

MISCELLANY

An Incident of the War.

BY M. W. M.

[On one occasion during the war in Virginia, General Lee was lying asleep by the way-side, when an army of 15,000 men passed by with hushed voices and footsteps, lest they should disturb his slumbers.]

O'ercome with weariness and care,
The war-worn veteran lay
On the green turf of his native land,
And slumbered by the way.
The breeze that sighed across his brow,
And smoothed its deepened lines,
Fresh from his own loved mountains bore
The murmur of his pines,
And the glad sound of waters;
The blue, rejoicing streams,
Whose sweet, familiar tones were blent
With the music of his dreams;
They brought no sound of battle's din,
Shrill life or claron,
But only tenderest memories
Of his own fair Arlington.

While thus the chieftain slumbered,
Forgetful of his care,
The hollow tramp of thousands
Came sounding thro' the air;
With ringing spur and sabre,
And trampling feet, they came—
Gay plume and rustling banner,
And life and trump, and drum;
But soon the foremost column
Sees where, beneath the shade,
In slumber, calm as childhood,
Their wearied chief is laid;
And down the line a murmur
From lip to lip there ran,
Until the still whisper
Had spread to rear and van;
And o'er the host, a silence
As deep and sudden fell,
As tho' some mighty wizard
Had hushed them with a spell;
And every sound was muffled,
And every soldier's tread
Fell lightly as a mother's
Round her baby's cradle-bed;
And rank and file, and column,
So softly on they swept;
It seemed a ghostly army
Had passed him as he slept;
But mightier than enchantment
Was that whose magic wave
The spell that hushed their voices—
Deepest reverence and love.

[Metropolitan Record.]

The Volunteer Counsel.

A THRILLING STORY.

John Taylor was licensed, when a youth of twenty-two, to practice at the bar. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beauty, who afterwards deserted him for another.

On the 9th of April, 1840, the Court House in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was about to be tried. George Hopkins, a wealthy planter, had offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced great excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against her character, and she sued him for slander. Both suits were pending—for murder and slander.

The interest became deeper when it was known that Pike and Ashley, of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees, had been retained to defend Hopkins.

Hopkins was acquitted. The Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a fight of dwarf against giant.

The slander case was for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as well as excitement; public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. When the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary bursting into tears.

"In such case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" said the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent. "I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, behind the bar.

At the sound of that voice many started—it was unhealthy, sweet and mournful. The first sensation was changed into laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His clothes looked so shabby that the court hesitated to let the case proceed through his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up with a sneer. "Here is my license from the highest tribunal of America," and he handed the Judge a broad parchment. The trial went on.

He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story, and he allowed the defence to lead off. Ashley spoke first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the house down in cheers, in which the jury joined.

It was now the stranger's turn. He rises—before the bar, not behind it—and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bony finger. He proceeded to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melted away at his touch like frost before a sunbeam; every one looked surprised. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle, and his eyes to open, dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire-globes, and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye; the full heart streamed out of his face. Then without bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, he turned short around on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into shreds, and hurled into their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspens, and two of them fled from the court house. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united souls seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of the stranger; he inspired them with the power of his malignant passions; he seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eye began to glance at the assassin Hopkins, as his lean taper fingers assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet ditches of dilemma, and held the slanderer up to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girt him about with a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions became as impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ear with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undersong of the softest cadence. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard, like that of a maniac, and eye and anon he flung his long and bony arms on high as if grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such colors, that, in comparison, hell itself might be considered beautiful; he painted the slander so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday, when shining on such an accursed monster, and then fixing both portraits on the sinking Hopkins, fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from the peril height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead and living—the beautiful Mary more beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and sobbed like children.

He closed with a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders; he advised the panel, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve; in other words, "not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment with God." This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury returned a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of bed and beaten almost to death. As the court adjourned the stranger said: "John Taylor will preach here this evening, at early candle light."

He did preach and the house was crowded. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dwight, Bascom and Beecher—but never heard anything in the form of sublime words even remotely approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.

New York Advertisements.

To the Citizens of South Carolina.
The termination of a sanguinary contest, which for the past four years has presented an impassable barrier to a social or commercial intercourse between the two great sections of our country, having at length happily cleared away all obstacles to a removal of those relations which formerly bound us together in a fraternal union, I take the earliest opportunity afforded me by this auspicious event, to greet my Southern friends, and to solicit from them a renewal of that extensive business connection which for a quarter of a century has been

uninterrupted, save by the great public calamity to which I have alluded.

It is scarcely necessary, on the threshold of a business re-union, I should repeat the warning so often given to my friends—to beware of all those spurious and deleterious compounds which, under the specious and false titles of Imported Wines, Brandies, Holland Gin, Liqueurs, &c., have been equally destructive to the health of our citizens as prejudicial to the interests of the legitimate importer.

Many years of my past life have been expended in an open and candid attempt to expose these wholesale frauds; no time or expense has been spared to accomplish this salutary purpose, and to place before my friends and the public generally, at the lowest possible market price, and in such quantities as might suit their convenience, a truly genuine imported article.

Twenty-five years' business transactions with the largest and most respectable exporting houses in France and Great Britain have afforded me unsurpassed facilities for supplying our home market with Wines, Liqueurs and Liqueurs of the best and most approved brands in Europe, in addition to my own distillery in Holland for the manufacture of the "Schiedam Schnapps."

The latter, so long tested and approved by the medical faculties of the United States, West Indies and South America as an invaluable Therapeutic, a wholesome, pleasant and perfectly safe beverage in all climates and during all seasons, quickly excited the cupidty of the home manufacturers and vendors of a spurious article under the same name.

I trust that I have, after much toil and expense, surrounded all my importations with safeguards and directions which, with ordinary circumspection, will insure their delivery, as I receive them from Europe, to all my customers.

I would, however, recommend, in all cases where it is possible, that orders be sent direct to my Depot, 22 Beaver street, New York, or that purchases be made of my accredited agents.

In addition to a large stock of Wines, Brandies, &c., in wood, I have a considerable supply of old tried foreign Wines, embracing vintages of many past years, bottled up before the commencement of the war, which I can especially recommend to all connoisseurs of these rare luxuries.

In conclusion, I would specially call the attention of my Southern customers to the advantage to be derived by transmitting their orders without loss of time, or calling personally at the Depot, in order to insure the fulfillment of their favors from the present large and well selected assortment.

UDOLPHO WOLFE,
Oct 2 1mo 22 Beaver st., New York.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1818.]

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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
BOOTS AND SHOES,
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Piano Fortes Tuned and Repaired in town or country. Applications made, or orders left at the Bookstore of Messrs. Townsend & North, or at the Store of F. B. Orchard & Co., Plain street, near Nickerson's Hotel.
Oct 6*

Charleston Advertisements.

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Wholesale

Paper Commission Merchants,
No. 4 HAYNE STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C.
ALSO Dealers in Seamless Grain and Flour BAGS, and Hollingsworth & Whitney's Patent Machine PAPER BAGS.
Oct 11 5

ZIMMERMAN DAVIS,
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OFFERS his services to his friends as a FACTOR and COMMISSION MERCHANT. Particular attention paid to the sale of Cotton and other Produce. Also, to the purchase of family supplies. Office corner Accommodation Wharf and East Bay, Charleston, S. C. Oct 5 1mo

W. H. JEFFERS & CO.,
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CHARLESTON, S. C.,
ARE prepared to receive and forward all COTTON and MERCHANDIZE consigned to their care at Orangeburg and Hopkins' Turn-Out, on South Carolina Railroad. On completion of the road to Columbia, they will continue business at that place.

By strict attention to business and moderate charges, they hope to merit a share of patronage. Oct 6 1mo
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Liverpool, England.
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WE have this day entered into copartnership, for the purpose of conducting a GENERAL COMMISSION and BANKING BUSINESS at each of the points above named.

Our attention will also be devoted to filling orders and making collections for our Southern friends.
Advances made on consignments of PRODUCE to either firm. Very respectfully,
J. N. BEACH, of Liverpool.
E. W. MARSHALL, of Charleston.
S. ROOT, of Atlanta, Ga.
E. SALOMON, late of New Orleans.

REFERENCES.
UNION BANK, Liverpool.
H. R. CLAFLIN & CO., New York.
J. H. BROWER, Esq., New York.
H. ROBERTS, Savannah.
C. M. FURMAN, Esq., President Bank of State S. C., Charleston.
E. J. HART & CO., New Orleans.
JOHN CALDWELL, Columbia, S. C.
Sept 26 19

Forwarding Agency.
THE undersigned would inform their friends and patrons in Charleston and the up-country, that they will follow the South Carolina Railroad, as it advances from Orangeburg to Columbia; having an office at the terminus, where they will continue their business as heretofore.
GEORGE H. WALTER & SON,
Oct 8 8 Orangeburg, S. C.

MERCHANT'S HOTEL,
CORNER KING AND SOCIETY STS.,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
PROPRIETORS
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IMMENSE ATTRACTION AT THE

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ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

It is now re-opened, after a suspension of four years, with greater facilities than ever. The proprietor now offers for sale

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, TRUNKS, &c.,

AT WHOLESALE ONLY, at the lowest possible quotations, and receiving IMMENSE CONSIGNMENTS semi-weekly from the largest and most reliable manufacturers. The proprietor takes pleasure in calling the attention of the trade—the local merchants of the States of Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama and Florida—to the extensive stock of BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, TRUNKS, etc.

ORDERS NEATLY AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

EDWARD DALY,
AGENT FOR MANUFACTURERS.

Sept 24

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HAVING been appointed Agent for the sale of BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS and HATS by several of the most prominent manufacturers at the North, and now located at

NO. 138 MEETING STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C.
I offer this CHOICE STOCK OF GOODS for sale by the PACKAGE ONLY.
The Trade will please notice.

EDWARD DALY, Agent.

Sept 24

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AND

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76 EAST BAY,

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CHARLESTON, S. C.

HAVE constantly on hand a full supply

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rates. Advances made on consign-

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FIRST-CLASS STEAMERS

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The new and favorite passenger steamer

MONIKA,

CAPT. MARSHMAN,

WILL leave Accommodation Wharf on

THURSDAY, October 12, at 6 o'clock.

These vessels alternating weekly, offering

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FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER BOAT, with

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There will be a mail bag kept at the office

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ARCHIBALD GETTY & CO.,

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CHARLESTON, S. C.

F. A. WILCOXSON, Agent,

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