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THE DAILY REBEL.

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BY FRANC. M. PAUL & CO

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FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 31.

☞ Information was received here last evening to the effect that the Federal force, estimated at twenty-five hundred had arrived at Montevallo. This report was afterwards denied, but no doubt, seems to be entertained that a raid of considerable force is somewhere near the Tennessee and Alabama road, in the neighborhood of Montevallo. It is believed that we have sufficient forces to meet the enemy and dispose of him. The authorities are vigilant and the community is confident.

General Forrest.

Anything emanating from the great Tennessee chieftain is always read with a keen relish by the people, who have heard of deeds performed by him that have made every patriotic heart leap with joy. But when, as in the letter below, they peruse such sentiments as it contains, it is well calculated to make Gen. Forrest doubly dear to those who have heretofore only known him as the personification of lofty daring and chivalry on the gory battlefield. We therefore make room for it in preference to anything we might have to say ourselves, and presume our readers will be greatly benefitted thereby. We commend it to the careful attention of our readers. We clip it, as will be seen, from the Clarion, together with the explanatory note of Maj. W. H. McArdle:

MACON, MISS., March 22, 1865.

Editors Clarion:—I take the liberty of sending, for publication in your columns, some extracts from a letter addressed to me by Lieut. Gen. N. B. Forrest. The letter is a private one, and never was designed for publication, but its sentiments are so just, so honorable to the heroic soldier who penned it, and there are in our midst so many weak-kneed croakers and cravens, that I feel I cannot better serve the good cause than by adding you to give publicity and circulation to the notes of cheer which come from that distinguished soldier. His letter literally contains "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and I know of no living man of whom it can be more truly said "one blast of his bugle horn were worth a thousand men."

I am gentlemen, very respectfully your friend,
W. H. McArdle.

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY,
March 19, 1865.

DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 16th inst. has just been received, and I thank you for the information it contains.

I take the reverse position of that attributed to the gentleman to whom you refer. "Reconstruction" is not only "destruction," but is degradation and disgrace. It is far better to spend every dollar in fighting our cruel foe, than to reconstruct and permit him to spend it for us. We can "reconstruct" upon no terms that would prevent confiscation and negro slavery, and rather than submit to such "reconstruction" and humiliation, I am for fighting so long as there is a man left to fight with, or anything left to fight for. If it really be true that further resistance be destruction, it is equally true that submission to this kind of "destruction" which would follow is disintegration. We can [illegible] their triumphal [illegible] the soldiers to [illegible] its stack [illegible] and death [illegible] Yankee "conquered." Families broken up, scattered, detectives let loose, and the houses of secession. It would suppress the free human speech, deprive half of mankind of the elective franchise. Every office would be filled by Yankees, thieves, big Yankee tory (or negro) preachers, and we would be made the slaves of ex-slaves, who would be lurking spies over our conduct. Our homes, land, property, all taken from us! I cannot see how continued resistance will bring upon us a worse "destruction" than that which would follow "reconstruction." But a prolongation of the war will not destroy us. We may come out of the contest poor in this world's goods, but rich in all that constitutes the patriot's wealth, freedom and independence! We cannot abandon it but. Retreat now is more dangerous than to advance, and we can take no steps backwards.

So far as I am concerned, I have burned my ships, so as to make retreat impossible, and the evidences of wreck which I see around me, have only inspired me with renewed energy and a firmer resolve to tread with unflinching trust the path that leads to victory and independence, though it lead through tears and suffering and blood.

Again thanking you for your suggestion, and your uniform kindness, I remain hastily, but very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
N. B. FORREST.

Maj. W. H. McARDLE, Macon, Miss.

Fresh Northern News Items.

The Senate has asked the Secretary of War for a copy of the instructions issued for the enrollment of citizens of Kentucky. This may have some reference to the draft ordered in that State.

Mr. Fields, of Louisiana, who was recently found guilty of an assault upon Representative Kelly, was brought before the bar of the House on the 22d, and kindly but severely reprimanded by the Speaker, after which he was ordered to be discharged from custody.

The President has issued an order releasing all the Washington and Baltimore merchants, charged with selling goods to Pardee Wortley, for the purpose of reselling to the rebel Colonel Mosby. These merchants had been tried and convicted by a military commission illegally. Such is the President's decision.

Rebel papers now admit that it was Wheeler, and not Kilpatrick, who was whipped at Aiken—Quite a difference!

The Upper House of the Canadian Parliament, on Monday night, voted against confederation and independence, 45 to 15, and adopted a corresponding address to the Queen, whose sentiments are known to accord with the scheme.

The internal revenue derived by the National Government from the tax on Whiskey is stated at $7,000,000, having increased 400 per cent, while the whole revenue has increased 200 per cent.

The President has approved bills authorizing the appointment of a Second Assistant Secretary of War, to enlarge the port of entry and delivery for the district of Philadelphia, and to repeal an act of 1861 to remove the United States arsenal from the city of St. Louis.

The steamer Columbia brings Havana dates of the 18th. The appointment of Pereja to the command of the Spanish fleet in the Peruvian waters caused much excitement, he being a Peruvian, and is regarded as another concession.

Quite a fleet of blockade runners left Havana on the 17th; only one, the Banshee, arriving on the way from Nassau to Matamoras. Those sailing the 17th were the Denbigh, Lark, Flamingo, Phantom and Zephine.

A noted guerrilla, who passed under the name of Potts, was shot at Shawneetown, Ill., recently. It seems he had been condemned to death over a year ago but had suddenly escaped from prison. He made bold enough to go aboard the steamer Cortland, at Uniontown, where he was arrested. Arriving at Shawneetown, he was identified by several citizens as having served in a guerrilla band, and is now dead in consequence. He has been of late by report, a prisoner in the hands of a large number of citizens, who had organized to release his band if he should be hung.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Charley Robinson, of the Green Bay Advocate, has been to hear Artemus Ward lecture at Providence, Rhode Island, and he thus narrates the following relating thereto, to his paper:

"Artemus Ward" had an audience of full three thousand to see his pictures and hear his discourse on the Mormons one night last week. It was a running fire of funny and odd things, and kept the audience in a constant roar.

Artemus is a spruce looking gentleman of from thirty to thirty-three, rather elegantly got up in black broadcloth and white kids, and permits none of his jokes to pass without being laughed at.—After perpetrating them, he stops abruptly and awaits for the response. This has the double advantage of not allowing the applause to interfere with the lecture, and of informing the dull ones where the laugh comes in. As it is entirely out of the question to give any report of the lecture, the best I can do is to send you the programme:

PROGRAMME FOR THIS EVENING.

Music on the Grand Piano—Operatic Medley, including [illegible] the Soldier's Chorus, from Faust. This is a good thing.

I. A light and airy Preamble by the lecturer, with some jokes. (N. B. Artemus Ward will call on citizens at their private residences and explain these jokes if necessary.)

II. At Sea—The steamer Ariel—Disgraceful treatment of the passengers, who are obliged to go forward to smoke pipes while the steamer is allowed to smoke two pipes amidships. The storm. Orgustus and his fair young bride. "Doth you observe these wet waves, my dearest Ellen? and hot yonder them winds and breezes? Why did we ever leave Rathway?" The steamer gets high, and imitates Mr. Clarke as Doodles.

III. The Land of Gold—the Broadway of San Francisco.

IV. The Land of Silver—Virginia City, the metropolis of the bright new State of Nevada. Can't think of anything smart to say about Virginia; besides, she is smart enough herself.

V. The Plains of Winter—a dismal place indeed. Here's where a man feels that there's no place like home, whether it is mortgaged or not.

VI. Great Salt Lake City—a bird's-eye view, with song entirely serious descriptive talk.

VII. The West side of Main street—the Salt Lake Hotel, etc. It is a Temperance Hotel; the landlord sells nothing stronger than winter butter.

VIII. The East side of Main street—the State House and things; also the Post Office. A few years ago an enterprising Mormon started an opposition post office, and by selling three cent postage stamps for two cents, tried to run the regular office out of town. He failed, and is now a flour merchant in Idaho, and owns gold mines.

IX. The Mormon Theatre. The Lady of Lyons was produced at this theatre a short time since, but didn't give satisfaction on account of there being only one Pauline in it. Mr. Tom De Walden, of New York, is now hard at work revising this play, and by introducing twenty or thirty good-square Paulines, he hopes to "fetch" the Mormon public. This theatre has a large free list—but never speak ill of the dead head.

X. Brigham Young's houses—Brigham's wives live in the houses; they live with Brigham's the following being the usual:

BILL OF FARE.—Soups, &c.; mutton and stews (with pretty pickles); fish—Salt Lake gudgeons; roast—Brigham's lambs (sauce piquante, minced hearts, Norman style); broiled—domestic twins (family style); Entrees—little skeers, cold slaw, korg (a la lujun), tongue (lots of it); vegetables—cabbage head, some pumpkins, &c.; dessert—apples of discord, a great many pears, Mormon sweethearts, jumbles, &c.

XI. Heber C. Kimball's Harem. This Mormon is almost as much married as Brigham. His prices [illegible] enough in fact, in selling married [illegible] "[illegible] gron" it.

Selections for the grand [illegible] Mr. Forrester goes heavily [illegible] with Gottschalk's remembrances.

XII. The Tabernacle—the Mormon meeting house. One of the elders who preaches here actually plays Irish comedy at the theatre. We should like to know what Mr. Dan Bryant thinks of this. Brigham's sermon isn't an Elder. He's a Younger.

XIII. The Temple—it is.

XIV. The Temple—it is to be.

XV. The Great Salt Lake—An inland sea of brine. There are no boats in this lake, but a Mormon lives near who says he has a "boat full of writers."

XVI. The endowment house—Here is where the [illegible] of Mormonism are initiated. The Mormon religion is singular and his wives are plural.

XVII. Echo Canyon—too grand to make fun of.

XVIII. The plains again—a more cheerful view. Here's to the memory of a celebrated Indian [illegible]. Listen to these tears.

XIX. Brigham Young and his wives. The prettiest girls in Utah mostly marry young.

☞ Children under one year of age not admitted unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.

☞ Ladies or gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the Lecturer.

☞ Artemus Ward will not be responsible for any money, jewelry or other valuables, unless left with him, to be returned in a week or so.

The manager will not be responsible for any debt of his own contracting.

If the audience do not leave the Hall when this entertainment is over, they will be put out by the police.

Yours truly, A. WARD.

ROMANCE, MYSTERY AND CRIME.

An event has just occurred which has occasioned a vast deal of controversy and exercised in no slight degree the gossiping circles of our fair capital. The community, or, a portion of it at least, has been startled out of its aristocratic composure by the narration of a circumstance, full of mystery and romance—rivaling in detail the thrilling ground work of the most marvellous of Parisian *feuilletons*. Draw your chairs closer about the gentle reader and listen. The story is as follows:

About the first of last week, a young gentleman of elegant exterior, very handsome, a blonde with blue eyes and Saxon hair, knocked at the door of the Professor of Dancing [illegible] everything in his *personel* to denote the man of fashion and of the world. The tailoring, fall of his trousers upon a neat boot of brilliant polish, the modest glitter of his watch-guard, the immaculate purity of shirt-frill and the general aristocratic bearing of the whole magnificent fabric "gave the world assurance of a man"—who didn't care a cent for expenses.

The matron of the house answered his summons, and he, bowing politely, thus addressed her:

"Madam, I understand this is an asylum for orphans—do you take babies?"

Surprised and amused, the lady replies in the negative—she did not "take babies."

"But," added the persevering interrogator, "suppose a baby was left at your door, you would take it then, would you not?"

"Of course there could be no other alternative," replied the matron, wondering what her strange interlocutor would suggest next.

His next suggestion was—

"Good evening," and he turned himself from the door and took his departure, while the lady returned to her household duties, to muse and speculate over the singular circumstance.

Last Saturday night, when the little household of orphans were about being consigned to their little beds, a knock at the front door attracted some of the little urchins to the door. They came to the door and [illegible] transom, and back comes [illegible] "[illegible] left on the door step!" [illegible] the little ones [illegible] the transom [illegible] the door [illegible] the door [illegible] the door