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Including a variety of other articles usually found in well supplied drug stores, and solicit a share of public patronage.

L. S. MEAD & CO.

Atlanta, December 16, 1863.

We, the undersigned, late druggists of this city, have long had in our employment one of the foregoing firm, Mr. L. S. Mead, and do most cordially recommend him to our old friends and the public as a safe, reliable, and skillful druggist, understanding thoroughly the business, and worthy the confidence of families and physicians.

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4 bbls. Cream Tartar for sale by L. S. MEAD & CO.

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de18 1m

"KENNEDY HOUSE,"

MOBILE,

ON St. LOUIS, between Franklin and Hamilton streets, is one of the most pleasant locations in the city, and the traveling public will find it to their interest to stop there. The table is always furnished with the best the market affords. Common care in the habits of taking persons who wish to stop at this house, to other places, therefore it would be well to remember the location.

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A. D. WITHERSPOON,

Commission Merchant and Dealer in Domestic Manufactures,

SUGAR, SALT, TOBACCO, ETC., Corner Cherry and Second streets, Macon Ga.

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Daily Appeal.

[FROM THE ARMY EDITION.]

Save the Horses.

The reason is often asked for the unceasing demand for horses in the army. The frequent visits of the impressing officer and his repeated seizures of animals in family use, give a peculiar and painful interest to this inquiry. The cause is to be found entirely in the gross neglect and inhuman carelessness of the people to whose charge the army horses are entrusted. We speak advisedly and knowingly when we say that the improvidence and wanton abuse of animals belonging to the Confederate States is the reason, and the sole reason for that drain on the horses in the country which has been going on now for three years to the serious detriment of production and constant outrage of private rights. It is an abuse that calls loudly for reformation.

On the commanding generals of the armies the responsibility of this wholesale and flagrant neglect of public property, we regret to say, must rest. It is their duty to look to the condition of their animals with scarcely less attention than to their men. Without both the army cannot be effective. In the straightened condition of our resources it is their duty to husband and economise all the elements and resources of production, and to make no drafts on the country not dictated by stern necessity. It will not do to hold the quartermasters responsible. The inspector of the general should follow up the quartermasters and company officers, and see that proper care is taken of the animals in service, and especially should the general follow up his inspector to see if his orders are obeyed, and if the inspector does his duty. Had this course been adopted and followed by our commanding generals, ever since the beginning of the war, the Confederacy would have had many thousands more of horses and mules than are now in its limits. But they have not done so. They have not taken the interest in this matter its immense importance demanded—not one of them. And until they do, there is no hope of having this terrible abuse corrected. Let the commanding generals give this matter, for once, their attention. Let a quartermaster or two be cashiered and put into the ranks, and the same treatment dealt out to one or two captains of field batteries, and it would be wonderful to behold the changed condition of the army horses.—*Montgomery Mail.*

☞ It has been frequently asserted to be without historical precedent that prisoners of war should be supported by the Government from whose hands they were captured. This is a mistake. The Emperor Napoleon received regularly from the British Government money to pay for supplies to British prisoners in his hands. It was also actually made a subject of complaint against the French Government that it made no provision for French prisoners in British hands. These facts are fully detailed in Alison, 3d vol., 60th chapter.

A Brilliant Adventure.

The army correspondent of the New York *Metropolitan Record*, writing from Alexandria, Va., narrates the following interesting story of an adventure by some of our cavalry:

While we were encamped at Centerville, Gen. Lee had his men busily engaged in destroying the railroad from Manassas Junction to the Rappahannock, and in this succeeded so well that it took us about a month to repair it. When we again advanced the Confederates had already retreated to Warrenton and the line of the Rappahannock. We marched across Bull Run and over the old battle field, where the bones of our brothers lay bleaching in the grass. Alas! what painful scenes to look upon. Here a leg, or the anatomy that gave it motion, there an arm, and in another place a skull, grinning in its horrid hideousness; these were all that remained on that bloody field to remind us of the courage it had wingedged, of the thousands of lives sacrificed there to the implacable Moloch of war. Through and past Gainsville, Haymarket, New Baltimore and Warrenton we marched, and then extended our line from Warrenton on the right to Morrisville on the left. And, speaking of New Baltimore, I had impelled to relate one of the boldest guerrilla adventures of the war. The second brigade of regular artillery was encamped at that place, and one night received orders to march to Warrenton, four miles distant. The night was clear and pleasant, the moon shining brightly, and everything apparently auspicious for a pleasant march. The batteries and their commanders were in the advance, and the quartermaster's train brought up the rear. With so strong and formidable a column, no danger was apprehended.

When they were about two miles from their old camp, they were met by a squad of cavalry, all remarkably well mounted. The cavalry pursued their way until they had passed the batteries, neither column taking particular notice of the other—it is always the case when our troops are marching. As they neared the train, one of the teamsters, a white man, called "What cavalry do you belong to?" "18th Pennsylvania," was the reply. The cavalry still marching on, and casting sharp glances at the quartermaster's wagons. The next question came from the "18th Pennsylvania:" "Whose train is this?" "Quartermaster S——'s." "Who commands the brigade?" "Captain Graham." "Where is Captain Graham?" "At the head of the column." Where is Quartermaster S——?" "Here," shouted the unlucky quartermaster. In an instant one of the "Pennsylvanians" was by his side, a pistol was clapped to his head, with the injunction "Say one word and I'll blow your brains out." The train was all this time in motion. The guerrillas then proceeded with their work. Some of them rode up to the battery wagons, and ordered them to "close up," which they immediately did, while those behind took care of the forage teams. The train was now divided, and the negro teamsters were forced to unhitch their teams. This done, they were next forced to drive the mules into the woods, and thence into some by-roads, under threat of instant death. The guerrillas thus captured at once about one hundred and thirty mules, twenty wagons, one quartermaster and his clerk, and one orderly-sergeant. When those at the head of the column were apprised of what had occurred, they pursued the "18th Pennsylvania cavalry," but the case was fruitless, the guerrillas had disappeared, and with them their booty.

Finances of North Carolina.

The annual statement of the treasurer of the State of North Carolina shows that the receipts of the public fund for the year ending September 30th, 1863, amount to $16,308,440 88, which, together with the balance due the fund on the 30th September of $1,541,923 02, makes $17,750,373 90. The disbursements for the same period were $15,576,322 97, leaving a balance on hand on the 1st of October of $2,174,050 93. The receipts of the literary fund for the same period were $508,782 54, and the disbursements $281,591 43. These large receipts and expenditures of the public fund are mainly on account of the military establishment maintained by the State for the purpose of clothing troops and purchasing supplies.

The total amount of State bonds issued is $21,139,000, and of this amount $8,949,500 were issued previously to the 20th May, 1861, and are known as the old coupon and registered bonds. The periods at which the bonds of all kinds will fall due range from 1864 to 1890; the amount, however, which will fall due before 1868, is small and will be easily provided for by the sinking fund.

The whole amount of the State debt is $28,236,434 29, as follows: Bonded debt, $21,132,000; treasury notes in circulation, $3,329,828 96; coupons unpaid, $1,156,183; temporary loans, $618,423. The whole amount of State treasury notes issued is $5,285,075.05. Of these $1,955,246.15 have been funded or otherwise withdrawn from circulation, leaving the above amount in circulation, of which $2,185,043.90 are of small denominations and unfundable.

PRETTY AS EVER.—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes: "It may interest the public to know that the recent attack of modified small-pox has not in the least impaired the natural beauty of the President's countenance, so it was at one time feared it would."

For the Appeal.

HE WEARS NO "BAR."

BY S. D. L.

He wears no bar, this gallant youth,
Whom I see every day;
And yet he looks extremely neat
In his plain suit of gray.

Three years ago he left his home,
To aid his bleeding land;
Since which time he has nobly stood
Where brave men love to stand.

He's bravely fought for liberty,
This youth who wears no "bar,"
But there are less deserving men
Who wear a golden "star."

But still it matters not to him
What thoughtless people say;
Although he wears no "bar," he'll "shine"
When "stars" have passed away.

When wars have ceased and gold lace fades,
Destruction will be o'er;
The private soldier then will be
The gentleman once more.

Camp Mangault's Brigade, near Dalton, Jan. 3, 1864.

Condition of Northern Virginia—A Sad Picture—Ruin and Desolation.

A correspondent of the New York *News* presents a sad picture of the ruin and desolation existing in portions of Northern Virginia:

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Nov. 29.

If I should present a sad picture of the desolation now reigning over a region which three years ago was fertile, peaceful, blooming and happy, the reader need not suppose that it is overdrawn or too highly colored. Alas! there are few pens capable of giving additional sadness to the dreary desolation prevailing on every side from one end to the other of the road upon which it is my province to travel almost daily.

For the purpose of obtaining a better view of the country, we will take the turnpike from this city to Centerville, a distance of twenty-two miles. After leaving the city and passing the many forts and redoubts which crown the hills on either side, we reach the open country. It is all heavily wooded, and therefore does not possess any general advantages for fair and open fighting. At several points we come upon a blockaded mass of bricks, stones and roof trees. In their vicinity may be seen neglected fruit trees, once an orchard, and a cluster of oak and cedar, once affording shade and shelter, to a pleasant home. Here and there along the roadside a few miserable dwellings may be seen, inhabited by old men, women, and children, all apparently as miserable and dilapidated as the poor huts they occupy. This region was at one time occupied by our army until the spring of 1862, and we will pass it over without further notice. The first town of importance on our route is

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE,

Distant fourteen miles from Alexandria. Those who have kept track of the war will remember the gallant dash made by Capt Templman with a handful of men through the town, and the capture of Gen Stoughton, and his staff, in disbable, by Major Mosby, at a later period. The town is very pleasantly situated, but has suffered serious injury at the hands of our troops when passing, repassing and encamping there. Very few of the old residents remain there, and very few of the houses retain their old appearance. Some are windowless, some doorless, some roofless, some floorless, and some have disappeared altogether. It was at one time the residence of many of the elite of the State, but it is such no more. Many of the old habitues now living there would doubtless recognize in the dilapidated houses, court house and churches, their former happy home. After passing Fairfax Court House, and perhaps deploring its sadly changed condition, the next town we meet is, or was

CENTERVILLE,

Famous since the day that witnessed the first important defeat of the Union army at Bull Run. A line of strong fortifications lines the high ground, on which part of the town once stood. The houses were nearly all constructed of rough, unhewn stones, and presented a solid, comfortable appearance. Those on the east side of the hill have all disappeared, while those still remaining on the west side have been in part demolished, and what remains are occupied as officers' quarters, sutlers' stores, and pie bakeries. In the plain, west of the hights, several comfortable dwellings were standing some months since, but they are not there now. The cause of their absence may be accounted for by the presence of so many of our forces. The place is now occupied by Gen. Corcoran, whose duty appears to consist in guarding against guerrilla incursions, and, with all his energy and watchfulness, he is not always successful. At Centerville we leave the turnpike (it runs thence to Warrenton) and follow the course of a military road, part mud and part corduroy, which leads to

MANASSAS JUNCTION.

Twenty-seven miles by rail from our starting point. A village or scattered town of some importance existed here before the commencement of the war, but not one vestige of it remains. In the neighborhood of the Junction, where the town formerly stood, there is not a solitary house remaining. Half a mile east of the site of the village stands a brick house, the only building I have seen near the place, and it has neither doors nor windows. The fine trees that were there when the place was inhabited have also passed away, and nothing remains to break the monotonous landscape but the forts erected under the superintendence of General Beauregard, and they are now slowly crumbling away.

In mounds and in some low places, moss-covered stones, scattered bricks, and perhaps a blackened cellar, mark the site of a destroyed dwelling; yet few of these remain now. The tottering chimneys and crumbling walls that stood there a year ago, mourning over the desolation they had witnessed, have all fallen a prey to the soldiers, by whom they were appropriated, and used in the construction of huts and fireplaces. No human face is to be seen, save those belonging to persons connected in some way with the army. Goldsmith's brilliant imagination never could have pictured to him a scene of greater desolation. Passing along the railroad for a distance of three miles, we next come to

BRISTOW STATION.

This place is the scene of the conflict between the second corps and the troops under A. P. Hill. When the town was there, it was situated on Broad run, and the location was one of the prettiest in the State. In June last, when I was there, four or five houses remained, and they had the appearance of having been, at one time, very neat and comfortable dwellings. Now there is not one. Walls, chimneys, rooftrees, and even foundations, have disappeared, and any one visiting the deserted camps on the adjacent fields and hills, may see, in the tenantless huts, the material that at one time composed the buildings of the town. Scattered over the ground in the neighborhood one can see the mounds of red earth which denote the resting place of the Confederates who fell on that field. On the swampy ground that borders the run, some of our soldiers are buried. It is here, as at Manassas—the place and its vicinity are totally uninhabited. Eight miles further south we come to

CATLETT'S STATION.

Catlett's station does not possess anything to indicate that it ever was a place of much importance. There is one frame house remaining, said to be occupied by an old man from whom the station takes its name. Our next stopping place is Warrenton Junction, and here, as elsewhere, devastation has done its villanous work. Houseless and tenthless, it is as dreary a spot as one could easily imagine. After passing the Junction we next come to Germantown. The place is half a mile west of the railroad, and is chiefly known as having been the headquarters of Gen. Dix last summer after the army returned from Pennsylvania. It is an insignificant village, and not worthy of any particular notice.

BEALTON STATION,

Three miles further on was at one time considered a town, but, like many other terrestrial things, it—the town—has passed away forever. When I was there five weeks ago, when we were retreating from Culpeper, some frame buildings were in the place, but they have since disappeared. I know not whether they were destroyed by our men or the Confederates; but they are not there now, nor does the country in the neighborhood appear to be inhabited by any permanent resident. Rappahannock station, five miles further south, is another bleak and dreary spot, though at one time it possessed beauty. A description of it is unnecessary. It is well known as the scene of one of the fiercest fights of the war.

The country between the points mentioned does not possess many features different from those noticeable in the places described. The same absence of population, the same wreck, ruin and desolation are visible on all sides. No fences, no houses, no evidence of cultivation—no, nothing but barren fields, crumbling ruins and deserted homes, to be seen anywhere. Many long years must pass before Virginia, or at least the portion of it in question, can again become the quiet home of peace, industry and contentment.

The Soldier Mania.

From the Savannah Republican.]

Congress and the whole country seem to have gone stark mad on the subject of putting soldiers into the field. That, in their opinion, is all that is to be done in order to close the war and establish our independance—"Put more men into the field!" is the cry, and there it stops.

What folly! A wise physician, before he begins work on his patient, is careful to form a correct *diagnosis* of the case—that is, he satisfies himself of the exact seat and real character of the disease. This point unsettled, his ministrations must be the veriest quackery, alike disgraceful to himself and, nine chances to one, hurtful to his patient.

The country is sick, and our Executive and legislative officers are the doctors, and unfortunately for us all, they have proved empirics, for they have commenced their treatment without any inquiry into the nature of the malady. In our judgment they have done worse—for they are treating one disease when it is apparent to every right-thinking mind that their patient has another. Indeed, the physicians themselves confess as much.

In our opinion the country needs no more soldiers. Its real need is that those it already has should be gathered up, taken to camp, and better cared for. Do this and our army will come nearer to outnumbering the force of the enemy than it ever did before; and what is more, we shall have just as many soldiers as we shall be able properly to care for and keep in fighting trim.

It is just as important to feed, clothe and equip an army as it is to raise one; in fact, without these accompaniments there can be no army. We may have an undisciplined, ragged, dispirited and worse than useless mob, but no army adequate to fight our battles and meet the demands of the times. These preparations are to be made, and the supplies kept up by men outside the army, and the failure of either class—the fighter or the producer—will be equally fatal to the cause. Thus the idea of putting "every able-bodied man" of the country into the ranks, is a most inexcusable and pernicious folly.

How are we to arm, feed and clothe this additional force? We ask, is it possible? Is it possible at all, when accounts come in from the army with most heartrending statements of its nakedness and general destitution? Is it not evident that we are in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus* which we can never grasp, but under whose lead we shall be drawn into the swamps and quagmires of utter ruin? Then, let Congress take a new tack and call the ship of State to the real point from which comes up the cry of distress.

The country may need soldiers, but it is a fatal mistake to suppose that there is no limit to that need, or that it is the only one that should press upon our attention. The true rule is to place every man in the field who can render valuable service to the country, and keep him so. Our ranks require filling up, (and from a cause which we shall presently refer to more specifically) but it will not require all the strong men of the country to do it, and while we are engaged in the task we should keep steadily in view the correlative duty of making ample provision for the recruits. Not one man should be taken in who cannot thus be provided for; for if he be, just to the extent of that man will the army be weakened instead of strengthened. Ample production, in agriculture and manufactures, should by no means be interfered with; and we may add that it is a short-sighted policy that would turn out the hundreds of thousands of children in the land to idleness, ignorance and vagabondism just that the State may secure the services of a few teachers in the army. If enrolled at all, we hope every head of an established school will be detailed at once, wherever a discretion exists, that he may carry forward his high and sacred mission.

Our position, then, stated in a few words, is that the legislative power of the country, should lend at least one half of its energy to the subject of raising supplies; the other half is ample for recruiting the army. Indeed, we are not sure but that the former is the prime consideration; for a well supplied army is seldom found to complain of paucity of numbers. And this brings us, finally, to a point barely hinted at in a few paragraphs back:

We hear much of desertions from the army, and our legislative halls and newspapers are accustomed to resound with denunciations against the crime and the criminals. Few have stopped to inquire seriously and honestly into the cause of the evil. Let us just here ask, what is it? The people of the Southern States of America are honest, patriotic and brave. These are almost our universal characteristics. Is it not then strange that our army should be cursed at its rear with the crime of desertion? There is nothing without a cause, and if we fail to find it in this case in the inherent vice of the people, we must look for it somewhere else.

In our judgment, with rare exceptions, the soldiers of the Confederate army are brave and true men at heart, and nine-tenths of the desertions have been provoked by neglect and ill-treatment on the part of Government officials—those to whom the country has confided the duty of looking after and providing for their necessary wants. Officers are too often indifferent and negligent of the comfort of their men. In many instances those intrusted with the duty of paying the soldier his wages and providing for his comfortable subsistence, are too busy in making themselves rich of the public money, to think of the sacred trust confided to their hands. The little pittance due the soldier is often unnecessarily withheld, his clothes wear out and they fail to replace them with the new, his shoes are bottomless from a long march or lost in retreat, and he is allowed, for weeks together, to tramp with bloody feet over the frozen ground. This is purely the result of improvidence and criminal neglect on the part of Government officials. And to fill the cup to the brim, in the midst of these sufferings and hardships he hears, perhaps, that his helpless wife and children whom he has abandoned at his country's call, have been turned into the street by a heartless landlord, or is oppressed and pinched to the point of starvation by some heaven-forsaken dealer in the staff of life.

Are these things not true? And need any one wonder that the country is filled with deserters and stragglers, and our armies reduced to about a corporal's guard?

We speak simply of *causes*, and offer no justification of desertion, for it cannot be justified. Our aim is a reform of policy.

Here are the evils complained of and the true causes—let the country now apply the remedy, and be sure it is the right one.

Representative Men.

From the Selma Dispatch.]

"It is the peculiarity of the rebellion to be embodied, as it were, in one or more representative men. For this Southern rebellion, Jefferson Davis is such a man; nor is there any one in the whole South who could hold that position were he taken from it."

We cordially agree with one of the ablest of our Richmond editorparaties that it is to be regretted that Southern papers are thoughtless enough to copy the above nonsense from a Northern paper. Not to speak of the encouragement it gives in quarters where, if anything, the discouragement of inordinate self-sufficiency is the one thing needful above all others, the statement is a downright falsehood, which, unlike most lies of Yankee begetting, is calculated to do immense harm among our people, if once they can be made to believe it. Convince Southerners, if such a thing be possible, that the success of this war hangs upon the brittle thread of any individual life, and the first successful step towards disheartening them has been taken; for weak, indeed, is that cause which depends for triumph on the uncertain life-tenure of any man, were he ever so great and good.

The idiocy of supposing that "Jeff. Davis created a nation" began with a London cockney, whose utter ignorance of our governmental agency for the discharge of duties imposed and strictly prescribed by allied, long-organized and independent nations, led him easily into an error which no Southern man, not an arrogant fool, is for a moment excusable even in repeating. The drivel was repeated, though, by lickspittles who knew better, and prevaricated willfully when they did so. Such creatures are ever ready to bestrew the feet of power, and their loathsome manworship is no more likely to cease from the earth than any other pure and self-evident villany.

It is the duty of man of principle not to ridicule these toadies, for they fatten on scorn and castigation, but to disabuse that portion of the public who are likely to be misled by the supporters of a fallacy so utterly at war with the whole theory of our Government. We will not charge that it is mere baldpodish to say that Mr. Davis is a representative of the Southern people; we will go so far as to admit that he is all that discerning and impartial men claim him to be—for he is not a low and obscene buffoon like Lincoln, and he does write clever English—but, rating him at his full value, we still deny that the cause depends on him, or on any man or set of men in the Confederacy.

If Mr. Davis were to die to-morrow, it is more than probable that those who are best acquainted with his disposition and his acts would declare that the cause had not lost by his demise. For the first business of his successor would be to pack off the cabinet of noodles, to whom he clings so fanatically; to remove the Hindmans, Holmeses, Heths and other officers of evil luck, and to put in their places the foremost civil and military intellects of the land. And who does not know that the country would breathe the more freely from the instant it became known that the diseased passion for small men had given place to clear reason and sound common sense, and that henceforth whatever ability of any sort there is in the land was to be put at once where it could be of most service to the great cause now panting in the agony of failure upon failure, caused, and caused alone, by the perverse, reckless, selfish and wholly inexcusable and unpardonable madness for civil capacity only where is a abjectly subservient, as in the "co-intelligence office" of the State department, and for military imbecility, only because it enables one man to thwart and flout generals of the first order, and permits him, without a murmur or interference, to carry on a war of proportions so gigantic that the incomparable mind of the first Napoleon would have shrunk from the labor of guiding it single-handed? Who can estimate the relief that would be afforded by one of three dismissals—that of Memminger, of Mallory, or Northrop? And yet we are told that the cause hangs on this man, who will retain his coterie of ninnyhammers, though it cost the Confederacy the whole. As it has already the half of its life, and Southern newspapers have the hardihood to repeat this preposterous foolishness and to disseminate it among the people, under the sanction of their aprobation.

In a republic, where every man is a king, in feeling if not in fact, it is folly to say that the people's cause rests upon any individual. Still less is their cause dependent on a single person, where, as in our case, a number of republics are combined, and the government is but the creature and agent of many sovereign States. A monarch urging war against another monarch for his own behoof, and his own will, may claim what is falsely claimed for Mr. Davis who is simply the servant of the Southern people, whose war this is most emphatically; for they drove the politicians sorely against their will into it, and many there be who believe that our so called "representative man," fresh from the quasi-quarter-sovereignty speeches in Maine, was not the least jeth of his fellows, to abandon the footpaths of Washington and visions of future glory in the Union. No; Mr Davis is not the only man in the South who is capable of holding the position to which he has been called. The people who have been the loss of Stonewall Jackson, could bear his loss—better perhaps than the loss of Robert E. Lee, and far better than the people of the Netherlands bore the loss of William the Silent. Our case is not that of Prussia, under the great Frederick, whose single life did contain the destinies of a people never free and never accustomed to act for themselves. Brown sovereignties each a distinct nation and organized government, are congregated together, to battle for a long recognized independence, assailed by the revolutionary party which has obtained control at Washington; and these nations have made Mr. Davis, and not Mr. Davis them.

Sycophants are loud in their praises of what the chief public servant has accomplished in waging successfully this great war; but they are silent concerning the organized governments which were at hand to assist him. They talk as if the Southern people were a wild and lawless mob of ignorant ruffians, when Mr. Davis came into power, and would confirm Europe in the silly conviction that his accession alone reduced chaos to order, raised armies, established laws, and introduced the first elements of civilization among a rude and savage race, whose only claim to notice was a barbarous courage. The fact is, that without the State governments, and the intelligence and spirit of the people, Mr. Davis could not have sustained himself for an hour.

Time was when the South could really claim representative men. They were men of good lineage, they loved liberty and hated the tricks of politicians. They were brave, and hesitated not to confront arrogance and make it quail. Have these all died out? It cannot be asserted that too many of them are, where they ought to be in these days of peril, in the Cabinet, and the reports of the proceedings of Congress give very little evidence of their presence there. Courageous hearts and clear heads of the good old days, where have ye gone? Hath Rome "lost the breed of noble blood?" Have the sires left no sons? Heaven forfend that we be longer left a prey to shuffling and timidity. If even one representative man be left, let him show himself now, for there is imminent need of him. The people yearn to hear his voise in Congress

Lamartine on the Religion of Revolutionary Men.

I know—I sigh when I think of it—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. It is because the idea of God—which arises from all the evidences of nature and from the depth of reflection—being the profoundest and weightiest idea of which human intelligence is capable; and the French mind, being the most rapid, but the most superficial, lightest, and most unreflective of all European races, this mind has not the force and severity necessary to carry far and long the greatest conception of the human understanding!

Is it because our Governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us, to believe for us, and pray for us? Is it because we are and have been a military people, a soldier nation, led by kings, heroes and ambitious men, from battle-field to battle-field, making conquests and never keeping them, ravaging, dazzling, charming and corrupting Europe; and bringing home the manners, vices, bravery, lightness and impiety of the camp to the firesides of the people?

I know not, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought, if she wishes to be free. If we look at the characters, compared as regards religious sentiments, of the great nations of Europe, America, even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of the country live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying; they live and die, looking at the spectator, or, at most, at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of dying, and compare.

Washington and Franklin fought, spoke, suffered, always in the name of God, for whom they acted; and the liberator of America died confiding to God the liberty of the people and his own soul.

Sydney, the young martyr of patriotism, guilty of nothing but impatience, and who died to expatiate his country's dream of liberty, said to his jailor: "I rejoice that I die innocent towards the king, but a victim resigned to the King on High, to whom all life is due."

The partisans of Cromwell only sought the way of God even in the field of battle. Their politics were their faith, their reign a prayer, their death a psalm. One hears, sees, feels that God was in all the movements of these great people.

But cross the sea, traverse La Mancha, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that His name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist when she recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France! The victims only have a God; the tribune and listors have none.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death. "Crown me with flowers," said he, "intoxicate me with perfumes, let me die to the sound of delicious music!" Not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony.

Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sybils. Not a glance toward heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting—"O Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night, a banquet: the only hymn, the Marseillaise.

Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry, at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner, "you will show my head to the people—it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last sigh, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiments of a free people whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister, death itself, recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

The republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty won by so much heroism and so much genius has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against the atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier and some apostate republicans travestied into courtiers. An atheistic republicanism cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would buy it, it sells itself. Who would take any heed? The people ungrateful and God non-existent. So finish atheist revolutions.

From the Trans-Mississippi.

We have had the pleasure of an interview with Hon. A. M. Branch, member of Congress, from Texas, who left Alexandria, en route for Richmond, on the 16th, at which time they had advice of a portal from Houston thirty-nine hours old. He took with him Houston papers of the 15th, which he was compelled to abandon, with his baggage, in crossing the Mississippi, but he has furnished us with some interesting information of the state of affairs in the Western country.

The enemy were at Matagorda, moving along the coast in a column about 6,000 strong, accompanied by their naval force. Their immediate destination was Velasco, which they were expected to reach about the 5th, but it was doubtful whether they would succeed, as Magruder's force was ample to meet them. The general himself was in the saddle, and the Texans, mindful of the days and deeds of 1835 and 1836, were turning out to a man.

Velasco is at the mouth of the Brazos, in close proximity to the southern extremity of Galveston island, and the object of the Yankee movement is to flank Galveston.

About the time that Mr. Branch left Alexandria, the Federals fell back from New Iberia. Monton's division was at Alexandria, destination uncertain, but supposed to be Monroe. Walker was at Atchafalaya.

Kirby Smith left Shreveport with Price, who was moving on Little Rock with about 15,000 men. The enemy at little Rock are said to be 5,000 strong, the rest of their force, some 7,000, being at Pine Bluff. They have increased their force at the latter place since Marmaduke's raid, in which he captured 150 negroes and 200 horses and mules, and burning their commissary stores, with a loss only of twelve men. The Yankees, it will be remembered, reported this as a repulse of Marmaduke.

On Saturday, 12th, Capt. Adams, of Caper's command, with fifty-nine men, surprised a party of Yankees and negroes upon Boeuf river, killing forty or fifty, and capturing twelve prisoners and twenty-odd horses, arms, etc., with a loss of one man.

Judge Pitzel, from the Indian Nation, who accompanies Mr. Branch, informs us that Cooper was returning towards the Arkansas river with two Texas regiments and a force of about 5000 Indians, composed of two Choctaw, two Creek, and two Cherokee regiments, and a battalion of Seminoles. The Cherokees and Creeks are mostly expatriated, and have taken refuge in the Choctaw nation, but maintain their position.

These gentlemen experienced much difficulty in crossing the river, and in getting through the bottom on this side, where they were obliged to lie out two nights. The Yankees destroy every boat on the river, down to a canoe, and threaten to burn the house of every man that puts anybody across. They crossed in a boat that was hauled seven miles in a wagon—their horses swimming; and while it was on its return, a gunboat and transport passed down, running slowly, close to the shore, and keeping a sharp lookout.

They confirm the report we recently published of the depredations of the river pirates, styled the "marine brigade." They lately made a descent on Brimsburg, where they seized a quantity of salt and two hundred packages of tobacco, which they distributed among the negroes, and ended by plundering everybody, the negroes included, whom they robbed of their blankets.

Adams' command recently captured a lieutenant of this gang of thieves, who had his handkerchief full of rings and breastpins. The impression of our informant is that he *escaped*.

Col. Williams, of the —— Arkansas, had a narrow escape from them a short time since. Two of his pickets were captured, and he saved himself by jumping through a window. About the same time Capt. Kilgore, of Ector's brigade, and several other officers, with twelve men, were captured.

On the 31st Wirt Adams had a little skirmish at Fayette with three columns of the enemy who moved from Rodney and Natchez, with the expectation of capturing him. He repulsed them, capturing seven prisoners, and killing two men; probably finding him on the alert, they did not show much fight.—*Mont. Mail.*

Butler the Beast Among our Prisoners at Point Lookout.

The five hundred paroled Confederate prisoners who arrived in this city on Monday night, are mostly from Louisiana and Maryland. They were taken to the paroled camp, at Camp Lee, except a few, who obtained furloughs to remain in the city. The prisoners relate an incident that occurred on the 24th inst. at Point Lookout, Maryland, upon the occasion of the visit of Butler, the "cross-eyed tyrant," to the prisoners' camp. He came, with his staff surrounding his mulled carcass, and a mounted guard of two hundred men, forming a solid phalanx about him, or dashing hither and thither. The Beast, for the first time in his military experience, was in the midst of eight or ten thousand of the men he has most reason to fear, even without arms, and his guilty, cowardly soul must have trembled as their yells, jeers and hissing volley of hatred, contempt and derision smote upon him like a pelting storm. The Louisianians were particularly exasperated, and seemed bent on personal harm to the wretch who dared, while conscious of security, to insult them by his presence, like the jackall who dances in the presence of the sacred lion.

But better counsel prevailed. A wall sixteen feet high inclosed them, with cannon mounted and pointing from the block-houses, ready to sweep them with grape.

The Beast, less noble in appearance than the animal he rode, signified that he wished to speak to some of the prisoners, and struck up a conversation with a squad concerning the rations furnished. Learning the quantity and quality, he said they were entitled to more, and should receive it. This was evidently a compromise dodge of the old blear-eyed blasphemer, and was intended to conciliate the jeers, taunts and curses that belabored him on every side; such as, "What will you take for your head?" "You d—n lobster-eyed son of a bitch!" "Pay me the money you robbed me of in New Orleans!" "Why don't you fight man and not women?" "When did you fight your last battle?" "How much are you worth, you burglar?" "Oh, hug your head;" "Why didn't you come to see us on the battle-field?" etc., etc.

These expressions were delivered all the while Butler was speaking, and at the close of his remarks he rode off with his staff and bodyguard as he came, the butt of a thousand jokes and jeers.

This exhibition of the beast, in the midst of disarmed prisoners, places the cowardice of the abject wretch in a most despicable light. Knowing he was justly hated by them for the numerous outrages practised upon them, and afraid to meet them in the field, with arms in their hands and their flag overhead, he chose to appear among them when he knew his person, while secure from harm, would add insult to the injury they had already suffered at his stained, unholy and sacrilegious hands.—*Richmond Examiner*

NORTHERN INTELLIGENCE.

CAIRO, Dec. 20.—The Little Rock *Democrat* of the 6th has been received, bringing news from Price's army. Price's movements have been somewhat mysterious of late. It was thought at first he meant to attack Little Rock. The general commanding was anxious for him to attack, as he dislikes to follow him to Red River country, which he will now probably have to do, and perhaps even to Texas.

Deserters and others, passing from the South, concur in the report that Price's and Holmes' armies are poorly provided with provisions and clothing. Some new men are being recruited, but are not prepared to do much fighting. Their forces have not been greatly augmented since the retreat from Little Rock. Their present location is said to be south of the Washita, now in the vicinity of Prairie Duchien, on the Camden and Wash