

# The Edgefield Advertiser.

"WE WILL CLING TO THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF OUR LIBERTIES, AND IF IT MUST FALL, WE WILL PERISH AMIDST THE RUINS."

SIMKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., NOVEMBER 6, 1861.

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## Bingen.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There were lack of woman's nursing, there was  
death of woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-  
blood ebbed away,  
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he  
might say:  
The dying soldier falter'd, and he took that com-  
rade's hand,  
And he said, "I never more shall see my own,  
my native land;  
Take a message, and a token, to some distant  
friend of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the  
Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they  
meet and crowd around,  
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vine-  
yard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the  
day was done,  
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the  
settling sun;  
And 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown  
old in war—  
The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last  
of many scars;  
And some were young, and suddenly befall'd life's  
morn decline,  
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on  
the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort  
her old age;  
And I was still a truant bird, that thought his  
home a cage,  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child  
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles  
heroic and wild;  
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty  
hoard,  
I let them take whatever they would—but kept  
my father's sword;  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright  
light used to shine,  
On the cottage wall at Bingen—fair Bingen on  
the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with  
drooping head,  
When the troops are marching home again, with  
glad and gallant tread;  
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and  
steadfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid  
to die;  
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my  
name,  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;  
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's  
honor and mine)  
For the honor of old Bingen—fair Bingen on the  
Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister—in the happy days  
gone by,  
You have known her by the merriment that spark'd  
in her eye;  
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle re-  
veries—  
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes some-  
times heaviest mourning,  
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this  
morn be risen,  
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of  
prison).  
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow  
sunlight shine,  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on  
the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or  
seemed to hear,  
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus  
sweet and clear;  
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting  
hill,  
That echoing chorus sounded through the evening  
calm and still;  
And her glad, blue eyes were on me, as we pass'd  
with friendly talk,  
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-re-  
member'd walk;  
And her little hand lay lightly, consolingly in  
mine;  
But we'll meet no more in Bingen—loved Bingen  
on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser—his grasp was  
childish weak—  
His eye put on a dying look—he sigh'd and ceased  
to speak;  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life  
had fled—  
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was  
dead!  
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she  
look'd down  
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody  
crosses strewn;  
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene the pale light  
seemed to shine,  
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the  
Rhine.

## To the Ladies of the Hamburg and Beach Island Sewing Societies:

Allow me, Ladies, for myself and in behalf  
of my Company, to publicly, to return  
our grateful acknowledgments for your  
many and so salutary tokens of consideration  
and remembrance. Our thanks are also due  
Mrs. M., near Graniteville, for a valuable  
package.  
Such civilities, Ladies, of your sister-in,  
and sympathy for, the welfare, of those who  
are risking their lives far away from home  
and friend, is indeed sufficient to cheer the  
depressing heart, and to nerve with fresh  
strength, the faltering arm. The approving  
smiles of woman are a great incentive to  
exertion in either the line of punishment  
or the hope of reward. History shows that  
the world is indebted to the elevating and  
purifying influence of woman to a greater  
extent than any other, for the progress of  
civilization and refinement; and, man,  
conscious of her purity and virtue, has ever  
been urged on by her influence to deeds of

daring and valor, or restrained by her "gentle  
warning," in his hours of excitement and  
passion. The history of the days of '76,  
shows that woman was equal to those times  
which "tried men's souls," and the recollection  
of their heroic conduct causes us still to  
cherish their memories. And the Historian  
who shall write of this, the second great  
American Revolution, will fail to do his whole  
duty lest he pay a glowing tribute to the la-  
borious and self-sacrificing spirit of the fair  
daughters of our sunny South.

To give some idea of the glorious work the  
Ladies are doing, I will just state that the  
above-mentioned Societies, in manufacturing  
our uniforms and in furnishing us with cloth-  
ing, have saved to the *mea* in my Company  
at least six hundred dollars, which amount  
they can now send back to make glad the  
hearts of the "loved ones at home." You  
are not labouring, Ladies, as some suppose, to  
relieve the Southern Confederacy. The Con-  
federacy is, or ought to be, equal to its own  
responsibilities. Your labours accomplish a  
nobler mission than this: every dollar's worth  
of work you perform is a dollar saved to some  
poor Soldier, and consequently a dollar con-  
tributed to the support of his absent and  
needy family.

I have heard it said that he who feeds the  
army deserves as much the plaudits of his  
countrymen as they who fight her battles; if  
so, then how much more deserving of praise  
is she who clothes the soldier and feeds the  
family he has left behind him.  
Then, noble Matrons, and lovely maidens,  
do not become "weary in well-doing," but  
continue your labour of love. The day of  
our deliverance will surely come, and with it  
will come also the reward for all your toils  
and cares. The work you have accomplished  
will be inscribed upon a monument "more  
lasting than brass or marble," and that is the  
ever-enduring tablet of the human heart. And  
when these troublous times are over, and the  
dove with her olive branch of peace shall  
again hover over our beloved country, then  
those of us who shall be permitted to survive  
that glorious day, will return with full hearts  
and eloquent tongues to speak fourth your  
well-merited praise.

Your obedient servant,  
JEROME W. WALKER,  
Capt. "Blinding Blues,"  
Richmond, Va., Oct. 17, 1861.

## Shall South Carolina Escape?

The New York Times is sorely troubled  
lest South Carolina should escape her due  
portion of the terrible punishment which the  
Yankees are about to inflict upon the rebels.  
Under the caption above given, it has the fol-  
lowing blazing editorial:  
Although the loyal public is not permitted  
to know upon what part of the Southern  
coast the immense naval expedition now about  
sailing is to be precipitated, we think we do  
not mistake in saying that it is the almost  
universal wish of the people that Charleston,  
South Carolina, if it receives not the present,  
may not long afterwards receive a similar  
blow. If the Government would arouse the  
sympathies of Unionists, in the South as well  
as in the North, let it be seen that a clear  
and distinct memory is kept of the origin of  
the war, and a resolute purpose held, however  
the conflict may otherwise go, and whenever  
it may terminate, not to fail administering a  
fearful rebuke upon that accursed city and  
State, whose crime it is to have originated the  
war.

South Carolina stands out pre-eminently in  
the unallowable work of treason and sedition.  
It is South Carolina that invented the words  
"nullification" and "secession," which have  
wrought such mischief, unsetting the minds  
of men in regard to the rights of States un-  
der the Federal Union. It is South Carolina  
that has for thirty years been a malignant  
in the otherwise happy family of States, an  
industrious agent of disunion. It is South  
Carolina that incessantly unnumbered dis-  
contented and threatened secession, until the  
national mind became familiarized with the  
crime and ceased to regard it with that hor-  
ror which its enormity should have inspired.  
And finally when the poison of thirty years'  
stealthily and treasonable teachings has cor-  
rupted the South and prepared it for an in-  
surrection, it is South Carolina that led the  
way in the overt act of disloyalty. Her Sen-  
ators and Representatives were the first to  
regate their seats in the National Congress,  
and thus to precipitating the world a broken  
and disordered Union.

It was one of these recreant men—a true  
representative, however, of South Carolina  
treason—that proclaimed the infamous sen-  
tence in a public speech in the city of Charle-  
ston, while the State Convention there was  
sundering the popular allegiance from the  
National Government: "Let us sever the pil-  
lars of the Federal Union as Samson did the  
pillars of the temple, and drag it down, though  
we perish in the ruins." Such was and is the  
true spirit of secession. It is infernal and de-  
structive, ready to involve thirty millions of  
happy and prosperous people in strife, rapine,  
bloodshed and woe, to satiate the insatiate  
ambition of a nest of disreputable and  
disappointed politicians of South Carolina.

And when South Carolina's desperate trea-  
son found imitators, and one after another  
State threw off its allegiance, till seven had  
gone—even then there was hope of a peace-  
able recovery of our National unity. The B-  
re slave States resisted the fanaticism; and  
the seven seceded States would have been  
crushed under the odium of their insurrec-  
tion, if the evil had stopped with them. The  
wicked plotters of secession knew this, and  
a conflict of arms was decreed in order that  
the flow of human blood might madden and  
overwhelm the Republic. It was the aim of  
the wicked plotters to bring about a civil  
war, and to bring about the first woman  
to be lowered to almost imbecile, the  
country's perdition. The act of treasonous  
secession was thus made the scene of a guilty  
triumph.

Now, is it not desirable, is it not a duty, is  
it not more than poetic justice, that South Car-  
olina, so flagrant in sin, should be made to  
feel the earliest and heaviest penalties of war?  
If a Southern city must fall, let Charleston be  
razed to the ground, and salt sown on its  
ruins. If Southern fields must be desolated by  
the invasion of Union armies, let South Car-  
olina's Cotton and Rice plantations be marked  
by the conquering advance. If slaveholding  
insolence and tyranny must be humbled to  
a dependence on the Constitution and the  
laws, let South Carolina's aristocrats learn to  
tremble for their serfs in the presence of  
martial law.

There is not only just retribution to be ren-  
dered in visiting upon South Carolina the  
heaviest blows of this war, but there is an  
excellent Generalship to be manifested in strik-  
ing at that State. *South Carolina is cordially  
hated in the South.* No State would  
have so little sympathy and so little support  
from the other States. In numbers, ways  
the fact has become known in the progress of  
the war. A few days ago the pickets of a  
Pennsylvania regiment had a friendly inter-  
view with the pickets of a Virginia regiment  
on the upper Potomac. A discussion of the  
causes of the war closed by an expression of  
regret on the part of the Virginians that they  
did not a regiment of *South Carolinians* to  
shoot at instead of these Pennsylvanians. And  
this is believed to be a wide spread feeling  
among the Confederate soldiers.

Is it wise to overlook such an advantage as  
this in planning offensive war movements?  
Let Charleston be assailed, and a feeling of  
gratification will possess the hearts of three-  
fourths of the Confederate soldiers, who, for  
South Carolina's wrong, now suffer hardships  
in the field. And, even if the orders were  
given to go quickly to the relief of that origi-  
nal seat of rebellion in its strait, many a mis-  
hap would occur to track and train, known  
to the common soldier, if not to engineer and  
warrior, to retard the expedition of the re-  
lief. Let the prayer of Unionists in all the  
thirty-four States be heard for the early and  
inspiring obduracy of South Carolina.

## Amusing Incident.

During the first excitement in one of the  
great Northern cities, after the taking of  
Fort Sumter, the vigilance committees were  
eagerly searching for secessionists. One of  
these committees, consisting of a band of four  
braves, came to the office of a certain Dr. B.,  
asking him why he had not a flag hanging  
out, and demanding of him to show his colors.  
The doctor, an easy man of the world, told  
them, "Gentlemen, if you come to me on  
business, or even to pay me a friendly visit,  
you are welcome at any of my leisure hours;  
but don't talk to me on political subjects,  
else I shall regret having to receive you im-  
politely, and shall eventually very politely  
show you the door." Whereupon the four  
braves left him, threatening to return and  
make the "d-d secession" show his colors.  
The next day, at the doctor's regular office  
hours, a band of eight came demanding of  
him to immediately place the stars and stripes  
over his office, or something else would be  
shown to him. The doctor, sitting in his own  
easy chair, smoking his cigar, very coolly re-  
plied: "My good men, let me state to you  
all, once more, what I said to some of you  
yesterday, that I will not permit any one to  
meddle with my doings; and more, that when  
you persist in troubling me I shall rid myself  
of you. Here I am a man who has seen bat-  
tles and faced death more than once. I do  
not fear death. I have neither wife nor child,  
nor father, mother or sisters; but an exile  
from my home, and want to be free from all  
trouble. I will be overpowered by a mob of  
rather than throw this burning cigar in that  
keg of powder you see there under my desk;  
and by the Almighty I will do it now!"  
The words were scarcely out of the doctor's  
mouth before the whole band was seen mak-  
ing their way down stairs as quick as their  
feet, and the narrow staircase would permit,  
and never exhibited their faces there again.  
A short while after Dr. B. related to a  
visiting friend the whole affair; and the  
question being asked, "Doctor, how if the  
band had not taken your word for blowing them  
up, what would have become of you?" "Go  
and examine the keg," he said. His friend did  
so, and found an empty keg turned upside  
down, and on the bottom about a quarter of  
a pound of powder, which, as the doctor said,  
would have answered more than twice to dis-  
perse all the mobs of the city.—Richmond  
Dispatch.

## Woman's Power.

"Nor steel nor fire itself hath power,  
Like woman in her conquering hour;  
Be thou but fair—marking adorns thee!  
Smile—and a world is won before thee!"  
The poet has disclosed the whole secret of  
woman's conquering power. Fair in her vir-  
tue, smiling in her goodness, she wields an  
influence which melted warrior never could.  
Her strength is in her grace; her weapon is  
compassion. I will be reminded, when there  
is any contest with modest merit, and digni-  
ty combined with duty.  
In influence woman is much superior to  
man as affection is superior to intellect. Man  
represents the understanding of the universe,  
and woman the will; man the mind, woman  
the soul; man the reason, woman the heart.  
The power of observation and reflection are  
cold, useless appendages to the human being  
unless warmed into exercise and attached to  
good objects by the feelings and sentiments of  
the affectional mind. How little, in the  
world, do we think, judge, and know, in com-  
parison with what we feel. Man may do  
mighty things in the intellectual advancement  
of the world; but

"What I most prize in woman  
Is her affection, not her intellect;  
The intellect is finite, but the affections  
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted."  
One of the rumors mentioned in some of  
the Virginia papers is to the effect that the  
"great expedition" fitting up at Hampton  
Roads has gone North instead of coming  
South—that it has gone to co-operate in an at-  
tack against Yorktown, on the York River,  
and Painesport, on the Potomac. The very  
fact of its going being unascertained, the  
rumor as high as desired, would no doubt  
be gratefully referred to, although Richmond  
has been the theatre of considerable excite-  
ment on account of their currency.

## An Incident in the Cars.

On the whole, pleasant traits and incidents  
are not common in the cars, I think. This  
opinion I expressed to my friend Somers the  
other day. In reply to my remarks, he re-  
lated a little adventure, which, as it is apropos,  
and moreover, involves a little love and sen-  
timent, I give it without apology, in his own  
words. It appears that in the most unlikely  
places, love and sentiment may be discovered.  
"I was escorting home the lovely Char-  
lotte D., to whom I was at the time quite  
devoted; we got in one of the crowded ave-  
nue cars. Charlotte could scarcely find room  
to spread her ermine, and arrange her volu-  
minous froufrou; I stood up near her, there  
being no vacant seat.  
"After a few minutes came in a poor woman,  
who deposited a basket of clothes on the  
platform, and held in her arms a small  
child, while a little girl hung to her dress.  
She looked tired and weary, but there was no  
suspicion of her true state of mind, and she  
condemned her lot, but she did not. Beside  
her, however, sat a very lovely and elegant  
young woman, who secured trying, by  
moving down closer to others, to make space  
enough for the stranger between herself and  
Miss D.—At last she succeeded, and with  
the sweetest blush I ever saw, she invited the  
poor female to be seated. Charlotte D.—  
drew her drapery around her and blushed,  
too, but it was not a pretty blush at all, and  
she looked annoyed at the proximity of the  
new comer, who was, however, clean and de-  
cently though thinly clad.  
"The unknown lady drew the little girl up  
on her lap, and wrapped her velvet mantle  
around the small, half-frozen form, and put her  
soft arms round the little blue hands.  
"So great was the crowd that I alone  
seemed to observe. The child shivered, the  
keen wind from the door blew upon her  
exposed neck. I saw the young lady quick-  
ly draw from under her shawl a little crim-  
son woolen shawl, which she softly put on  
the shoulders of the little one, the mother looking  
with confused wonder. After a short  
time, she rose to leave the cars, and would  
have removed the shawl, but the unknown  
gentle whispered, "No; keep it on, keep it  
on for her." The woman did not answer, the  
conductor hurried her out, but her eyes swam  
in tears, which I now saw but me. I no-  
ticed her as she descended to a basement, and  
I hastily marked the house.  
"Soon after my unknown also arose to de-  
part. I was in despair, for I wanted to fol-  
low and discover her residence, but could not  
leave Miss D.—  
"How glad, then, was I to see her bowing  
as she passed out to a mutual acquaintance  
who stood in the doorway. From him, ere  
many minutes, I had learned her name and  
address.  
"I shortened the story as much as possible,  
that lady is now my wife. In the small in-  
cident which introduced her to me, she showed  
her real character. A few days after our  
marriage, I showed her the blessed crimson  
shawl, which I had redeemed from its owner,  
and shall always keep as a memento. There  
are sometimes pleasant things to be found  
even in unexpected places—certainly I may  
have said to have placed out my wife in the  
cars."

**Reincarnation of Napoleon.**  
In 1810—that memorable year when Rome,  
Amsterdam, Dantzic, Antwerp and Paris were  
cities of the same proud empire—Napoleon  
had brought his young bride to Brussels, and  
was received with great enthusiasm and pomp.  
On the morning after his arrival he reviewed  
the troops of the garrison in the Alton Verte,  
and as the different regiments defiled before  
him, remarked a grenadier, who bore the  
black eyes black, like stars, from a face  
bronzed by twenty campaigns, while an  
enormous moustache rendered his appearance  
still more formidable, or *bizarre*. When the  
line was reformed, the Emperor rode up to  
the regiment of grenadiers, and called the  
sergeant to the front. The heart of the old  
soldier beat high, and his cheeks glowed.  
"I have seen you before," said Napoleon;  
"your name?"  
"Noel, sire," he answered with a faltering  
voice.  
"Were you not in the army of Italy?"  
"Yes, sire; drummer at the Bridge of  
Arcole."  
"And you became sergeant major?"  
"At Marengo, sire."  
"But since?"  
"I have taken my share of all the great  
battles."  
The Emperor waved his hand, the grenadier  
retreated to the ranks, and Napoleon spoke  
rapidly to the colonel for a few moments—  
the quick glances of his eye towards Noel  
showing that he was talking of him. He had  
been distinguished for his bravery in several  
battles, but his modesty had prevented his  
soliciting advancement, and he had been  
overlooked in the promotions. The Emperor  
recalled him to his side.  
"You have merited the Cross of the  
Legion of Honour," said he, giving him the  
one he wore. "You are a brave man."  
The grenadier, who at this moment stood  
between the Emperor and the colonel, could  
not speak; but his eyes said more than vol-  
umes. Napoleon made a sign, the drums  
beat a roll, there was a dead silence, and the  
colonel facing towards the new knight, who  
with trembling hands was placing his cross  
upon his breast, said in a loud voice:  
"In the name of the Emperor, respect Ser-  
geant Major Noel as sub-lieutenant in your  
ranks."  
The regiment presented arms. Noel seemed  
in a dream; and only the stern, immovable  
features of the Emperor prevented him from  
falling on his knees. Another sign was made,  
the drums beat, and again the colonel spoke:  
"In the name of the Emperor, respect Ser-  
geant Major Noel as lieutenant in your ranks."  
This new thunder stroke nearly overcame  
the grenadier; his knees trembled; his eyes  
that had not been moist for twenty years,  
were filled with tears, and he was vainly en-  
deavoring to stammer his thanks when he  
heard a third roll of the drums, and the loud  
voice of his colonel:  
"In the name of the Emperor, respect Ser-  
geant Major Noel as captain in your ranks."  
After this promotion the Emperor continued  
his review with that calm, majestic air,  
which none who beheld ever forgot; but Noel, burst-  
ing into a flood of tears, fainted in the arms  
of the colonel; while from the regiment came  
a loud, united shout of *Vive l'Empereur*.

## A Case for Confiscation.

Under this suggestive leading the Detroit  
*Advertiser* gives the Yankee Government the  
following choice morsel of information with  
regard to Lake Superior City:  
"The site on which Lake Superior City is  
situated is owned principally by Southern  
men. All the proprietors, but one or two at  
most, indeed, are from the Southern States.  
These men are R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia,  
member of the rebel Cabinet, J. C. Breckin-  
ridge and L. W. Powell, the rebel Senators,  
and Beriah Magoffin, the traitor Governor  
of Kentucky, Wm. Aiken and W. W. Boyce,  
of South Carolina, Sam Maggoffin, of Missouri,  
W. W. Coreoran and Geo. W. Riggs, of Wash-  
ington.  
"The Northern men are the notorious Jesse  
D. Bright, of Indiana, an avowed secessionist,  
and a Mr. Beck, residence not known. In  
view of these facts, it would seem to be the  
duty of the Government to investigate this  
matter with a view to the confiscation of that  
part of the city which belonged to the rebels  
in arms at least. Besides being a just pun-  
ishment for the crimes of the traitor owners,  
its confiscation would be a decided benefit to  
the city.

**Exporting Cotton.**  
The New Orleans *Bulletin* shows the neces-  
sity of the modification of the exchange sys-  
tem in regard to exports, not only as a means  
of obtaining what we very greatly need for  
our defense and sustenance, but as an assur-  
ance that our non-intercourse system is not  
intended as a menace to foreign powers:  
"We have no war with Great Britain, and  
we can have no reason for wishing to bring  
"a great national calamity," upon the Brit-  
ish people. On the contrary, it is for our inter-  
est to cultivate the most friendly relations  
with them. In our present attitude, we say  
to them and to their Government, in sub-  
stance: "We know that you require cotton  
for the very existence of millions of your  
people, which you have to sell; but you shall  
not have a bale of it until you recognize our  
independence. We will force you to do it."  
This is virtually the language of menace,  
though it was not so intended, and we know  
enough of Great Britain, or at least we ought  
to be thoroughly convinced that the lan-  
guage of menace, covert or open, from whom-  
soever and from what source soever it may  
come, addressed to that proud Government  
and that mighty people, will never be listened  
to. Upon this point there is no room for  
doubt.

**NEW YORK CITY BEING SET IN A STATE OF  
DEFENSE.**—The New York *Journal of Com-  
merce* contains the following paragraph:  
"Captain Foster, of the engineer corps, is  
pushing work on the Sandy Hook fortification  
with a force of over three hundred men,  
and will have it completed as a water battery  
or provisional defence during the fall. Im-  
provements are all progressing satisfactorily  
on the forts at the Narrows, under the dis-  
rection of Colonel DeLafayette, and, although  
the new defenses at that point are only  
temporary, they will present serious obsta-  
cles to an attack from the sea."

**SHERMAN'S LINCOLN TROOPS PREPARING  
FOR A RETREAT.**—The Lincolnites under Sher-  
man are confident that the Southern army  
will soon retreat from Bowling Green and  
abandon Kentucky. They pretend not to en-  
ertain the slightest doubt that the Confed-  
erate soldiers will take to their heels like frightened  
deer at the sight of the redoubtable  
Rooseau and his heroic companions. But  
it is a significant fact, that they have mined  
the long trestle work beyond Muldrough's hill,  
and prepared to blast the trestle with a  
load of rocks at the approach of an enemy! They  
are assuring the cowardly creatures whom  
they are trying to seduce into their ranks  
that there is no danger, because Buckner is  
going to run away with his forces, and at the  
same time are preparing to destroy the rail-  
road beyond Elizabethton to obstruct his  
march on Louisville long enough to give them  
an opportunity to escape across the Ohio river.  
Gen. Buckner is fully aware of the advantages  
of Louisville as winter quarters for his  
troops.—Louisville Courier, 26th.

**PROVISION BY THE STATES FOR ARMY  
CLOTHING.**—We understand that arrangement  
has been made between the Government here  
and the State of North Carolina, by which  
the latter contracts to supply all the North  
Carolina soldiers with winter clothing, blankets,  
&c. Agents of the State Quartermaster's  
Department will be appointed in every county  
of the State, who will be authorized to pur-  
chase and pay for, at fair and remunerative  
prices, all the cloths, blankets, hats, shoes,  
socks, and whatever else may be necessary  
for the comfort of the soldier.

This arrangement will be carried out un-  
der a general rule adopted by the War De-  
partment, that whenever a State shall fur-  
nish to its troops and volunteers in the Con-  
federate service the clothing required accord-  
ing to the regulations of the Department,  
payment therefor will be made at the com-  
mutation rate of twenty-five dollars for every  
six months, on receipts produced by the State,  
signed by the commanding officer of the reg-  
iment, battalion, or independent company, as  
the case may be, certifying the number of  
men actually so furnished by the State.—  
Richmond Examiner.

**COOL.**—Col. Green, of one of the Texas  
regiments engaged in the battle of Oak Hill,  
relates the following incidents:  
"The battle raged hottest round the house  
of an old gentleman named Sharp, near the  
center of the battle field. After the roar of  
the cannon and the rattle of small arms had  
ceased for a short time, an old lady came out  
of the house, with a bundle of clothes on her  
arm, passing over and around the Dutch half  
of the clothes. Placing her spectacle high  
upon her nose, her right arm akimbo, she ex-  
claimed, in a singular and droll tone,  
"Well, dese folks have kicked up a monstrous  
fuss here to-day."  
Just before the battle began, a brave old  
captain—not much of a *beau militaire* about  
him—ordered his men to "git into line."  
About that time Lyon and Seigel opened  
their batteries upon us, letting loose grape,  
cannon and shell in perfect salvo. "Dare,"  
said the redoubtable captain, "hear that, that's  
your ye've-been-havin' so m' ch; them big  
guns is the cannon! Fall into line!  
What are you huddling up there for? Some  
of you will git hurt directly."

## The Result so Far.

Since the bombardment of Fort Sumter, on  
the 12th of April, which was itself a brilliant  
achievement, no less than eight fields have  
been won by the Confederates. The bat-  
tles of Bethel, Bull Run, Manassas, Spring-  
field, Lexington, Corinth, Ferry, Green-  
brier, and last, though not least, Leeburg—all ter-  
minated in the rout of the Yankees, with an  
aggregate of at least six thousand killed,  
double that number wounded, and eight or  
ten thousand prisoners—summing up alto-  
gether not less than 20,000 of the enemy put  
*hors de combat* in these eight battles. If we  
were to count the numerous skirmishes in  
which we have been victorious, the number  
would be increased at least 5,000 more. We  
lost the battles of Rich Mountain nominally,  
and accidentally, for the Federal forces were  
heavily beaten, and only succeeded by the  
treachery of a Virginia Tory, who showed a  
secret path to the rear of our troops. We  
lost Hatters by the overwhelming force of  
the Federals and the superior range of their  
guns. In these two engagements about 400  
of our men were captured, and probably 100  
killed and wounded. Neither of these affairs  
exceed in importance several of the skirmishes  
victories of the Confederates.

The eight great triumphs which we have  
achieved will form splendid chapters in the  
history of the young republic. Never was  
there a brighter record. The South has pro-  
ven herself worthy of an honorable mem-  
bership in the family of nations. Her military  
character and prowess have been gloriously  
developed. The sequel of the war will but  
add to the *post-humous* she has so bravely won.  
No Yankee army, with the odds less than five  
to one in its favor, will ever remain master of  
the field after a fight with our men. They  
have had ample proof on this score, particu-  
larly in the battle of Leesburg, in which  
2,500 Confederates routed in Massachusetts  
fashion, 10,000 Federals. Every such victory  
but stimulates the Southerners to more heroic  
efforts on subsequent occasions, and increases  
their confidence both in themselves and in  
the cause for which they are battling. The  
Rump will find out after another big night  
of two that they had as well attempt to bind  
the billows of the Atlantic in chains as the  
Confederate States. They have got to knock  
under in this war, and the sooner they do so  
the better for them. We should think the  
loss of twenty-five thousand of their men in  
a little less than four months ought to satisfy  
them. But if they choose to hazard the loss  
of 100,000 or 200,000 more, let them do so.  
The South asks them no favors, defies their  
malice, and laughs at their threats. They in-  
tend to fight this war through, and give the  
Yankees a thorough taste of its hardships  
and miseries. Nothing but the most un-  
selfish drubbing will bring those braggers to  
their senses, and they will get it. We must  
take the starch out of them, and convince  
them, by the hardest kind of blows, of the  
grand mistake that they have made in sup-  
posing themselves qualified to act the part of  
warriors. The lessons that we have already  
given them on this head will be repeated in a  
more and more impressive form until they  
produce the proper effect. It may be six  
months, or a year, or five or ten years, before  
the Yankees are made to cry "hold-enough,"  
but they have got to cry it. We are against  
any peace until they are completely used up—  
so beaten and humbled that they will be  
willing to kneel, face full, towards the  
South for at least a century. There is no use  
in patching up a peace with them as long as  
they are inflated with the idea that they are  
a terrible race of people, in the military sense.  
This conceit must be knocked clean out of  
their heads, and the Confederates are the men  
to do it.—Petersburg Express.

**ASTONISHING RUN AT BILLIARDS.**—The  
Lavaca (Texas) Gulf Key mentions a most  
astonishing run at billiards. It was by Judge  
Hastings of that town. He made seventeen  
points on the two reds and white, when he  
got the red and white cornered, and on these  
two made four thousand five hundred and  
eighty points, making the whole run 4,577.  
This is more by 217 points than was ever  
before made in one run since the game was  
invented. It was occupied four hours.

**WORKS MEET FOR REPENTANCE.**—Brig-  
adier General Pierce, lately commanding at  
Big Bethel, Va., is now serving as a private  
solder in Colonel Fletcher Webster's reg-  
iment.  
Immediately after the Big Bethel affair,  
Gen. Pierce issued a public policy which was  
reduced. Gen. Pierce said at the time, that  
he never preferred to any military knowledge  
or skill; that he did not solicit the commands  
which he bestowed upon him, and that he  
carried but little for the censure cast upon his  
lack of Generalship. But he said his personal  
conscience had been impugned, and that he  
could not dispense with this manner by enlisting  
as a private as such as his term of service had  
expired. He has now resumed this position by  
joining Col. Webster's regiment.—New York  
Times.

**LOSS. W. A. LAKE.**—This gentleman, lately  
killed in a duel in Arkansas, had for more  
than twenty-five years been a member of  
Christ Church, Episcopalian, in Westbury,  
the vestry passed resolutions expressive of  
regret at his loss. One of them runs as fol-  
lows: "That regarding the death of Mr. Lake,  
and regarding it as a personal calamity that  
has befallen each one of us, we deem the oc-  
casion an appropriate one to express our  
solemn commendation of that code of honor  
to whose false teachings our lamented friend  
fell a sacrifice."

**A NAVY OF OUR OWN.**—We understand  
a project is in contemplation, by some of our  
wealthiest and most public-spirited citizens,  
for building a fleet of iron-clad steamers, of  
the latest and most approved model, to be  
used exclusively in defending New Orleans  
and relieving it of the blockade. The project  
as conceived is a brilliant one, and, as  
besides, the substantial merit of being un-  
dermined. It is proposed to effect a sub-  
scription of \$2,000,000, and with that sum  
construct ten steamships of the class indicated.  
Here at New Orleans, and in the Mississippi  
river the docking and ship-building facilities  
are unsurpassed anywhere in the world. It  
is contemplated, after building the steamship,  
to transfer them to the Confederate Govern-  
ment for the war, with the condition that  
they shall be employed at the mouth of the  
Mississippi river or in the neighboring waters  
of the Gulf. New Orleans, which, it is esti-  
mated, loses half a million a day by the block-  
ade, would be repaid five fold the cost of the  
fleet in less than a month after it was brought  
into service.—New Orleans Delta.

**EXPENSE.**—A Chicago paper states that  
the bill of the Adams Express Company  
against the Lincoln government per Gen. Fremont,  
for the transportation of guns, ammuni-  
tion, etc., since the great "Pardoner" in  
command at St. Louis will amount to \$300,  
000.

**NO RELIEF FROM THE WAR.**—The univer-  
sal stagnation stares all in the face and with-  
out hope of recovery.  
There are those who pretend that the Govern-  
ment expenditures will afford relief. Let  
us examine the idea. Before, the 12,000,000  
people of the South, were buyers of shirts,  
shoes, clothing and manufactures of all de-  
scriptions, 10,000,000 of the West were sell-  
ing their produce freely and buying what they  
needed. And the 300,000 men who are now  
engaged in military affairs were then employ-  
ed in productive industry, and each one was  
buying his own clothes and food. All these  
people gave active employment to 9,000,000  
at the East and North, in importing and

manufacturing. All at once the war cuts off  
12,000,000 Southern customers, destroys the  
value of 10,000,000 more in the West, and  
puts 300,000 in the way of the Government.  
The product of New York and Pennsylvania  
is about 60, that they will get paid by clearing  
300,000 soldiers, in return for the paper dol-  
lars of the Government! Really the pros-  
pect is not good.—Newark (N.J.) Journal.

**A DRAINING AID-DE-CAMP.**—The Missouri  
ladies, it would seem, are not a whit behind