been sitting was a new rail, very sharp and full of splinters, it was but natural that my fall should be attended with numerous serious lesions. In truth, I suffered frightfully.

I suppose I must have been insensible for a short time after I had struck the ground; but I was soon aroused to consciousness by the pains in my body, the screams of the woman, which still continued, and by the *barking of dogs!* I scrambled back to the top of the fence, grasped my two sticks with all the strength I could muster, and prepared for the conflict. Soon there was a whistling by my ears and the crack of a rifle, which made me bounce from the fence with astonishing agility. But now the dogs came on at full speed, barking savagely, and I remounted the accursed fence more quickly than I descended. The next two or three minutes remained a chaos to me. I only remember that I straddled that abominable fence, and drew my legs close up under me; that I fought desperately with dogs; that the woman screamed and screamed; that I detected the rough sounds of a man's voice, but did not see him or anything else; and that there was a confusion worse confounded of canine, feminine and masculine imonations.

After the first burst of the attack was over, I remember hearing the woman shriek out, hysterically, something to this effect:

"Kill him! kill him! Shoot him down! Take and take a stick and knock the thing's brains out! Make haste and knock 'em out! Kill him in the head! Take and kill him!"

In the extremity of my fear, I lost all the dignity of manhood, and like a very child, cried out—

"Oh, Lordy! Oh, Lordy! Mister, please don't kill me. Don't shoot me, mister. I'll give you anything if you won't shoot me. Taint nobody but me. Please wait

a little while. Oh! Lordy! oh! Lordy! Call your dogs off, call your dogs off! Oh! Lordy! call 'em off quick! quick! Oh! Lordy!!!"

When at last the dogs were called off, and all was completely in quiet, my appearance was not improved. I was bleeding profusely—not from the nose. I dare say the top rail of that diabolical fence is stained with blood to this day. My hat and spectacles were gone—torn to pieces by the dogs. My beard, very long and black, was whitened with milk. I must have been a pretty sight, and there was no difficulty in seeing me, for the moon shone brilliantly.

The woman, folding her arms, gazed at me with a strange look of awe and rage. The man, holding his rifle with both hands, ready to draw a bead on me in an instant, spoke fiercely!

"What in the nation is you a-doing up whar on my fence, start bodily naked this time o' night, skeering my wife and cattle to death?"

As well as I could, I explained the distressing quandery into which I had been thrown when I arrived at the river, extenuated the nudity of my person, and begged to stay all night.

"The woman vociferously replied:

"You shan't—you shan't do no such a thing. Shan't stay here. You ought to be shamed o' yourself. Better take and go long back to the lunatic whar you belong. I know you. I seen you at the 'Sylum in Staunton last Spring. Take and git off that fence, and go long back. G'long, g'long!"

To be bare, muddy, bloody, and full of splinters, brier-scratches and musquitobites, was bad enough; but to be mistaken for a lunatic, and denied a night's lodging when I was half dead with exhaustion from hunger, hard riding and dog-fighting, was a cap to the climax of my sorrows, for which I had not bargained. Disclaiming any connection with the Asylum in Staunton, I stated the fact that I was a Virginian, travelling on horse-back for the benefit of my health; and again and most piteously entreated permission to remain all night. But the fates were against me—worse was yet to come.

"Look here, crittur," said the man,

"'taint no use your talkin about staying here all night. You aint going to do it; so you jest as well make up your mind to clear out. I dont want no sich cattle hanging roun' me."

"What do you mean?" inquired I, submissively.

"Mean," he replied—and here he caught hold of his wife and pushed her in the direction of the house—saying as he did so:

"Git and go long home. Aint you got no manners—standing thar looking at him like it was the devil. Clear out, and shet the door when you git in."

And on she went.

He then turned upon me, ferociously.

"Mean," said he, replying to my question. "What do I mean? I'll tell you very quick. Jest this, precise. If you don't git down off that fence, I'll put daylight through you in less time than it takes cannell coal to ketch fire. I say it, pint blank. If you don't git off that fence and take the back track, I'll shoot you, by goney! as sure as death and taxes. You can't fool me. Taint the first time *horse thieves* has tried to come that game on me. But they got the wrong buck by the huf. Cut out, if you don't want the buzzards to find a bullet in your craw before morning. I don't keer if they do ketch you, and hang you to boot, you cussid imposing, thieving son of a snapping turkle."

He was in dead earnest, as every tone of his voice and every gesture of his body proved. There was no helping it—I had to go. Will it be believed by the hospitable people of lower Virginia, that the Commonwealth contains a human being who would drive a naked, bleeding, hungry, toil-worn man from his door, at the dead hour of night—for though it was only eight o'clock at the time, it would have made no difference if it had been midnight? Will it be believed that this atrocity could be perpetrated in any part of Virginia? Yet it was even so, and I will swear to it. What I have related is an actual fact, which I could verify by calling the name of the man, the river I crossed, and the exact locality of the ferry-house. I am strongly tempted to do so; but, unfortunately for the cause of justice, it happens that in "spotting" the ferryman, I would

necessarily "spot" myself—and that I am not inclined to do.

Getting down from the fence as speedily as my maimed condition would permit, I inquired of the inhuman wretch, how far it was to the next house, and in what direction. He answered, gruffly:

"Take yon path. It taint mo'n three mile. But sure's you go thar, 'thont putting your clothes on, if you've got any, you'll git killed. Thar's a man thar that'll make cat-fish bait out of you in a minute, if you go to fooling 'bout him, stripped start naked, certain."

Weak as I was, my anger rose at this brutal speech.

"And you have the heart to send me three miles away, when you see I can hardly stand. I didn't think the devil himself would do it."

"Look here," replied he, "I don't want none o' your jaw. If you've got good sense, you'll cut right out."

"But," I answered, "I am unable to walk a hundred yards. I will certainly die on the way, and rather than do that, I'll stay here and get shot. I dare you, you inhuman villain, to shoot me."

"Hunh!" said he, sneeringly, "the likes of you dont die easy, 'cept when they're hung. And as for shootin you, I dont want no sich carcass on my land." He turned abruptly and walked into the house, calling the dogs with him.

I stood irresolute for a moment, my heart swelling as if it would burst, and tears of rage in my eyes—then started off hurriedly in the direction he had indicated. He said the house was not more than three miles distant. To me it seemed three thousand, and ages on ages elapsed before I reached it. How I managed to do so, passes my comprehension. I walked and walked and walked. There was no other choice. To attempt to recross the river, was certain death by drowning. To lie down, was death of the worst description—for, numbed with cold, how could I keep the wolves from devouring me. Death by the rifle seemed to be the only alternative. I would go on and get shot. Perhaps by the wayside I might meet some Good Samaritan, who would take pity on me. These were

the motives which impelled me onward, when every step was agony.

Doubtless the reader has laughed at my hideous position, when I sat on the fence fighting the dogs with my two sticks and bellowing for mercy; but if he will imagine that same ridiculous figure driven off into the night, and hobbling painfully along, with the great mountains, the cold moon, the pitiless stars, the dismal sounds in the endless woods for his companions—if the reader will contemplate this picture, I am sure he will feel no inclination to laugh at an object so truly pitiable.

At last, I came in sight of the house of the man who was going to make cat-fish bait of me, and walked, or rather limped up to the fence. It was hard work getting to the top. My weakness was such, that I was obliged to hold by one hand to keep from falling; with the other, I clutched my stick as tightly as my chilled and half-paralyzed fingers would permit. So desperate had I now become, that I cared nothing for dogs, scarcely anything for bullets. It was nearly midnight. No light was burning in the house. All was profoundly still. I attempted to say "hello!" but my numb tongue refused its office. I tried again. No go—not a sound could be urged out of my blue lips. I made a third and most anxious effort, and out came a weak quavering screech, so unlike my natural voice that it frightened me. This was answered by the loud barking as of an immense dog, and in less than a minute a big brindle rushed at the fence to tear me in pieces. Being incapable of motion, I hung rather than sat upon the fence, as still as a statue or large white rag. Big Brindle paused within a foot of me—set up a ghastly howl—tucked his tail, and ran howling under the house.

The door was soon opened, and I heard a coarse, harsh voice setting the dog on me.

"Sic him, Lion. Seize him, sir. Skitch him."

But Lion only howled the more.

The door was closed, only for a short time, however. A tall, powerful man—a very giant to my excited senses—stepped out, and after looking around for a moment or so, to ascertain my whereabouts, took a

step or two forwards, and—leveled his heavy rifle at me!

I was not at all alarmed. My faculties were in such a state of stupor, that no peril, however imminent, could have excited me to make any effort at self-preservation.

He took a long, deliberate aim. I sat on the fence quite coolly. In the absence of even a stitch of raiment, I take no reproach to myself for being cool. Need it be said that my spectacles, which I had lost, together with my hat, would have afforded me, but a meagre protection against the nipping mountain air? Nor did the now thoroughly dried mud on my chest assist me much.

He took deliberate aim, and fired!

The rifle snapped!

This seemed to frighten the powerful man.

"Cuss the thing," said he, in a rough whisper. "What is it?"

After gazing at me intently for nearly a minute, he began very cautiously to advance upon me.

"Mum—mum—mister." I contrived to stammer out, for now that my speech had returned to me, my teeth began to chatter, and my whole person to shake with the intense cold.

"Mum—mum—mister," said I.

He drew back.

"Dud—dud—don't be afraid," I continued, "I wo—wo—wo—wont hurt you. I'm nothing but—but—but a man."

"The —— you are!" he replied.—"Whar's your clothes, and what are you doing here?"

I chattered out the facts of the case as briefly as I could, and in a tone of voice which must have convinced him that I was neither a lunatic nor a horse-thief, for he interrupted me before I was half through my story, by inviting me into the house, and even took my arm to help me along, when he saw how stiff, cold, sore, and weak I was.

When we reached the door, he stopped me, saying:

"You jest wait here a little while. I aint got but two rooms; me and my wife sleeps in one, and my daughter in the other. I'll tell 'em you're a coming."

So I sat down on a block that served as

a door step. Very soon I heard a woman's voice, much softer than that of the female dragon I had encountered at the cowpen, but almost as much excited.

"Goodness gracious! Mr —, take him in here at this time of the night. I never heard of such a thing. Why what on earth can be the matter with him? I lay anything he aint no better than he ought to be."

Then ensued some words from the husband which I could not make out.

"Well, Mr. —," replied his wife, "you can do what you think right, but, for my part, I aint going to come anigh him."

And I heard her get out of bed and go into the other room. A light was struck, the man assisted me in the door, and placed me in a chair. Almost immediately a counterpane was thrown over me by some one from behind, who I afterwards learned was the daughter of my kind host. I was in the act of rising, in order to draw the counterpane more snugly around me, when he said—

"Wait a bit—wait till she gits back in the other room."

In less than ten minutes from the time I entered, a bright little fire was blazing in the fire-place, and my counterpane was exchanged for a suit of my friend's clothes, which, albeit, they were thrice too large for me, made me feel something like a human being again. During all this time, however, I had to answer many questions as to myself, my horse, &c., a task by no means easy, inasmuch as the warmth of the fire made me exceedingly sleepy. As soon as he saw that I was comfortable, Mr. — went into the adjoining room to hold a little talk with his family, part of which I overheard.

"He looks to me like a circus rider," whispered the old lady.

"Yes," whispered the young one, "the front part of him is all painted red as blood."

"T'aint nothing but mud," said her father.

"Do you think he is right in his mind?" inquired Mrs. —.

"Well, I dunno—he talks ruther thick like," was the answer.

"Poor, pitiful, miserable creature," said the girl; "I don't reckon he means no harm. It would be a sin to send him away."

"I'm feered he's a robber, or something," said Mrs. —.

"If he is, he can't hurt nothing," replied Mr. —.

"He is broke down clean to the ground. A child could handle him."

"Did you watch his beard—that white truck on it?" inquired Miss —.

"Yes, said her father, as his voice sunk still lower. "Yes, and I've heerd of a kind of ghost called doe-suckers, that runs wild in the woods, and lives by sucking does to death. This here looks mighty like one of 'em, and I don't like Lion how he did—tucking his tail and running under the house, and yowlin at the crittur. He nuvver done so before since he was a puppy two month old."

Then followed a brisk whispering in too low a tone for me to catch. I stopped nodding in order to listen, for this doe-sucking business was a new and alarming feature in the case. Presently Mrs. — said—

"If 'tis a doe-sucker, they say you can tell 'em by flinging a rotten apple in their face. They can't abear it."

"Yes," said the young lady, "and grand-ma told me that you kin kill 'em certain and sure, jest by jobbin' a spike-buck horn in their ear. But they say that doe-suckers never trouble people."

I sat petrified with horror. "Fling a rotten apple in my face," and "job a buck-horn in my ear," to see whether I was a "doe-sucker" or not; it was enough to horrify any man. Why, I had never heard of such a thing as a "doe-sucker."

Kind heaven must have interposed in my behalf at this critical juncture. The family conference ended, the good man came forward, and to my joyful surprise—for I expected every moment to hear a rotten apple whizzing past my head, and dared not turn round, lest it might hit me in the face—introduced me to his wife and daughter—the latter a very nice girl, eighteen or nineteen years old. Not an intimation was made about "doe-sucking," though I could but fancy that the two la-

dies—such they proved to be on further acquaintance—looked at me nervously, and hitched their chairs further off, as if in doubt whether I was composed of flesh and bones, or some impalpable substance.

It was not long before a cup of hot coffee produced such a change in my spirits, that I easily persuaded Mr. — to go after my horse and clothes. While he was gone, I managed to get so far into the good graces of Mrs. and Miss —, that when he returned, bringing every thing, (my money and watch included,) safely, he found me on the intimate footing of a member of the family.

I remained many days with these excellent people, receiving from every one of them the utmost tenderness and care.

When I got well enough to mount my horse once more—the first attempt was painful in the extreme. Mr. — positively refused to accept the smallest return for his hospitality. Indeed it was not without difficulty that I restrained him from executing summary justice upon the heathens at the ferry-house, who had treated me so shamefully. I can never forget that log-house in the mountains, and the warm-hearted folks that dwelt therein.

The recollection of their great kindness to me, a perfect stranger, half effaced the anger and the mortification I feel whenever I think of that horrid night of suffering and brutal treatment. I had the satisfaction before leaving the immediate neighborhood, of sending Miss —, (by the way, we had many a good laugh over the "rotten apple" business,) a nice dress, with a shawl for her mother, and \$5 worth of powder and shot for her father.

So ended the most disagreeable, if not the most perilous adventure I ever had. It may gratify the reader to know that the narrative is, in every essential, strictly true. And he may rest assured that this experiment satisfied me that a suit of mud and spectacles is not exactly the thing to walk about in at mid-night in the mountains of Virginia. If I know myself, it will be some time before I swim a river again, and run the risk of passing for a lunatic, a horse thief, and a doe-sucker.

THE 47TH VIRGINIA REGIMENT,
AT THE BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM, JUNE
30TH, 1862.

Hic domas; hæc patriæ est Virgil.

Virginians! let the foe now feel
What vengeance ours may be;
With hissing bomb and charging steel,
And shout above the battle peal,
The purpose of our souls reveal,
To triumph and be free.

Before yon battery's deadly blast,
See how our comrades fall!
There, 'gainst the invader's legions massed,
Our path must lie, and there be passed,
Our proudest moment, though our last;
On! though we perish all.

With steady steps and fearless eye,
In desperate charge they go;
Nor note the bolts that round them fly,
Nor heed the dying comrades sigh,
Resolved but to advance or die,
They rush upon the foe.

Still onward 'mid the uproar stern,
Where fall the leaden showers;
Fear from their gory path they spurn,
And death for hero's death return,
'Till struck with dread the foemen turn;
The battery is ours!

Now turn about the guns and pour
Hot vengeance on their flight;
The guns themselves had manned before
Shall crush them with destruction sure
And sound our victory in their roar;
The triumph of the right!

S. D. D.

ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

PAGANINI was in all respects a very singular being, and an interesting subject to study. His talents were by no means confined to his wonderful powers as a musician. On other subjects he was well informed, acute, and conversible, of bland and gentle manners, and in society perfectly well bred. All this contrasted strangely with the dark, mysterious sto-

ries which were bruited abroad, touching some passages in his early life. But outward semblance and external deportment are treacherous as quicksands, when taken as guides by which to sound the real depths of human character. Lord Byron remarks, that his pocket was once picked by the civillest gentleman he ever conversed with, and that by far the mildest individual of his acquaintance was the remorseless Ali Pacha of Yanina. The expressive lineaments of Paganini told a powerful tale of passions which had been fearfully excited, which might be roused again from temporary slumber, or were exhausted by indulgence and premature decay, leaving deep furrows to mark their intensity. Like the generality of his countrymen, he looked much older than he was. With them, the elastic vigor of youth and manhood rapidly subside into an interminable and joyless old age, numbering as many years, but with far less both of physical and mental faculty, to render them endurable, than the more equally poised gradations of our northern clime. It is by no means unusual to encounter a well developed Italian, whiskered to the eye-brows, and "bearded like the pard," who tells you, to your utter astonishment, that he is scarcely seventeen, when you have set him down from his appearance as, at least, five-and-thirty.

The following extract from Colonel Montgomery Maxwell's book of Military Reminiscences, entitled "My Adventures," dated Genoa, February 22d, 1815, supplies the earliest record which has been given to the public respecting Paganini, and affords authentic evidence that some of the mysterious tales which heralded his coming were not without foundation. He could scarcely have been at this time thirty years old. "Talking of music, I have become acquainted with the most *outré*, most extravagant, and strangest character I ever beheld, or heard, in the musical line. He has just been emancipated from durance vile, where he has been for a long time incarcerated on suspicion of murder. His long figure, long neck, long face, and long

forehead; his hollow and deadly pale cheek, large black eye, hooked nose, and jet black hair, which is long, and more than half hiding his expressive Jewish face; all these rendered him the most extraordinary person I ever beheld. There is something scriptural in the *tout ensemble* of the strange physiognomy of this uncouth and unearthly figure. Not that, as in times of old, he plays, as Holy Writ tells us, on a ten-stringed instrument; on the contrary, he brings the most powerful, the most wonderful, and the most heart-rending tones from one string. His name is Paganini; he is very improvident and very poor. The D—s, and the Impresario of the theatre got up a concert for him the other night, which was well attended, and on which occasion he electrified the audience. He is a native of Genoa, and if I were a judge of violin playing, I would pronounce him the most surprising performer in the world?"

That Paganini was either innocent of the charge for which he suffered the incarceration Colonel Maxwell mentions, or that it could not be proved against him, may be reasonably inferred from the fact that he escaped the gallies or the executioner. In Italy, there was then, *par excellence*, (whatever there may be now,) a law for the rich, and another for the poor. As he was without money, and unable to buy immunity, it is charitable to suppose he was entitled to it from innocence. A nobleman, with a few *zucchini*, was in little danger of the law, which confined its practice entirely to the lower orders. I knew a Sicilian prince, who most wantonly blew a vassal's brains out, merely because he put him in a passion. The case was not even inquired into. He sent half a dollar to the widow of the defunct, (which, by the way, he borrowed from me, and never repaid,) and there the matter ended. Lord Nelson once suggested to Ferdinand IV., of Naples, to try and check the daily increase of assassination, by a few salutary executions. "No, no," replied old Nasono, who was far from being as great a fool as he looked, "that is impossible. If I once began that system, my king-

dom would soon be depopulated. "One half my subjects would be continually employed in hanging the remainder."

Among other peculiarities, Paganini was an incarnation of avarice and parsimony, with a most contradictory passion for gambling. He would haggle with you for sixpence, and stake a rouleau on a single turn at *rouge et noir*. He screwed you down in a bargain as tightly as if you were compressed in a vice; yet he had intervals of liberality, and sometimes did a generous action. In this he bore some resemblance to the celebrated John Elwes, of miserly notoriety, who deprived himself of the common necessities of life, and lived on a potato skin, but sometimes gave a check for £100 to a public charity, and contributed largely to private subscriptions. I never heard that Paganini actually did this, but once or twice he played for nothing and sent a donation to the Mendicity, when he was in Dublin.

When he made his engagement with me, we mutually agreed to write no orders, expecting the house to be quite full every night, and both being aware that the "sons of freedom," while they add nothing to the exchequer, seldom assist the effect of the performance. They are not given to applaud vehemently; or, as Richelieu observes, "in the right places." What we can get for nothing we are inclined to think much less of than that which we must purchase. He who invests a shilling will not do it rashly, or without feeling convinced that value received will accrue from the risk. The man who pays is the real enthusiast; he comes with a pre-determination to be amused, and his spirit is exalted accordingly. Paganini's valet surprised me one morning, by walking into my room, and, with many "*excellenzas*" and gesticulations of respect, asking me to give him an order. I said, "Why do you come to me? Apply to your master—won't he give you one?" "O, yes; but I don't like to ask him." "Why not?" "Because he'll stop the amount out of my wages!" My heart relented; I gave him the order, and paid Paganini the divi-

dend. I told him what it was, thinking, as a matter of course, he would return it. He seemed uncertain for a moment, paused, smiled sardonically, looked at the three and sixpence, and, with a spasmodic twitch, deposited it in his own waistcoat pocket instead of mine. Voltaire says, "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre," meaning, thereby, as I suppose, that being behind the scenes of every-day life, he finds out that Marshal Saxe, or Frederick the Great, is as subject to the common infirmities of our nature, as John Nokes or Peter Styles. Whether Paganini's squire of the body looked on his master as a hero in the vulgar acceptation of the word; I cannot say, but in spite of his stinginess, which he writhed under, he regarded him with mingled reverence and terror. "A strange person, your master," observed I. "Signor," replied the faithful Sancho Panza, "*è veramente grand uomo, ma da non potersi comprendere.*" "He is truly a great man, but quite incomprehensible."

It was edifying to observe the awful importance with which Antonio bore the instrument nightly entrusted to his charge to carry to and from the theatre. He considered it an animated something, whether dæmon or angel he was unable to determine, but this he firmly believed, that it could speak in actual dialogue when his master pleased, or become a dumb familiar by the same controlling volition. This especial violin was Paganini's inseparable companion. It lay on his table before him, as he sat meditating in his solitary chamber; it was placed by his side at dinner, and on a chair within his reach when in bed. If he woke, as he constantly did, in the dead of night, and the sudden *estrio* of inspiration seized him, he grasped his instrument, started up, and on the instant perpetuated the conception which otherwise he would have lost forever. This marvellous Cremona, valued at four hundred guineas, Paganini, on his death-bed, gave to De Kontski, his nephew and only pupil, himself an eminent performer, and in his possession it now remains.

When Paganini was in Dublin at the

musical festival of 1830, the Marquis of Anglesea, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, came every night to the concerts at the theatre, and was greatly pleased with his performance. On the first evening, between the acts, his excellency desired that he might be brought round to his box to be introduced, and paid him many compliments. Lord Anglesea was at that time residing in perfect privacy with his family at Sir Harcourt Lees' country house, near Blackrock, and expressed a wish to get an evening from the great violinist, to gratify his domestic circle. The negotiation was rather a difficult one, as Paganini was, of all others, the man who did nothing in the way of business without an explicit understanding, and a clearly defined *con-si-de-ra-tion*. He was alive to the advantage of honor, but he loved money with a paramount affection. I knew that he had received enormous terms, such as £150 and £200, for fiddling at private parties in London, and I trembled for the vice-regal purse; but I undertook to manage the affair, and went to work accordingly. The aide-de-camp in waiting called with me on Paganini, was introduced in due form, and handed him a card of invitation to dinner, which, of course, he received and accepted with ceremonious politeness. Soon after the officer had departed, he said suddenly, "This is a great honor, but am I expected to bring my instrument?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "as a matter of course—the Lord Lieutenant's family wish to hear you in private." "*Caro amico*," rejoined he, with petrifying composure, "*Paganini con violino e Paganini senza violino—ecco due animali distinti.*" "Paganini with his fiddle and Paganini without it are two very different persons." I knew perfectly what he meant, and said, "The Lord Lieutenant is a nobleman of exalted rank and character, liberal in the extreme, but he is not Croesus; nor do I think you could with any consistency receive such an honor as dining at his table, and afterwards send in a bill for playing two or three tunes in the evening." He was staggered, and asked, "What do you advise?" I said, "Don't you think a

present in the shape of a ring, or a snuff-box, or something of that sort, with a short inscription, would be a more agreeable mode of settlement?" He seemed tickled by this suggestion, and closed with it at once. I despatched the intelligence through the proper channel, that the violin and the *gran maestro* would both be in attendance. He went in his very choicest mood, made himself extremely agreeable, played away, unsolicited, throughout the evening, to the delight of the whole party; and on the following morning, a gold snuff-box was duly presented to him, with a few complimentary words engraved on the lid.

A year or two after this, when Paganini was again in England, I thought another engagement might be productive, as his extraordinary attraction appeared still to increase. I wrote to him on the subject, and soon received a very courteous communication, to the effect, that although he had not contemplated including Ireland in his tour, yet he had been so impressed by the urbanity of the Dublin public, and had moreover conceived such a personal esteem for my individual character, that he might be induced to alter his plans, at some inconvenience, provided always I could make him a more enticing proposal than the former one. I was here completely puzzled, as on that occasion I gave him a clear two thirds of each receipt, with a bonus of £25 per night in addition, for two useless coadjutors. I replied, that having duly deliberated on his suggestion, and considered the terms of our last compact, I saw no possible means of placing the new one in a more alluring shape, except by offering him the entire produce of the engagement. After I had dispatched my letter, I repented bitterly, and was terrified lest he should think me serious, and hold me to the bargain; but he deigned no answer, and this time I escaped with the fright I had given myself. When in London, I called to see him, and met with a cordial reception; but he soon alluded to the late correspondence, and half seriously said, "That was a curious letter you wrote to me, and the joke with which

you concluded it by no means a good one." "Oh," said I, laughing, "it would have been much worse if you had taken me at my word." He then laughed too, and we parted excellent friends. I never saw him again. He returned to the Continent, and died, having purchased the title of baron, with a patent of nobility, from some foreign potentate, which with his accumulated earnings, somewhat dilapidated by gambling, he bequeathed to his only son. Paganini was the founder of his school, and the original inventor of those extraordinary *tours de force* with which all his successors and imitators are accustomed to astonish the uninitiated. But he still stands at the head of the list, although eminent names are included in it, and is not likely to be pushed from his pedestal.

ALEXANDER GALT.

A sigh for the early dead!
 A tear for the artist gone!
 A cypress wreath for the prostrate head
 That once hath a laurel worn!

A wreath, and a sigh, and a tear,
 And then from his grave away—
 The voice of our grief he may not hear
 Tho' it rings through the land to-day.

He shall not be alone—
 Hosts of the dead are there,
 And the wind in an ever changing tone,
 Chaunts o'er each peaceful bier.

And the stars look nightly down
 On the spot where the sleepers lie,
 And Fancy weaves of their beams a crown
 Laid up for the blest on high.

And the marble that marks the spot,
 The place of *his* rest shall tell,
 And the name that it bears shall be unfor-
 got—
 Virginia shall guard it well.

He hath carved for himself a name
 In each sculptured form and face—
 In boyhood he entered the lists of fame
 To perish amid the race.

He worked that those gone before
 Still with us might seem to be,
 As we gaze on the faces we knew of yore
 And treasure their memory.

And heroes of olden time—
 He hath made them ours to-day,
 And we seek in their features the trait
 sublime,
 That over their souls held sway.

And thousands as yet unborn,
 Shall gaze with a kindling eye,
 On the faces of some whose deeds adorn
 Our own Confederacy.

The marble his hand hath wrought,
 Shall ever his monument be—
 Each stone he hath sealed with an artist's
 thought,
 Shall live to his memory.

A sigh for the early dead!
 A tear for the artist gone!
 A cypress wreath for the sculptor's head,
 That once hath a laurel worn!

CORA.

FEB. 4TH, 1863.

Editor's Table.

HOWISON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.

In answer to numerous letters and verbal inquiries, we have to state, with regret, that we cannot furnish the back numbers of the *Messenger* containing Howison's History of the War. All copies not delivered to subscribers, or retained for them, have been sold to purchasers who have sought them with avidity. We would, however, respectfully suggest that the present would be a favorable time to subscribe. The work has now reached a deeply interesting part of the war, and its great battles and other important events will begin with the April number, of which we propose to publish a larger edition than usual. The other articles, also, of the *Messenger* will be found instructive and entertaining.

The subscription price of the Messenger for the future, will be

FIVE DOLLARS!

Persons remitting three dollars will only be credited for that amount. This advance is owing to the increase in the price of printing material and of journeymen's wages.

Editors friendly to the interests of the Messenger will please insert this notice.

Single copies, 50 cents.

All letters requiring answers, must contain a postage stamp for that purpose.

Address

MACFARLANE & FERGUSON,
Richmond, Va.

As we were correcting the form, containing the poem to "The 47th Va. Regiment," a detective entered, and carried to Castle Thunder the compositor whose business it was to correct it. This accounts for the horrid manner in which the Latin quotation at the head is printed.

Lincoln a Dictator. The purse and the sword are given wholly to him, and he declares war to the knife and to the bitter end. The Peace Democrats, as they are called, of the North yield to the new Imperium, and the discontented Northwest submits, grumblingly it may be, but completely. Parliament has assembled, the Queen's speech has been read, and all parties—Tories, Whigs and Reformers alike—agree that the hour has not struck for the recognition of the Confederate States. Even Lord Derby consents to this great outrage upon the rights of the South. Poland has again risen, threatening to involve all Europe in war, and this arrests indefinitely the friendly movements projected in our behalf by the Emperor Napoleon.

This is "The Situation." To the external eye it is gloomy enough, and yet there is a repose in the South and an equanimity among the people which argues well for our future. Peradventure it may be a false security, luring us to our destruction. We will not believe it. We trust now more than ever to that benign Diety whose omnipotent arm has hitherto been so plainly stretched forth for our independence. If there be popular delusions, attributable to the influence of the Evil One, so likewise are there popular intuitions which must be

regarded as the emanations of a power not of man nor of the fiend. What else was it that gave to the people of the South, at the beginning of the war, the courage to assert their rights in the face of a foe so immensely their superior? What else sustained them in the gloomy hours that saw the fall of Donelson, Nashville, Memphis, Newbern, New Orleans? And what else gives them the confidence they now feel, albeit the entire strength of their gigantic foe, envenomed by defeat and invoking to its assistance the horrors of a servile insurrection, is about to be hurled against them? It must be owned that the success of the past is well calculated to give assurance of the future; but in view of the apparently endless war before us and the persistent indifference of the whole enlightened world to our fate, the calm resolution of the people of the South is attributable to something more than memory, something better than merely human hope. The history of this war,—whether of its remote origin, its proximate causes or its actual progress—betrays to even the inattentive student the presence of a High Controlling Power more plainly perhaps than any war that ever preceded it. One has but to read seriatim a condensed narrative of the great contests which have convulsed Europe since the decline of the Roman Empire to be convinced that in all wars waged for principle the just cause succeeds, and that wars waged merely for conquest or to gratify the jealousies of princes and the passions of people terminate without material advantage to either party. A more interesting and profitable magazine article could not be written than a simple *resume* of these wars, in which their causes, and their results should be told without verbiage and almost without comment. The incessant and harrassing labor to which the the present writer is subject, alone prevents him from preparing such an article, which would afford a few hours of pleasant diversion to some one of the many gentlemen of culture who occasionally contribute to the MESSANGER.

The issue of the war in which we are now engaged will, beyond a doubt, afford another striking proof of the existence of Providence in history. As to its duration, no one can be certain. In April 1861, we predicted that it would last until both par-

ties were exhausted, and our prophecy seems likely to be made true. But in December of the same year '61, we saw distinctly the "morning star of peace, sparkling in the near horizon;" since when we have dropped the prophetic mantle. The war may last during Lincoln's term, and if it should, his military despotism will have become firmly established; he will retain his place and the only limit to the war will be his inclination. What that is we all know full well. But we hope for peace in less than two years. First, because the duration of modern wars has been gradually but surely getting shorter and shorter. Since Napoleon's day, no war between civilized nations has lasted more than five years, and in our times the average has been not above three years. Witness the Crimean war, that in Italy, the war of France and England against China, the mutiny in India, the revolution in 1848. The instrumentalities for bringing the war to a close are numerous. Foremost, victory on our part. Next, the growing dissatisfaction of the Northwest; third, the rapid increase of the Peace Democracy, as seen in the late New Hampshire election; fourth, the inflation of Northern currency; fifth, the decided opposition both in and out of the Yankee army to the Insurrection Proclamation and its concomitants; and lastly, the exceeding satiety of war for any purpose, whether for the Union or the negro, of the Yankee soldier. We will not count, what might be counted and will be certain to exert a potential influence in bringing the war to a close—be the result of the Polish revolt what it may—the industrial necessities of Western Europe.

For all these reasons, we keep a stout heart, despite the stormy weather abroad—despite too the rapidly accelerated wickedness of our people, as manifested in the rage for money-making. Sinful as we undoubtedly are, we can't be so utterly corrupt and heinous as our enemies; and though we may not be worthy of freedom, we can hardly deserve subjugation at the hands of a race so unworthy and ungodly as the Yankees.

Miss Pardoe, the well known authoress of several popular historical works, and a batch of fashionable novels, is numbered among the recent obitparies.

Materials ought now to be gathered to form, in bound volumes, some permanent record of: 1st. THE OUTRAGES OF THE ENEMY. 2nd. THE HEROINES OF THE HOSPITALS. 3rd. HEROES OF LIBERALITY AND NON-EXTORTION. If the materials are not collected now, many noble deeds will go unrecorded. The history of this war is bright with examples that ought to be handed down to the latest generation of Southern youth.

It would not be a bad idea to get up a Black Book, which should contain the names, in full, of all the great extortioners and Government swindlers, so that the mark of Cain might rest on them and their descendants forever.

We have yet no flag or seal. Is not this ominous? Do the fates intend that we shall go back to the old flag and seal? Is there neither taste nor talent in the Confederacy; or is the Committee wanting in decision of character?

The editor of the *Starkville Banner*, says an exchange, is a genius in his way. In writing, it matters little to him from what part of the dictionary he draws his supplies—one word seems to express his thought as well as another. We give below two specimens of what we call tall writing. Speaking of intervention, he says:

We can achieve our independence without foreign succour, and then Ocean's white caps will remain as they exist. But if it is won by intervention, bubbles of blood will bespangle the briny deep, and crimson the shady beach with chivalric gore.

One may form some idea, perhaps, of Starkville by the following description of it by the editor:

THE TABLEAUX—VIVANTS.

We learn that there is a racy and spicy report of the brilliant affair of Thursday evening, the 12th ult., is being prepared for publication in our next issue. We forbear marring the beauty and novelty of the occasion with our ungraceful pen. Our village, is certainly the fairest dimple on earth's Rosy cheek, and sports more Queenly creatures and brighter intellects, and dashing Lassies, than any interior town within our knowledge. The merry laughter of sweet voices still lingers on the swift gale, and the elegant and captivating at-

ture successfully rivaled the gorgeous and extravagant mountings of Cleopatra, at the feast of Alexandria, given in honor of Antony, who, to render the occasion more sumptuous and expensive, melted pearls into a goblet of wine and drank it.

One would suppose they were a dressy and bibulous people about that town. The style of the writer reminds us of two tragedies we read in youth, entitled, "The Bold Butcher Boy; or, the Bucket of Blood," and "The Flying Axe-handles; or, the Dead Man's Oath."

A young gentleman by the name of Conkey, having been united by the holy bonds of wedlock, sent the marriage notice, with a verse of his own composition, to the printer for publication, as follows:

"Married—At Gosham, July 28, A. Conkey, Attorney at Law, to Miss Euphemie Wiggins, both of Gosham.

"Love is the Union of two hearts
That beat in softest melody:
Time, with its ravages, imparts
No bitter fusion to its ecstasy."

Mr. Conkey looked with much anxiety for the issue of the Gosham Sentinel, in order to see his name in print. The compositor, into whose charge the notice was placed, happened to be on a spree at the time, and made some wonderful blunders in setting it up—thus:

"Married—At Gosham, July 38, A. Donkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Mr. Euphemie Piggins, both of Goosdam.

"Jove is an onion of two heads,
That belts in softest melody;
Time with its cabbages in carts
No better feed to an extra dray."

Phancy Mr. Alexander Conkey's phee-linx!

[The following poem was written during the first American Revolution, and is published at the request of a lady 83 years of age:]

Adieu, adieu, my only life,
'Tis duty calls me from thee;
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears they ill become thee.
What though by duty I am called
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valor's self might stand appall'd,
Assured when on the wings of love

To heaven above thy orisons have flown,
The fervent prayer ascending there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.
My safety thy fair troth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving,
My life shall be more dear to me
Because of thy preserving.
Let perils come, let danger threat,
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearless meet the conflict's heat,
Assured when on the wings of love
To Heaven above thy orisons have flown,
The fervent prayer ascending there
Shall call a guardian angel down
To watch me in the battle.

HOW I LOST HER.

I told her that her marble brow,
O'er which her auburn locks were straying,
Was like a drift of purest snow,
Where golden sunset rays were playing.
I told her that her bright blue eyes,
Would shame the brightest spheres of Heaven,
That walk the chambers of the skies
Upon a moonless, summer even.
I told her that her lips did seem
Like cherries ripe, with dew upon them;
With teeth, like rows of pearl between,
And that her breath shed fragrance on them.
And then I gazed upon her form,
And pressed her small, soft hand with fervor,
And asked her, if 'mid calm or storm,
She would be mine, and mine forever?
And then I swore I'd keep my vows,
As true as rule, or square, or plummet;
But she placed her finger on her no(u)se,
And told me that—I couldn't come it.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

BY WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Under the green-wood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither?
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

GENERAL BUTLER.

[Lines rit tu Richard Yeadon, a Rank, pizen Rebel, wnu hes offered ten thaousand dollars fur the hed ov Ginerol Butler. I only wish the Amerikan Egle may live till he gits it!]

Yu offer us ten thaousand fur the hed ov Butler, do ye?
Wa'al I raow I wunder at it! But yu may jest spare your pains.
I tell yu (ef yu know enuff tu git the idee thru yu,) Yu'd better wish, a tarnal sight, fur Ginerol Butler's brains!

Here's a first-rate chance tu make a pile!—
a bribe for human natur!
Naow is the time fur Judases tu clap thare hands and larf;
Ten thaousand dollars offered for the sarvice ov a traitor?
Why thares mennya a poor scoundrel that wud du the work fur half!

Want the hed ov Ginerol Butler! Wa'al, I never! 'tis surprisin!
Yu fellers daown in Dixie must be fallin off from grace.
Not hevin enny decent hed (that fact there's no disguisin.)
Yu want tu take yure nabor's, es ef that wud help yure case!

Ten thousand dollars offered! Specie payment is't, I wunder?
Bein' a Yankee born, yu know, p'r'ps I am kind o' eute.
Yure promises air fair enuff—but fokes du sumtimes blunder,
And them Confederate notes ov yourn—
taint every wun they'd suit!

Ten thaousand dollars offered fur the hed ov Butler! Reely!
Haow long is't sense yu larsed et him, and called him "Pickayune?"
Did yu find he was tu big a coin for yu to hold genteely?
Or has he put yure notes ov war a little out ov tune?

Yu offer us ten thaousand for the hed ov Butler, do yu?
Wa'al, I don't ihuteh wunder at it—but yu may just spare yure pains;
But I'll tell yu, (ef yu know enuff to git the idee thru yu,) Yu'd better (fur yu need 'em) wish fur Ginerol Butler's brains!

CHARITY GRIMES.

What must be the emotions of an Assistant Surgeon who gets such an application as this for a "furlow?"

MRS. DR. —.

Ser to you ower plase to Let me Goe before the bord for a furlow and plas to ouse your ininfloune bn that I am 'old and Afflicked in soe doen you will Ablige A old frend.

AN AMUSING ANECDOTE.

The *Sommer*, a journal published at Ems, Germany, relates the following amusing anecdote:

"The Princess of Neuwied has a beautiful little summer residence near Ems, where numerous guests are hospitably entertained during the season. Latterly she had invited Major Paris, commandant at Neuwied, to dinner, an honor which the Major had accepted, but, finding himself on the appointed day unexpectedly prevented by his official duties, he wrote an excuse to the Princess, and entrusted the note to a *gendarme*, with instructions couched in the following terms:

"Take this letter to the Princess of Neuwied, and in returning, bring me my dinner."

"The Major, it must be understood, got his meals sent home from the Anchor Hotel. The *gendarme*, fully impressed with the importance of his mission, went to the palace and delivered the note to one of the Princess's attendants, who soon returned with a message to the effect that her Highness greatly regretted the Major's being unable to dine with her.

"It is all right then," replied the gendarme, "only the Major has ordered me to take him his dinner."

"The attendant, whose intellect must have been as bright as that of the doughty messenger, returned to her mistress and reported the message word for word, in the most sericus manner. The Princess, suspecting some droll misunderstanding, caused a large basket to be filled with dainties intended for her table, and intrusted it to the broad shoulders of the gendarme, who took it straight to his master. The Major needed not the wand of a magician to perceive that this feast did not come from the Anchor Hotel; so, questioning his ambassador, he learned the whole truth. Unwilling to scold the man for his simplicity, he said nothing, but invited two or three brother officers to help him to demolish the good things before him, and then bade the gendarme go and fetch him a magnificent dessert cake which he had happened to see at a pastry cook's. This cake, which cost five thalers, was immediately sent by the gendarme to the Princess, who bade her attendant give the bearer a thaler for his trouble. The man, on receiving the sum, begged pardon, but said he must have four thalers more, as the cake had cost five. The Princess, highly amused, ordered the sum to be paid; and the brave gendarme, returning to his master, and putting the money down, triumphantly exclaimed:

"There, sir! the Princess wanted to give me only one thaler, but I was no fool, and made her pay me the whole!"

"So saying, he stalked out of the room with the conviction that he could not fail being promoted at the very first opportunity. The Princess related this little adventure to her guests with great glee, and it became the general talk of the town."

Extortioners are chased into the next world by a writer in the Richmond Whig. He supposes some one to be watching their career on earth, and says:

He beholds the extortioner, the contractor, the quartermaster, and the commissary having a grand time after the war is over—building towering palaces—giving royal dinners, oriental suppers and Parisian balls—driving blooded horses—marrying their daughters to needy persons of respectable parentage—setting their sons up in princely style—in a word, making for themselves a great name in the land. He follows the splendid and interminable procession which attends the mortal remains of the Extortioner to the omb, or the sumptuous mausoleum, which, in his pride, he has

erected during his life-time, so that even death might pander to the vanity of ill-gotten riches. He pursues the corpse into Hades, and in an instant sees its limbs transformed into a gigantic skeleton hand, instinct with the fierce, insatiable mania of grasping. The body itself is metamorphosed into an enormous heart; shaped like a purse; and into that heart that hand begins to stuff solid flakes of fire—for there is naught else for the hand to grasp—and the heart is never full and the hand is never weary. But the heart is always about to burst, but never bursts, with the insufferable torment of fullness; yet the fierce hand will never desist from thrusting fresh fire into it. And so the Extortioner is righteously requited in everlasting hell.

GOETZEL & Co., the Mobile publishers, have addressed a letter to BULWER, the novelist, the gist of which is contained in the following extract:

The object of this is to state to you that we have taken the liberty to republish your "Strange Story." We issued ten thousand (10,000) copies in two editions, and have awarded you by our free will an international copyright of ten cents on each copy, and placed one thousand (\$1000) dollars to your credit, of which you can dispose at sight as soon as this intelligence will reach you. We will continue to practice the same system with other republications that we may undertake of your works, as well as of other European writers. This is the first time to our knowledge that a republication of an English work has been attempted in the Southern States, and we think not to err if we assure you that our practice is merely a small sample of Southern commercial dealings generally, and that all the other publishers of the South will act in the same spirit of justice and humanity.

The same house has in press "Tanhauser," by Young Bulwer, and a son of Lord Westmoreland; "The Confederate," by a South Carolinian; "Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe," by Miss Evans of London; "Raids and Romance of Morgan and his men," by Sallie Rochester Ford, of Louisville; "Great Expectations," by Chas. Dickens, and other publications.

They also announce the publication, at an early day, of a new Southern Magazine.

Some of the papers with which we used

to exchange, complain that they no longer receive the Messenger. Certainly not. The Messenger was sent to all our exchanges months and months after they ceased to exchange with us. The Virginia papers, the Charleston Mercury, and a few others, are the only papers that we now receive. Any others desirous of getting the Messenger, can do so by the usual courtesy.

Dr. BAGBY takes this method of thanking the many friends, some of them unknown, who have furnished him with Heroic Incidents for his proposed book. He trusts he will continue to be the recipient of such favors, until every Unknown Hero and Heroic Incident, has been numbered in his collection. Any persons who have made collections of such incidents, or of humorous anecdotes, and who are willing to part with them, will obtain a copy of one or both volumes by sending them to his address, to wit: Dr. G. W. BAGBY, Richmond, Va. Papers which have kindly copied his announcement of the above works, will confer an additional favor, by copying the foregoing.

Among the War Phenomena, which may be added to the list given in another part of the Editor's Table, are the Comet, which appeared suddenly and without warning from the astronomers, just before the battle of Manassas, and, as seen from Beauregard's head-quarters, near the entrenched camp, seemed to hang just over the battlefield; the terrific thunder-storm just before the battle of Seven Pines; the Battle Rainbow, celebrated in the elegant verses of John R. Thompson, which spanned the area traversed in the Seven Days Battles before Richmond; and, lastly, the remarkable Aurora Borealis, which appeared just after the battle at Fredericksburg, and terminated its magnificent display, in a bloody meteoric cloud, which floated off to the East.

NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, Feb. 22, '63.

Editor Southern Literary Messenger:

In a communication which appeared in your January number, (vide page 30,) occurs the following:

"On Sunday preceding the surrender (of

Harper's Ferry,) two battles were fought in Maryland, one near Boonsboro' by D. H. Hill, of Longstreet's corps—the other at Crampton Gap, by a portion of McLaw's Division. In this last, the 6th and 12th Va. Regiments held the pass for two hours and a half, against nine brigades of the enemy, and retired only after their ammunition had been entirely exhausted. Why this handful were not reinforced in proper time, is a question I cannot answer. I suppose the authorities were satisfied, as I have heard of no steps being had against the brigadier, who was charged with the defence of the pass, &c."

The 16th Virginia Regiment, not mentioned above, had its full participation in the desperate affair, last alluded to. I do not disparage the 6th and 12th. Of the three regiments (all of Mahone's Brigade) only 520 men were present, and the result of the action is a sufficient commentary on the conduct of all. As I happened to be in command on the occasion alluded to, I feel it my duty to mention the omission, as an act of justice to the true and the brave, which the "Messenger," I am confident, will be as ready to render, as I to suggest. In this connection, it is pleasant to associate the name of the gallant Col. Munford, who was present with a detachment of cavalry.

Please note also these errata:

I. These troops are not of the Division of McLaws, but of R. H. Anderson, a leader, by the way, whom they delight to follow.

II. Only eight (8) brigades of the enemy were actually engaged.

Gen. McClellan in his report, says that he sent Gen. Franklin with 20,000 men by way of South Mountain, to reinforce Harper's Ferry, but they met the rebels at Crampton Gap and were held in check till night prevented their further advance. Had Gen. McC. known that his 20,000 met only 570 rebels, *all told*, and this number about one-third of Gen. Franklin's "casualties," he might have been tempted to seek other defence for the neglect which had been imputed to him.

The two last sentences of quotation above, raise points, which I as an officer, am not at liberty to discuss.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
W. A. PARHAM,
Colonel 41st Va. Regt.

The writer of the above, requests us to "meet the point in some way." Impossible—we are not General enough for that.

To the parents of the youthful patriot,
MELZAR G. FISKE,* who fell mortally
wounded, at the battle of Malvern Hill,
near Richmond, July 1st, 1862; by their
friend and Pastor, Rev. I. W. K. HANDY,
D. D.

Father! Mother!—dry your tears;
Cease your noble boy to mourn;
He, in glory, now appears,
From a world of evil torn.

Murmur not, at God's decree,
Righteous in its true intent;
Wisely, let your hearts agree,
To His purpose, kindly meant.

Left he not his happy home,
In the cause of Truth, and Right?
Felt his soul a wish to roam
Save to break the Despot's might?

Lov'd he, *well*, his native South—
His was not a childish freak,
Days ago, his truthful mouth,
Highest motives did bespeak.

* Melzar Gardner Fiske, was the son of D. D. Fiske, Esq., Editor of the "Daily Transcript," Portsmouth, Va. He was a youth of only sixteen and a half years; amiable; handsome; of fine attainments; and a christian. He entered Mercer University, at Penfield, Ga., soon after the commencement of the war; but feeling it his duty to assist, in the defence of his native State, against the aggressions of her enemies, obtained an honorable dismissal from that institution; returned to Portsmouth, and immediately tendered his services, as a volunteer in the army. He was an accomplished soldier, having been for several years a Cadet at the Military Institute, under Prof. N. B. Webster, A. M., and* was the youngest member of company K. 9th Regt. Va. Vols.—"Old Dominion Guard." This noble boy died in one of the Richmond Hospitals, on the 3d day of July, 1862, from severe wounds received, in charging a battery, at the battle of Malvern Hill. During that terrible contest, he was noticed in the very front rank, loading and firing, even after he had received two shots—one in the arm and another in the leg. After his fall, he displayed the same heroic bravery—evinced more concern for the death of his Captain, than on account of himself.

His remains have been temporarily deposited in Hollywood Cemetery.

Full of indignation, he;
Fir'd with manly sense of wrong;
Justly prizing liberty—
Name, and praise, to him belong.

Patriot boy, thy work is done!
Dashing, foremost, in the strife,
Thou the victor's wreath hath won,
Sacrificing precious life!

In the sacred fane of Truth;
On thy Country's altar bright,
Thou hast offer'd up thy youth,
Gifted mind, and garner'd light.

Strange! that such a slender lad—
Gentle as the smiling day,
Such a dauntless spirit had,
Thus to join the fierce array.

Doubtless, for *this* work he came—
Gift of Heav'n to parents glad;
Shall they, now, th' Almighty blame.—
In the *finish'd* work be sad?

Weeping parents! lift your eyes!
See your brave and Christian boy!—
Hark! those shouts in Paradise!
'Tis your MELZAR, crown'd with joy!!

A PAGAN LEGEND OF CHRIST.

Publius Lentulus, assumed by some to have been pro-consul of Judea prior to Herod, is reported to have seen the Saviour and to have written the following letter to the Roman Senate: "At this time appeared a man who is still living, and endowed with power. His name is Jesus Christ. His disciples call him the Son of God; others regard him as a powerful prophet. He raises the dead to life, and heals the sick of every description of infirmity. This man is of lofty stature and well proportioned; his countenance severe and virtuous, so that he inspires beholders with feelings both of fear and love. The hair of his head is of the color of wine, and from the top of the head to the ear, straight and without radiance, but it descends from the ears to the shoulders in shining curls. From the shoulders the hair floats down the back, divided into two portions, after the manner of the Nazarenes; his forehead is clear and without wrinkle; his face from blemish, and slightly tinged with red; his physiognomy noble and gracious. The nose and mouth are faultless. His beard is abundant—the same color as the hair, and forked. His eyes are blue and very brilliant. In reproving or censuring, he is awe inspiring; in exhorting and teaching, his speech is gentle and caressing. His countenance is marvelous in seriousness

and grace. He has never been seen to laugh, but many have seen him weep. He is slender in person, his hands are straight and long; and his arms are beautiful. Grave and solemn in his discourse, his language is simple and quiet. In appearance he is the most beautiful of the children of men."

Tennyson's welcome to the bride of the Prince of Wales is worth republishing—perhaps.

THE LAUREATE WELCOME.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON—POET LAUREATE.

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
 Alexandra!
 Saxon and Norman, and Dane are we,
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
 Alexandra!
 Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
 Welcome her, thundering cheer of the
 street!
 Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
 Scatter the blossom under her feet!
 Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
 Make music, O bird, in the new budded
 bowers!
 Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
 Warble, O bugle, and trumpet blare!
 Flags flutter out upon turrets and towers,
 Flames on the windy headland flare!
 Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
 Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
 Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
 Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
 Alexandra!
 Sea-king's daughter as happy as fair,
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
 O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
 Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
 For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,
 Teuton, or Celt, or whatever we be,
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of
 thee,
 Alexandra!

The number of books published in Great Britain for the year ending November 1862, was 4828, of which 642 were religious, 337 represented biography and history, 673 belonged to poetry and general literature, and 925 were works of fiction.

A new attempt at flying is exciting some attention in Paris. An ingenious inventor has perfected an apparatus by which he

says the speed of the sparrow may be attained in the air, and he promises soon to prove the truth of his assertion. Another inventor has revived the project of laying on music to houses by means of electricity. With the help of wires, such as are used for the electric telegraph, he promises to cause a piano in St. Petersburg to play the same tune that is being played on another piano in Paris or London. One Mr. Faber has invented a remarkable automation. It sings the National British air, "God Save the Queen." words and music. It speaks the most difficult words with rather an unearthly sound, and is the result of years of patient labour guided by great ingenuity.

The Cornhill Magazine publishes the experience of an English traveler in Richmond and Washington during the war. The writer thinks Richmond the least wicked of the two places, but spares the political and social morals of neither. Of our President he says: "First among the great personages in Richmond is the President, with his slight agile figure and intense face. He is a little grey, a trifling haggard and careworn, but as fully equal to the responsibility of his part, as when, sixteen years ago, he met with a few Mississippi friends the shock of a thousand Mexican lanceers. His manners have been likened to those of Washington, to whose position indeed his own very much corresponds. Like the great Chief he has been maligned at home and caricatured abroad, but none have been more modest, prudent and devoted.

Our English friend had an apparition of Alexander H. Stevens, whom he sketches thus: "The Vice President goes ambling between his home and the capitol, bowed, furrowed and hollow of eye and cheek—something to see with a shudder and never forget."

According to the English papers, the Great International Exhibition is dead, failed and gone out like a squib. One of them says: "The final ceremonial in January, at which prizes, given in many cases by persons in wholesale trade to their retail customers, were to have been formally presented by the Prince of Wales, has been given up. The Prince has been clumsily told by the Commissioners that his services will not be wanted, and the vast unsightly building, empty and cheerless, has been handed over to the contractors as old rubbish. This is not a dignified ending, but no one is astonished at it."

John Brougham's "Tread light, for my heart is under your feet, love," is more than

equaled by a lover who thus goes skating on his lady's heart:

"Her heart is like a frozen lake,
On whose cold brink I stand;
Oh, buckle on my spirit's skate,
And take me by the hand;
And lead, thou loving saint, the way
To where the ice is thin,
That it may break beneath my feet,
And let a lover in."

The Richmond correspondent of the "Knoxville Register" tells the following:

THE POOR CHILD—ITS BURIAL PLACE.

Last Sunday I went to "Hollywood," the famed Cemetery of Richmond. Time, when peace is restored, will make it an attractive spot. Though the site is admirably chosen and many of the monuments costly and tasteful, yet the gravestones are all of recent date. I never cared to wander through a grave-yard in which there were no old tombstones. Men just buried are too nearly allied to the living—the gulf that separates us is neither deep nor wide enough to excite those strangely sad emotions which are experienced when we seek to decipher the time-worn epitaphs, which ascribe to ashes beneath all the virtues of our race. Two Ex-Presidents sleep in Hollywood, and not far away there are countless graves of the soldiers of the South, the victims of insatiate Revolution. Monumental marble shall mark the last resting places of statesmen who achieved all the ends of human ambition, but the graves of soldiers who gave their lives for their country's emancipation, have no mark to designate the spot where the true representatives of unselfish patriotism have returned to dust. When war no longer desolates the land, when prosperity reigns, and a grateful people would honor the illustrious dead, there shall not be wanting a Mausoleum to tell posterity that Hollywood is consecrated in a nation's heart.

There they lie, beneath those little hillocks, with rude boards as head-stones, the gallant men who fell in all the battles around Richmond. There, too, are those whose lives went away from bodies racked with pain in Richmond Hospitals. Mothers, and wives, and sisters, shall visit Hollywood through many coming years, from all the Southern States, that they may view the spot where the loved and lost repose in undistinguished graves.

I stood upon Holy Ground.

The funeral train of poverty came slow-

ly in at the gateway as I was going out. A market wagon contained a little coffin of rough boards. A gray haired negro was the driver, and three women, an old man, and half a dozen thinly clad little girls and boys followed very slowly—all with measured steps and sad faces. As I was going out a child, eight or nine years old, poorly clad, was closing the gate. Her face was pretty, and her large lustrous eyes grew bright when I asked the name of the occupant of the coffin. She seemed to think that every body should know that "Mary" was dead. "It is strange that you did not know Mary. I thought almost every body knew her—she was so good and gentle and kind, and she was her mother's only child. I went to school with Mary."

The simplicity and earnestness of the child, interested me. I wished to know more of Mary and of that poor, heart-broken woman, so meanly attired, who was following with unsteady steps her only child to the grave. I cannot, of course, give the language of the little girl, but she said, "when I used to look at Mary I wondered how people could ever call her homely—there were so many shades of color in her eyes when I was talking to her, and the blood would come and go in her pale cheeks. She used to help the little children across the muddy streets, and give away her scanty meal to some poor child who was hungry at school. She would teach me, too, the hard, long words in my geography. When the other girls made fun of my dress because it had holes in it, and my mother there, who is poor, like Mary's, could not buy me another, Mary used to put her arm around me to conceal the rents. I used to think there was a pretty light around Mary's sweet face, like that which mother showed me in the picture of our Saviour. Those who did not know Mary well, did not think she was so beautiful, but we little children did. She was kindest and gentlest to the poorest of us."

I had never listened to an eulogium upon the dead more touching than this which fell from the tremulous lips and tearful eyes of Mary's friend.

She is not homely now. The bright sun when it goes down again upon the little childish group who come tripping out of the old school-house, shall not add lustre to the changeful eyes and pale cheeks of Mary; her seat in school is vacant, her satchel lies idly on the shelf. The spider will weave his busy web upon the wall in Mary's garret; but there are no lustrous, lonely eyes to watch him. The heart-broken mother shall often dream that she hears, and listen in vain for the soft, sweet

accents of little Mary's voice; she shall see Mary. *not here*, and many like her, of whom the earth was not worthy.

How coldly and rudely the clods that struck Mary's coffin fell upon that mother's heart! A piercing shriek escaped her lips—then all was still again, except the falling of the dull, heavy earth with which the old man filled the shallow grave.

When all were leaving the place, I asked the school-child friend of Mary how she came to die. "I don't know," she answered; "mother said that the war took bread from the poor in Richmond, and Mary's mother is very, very poor."

We group together here a number of the signs and wonders of the times. They are wonderful indeed.

OMENS OF PEACE.—A correspondent of the "Floridian and Sentinel," writing from Fredericksburg, gives the following singular freak of nature a place in his letter. He says:

While speaking of peace there is a legend connected with a spring near Fredericksburg, which I will relate for the benefit of the curious: According to tradition, this spring was discovered running three months before the revolutionary war. Three months before a treaty of peace it dried up and ceased to run. It commenced running again three months before the war of 1812, and three months before its close, as in the revolutionary war, it again dried up, and so with the Mexican war. Three months before the fall of Fort Sumter, it commenced running, and a short time since dried up.

I give as my author for this an aged man, who was born and is living near the spring, and who has considerable property, and offers to bet it all that we will have peace in three months from the drying up of the spring.

A CROSS IN THE SKY.—A well defined cross was seen in the sky a few nights since. A correspondent of the Wilmington, (N. C.) "Journal," writing from Kinston, N. C., gives the following description of the phenomena:

The moon rose cloudless. At a little before 7 o'clock, two bright spots, some 12 degrees in extent, were visible, one North and the other South, and immediately thereafter a cross was seen in the heavens, the moon joining the four arms of the cross. About half past 8 o'clock the Northern light went out, but the cross and the spot to the South remained until past

ten, when I retired. Can any one tell when the cross has appeared before, since the days of Constantine, when the letters I H S accompanied the sign?

A singular atmospheric phenomenon, says the Charleston "Mercury," resembling the *mirage*, was noticed about 11 o'clock a few days ago, in the Northern heavens. The sky was cloudless, and from elevated positions in the city a bird's-eye landscape of the country bordering the horizon on the North could be plainly seen pictured in the sky. The *mirage*, if such it was, extended for a distance of about 90 degrees in width, and rose about 30 degrees above the horizon.

PEACE IN THIRTY DAYS.—This question has at last been settled. A more than Delphian oracle has spoken, and the prophetic announcement was vouchsafed to the people of Lynchburg, Va. It was mysteriously engraved on the shell of an egg in these words—"PEACE IN THIRTY DAYS FROM EASTER SUNDAY." This wonderful egg was exposed for sale at the market house among common and uninspired eggs, on Saturday, and the gentleman was so delighted with the joyous proclamation of pacific import which it bore, that he voluntarily gave twenty dollars for it, and has it now in careful keeping. The Lynchburg papers state that the vendor, who is an honest man, declares that he knows nothing about the inscription. The letters are crude, heteroclyte, some of them almost hieroglyphic, and seem to be ingrained and formed in the composition of the shell. They have no artificial look. The Virginian bows to the sybalistic wisdom of the hen that produced it, and blesses her for the glad revelation she has made. Glorious be her memory.

After reading about the egg, we are forced to exclaim, in the language of a respected relation, "Lord knows! what are we a comin' to?"

We should be glad to get more compliments of this sort.

60th VA. REG'T, 4th BRIGADE, }
March 9th, 1863. }

Editor S. L. Messenger:

I have been for sometime back reading your excellent Magazine. I need not say that I have been highly pleased with it—in fact, I am delighted. Its truly interesting and romantic War Reminiscences—its brilliant poetical and classical essays, cannot fail to win the approbation of every one; they make it a production well suited

to the time and occasion. It is very rapidly gaining popularity with both citizen and soldier, and needs only its high character to become known, to ensure it a very extensive circulation in the army.

I have chosen the Messenger as a suitable gift to a young lady friend, to whom I feel deeply indebted for much kindness. I enclose \$3, for which you will please send the Southern Literary Messenger, for one year, beginning with the 1st of January, 1863, to Miss _____.

BELPHŒBE.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,

Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,

And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright.

That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:

In them the blinded god his lustfull frye
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might,
For, with dredd majestie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched
base desyre.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itselſe disprede,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great god-
hed:

All good and honour might therein be red;
For there their dwelling was. And, when
she spake,

Sweete wordes, like dropping honey, she
did shed;

And 'twixt the perles and rubins softly
brake

A silver sound, that heavenly musicke
seemed to make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her
bowes:

So glorious mirrhour of celestiaall grace,
And soveraine monument of mortall vowes,

How shall frayle pen describe her heaven-
ly face,

For feare, through want of skill, her beauty
to disgrace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more
faire,

She seemed, when she presented was to
sight;

And was yelad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lily white,
Purſled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinkled was through-
out

With golden aygulets.

* * *

THE MAN WHO WON'T PAY THE PRINTER.
A country editor, who works for glory and
prints on trust, is responsible for the fol-
lowing anathematical aspiration on the
man who won't pay the printer:

May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut
burr for an eye-stone. May every day of
his life be more despotic than the Dey of
Algiers. May he never be permitted to
kiss a handsome woman. May his boots
leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing
lines break. May his coffee be sweetened
with flies, and his soup seasoned with spi-
ders. May his friend run off with his wife,
and his children take the whooping-cough.
May his cattle die of murrain, and his pigs
destroy his garden. May a regiment of
cats caterwaul under his window each
night. May his cows give sour milk and
rancid butter. In short, may his daughter
marry a one-eyed editor, and his business
go to ruin, and he go to — the Legisla-
ture.

Notices of New Works.

CAMPAIGN FROM TEXAS TO MARYLAND. By
Rev. N. A. Davis, Chaplain to the 4th
Texas Regiment. Richmond, 1863.

One of the most agreeable books pub-
lished for some time. Mr. Davis has set a
good example to the skilful writers in all
other regiments. Each regiment, nay each
company, should record its own history.
Doubtless there will be imperfect and par-
tial views taken in these little histories,
but they will be of deep interest to all who
are connected with the regiments and will
be sure to sell well. If regiments claim
too much, that is a small matter. There
are a dozen regiments, each of which be-

lieves it took Rickett's battery, at the first battle of Manassas, and no one objects to the delusion. Better partial histories than none at all. But Mr Davis takes care to claim no honor that he cannot sustain by the official reports of division commanders. The work comes from the press of the Presbyterian Committee of Publication. It ought to have a large sale in this State, for Virginians glory in the pluck of the Texans.

THE AMERICAN UNION. By James Spence. West & Johnston, Richmond, 1863.

The effect of the Union on the national character and policy, is here discussed by a bold English thinker, who at the same time institutes an exhausting inquiry as to the constitutional right of secession, which he maintains broadly and unqualifiedly. The book closes with an examination of the causes which led to the disruption of the Union. Barring some unsound, narrow and quite illogical views of Slavery, Mr. Spence has earned for himself the title of the ablest advocate of the South in all Europe, not excepting the Confederate writers residing there. So great was the interest felt in the questions discussed by Mr. S., and such the clearness of his style, and the forcefulness of his vindication of the South, that his book passed rapidly through three editions, and the copy before us, the first American reprint from the fourth English edition. We commend the book to our readers.

ABRAM: A Military Poem. By A Young Rebelle, Esq., of the Army. Richmond Macfarlane & Fergusson. 1863.

A string of smoothly-running rhymes about Lincoln, Stonewall, McClellan, Pope, Burnside & Co., with a very droll preface in place of an appendix. The author is a Texan, and we doubt not his comrades of Hood's old brigade will enjoy this little book nearly as much as they do a hard day's fight after a long march.

CLARIMONDE: By a Member of the N. O. Washington Artillery. Richmond. M. A. Malsby. 1863.

This story of life in New Orleans, and of the present war, comes to us too late to be noticed in the present number. We intend to "bias our mind," as Sydney Smith would say, before the next issue. From what we hear of the author, we doubt not the tale is an interesting one.

WEST & JOHNSTON'S STANDARD DRAMA. *The Guerrillas: An Original Dramatic Drama.* In Three Acts. By Jas. D. M'Cabe, Jr.

First original drama produced in the Southern Confederacy; played for the first time at the Richmond Varieties, on Monday evening, Dec. 22nd, 1862. Was "enthusiastically received by the public, and had a successful run for an entire week."

Managers of theatres in the Confederacy ought to read Charles Reade's "Eighth Commandment." From that book they will learn that the way to ensure really good original plays, is to pay—not high—but very high prices for them. If Mr. Manager Ogden desires to immortalize himself as the founder of the Southern Drama—which ought to be as high as the character of the people—let him offer \$10,000 or \$20,000 for the best Southern play. If \$300 bought Timrod's fine poem, what will \$20,000 do? He can figure the sum for himself.

SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

The April number of this admirable periodical was received just as we were going to press.

ORDNANCE MANUAL. West & Johnston. 1863.

A complete work, of nearly 600 pages, with copious plates, tables, etc., prepared under the direction of Col. Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance; approved by the Secretary of War. Printed on fine paper by Evans & Cogswell of Charleston, and handsomely bound—in fact, one of the most stylish works published since the war began—a very creditable work in peace times. Can more be said—need it?

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA. J. W. Randolph, Richmond.

An excellent map of the country from Sharpsburg, Maryland, to Fredericksburg.

SPEECH OF W. G. SWANN, of Tenn.

A forcible protest against the folly of begging and whining for recognition.

MARYLAND'S CRISIS.

An able pamphlet, by W. J. Buchanan, showing pretty conclusively that Maryland is conquered, and will remain, during all time, subject to the Yankee tyranny.

THE GREAT BOOK OF THE DAY.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.

By EDWARD A POLLARD.

WEST & JOHNSTON, Publishers.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!

Five Thousand Copies already disposed of, and Twenty Thousand Copies of this Great Book will be disposed of by the 1st of January.

It is a Southern Book by a Southern author!

It is called for by old and young, male and female!

Its authenticity cannot be doubted, and should be read by all.

PRICE—TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF. By Mail, \$3.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

From the Atlanta (Ga.) *Intelligencer*:

"We recognize, however, in the few introductory pages of 'The First Year of the War' that we have hastily perused, truth set forth by this brilliant writer with brevity and force, and with that graceful diction which has won the admiration of all who are familiar with his writings. * * * * * It supplies what is much needed—a history of the first year of the war, the causes that produced it, and the battles fought in it, from the beginning down to the defeat of McClellan's army near Richmond."

From the Atlanta (Ga.) *Southern Confederacy*:

"'The First Year of the War' is from the large and enterprising publishing house of West & Johnston, Richmond, and written by Edward A. Pollard, author of 'Black Diamonds,' etc., one of the best informed men upon the political history of this country, and a most forcible and vigorous writer. * * * It is a most readable and instructive book, gotten up with surprising accuracy, and will repay a careful perusal."

From the Charleston *Mercury*:

"From the teeming press of West & Johnston, publishers, Richmond, we have a volume of nearly four hundred pages, a history of 'The First Year of the War.' The book itself seems all that the author claims it to be. The style, though not labored is pleasant and vigorous. * * * * * In the presentation of the facts themselves, we have nowhere detected any tendency towards unfairness of statement. The book may be regarded as a faithful reflex of the views of the calmer portion of the people of the South, in respect to the events of the war at the time of their occurrence."

From the Richmond *Dispatch*:

"Mr. Pollard is already well known to the public as the author of 'Black Diamonds,' etc. The present work is written in the peculiarly animated and racy style of the author, and will command an extensive sale. Mr. P. has enjoyed unusual facilities for collecting information, and has made the best use of it. The book is written with candor and impartiality, and as far as we can judge, strictly truthful and very interesting."

The Richmond *Examiner* says:

"It is the most elaborate and valuable literary contribution that has yet been made to the interests of the South; that it will not only entice, but repay, the curiosity of all readers."

From the Richmond *Whig*:

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