

# 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."

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### "Rock me to Sleep, Mother."

By FLORENCE PRACY.  
Backward, turn backward, oh! I tiao, in thy flight,  
Make me a child again, just for a night!  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your breast as of yore—  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair:  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.  
Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep—  
Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, oh! mother, my heart calls for you.  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces between—  
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again:  
Come from the silences so long and so deep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.  
Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep—  
Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep.

Over my faint heart, in days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever was shown—  
No other worshiper abides and endures,  
Patient, unselfish and patient, like you—  
None like a mother can charm away pain,  
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain:  
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.  
Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep—  
Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your tresses hair just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your forehead again as of old—  
Let it be a love's shadow to-night,  
Shedding my faint eyes away from the light—  
For, with its sunny-edged shadows once more,  
Happily will through the sweet visions of yore,  
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.  
Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep—  
Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,  
Since I last hushed to thy lullaby song:  
Sister then, and unto my soul it shall seem,  
Whenhood's years have been but a dream:  
Clasped to thy arms in a loving embrace,  
With thy light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never darest to wake or to sleep—  
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.  
Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep—  
Rock me, rock me, rock me to sleep.

### My Courtship.

There was many a sweet affliction which made  
me hanker after Betsy Jane. Her father's  
farm lined corn; their cows and our  
squeak their thrust at the same spring; our  
old mares both had stars in their foreheads;  
the neoplas broke out in both families at  
nearly the same period, our parents (Betsy's  
and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in  
the same meeting house, and the nabers used  
to observe—"How thick the Wards and Pen-  
sleys air!" It was a sublime sight in the  
spring of the year to see our several mothers  
(Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pinned up  
so that they couldn't sile 'em, affectionately  
bilin zomp together and aboon the nabers.  
Although I hankered intensely after the ob-  
ject of my affections, I darsent tell her of  
the fires that was rigin in my manly bosom.  
I'd try to do it, but my tug would kerwhelp  
up again the roof of my mouth & stick that  
laid deth to a decess African, or a country  
postmaster to his office, while my heart whang-  
ed again my ribs like an old fashioned dale-  
gin a barn door.

Trass a cum still nite in Joon. All astr  
was Lu-b, and nary zeffir discurbed the  
scene sifers. I s t with Betsy Jane on  
the fence of her father's pastur. We'd bin rom-  
pin thru the woods, kullin flours and drivin  
the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to  
speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar  
on the fence, a seinging our feet to and fro,  
blushing us red as the Baldwin's scool house  
when it was fast painted, and 'colkin very  
simple, I rake no doubt. My leit arm was  
okepied in ballonsin myself on the fence,  
while my right was wounded lovingly round  
her waste.

I cleared my throat, and tremblyly sed:  
"Betsy, you're a guzzler."  
I thought that air waz pretty fine. I waided  
to see what effect it would have upon her.  
It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and  
sed—  
"You're a sheep!"  
Sez I—  
"Betsy, I think very much of you."  
"I don't b'lieve a word you say—so there,  
now cum" with much of servation she hit-  
ed away from me.

"I wish there was winders to my sole!"  
said I, "so that you could see some of my  
feelins. There's fire enuff in here," said I,  
striking my bosom with my fist, "to hilt  
all the corn beef and turpins in the neighbor-  
hood. Yeeers-ovins and the Critter ain't a  
circumstance!"

She b-w-d her head down and commest  
chawin the strings of her sun bonnet.  
"Ar, could you know the sleepless nites I  
worry there with you account, how viles  
her sed to be attractive to me, and how  
my lips has shrunk up, you wouldn't down  
me. Gaze on this wasin form and those en-  
sunkn checks—"  
I should have commended on in this stance

probly for sumtime, but unfortunately I lost  
my billunce and fell over into the paster, ker  
smash, tearing my clove and severely dam-  
aging myself generally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in  
duble quick time, and she dragged me 4th  
Then drawin herself up to her full hite, she  
sed—  
"I won't listen to your noncents no longer.  
Jes say rite stite out what you'r drivin at.  
If you mean gittin hitched, I'm in."

I considered that ere enuff for all practel-  
purposes, and we proceedd immiditly to  
the parson's, and we was made one that very  
nite.

### "The Black Flag."

Editor Chronicle & Sentinel: It is very  
easy for friends, valors—or rather insanity—to  
rave for the raising of the black flag, and  
I have thought but for the West Point offi-  
cers, on both sides, this war would have drift-  
ed into a barbarous strife before now. I learned  
from an officer, however, promoted from a  
civilian, and as good and brave a soldier as  
has fought through this war, and just from  
the army, that he believed such an order would  
occasion a mutiny. And on consideration  
reason much for it. It is repugnant to  
the honor of a soldier, and no order would  
make a brave man deny mercy to a kneeling  
enemy—modern chivalry might, but it is not  
the ring of the genuine metal. Notwithstand-  
ing the savage thirst for blood, of those who  
stay at home, as far removed from the scene  
of battle as dodging and excuses can koe-  
them, it may be noticed how generous the  
soldiers treat their captives, and if captiv-  
es come at all it is after the prisoner has been  
transferred from the custody of the army.

It is not enough that the brave and gener-  
ous should perish their lives in honorable war  
fare, but they must become savage out-thrants,  
and submit themselves, not only to the haz-  
ards of the battle field, but to butchery with-  
out mercy if defeated? It is very easy for  
friends valors to counsel such disgrace and  
peril to others, who in mercy's name have al-  
ready risked all that should be asked. First,  
Mr. Zany, do what you wish others to do.  
You ask the soldier to do more than his  
vocations demands, or what he engaged for  
when he became a soldier.

If you are too lame to be a soldier, accord-  
ing to the army regulations, so rich that you  
can hire a substitute, over forty-five, a gov-  
ernment pension, or any other reason  
except, you can, at any rate, travel to the  
enemy's lines at some points—you could, and  
would go as far as business—take your club  
to barrel, and when you meet the Yankee  
pickets shoot down one, you can certainly  
sail very probably two. Notwithstanding  
your fiery valor, your enemies die you some-  
times meet certain death at the hands of the  
surviving pickets without quarter; very prob-  
ably you would, but then it is no more than  
you ask of the soldier, who may already have  
killed his share in honorable warfare. It is  
your duty as well as his. He has remained  
from home some 18 months, you can do your  
job in as many days. He has marched all  
over the Confederacy, you can take rail-road  
and buses to the very lines of the enemy. He  
has gone without food and clothing almost,  
you can put on your dannel and overcoat and  
potent leather boots, fill your carpet bag with  
meat and well cooked food, with an extra  
supply of Dutch courage, well to feed up, all  
within sight of the enemy, then take a big  
draught, and see if you will do what was so  
easy to recommend to be done by better and  
braver men. My word for it, all who have  
so advised not one with all this outfit, can do  
the deed. If not, then stop your silly ravings,  
you have no right to say another word, until  
qualified by the process above recommended.

If we were to raise the black flag, and fight  
under it, I do not believe any civilized gov-  
ernment would recognize our independence.  
It would be contrary to national law to take  
us into the family of civilized nations. On  
account of our peculiar institutions, however  
unjustly, there are millions outside of the  
United States who look on us as half savages al-  
ready. Statelessness will look on this mat-  
ter not from our standpoint only, but from  
that of the rest of the civilized world.

We are the last people on earth who  
should adopt such a mode of warfare, and a  
black flag would be raised by the enemy.  
Vain fire-side will rant as to what the enemy  
has done. I will neither take his word nor  
advise, but prefer leaving the matter with the  
military commanders, who know better than  
either what has been, and what is fitter to be  
done in the way of retaliation. One thing is  
certain, as they have to bear the consequences  
they should judge of the time and mode of re-  
taliation. I have no doubt, rather than raise  
the black flag before they believe it right  
some of our best officers would resign.

Let this war end as it may, we have gained  
one thing that I value too highly to see  
hazarded by the 3d, and each. We have  
made a name for valor so bright that I wish  
it to stand before the world without one dark  
spot.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE CRAFT.—One of  
our exchanges in Louisiana comes to us un-  
printed on the inside of ordinary wall paper. The  
paper looks quite respectable on the printed  
side, but upon opening it your eyes are greet-  
ed with all sorts of floures and colors which  
printer's type never had any part in stamping.  
We presume the proprietor of this paper in-  
tends to furnish his subscribers with enough

wall paper to ornament their rooms, thus ren-  
dering his sheet doubly valuable.—Jackson  
Mississippi.

### B. H. Hillon Tanners, Shoemakers and Owners of Factories.

3. But there are many persons who are not  
officers, agents, or employees of the govern-  
ment, yet who are doing much to oppress the  
people and enrich themselves by treble prices.  
Such as shoemakers, tanners, superintendents,  
and owners of factories and manufac-  
turers and artisans of all kinds. All such  
men are not only practical enemies to our  
success in this struggle, but are acting in di-  
rect bad faith to the government and are sub-  
ject to punishment. These men are exempted  
from military service. But this exemption  
is not for the benefit of individuals, but for  
the public good. All this situated, therefore,  
who act for their individual gain, violate the  
spirit of the law, and are expressly sub-  
ject to be at once conscripted and never more  
to be exempted! The law provides that sev-  
enty-five per cent "on the cost of produc-  
tion shall be the extreme limit of the prices  
charged."

Various pretexts and schemes are being al-  
together resorted to, to magnify apparently the  
cost of production, or to misify the calcula-  
tion in the minds of the people. Under this  
is neither the cost of living, nor the interest  
on capital invested, from any part of the cost  
of production. These are provided for in the  
seventy-five per cent profit allowed, and the  
division is ample and enriching—more real-  
ly than ought to have been allowed.

What is the cost of production of a pair  
of shoes? It is the price paid for the raw  
hide—the expense of tanning it—and the  
labor of the operative who makes the shoes.  
Let it be remembered that the hides which  
are tanned and which are to make the shoes  
for the ensuing winter were brought at com-  
paratively low prices. The present prices of  
hides and leather constitute no part of the  
cost of the production of shoes made from  
hides or leather bought. Nor have tanners  
the right to charge present prices for the  
outer made of hides bought at lower prices  
several years ago.

What is the cost of production of a yard  
of cotton goods? It is the cost of the cotton  
and the actual expenses incurred in raising  
and making or putting up the machinery  
and the wages of the operatives. Let it be  
remembered that much of the cotton now  
being made, and which will be used during  
the ensuing winter is manufactured of cotton  
bought at low prices. The present price of  
cotton is no part of the cost of producing a  
yard of cloth from cotton bought during the  
winter and spring now past.

Every operative has a personal interest  
in seeing to it that this law is not violated. For  
one superintendent or officer of a factory or  
other establishment, shall violate this law,  
every person engaged about the establish-  
ment is subject to conscription at once, and  
without remedy!

Every man, woman and child in the  
land is interested in reporting violations of  
this law, for it is to prevent them from being  
oppressed as well as to prevent the govern-  
ment from being weakened that the law has  
been enacted.

Various methods have been resorted to  
with a view of securing high prices and es-  
tablishing public opinion. The most common  
has been to offer goods for sale at auction. This  
is, at first view, a plausible scheme of extor-  
tion. It puts the whole honest community,  
government included, in the hands of specula-  
tors—puts all in the power of felonious  
conjurors, and secures to the owners the  
only object really intended—high prices with-  
out aid.

This must all be stopped now, for more  
than 75 per cent on the cost of production,  
whether at auction or otherwise, is a violation  
of the law.

HOW TO OBTAIN CHEAP GOODS.—There is a  
provision in the Conscrip Act by which shoe-  
makers and other artisans are exempted from  
the service, on condition that they do not  
charge more than seventy-five per cent ad-  
vance over old prices on their present man-  
ufactures. It happens that Mr. Barker man-  
ufactures a pair of new boots, and strange  
to tell, he was charged the extraordinary price  
of thirty dollars! The Major told the bill,  
took the boots, and, with them, marched the  
son of St. Crispin into the camp of instruc-  
tion, where he was on yesterday wearing out  
a ragged pair of old shoes to the delectable  
music of a drum and fife. We would advise  
every officer and soldier in the army who can  
obtain himself imposed upon by any man-  
ufacturer, or other person, to report him at  
once to Major Barker.

We are no longer at the mercy of the pa-  
per manufacturers. They must make paper  
or go into the service, and then we shall have  
it at 100 per cent less than we have been  
compelled in some instances to pay for it.  
The Conscrip Act is the wisest measure of  
legislation ever enacted by our Congress, and  
for this we are indebted to the genius of the  
President.

But not shoenakers may not think so,  
but the Conscrip Act is a great satisfaction.—  
Knoxville (Tenn) Register.

The value of the buildings destroyed  
in Baton Rouge by the Federals previous to  
their evacuation of the city, is estimated at  
\$80,000.

### Mr. Gladstone's Speech.

The following is a full report of Mr. Glad-  
stone's speech on American affairs, at New  
Castle England:

I, for one, said the right honorable gentle-  
man, exercising his own poor faculties as best  
I could, have never felt that England had any  
real connection with her own civil interests  
for desiring the disruption of the American  
Union. I can understand those who say it is  
for the general interest of nations that no  
State should swell to the dimensions of a con-  
tinent. I can understand those who say—  
and I confess it to be my own opinion—that  
it is greatly for the interest of the negro race  
that they should have to do with their own  
masters alone, and not—as has hitherto been  
the case—with their own master backed by  
the whole power of the Federal Government  
of the United States. (Cheers.) Because,  
poorly as that has been the state of  
things that has subsisted heretofore, and to  
which, I think mistakenly, in the interest  
of the negro, have thought it desirable to  
return.

The laws by which the slaves have been gov-  
erned have been laws made not by the Fed-  
eral Government, but by the owners of those  
slaves; and the enforcement of the laws made  
by the owners of the slaves has not rested in  
the hands of the owners of the slaves alone.  
They have a right—a constitutional right by  
the Constitution of the United States—to be  
supported against their own slaves in the ex-  
ecution of the laws that the slave-owners have  
made by the whole power of the American  
Union. I can, therefore, very well under-  
stand the argument of those who think that  
it is particularly to be desired in the inter-  
est of the negro race that the American Union  
should be reconstructed. But I must confess  
my reasons that I need not now explain, that  
I do not think that England has had any in-  
terest in the disruption of that Union; my  
own private opinion is that it was rather the  
interest of England that the Union should  
continue. I know that it is not an opinion  
generally shared; but at any rate, gentlemen,  
I should never say that, if I think that  
we all feel that the course which Mr. Major-  
Ponsby's motion here endeavored to pursue—  
namely, that of making a strict neutrality  
under all circumstances—that has hereto-  
fore passed—has been a right course, and has  
been the expression of the general sense of  
the community. (Cheers.)

There is, and there can be, no doubt that  
where two parties are in great separation,  
it is not at all unlikely that he who observes  
a strict neutrality will offend both; because  
a point of fact, the state of mind in which  
he conducts is likely to be judged of by the  
opinion of either disputant is not a state of  
mind in which it is fair that we should ex-  
pect from them perfectly impartial conclu-  
sions. But what we may naturally expect is  
this: that an honest course of neutrality will  
be recognized—that course, I mean, which  
I have pursued up to this day—will be recog-  
nized after this unhappy struggle has passed  
away, and when the circumstances shall be  
clearly viewed. But I must confess it ap-  
pears to me that if either party have a right  
to find fault with us, it is the Confederates  
rather than the Federal party. (Hear, hear,  
I mean this: If we have deviated at all from  
neutrality, our deviation has been against the  
Confederate rather than the Federal party.  
The course we have taken has been this: We  
have preserved a perfect neutrality, but we  
have permitted the export of arms and warlike  
stores—we have permitted it to two parties  
to the Confederates, all of whose ports  
were blockaded by the Northern fleet, and to  
the Federals, who have had perfect power to  
impose whatever arms and stores they pleased.  
I think that course has been the right and  
just course; but I think the very statement  
of the fact proved that at any rate we have  
not displayed a bias unfavorable to the claims  
of the Northern States. (Cheers.)

But no, gentlemen. I would for a moment  
make an appeal to you on behalf of the peo-  
ple of the Northern States—I mean so far as  
regards our appreciation of their position.  
Greater allowances are to be made for heat  
and exasperation in the state of public opin-  
ion in that country under present circum-  
stances than perhaps could ever fairly be claim-  
ed by any other nation. Only consider what  
their private history has been. They have  
never drank the bitter cup of misfortune, dis-  
appointment and mortification. They have  
had but to will that a thing should be done,  
and it was done. Their course has been a  
course of prosperity and advancement with-  
out example and without a single check.  
Well, gentlemen, it is not in human nature  
that a people who have been subjected to an  
experience as flattering, so soothing to human  
self-love, should at once learn with a perfect  
good grace, to accommodate and submit  
themselves to the necessities of our human con-  
dition. (Hear, hear.) It is easy for us to suf-  
fer. We have suffered before. We have gone  
through the very agonies of those dis-  
membersments against which the Northern  
people of the United States are now strug-  
gling. We have gone through it, and now  
that we have gone through it, we know that  
it was not a bad thing after all. (Hear.)

But they have not gone through it, and all  
I say is, let us bear with them all we can.  
Let us keep towards them a kindly temper;  
let us not allow ourselves to be adversely criti-  
cized on that side of the water, let us be very  
cautious of adverse criticisms upon them from

this side of the water. Depend upon it, that  
course steadily pursued will bring its reward,  
and it is the course which they have a right  
upon every ground of good will, courtesy  
and Christian feeling, to expect that we  
should pursue. (Cheers.) Well, gentlemen,  
they are our kin; they were, at any rate, if  
they are not now, our customers, and we hope  
they will be our customers again. Let them  
have shown also that, under all circum-  
stances, when their good feeling could have fair  
play, they have warm affections towards Eng-  
land. Never let us forget, whatever momen-  
tary irritation may cross the minds of that  
people—never let us forget the reception of  
the Prince of Wales. (Cheers.) Let every  
Englishman engrave upon the tablets of his  
heart the recollection of that memorable day;  
and if occasionally he may be tempted to an-  
ger at seeing his country misunderstood, or  
even misrepresented, let him calm his ten-  
dency to excited sentiment by that recolle-  
ction. (Cheers.)

And, gentlemen, it is the more necessary  
that we should do this, because I think we  
are pretty much of one mind as to what is to  
come. We know quite well that that people  
—I mean the people of the Northern States—  
have not yet drunk of the cup; they are  
still endeavoring to hold it far from their lips;  
they have not yet drank of the cup which,  
notwithstanding, all the rest of the world sees  
they must do. (Hear, hear.) We have our  
own opinions about slavery; we may be for  
the South or against the South; but there is  
no doubt, I think, about this—Jefferson Davis  
and the other leaders of the South have  
made an army; they are making, it appears,  
a navy; and they have made what is more  
than either—they have made a nation. (En-  
thusiastic cheering, which was prolonged for  
some time.) I cannot say that I for one, have  
regretted my regret their failure to estab-  
lish themselves in Maryland. It appears to  
me no probable that, if they had been able  
to establish themselves in Maryland, the con-  
sequences of their military success in any ag-  
gressive movement would have been that a  
political party, favorable to them, would have  
been formed in that State—that they would  
have contracted normal or virtual engagements  
with that political party, and that the exist-  
ence of these engagements, hampering them  
in their negotiations with the Northern States,  
might have formed a new obstacle to peace.  
Gentlemen, from the bottom of my heart  
I should desire that no new obstacle to  
peace may be formed. (Hear, hear, and  
cheer.)

We may anticipate with certainty the suc-  
cess of the Southern States, as far as regards  
defeating their separation from the North, I  
am my own party, cannot but believe that the  
present is as certain as any event yet future  
and contingent can be. (Cheers.) But it is  
not feeling that that great event is likely to  
come, and that the North will have to suffer  
the most mortification, that I earnestly hope that  
England will do nothing to inflict additional  
pain, sorrow or pain upon those who have  
already suffered much, and who will probably  
have to suffer more. (Cheers.) It may be  
said that some time ago, when it was the  
duty of Europe to offer a word of ex-  
pression, or of friendly aid, towards ex-  
pansion of the quarrel. It is even possible that  
each time as that may occur, our imper-  
ious it is that when that word comes, should  
address itself to minds that are already  
pre-occupied with that which things have been  
aid and done towards them in Europe, and  
done all in England, the country which,  
however, they may find fault with it from  
time to time, we know holds the highest place  
in their admiration and respect. (Enthusiastic  
and prolonged cheers.)

MARY HANS ESCAPE FROM DEATH.  
The London Examiner concerning a mis-  
statement in regard to Major-General Pon-  
sby, relates the following story of another  
Ponsby, who was at Waterloo:

Colonel Ponsby, of the Twelfth dragoons,  
was wounded on the ground, and a  
Dutch boy seeing some life in him, said  
using a filthy expression, "you are not  
yet dead," and deliberately ran his lance into  
the disabled man's body more than once.  
Some French riflemen then took possession  
of the ground where Ponsby lay, and they  
made a heap of the bodies they found on the  
spot to serve as a sort of parapet from be-  
hind which they fired kneeling. Ponsby had  
the luck of being placed at the top of the  
pile, and the riflemen who was using his  
body as a shield and rest, perceiving some-  
thing of life in him, instead of acting as the  
savage, dastardly lancer had done, gave him  
a drink of brandy out of his flask. As the  
boy was on Ponsby's suffering because  
inimicable that he had poured the friendly  
one to put his rifle to his head and dispatch  
him, but the gallant fellow said, "Clear up  
the day's your own, we are in full retreat,  
farewell! I must be off."

man who had survived what we have faintly  
described.

The hero died of the merry thought of a  
chicken. He was choked by a chicken bone  
at Marat Green on his way to Southampton,  
twenty-two years after his escape of all the  
horrors of the field of Waterloo.

"Rebels in Kentucky."  
We see by the following letter which has  
been received in Baltimore, that the bill of  
the Kentuckians against the Lincoln Govern-  
ment for damages sustained by the rebel in-  
vasion is likely to be rather more formidable  
than the one presented by the Marylanders  
under similar circumstances:

LEXINGTON, October 21, 1862.  
My Esteemed Friend—Your very welcome  
favor came to hand to-day, the first mail we  
have had for six weeks. Previous to the re-  
ception of your letter I had intended writing  
to you by the first mail, which goes out to-  
morrow. Only think that I have been  
more than six weeks under the military des-  
potism of Jeff Davis & Co. It is even so.  
On the 1st of September, after the unfortu-  
nate battle at Richmond, some twenty-five  
miles from here, much to our astonishment,  
it was decided to evacuate Lexington.

On the 21st of September the rebels under  
Kirby Smith entered our city, and such a  
dirty, raged, loose set of scamps your eyes  
have never looked upon. I had read many  
reports about the condition of the rebel ar-  
my, really thinking they were greatly exag-  
gerated, but I can almost endure any thing as  
true now. Many of our citizens left and be-  
came refugees. I remained, though not ar-  
rested and imprisoned, as many of our citi-  
zens were, yet I had to endure much humili-  
ation and degradation. One night about  
two o'clock I was aroused by a soldier en-  
quiring the way to camp. I directed him as  
well as I could, but he was not satisfied.  
I was wakened by a man as a dead Union  
house, saying what ought to be done with the  
State, and trying to break the gate down by  
slaming it violently.

Notwithstanding their high sounding pro-  
clamations about protection to personal rights,  
we soon found out what was meant by such  
protection. They forced every one to take  
their worthless Confederate money at the  
point of the bayonet, and if any one attempt-  
ed to depreciate it or sell it at a discount,  
they were immediately arrested. In several  
instances they forced the merchants to sell  
their goods, and they or their Quartermas-  
ters fixed the price. In some cases they  
would purchase and never pay a cent, even  
in their worthless trash. They bought up  
my neighbor \$360 worth of boots and never  
paid him a cent, even in their scrip. As a  
general thing, however, they paid in their  
Southern trash.

One house suffered to the amount of \$104-  
000 (manufacturers of jeans), and a pork  
house over \$100,000. Dry goods, groceries,  
&c., from \$12,000 to \$20,000. Our mer-  
chants have literally been robbed. Our fer-  
mers have suffered terribly, in many instances  
losing all their farn and other things. They  
sawed our public Court House square a com-  
mon table saw, destroying even the iron  
rolling around it. They used our Court House  
as a common privy from top to bottom. Our  
beautiful fair grounds near the city, they have  
desolated, tearing away floors and shutters of  
our beautiful Floral Hall and cutting them  
up for fuel. In short, wherever the army  
goes destruction and desolation appears to  
mark their every footstep.

On the 10th of October they got terribly  
scared because Drell's army was coming, and  
commenced evacuating, but did not get away  
till the 16th. On the 17th one hundred and  
fifty Federal cavalry came in and encamped  
about a mile from town. On the morning  
of the 18th some twelve hundred, of Morgan's  
men made a dash upon them, surrounding  
them, killing some four of our men and  
wounding several others. Though overpow-  
ered our men fought well, but had to surren-  
der. The rebel loss was some twelve killed  
and a good many wounded, among whom was  
a celebrated Major Morgan. They stayed a  
half day and hurried off. To-day we have  
two or three thousand Federals here and  
many more on their way.

I have conversed with a great many of the  
rank and file. They say without hesitation  
they have been conscripted and taken into  
the service. They are glad to be taken  
prisoners, and a great number have de-  
serted and are coming in and giving themselves  
up.

Southern chivalry in my opinion is nearly  
played out. They begin to think stealing  
won't pay. The way they stole horses was  
terrible. They actually stole from each other  
in this very city. Their visit to Kentucky  
has actually made such a stam of them.  
But enough. Trust and believe they will  
never attempt to invade our State again, at  
least in force.

Yours, &c.  
II.

The waggon editor of the Winchester  
Tribune, Bull-Bull, (a neat little d-d) tells  
the following "good piece" on Gen. P. K.  
A gentleman just from our army in Kentucky,  
and who belongs to Col. Marks' Regiment,  
tells the following on Major General Leonidas  
Polk: It is known that the patriotic Bishop  
is a very devout christian. On the day of  
Perryville, Gen. Cheatam, who always tells  
his men in a fight to "give the Yankees

h—l!" had already thus admonished his  
troops. Gen. Polk came up, and wishing to  
encourage his men, said, "Now, boys, give  
it to them in Gen. Cheatam's style," and the  
boys did as directed, that is if giving them  
h—l means to trash them. May be it means  
to kill 'em, when the style will surely follow.

Scene in a New Orleans Church.  
The Brute's Delta has a vulgar edul,  
abusive of the Rev. Dr. Goodrich, pastor of  
the Episcopal Church at the intersection of  
Camp and Prytania streets. We extract the  
following:

On Sunday last, the church was opened, as  
usual, for divine service. The robed pastor  
was there in his desk, and a large and fash-  
ionable congregation filled the pews. There  
were present, too, several army officers, and  
among them Major George C. Strong, Gen-  
eral Butler's Adjutant-General. Like most of  
the officers of the regular army, the Major is  
a member of the Episcopal Church. He sat  
in a front pew, and, with all the reverence of  
a man of faith, he strove to follow the muti-  
lated, jumbled and garbled service which Mr.  
Goodrich offered. That the soldier was indig-  
nant at the indecency and sordidity of the  
little minister, was natural, but be remem-  
bered that God sees all hearts, even Mr. Good-  
rich's.

The "ceremonies" rolled on and on, and  
finally the Major discovered that the minister  
had omitted the prayer for the President of  
the United States—which is as much a part  
of Episcopal service as a belief in God is part  
of the Episcopal creed. A hymn was char-  
tered; and then the entire audience knelt, as  
if to indulge in silent prayer, which silent  
prayer might have been intended for the  
success of Jefferson Davis, for all that we  
know to the contrary. While the con-  
gregation was in this attitude, Major Strong  
rose and said to the minister: "Wait one  
minute, sir." With the suddenness of guilt  
surprised, the congregation stood erect, aw-  
stricken and pale. Turning to them, the  
Major said: "I came in here for the pur-  
pose of worshipping God; but inasmuch as  
your minister has seen fit to omit invoking a  
blessing, as our church service requires, upon  
the President of the United States, I propose  
to close the services. This house will sit  
within ten minutes." The minister rose and  
ped forward to remonstrate, but the soldier  
reminded him calmly that this was no time  
for discussion. The minister then offered  
the benediction, and so went out his light.

Of course there was some stir. Of course  
Southern gentlemen were indignant. Of course  
they pulled up their shirt collars, exchanged  
glances with the indignant Southern ladies;  
but the men were mute as fish, and as statu-  
ary as the statue of Andrew Jackson in  
the square yonder. The ladies, however,  
shook round the Major, who was attired in  
civilian's clothes, and shaking their very large  
fris at him, characterized him in such terms  
as, "Oh, you monster of cruelty," and then  
turning to the timid minister, cried out, "Good  
bye—good bye," and some of them ejaculated  
wildly, "He's going off to prison." Again they  
turned upon the officer, who looked calmly  
upon the madness of the matrons and maidens,  
and in concert once more bowed out.  
"Oh, you, monster of cruelty, you'll never  
disturb us in Heaven." An Irish coachman,  
who had worked his way in from the vesti-  
bule, upon overhearing this, could not re-  
strain his wit, observed, "Bodad, there is  
no danger of that." Other indignant remarks  
were made by the indignant Southern ladies;  
but the indignant Southern men stood  
motionless all the while. During all this  
abuse of the ladies, Major Strong stood firm  
in barbarian dignity.

LIONIZING A NEGRO.—In a recent number  
of the Philadelphia Evening Journal, we find  
the following order-forms item:  
Distinguished Arrival.—Robert Small, the  
colored gentleman of genius, who sometime  
ago escaped from Charleston with the steam-  
er Planter, which he took to New York as a  
prize, himself receiving some thirteen thou-  
sand dollars as his share of the proceeds, ar-  
rived in this city yesterday, and took lodging  
at the Continental Hotel, where last evening  
he was introduced to his numerous white  
friends in this city, by George A. Coffey,  
Esq., United States District Attorney.

Arrangements have been made, we learn,  
to have Mr. Small deliver an address at an  
early day, before his numerous Philadelphia  
admirers, at the National Hall, on Market  
street. There will doubtless be a large atten-  
dant, as he seems to be very popular here  
in official circles. Judge Kelly and Col. For-  
ney will also probably address the meeting.  
Great attention was paid Small last even-  
ing at the Continental, and one man, an ex-  
Market street merchant, was so far carried  
away with admiration for this black lion of  
the day (or night) that he exclaimed aloud:  
"I would rather vote for this man Small for  
President than for any Democrat in the land!"  
Small is no longer small, he is great in the  
estimation of his white friends here.

One of the cleverest citizens of East Ten-<