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1. All officers of troops who have been delivered at City Point, Va., up to the end of May ult., 1863.

2. All officers captured at any place & from the 1st of April, 1863, who have been released on parole.

3. All officers captured in North Carolina or Virginia before the 1st of March, 1863, who have been released on parole by Captain Cameron, at Gallatin, Mississippi, in December, 1862.

4. The officers and men captured at Oxford, Miss., on the 4th of December 1862, at Batesville, Ark., on the 17th of December, 1862, and at Baton Rouge, La., on the 21st of February, 1863.

5. All persons who have been captured on the sea or the sea-coast by the means or upon the contract of the Confederate States or Confederate States steamer previous to December 10th, 1862.

6. All officers who have been captured at any time before the 10th of May, 1863, and released on parole are hereby declared exchanged, and every person so released is and is held paroled. If any such person has taken any oath of allegiance to the United States, or is now held as a prisoner of war, or commanded with any other court-martial, he is discharged from the same.

7. Any person embraced in any of the foregoing rules is to be in a condition of any person exchanged by the other side, and is entitled to the full exercise of his Federal rights. Orders to be immediately issued and delivered to the confederate authorities.

ROBT. OGDEN,
Colonel and Agent of Exchange.

Richmond, May 8, 1863.

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It is situated in Milam county, within the temperate and showery belt of Texas, about forty-five miles north-westerly from the capital of the State, and about 100 miles in a straight line from Houston, the nearest terminus of railroad communication with Galveston and Houston.

The tract is divided into two nearly equal parts by Brushy creek, sweeping into San Gabriel river, and comprises an admirable combination of lands for agricultural and pastoral profits. High and dry post oak lands, filled with fine building timber.

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With beautiful rolling elevations, affording a view for miles in extent.

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This region of country is not surpassed by any in Texas in

Regularity of Seasons, Delightful Climate and Healthfulness of the Locality

and this is at once a formidable rival of the best investments for money, and as future profit to be found in Texas, the land of promise and of treasure.

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All the building stone grow well, from a yellow one hole to the grey and Hornes, Mules, Sheep, Hogs and Horned Cattle, thrive without watering and are hardy raised throughout the region.

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The property now belongs to J. S. Thrasher, Superintendent of the Press Association, and one half of it is offered for sale only because the non-payment of the dues of his office position involves the necessity of a partial change in his investments.

It is offered at a large sale on the 7th day of August, 1863, at the house of Mr. Thrasher, in Milam county, without reserve, for cash, in Confederate Treasury notes in the city of Atlanta.

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A HISTORICAL MAP OF THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG

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BY CAPT. T. S. BARDER, Aide-de-Camp to Brig.-General W. T. Sherman. Nicely finished and sent to any address on receipt of price.

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Daily Appeal.

Scene of Lee's Army Crossing over into Maryland and Pennsylvania—Capture of a Confederate Scouting Party on the Upper Potomac.

The whole Yankee nation is trembling with fear lest Lee's army will pay them a visit. A special dispatch, dated Washington, on the 2d, says:

It is currently reported, and from so many different quarters as to leave no doubt of the fact, that Lee is now forming a large force at Culpeper Court House, with a view of making a demonstration toward Washington, or as preliminary movements to an advance up the Shenandoah valley, toward Maryland and Pennsylvania.

The information that a large rebel force is concentrating at Culpeper is confirmed by Union refugees from that vicinity, by our own scouts, and by mysterious "givings out" by some few people not far from this vicinity, who generally receive news in advance of us by the "underground railroad," which, notwithstanding all the efforts made to put a stop to it, still continue to flourish.

However, there is every confidence felt here that we can give the enemy a suitable reception in whatever shape or direction he comes, whether he makes attacks similar to those of Monday, by way of diversion, to keep the Union forces employed here, while he is engaged in dribbling moving his main army around into the Valley, to move our right flank, or whether he comes up boldly and squarely to the issue of an attack on Washington from this front.

A dispatch from Baltimore says:

We had various rumors here yesterday of the rebels advancing, etc. A report got into circulation amongst the country people in the vicinity of Union bridge, on the Western Maryland railroad, some forty miles from Baltimore, that Confederate cavalry had appeared at different localities within that rural district. Having had some experience of their depredations last fall, when the rebels were in Westminster, the quiet inhabitants, of course, became alarmed, and some of them left for a safe retreat in Pennsylvania. All was quiet at an early hour this morning. Trains ran regularly. The Baltimore and Ohio road remains uninterrupted.

Passengers from Harper's Ferry say all is quiet there. Some guerillas or bushwhackers have been prowling about, but only in small force.

The prevailing impression among secession-late here is, that Gen. Lee will unquestionably make a bold advance to wage aggressive war very soon. They speak confidently on the subject. It is singular, however, that these sympathizers do not desire seeing their friends so near as Baltimore, but would rather for them to keep a respectful distance off. The consequences certain to result from too close contact might not be in all respects comfortable.

Maj. Giles' Maryland cavalry, stationed at Harrisville, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, succeeded this morning, about one o'clock, in capturing, on the Smithfield road, five rebel cavalrymen, with their horses, arms, etc. Their names are Newton Baker, (son of the Union postmaster at Shepardstown,) Mason Evans, John Seaman, John Hammond, and George B. Lewis. They all belonged to Captain Bilmeyer's company I, 1st Virginia, Fitzhugh Lee's brigade. They state that they had been home on furlough, and were making their way back through our lines.

Maj. Giles has large number of letters in their possession, addressed to persons in the rebel army, all of which were written by females.

The prisoners have been sent to the brigade headquarters at Martinsburg, for proper disposal.

Latest from Florence.

A friend, who left Florence on Tuesday evening, brings the latest news from Roddy's rising. The latest news from Roddy's command is to the effect that he had retreated from the pursuit of the Yankees, under the brutal Corwin, having followed them to Hamburg, where, under the protection of gunboats, they got aboard transports and crossed the Tennessee. Hannon's regiment was in advance, and had a skirmish near Hamburg, without loss. It was impossible to charge the enemy at the river, when embarking, on account of the nature of the ground, the thick weeds and bushes preventing it, except by a road, which, for a considerable distance, exposed them to a direct fire from the gunboats. Corwin's force is variously estimated at eight hundred to two thousand. Roddy's command, consisting of his own, Hannon's and Biffle's regiments, were too much scattered in squads, foraging, on detail service, etc., to be concentrated in time for successful fighting pursuit.

The Vandals burned the Masonic Hall, and every machine, blacksmith and carpenter shop in Florence, and set fire to a drug store, which, if consumed, would have communicated fire to and destroyed nearly all the business part of town. A Federal soldier demanded of the incendiary, who applied the torch, what he meant by it, which caused a quarrel between them, that was terminated by a Federal lieutenant stepping up and shooting dead the soldier who intended to present the Vandal act. Martin, Weakley & Co's three factories were burnt likewise.

Almost every private vehicle was carried off or destroyed, under the pretext that they were sometimes used for ambulances. Horses and mules were taken and negroes who flocked to the Yankees were mounted on them and taken off. Individuals were robbed of money, jewelry, etc., etc., and all the usual savage depredations were committed. Corwin promised to return again when the wheat fields were ripe for harvest.—*Huntsville Confederate, 5th.*

Movements of the Enemy in Accomac, in Virginia.

Persons who arrived here in hot haste yesterday from Hanover Court House, reported that a Yankee cavalry force, five hundred strong, had approached within fifteen miles of that place and were laying waste the country of King William with fire and sword—burning the barns, destroying the growing crops, and breaking up the agricultural implements. The parties who brought this information could not tell definitely whence the Yankees came or where they were going, but had a general idea that they were on another flying raid, and most probably started from Gloucester or thereabouts.

Intelligence had, however, been previously received at headquarters here which throws light on the movements of the enemy. It seems, from what we can learn from this source, that on Monday the Yankees evacuated West Point and Yorktown, and sailed down the York river into Chesapeake bay and up the Pamunkey river, where they landed a force of five thousand men, infantry, cavalry and artillery, with the design of marching across the country to join Hooker on the upper Rappahannock. There seems to be some doubt as to the exact locality at which the Yankees landed, but that they are attempting the execution of some such movements as above stated is believed in official circles.

The cavalry said to be desolating King William, are doubtless foraging parties, sent out lately from the main body, which is on its march northwestward. For the present we abstain, through prudential considerations, from saying more.—*Richmond Examiner, 4th.*

The Valandigham affair in Philadelphia—Serious Disturbance.

The North is still greatly excited over the Valandigham affair. A large meeting was held in Philadelphia denouncing the act and expressing sympathy for Valandigham. A serious disturbance ensued, which is described in the following paragraph of a Philadelphia paper:

After the Valandigham sympathy meeting in Independence square had adjourned, about midnight on Monday, a number of persons were congregated in the vicinity of the Continental hotel and the Grand house, and in course of time displays of a political character arose between a number of the persons present. Presently the political proclivities of those assembled began to manifest itself in cheers for their respective predilections and groans for their opponents. During the continuance of this the names of "Lincoln," "Valandigham," "Wilkes," "Copperheads," etc., etc., were alternately cheered and groaned. Blows were then substituted for cheers and groans, and a running fight was kept up for sometime, which might have resulted in serious consequences had it not been for the presence of the police, who cha ged on the crowd and made several arrests. A quiet spectator, and not identified with either of the belligerent parties, was seriously injured. He was knocked against by a party who approached from behind, and before he had time to recover himself was struck a severe blow on the head with a loaded cane, and knocked senseless.

Several other disturbances took place in the course of the evening, on Chesnut street and other places, in one of which a man named John Neely was stabbed.

"Our Foreign Relations."

The Richmond *Enquirer* ventilates this subject in a most entertaining light, under the head of "Our Fleet in England," explaining how from a confession of Lord Russell in the English house of lords, he defended the American Government, and said "all their communications showed they fully respected international law." The conclusion of Mitchell's satire is so pertinent we reproduce it for the edification of our readers:

After all, we appear to have gained little by our extreme complaisance in continuing to permit the English consular service to be performed here without consuls. Just before Congress adjourned both houses had resolutions before them condemnatory of this most mistaken and fruitless humiliation which we were imposing on ourselves. It was urged, with some reason, that to persist in recognizing those who did not recognize us, was a species of impertinence; that it was not expected at our hands; that it procured for us not the respect, but the disdain of those whom we so courted; that it did not hasten, but delayed the recognition of our independence; inasmuch as the only motive to recognize a new power is the necessity of guarding the rights of foreign residents in its country through duly accredited officers; but if we allowed that needful business to be done by everybody, or anybody under no enemy's authority, or under none at all, why, in that case, foreign nations could afford to wait. Certain senators and representatives did further urge that it was but scant justice to our own citizens, that they should be called from their homes and bidden to labor, and to fight, and to starve, and to die by thousands, in defense of the country, while other thousands of fat foreigners, with no legal right to exemption, nobody here having the slightest power to claim them or protect them, in flag of their respective countries unmolested over them at all, and at home and made money, out of the necessities of our soldiers. It was enough, they said, to make a Confederate almost wish he was an Englishman. Against all this no argument was offered, except certain mysterious hints, that certain persons knew certain things, of deep importance, and official heads were shaken, (in the Burleigh way) solemnly, slowly, as if there was something in them; especially, it was diligently inculcated upon the more innocent members of Congress that the State department (though apparently in permanent vacation) was in reality maintaining some great policy, of which the sham consuls were a part, the commissions in London and Paris a part, and that any disturbances in the momentous machinery just now might ruin all, and the Emperor of China would never be allowed to have his ships. Some blockheads at the press also, roundly took to task those members of Congress who wished to have done with the sham consuls, and reproached them with rashly trying to make a "rupture" with foreign powers. Blockhead! you are not able to make a rupture with a man who do not know you; unless, indeed, you do it by thrusting your acquaintance upon him, when he desires to pass peaceably on the other side. He who has not the advantage of your acquaintance can hardly take offense at you for not calling him by the button.

In short, the powers of Europe do not know us; and do not expect us to know them, and are not influenced in their behavior toward us or our enemies by all our long-continued and patient complaisance to them; if, indeed, the conduct of ours has my effect at all, it is to delay our recognition by those powers, and prolong the war. The Emperor of China will get his ships, or not, precisely as the interests of British policy may require; and we gain nothing by our whole foreign policy, except a most imposing Department of State. Other people keep a State Department for their foreign policy; but we keep up a foreign policy for our State Department.

The Herald on the "situation."

Commenting on the military situation in the South and the moves on the chessboard, the New York *Herald* of the 30th ult., says: "On the whole, considering the defensive position, it (the South) has at least equal strength with the North for this campaign. Pemberton, according to our latest intelligence, will be able to hold out in that stronghold ten days or a fortnight, until Johnston, who is rapidly estimated at eight hundred to two thousand. Roddy's command, consisting of his own, Hannon's and Biffle's regiments, were too much scattered in squads, foraging, on detail service, etc., to be concentrated in time for successful fighting pursuit. with reinforcements, will be able to hold out in that stronghold ten days or a fortnight, until Johnston, who is rapidly estimated at eight hundred to two thousand, raises the siege and engages Grant in battle. Johnston is rapidly receiving reinforcements from all quarters at Canton, a central point on the railroad. Grant is being reinforced, too—some down the Mississippi, which land at Haines' bluff, on the enemy's left flank, and some up the Mississippi, landing at Warrenton, on the enemy's right flank. It has thus reduced to a question of speed and numbers between the opposing forces, complicated with the question of the strength of the fortress and General Grant's tactics in the approaching great battle. The rebels cannot afford to lose Vicksburg, but if they succeed there, by concentrating the victorious army of Vicksburg at Chattanooga, it will be an easy matter to clean out Tennessee. Johnston was only prevented from dealing Rosecrans a heavy blow by Grant's landing at Port Gibson and attacking Vicksburg in the rear. Lee, with heavy reinforcements, is about to move into Pennsylvania, and Stuart, with 15 000 cavalry, is behind the Rappahannock. What is their destination? But Hooker, whose army is twice as large as Lee's, must first be whipped. Our cool, sagacious head at Richmond seems to direct all the movements on the Southern chess-board of the war. What kind of a head and what head makes the counter move at Washington?"

☞ A gentleman of a Virginia regiment, writing to his mother, gives the following account of an adventure he had in one of the recent battles. We copy from the *Examiner*:

I must tell you of a prisoner I captured. I spied the villain in the road, and put after him. He dismounted, and leaving his horse in the road, took to the woods on foot. As the limbs of the cedars impeded my progress, I, for the time, lost sight of him. But having secured his horse and effects, I followed in the direction in which he had disappeared. As I rode under a tall pine, with the muzzle of my gun elevated, I was astonished to hear from the tree above me a loud sung out, "don't shoot; I surrender." The scoundrel saw the glittering of the gun barrel, and thought that I was aiming at him. I pretty soon got him down and carried him to the rear, having first secured his personal effects, which consisted of a saddle and halter, a canteen of milk, six pounds of bacon, two pounds of coffee, two pounds of sugar, one pound of butter, a cap, one frying pan, one spade, a piece of soap, a curry-comb and brush, one oil cloth, two blankets, a small tent, and half a bushel of corn and oats—the fellow needed only a saw mill to be fully equipped.

MORE FROM THE COMBAHEE.—The conductor on the Charleston and Savannah train Wednesday morning, reports that on Wednesday night as the train was passing Station No. 3, a faint light was observed ahead in mid air, somewhat resembling the calcium light, and it was supposed by those on board the train that it came from a Yankee balloon taking night observations. When passing Station No. 4, the light suddenly disappeared. As the Combahee river runs nearly parallel with the railroad between these two stations, we have no doubt the light noticed was a signal used by the enemy to assist in their operations on that river.—*Savannah Republican, 6th.*

THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT COMBAHEE FERRY.—We are pleased to learn that this bridge was but slightly damaged by the enemy in their raid of last Tuesday.

The bridge was fired in six places, but was saved and the fire extinguished by the active exertions of three of our men, Messrs. Sanders and Lamsdon, of Allen's co ps, (pickets,) and the scout, E. B. Bell. The latter, we learn from an eye-witness, followed and closely watched the enemy for a distance of over ten miles, having started from Pocotaligo immediately on the reception of the news of the enemy's landing.—*Charleston Mercury, 6th.*

The Confederate Headquarters.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for January.]

In visiting the headquarters of the Confederate Generals, but particularly those of General Lee, anyone accustomed to see European armies in the field, cannot fail to be struck with the great absence of all the pomp and circumstance of war in and around their encampments. Lee's headquarters consisted of about seven or eight sale tents, pitched with their backs to a stake fence, upon a piece of ground so rocky that it was unpleasant to ride over it, its only commendation being a little stream of good water which flowed close by the General's tent. In front of the tents were some three four-wheeled wagons, drawn up without any regularity, and a number of horses roamed loose about the field. These servants, who were of course slaves, and the mounted soldiers, called "couriers," who always accompany each General of Division in the field, were unprovided with tents, and slept in or under the wagons. Wagons, tents, and some of the horses, were marked U. S., showing that part of that huge debt in the North has done to furnish even the Confederate generals with camp equipments. No guard or sentries were to be seen in the vicinity; no crowds of aids-de-camp loitering about, making themselves agreeable to visitors, and endeavoring to save their generals from receiving those who have no special business. A large farm house stands near, which, in any other army, would be the general's residence *pro tem*, but as no liberties are allowed to be taken with personal property in Lee's army, he is particular in setting a good example himself. His staff are crowded together two or three in a tent; none are allowed to carry more than a small hox each, and his own kit is very little larger. Every one who approaches him does so with marked respect, although there is none of that bowing and furnishing of forage caps which occurs in the presence of European generals; and, while all honor him and place implicit faith in his courage and ability, those with whom he is most intimate feel for him the affection of sons to a father. Old Gen. Scott was correct in saying that when Lee joined the Southern cause it was as much as the accession of twenty thousand men to the rebels. Since then every injury that it was possible to inflict the Northerners have heaped upon him. His house on the Pamunkey river was burnt to the ground and the slaves were carried away—many of them by force; while his residence on the Arlington Heights was not only gutted of its furniture, but even the very relics of George Washington were stolen from it and paraded in triumph in the saloons of New York and Boston. Notwithstanding all these personal losses, however, when speaking of the Yankees, he neither evinced any bitterness of feeling, nor gave utterance to a single violent expression, but alluded to many of his former friends and companions among them in the kindest terms. He spoke as a man proud of the victories won by his country, and confident of ultimate success, under the blessings of the Almighty, whom he glorified for past successes, and whose aid he invoked for all future operations. He regretted his limited supply of tents and accommodations would prevent him from putting us up, but he kindly placed at our disposal horses, or a two-horsed wagon. If we preferred it, to drive about in. Upon leaving him we drove to Bunker hill, six miles nearer Martinsburg, at which place "Stone wall" Jackson, no of world-wide celebrity, had his headquarters. With him we spent a most pleasant hour, and were agreeably surprised to find him very affable, having been led to expect that he was silent and almost morose. Dressed in his grey uniform, he looks the hero that he is; and his thin, compressed lips and calm glance, which meets your unflinchingly, give evidence of that firmness and decision of character for which he is so famous. He had a broad, open forehead, from which the hair is well brushed back; a shapely nose, straight and rather long; thin, colorless cheeks, with a small allowance of whisker; a cleanly-shaveven upper lip and chin; and a pair of fine greyish-blue eyes, rather sunken, with overhanging brows, which intensify the keenness of his gaze, but without imparting any fierceness to it. Such are the general characteristics of his face, and I have only to add that a smile seems always lurking about his mouth when he speaks, and that, though his voice partakes slightly of that harshness which Europeans naively attribute to all successful generals, it is much ameliorated by his manner; and to me he talked most affectionately of England and of his belief but enjoyable sojourn there. The religious element seems strongly developed in him, and, though his conversation is perfectly free from Puritanical cant, it is evident that he is a person who never loses sight of the fact that there is an omnipresent Deity ever presiding over the minutest occurrences of life as well as over the most important. Altogether, as one of his soldiers said to me in talking of him, "he is a glorious fellow!" said Johnstonian, "I felt that I had at last solved the mistery of "Stonewall Brigade," and discovered why it was that it had accomplished such almost miraculous feats. With such a leader men would go anywhere and face any amount of difficulties, and, for myself, I believe that, inspired by the presence of such a man, I should be perfectly insensible to fatigue, and reckon upon success as a moral certainty. While General Lee is regarded in the light of infallible Jove, a man to be reverenced, Jackson is loved and adored with all that childlike and trustful affection which the soldiers are said to have lavished on the particular deity presiding over their affairs. The feeling of the soldiers for General Lee resembles that which Wellington's troops entertained for him—namely, a fixed and unshakable faith in all he did, and a calm confidence of victory when serving under him. But Jackson, like Napoleon, is idolized with that intense fervor, which, consisting of mingled personal attachment and devoted loyalty, causes them to meet death for his sake and bless him when dying.

PASSING THE OBSTRUCTIONS.—We have reliable information that the Yankees have made an effort to pass the obstructions at the head of the Narrows on the Apalachicola river. As yet, they have failed in their attempts, and steps are being taken by Gen. Cobb that we hope will effectually repulse and drive them back. A section of Echols' artillery left here this morning, which we hope will arrive in time. Other reinforcements are being sent down. We presume the principal object of the Yankees at this time is to destroy the Confederate States gunboat Chattahoochee, now lying in a disabled condition in the vicinity of Bristol. We hope, however, they may be defeated and driven back, whatever may be their object.—*Quincy Dispatch, 6th.*

☞ A special dispatch from Cairo, to the Chicago *Journal* of the 27th, says, that Pemberton sent a flag of truce to Grant, proposing to surrender Vicksburg if Grant would allow his (Pemberton's) troops to lay down their arms and march out. Grant refused. That's only a Yankee lie, but wonder if they are not sorry by this time that Grant didn't let Pemberton do it! Guess Pemberton has marched out, anyhow, by this time, and Johnston has marched up, and *Grant* but little room for a foe between.—*Winchester Bulletin.*

☞ During a recent engagement in the Southwest, the Confederate troops captured the 61st Indiana regiment almost entire. It contained four hundred renegade Alabamians, whom the Confederate Government refuses to exchange. Gov. Morton, of Indiana, has applied to the United States Secretary of War to order eight hundred Southern prisoners into close confinement as hostages for the recreant wretches.

A REMINISCENCE OF SHARPSBURG.—The following is a fact: During the bloody engagement at Sharpsburg, Sergeant W. H. Williams, of Company D, 61st Georgia, captured two Federal prisoners, who stuck hard and fast by him for the remainder of the engagement, loading muskets as fast as he could discharge them at the enemy, and occasionally calling out to him to "Give the rascals h—ll."—*Macon Telegraph.*

☞ A Washington dispatch says that the difficulty which has existed for some time between Generals Hunter and Foster, will be adjusted in a manner satisfactory to both, by the authorities there. Gen. Saxton goes back with dispatches for Gen. Hunter. The statement that Gen. Hunter has been relieved is without a foundation.

☞ Gen. Sickles is on a visit to the sea-shore for his impaired health.

ORPHEUS C. KERR'S CAMP.

From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.]

FROM THE CAPITAL.—SUCCESSFUL RECONNOISSANCE.

We are at length enabled to lay before our readers our authentic correspondent's able report of the recent stirring Mackerel events, from which it appears that a recent attempt to destroy the well known Southern Confederacy, and capture the ancient city of Paris by surprise, was intended merely as a reconnoissance, and has been entirely successful as such. There is no reason to despond:

FROM WASHINGTON.

EDITOR T. T.: As it was found on Sunday last, my boy, that the venerable Mackerel Brigade was about to commit a breach of the peace by strategically unsettling the Confederacies established in the mud between the Mackerel camp and the ancient City of Paris, I mounted my architectural steed, the gothic Pegasus, at an early hour in the morning, and peacefully moved toward the scene of approaching tentology. The emaciated aspect of my architectural steed of the desert was so inviting to the fowls of the air, my boy, that divers disreputable crows circled sulkily around my hat, as my animal progressed with me by miscellaneously scattering his legs around beneath himself, and at each particular "mew" of the winged ministers of famine, a perceptible shudder passed through the entire framework of the deeply-agitated Pegasus. Abstractedly waving my umbrella, to inspire the sable birds for lofier flights, I pondered deeply upon the lesson taught me by the evident emotions of my aged architectural servant; to ride upon whose fluted back may be likened to sitting astride the naked root of a small country chapel in the midst of a hard earthquake, and holding on by the steeple. If this Gothic creation, which is but a horse, thought I, is so agonized by the mere breakfast notes of a few dessiatal gulls, grows in the atmosphere, how much more terrible must be the anguish of the fellow-beings known as Southern Confederacies, who must ever have a dreadful presentiment of being summarily expunged from the human race by any one of our brass buttoned generals, who happen to board in their neighborhood for a few years. If I pity this architectural servant of mine, thought I, for his anguish at the proximity of crows in the abstract, how much more tender should be my feeling for Southern fellow-beings, who are continually endangered by a much louder crows, coming from adjacent hostile roosts in general roosters. As I pondered thus, my boy, a crow of much plumage and large wind mien, suddenly alighted upon the pommel of my saddle, as though impelled to breakfast upon some pounds of horseflesh. For an instant, my boy, Pegasus trembled throughout his works; he paused suddenly in his peregrination, laid back his ears as though in deep thought, twisted his head suddenly about, and bit off the tail of the crow in the abstract.

Simple as was the act, my boy, it at once relieved me, in my own mind, of all obligations to have a more tender feeling for my Southern fellow-beings than is consistent with a proper sense of hatred against the enemies of our country. After all, we can learn much more from brutes than from men; and as Balaam's ass saw the angel before his master did, so the Angel of Victory is likely to be distinctly obvious to any poor ass in the country, before he becomes visible to the sight of our strategic great men.

(I turn a pretty sharp corner to that last sentence, my boy; but that is only sale strategy when you find your argument getting ahead of you.)

I was high noon when I reached the Mackerel camp, and I found the spacious veterans hastily preparing to cross Duck lake after the manner of aquatic warriors. By some strange fatality, all the noxious weeds at hand in time, greatly to the distress of our mounted troops, who seemed to fear that such unheard of punctuality must be an evil omen. As there were a great many pontoons, and it was not deemed best to waste any of them, two bridges were built instead of one, it being considered that inasmuch as it was purposed to surprise the unseemly Confederates on the other side, two bridges would be just twice as surprising to them as one would be. There was lignin to this idea my boy—much logic and consummate strategy.

Gazing across the expanse of waters I beheld a couple of regiments of Confederacies playing poker on the bank, and says I to William Brown, who was at that moment returning a small black bottle to his holster:

"Tell me, my tireless blue black, how this can possibly be a surprise, when yonder graybacks are looking on all the time?"

"Ah!" says William with much fullness of demeanor; "you are but an ignorant civilian insect, and know nothing about war. The movement," says William, placidly, "is intended as a surprise to the enemy, upon the principle that my movement whatever of this army must surprise everybody."

I was reflecting seriously upon this unanswerable explanation of profound strategy, my boy, when Captain Shorty came rattling up with a paper in his hand, and says he: "Attention, company! while I read a document calculated to restrain the licentiousness of a corrupt and vicious press:"

GENERAL ORDER.

"For the purpose of preventing the transmission of all news not previously published in the morning journals of the so-called Southern Confederacy, it has been determined by the general commanding to require all correspondents of the press to affix their full names, ages and addresses to whatever matter they transmit for publication, thus giving to the journals of our home the double character of a newspaper and business directory. Reporters having vulgar names, like Jones, Smith, or Sniggins, will be at liberty to assume the names borne by the most popular characters in the exciting tales furnished by our weekly journals of romance—such as Lord Mortimer, Claude De Percy, Lester Heartsease.

"Correspondents who do not comply with this requirement will not be permitted to assist in surprising the so-called Southern Confederacy."

"THE GENERAL OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE."

(Blue Seal.)

After we had duly digested this useful and sagacious General Order, my boy, Captain Sawyer Smith was ordered to make a detour of Duck Lake with the Anatomical Cavalry, and dig a canal in the rear of the well known Confederacy; and the Mackerel Brigade, under the personal supervision of the Grim Old Fighting Cox, commenced to cross the pontoon bridges in two divisions. The bridge that I was upon, my boy, was at once attacked at the other end by a surprised Confederacy with a large pair of scissors, who malignantly cut that end loose. There was an aged civil an chap from Albany, of much stomach and a brass-bound hat, standing near me; and when he found the bridge beginning to move, he swore his hardest, and says he:

"Where are we drifting to?"

"Be not alarmed, Mr. Weed," says I, pleasantly; "we shall soon repair the damage."

"Heu!" says he; "I wish I'd gone over on the platform at first."

He was quite an old man, my boy, slowly sinking into the rising waves of his own fat; and by that reason appeared to have a chronic fear of some unexpected submersion.

The Mackerel brigade, in two parts, having reached the opposite shore of Duck lake in safety, the Grim Old Fighting Cox ordered Captain Bob Shorty to take such a regiment of spectacled veterans and cautiously feel the Confederacies' lines, while he led the remainder of the national troops to a small village at hand, which had particularly requested to be immediately destroyed. It was his great strategical plan, my boy, to form his lines in the shape of a triangle, thus inclosing the unmanagely Confederacies between three fires and winning a great geometrical victory. The Confederacies being duly surrounded, and the village being set on fire at the apex of the triangle, the Grim Old Fighting Cox withdrew to a tent, spread a map of the world upon a camp-stool before him, and proceeded to take topographical observation. Drawing from his saddlebags an instrument of opaque glass, of tubular character, quite large in circumference about half way up, and then tapering into a neck, a smaller tube, of nearly the same length, he raised it in a semi-horizontal position to a point about one and a half inches above the lower circumference of his chin, until he could look through it at an angle bisecting its greater circumference upon the map below. The light, striking through the body of the instrument, cast a wavy, fluctuating sort of yellowish glare upon that part of the map representing the well-known Southern Confederacy, accompanied by a species of soft, tickling sound. After an interval of some ten minutes, the operator saw, by this contrivance, just double the number of Confederacies he had to contend with. It only remained, then, for him to divide the number thus ascertained by two, and he knew exactly the number of his foes!

You will observe, my boy, that this singularly ingenious device at once revealed to the new General of the Mackeral brigade the true strength of his greatest enemy, and inspired him with a strong spirit.

It was immediately after this, that the Grim Old Fighting Cox issued the following

"GENERAL ORDER.

"The manner in which the crossing of Duck lake has been accomplished, proves that this is the finest army ever seen on the plan it, and is likely to prove equally fine on the de it. I have now got the well known Southern Confederacy where I wished to have her, and she must either ignominously retreat, or come out of her works, and be annihilated by us on my own ground, which is ground-arms!

(Blue Seal.)

THE GEN'L OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE.

Having set fir this General Order, my boy, the Grim Old Fighting Cox proceeded to complete his surprise of the enemy by leading a bayonet charge from his side of the triangle, and immediately telegraphed to the base of the triangle that the enemies of human freedom were retreating before him. This was truly the case; for the unseemly Confederacies not only retreated before him, but retreated with such impetus of flight upon Captain William Brown at the base of the triangle, that they actually drove him clear out of his place, and proceeded to overrun the base themselves. Thus matters stood at the conclusion of the first day.

Early on the second day, the Grim Old Fighting Cox charged again upon some fresh regiments of Confederacies, who returned with such violence that they completely pressed Captain Bob Shorty from the right line of the triangle, and remained in that line themselves. This was the second day's battle.

On the following morning, it was discovered that fresh Confederacies had come up from Paris. These were attached irresistibly by the whole Mackerel brigade, and only succeeded in taking a stand when they found, as it were, the left line of the triangle.

"You will perceive, my boy, that a great piece of geometrical strategy had been thus achieved; but it now turned out that the General of the Mackerel brigade had made a mistake, and a most serious one. While taking his observations with his ingenious glass instrument, he had seen just double the number of triangles (2) that might be formed by certain great strategical evolutions, as he had seen just double the number of the Confederacies; but in his haste he had neglected to divide the ascertained number of triangles by two, as he should have done; and now he discovered that only one triangle was formed, and that by the unmerciful and shocking Confederacies. Such a nice thing is strategy, and so nicely is it disranged.

Owing to this error, of course nothing more could be done, and on Tuesday evening the Mackeral brigade returned, full of enthusiasm, to their original old of Duck Lake. The affair had been merely a reconnoissance.

Last evening, my boy, I was talking to the Mackerel Chaplain about this singular strategical affair, and says he:

"Bad help us! The skeleton regiments we have left standing are scarcely more than the skeleton regiments we have left sleeping; and only the sleeping ones can do it upward."

Let gentle charity, my boy, silence our tongues to the dread mistake that is past; for he who made it lost by it the glorious immortality his meanest soldier stale has won.

Yours, gently,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHANGE TICKET TROUBLES.

[We shouldn't wonder if an experience something similar to that detailed in the following, might not be gained in some sections we know of, should Mr. Plover's example be imitated. We feel safe in giving the sketch that our readers may be warned of what awaits them.]

From the New York Sunday Mercury.]

"Hell is paved with good intentions" said some crabbed fellow, and it is a fact that these were faulty noises successfully fathomed. Now the witnesses who are given to such cynical outcrops do more harm than good, and are no wise than those who judge merit by the degrees of its success.

Yet good intentions do sometimes seem to give those who are sounded by them a foretaste of hell, if any such place of future punishment there be; and Peter Plover—loyal, amiable Peter Plover—recently had occasion to think so, and to repent certain good intentions of his own.

Being devoted to the cause of his country, not by civil war, traitors in open rebellion, and scarcely less corrupt civilians, who contract to distress, and bleed, and weaken her in another way, Plover sympathized with her vexations financial condition, that he resolved never to grumble at the trouble they caused to himself.

He, therefore, set an example of amiable accommodation, whenever he happened to trade, took postage stamps, hummingbird pennies, and the uncertain house fly emulated upon him, with smiles and commentary, and when the advent of one, two, and three-cornered tickets, which so many private parties have lately flooded our drawers and pockets, did not succeed in ruffling his patriotic temper.

He took them from all, in the way of change, with a suavity resembling a welcome; would not deign to examine if they were genuine issues from responsible parties; and assured those dealers from whom he blandly accepted them, that it was the duty of patriotism to do all it could to disembarrass the wheels of Government; upon which the said dealers would be sure to smile sweetly, foist as many penny tickets upon him as they dared; praise his loyalty, and indulge in the income and original remark of "That's so!"

But, after several weeks of these loyal practices, Plover found that his good nature had resulted in the accumulation of a vast and unsightly variety of these favors, "from all sorts of people;" they were not exactly "golden opinions," nor in their nowness gilt; but he thought them an equivalent for legal copper, and too valuable to