

# 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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## Literary Department.

BY MISS CLARA V. DARGAN.

**"Thorney Isle."**  
See another sprig of poetry from the gifted pen of W. H. A., entitled as above. We exhort our friend to give himself more fully to the Muse. He is theirs by rights, and MARS to the contrary notwithstanding, he should be amenable to their authority—at least whenever and wherever that excellent chef de battalion can afford him the opportunity.

### Enigma for the Children.

I am composed of 21 letters.  
My 1, 9, 18, 20, is a river in England.  
My 14, 10, 4, 3, 21, 7, was a celebrated Duke of Normandy.  
My 8, 17, 15, 9, is an old-fashioned musical instrument.  
My 2, 5, 18, was the second son of Noah.  
My 4, 20, 9, 12, 5, 18, 6, is the emporium of the linen trade in Ireland.  
My 5, 19, is a preposition.  
My whole is one of the most glorious events in the history of the Confederacy. C. V. D.

### A Tale of the Times.

BY CLARA V. DARGAN.

"I read on the 16th Inst., Lieut. Harry Walton to Carrie, only daughter of the late Lawrence Vernon, Esq."  
How vividly this short paragraph recalled to me a scene I had witnessed scarcely one month before. But let me begin at the beginning and tell the whole, and "so grow to a point" as our friend Bottom says.

Perhaps some of you remember the day the Danville Dragoons went away to do duty on the coast. It was a fine company, people said, made up of stalwart men, huntsmen from the cradle, inured to hardships, cool and steady in the hour of peril, and reckless of death and danger. The captain was a man of noted strength and courage, a fine horseman and a good officer. But the young lieutenant, Harry Walton, was the idol of the corps. A graceful and fearless equestrian, a skillful marksman—brave, handsome, generous and unpretending—

He had known his sisters, two pleasant, kindly girls, for many years; indeed Mary and I had been old class-mates and intimate friends; so, shortly after the departure of the Danville Dragoons, I received the following from her:

"DEAR AGGIE: Do come to us! You will fully appreciate our condition when I tell you Harry left with his company last Monday. You have no idea how very lonely we are. The dear boy! We could not bear to see him go, for the camp is a dreadful place for one reared as tenderly as he has been. But then, you know, Aggie, we are willing to give him to our country; and Mamma says God will take care of him as well there as at home. What a dear, kind boy he is! So affectionate, and thoughtful for us all. The morning he left we stood on the front steps and watched him gallop away—isn't he a splendid rider, Aggie?—and he waved his handkerchief, and kissed his hand till he was quite out of sight. Then we all went into the house and cried. I think Mamma bears it remarkably well, for you know he is her darling, being the only son; she always says "It's for the best." But Harry is changed; he is not near so lively as he used to be. Don't you remember what a mischief he was, always teasing some one, and laughing and singing? Well! it's all gone now. About a week ago he went one night to see Carrie Vernon. I don't know what happened while he was there, but he came home early. As I went downstairs about ten o'clock to see if Mamma was comfortable, I observed the door of her room ajar and heard Harry's voice speaking excitedly.

"I shall never believe in woman again! I thought she was honest and true or I should never have allowed myself to dream this fatal dream. When I said I hoped she would not forget me, and every tone and look told so plainly as words how I loved her, she raised her clear eyes to my face and answered quite calmly, "As a soldier you have my best wishes for your safety and success." Safety and success! Would one tear stain her cheek if I fell pierced with a thousand wounds? No, cruel creature, it would not ruffle one feature of her beautiful face. But she shall repent it yet. I will go to the war; and when I am shot down, call her to look at my dead body.

"He sprang suddenly, and I knew Mamma had caught him in her arms; I heard her say faintly:

"My son! My son!  
"Forgive me, Mamma! Forgive me, dearest mother!" and he clasped the frail figure to his breast. I did not hear any more but went up stairs softly. You may know, Aggie, how every story I was for I loved Carrie Vernon; without her haughty school, but it was only her way, and she is really kind and loves well when she does love. I surmised long ago that Harry had lost his heart, for tho' he treats all girls pretty much alike he never appears to think it worth while to talk of serious or sensible things—books, and pictures, &c., you know—except to Carrie. And her brilliant eyes would grow brighter as she talked, and her sweet smile sweeter as she listened. And then she was flirting! It is shameful, and I know I shall never forgive her, though, of course, I will be obliged to treat her as before. I can never like her again.

"I don't know if I ought to be telling all this on poor dear Harry, but it is uppermost in my mind, and I can't help telling you, Aggie. But to go back where I began, we are so lonely; and Mamma and Lala and I with me in earnest entreaties that you take pity and spend June with us. I will come for you next Wednesday in the carriage. No excuses to be taken.

Yours truly, MAMIE."

Of course I spent June at Danville. Frequent letters came from Harry and it was evident from their merry, pleasant tone, that he had quite recovered from Carrie Vernon's coquetry. Like all boys, I thought, he forgets her before the moon changes; but I must confess I did not like to believe it. Neither Mamma nor I ever alluded to the subject except on one occasion. We were looking at a fine photograph of the young soldier which hung over the mantel in the sitting-room. You never entered that room but you caught some one standing before the "shrine," as Lala called it, gazing into the handsome eyes which looked as if they were about to smile, or at the womanly mouth so sweet and tender.

"How could any one resist him?" Mamma asked.

I shook my head; I did not understand myself how Carrie Vernon had managed to escape the spell.

"She is a heartless creature. I will never forgive her for treating Harry so."  
"A thought struck me:  
"But, Mamma, suppose she really does love him. You say he did not actually propose; perhaps she does not like to fall till she is shaken, and shaken vigorously. Men don't care for girls who come before they are called, and Carrie is proud, you know. I can't help thinking she loves him."

Mamma looked surprised, and then shook her head: "It might be so, but it is hardly probable. Harry is not a toy to be deceived. He is light and gay on the surface, but there is an under current of calm thought and lasting affection. No—strange as it seems, Carrie Vernon does not love him, or he would have easily found it out. She is too cold to love, or too uncertain, I don't know which. Oh, Aggie, I wish it had been you instead. Then all would have been right."

I smiled, not knowing what a certain person would think if he had heard Mamma's confident assertion. Harry certainly was handsome, but I knew somebody I thought even handsomer. And there the subject dropped.

June drew to its close, and July came on intensely hot; but still I lingered at Danville. Mamma grew daily more thoughtful and loving; Lala more kind and winning; and Mrs. Walton—there never was such an angel on earth—in my opinion—eyes, and the long summer days we gathered around the invalid's couch where the breeze blew coolest and the shade was greenest, to listen to the tales of her childhood told in low, gentle accents, while her transparent fingers were ever busy with the shining needles and strong yarn, knitting socks for "my boy."

It had been a sultry, sweltering day, and as evening drew on the south wind which lifted the lace curtains and waved the roses decayed us into the front porch. Thither we wheeled the sofa, and supporting the sick mother between us placed her where she could watch the sunset. It was not ten minutes after that the gate opened; and who should walk up the steps quite self-possessed but Carrie Vernon. She looked very beautifully. I had not seen her since we were girls at school together and she was much improved. Her hair and eyes were a always fine; but her figure had developed superbly, and exquisite taste in dressing contributed much to her beauty. She entered the porch, and walked directly to Mrs. Walton. I think if nothing else had attracted me the tones of her voice and her manner on this occasion would have opened my heart to her. I saw the pained look in Mamma's face fit away, as the mother took the young girl's hand, and drawing her down, pressed her pale lips upon the queenly brow. All restraint vanished that instant.

We were laughing and talking merrily when a servant entered with the mail. There was a strange tremor in his manner as he landed the package to his mistress, and withdrew to the hall. "Let us have lights my dear," Mrs. Walton proposed; but Lala protested against the innovation of lamps this beautiful evening, and taking up a paper began straining her eyes in the gathering twilight over the latest news.

"Oh, here is something!" she exclaimed, Listen!

"Just as we are going to press, a gentleman, arrived from the coast, informs us of a raid made by a detachment of the Danville Dragoons, commanded by Lieut. Walton, a brave and gallant young officer. They surprised a rendezvous of the enemy's pickets on Island, and captured the whole party, after a brief but short contest. We regret to state that Lieut. Walton received a wound."

A quick, half-suppressed cry broke the silence thro' which Lala's voice growing fearfully lower and faster, had brought this proud, sad tale to our ears. Carrie Vernon fell prone to the floor at the mother's feet.

"Oh, Lala, why did you?" Mamma cried reproachfully, as now, all confusion, we gathered around the two who most required our attention.

"He is not dead, Mamma; it was only a flesh wound and is not considered at all serious. Mamma, darling Mamma, listen to me! Harry is not hurt."  
Mrs. Walton opened her eyes; she comprehended Lala's confused explanation; but Carrie lay quite still. No sound seemed to pierce her ears. The servants lifted her up on the sofa, and poor Mamma in an agony of grief called her by name, and implored her to speak. As we stood thus, chafing the small hands, now cold and pallid as death, the

gate opened and Harry Walton bounded up the steps! In a moment he seemed to comprehend all. A few low words his mother whispered as he clasped her to his heart, and he sank down beside the couch and caught the cold hands in his. "Carrie, dear Carrie! open your eyes. It is I, Harry, who calls you. Speak to me, my own!"

The long lashes lifted themselves slowly, and the dark eyes rested upon his face.

"Not dead, thank God!" she murmured.

At this—but what's the use of telling the rest? You all know how lovers are when all has been made straight, and all doubts and fears removed; and if you don't know you needn't. Harry had hurried home to assure us of his safety after that "daring feat" and, as you have seen, arrived most apropos. The wedding, of course, was the consummation of all things, and came off before the young lieutenant's furlough expired. In old times a girl could not get up a troussain under six months; but now she may be thankful if she has six weeks—aye, six days! I don't know but it's just as well, seeing there's nothing to wear and nowhere to wear it.

As a voracious story-teller I suppose I should give a full account of the wedding, as well as a key to Miss Vernon's strange behavior. As to the first you may exercise your own imagination; and as to the second, if you are a woman you know all about it. Ah, but I suppose the other sex have just the least bit of curiosity, and would like to know too. Well! I don't like to divulge secrets, but if you'll promise (not to take advantage of it I'll tell you: Harry was too tacit, and Carrie got tired waiting. So you see, like all women, she played a game, and was the loser—for awhile. But do you blame her? I don't.

Just one word more. Girls never flirt with a soldier. Suppose he were to get killed—ah! Try your hands on the "conscript" and "exempts," you may hurt them as badly as your kind hearts will let you, but spare the soldiers.

### For the Advertiser.

Thorney Isle.

"The sweet loneliness of Thorney Isle pleases me more now." These words are ascribed to Edward II. the Monk-King, by Sir F. Bulwer Lytton in his powerful Romance of "Harold the last of the Saxon Kings." They were addressed to William the Conqueror, as the royal twin role.

William, I love the Juliet Tower.

And you palatial pile;

Yet, O'er me sways a sweeter power,

The Elings Thorney Isle.

O Thorney Isle, O Thorney Isle,

The loneliness so sweet,

O Thorney Isle, my Thorney Isle,

Pleaseth me more, I ween!

II.

I love Westminster, my woman

Shut out from snare and wile;

And a meet by for royal more,

Is lonely Thorney Isle,

O Thorney Isle, O Thorney Isle,

The loneliness so sweet,

O Thorney Isle, my Thorney Isle,

Pleaseth me more, I ween!

III.

Norman, I love the Palatine—

Keep, where I bode erstwhile;

But dear to me in life's decline,

Is lonely Thorney Isle,

O Thorney Isle, O Thorney Isle,

The loneliness so sweet,

O Thorney Isle, my Thorney Isle,

Pleaseth me more, I ween!

Thorney Island was once the seat of Westminster. W. H. A.

### Something Coming.

The Mobile Advertiser and Register thus notices a new English poem and its probable reproduction by a Mobile publisher:

TANNHAUSER.—We copy from the London Times a scholarly criticism upon a new poem which, under the title of "Tannhauser," has produced a marked sensation in England. The names of the authors accompanying the publication are feigned. Its real authors are known to be two young Englishmen of fine genius and distinguished attainments—Young Bulwer, the son of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Secretary to the English Embassy at Vienna, and Julian Fane, the son of Lord Westmoreland.

We believe our enterprising Mobile publisher, Mr. Gootzel, is about to reproduce the poem in book form here.

It is not impossible that, when it appears, Southern readers may discover that its hint is borrowed from "The Temptation of Venus," the most elaborate and elegant of the productions of the Charleston poet, Paul II. Hayne.

### Making Resolutions.

Never form a resolution that is not a good one; and when once formed, never break it. If you form a resolution, and then break it, you set yourself a bad example, and you are very likely to follow it. A person may get the habit of breaking his resolutions; this is as bad to the character and mind, as an incurable disease to the body. No person can become great, but by keeping his resolutions; no person ever escaped contempt, who could not keep them.—An Extract.

The following verses, composed years ago by Joyce Kilmer, of Alabama, and having reference to the women of the age in consequence with the facts of the day in which we live. The third stanza has found a speedy and a beautiful fulfillment in every part of our glorious sunny South:

### The Mothers of the South.

The mothers of the South!

In the land-morn of battle,

When from the cannon's mouth,

Came the thunder's deadly rattle,

Their fair and fragile forms

Shrank not in terror from us,

But—rainbows on the storm—

Still gave us freedom's promise!

Then, through the smoke and din,

They came to cheer our patriotic fight;

Our noble Southern mothers!

Who in the strife—maid, matron, wife—

Stood by their sons and brothers.

On Camden's fatal plain,

At Pawnee and Savannah,

The star of freedom's train

Was beauty's own banner!

Throughout the night of war,

The flag was still replenished,

And many a son fell low,

To keep its folds unsoiled!

Then, klieg to-night their memories bright

Our noble Southern mothers!

Who in the strife—maid, matron, wife—

Stood by their sons and brothers!

IV.

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy fell be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite as big,

As benefits thy fall;

Though thou the vixen whip,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friends remembering not.

V.

We know not what destinies we are

Bound to fulfill; but these are dreams of life,

Divine Providence may have assigned us;

But ever avoid evil and shun reproach

Is imperative advice devolving on all.

A good name is to be prized both for the good, like so much current coin, it will bring its possessor angels; as an honorable badge, of which alone, it is to be acquired. Nor is it confined to any condition or rank of men. It serves to mark a mental or physical distinction, but is a badge of that praiseworthy nobility of the heart, which while it may be denied to the proud, is within the reach of the most humble. To Young Men upon their introduction to the untrod vicissitudes of life, it is a commendation more valuable than Diplomas Without it the future can hold out but little promise. Clouds will obscure the sun; Hope, and mists enshroud a glowing prospect.

To the old reputation is the solace of remembrance; it is crowning glory of all past experience. It gives comfort in declining years, and profits beyond the grave.

The value of a good name is appreciated by the emulous; it is commensurate with their highest pretensions. Reputation is a treasure, which if possessed by the humblest peasant in a Cottage, he cannot be said to be truly poor. Oppense may scorn, but amid all its vanities, in the darkest hours of neglect, a good name rather to be preferred than gold heap as mountains, or silver strewed, like pebbles in the valley. The vile tongue of slander may select us as its victims, however ex employ we are, for we often bear the good derided, and see virtue become a shining mark for the invidious assaults of billings-gate; but sooner or later the shaft will recoil upon the guilty head, and the voice of vindication will eventually be heard rising like dulcet music, swelling above the storm of night.

Reputation is the pearl, whose price neither property nor adversity can depreciate. It is the talisman of victory over all difficulties, and assure pledge of faith which gives contentment here, and inspires a hope looking beyond the bounds of life.

"Too many persons grow to use their religion as a diver doth his belt; to venture down into the depths of worldliness with safety, and grope for pearls with just so much of heaven's air as will keep them from suffocating and no more; and some, alas! as at times is the case with divers, are suffocated with the experiment."

The Raleigh (N. C.) Standard learns that when Capt. Garrett was made Colonel of the 5th North Carolina State Troop, on the resignation of Col. McLaee, Capt. Hill who was entitled to the position of Lieutenant Colonel in the line of promotion, was appointed to that office, and Capt. Lea was appointed Major. But Capt. Hill, with singular magnanimity, declined the position, and returned his commission to Gov. Vance, with the understanding that Capt. Lea should fill the place, on the ground that Capt. Lea was better qualified for, and more entitled to be placed in the hands of the Clerks of the Courts

Capt. Hill, therefore, becomes Major, and Capt. Lea Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment. Such instances of unselfishness are rare, even in the army. Capt. Hill is a noble hearted man, and as brave as he is unselfish.

### AN ACT TO RAISE SUPPLIES FOR THE YEAR COMMENCING IN OCTOBER, ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO.

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives now met and sitting in General Assembly and by the authority of the same, that a Tax for the sum and in the manner hereinafter mentioned, shall be raised and paid into the Treasury of this State for the use and service thereof; that is to say: One dollar and thirty cents ad valorem on every hundred dollars of the value of all lands granted in this State according to the existing classification as heretofore established; one dollar and twenty-six cents per head on all slaves; Provided, that all lands or slaves in this State, now in possession or under the control of the enemy, and such other lands or slaves as may be taken by the enemy before the return of the said property to the Tax Collector, and also such other lands as shall have been abandoned by the owners in consequence of the action of the Military Authorities, shall be exempt from taxation under this Act; three dollars on each free negro, mulatto or mestizo, between the ages of fifteen and fifty years, except such as shall clearly be proved to the satisfaction of the Collector to be incapable from wounds or otherwise of procuring a livelihood, and except those who now are, or have at any time been, in the service of the army of this State or of the Confederate States, in the existing war; twenty-two cents ad valorem on every hundred dollars of the value of all lots, lands and buildings within any city, town, village or borough in this State: Provided, that the tax on lands and buildings in the city of Charleston be assessed on the value of the lands only, where the buildings and improvements on the land have been destroyed by the late conflagration. And Provided, further, That no tax shall be levied on lots, lands and buildings in any city, town, village or borough in this State, which have passed into the possession or under the control of the enemy, or which may pass into the possession or under the control of the enemy, before returns are made to the Tax Collector; one hundred cents per hundred dollars on factories, employments, faculties and professions; including the profession of Dentistry, and including herein Clerks of Courts of Common Pleas and General Sessions, Sheriffs, Masters and Commissioners in Equity, Registers of Mesne Conveyance, Ordinaries and Coroners, whether in the profession or employment of Law or Equity the profits be derived from the costs of suit, fees, or other sources of professional income, except clergymen, school-masters, school mistresses and mechanics; one hundred cents on every hundred dollars on the amount of commissions received by vendue masters and commission merchants; Forty cents per hundred dollars on the capital stock paid in on the first of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, of all banks which for their present charters, have not paid a bonus to the State, which said bank tax, the Stockholder, when he or she resides within the State, shall have the right to pay to the Tax Collector of the district or parish, where such Stockholder reside by paying the same on or before the first day of June next, and forwarding a duplicate receipt of such payment to the President of such Bank; and in case any Stockholder resides without the State, the tax on the stock of such Stockholder shall be paid to the Tax Collector of the district or parish where the bank is located; eighty cents per hundred dollars on the capital stock of any Bank of issue not incorporated by this State, paid in on the first day of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, doing business by agents within the limits of this State; forty cents per hundred dollars on the capital stock of all incorporated Gas-Light Companies; one and a half per centum on all premiums taken in this State by incorporated Insurance Companies, and by the Agencies in this State, acting in behalf of Insurance Companies and underwriters without the limits of this State; twenty-two cents on every hundred dollars of the amount of sales of goods, wares and merchandise, embracing all articles of trade for sale, barter or exchange (the products of this State, and the unmanufactured products of any of the States of the Confederate States excepted), which any person shall have made from the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two to the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, either on his, her or their capital, or borrowed capital, or on account of any person or persons, as agent, attorney or consignee; ninety cents upon every hundred dollars of the amount of sales of all goods, wares and merchandise whatever, which any transient person, not resident in this State, shall make in any house, stall or public place, whether the said sale be made by sample or otherwise; twenty dollars per day for all circus exhibitions; five dollars per day for representing publicly for gain and reward any play, comedy, tragedy, interlude or farce, or other employment of the stage, of any part therein, or for exhibiting wax figures or other shows, of any kind whatever, to be paid into the hands of the Clerks of the Courts

respectively, who shall be bound to pay the same into the Treasuries of the State of South Carolina, except in cases where the same is now required by law to be paid to corporations or otherwise; one tenth of one per cent, on all monies loaned, mortgages at interest, all monies invested in the Stocks or Bonds of any individual, State or corporation other than Bonds or Stocks of this State or of the Confederate States, and other than the Stocks of the Banks and Railroad Companies of this State; one dollar and fifty cents for every hundred dollars of gross receipts of all Commercial Agencies within the limits of this State; thirteen cents on every pack of playing cards sold in this State; fifteen dollars upon every Billiard table within this State, used and for the purpose of raising a revenue therefrom; one hundred cents on the hundred dollars of all salaries, including public officers, except officers of the Army and Navy, and on all wages, from whatever source derived, except wages of five hundred dollars or less per annum.

II. All taxes levied on property, as prescribed in the first section of this Act, shall be paid to the Tax Collector for the tax district in which said property is located: Provided, that where negroes have been removed from any Districts or Parishes by reason of the dangers arising from the invasion or occupation thereof by the enemy, it shall be lawful to pay the taxes upon the same to the Tax Collectors of the Districts or Parishes from which said negroes were removed. That all taxes levied on property in this State during the continuance of the war between the Confederate and United States of America, may be paid in Confederate notes or other current funds, and the commissions to be received by the various Tax Collectors of this State, for the year commencing on the first day of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, shall be at the rate of seventy per centum of the commissions now allowed them by law, except such districts and Parishes as pay an amount less than eight hundred dollars to the Collector.

III. The Tax Collectors in the several Districts and Parishes in this State, in their returns hereafter to be made, are hereby required and enjoined to state the precise amounts of taxes collected by them for supporting the police of the said several Districts and Parishes aforesaid, stating the rates per centum on the amount of the State tax collected for said Districts and Parishes, and the total amount of commissions received by each and every of such Tax Collectors, and the rate per centum of his commissions, and the Comptroller General shall return the same in his report.

IV. Five negroes, mulattos and mestizos are hereby required to make their returns and pay their taxes during the month of April; and the Tax Collector of St. Phillip's and St. Michael's is allowed until the month of June to receive the taxes of white persons.

V. The lots and houses on Sullivan's Island shall be freed from taxation during the existing war between the Confederate States and the United States of America, the same being used by the troops of the Confederate States or by the works for defence.

VI. That the Tax Collectors be authorized to extend the time for the receipt, and also for the payment of taxes, and also for the payment thereof into the Treasury of this State, for a period of thirty days beyond the periods thereof herein allowed by law.

VII. That the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, received by Wilmet G. DeSaussure, as Agent of the State, from the Confederate Government, and by him paid into the Treasury of this State, under the resolution of the Confederate Congress relative to the conflagration in the city of Charleston on the eleventh day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and also all such other sums of money as may be received by the Confederate Government during the present year and placed in the Treasury, be set apart for such appropriations as may be made by the General Assembly of this State.

### Noble Sentiments.

Not long since some of the Physicians of the flourishing city of Macon, published their fee bill, stating that "the Physicians of Macon are unwilling further to attend gratuitously the poor and destitute of the city." They exercised but their proper and just right in doing so. Four noble and generous hearted men, however, whose names ought to be known and whose virtues appreciated by everyone: Drs. M. S. Thomson, John T. Cox, A. L. Linkscales, and M. R. Freeman, published a card protesting against the action in the name of humanity and justice, and say:

"These parties have a perfect right to speak for themselves, and it is that their determination, be it so, but we object to be included by the general term used, and deem it proper to say that so far from endorsing that declaration, we are ready, in view of our present surroundings, to do more, if possible, for that class of our fellow creatures, many of whom are made "poor and destitute" in part for our sakes, through whose sufferings by reason of the absence of their supporters, we who remain at home are enjoying our lives and liberties in comparative security. Should the City Council still see proper to pay for the Medicines used, so as to relieve us from pecuniary outlay in that behalf, we shall be pleased, but their not doing so shall be no

bar to our efforts for their benefit to the utmost extent of our ability."

Nobler and more patriotic sentiments have not been uttered during the war. The blessings of heaven will rest upon them.

Severe but Just.

Referring to the remarks of Mr. Cogrod, of Louisiana, who spoke in the lower house of the Confederate Congress the other day, in relation to the exemption of newspaper men, the Mobile Tribune is only justly severe. Mr. C. declared that the newspapers, he thought it probable, are "doing more harm than good; and as for the ministers, he declared that he believed they could be better employed in the army than in preaching to empty meeting houses, or to old maids and grannies." In reply to the attack upon the press, the Tribune says:

If the exemption of printers gives no equivalent for their services in the army, let them be placed there without delay. "But that man is a fool, or has some special personal grievance against the craft, who cannot see that they are of almost indispensable use—that is, when they are honestly performing the duties of their vocation; and we are glad to say that we know of few exceptions to this high virtue within the Confederate States.

We venture also to assert that even the least of them may be considered as much more valuable to the general cause as any one of half the members of the Confederate Congress. Their enemies are those who lack the ability to achieve the importance which their ambition craves; those who are envious of the merit which has its due applause through their columns; those whose mercenary purposes are exposed and thus checked. The officer who has crawled to a place by servility or fraud and whose value is tested in battle, detests a newspaper, and would also, if his power were equal to his desires, "back" or hang all those who have mastered the reconcile arts of reading and writing. The hangers on of these officers—the pickers up of the crumbs which fall from official tables, and there are many of them everywhere, they are indignant when their masters are mentioned in print, unless it be in disgusting hyperbole. Politicians who have girded on their sword and are using it as an instrument to exume and recreate their dead reputations; these and scores of others believe that a free press is a great evil, and ought to be subjected to military surveillance. The patriot on the contrary, sets in the newspaper an instrument which limits the different parts of the country in a brotherhood of sympathy; sees in it a means of appealing to, and arousing and encouraging the general patriotism; sees how it keeps the charitable feelings of our people alive; sees how it gives heart to desert; sees how, it pricks reputation which, without it, might be blown up to so great proportions as to bring ruin on the country; sees how it is constantly on hand to intercede for the wronged and to sustain the right; sees how welcome it is to the thousands of householders that would be in the suspense of ignorance without it. Its good uses are manifold and could only be properly appreciated if it were stricken out of existence. But these characteristics are obvious and need no display. They who deny