

The Execution.

On Friday last, pursuant to sentence, the two negroes, Jerry and Jim, who brutally murdered Mr. Wm. McDaniel Jr., of this county, in October last, were hung in this vicinity.

When the circumstances of the murder for which these incarnate devils were executed are called up—its unprovoked atrocity—the inoffensive and amiable character of the victim—the large and helpless family so cruelly bereaved—the vicious and dangerous character of the outlaws who perpetrated the deed—no stronger evidence could be given of the high moral tone and law-abiding disposition of this community, in not inflicting prompt and merited punishment without the form of law, immediately after the apprehension of the culprits.

Not only were they tried by a regular Court with able counsel assigned them, but a respite of more than thirty days was given them to prepare for their fate. During all this time they were allowed the exhortations and advice of the ministers of religion, and every immunity that far less guilty wretches could have expected. Indeed, forbearance under the circumstances was a wonderful virtue.

Jerry, the master spirit in the crime, manifested far more penitence than his accomplice, and much greater dread of the gallows. At about a quarter past 12 the drop fell, and they swung off into eternity. They struggled but little, but life lingered in Jim some 15 minutes longer than in Jerry, tho' the struggles of the latter were the most violent.

As usual, on such occasions, there was, taking everything into consideration—the many persons absent from the country, the familiarity of the people with death-scenes, and the unfavorable condition of the roads—a very large concourse present to witness the sight. At an early hour they began to pour into town from the farthest limits of this and adjoining counties, and from the gorges and coves of the mountains. They came by railroad, in wagons, on horses and mules, and hundreds came wading up to their knees in mud. Some rode bare-backed, others on sheep-skins, and others again with halters and blind-briales. Little boys and negroes, galloped into town almost breathless, bespattered with mud and wild with excitement to see two negroes choked to death. But stranger still was it to see probably not less than a thousand hearty, robust young men, jostling and elbowing their way through the dense mass of humanity towards the field where the scene was to be enacted; and when we saw them working and twisting their tortuous way like so many eels in the mud, we wondered if they would have been as eager and as hurried if there had been a squad of Yankees in that direction. If Stonewall Jackson had them, he would cross the Potomac in a week. But he hasn't got them. Wonder if they will be here when Maj. Terry holds his court?

But this is a digression. We will close the account with the confessions of the culprits, as voluntarily given:

JERRY'S CONFESSION.

The following is the substance of Jerry's confession on the evening before the execution. We take it from a letter dictated by him to his mother:

I send you a few lines concerning the murder of Mr. McDaniel, which will be the last you will ever receive from your dear son.—Jack, Jim and myself were walking along, when we saw a man coming across the hill towards us with a gun. We went to the fence and were sitting on it, when he came and got on the fence, and asked us where we got such large rolls of leather. I told him we got them in Tennessee, and were going to the Salt-Works. He asked us if we didn't know that everything was bound down in Tennessee, and that we couldn't bring anything out of the State. We told him we brought it out of the State. He said, "boys, it looks mighty strange to see you carrying such big rolls of leather through the woods—pick it up and take it down to Mr. Preston's."

Jim said to Mr. McDaniel, "You stay here by the leather till we go to the spring and get a drink, and then we'll come back and carry it to Mr. Preston's." I said, "Jim, come back and carry the leather where the man told you—I aint going to carry mine over." I put my hand in my pocket as if I was going to pull out a pistol, and Mr. McDaniel said, "Don't come too close," (standing with his gun cocked.) I said to him "shoot and be d—d. I've got as many shooting irons as anybody." I said to Jack, "get over the fence there and take hold of him." Jack got over and took hold of him, while I tried to get the gun out of his hands. I couldn't get it out, and shot it off in his hands. I then snatched the gun out of his hand and hit him on the arm. I hit him three or four licks, and cut a long gash on his temple, and one on his arm, with the gun.

We all left him, took our leather and went across the field into the pines. I left my clothes, and had to go back. I saw one of Mr. Preston's men coming, and we took him up through the woods to keep him from seeing Mr. McDaniel, and I told Jim to go back

and cover up Mr. McDaniel, and to take my clothes and go back to the woods where the leather was. We had left Jack to stay by the leather till we got back. Jim came to me and told me Mr. McDaniel was not dead. We then went and took him to the side of a log, and covered him up—he was still alive.

Between sundown and dark we all went to where he lay to take him to the railroad.—Jack and Jim got there before I did, and he was still alive. We tore up a sack and tied strings around his feet and neck, and started to carry him on the gun, when the stock broke off. I went to the fence and got a rail, and Jack and Jim carried him to the creek. He died before we got to the creek. Jack hit him the first lick with a stick.

During the scuffle, Mr. McDaniel said—"Boys, if you'll quit I will—I won't say anything about it." Jack said, "why didn't you go on and attend to your own business then?" Mr. McDaniel said, "Oh, boys, don't kill me. I have a large family."

I went along with Jack and Jim, and carried Mr. McDaniel's gun, coat and hat, and the boys' coats and hats. We all put him in the creek and left him. I went to Col. Preston's, and Jim and Jack went to James Preston's.

JIM'S CONFESSION.

This also is taken from a letter dictated by Jim to his mother, on the morning of the day of execution:

I must say to you how sorry I am for having had anything to do with the murder of Mr. McDaniel. Jack struck him the first blow with a stick, as he had his gun pointed at me while I was walking away from him, after telling him to stay by the leather while I went to the spring. Jerry threw up his arm and struck the gun. I went back to cover him up, and found he was not dead. I struck him—he raised his head, and I walked away from him. Shortly after Jerry and myself took him to the log and covered him up. Between sundown and dark Jack and myself carried him to the creek.

I am condemned to be hung to-day, being guilty of the murder of Mr. McDaniel. I am not yet prepared to meet death, and to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. I am earnestly engaged in prayer to God for Christ's sake to have mercy on my soul.

The Hon. Porcher Miles, a Representative in Congress from South Carolina, made, a few days ago, during the discussion in the House on the Exemption Bill, a bitter attack upon editors, thought that all under 45 should be forced into the army, and concluded by saying that they did an infinite deal of mischief, and that the country would do better without newspapers than with them.

We know nothing about Mr. Porcher Miles, but presume some editor has carried him down about something, and hence his antipathy toward the whole fraternity.

His rule wouldn't affect us, nor would we care if it did, but such wholesale denunciation comes with exceeding bad grace from a member of a body which spent nearly one entire session in framing an Exemption Bill, and now bids fair to spend another in unframing it. Nor do we believe the allegation that our newspapers have been an injury to the Confederate cause, as all men of ordinary intelligence know that Northern journals have almost invariably promulgated our plans and operations in advance of the Southern press—taking their cue, perhaps, from intemperate and indiscreet talkers, such as we take Mr. Porcher Miles to be, from the specimen before us. Besides, but for the labors of Southern editors, there is no telling the fearful condition we would have been in at this very moment. While Congress and other legislative bodies have wasted the resources of the country, and cobbled up and uncobbled unnecessary and injurious laws and rules, the Southern press has held the army together by its appeals and encouragement, and imparted an enthusiasm to our soldiery, which have resulted in the most glorious achievements of arms known in the history of the world. One single newspaper, (we mean the Richmond Enquirer,) did more for our cause at the critical moment when the first term of service was about to expire, than all that Mr. Porcher Miles and a dozen more like him ever have done or ever will do for the promotion of the war. Silence the newspaper press to-day, and before the wane of another moon we would be a subjugated people, and Mr. Porcher Miles and his brother Representatives would be where the dogs couldn't bite them.

Salt in Hawkins.

Our friend Jack Booher, of this county, left with us, a few days ago, a specimen of Salt manufactured in Hawkins county, Tenn. We understand from him that the water is found upon the land of the Messrs. Powell, in Poor Valley, some 10 miles north of Rogersville.—The water seems to be abundant, and within 15 feet of the surface. No arrangements have yet been made for any extensive manufacture, but the people of the neighborhood, with ordinary pots and kettles, are averaging about 50 bushels per day. It has been estimated that six bushels of water will yield one bushel of salt. The salt is fine, and of good quality, and if properly manufactured, not unlike that of the King Works.

Advices from Memphis confirm the burning of Holly Springs, Mississippi, by the Yankees, in retaliation for the bitter hostility of the inhabitants.

A Beautiful Romance.

We will commence, in the course of a few weeks, (or as soon as we can procure larger paper than this,) the publication of a most interesting romance, translated from the German. It will contain 19 chapters, and run through several numbers of our paper. The story itself will be worth twice the subscription price of the paper, and those who wish to secure it, as well as other interesting and amusing stories that have been promised us, had better subscribe at once.

We learn from the Lynchburg Republican, that Brig. Gen. Daniel S. Donelson will succeed Lieut. Gen. E. Kirby Smith in command of the Department of East Tennessee. This department will also embrace Southwestern Virginia and that portion of Middle Tennessee within our lines.

Correction.

We had been mis-informed last week when we stated that the mails had not arrived at the hour of going to press. They had arrived, but the messenger we sent to the office returned with the report we gave.

For the Virginian.

JONESVILLE, VA., Jan. 2d, 1863.

Messrs. Editors:

It is not often, I imagine, that you have a correspondent from these mountain regions. News does not come from such sources; but I do not propose giving you any thing like news—mine is a selfish motive in writing—it being rather quiet in the town of Jonesville, it occurred to me, by way of spending a pleasant hour, to send you a short communication.

Your worthy correspondent, "Meshac Horner," has told you of the extortioners in and about Abingdon, but he thinks the "old man" need not have troubled himself to get out of his comfortable quarters and warm slippers in Bear Cove, to ride all the way, through the mud, to the goodly town of Abingdon, to find these inhuman specimens of the "genus homo." On our way to these parts, owing to the bad roads and worse weather, our progress was necessarily slow. We were compelled, more than once, to take refuge by the way side from the peltings of the pitiless storm, and many a time did we desert our jaded steeds, to warm our frozen feet and hands by some smouldering fire. Now, let me tell you, friend Horner, our bills were not small—indeed, they were not! One ancient son of the mountains was immensely disturbed about his rails our cavalry had burnt! (Shocking that Southern soldiers can't keep warm without burning rails!) We looked at the damage that was done him, and we thought of the desolated homes in Eastern Virginia. We promised to speak to the authorities about the matter, but the goodness in our heart vanished when the morning bill was presented, for we thought at this rate, he could speedily reimburse himself.

The town of Jonesville, Lee county, Va., may be called a finished town, a sobriquet sometimes applied to your own "burgh." The streets are muddy, and the houses at this time, are filled with soldiers.

Accommodations are hard to get, and man and beast fare badly. However, we have nothing to complain of, for we are in good comfortable quarters. We have found the ladies most pleasant and agreeable creatures. Sweethearts and beaux have not, even here, forgotten to murmur their soft "woahs," and tell tales of fond hearts, deeply smitten by Cupid's never weary darts. How fortunate for the soldier that love is not contraband of war. The long days would pass wearily by, were it not for that "bright smile ever haunting me still." But there is no music so sweet to us amid the noise of fire and drum, as the soft notes of the old tune, "The girl I left behind me." At any rate, so says my traveling companion. I think he must have left his heart in Abingdon or thereabouts!

Our neighbors at Cumberland Gap are very quiet, with nothing to do. The talk about a Yankee force threatening the Gap seems to be all "gammion." We hear of nothing of the sort now. Indeed, the General in command there, I understand, anticipates no such movement. The Yankees, however, are evidently of the impression that we contemplate a movement into Kentucky. How this may be, I know not.

General Marshall is for the present at Rogersville. Where he will make his headquarters, is not yet known.

Correspondents of newspapers are still howling at General Marshall's failure to catch the Yankee bridge-burners. We noticed an article in the Lynchburg Virginian, from a facetious chap at Cumberland Gap. He is down heavy on the General for not pursuing the Yankees, after getting possession of Jonesville. We think, however, that he displays more wit than wisdom. Every man acquainted with the country here knows that such an attempt on General Marshall's part, would have been worse than folly. To pursue an enemy double your numbers, after nightfall, into these mountain fastnesses, would be simply madness. Every man of common sense, who knows any thing at all, knows this.

But the brave correspondent of the Lynchburg Virginian, "Pungo," knows no danger. He would rush after the foe ambuscaded in the narrow defiles and passes of the Cumberland, and what then?—have his men cut to pieces and be called a fool for his pains! General Marshall surely would not ride very rapidly into a Major General's saddle at that rate.

Whatever mistake General Marshall may have made in this affair, certain'y his failure to pursue the enemy into Crank's Gap after nightfall, was no mistake. The great man, commanding Post of Bristol, and the witty "Pungo," will tell you how easy a thing it is to catch 2000 cavalry with 800, and a handful of infantry. Ah! how fortunate would be the young aspirant after military glory, could he set at their feet and learn wisdom, and the way to catch Yankee marauders! Not in the whole history of the world do we read of any campaign in which a cavalry force thus making a raid, has ever been captured.

Will "Pungo" tell us of an instance? Surely the Quixotic Knight of Bristol will! Will they tell us why it is, that McClellan's grand army, on the banks of the Chickahominy, did not capture the Rebel Stuart when he made the entire circuit of the Yankee camp? Why was not this same audacious Rebel caught when he went to Pennsylvania? Why is not Forrest bagged, and John Morgan hourly entrapped as he leads his chosen cohorts, even into the very centre of the

State of Kentucky? At Springfield, Gen. Morgan was surrounded by twenty-five thousand of the enemy, but escaped with his entire command.

When I commenced this letter, I did not propose becoming the apologist of Gen. Marshall. A man of his great merit and ability as a soldier and statesman, needs no apologist. A candid public cannot fail to appreciate him, even though the little dogs will snarl.

I suppose you saw an account in some of the newspapers, of a certain Lieutenant from Cumberland Gap, being here at the time the Yankees passed through Hunter's Gap, on their retreat, and how the said Lieutenant headed a party of citizens and went out to meet the foe, and how some forty of the enemy were slain. Well, this may be all so. But paroled prisoners who were with the Yankees at the time, say that no one was hurt by the Rebel crew of brave citizens, led on to glory by the heroic Lieutenant, but that they stood afar off and no one dared approach nigh unto the invader! Being myself near the scene of action, I have sought diligently to discover the graves of these forty, but alas! have failed to do so.

With an apology for intruding on your notice, I am yours,

"QUALTERUS."

The Exemption Law Amended.

In the Lower House of Congress, on Friday last, the following proceedings occurred:

Mr. Moore, of Ky., moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the House referred to the Committee on Military Affairs the bill introduced by Mr. Hilton, of Florida, repealing certain clauses of the Exemption act.

After some remarks by Mr. Dapre, of La., in favor of the motion, the House agreed to reconsider the vote, and the rules being suspended, the bill was taken up.

Mr. Curry, of Ala., called the previous question, which was sustained, and the bill was taken up, ordered to be engrossed and read a third time.

The question recurring on the passage of the bill Mr. Curry called the question, and it passed unanimously.

The bill was read as follows: A Bill to be entitled "an act to repeal certain clauses of an act entitled 'an act to exempt certain persons from military service,' &c. Approved October 11, 1862.

The Congress of the Confederate States do enact, That so much of the act approved October 11, 1862, as exempts from military service "one person, either as agent, owner or overseer, on each plantation on which one white person is required to be kept by the laws or ordinances of any State, and on which there is no white male adult not liable to do military service, and in States having no such law, one person as agent, owner or overseer on each plantation of twenty negroes, and on which there is no white male adult not liable to do military service," and also the following clause in said act, to wit: "And, furthermore, For additional police for every twenty negroes on two or more plantations, within five miles of each other, and each having less than twenty negroes, and on which there is no white male adult not liable to military duty, one person, being the oldest of the owners or overseers on such plantations," be, and the same are hereby repealed; and the persons so hitherto exempted by said clauses of said act, are hereby made subject to military duty in the same manner that they would be had said clauses never been embraced in said act.

A Voice for Peace.

Speech of the Hon. A. Okey Hall, in New York.

RICHMOND, January 26.—Hon. A. Okey Hall delivered an address before the Democratic associations of New York on the 20th, in the course of which, he said that the war period has practically ended, and we are now in a period of conciliation. (Great applause and cries of "Peace!" "Peace!") There had been nothing but interference with the Generals in the field, and there had not been a military man at the head of the armies. How could the North ever expect to succeed in a military point of view against Jefferson Davis? (Cheers.) If the white man of the North cannot save the republic, then I would rather have the white man of the North subjugated by the white man of the South, than to owe the salvation of the North to the negro. (Immense applause, after which, three cheers for that sentiment were given.)

The Fight Between the Alabama and the Hatteras.

MOBILE, Jan. 21.—The evening papers contain a correspondence of the New Orleans Delta, dated Galveston, January 13th, which says the rebels occupy the city with a force of 5,000 to 7,000 men. The city is well fortified with batteries all round.

The gunboat Hatteras went in chase of a strange sail on Sunday evening, and heavy firing was soon after heard.

The sloop of war Brooklyn and the gunboat Sciota started in pursuit, and picked up a boat containing an officer and five men belonging to the Hatteras, who reported that the Hatteras ranged alongside of the strange steamer, when the stranger opened a furious fire on the Hatteras, and in about twenty minutes the Hatteras stopped, evidently crippled. The Brooklyn and Sciota cruised all night and found the Hatteras in nine fathoms water.

The Battle of Murfreesboro'.

The Yankee papers are very much exercised about the battle of Murfreesboro'. They claim a great victory; but cannot explain the loss of 4000 prisoners, 28 cannon and 200 wagons.

The secret we can tell them. The Confederates whipped the Yankees very badly for two days, when hearing that the latter were largely reinforced, they fell back. Their information was erroneous, for the Yankees, instead of being reinforced, were also retreating. The Yankees heard of our retreating before we heard of theirs, returned and occupied the battle ground and claimed the victory.—Richmond Whig.

RICHMOND, Jan. 26th.

Advices from Fredericksburg to-night represent that the Yankees have not crossed the Rappahannock, as reported in the Washington papers. No indications of an immediate attack by the enemy.