Staunton Spectator.

STAUNTON, VA.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1861.

Hospitality to Soldiers.

Before sufficient hospital accommodations had been provided in this place, our kind citizens took the sick soldiers to their homes to be nursed and properly attended. Some have suffered greatly by so doing, yet so great is their sympathy for the soldiers and so self-sacrificing their patriotism that they do not regret their kindness to the soldiers though it has caused some of them to mourn the loss of dear relatives and has inflicted wounds of the heart which time can never heal. As an instance, we will mention that some time since a number of sick and wounded soldiers arrived here from Gen'l Garnett's command. Capt. John H. Ast of this place seeing that there were not proper hospital accommodations, and feeling desirous to do all he could for the unfortunate soldiers whose condition elicited the warmest sympathies of his heart, he took *four* of them to his house to be nursed and properly attended—one having the fever and three the measles. Two of Mr. Ast's daughters and two of his servants caught the fever. The second daughter, Miss Harriet P. died on the 25th of August. The elder daughter as well as the servants are now convalescent. In the meantime Mrs. Ast, the mother, in consequence of her anxiety, distress and unceasing attention to the sick became sick herself. She, too, is now improving and we hope will soon be completely restored. Notwithstanding the very great affliction brought upon his family Mr. Ast does not regret the kindness he has shown the poor sick soldiers. Though his heart is bleeding for the loss of his lovely daughter, yet his language is—"Though my affliction is great, yet I regret not the act of kindness shown the soldiers, and my greatest desire is that we may conquer Lincoln's murderous hordes." Mr. Ast has made a dear sacrifice, but, like the good people of the South generally, he is willing to sacrifice life and fortune in the sacred cause in which we are engaged. The South is ready to sacrifice everything but honor in the present contest.

The Enemy in Hardy County.

A correspondent, writing from Petersburg in Hardy county, says that the enemy are committing many outrages and serious depredations in the Western part of that county. He estimates the loss of cattle and sheep stolen by the enemy at from fifty to seventy five thousand dollars.—On the 7th inst., a portion of our cavalry had a skirmish with the enemy which resulted in the capture of 18 of the enemy 18 guns and the killing of one of the enemy—Wm Caplinger. The prisoners were sent to Monterey. On the 9th, a portion of the enemy in an effort to reach Petersburg, surrounded six of our men, but they all escaped unhurt except Mr. Hoy, belonging to the Rockbridge Company, who received a flesh wound in the thigh. He succeeded in making his escape.

Good Tidings.

We are truly gratified to learn that the Potomac has been effectually closed by powerful batteries, and the whole avenue to Washington put under strict blockade. The reason for not doing this at an earlier period, says the *Examiner*, was simply that we had no available force sufficient to protect our works, which would be likely to encounter such a formidable movement on the part of the enemy to destroy. The Potomac has now been shut up, and a force is there ample to defend our batteries and defy all comers. The river is no longer navigable to Lincoln's craft. Those that try it hereafter are apt to be sunk and have their crew and passengers despatched to "Davy Jones' Locker."

Death of Two Brothers.

Messrs Green A. and E. W. Rader died within a few hours of each other and were buried at Lewisburg in the same grave. These two most promising and interesting young men belonged to the Greenbrier Cavalry commanded by Capt Rob't. B. Moorman. They died with typhoid fever. The former, who had been married but a short time, lost his wife shortly after he left his home for the camp. In the death of these young men the county of Greenbrier loses two of its most excellent citizens.

Still Hope.

In our notice last week of the skirmish at the Hawk's Nest we stated that Mr. Frank Dillard of this county was killed. Since then, we have seen an account of that skirmish by some correspondent, in which it is stated that the individual supposed to be killed was not dead, but was still living, and, though badly wounded, hopes were entertained of his recovery. We suppose this has reference to young Frank Dillard, and hope that he will recover.

Stock Cattle.

As all the beef cattle in this section have been sold, and as there will be a good supply of provender for next Winter, those who have stock cattle for sale could sell them here if they would bring them on. As beef will continue to demand a good price as long as the war lasts, persons here would do well to buy stock cattle that they may have them ready for next Spring.

Rockingham Militia.

The Rockingham militia included in the last draft made upon that county have been discharged and have returned to their homes. Since they were called out, they have been in Winchester. The number thus discharged amounts to 781, of which number 480 were reported fit for duty, 40 sick in camp, 80 sick at home and 100 absent with leave.

☞ We have been requested to call the attention of the proper authorities to the horrible and disgraceful condition of the street between the Virginia Hotel and the bridge on the way to the Asylum. Has any appropriation been made for the repair of that section of the street, and, if so, why has it not been applied? A word to the authorities we deem sufficient.

A British Man of war which witnessed the bombardment at Fort Hatteras reports as a fact coming under her own knowledge, that the Federals, in their attempt to land troops, not only lost the guns and fuel of the Harriet Lane, but also lost two surf boats and sixty men drowned. It turns out, therefore, that their actual loss in killed outnumbers ours at least three to one.

☞ Applications are daily received by the Lincoln Government for permission to visit the prisoners at Fort Lafayette. They are all refused, the determination being to allow no communication with prisoners there.

The Hon. Charles James Faulkner still remains in custody. He is allowed no personal communication with his friends.

THE CHEROKEES.—The latest advices from this Nation brings intelligence that at a council held on the 21st of August, it was decided, in a full vote, to unite with the Southern Confederacy. John Ross, the Chief, made a speech on the occasion, which is very patriotic in sentiment.

☞ Capt. Jno. P. Brock having resigned, Geo. Poage, of this county was elected Captain of the "Valley Rangers," a cavalry company from Rockingham.

Another Skirmish--Wise's Legion.

On the 2nd inst., Gen. Wise's force took up their line of march from Dogwood Ga towards Gauley Bridge. Near night, on making a short turn in the road at Magraw's Creek, they were fired upon by the enemy's pickets, who lined the road on both sides. Three of our men were wounded at this place. The pickets of the enemy retreated, and as it was near dark, and our men were within four hundred yards of the enemy's stronghold, they determined to remain there till next morning. A correspondent, writing of this skirmish, says:

At daybreak on the third, all were on the *qui vive*. The second Regiment, Col Anderson, was detached via Turkey Creek, to fall on the enemy's flank, the third to attack the front, to be supported by the first, under Lieut. Col. J. H. Richardson. Col. Henningsen directing the entire movement, under the supervision of General Wise. At 7 A. M. the Third moved forward about 100 yards, which brought them to Big Creek.—When in a fine position for defence we saw the enemy drawn up, evidently intending to dispute any further advance of our forces. One howitzer was brought forward; three companies of the Third were deployed in the ravine as skirmishers, while the balance of the regiment, with the First, were in the road. The skirmishers had scarcely moved, when they opened fire on the enemy, and drove them up the hill at the point of the bayonet. Large masses of troops were seen on their right, when our howitzer opened on them; and to see them run was fun enough. Now came the time for the development of their plans; but thanks to the prudence of our General, they did not catch us. They had a rifle cannon in position commanding the road, and scarcely had the echo of our pieces died away, when whiz came their ball right over our heads, at least 30 yards above us. Our piece replied on their, and finding they had gained our range, was directed at the place whence the smoke of theirs was seen. They fired but four times, so accurate was our fire, when they took out to their entrenched position in double quick time. We now began to feel anxious about the Second Regiment, who had not opened fire on them as agreed upon. Hour after hour passed away, but no news from them, till at last the enemy got up reinforcements in large numbers, but did not dare to show themselves to drive us back.—We threw out one company of the Third, as an advance picket, and three companies held the hill opposite their stronghold. They advanced their skirmishers to the edge of a wood within 50 yards of our picket, across the ravine of Big Creek, and kept up a regular fire upon it. After standing their fire for one hour, the picket was withdrawn; no one hurt on our side. During the engagement, which lasted among the skirmishers for six hours, we only had one wounded and none killed. Many of the enemy were killed and wounded, and we got many of their caps, knapsacks, guns, &c., which they left in their flight up the hill. We now received orders to fall back to our position at the Hawk's Nest, where the entire force arrived about 6 P. M., Col. Anderson's Regiment, the Second, having been unable to get to the enemy by the route they took.

Another Combat on Gauley River.

On Tuesday last, the 10th inst. Gen'l Floyd's forces posted on the West side of Gauley River, were attacked by a large force of the enemy.—The contest was continued from 3 o'clock P. M. till night. A letter from Lewisburg, dated the 12th says that a gentleman, a baptist minister, who was present at the fight, had just arrived in that place, and reported that we had only eight wounded, whereas the enemy, it was supposed, lost about five hundred killed and one thousand wounded—that Gen. Floyd retreated that night to the East side of Gauley River, for fear that a portion of the enemy would cross at a ford above and cut off his supplies. This report may be exaggerated, but there can be no doubt but that the enemy suffered vastly more than we did. This we would infer even from the enemy's own account. The following is the account of the enemy per telegraph.

CLARKSBURG, VA., Sept. 13th—A battle occurred at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, near Summersville. General Rosencrantz, after making a reconnoissance, found General Floyd with an army of 5,000, with sixteen field pieces entrenched in a powerful position on the top of a mountain on the west side of the Ganley river. The rear and the extreme of both flanks was inaccessible to foot soldiers. The position was guarded by heavy forts and a jungle.

A strong detachment of Confederates was discovered out of their camp on this side of the river, and shortly afterwards the scouts discovered themselves in the face of a parapet battery and a long line of palisades, when the battle opened fiercely. The Confederates poured in on the Federals a terrible fire of musketry, rifles canister and shells, causing some casualties. Colonel Settle led several companies of his Irish to charge the batteries, when he was brought down by a shot in the leg. Col. Smith engaged the Confederates on the left, and Col. Lowe directly in front. Col. Lowe was killed. McMullen's Howitzer Battery and Snyder's two-field pieces got in the best position possible, and soon silenced two of the Confederates' guns. The fire slackened at intervals, but grew more furious as night approached, when the German Brigade was led into action by Col. McCook, under the direction of Adjutant General Hortzeuff. After a furious fight, which lasted three hours, night compelled the recall of the troops. The men lay on their arms ready to renew the contest in the morning. Gen. Floyd fell back during the night, sinking his boats and destroying the temporary bridge. The depth of the river, and the exhaustion of the troops, rendered a pursuit impossible. The Federal loss was fifteen killed and seventy wounded. The loss of the Confederates is unknown, as they carried off their dead and wounded.

LATER.

Since the above was in type, we have seen a gentleman, connected with Gen. Floyd's Brigade, who informed us that in the fight on Tuesday last, we had only 1,700 against 11,000, 5,000 of the enemy being *actually* engaged and 6,000 held in reserve. We had NONE killed, and not more than six or seven wounded. Gen. Floyd was shot in the arm. The loss of the enemy in killed is supposed to be between 200 and 500, with a much greater number wounded. Gen. Floyd has fallen back to Dogwood Gap and has formed a junction with Gen. Wise. We do not know the programme of Gen. Lee, but suppose he will send a force down the West side of Gauley that he may get the enemy between it and the forces under the commands of Generals Floyd and Wise. The German fox will be caught if he does not "look sharp."

MORE TYRANNY.—Lincoln's hirelings in Baltimore have been ordered to stop the sale of Confederate flags, badges and envelopes, and also the likeness of President Davis, Generals Beauregard Lee, Johnston, and all persons citizens of the Confederate States. A number of persons who refused to comply with this piece of despotism were arrested. Persons passing along the streets with red and white neckties were forced to remove them; and one gentleman, who had exposed in his store window a pair of infant's socks knit of red and white yarn, was compelled to remove them, the policemen asserting that the colors were those of the Confederate States.—The policemen themselves were heartily ashamed of this small business, and declared that they were only obeying orders. They said they had families dependent upon them for bread, and if they gave up this dirty work their wives and children would starve.

Secretary of War.

The Richmond Examiner says that the Secretary of War, Hon. L. P. Walker, of Alabama, on Saturday resigned his office and seat in the Cabinet, in pursuance of an intention of resignation entertained for some time past. Gen. Polk, late a Bishop in the Episcopal Church, and at present in command in the Mississippi Department, is generally spoken of as the probable successor to Mr. Walker's seat in the Cabinet and his important public office, as Secretary of War.

The Freedom of the Press.

The Government at Washington has brought upon itself a storm of indignation and wrath by its despotic course in suppressing certain newspapers in the North, for no other reason than their peace proclivities. We find upon the subject, in the New York *Daily News*, the following admirable letter from James W. Wall, Esq., of New Jersey, to the Postmaster-General. The reply of Mr. Blair, which we also give, is a miserable subterfuge. It is the old stereotyped plea:

BURLINGTON, N. J., Aug. 16, 1861.

Hon. Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General:

DEAR SIR—Your recent high-handed, unconstitutional act in stopping certain newspapers from being circulated through the mails will meet, as it deserves, the indignant protest of every free man. If the proscribed parties have reflected severely on the conduct of the Administration, they had a right so to do in a republic where it has been our most cherished boast that the acts of our rulers are open to the freest scrutiny. In fact, the right of examining the characters of our public servants, and commenting freely upon their public conduct, is the sentinel standing at the door, and effectually guarding every other right. If the people relinquish that, they richly deserve to be slaves.

Let me commend to your serious cosideration the noble language of your late father-in-law, the Hon. Levi Woodbury, during the war of 1812, toward the influential citizens of certain of the Eastern States, who not only opposed the war, but threatened a severance of the Union, terming it "a rope of sand," "a mill-stone about the neck of New England."

He was indignant at their opposition, but, noble patriot that he was, he proposed that it should be met only in the constitutional way. "Such opposition," said he, "will and must engender its own corrective. Let, then, an unceasing approbium be heaped upon the measures of our Administration. It is not punishable under Republicans, however severely it was under Federalists. Our sacred regard to independence of opinion and liberty of the press pardons the licentiousness. But the people will mark its authors and properly reward them, both by the finger of scorn and the omnipotence of elections."

Remember, the above was uttered in reference to a peace party who, during a foreign war with England, avowed the most supreme contempt for the Republic—who, in fact, were in direct hostility to the Constitution—engaged in intrigues for the overthrow of the one and for nullifying the other. In fact, a party that did not hesitate to avow its sympathy for the foreign foe at the very time our Capitol was in flames and in the hands of the enemy.

Now, sir, I defy you to lay your finger upon a line of the editorials of the Daily News (one of the organs under the Government ban,) that by the most forced construction could be declared treasonable to the country. That journal has laboured for a peace, for a cessation of this unnatural war, for an appeal to the people from the acts of the Government, or "an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." It had a perfectly constitutional right to do this, and in that direction I trust it will continue to labour, undismayed by either the menaces of the Government, or the threats of mobs. In fact, had the Government listened to the repeated warning of the New York Daily News, instead of giving credence to those journals that were pretending to sustain it, the disgrace of the defeat at Manassas Plains would not now stain the national escutcheon.

The News, over and over again, before the advance of the "Grand Army," warned the Government of the inefficiency of its forces to cope with the numbers and storm the strong fortifications of the enemy at Manassas. Its warnings were sneered at by those eminently patriotic journals, New York Herald and Tribune, the Philadelphia Inquirer and Bulletin, as the "senseless drivelings of treason." A common sense of gratitude alone might have induced the Government, for this one act, to have overlooked the News, in its wholesale prescription of journals in the city of New York opposed to the Administration. But, it asks no favours, and is willing to stand or fall with its co-labourers in the cause of peace.

Our fathers were intimate friends; and altho' your father to-day belongs to the Republican party, I cannot believe he endorses the recent arbitrary act of your department, or else he must prove recreant to the doctrines he proclaimed years ago in the Globe. In that able and influential journal, in speaking of the attempt made to pass a bill through the Senate preventing Federal officers interfering in elections, he once said: "Under no possible emergency, not even in insurrection or 'mid the throes of civil war, can this Government justify official interference with the freedom of speech or of the press, any more than it can with the freedom of the ballot. The licentiousness of the tongue and of the pen is a minor evil compared with the licentiousness of arbitrary power." Little could he have then supposed that one of his own sons should lend himself to carry out an arbitrary edict that prostrated this boasted freedom at a blow.

You, by such an edict, have assumed to dictate to me what political papers I may receive. Where do you derive your power? You have just as much right to declare what religious works I shall receive. If I am in favour of peace, I have a right to be, and I will work for it, write for it, pray for it, do anything but fight for it, in the face of all the imperial ukases that may be sent forth from Washington. If this war must go on, it must be waged unconstitutionally. Wage it against the enemy south of the Potomac, and not against the peace-loving citizens of the North, whose only crime is loving the old Constitution so well that they cannot possess their souls in patience when they behold the far-famed "higher law" substituted in its place.

Yours, respectfully,
JAMES W. WALL.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—I did not give the order to which you refer because I thought the papers very dangerous. From what I have heard of the ability and temper of the most offensive, I doubt if any great harm could be done by them. As, however, the objects of the writer were traitorous, the demand of the people that they should be aided by the machinery of the Government in those objects, could not be disregarded, although I do not myself apprehend any serious effect from such writings.

Allow me to add, in conclusion, that I am much pained to find that the son of Garret D. Wall, my father's friend and the friend of Jackson, should have become the disciple of Calhounry in its worst phase. I may be wrong in the way I take to maintain this Union those men loved; but I assure you I had no other object than they had, and would not willingly put any discredit upon so noble a cause, by resorting to any unjust or unlawful measures in support of it.

I am, sir, respectfully yours,
M. BLAIR.

To JAS. W. WALL, Esq., Burlington, N. J.

Action of the Kentucky Legislature.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Sept. 11.—The House of Representatives have adopted a resolution directing the Governor to issue his proclamation ordering the Confederates to evacuate their forces from the soil of Kentucky. The vote was adopted by a vote of 71 to 26. The House refused to suspend the rules to allow the resolution to be so amended as to direct the Federal and Confederate troops to evacuate the State.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 13th.—The Senate has passed the resolutions adopted by the House, instructing the Governor to order off the Confederate troops from the soil of Kentucky.

Mr. Hustin, from the Committee on Revised Statutes, reported a bill to prohibit and punish rebellion in the State of Kentucky. The bill has been made the special order of to-day. One of its provisions makes the waging of war on the United States, or the enlistment of troops for the Confederates, or inducing others to do so, or the joining or parading with a company with the intent of joining the Confederate army, a felony, and punishable with from one to ten years' imprisonment. Another provision makes the invasion of Kentucky by any of her citizens, as Confederate soldiers, punishable by death. The act is to go into effect in ten days after its passage.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 14.—Gov. Magoffin vetoed the resolutions ordering him to proclaim that the Confederate troops must leave the soil of Kentucky. The resolutions, however, were passed over the veto.

We learn, says the Louisville *Courier*, that the reign of terror and despotism in St. Louis is daily on the increase. The arsenal is converted into a Bastile, in which has already been incarcerated three Baptist preachers. Not a word of these outrages appears in the suborned and government papers. All the honest, free papers are silenced, and our only sources of information are from travellers, who detail the fact.

☞ J. W. Custis Lee, son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, has been appointed Aid to President Davis, with the rank of Colonel of Cavalry. Col. Lee is a graduate of West Point.

☞ The attention of persons having claims against the Quartermaster's Office at Staunton, is called to the Quartermaster's advertisement in another column.

Railroad Disaster.

HUDSON, MO., Sept. 6th.—The following account of the terrible disaster on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, is furnished to the St. Louis Republican:

The catastrophe occurred on Little Platte bridge, nine miles east of St. Joseph. The bridge was a substantial work of 160 feet span and about 25 feet above the river. The timbers of the bridge had been burned underneath the track until they would sustain but little more than their own weight, and the fire was then extinguished, leaving the bridge a mere shell. The train, with from eighty to one hundred passengers on board, including women and children, reached the river at 11 o'clock at night, and the bridge looking secure, the train passed on. But no sooner had the locomotive measured its length upon the bridge, than some forty or fifty yards of the structure gave way, precipitating the entire train into the abyss below. All the seats in the passenger cars were torn and shoved in front, carrying men, women and children, in a promiscuous heap down the declivity, and hurrying them among the crushed timbers, or throwing them out of the cars, through the broken sides. Jagged pieces of flooring impaled some. Some were mangled by the machinery tearing through the timbers. Several were caught between the planks pressing together like a vice. Others were struck by parts of the roof as it came rattling down with mighty force. Still others were cut with pieces of glass, while wounds and agony prevailed all over the frightful scene, and shrieks of pain were mingled with cries of terror. In the way the two last cars of the train went down, pitching the passengers into the wreck, or throwing them into the water, which, at this point, is about a foot and a half deep.—Only three passengers—Mr. J. W. Parker, Superintendent of the U. States Express, Mr. Mars, Mail Agent, and Mr Hager—were able to afford assistance to the suffering, the remainder of those who were not killed outright being so disabled as to be helpless. After doing all it was possible for those requiring immediate attendance, Mr Hager, at midnight, left the wreck to go to St. Joseph for medical and other assistance. Mr. Hager walked five miles of the way when he found a hand car, upon which he proceeded the remainder of the journey. Two hundred yards west of the bridge he discovered a heavy oak railroad tie strapped across the track, and two miles further on he found the trestle work over a small stream on fire, which had not, however, as yet, been so badly burnt that trains could not pass over it, or could not be easily extinguished.

Arriving at St. Joseph the alarm was soon spread throughout the city and although it was 1 o'clock at night, 75 men including all the physicians in the neighborhood, quickly volunteered their services. At 3 o'clock a train fully supplied with medical stores and other necessaries was at the scene of the disaster. The wounded had all emerged from the wreck and were lying on the bank and upon a sand bar in the river.—17 dead bodies were recovered and it is believed that this number embraced all who were killed up to that time. Two of the wounded were so badly mangled that it was not expected they would survive till morning, while many others were dangerously wounded and would have to be well taken care of to recover. Many who will escape with their lives will be maimed and crippled.

Mr. Hager, our informant, did not remain to finish the embarkation of the wounded for St. Joseph, but was dispatched to Brookfield, east of the bridge, for another train to go to the wreck. When he left, the names of the wounded were being taken down, and also such of the dead as had papers or other articles about them by which they could be identified. Fifteen miles east of Platte river, Mr. Hager found another bridge over Smiths branch, almost entirely burned, having been fired after the train passed West, thus preventing assistance being sent from the East. Lieut. Shaw, of the First Kansas regiment, was killed, and Mr. Lawnesberry and Sidney Clark wounded, are the only additional names of those injured we have at present.

Fremont's Atrocious Proclamation.

In commenting upon the despotic proclamation of Gen. Fremont in Missouri, the Louisville *Courier* very properly styles it an abominable, atrocious, and infamous usurpation, by a military subordinate of the President, of powers which are to day neither exercised nor claimed by the most despotic ruler in Europe—a usurpation which nothing could justify or excuse—a usurpation which outlaws the contemptible tyrant who thus would reduce to a slavery worse and more abject than that which prevails on Southern plantations the white freemen of a sovereign State—a usurpation which, authorized, sanctioned, and approved as it is by the President, must open the eyes of the people of the entire country and the whole world to the designs of the Administration at Washington to crush out the last vestige of free government here, and establish in its stead an absolutism more despotic and as irresponsible as that of Turkey.

Thank God! the tyranny of that royal Governor will be short lived. The people of the State were already rushing by hundreds and thousands to the defence of their homes and liberties, and this act was scarcely necessary to drive the last Missourians to arms.

Under Jackson, and Price, and McCulloch, and Hardee, and Pillow, a mighty host is gathering and advancing; and soon, like a thunderbolt, they will fall on the Hessian hordes of the tyrant and sweep them from the earth they pollute.

To-day this petty creature of a bastard Nero, in his guarded tent, may dream of royalty, and imagine himself a king and the master of a million of his equals, but to-morrow will come, and then, a fugitive from the justice that must overtake him, or a trembling beggar for mercy from those he would have mercilessly betrayed, he will call in vain on the mountains to fall on and hide him from a just and righteous retribution from which he cannot escape.

The people of Missouri will triumph. As sure as God liveth they will drive the invaders from their soil, and visit judgment upon the heads of their oppressors. Freedom cannot be conquered. It will not be long until free government will be restored in our sister States. Soon the glad shouts of a delivered people will go up from the Mississippi to the confines of Kansas, and every friend of humanity will rejoice that the reign of tyranny has ceased in that mighty Commonwealth.

THE REACTION IN THE WEST.—The Jackson Whig says the following is an extract from a letter to a citizen of that place from a gentleman in Chicago:

"I should like to see you very much, but I suppose it will be some time before we will see each other, as you have made up your mind to take your chances with the South. I know I should do the same if I was there. One thing is sure, and that is that I shall never fight against the South. I understand they are going to impress men into service, and if it should be my luck to be one of them, you may look for me down there; for before I would fight in this abolition army, I would be shot. There was a regiment of men left here last night for Missouri. They were the most inferior men I ever saw. There is a great reaction going on here, since men begin to look at things coolly. Six weeks ago we did not dare say a word against the war, but since they are beginning to make it an Abolition war we talk and say just what we like. It has been very difficult to get volunteers, and it would be nearly impossible to get them at all, if they could get anything else to do."

Cheat Moutain.

Up to this time (Monday evening) we have received no news here of any definite or satisfactory character in reference to the Cheat Mountain expedition. The following is a Northern telegraphic despatch:

CLARKSBURG, Va., Sept. 14.—The Confederates commenced advancing yesterday morning on both turnpikes towards Elk River and Cheat Mountain. They surrounded the fort on the summit, cut the telegraph wires, and continued to advance on Elk River until within two miles, when shells from the Loomis Battery stopped them. Skirmishing was kept up all night. Two of the Confederate officers, spying around the Federal camp, were surprised by the Federal pickets, who shot one, said to be John A. Washington, of Mount Vernon.

Morality of Camp Life—Leaves from Washington's Diary.

The following extract from the orderly book of Washington, issued in general orders to the commander at Cumberland, will show that he held profanity in utter abhorrence, and that he enforced rigid rules for its prevention. I extract from Spark's Life, vol. 2, p. 197:

"Col. Washington had observed that the men of his regiment are very profane and reprobate. He takes this opportunity to inform them of his greatest displeasure at such practices, and assure them that if they do not leave them off, they shall be severely punished. The officers are desired, if they hear any man swear, or make use of an oath or execration, to order the offender twenty-five lashes immediately, without a court martial. For the second offence he will be more severely punished."

Again from the orderly book, August, 4, 1776;

"The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will by example as well as influence, endeavour to check it, and both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessings of Heaven on our arms if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

The following were his instructions to Brigadier-Generals, May 26, 1777:

Let vice and immorality of every kind be discouraged as much as possible in your Brigade; and, as a chaplain is allowed to each regiment, see that the men regularly attend Divine worship. Gambling of every kind is expressly forbidden, as the foundation of evil, and the cause of many a brave and gallant officer's ruin."

Things we don't like to see.

The editor of the Milton (N. O.) *Chronicle* gives the following bearing upon the war:

We don't like to see young men strutting the streets in kid gloves, and flying around the girls, who ought to be in the army.

We don't like to see people speculating on the adversities of the times, by cheating the printer and trying to make fortunes out of the misfortunes entailed upon others by the war. The man who does it is a rascal.

We don't like to see a before-breakfast Secessionist, of lawful muster age and of sound body and mind, standing aloof from the tented field, and exclaiming "go!" instead of "COME, BOYS!"

We don't like to see volunteers, who were overly zealous to pitch into the Yankees, and who did all that they could do to bring on a war, crawfishing out of the army, and running home (without the plea of sickness or disability) at the first sight of the enemy and the first smell of gunpowder, nosing after the flesh-pots of offices outside of the tented field. 'Tis a poor way of "backing their friends."

We don't like to see so many crippled, lame and blind men, under 45 years of age, that we didn't see before drafting men for the war became probable.

We don't like to see so many young looking men muster-free by age. 'Tis thought they would not be so old if there were no war and they wanted a wife.

We don't like all work and no pay; it makes Jack a dull boy, and, by thunder, we don't mean to stand it. That's flat-footed.

Economize.

The expenses of this war may be almost saved by having the blockade closed; that is, our people will learn habits of carefulness and economy which no other means will teach them; and, difficult as it may be for the liberal and generous Southerner to descend to such unknown thriftiness, it is his positive duty now, in the great crisis of our present troubles, not only to practice such himself, but to enforce it in his children and servants. "Pick up the fragments, that nothing be lost," is the teaching of Christ.—"The fruits of the earth have their growth in corruption," is the teaching of Nature. "From the vilest poisons are extracted the most precious medicines" is the teaching of chemistry. Therefore, we need not pronounce it beneath our pride and dignity in these momentous times to gather together whatever may be in any way useful or convertible. "Save your rags," if you want your daily papers. "Save your grease," it is needed for soap, which latter housekeepers should turn their attention to making at home.—Also starch; both easy enough.

And you, our gentlemanly Micawber cousins, rouse your inventive faculties, and dip into your encyclopedias for practical knowledge. "Necessity is the parent of invention;" and how can you display your patriotism to better purpose, if not fighting, than by contriving, suggesting and assisting to establish and improve the many manufactories which have already, and must be still further, set on foot to meet the demands of a nation who need neither watch the raising of the blockade, nor wait till the war is over, before they begin to become a "great and independent people."—*Rich. Examiner.*

EARLY HISTORY OF ABE LINCOLN.—A correspondent of the N. O. Picayune, writing from Nelson county, Ky., narrates the following:

Since my sojourn here I have heard a good story on Old Abe, which is too good to keep, and is no doubt true, as it comes from very high authority. A highly respectable old lady of this county, Mrs. Patsey Gates, soon after Lincoln's election, said to a friend: "Well who'd a thought that Abraham Enlow would ever get to be President!" "Who is Abraham Enlow?" inquired her friend. "Lord, don't you know?" replied honest Mrs. Patsey Gates; "it is Abe Lincoln, to be sure." "How can that be?" asked her friend. "Why, I'll tell you," replied the good old lady. "Many years ago we all knew a boy, named Abraham Enlow. He was a sharp, wiry chap, always up to mean tricks. He stole a saddle one day from Jim Craycroft. Next Sabbath Jim met Abe at Church; it was a log cabin church, in those days, near Cedar Creek, and Jim Craycroft knew the saddle, 'cause he made it and was a saddler. Jim talked of having him up for it, and so Abe ran off, and went to Illinois, where he changed his name to Lincoln; but there are fifty men now living who know Abe Lincoln to be the same Abe Enlow who stole Jim Craycroft's saddle. There is no one who has become lower since Abe Enlow has become a traitor President, under the stolen name of Abe Lincoln. But we all said that the boy who stole Jim Craycroft's saddle would never come to any good end."

An Ungallant Soldier.

A volunteer writes from Russellville, East Tennessee, a letter to the Mobile *Advertiser*, from which we extract the following:

At all the places where we have camped the ladies have come in crowds to see us. Many of them have been very kind, and have tried to make themselves useful, particularly about the sick, but it's no go. I was a little sick at Corinth, and was visited by some seven or eight, armed with soup, tea, arrow-root, and other fixings, together with advice, consolation, etc. I can say, from experience, that they did no good *in my case*. I could not help feeling very much bothered while they were talking to me, and of course was too polite to refuse taking anything they offered, and always thanked them profusely. The result is, my system is still thoroughly saturated with arrow root, etc., and I have lost almost all taste for mustard, pepper, salt, etc., from having suffered a great quantity of the former condiment to be extensively used in my case, at the earnest request of some ladies who were treating me. I would not have used any of the stuff, but they promised to call again, and I was afraid they would catch me.

Georgia.

Governor Brown proposes to buy shoes, woollen cloth and blankets for the Georgia soldiers, at an expense of some $175,000 to $200,000.—The supply of cloths the various ladies' associations propose to make up in winter suits. Some of the Georgia ladies also have most generously proposed that, if the soldiers will send a part or the whole of their commutation money ($21 every six months) to their sewing associations, they will purchase the cloth and make up the clothes without charge. This expedient will at least avoid the skinning of our soldiers by the tradesmen.

We may say here, that Georgia has now in the service of the Confederate States twenty-five regiments and three battalions, who have gone under State authority, and six or seven independent or Confederate regiments, who have gone under direct to, and orders from, the Secretary of War—making together about 30,000 Georgia troops. Over 20,000 of this number are now in Virginia.—*Rich. Examiner.*

Noble Southern Women.

Much has been written about the Spartan woman of old—much about the noble Roman matron—much about our excellent "foremothers of the Revolution;" but it has been reserved for the women of our sunny South to blend the virtues of these heroines all in one, and present to the world the brightest examples of firmness, courage and patriotism. Look at the hundreds of women all over our land,—delicate ones who have been reared in the lap of luxury, who have heretofore been shielded from every rough blast, women who a year ago were lingering over the ivory keys of their pianos, or discussing with their dress-makers the shade of silk which became their complexion best—and see how they have risen without a dissenting voice, to meet the exigencies of the times. "*What shall I wear?*" is now a question seldom asked. The only attention that dress demands is the consideration, "will it be a piece of economy to purchase this or that," and daily we hear the remark "I want homespun dresses—they are the best for us now." Instead of finding our women at the piano, or on the fashionable promenade, we find them busy at their looms, busy at their wheels—busy making soldiers' uniforms—busy making bandages—busy in hospitals—busy girding up their sons, their husbands, their fathers, for the battle-field. Tell me, are they not a noble race? Luxury has not enervated them, adversity has not depressed them.

There was once a French queen, who, surrounding herself by her maids of honor, wrought day after day on delicate tapestry, with which the churches in her realm were afterwards hung. It was thought to be an act of GREAT virtue in her. The fact was registered on the page of history, and she has been held up to her sex as a "shining example." But she did not as the excellent wife of our Governor has done, set herself down to sew on heavy woolen goods for soldiers—she did not throw aside the silken robe, and the golden chain, and apply herself, day after day, with unwearied assiduity, over stiff fabrics which make the shoulders and fingers alike ache.

Nearly all the bandages that were used on the bloody field of Manassa, between the 21st and 23d of July, were made and forwarded by two Georgia women, Mrs. Robert Hardaway and her sister, who reside, we believe, near Columbus.—Southern matrons are indeed the jewels of our land.—*Southern Field and Fireside.*

Incident of the Battle of Oak Hill.

A correspondent of the Memphis Appeal relates the following incident of the battle of Oak Hill, Missouri:

Mr. John A. Quarles, a young man of Arkansas, who had been prevented by illness from joining a company which went to Missouri from his neighborhood, left home as soon as he became well enough, with a view of joining McCulloch's army. He arrived at the camp just in time to take part in the great battle, and fought as an independent volunteer, in the hottest part of the field. He and another Arkansian, A. McNeill, were taken prisoners in the battle, their guns, pistols, and all their money stolen from them, and they themselves were posted by the enemy in front of the ranks, and finally they were placed in the front of Seigel's battery, that they might be killed by their own friends. During the terrible storm of balls that came rushing from our troops against this battery, young Quarles had presence of mind enough to suggest to his companion that they should fall upon the ground as though killed. It was not long before the gallant Louisianians stormed this battery and delivered the two young men from their terrible condition, and they yet live to fight under McCulloch again. While the deliverance of these young men is a source of joy to us all, what a picture does this narrative present of the thievish and murderous propensities of those monsters in human form, who are fighting Lincoln's battles.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR.—An able editorial in the Baltimore *Exchange* on the respective abilities of the two sections to carry on the war successfully, concludes as follows:

Whichever way we regard it, the consequences are the same—partially injurious to the South; but disastrous to the North. The South loses little; it spends comparatively little, and is piling it's wealth up. The North loses everything, spends enormously, and stores scarcely anything. Every day adds, in fact, to the strength of the South, and diminishes that of the North. The war tells alike on the Western farmer, the Eastern manufacturer and the New York banker.—The effect upon the former, however, is only temporary; upon the two latter it must be more permanent. The eventual result of the war will surely be to unite the slave States in one grand Republic, and the North will then find that its suicidal policy has only served to establish a nation, which possesses not only vast resources, in the growth of staples peculiar to itself, but which has, in addition, every element of wealth possessed by the free States. The North will, at the same time discover that it has separated itself from a country, upon the productions of which it was actually dependent for the prosperity of its largest interests, and for the means of affording employment to its operatives and occupations to its mariners.

So long as Maryland remains with the North, she must share the fate of the North.

[From the Louisville Courier.]

Manassas.

They have met at last, as storm clouds
Meet in heaven;
And the Northmen, back and bleeding
Have been driven;
And their thunder has been stilled,
And their leaders crushed or killed,
And their ranks with terror thrilled,
Rent and riven!

Like the leaves of Valambrosa
They are lying
In the midnight and the moonlight,
Dead and dying;
Like those leaves before the gale
Fled their legions—wild and pale—
While the hosts that made them quail
Stood defying!

When in the morning sunlight
Flags were flaunted,
And "Vengeance on the Rebels"
Proudly vaunted,
They little *dreamed* that night
Would close upon their flight,
And the victors of the fight
Stand undaunted.

But peace to those who perished
In our passes!
Light be the earth above them,
Green the grasses!
Long shall Northmen rue the day,
When in battle's wild affray
They met the South's array
At Manassas!

At a meeting of the Augusta Lee Rifles, Capt. LILLEY, held at their Camp, at Greenbrier River, Sept. 5th, 1861, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Having just received intelligence of the death of JAMES A. ROSEN, late a member of this Company, we take this the earliest opportunity to record a slight tribute to his memory, Therefore—

Resolved, That in the death of our late companion in arms, we have lost one of our best men—a man who, by his cheerful performance of every duty as a soldier, and by his generous and affable disposition, had endeared himself not only to the officers and men of his own company, but to all who knew him.

Resolved, That while we mourn with heartfelt sorrow the loss of our friend, cut down as he was by disease and not at the coveted post of danger, we humbly acknowledge, in our bereavement, the hand of an All-wise God, and pray