

Abingdon Virginian.

BY COALE & BARR

Friday, July 3, 1863.

The News.

It will be seen from our news to-day, that Vicksburg still holds out, altho' each successive day assailed with redoubled fierceness and fury. There is a discrepancy in Northern and Southern accounts as to the possession of Millikin's Bend—both claiming it. We presume Kirby Smith holds it. If so, all right, and Grant's days are numbered.

We can hear nothing from Gen. Johnston, All the better. It is the stillness that precedes the hurricane.

We have rumors, said to be reliable, but we cannot vouch for them. One is, that two brigades of Bragg's army have been attacked and driven back, and the other, that Hooker has been superseded by Meade.

We have information that may be relied on, that our forces had certainly taken possession of Harrisburg. As a knowledge of this place may be interesting, we insert the following brief outline from an exchange:

Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, is situated on the left bank of the Susquehanna, and on the Pennsylvania railroad, 106 miles from Philadelphia, 252 from Pittsburg, 82 (by railroad) from Baltimore, 193 from N. York, 110 from Washington. Population in 1850, 7,834. Its situation commands a fine view of the river and surrounding country, and it has a splendid Statehouse on elevated ground, from which there is a gradual descent to the river. The bridge over the Susquehanna is a fine structure, extending to an island in the river, and thence to the opposite bank, 2,876 feet long, 40 wide and 50 above the surface of the river; a short distance below it is the viaduct of the Cumberland Valley railroad, an elegant and substantial structure. Population in 1860, 14,000.

The immense Yankee army approaching Richmond from the Peninsula, has diminished down to some 10 or 12,000 men, and these seem more disposed to skedaddle than fight.

Altogether, our prospects are growing more promising every hour, and each day adds new evidences that a people determined to be free cannot be enslaved.

Peace Parties.

We have all heard a great deal said of late of peace parties in the North—of Democrats—conservative Democrats—Democrats who deprecated the war and desired peace—yet at the bottom of all their philanthropic and magnanimous desires, they want it through the medium of fire and fury, carnage, tears and devastation. Well, we of the South, after long patience, endurance and suffering, have a peace party too, with Gen. Lee at its head, now in a position which promises to secure the coveted boon.

We have before us several admirable articles upon this subject, from which we cannot refrain from making an extract or two. The first is from the Richmond Enquirer. That paper says:

General Lee's sword is your only olive branch. In his van hovers dove-eyed peace, with healing on its wings; and the banner over him is Love. Those "Democrats," who lately would not touch Peace without reconstruction, will not be willing to take it "straight." As the flying farmers and their families go trooping across the Susquehanna, those noble constitutional objections to Lincoln's despotism gain force and volume. West-orn Peace-Democrats hold up again their heads of copper; and Illinois thunders back to Indiana—shallow calling unto shallow—to demand back Vallandigham and Peace, and the Constitution of their fathers; a document which they were very near forgetting, and which would probably have become utterly obsolete but for General Lee.

We call this a peace movement; and of the most balmy kind. The thing that has perpetuated and exasperated this war has been the helpless dotting about an "honorable peace" here at the South. The more we talked of peace the more they assailed us with war; now that we are likely to give them their fill of war, you will see them thirsting and hungering for peace. The Confederate press now sees this policy in its true light; and is accordingly making for the things which belong unto peace, in the only way that blessing is ever to be obtained.

The Richmond Dispatch is a little stronger for peace than the Enquirer. It says:

Were our troops to burn Harrisburg, the loss to the enemy would not counterbalance the loss we have sustained in the article of negroes alone. We say, then, make the whole Pennsylvania Valley an astonishment to future generations. Let the traveller, in times to come, lift up his hands with amazement, as he does in those countries denounced in the Old Testament—once flourishing communities, now howling wildernesses. It was said that "no blade of grass ever grew where the horse of Attila had once set his foot." Let the Confederate army imitate the leader of the Huns in this particular. The Valley of Pennsylvania ought to become a sea of flame, like the prairies of the Western world.—Nothing should be left that man could eat, or sleep upon, or shelter himself, or procure food with.

All this might be done—the land might be turned into a desert, and yet the balance of destruction would be against us. The whole city of Philadelphia, if burnt to the ground, would not pay for the negroes they have carried off. We are opposed to plundering—it ruins the discipline of an army, and turns it over an easy prey to the enemy. But we would have every house gutted, and the contents set on fire. Thus only can we get even with this villainous foe, who has no compans-

tions of conscience, no regard for the laws of war, no respect for the usages of civilized society, no belief in the truths of Revelation, no fears of punishment in another world, no reverence for God, and no mercy for his fellow man. He should receive the measure that he has meted out to us—should receive it in full, and if he gets a little more than his due there is no great harm done.

* * They wage this kind of war because they hate us, individually and collectively—hate every man, woman and child in the Southern Confederacy. The only way to stop it is to retaliate.

The New York World.

We are again indebted to Col. R. L. Owens, President of the Va. & Tenn. Railroad, for a copy of the New York World of the 18th June. The World, in its denunciations of the Federal Administration, is bold and bitter, and yet it exhibits the strange inconsistency of urging a vigorous prosecution of the war. From it, we learn that Gen. Seymour, upon whom we have all looked as a bold, fearless and honest conservative, opposed to the war and in favor of peace, was the first man North, in an official capacity, who has harried off troops to Pennsylvania to fight General Lee. Even the famous New York Seventh, that has steadily refused to fight, except in defence of the National Capital, has been posted off on 30 days' service.

But we picked up the pen to introduce an extract from an editorial in the World, that struck us, not only as elegantly written, but as extremely bold and candid, although coming from a source that "blows both cold and hot." In a long article on the "Administration and the Crisis," the editor says:—

And now, on this eighteenth day of June, 1863, from the Delaware to the Mississippi, bold men, true patriots, skillful soldiers, hold their breath to watch, as much in doubt as hope, the issues of a conflict seemingly but just begun! Week after week the nation has been enjoined with tidings of southern exhaustion, of the demoralization of southern armies, of the despondency of southern leaders.—Week after week the civilized world has been called upon to sympathize with our fast-cumulating triumph, and to prepare itself for a collapse of the rebellion not less sudden than its first developments of power. And now, on the eighteenth day of June, 1863, the nation and the world are brought face to face with the absolute, visible, unquestionable possibility that these "demoralized" troops of the South may drive our beaten armies back in helpless flight upon our northern homes; that these "exhausted" southern states may impose their rebellious will in fire and sword upon the rich and powerful communities still loyal to the Union and the flag; that these "despondent" southern leaders may dictate, sword in hand, the peace which shall close this vast and fearful war, in the ruin of all our hopes, in the failure of all our plans, in the humiliation of our power and of our pride. And this is the work of the very men whom the nation honored with a confidence never before so blindly bestowed upon human patriotism, and armed with an authority never before so freely conceded to human ambition! Yes, this is sad and bitter truth is the ripe result of twenty-six months of national patience and of popular faith unparalleled.—What the ultimate issues may be of the invasion which the confederate general-in-chief is leading for the second time into the heart of the populous North, we need not and we will not now discuss. We shall not even dwell upon the position of our great Potomac Army falling back upon the national capital under the instant pressure of an audacious and preponderating foe. It may be that the rebels who are riding so boldly through Maryland into Pennsylvania are riding really to their capture or their death. It may be that General Hooker will succeed not only in saving his army, but in compelling the enemy to abandon whatever projects may have led him beyond the Potomac to the commanding point from which his advance now seems equally to threaten the capitals and great cities of Maryland and of Pennsylvania. The fortune of the republic bids us to hope forever and forbids us ever to despair. But the time when hope could be fed with delusions and despair be banished by deceptions has come to an end. It is our solemn duty now to see our real situation as it is. It is our solemn duty now to see and to say to ourselves what all the world beside we may be sure will neither fail to see nor forbear to say, that the national administration has made the defeat and the destruction of the republic possible. It is a terrible and a trying thing to say, but less terrible and less trying than the possibility which the saying makes us meet and face. In the eyes of mankind the nation stands this day disgraced by the attitude into which its greatest armies have been driven, and by the presence of its enemy in arms within the borders of a state whose free population is nearly half as great as that of the whole invading South. In the eyes of reason and of military science the nation stands this day imperiled as it has never before been by the contingencies of conflict, alike on the Potomac and on the Mississippi. The disgrace, for the present at least, is beyond all remedy.

A Suggestion.

We thank Heaven, as it is our duty to do, for a most abundant harvest, but even this has its depressing drawback in the great want of the necessary force to gather it. The wheat in this region, heavy and now ripening, may much of it be lost for want of harvesters. We have but few slaves, and the most of our working men are in the army. Many farmers have unusually large crops out, and find it impossible to secure sufficient force to save them.—In this emergency, would it not be wise in the commanding officers at the various points in this part of the State, to detail a sufficient force for the purpose? They would be absent from their camps but a few days at most, and bread for thousands could be thus secured, that otherwise may be lost. We trust our Commanding Generals will take this important matter into consideration, as bread is quite as necessary to carry on war, as powder and lead.

The Yankees near Richmond.

The latest and most reliable news we have had of the supposed Yankee advance upon Richmond, is the following from the Enquirer of Monday:

The enemy landed at the White House on Saturday in large force, and report says that Generals Dix and Peck, each with his staff, arrived there on Saturday evening. Our scouts, who came up at a late hour on Saturday night, place the whole strength of the enemy, at the highest estimate, at twenty-five regiments, including three regiments of cavalry and sixteen pieces of artillery. With such a force to attempt a serious movement against Richmond would be a piece of assurance which we cannot believe even the Yankees are capable of. It is unnecessary to state the strength of Richmond in regular troops; it is sufficient to know that fifty thousand of the enemy would find themselves easily disposed of upon having an engagement. The call for the militia on yesterday, which was so nobly responded to, could not, we feel assured, have been intended for anything else than a test, by which the real strength of the community might be ascertained, and the authorities be made acquainted with what they might count upon in an emergency. This was, at least, the sentiment which very forcibly struck some of the citizens when the local events of last evening gave them some idea of the strength of our regular reserves. At what time the emergency may arrive, which will demand the assistance of our citizen soldiery, is a matter which must be left to determine itself; and, in the meantime, good discipline and continued preparation should not be neglected.

It was reported that an engagement occurred some distance below Chaffin's farm on yesterday morning, in which Gen. D. H. Hill's corps attacked and defeated the enemy. No confirmation of this report reached us. It seemed, however, to be generally credited.

Our army more immediately around Richmond was busy all yesterday in making preparations to receive the enemy, and are now in fine condition in every respect, and perfectly confident in its ability to whip treble the force which the enemy is now said to possess. No further demonstrations have been made by the raiders since Saturday.

Reports from Gen. Lee's Army.

We have a variety of rumors from our army in Pennsylvania, but the following from the Richmond Enquirer of Monday morning, is about as satisfactory as any:

By passengers who reached the city from Staunton, last evening, via Central and Fredericksburg trains, reports were brought down to the effect that Gen. Lee's whole army was positively in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and that Harrisburg had been captured and burned by Gen. Jenkins. The latter report, it is stated, reached Staunton by private letters written by members of Gen. Jenkins' command.

Passengers report our army to be in splendid condition, and say the commissary department is issuing to the soldiers butter, sugar, coffee, molasses, hams, beef and all that could be desired. Provisions sent from Richmond were ordered back. We have an abundance of horses, having mounted several regiments of infantry. Ordnance is so abundant that we can scarcely haul it to the rear. Stuart, in his fight at Snicker's Gap, lost about three hundred and fifty horses, and but few men. He fell back, and having received reinforcements of infantry, recovered his ground.—His prisoners were not recaptured, as reported; but over four hundred are now on their way to Richmond. Citizens of Winchester, who are in favor of the South, say that they were unable to get more than one or two pounds of sugar and coffee at a time, and the druggists were not allowed to buy even medicines to sell to the citizens in small quantities. On Saturday evening eleven Yankee women were brought in on the Central train. Nine of them claimed to be soldier's wives; the others did not, but were women of ill-fame from Washington. One sick Yankee soldier and one hypercritical and ill-favored gentleman of the cloth were also among them.—The latter was much horrified at the remark of a by-stander, that "that was a d-d hard looking chap to be a preacher." The party were lodged in Castle Thunder.

The "Magnolia."

We called attention last week to this excellent weekly Literary Journal, published in Richmond. It is edited by Mr. JAMES D. McCABE, Jr., son of Dr. Jas. D. McCabe, formerly of this place. It was started a year or two ago for the purpose of supplying the Southern people with a home literature, and we are gratified to learn that the enterprise has succeeded beyond the hopes of its projectors. The Magnolia is very handsomely printed, and conducted with great taste and ability. We hope our people will afford our young friend McCabe a testimony of their appreciation of his labors and public spirit, and give him a handsome circulation in this county, which he eminently deserves.

The Magnolia is about double the size of this paper, and is furnished to subscribers at \$10 per year, or \$5 for six months.

Daily Southern Chronicle.

We have before us the first No. of this new daily, published in Knoxville, Tenn., by Mr. M. J. Hughes, and edited by Messrs. R. L. Kirkpatrick and M. J. Hughes. It is large and well gotten up, and will doubtless be a great accession to East Tennessee journalism. Knoxville ought to be proud of two such papers as the Register and Chronicle, either of which would be an honor to any city.

"The Record."

This is the title of a new weekly just started in Richmond, by Messrs. West & Johnston, at \$10 per annum, or \$6 for six months. It will be devoted to News, History and Literature—in the language of the prospectus, it will be devoted to a brief and abstract chronicle of the time. It is published in 4to form, to make it convenient for binding—one volume making a book about the size of a Family Bible, containing about 420 pages.

Particular Notice.

Not having time to call upon the subscribers to the Virginian in this place and county, to collect dues, we hope they will call and pay us. We need the money. Our expenses are heavy and have to be met promptly in cash. Examine your receipts and see how the account stands.

We hope our subscribers at other points will regard themselves as under some obligation to forward to us amount due on subscriptions.

Those who subscribed and paid for 6 months, will please renew their subscriptions by forwarding amount for 6 months or longer, as they may prefer.

Murder.

We learn from the Athens Post, that Mr. Michael Baugh, of Bradley county, Tenn., was waylaid and murdered last week near Cleveland. He was a native of Abingdon, but had been a citizen of Tennessee for many years, and at one time represented Hawkins county in the Legislature. The Post says that highway robbery and murder are getting to be quite common occurrences in East Tennessee.

Election of Mayor and Councilmen for the town of Abingdon, was held on Saturday last, with the following result:

Mayor—Dr. Wm. F. Barr.
Councilmen—Chas. S. Bekem, Charles J. Cummings, James K. Gibson, Newton K. White, David G. Thomas, John W. Johnston, E. M. Campbell, R. M. Hickman, Wm. Keller and M. Y. Heiskell.

The following is the official vote for Senator in this district:

Peters,	1,535
Fulton,	993
Grant,	550
Cole,	177

Fulton and Cole were not candidates.

Exhibition.

The pupils of the Abingdon Male Academy will have an Exhibition at the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place, to-night (Friday,) to which all are invited.

For the Virginian.

BEAR COVE, WISS CO., VA.,
June the 29th, 1863.

Mister Coale & Barr—Its bin a good long spell since I rit you a letter, but I've bin so busy pultin in a crop, I didn't have the time to spare.—The last letter I rit to be printed, was for my old friend Mister Charlton at Knoxville, but that stirred up sich a muss it sorter skered me, and I begun to think I'd never rite for the papers agin. But, as the old man Shadrach used to say, "second thoughts is best in the long run," I think I'll rite one more anyhow, no matter what turns up.

Speakin of shad reminds me of fish—so, talk in about that little christin epistle to Mister Charlton reminds me that I owe an apology to the good old brother that used to rite "Notes by the Way," that orter to a bin made long ago, and would a bin made, if Mister Charlton hadn't as good as sed he wouldn't print no more of my letters. I thought as how the "Notes by the Way" brother was a good old Hardshell, and didn't want the blessed old land-marks pulled down and new ones set up, I'd try to help him a little, and at the same time drap him a hint that well-meanin sensible people moult sometimes rite too much about triflin things without benefit anybody a great deal. I didn't mem no disrespect to him as a man nor to his office as a minister, and if he got offended I ax his pardon, and will promise never to agree with him agin, nor eat meat neither, if it puts a stumblin-block in his way.

I'm mighty sorry that I got Mister Charlton into a scrape, for he has anuff to worry him considerable without me helpin to do it. I'm afraid he finds Jordan a hard road to travel. I like his strait up and down, independent and honest course, but I pity him from the bottom of my inwards, he has sich a miserable set of grumblers to try to please. He don't say nothin nor do nothin, that some thick-headed or thin-skinned feller don't git mad at him and growl like a bear with a sore head, and say that he orter do this and he orter do that, and seem to think that all the sense in the world is inside of their heads, when he knows and I know it's mighty nigh all on the outside. If he tries to do good by inventin means to circulate his paper, and offers a poor circuit-rider a good hoss to work for him a little without infringin on the time he owes to the Lord, some pharisee has to set himself up as a judge of his actions and his conscience, and see he's gwine to the devil as fast as that hoss kin carry him. If he prints a letter from me inculcating the old land-marks as good doctrine, and helpin a brother on his way to "Pilgrim's Rest," a whole set of grumblers is at his heels, and they abuse him out of one side of their mouths, while with tother side they try to agg him and me both on. But I'll let all this pass, for it does seem to me that my tother letter come mighty nigh makin a certain brother backside when I only intended to encourage him, and nearly upset a heap of other peoples' religion into the bargain. But I'm rittin for a worldly paper now, and must let sperratical things alone.

We've had a great deal of blowin and hurrawin over here in Wise for a week or two, tryin to git up companies for home defence, accordin to Mister Letcher's plan. I don't know how it is in the other counties round about, but it's a up hill business here. There's a set of fellers round here that was pipin hot for war before it begun, that wanted to kill somebody or git somebody to kill them right off, but they're more peaceably disposed now, and think it's necessary for some to stay home to crap, go to mill and take care of the wimmin. But I wouldn't make no objection to this, if it hadn't bin that these same fellers used to tell me and dad and Bednigo that we was "submissioners" because we wanted to settle the question of State Suvrinity in the Union instid of out of it, while we had a majority in the old Sinit, and sed if Virginy didn't secede, they'd go right strait to South Carolina to live. They never would volunteer, but when the thing come to the pinch they got substitutes, or offices, or had bones in their legs, or some other ailment. But they can't shy off no longer, and will have to face the music or back. One thing's certain—if they aint for us they're agin us.—If they're for us they'll jine—if they're agin us they won't. That'll settle the hash, no matter how loud they may talk about Secession; State Rights and Southern Independence. If their actions don't dove-tail with their words, they're asse in lion's

skins, and would go over to Yankedoodle-to-mor-row if they could get clear of fightin or make make money by it.

It's a curious fact, but it is a fact, that nearly all of these fellers that wanted to fight and want is specklators, and some on 'em have bin specklators of Government money, while better and bonester men have bin standin betwixt them and danger. They was for the war and I wasn't, but when Lincoln sent out his proclamation for seventy thousand men to whip back South Carolina and five or six other States, the bottom of the cabocs come out and we all fell in a pile—but I'm in the army and they aint, and every time they see a paper with Mister Letcher's name to it, they git mighty white behind the ears.

Now, Mister Editors, I'll tell you what it is—it isn't them that makes the most fuss that's got the most pluck. When a feller wants me to jine the army that hasn't jined himself, it makes me think of what daddy used to say about a sinner preachin religion—he is like a sign-board at the forks of a road, which pinks the way but don't budge an inch. I don't keer if a man's a hundred years old, if he can load a gun and shoot it, he orter jine a company for home defence. We've all learn how the people of Knoxville did tother day when the Yankees come in on 'em.— They all turned out and fout like they was used to it, and that's the reason why about forty Yankees was killed and the city saved.

I could say a heap more upon this subject, but I think I'll wait a little while, and see how many of the loud-talkin fellers will fail to jine, and then I'll rite agin. So no more at present, but yourn till death,

MESHACH HORNER.

For the Virginian.

Messrs. Editors—It is "truly refreshing to stand tamely by" and watch the actions and motions of men after all danger is past, or when none is near.

"Citizen," in your last paper, labors hard to do something, what, he knows, and others know also. Why not come out like a man, and not skulk behind a newspaper article, to vent personal spite and spleen? The "paper" is probably gnawing the life.

It is much more manly and better morals to "hunt up telegraphic despatches" to give truth, than to start slanders & falsehoods, and have them circulated by underlings and understrappers, to the injury of as good or better men.

Messrs. Editors, the last sentence deserves extended notice—here it is:

"It was truly refreshing, Messrs. Editors, on Monday, to see the zeal manifested by old white-headed men when volunteers were called for, and the young man who could stand tamely by, must be destitute of manliness indeed, or else he is a tory."

The italics are my own. Now, I venture the assertion that there were very few, if any, young men on the Court yard that day under 40 and over 18. I mixed and mingled freely with the crowd. I do not recollect of seeing one, except the hangers-on about the Court House and the shops of town. The writer is evidently of military age—why is he not in service? Echo answer why? And I further think and say, that there are very few young men (except in the more disloyal portions, and they never come to town) now in the county, they are all in the army.—And as they went in for their country's good, and not through personal motives, there they will stay until the war is over, or the fatal missiles of war shall put a stop to their earthly existence.

There were some, no doubt, who did not on that day, and who do not join in the Cotton Meetings and the Salt Meetings, and the got up meetings.—(after the danger is past), whose loyalty to the South was established prior to the January Court, February 4th and 11th, April 11th and 19th, 1861, therefore they can "stand tamely by," but who will do their duty fully and make no parade about it when danger is near. Why rags not this meeting gotten up on Saturday? then you would have seen who would have stood back.

It was no doubt refreshing to "citizen" to see "old white-headed men" in this matter, as he doubtless thought and felt that they would take the lead in battle and stop bullets that might reach his position in the rear.

HALF CENTURY.

A Visit to Stonewall Jackson.

The following letter appeared in the London Times, from an Englishman who came over to join our army, and at this time is very interesting:

I brought out from Nassau a box of goods for Gen. Stonewall Jackson, and he asked me when I was at Richmond to come to his camp and see him. I left the city one morning about 7 o'clock, and about 10 landed at a station distant some eight or nine miles from Jackson's, or, as his men call him, "Old Jack's" camp. A heavy fall of snow had covered the country for some time before to the depth of a foot, and had formed a crust over the Virginia mud, which is quite as villainous as that of Balaklava. The day before had been mild and wet, and my journey was made in a drenching shower, which soon cleared away the white mantle of snow. You cannot imagine the Slough of Despond I had to pass through.—Wet to the skin, I stumbled through mud, I waded through creeks, I passed through pine woods, and at last got into camp about 2 o'clock. I then made my way to a small house occupied by the General as his headquarters. I wrote down my name and gave it to the Orderly, and I was immediately told to walk in.

The General rose and greeted me warmly. I expected to see an old, untidy man, and was most agreeably surprised and pleased with his appearance. He is tall, handsome, and powerfully built, but thin. He has brown hair and a brown beard. His mouth expresses great determination. The lips are thin and compressed firmly together; his eyes are blue and dark, with keen and searching expression. I was told that his age was 36, and he looks about 40. The General, who is indescribably simple and unaffected in all his ways, took off my wet overcoat with his hands, made up the fire, brought wood for me to put my feet on to keep them warm while my boots were drying, and then began to ask me questions on various subjects. At the dinner hour we went out and joined the members of his staff. At this meal the General said grace in a fervent, quiet manner, which struck me much. After dinner I returned to his room, and he again talked for a long time. The servant came in and took his mattress out of a cupboard and laid it on the floor.

As I rose to retire the General said: "Captain, there is a plenty of room on my bed; I hope you will share it with me." I thanked him very much for his courtesy, but said "Good night," and slept in a tent, sharing the blankets of one of his aids-de-camp. The morning, at breakfast time, I noticed that the General said grace before the meal.