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The Shadow on the Wall.

My home a stately dwelling is With lofty arching doors; There is carving on the ceilings high, And velvet on the floors;

My pictures are the pride of Art, And drawn by cunning hands; But the painted figures never move, Nor change the painted lands;

My garden palings, broad and high, Shut in its costly spools, And through the ordered paths all day The silent gardener toils;

My petted lap-dog, warm and soft, Nestles upon my knee; My birds have shot their diamond eyes That love to look for me;

My beauty is the talk of fools, And by the gaiting glare, In glittering dress and gleaming gems, I know that I am fair;

My wealth is rich and high, And here is poor and low; Yet I would give my heritage Her deeper joys to know;

My husband is a noble man, And here is low and poor; Yet I would give my heritage Her deeper joys to know;

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suad their way, recounted to them the ruse de guerre by which she had accomplished their release.

A few hours' rapid traveling carried the party to the outskirts of the little village of Carthage, where they all three were brought to a halt by the sharp hail of the sentry, who called out the usual interrogatory:

"Who goes there?" "Friends!" Zera replied. "Halt! and give the countersign!" was the response in the tone of one accustomed to his duty and meant to do it.

"I haven't got it; but call the corporal of the guard and admit us." The arrival of the latter ended their troubles, and they were permitted to pass on through the lines. A few moments more, Zera and her companions flung themselves from their horses in the center of the ranger camp, and, darting into the central tent, Zera was clasped in the arms of Bartrelle.

"Why, Zera! dear, dear Zera, is it you, back again safe and sound? Are you sure it is you?" "Yes, Richard, it is I, in very flesh and blood; but I have a couple of attendants out there both tired and hungry—see that they are suitably quartered for the night."

"That I will!" and Bartrelle moved from the tent to give such directions as would secure Zera's followers a night's repose. "And now my dear girl tell me all. Did you reach the city—did you learn anything of importance, and did you see Laura?" and Bartrelle blushed like a school boy as he mentioned her name.

But blame him not. Think of the woman you yourself love or have loved; fancy her, as she is, in her moments of ravishing loveliness (and Laura was always so) and extenuate his impatience.

He had not seen her for some months. Days of danger, nights of peril, had he past through since then. But deeply engraven on the tablets of his heart the impression of her beauty remained. He could never forget that stately regal form; the raven hair professed and glossed; the almond eyes, with long dark fringes, the pearl white teeth, and cheeks tinted with damascene; the soul, the spirit, that united in imprinting on his heart the memory of the incomparable picture. And Zera commenced and related her adventures; and first she told him of Laura, giving him her letter to read, and when he had finished this, and gazed over its love-lit pages and kissed the scented words that seemed to glow and beam before him—she told him of the interview with the federal general—of the means she adopted to secure it, and ended by laying before him the maps and letters of explanation that she had secured.

"What!" exclaimed Bartrelle, examining the papers with feverish haste, "you don't tell me you secured these papers?" "How else would I come by them?" "True; but Zera, this is fortune! The possession of these papers are worth your weight in gold—why, child, they are priceless; and his fierce, blue eyes were wild with astonishment.

"Whatever their value, Richard, they are yours to do with as you like; but I have lost, or mislaid a letter from your uncle to the general. He assured me it related to business of importance, and its loss, I fear, will be of consequence. What am I to do. I surely started with it."

"Oh, it is probably of but little value. Any way, you can't help it!" "No, but I am sorry it is gone; but perhaps I left it at home?" "Very probable!" "Well, I'll go to bed now and get some rest," and the young girl lifted the curtain of the double tent, and leaping on the couch, was almost instantly asleep.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" muttered Bartrelle, "I must place these papers at once in the hands of the general—they are, indeed, priceless."

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED. "Well, my lad, you have led us quite a jaunt this morning. May I ask if you have concluded now to surrender?" "I have no such intention, captain, since I cannot conceive for what purpose you desire to take us prisoners; but may I ask why you are pursuing us?"

"Now, by the Lord, you crow it bravely, my youngspringald! What the devil did you run for, if you were not conscious of any reason why we should apprehend you?" "Oh, merely for the sake of adventure."

"Humph! that won't do down, my friend." "I am very sorry for it, captain, for in default of a better one you will have to content yourself with this."

"But I may choose not to be so contented, what then?" "Do you say, captain, that you are not content?" "Yes, I will have to take you to headquarters."

"But what if I do not choose to go?" "Ah! then it will be my duty to compel you; lest, were I to let you go, you should make directly for the camp of the enemy; and indeed it is no great distance off."

"You are correct, captain; such is my destination, and I think I shall reach there tonight."

sparkles with fire; this is Gen. Ben McCulloch, of Texas. A little back and behind the rest stands a youthful form. Surely we have seen that face before—yes, it is Zera!

The center of the group, and the object of every eye—an old man; not even clad in the glitter and show of uniform, but attired in a much-used plain civilian dress—his frame is tall and heavy—hair as white as snow, clings to his brow and waves around his head; and from the full gray eye flashes out a wild, deep light. Know you not this man—Missouri's idol? It is General Sterling Price! within whose hands rest the lives of those 10,000 men, with the honor of the new flag in his keeping.

Even as he gazed upon him, he raises his head and speaks: "Yes, gentlemen, these papers show us all we need to know. We will commence our march at once; and if Lyon does not meet us, we will attack him in Springfield."

"It is better so," replied McCulloch, "but can we find no means of rewarding this boy?" turning and looking at Zera with deep admiration kindling in his eyes.

"It does not need," she hastily replied, "I am too young to bear a soldier's honors, and for other reward, I would not take it—let the matter pass."

"No, by my soul! Nay, lad, come over to the Texas camp, and we will see if we cannot discover an alibi for you."

"I am obliged to you, general, for your kind intentions, but I must remain with my cousin. I am but a lad, as you see."

"Well, gentlemen, to your posts; we must move from here," said the old man, and the council broke up.

In a very few moments the hurry and tumult of the camp were renewed. But the occasion was different. New joy and happiness flashed from every eye, for soldiers are always best pleased when ordered on military service. Aids dashed in the direction of quarters assigned to commanders of division with orders, and hastened back at the same headlong speed. The bugle of the cavalry sounded out clear and wild its 'boots and saddle,' and in answer to its call the squadrons began to form into line and prepare for the route.

The trains of wagons with their white tilt and long teams of mules formed into squares and waited the movements of the column to which they were attached. The ambulance corps, too, were in motion; the sick had been safely stowed, and the vehicles were ready for the road.

We can record only the salient points of the picture! The minute details will readily occur to the memory of those who have seen a camp breaking up for the march.

An hour later the spectacle changes! Let us see the change; let us look on the picture! Far in advance are beheld the gleaming arms of the advance guard. Some little distance in the rear, the staff officers come riding in their chivalric array. And in the far distance, winding with every turn and sweep of the road, the columns of marching regiments, battalions and squadrons of soldiers, their arms glistening in the gleam of the sun—the bright rays dancing on sword and bayonet and flashing around the brazen muzzles of the artillery. And behind all these the baggage train of a thousand wagons winding over hill and valley its slow and tortuous route.

Behind all this gleaming array came the rangers. Theirs was no holiday service—no insecure did they fill. Already had they won fame and honor on the scout and in the field. The name of their young leader had become a synonym for all that was adventurous and daring, for in many a wild encounter with the enemy had his genius and courage secured them the victory. Now they formed the rear guard of the army, which was destined, in a few days, to mark the annals of revolution with an episode as startling in its wild grandeur as that which surprised Europe into admiration of the achievements of Lodi.

In the meantime all was activity in the army. And on the march and in the camp the utmost exertions were made to have everything in readiness for the engagement that all saw was approaching. Days glided past—the armies were slowly coming together, and the light troops sometimes met.

The rangers performed much of that service on the part of the Confederates, since by their skill, their fidelity and acquaintance with the country, they were admirably qualified for it.

It was the day before the final engagement that the general felt a desire to reconnoiter the road leading into Springfield, having some doubts whether the disposition of the enemy's forces had been accurately reported. On this service he ordered the ranger captain and his troop. At the entrance of a little ascending ravine, the captain was attracted by the appearance of some light cavalry, which were occupying the brow of the opposite hill; yet so perfectly were they disposed that he could neither ascertain their numbers nor the object of their being there. Sending forward a few of his men as skirmishers, under the charge of his lieutenant, the captain formed his troop into line and slowly moved after them. Notwithstanding this movement on the part of the Confederates, it produced no perceptible change in the disposition of the enemy, and they seemed to be awaiting the approach of the rangers with perfect indifference.

By this time, however, the skirmish line had advanced within firing distance, and deploying right and left, they delivered their shots with fatal accuracy. This seemed to waken the enemy into life; and several shots in return rattled against the stony road beneath the rangers' feet. Still advancing in the same cautious way, the skirmish line returned the fire of the picket, for such it seemed to be. And now, taking advantage of an intervening rise in the ground, the whole line wheeled to the left and formed on the flank of the enemy.

But what was Bartrelle's surprise, when, on taking his new position, he saw before him a company of infantry, and a troop of horse drawn up to receive him. Conspicuous at the head of the enemy rode Warren Hayes, and by his side a gentleman in the uniform of a Union colonel, whom at that slight distance Bartrelle readily recognized to be Col. Blount, afterward so famous in the border warfare on the frontiers of Missouri and Kansas.

Imagine, if you can, a space scarcely three hundred yards square, hemmed in on all sides by the thick, stunted growth of the black-jack and prairie hazle, and the ground itself broken into ravines and dotted with the huge, rugged boulders which, in that part of the country, almost everywhere cover the ground. See the space almost literally covered with infantry and horsemen in battle array; and in front of them, extending into the timber and seemingly covering their flank, a single troop of partisan cavalry. On one side you distinguish the Union and on the other the Confederate uniform.

In this horrid defile a man might scarcely walk with safety; withered trees grow between the masses of granite; and scattered stones make the bed of the ravine difficult and uncertain for the tread.

For a single moment all is silence! But a single moment these two hundred men gaze into the faces of Bartrelle's iron-chested, death-eyed rangers. A moment, and then as the Union musketry streams its steady blaze, you would think that a ceaseless sheet of fire was bathing those rocks and hills and hollows with flame; for all at once the federals have delivered their fire full in the faces of the Confederates.

But where is Bartrelle? A shout echoes from his lips as his eighty battle devils poured their fire into the enemy's ranks, and now, with upraised knives, charge them home. At first it looks like a cloud of horsemen and steel—of struggling, floundering, writhing men and beasts; but suddenly you see the rangers' plain uniform came out in strong contrast with the federals gaudy trappings—you mark the flash of the bowie knife, and the answering stream of blood.

"Again, comrades! By the right flank—well together, wheel—charge!" and Bartrelle's stern command rung loud and clear above that battle roar. From rank to rank he hurried, his breast exposed to the enemy's deadliest fire, glancing through the clouds of battle, his slender form rose proudly in every part of the field, as his blue eyes gleaming with battle light he hurried his men to the charge.

On, right on, through the serried ranks, darted the men of iron; they have passed the infantry—they have turned the flank of the cavalry; and wheeling suddenly, the rough butting crags of the projecting ridge separate the combatants. The broad road again appears before them, and too late to remedy the mistake, which their own want of foresight had made, and Bartrelle's sagacity enabled him to take advantage of, they were compelled to witness the escape of the eagle they thought was completely within their clutches. Secure in his retreat, Bartrelle quietly moved away. The enemy are too badly crippled to follow him; and were this not so, the infantry would be useless in pursuit, and the cavalry alone would be unable to cope with him.

By the side of the ranger captain throughout this bloody fray quietly rode a youthful form, exuberant in grace and beauty. In the thickest of the fight waring off, but dealing no blows, he moved conspicuously, from his youthful appearance, and the calm smiling gaze with which he looked upon the battle. Conscious of no terror throughout the melee, Zera only saw in the gloom of that battle scene something so grandly sublime, that the passionate fire of her Eastern heart thrilled to the very spirit that burnt in union with her own. Her's was the wild, warm nature, born of sunshine and tempest, and thus strangely mixed with light and gloom, with joy and sorrow, the record of her life would present, as events might make it, a picture of loving beauty, rich and fervid with dreams of love, or dark and lowering with flashes of somber sublimity.

As the retreating rangers slowly moved away, Bartrelle, from whose side she never strayed, was greatly amused in watching the play of emotions that swept rapidly across the features of the strange young being who was offering up her life and happiness in his service. Twice in the skirmish had she saved his life; and when the contest was over, and he tried to make her sensible of his gratitude, she had turned from him, as if the act he had commended was of little worth.

"A tough tassel that, Zera! don't you think so?" and the soldier bent forward to catch the answer, which came in a low, quiet tone, but musical as the warble of a canary:

"Yes, terrible for a moment; but I never doubted for an instant that you would extricate yourself," and the fine lip curled, and the eye flashed with the pride she could not conceal.

"And yet I lost a half dozen of my men." "They died bravely—they have done their duty," was the low, quiet reply; but with a moistened eye, and a look of poignant regret.

"But I can still sustain the lost just now." "You think there will be a battle soon then?" questioned Zera in low, eager tones, which showed how deeply she felt interested in the answer.

For weeks she had been looking forward to such an event with the keenest anxiety. It was not apprehension—not fear; but as she reflected on the not improbable consequences of a general engagement to the cause in which she had begun to feel all the interest of a child of the soil, she could not stifle the fever of unrest that took possession of her heart.

"Yes, it cannot be postponed many days longer. I should not be surprised if it burst upon us before the dawn to-morrow. The heavy picket we have just encountered means something more than at first glance meets the eye."

But their further conversation was interrupted by the approach of a body of cavalry, arrayed under the Southern banner. At their head rode Colonel Shelby, who, on seeing Bartrelle, dashed forward to meet him.

"What means the firing we so recently heard, captain? but I see, you have been engaged with the enemy; and he looked eagerly for a reply."

"Yes, I have been engaged, and what is worse, colonel have had to retreat."

"Is it possible—where was this?" "About two miles back, what appeared to be only a picket, lured me into one of the worst places for an ambush a man ever entered. But supposing I would have nothing but a simple vidette to contend with, I pushed ahead across the hill, and up the ravine, until what was my surprise, when on wheeling into line I discovered myself right in front of at least two hundred infantry and cavalry. Retreat in the face of this force was impossible, as scarcely fifty yards separated us. My only alternative was to charge through them into the road they had left open. Fortunately for

me their flank was exposed, and at it I went. My maneuver was executed handsomely. I got off with the loss of six or eight men; but by the Lord, the wonder is that I escaped with any."

"You may well say that; but the fact of such a force being so near indicates something more than a mere patrol. If they were cavalry only we could account for it; but the presence of infantry certainly argues the existence of a supporting force very near. Do you continue on to the camp, captain, and advise the general of the fact, while I do a little additional reconnoitering."

"I say, colonel," suggested Bartrelle, "let me advise the propriety of your sending forward some scouts on foot. You will find in this way avoid the trap I fell into, if any is laid."

"By George! you are right—here Captain Wood, dismount your company and deploy them as skirmishers, while you send a half-dozen forward as scouts."

And the columns moved on, each in a different direction.

"And that is the celebrated Colonel Shelby, is it?" asked Zera, as the march was again resumed.

"Yes—did you never see him before?" "Never, he looks like a brave officer."

"He is one—a braver never set a squadron in the field; but I am very anxious about that body of the enemy. So large a force certainly means mischief; and the soldier looked as if he more he reflected on the circumstance, he viewed it with increasing apprehension."

"It is probably but a picket," suggested Zera.

"Not so, I tell you! We will hear a different report when Shelby returns."

A few hours later in the day Col. Shelby rode into camp with the intelligence that the forces on the hill had been reinforced by the arrival of an entire regiment of infantry; and that a picket station had been established a mile nearer our lines.

None could doubt the meaning of the enemy now. The guards were doubled, the lines extended, and all made ready for the morrow.

CHAPTER XX. Paint the din of battle bray'd! Distant down the heavy wind! War and terror fled before! Wounds and death were left behind!

It was before daybreak on the 10th of August, 1861, a period long memorable for the events which marked it, that the Union and Confederate armies met among the hills and hollows of Wilson's Creek. The morning was misty and a heavy fog hung low upon the valleys. The waning stars, struggling with the dawning light, showed wild, rugged hills, clothed in a forest, dense and thick with under-brush, interspersed with deep ravines and fearful gorges, and wearing the eye with its gloomy loneliness.

Through this seemingly impenetrable forest wound a narrow, circuitous road.

To the left of this sandy track, in the wilderness of timber, broken hills and ridges, stretch far away, peak on peak of undulating rolling country. On the right a meandering creek, bottom lands filled with gullies, their perpendicular sides rough with rocks, and glowing swart and black from the slowly lifting fog.

And in these ridges and hills, along these gullies and dark ravines, lies the Southern army. Before them appears the foe; far as the eye can see, the wilderness is one dense mass of moving men—cannon and steel glowing redly in the light of the rising sun, as the magnificent panorama spreads its details before the eye of the spectator.

From the depths of this dark forest those splendid objects meet the eye; and far down the ravines, over the ridges and hills, along the gullies and fringing the banks of the creek, rank on rank, column on column, regiment on regiment, that grand array seems to grow larger and more magnificent, as it flashes into the light of the rising sun.

the van, separate themselves from the left and are hurled with fearful force upon the broken columns of the enemy. His courage could not withstand that dread charge—they yielded, broke and fled.

The whole fire of the Southern army now concentrated on the federal center; it broken ranks, and rent and bloody line, which opened before their ceaseless fire, to how terrible was the deadly encounter. Again Lyon hurled his broken legions, again he hurled them on that steadfast column—but it is no avail. The iron tempest rains upon them. It sweeps them before its angry glare like insects before the breath of a tornado. But now, and until then unengaged, reserves come to the rescue. The federal line thickens, and again its unbroken front presses the Confederates on the ravine. They gather around their batteries, on the crests and banks of the gullies and ridges, fighting in sullen silence, slowly forcing the Southern column back. Heaps of dead and dying strew the ground. Siegel, on the right, pours a steady and unrelenting fire on our ranks, while on the left the federal reserves swarm on the plateau and fight in a circle of flame and steel around the batteries. Men are dying everywhere; the sod is crimson with gore; it pours in pools on the ground; it spurts in streams from the arteries of the maimed and dying wretch that is carried to the rear.

And now the contest thickens and the carnage grows horrid. Through the white smoke you behold the gleaming bayonets of the Arkansas veterans and the Eighth and Twelfth Missouri—they are all there in the ravine, along the banks of the creek whose waters have grown purple with a sanguine tide, along the crests of the slippery ridge, the battle seethes, and burns and glares like a demon festival; sword clings against sword, and bayonet meets bayonet, while along the line swells the fierce unceasing shriek of exploding musketry. Thick clouds envelop the combatants, and for a moment they are hid in the pall. But suddenly the batteries in the center speak out, and by their blazing light we see the faces of a hundred bleeding and fallen men.

And now the federal line wavers and bends. Slowly, foot by foot, the serried columns sway backward with a tremulous impulse, while their unslackened fire gleams and burns and brightens all along their line. Step by step the Southern ranks advance. On, on, over the dead and the dying, move those incorable foes, while the battle flame flashes on each set, determined face in bluish light.

A shout—a deafening roar! Lyon is down; the strength of his army is broken!

Price saw that the moment for decisive action had come. A word passed his lips, and an aid-de-camp darted over the field to the left; a moment more the dark mass of moving squadrons break into view—from the bosom of that cloud of battle smoke the heads of horses start into sight—a rumbling sound on the cindered sod—and Bartrelle, at the head of two hundred horse; rushes upon the flanks of the enemy; the ranks bend and break like reeling waves before the fierce impetuous charge; rank recoils against rank, until men and horses, whirl together in indiscriminate confusion; not a moment to recover themselves—not a moment for thought; but pressed back one against another, the pall of the battle-field settles heavily over horse and rider, foot soldier and dragoon.

But it is for a moment only! From out those lowering war clouds a mass of panic-stricken fugitives rush by hundreds and thousands, whilst the wild bugle of Siegel attempts to recall the scattered forces to cover the retreat.

But the impetuous torrent cannot be stayed; they scatter their arms as they run; they trample down the wounded and dying who impede their course, and like a mob drunk with terror and blood, whirl on in indiscriminate rout.

Yes, the victory was won; the flag of the new republic waved triumphant on the bloody battle-field; but—the cost in blood!

Night was coming on; even now its shadows were settling along the forest.

Yes, it was night on the battle-field! Oh! what a terrible spectacle is a field of recent battle, when night has thrown her mantle on the scene! Did you ever witness a scene so sad?

Look! the stars shine serenely; the moon pours a flood of light on the sickening scene. The pale faces of the dead glare, sepulchral and white, as they lay strewn along those forest aisles; the moans of the dying mingle at intervals with the sad wail that breaks above the pulseless heart, which affection has discovered amid the heaps that strew the plain. And anon, the footstep of the living, searching silently, endeavoring to recognize among the dead kindred or friend by the light of the stars!

In a secluded spot, on the edge of the battle ground, was the bivouac of the rangers. It was on the banks of a little rivulet; and there, having picketed their horses, stretched their canvas, and washed their dust and smoke of battle from their faces, they reposed from the fatigues of the day.

In a tent set apart from the rest a solitary light burns on a small wooden table. A young lad sits beside it—pale and care-worn, his face reveals a look of unutterable weariness. Suddenly a form darkens the open door of the tent; a face, bronzed and darkened, gazes on the boy; the figure moves to the boy's side—

"You are tired to death, my lady. Let me watch the captain."

It was Holden who spoke. His low utterance had a thrill of apprehension in it which aroused the youth from the reveries he was indulging in, more than the words which met his ear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PAINTS, OILS, PLATE GLASS, ETC.—Messrs. Potthoff & Knight, importers and dealers in the above line of goods, 36 Camp street, next door to the Crescent, are prepared to furnish the trade at the lowest market rates with the best paints, oils, window glass, stained and enameled glass, artists' materials, etc. They are also agents for English plate glass, which they are selling at a very small advance upon cost. Messrs. Potthoff & Knight are accommodating and pleasant men to do business with. Those who are in want of any article in their line will do well by giving them a call at 36 Camp street before purchasing.

WHERE TO GET A GOOD DINNER.—There is no place in this country where a dinner can be gotten up in more recherche style than at Miguel's, at the lake end of the Pontchartrain Railroad. Miguel has faultless cooking, a delightful table d'hôte, and a set of waiters with whom the most particular could not complain. Besides, Miguel's prices are reasonable. The epicure will find pouponne there to-day.