

ABINGDON VIRGINIAN.

VOLUME 24.

ABINGDON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1863.

No. 27.

Terms.

The VIRGINIAN is published every Friday morning, at \$5.00 per annum, if paid in advance, or within three months after subscribing, otherwise \$5.50 will be charged.

No subscription will be received for a less period than six months, for which \$3.00 will be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued except at the discretion of the proprietors, until all arrearages shall have been paid up.

Terms of Advertising.

One square of 10 lines or less, \$1.50 for the first insertion, and \$1 for each continuance. The number of insertions must be marked upon the margin, or the advertisement will be continued till forbidden, and charged accordingly.

To those who advertise by the year, a liberal discount from the regular rates will be made.

All dues to the office may be remitted by mail, in good and available Bank notes, at the risk of the Editors, the person remitting taking the Postmaster's receipt that the money was deposited in the mail.

Obituaries of more than 10 lines will be charged at advertising rates, also tributes of respect, and \$5.00 for announcing candidates.

"The Weekly Harbinger."

PROSPECTUS.

THE undersigned proposes to publish in Greensborough, N. C., beginning about the first of September next, a weekly newspaper, under the title of THE WEEKLY HARBINGER, devoted to the interest of the Methodist Protestant Church. In addition to its religious character, it will contain contributions on such other subjects as will be calculated to interest and improve—making it in the highest sense a FAMILY PAPER. The services of talented and graceful writers will be secured. Special pains will be taken, also, to render it a wholesome and welcome visitor in the camps of the army. Subscription price FOUR DOLLARS per annum, in advance.

The Methodist Protestant, published at Baltimore, which, for a number of years previous to the war, was the sole Organ of our Denomination in the South, being now out of from us, we are driven to the necessity of establishing a paper of our own, in which enterprise we solicit the aid of all who know how to sympathize with such an effort. We earnestly hope, therefore, that the literary, religious, and political papers of the Confederate States will do us the kindness to give this Prospectus as many insertions as their liberality may prompt them to afford, together with such special notices as they may deem appropriate. Select advertisements solicited.

All communications should be addressed to J. L. MICHAM, Greensborough, N. C.

C. F. HARRIS,
J. L. MICHAM, } Com.
L. W. BARTHOLOMEW.

Sept. 11th, 1863

VOLUNTEERS WANTED.

A Bounty of \$50 Given.

AMINGDON, Va., Aug. 25th, 1863.
I AM desirous of recruiting a Mounted Company for the service from among those not liable to conscription. This will be a good opportunity for young men between the ages of 17 and 18 years to volunteer before becoming subject to conscription.

My authority for raising this Company is direct from the Secretary of War, and those who volunteer with me, need have no fears of being transferred to other commands. The usual bounty of \$50 will be given in each instance.
Aug. 28—W. WILLIAM WHITE.

Washington County, to wit:

To the Clerk of the County Court of said County:

W. B. Henry Roberts, George W. Alderson and Samuel P. Edmondson, three freeholders of said county, do hereby certify, that by virtue of a warrant as directed by F. B. Hurt, a Justice of said county, we have this day, on our oaths, viewed and appraised a horse taken up by Francis Smith on his land as an stray, and assess the value of said horse at Four hundred dollars. The said horse is of a roan color, 15 hands high, and about 3 years old. Given under our hands this 12th day of Sept., 1863.

HENRY ROBERTS,
GEORGE W. ALDERSON,
SAMUEL P. EDMONDSON.

A Copy.—Teste,
JOHN G. KREGER, c. c.
Oct. 2, 1863—3w. Prs. fee \$7

Washington County, to wit:

To the Clerk of the County Court of said County:

W. E. Alfred Worsham, Alexander Scott and S. T. Caywood, three freeholders of the said county, do hereby certify, that by virtue of a warrant as directed by Wm. Raistrick, a Justice of the said county, we have this day, on our oaths, viewed and appraised a Steer taken up by Wm. Worsham on his land as an stray, and assess the value of the said stray at One hundred dollars. The said steer is marked with a swallow fork in the right ear, no brand, brindle color, nine years old. Given under our hands this 11th day of Sept., 1863.

ALFRED R. WORSHAM,
ALEXANDER SCOTT,
S. T. CAYWOOD.

A Copy.—Teste,
JOHN G. KREGER, c. c.
Oct. 2, 1863—3w. Prs. fee \$7

Washington County, to wit:

To the Clerk of the County Court of said County:

W. E. James T. Preston, James E. Hayter and D. O. Bradley, three freeholders of the said county, do hereby certify, that by virtue of a warrant as directed by John Jones, Jr., a Justice of the said county, we have this day, on our oaths, viewed and appraised a Horse taken up by Andrew Richards on his land as an stray, and assess the value of the said stray at Two hundred and twenty-five dollars. The said horse is a sorrel, about fifteen hands high, two white hind feet, no other marks, and three years old past. Given under our hands this 28th day of Sept., 1863.

JAMES T. PRESTON,
JAMES E. HAYTER,
D. O. BRADLEY.

A Copy.—Teste,
JOHN G. KREGER, c. c.
Oct. 2, 1863—3w. Prs. fee \$7

Execution of a Spy at Camp Lee.

Remarkable Sang Froid of the Condemned—Incidents.

Yesterday, shortly after noon, Spencer Kellogg, formerly of the Confederate States Engineer Corps, but a deserter therefrom, and subsequently a spy, expiated his crime at Camp Lee by hanging, in the presence of all the troops and onscripts at that post, and a large assemblage of citizens, attracted by the announcement that the sentence of the military law was to be carried into effect upon the accused.

All things needful being arranged, Kellogg left the Castle at 11 o'clock A. M. in a public cabin company with detective Caphart, who has been in attendance at the last moment upon every man executed under the military law since the war began. Kellogg, who was just about twenty-one years old, was dressed in the Yankee uniform. He had dressed with some care, and washed and combed his hair neatly, paying unusual respect to his toilette. He was pale, and spoke but little while being driven to the execution ground.

Arrived, Kellogg alighted from the cab at the foot of the scaffold—the same that had launched others into eternity before him—and spoke a few words in low tones to Capt. Alexander, Assistant Provost Marshal, who was charged with the execution. Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows, of the Baptist Church, then invoked the throne of mercy, at the request of the condemned, who said he did not want to mount the scaffold until all the religious ceremony had been gone through with, so that the assemblage would not have long to stare at him. At the conclusion of the prayer, Captain Alexander, in his brusque, quick way, read in a loud tone of voice the following charge and specification, upon which the condemned was found guilty and sentenced by the court martial which tried him.

CHARGE FIRST—DESERTION TO THE ENEMY.

Specification—In this, that the said Spencer Kellogg, on or about the 25th of March, 1862, at or near Shiloh, Tennessee, did desert the Confederate service and join the enemy.

CHARGE SECOND—ACTING AS SPY.

Specification—In this, that the said Spencer Kellogg, not a citizen of the Confederate States, did, on or about the 1st of February, 1862, make his appearance in company with one Trussell, in front of Columbus, Kentucky, in a small boat, representing himself as a deserter from the Federal service, and after being sent to Island No. 10, in the Mississippi river, in the service of the Confederate States Engineer Corps, did then and there set the part of a spy, collect information as to the defenses and fortifications of said Island No. 10, for the purpose of communicating the same to the enemy, and did subsequently desert to the enemy, and was captured in arms against the Confederate States.

JOHN H. WINDER,
Brigadier General.

Kellogg, with folded arms, listened to every word, and when the reading was concluded, he said, "Well, Captain, if you're ready, I'm ready." He smiled, and stepped lightly up the scaffold steps, and stood a moment looking around on the assemblage, still with the shadow of a smile on his countenance.

Detective Caphart, who had followed him to the platform, said, "Stand here, Kellogg," and, drawing down the cord from the pulley, put the noose over his head, Kellogg himself adjusting the knot to suit his own ideas under the left ear. While so engaged he expressed a fear that the rope would break, and wanted it put twice around his neck, adding, "I want a sure death, and not a bad job." To Dr. Mitchell, the surgeon present, he said, "Don't you think that if this rope was lengthened a little it would be sure death?" The doctor communicated the suggestion to Captain Alexander, who gratified Kellogg's last request, and let the rope out a little, giving him a drop of about four feet.

The awful moment was now approaching. All had left the fatal drop save the one who was to leave it only for eternity and officer Caphart, who was to draw the black cap and retire. Before this could be done, Kellogg, in his agitation, threw out his hat as a signal for the bolt that held the trap to be drawn.—The cap struck Captain Alexander, and Kellogg, discovering his error, apologized, "I beg your pardon, Captain. Please hand me the cap again." The cap was handed him, and the black cap being drawn, detective Caphart descended. "Tell us when you are ready," said a voice. "There was a pause of a minute, a silence, during which heart beats could be counted. Kellogg's head was bowed, evidently in prayer. At two minutes past one o'clock, A. M., he threw out his cap as the signal, and, as it reached the ground, the trap fell, and he swung off, struggling but little, and dying in a minute or two. The surgeons present pronounced his neck broken. After the lapse of thirty minutes the body was cut down, and the people dispersed.

Spencer Kellogg, according to his own statement, was married in Ithica, or Utica, New York, three weeks before he left for the South.

We understand he made a full confession of his crime to the commandant of Castle Thunder on Thursday night, admitting the justice of his sentence.—Richmond Examiner, of the 26th.

Negro-Yankees in Mississippi.

Those portions of the State of Mississippi now in reach of our barbarian enemies; seem to be given up, to all the utmost atrocities which utter savages, drunk with license, can contrive. The "Missippian" of the 17th, (now published at Meridian,) gives the following hideous details of late occurrences at Deer Creek in that State:

On the night of the 24th August, Thomas H. Hill, a planter of Washington county, and a Mr. Sims, of Issaquena county, were arrested at the plantation of Thos. Dick Hill, by about twenty armed negroes wearing the Federal uniform. They were finally tied and

dragged a distance of several miles to the plantation of Charles J. Fore, who was also seized, and all marched to a cane-brake a mile distant where they were ordered to be shot. While preparations were being made to execute this fiendish order, a desperate effort was made by all to make their escape. In the attempt Mr. Sims was instantly killed, Mr. Fore mortally wounded or supposed to be so, while Mr. Hill made good his escape, by great daring and boldness. The negroes then proceeded to the plantations of Jos. Clark, where he was murdered in the presence of his family, and where his wife received several wounds. They next proceeded to the plantation of George Hunt, and here murdered Mr. Johnson in the presence of his wife and six children, who stood with eyes filled with tears, pleading in angel tones that the husband and father be spared, but the demons, disregarding their supplications, shot him dead. They attempted to murder several other planters who made their escape by flight. Finding themselves partly foiled in their mission of murder, the negroes left, declaring they would soon return again, and murder every white man, woman and child on the Creek. The residences of the murdered men were plundered—everything carried away and the stock drove off. The perpetrators of this crime, said they crossed the river at Snyder's Bluff, belonged to company F, 3d Mississippi regiment, and in murdering the whites, were only carrying out an order from Gen. Grant.

The Libby Prison—Talk with the Yankee Officers.

The Editor of the Richmond "Christian Observer," in the last issue of that paper, gives an account of a visit in the Yankee officers confined in the Libby prison, made recently "in compliance with a request from a Philadelphian who has a son there." We copy the following portion of the article:

"For what are you fighting? Is it for our subjugation?" This question was addressed to a company of a dozen or twenty, who had gathered around us. They replied—"Subjugation." "No, we do not expect to subjugate the South. We took up arms for union. We want the South to return to the Union." To this we remarked, "Impossible," "The South can never return to the Union. The principles of our common nature make separation final and permanent. There is a deep gulf between the North and South filled with blood. The sectional hatred generated by the war makes their reunion absolutely impossible." "Hated!" replied a young officer, "we do not hate the South; we love the South!" In response to this profession of love, we remarked that we "knew what we affirmed. We had lived in Philadelphia more than twenty years, and were well acquainted with the sectional hatred of which we spoke." We referred to facts in proof of it, which were confirmed by a Philadelphia officer present.

While thus engaged with a circle of officers from Pennsylvania and New York, we were introduced to Lieut. Colonel ———, a man apparently about fifty years old. The discussion was continued on the matter of sectional prejudice and hatred. Other speakers yielded the duty of answering me to the Colonel, who seemed to be a ready and fluent debater, familiar with the political issues of the war, and too discreet to attempt to convert me to his views. But he complained in the course of his remarks that "the South was vindictive!" "Vindictive! Colonel," (I replied) "Suppose our armies should invade the North, pillage and burn your houses, imprison and assassinate non-combatants, and even murder women and children, would you not feel vindictive?" The Colonel said there were two sides to that question—and dropped the subject.

There was an animated discussion on other topics, which we had no space to report.—As we had seen hard stories from Northern papers about the fare in Libby Prison, we made inquiries as to subjects and were satisfied that the prisoners were furnished with regular rations of wholesome food—though not with the various dishes which officers in camp often provide for themselves. We were present when the prisoners were all summoned to "roll call" in one room. Instead of calling them by name, they were ranged in a column four or five abreast, extending across the spacious hall of their prison, and counted. As they stood before us, a regiment of young officers—most of them between 20 and 35 years of age—in all the glow of vigorous health, their appearance did not furnish any symptom of evidence in support of complaints against their prison-fare. The spacious rooms of their prison were well ventilated and clean—and stoves were in order in one part of the building where they prepared their own food for their tables. We neither heard or saw anything to justify the sad stories which the Yankees have told about this prison.

The treatment of Negro Soldiers.

The New York Tribune says:—Lincoln has directed General Gillmore to demand from General Beauregard a list of the officers and men of the negro regiments who were taken prisoners on Morris Island, and a statement of their present status, with the design of placing an equal number of Confederate prisoners on the footing of his "colored brethren," whatever their condition may be. It is threatened that if General Beauregard refuses to furnish the statement, or pleads ignorance of the facts, as he is reported to have done, the Yankee Government will presume that the Confederate Government has carried out its threat and will proceed to act accordingly.

A wine merchant having sent a sample of

vine to Lord Derby, which he avowed was a specific for the gout, subsequently wrote asking for an order. The Earl replied, presenting his compliments to Mr. ———, and begged to say he had tasted the wine sent, but—preferred the gout.

From the Richmond Whig.

Sorghum Malasses.

We copy from the "Southern Cultivator" the following concise and clear statement of the apparatus necessary, and of the leading steps involved in the process of manufacturing the syrup:

The writer recommends cypress barrels or casks for the syrup, but as cypress is not to be found in this region, such casks are out of the question. Yellow pine, however, answers the purpose just as well as cypress for making melasse barrels.

The mills will be made at the Irish Creek Foundry very soon.

"The manufacture of Sorghum or Confederate Syrup."—My directions are for farmers and planters who have not, cannot, and would not get the elaborate apparatus of a sugar-house; but there are essential fixtures, &c., which must be had, to wit: A mill; boilers, a haling dipper of wood of five gallon capacity, with a long handle, a common dipper, and perforated lades or skimmers.

The Mill.—Get one mill for fifty acres, and two for a hundred acres or more; the size, 18 inches in diameter, and 24 long, for the cylinders. They should be of cast iron; the foundations will make them to order.

The Boilers.—They should be proportioned in size and number to the size of the crop; say one for 20 acres, two or three for 50 acres, and five or six for 100 acres, more or less. As many as five or six can be put in one "battery," and be operated by one furnace, running under all. The capacity of the boilers can be greatly increased by fastening a wooden rim, 8 or 10 inches high around their tops.

The brick work of the furnace should not reach higher on the inside than midway of the boiler, otherwise the syrup will be burnt by the fire.

The cane should not be cut until ripe, which may be known by the seeds becoming purplish black, and the stalks streaked with red on a yellowish ground. It is well to know and remember, that the canes, if left standing on the land where they grow, will keep good until the crop is manufactured, if you will barely cut off all the ripe seed. If you pull the fodder the canes will dry up, it being the mouth and lungs of the plants.

The Gathering of the Cane.—Pull the fodder as you do corn fodder, each day as you grind your cane. Cut the stalks close to the ground with sharp hoes and haul them to the mill with the seed on, with a small crop, but cut seed off in the field if a large one, dry the stalks in the sun one day and house. The seed will equal or exceed corn on the same land, and, containing by chemical analysis 66 per cent of starch is about two-thirds the value of corn or rye for feeding stock, or "horvans regimens" for making whiskey, and will command \$1 per bushel in the market.

The juice, as pressed out by the mill, should run through cloth fastened over the receiving tubs, to clear it of all trash.

To Clarify the Juice.—Put the juice in the largest boiler, near filling it, and start a gentle fire under it, and put the juice to simmering, not boiling, and keep it so for about thirty minutes, until clarified. This is to be effected by administering some alkali in solution.

The best alkali for this purpose is the super-carbonate of Soda. Put one heaping teaspoonful in a pint of water, dissolve it, and pour it into the boiler of simmering juice, stir it up, and a violent effervescence takes place, rising four inches high, and finally settling in a thick, greenish scum all over the surface of the juice. Skim this off, and repeat the process every few minutes, for about thirty minutes—more or less, but stop it as soon as, but not before, all effervescence ceases.

This process will neutralize the sulphuric and phosphoric acids which abound in the Chinese Sugar Cane juice; and the Super Carb. of Soda is the purest and best alkali for this purpose, as sodium is the base of the peroxyd, is lighter than water. The pressure of the mill forces out with the juice a great deal of green feculous matter, which the light alkali takes hold of by the attraction of its acids, and brings to the surface a scum. These constant skimmings will soon give you a clear juice, capable of making a clear, thick, acidless syrup. The use of Soda I discovered in 1857, by experimenting, and experience has fully confirmed its superiority over all alkalis.

The Louisiana and West Indian sugar planters use lime to purify the juice. It will neutralize the acids, but I doubt its purifying agency. The lime will readily unite with and neutralize the phosphoric and sulphuric acids, but are not the compounds, the sulphate of lime, or "plaster of Paris," being one, too heavy to elevate the green, woody matter to the surface? I think so, and for this reason, unless you wish to eat "plaster of Paris," in mechanical solution in your syrup, do not use lime in your cane juice.

I am fortified in these views against the use of lime to clarify and purify syrup by Dr. Robert Patey, one of the ablest practical agricultural chemists in Georgia. He says deliberately: "Lime answers no useful purpose so far as syrup is concerned, save to neutralize the free acid which exists naturally in the cane. Lime darkens the color, and, to my taste, detracts from the graceful flavor of the syrup." I regret that Dr. Patey did not go farther, and give the reason why lime does not clarify. I have already suggested its specific gravity as a base, as being too heavy, as the reason.

If soda cannot be had, have ready strong lye from green hickory ashes. This alkaline solution is the next best to that of soda, and apply it in the same way.

After the juice is both neutralized of its free acids and purified of its fecula, which may be seen and known by the cessation of effervescence and the transparency of the juice, then boil down to the syrup point.

In the absence of instruments, which cannot now be had, he sure you boil enough. It is safer to err by boiling too much than not enough. As a general guide, you have to go

by eye sight, and as but few in the South ever paid any attention to it heretofore, I will give certain general rules which should be observed.

1st. Boil down until the syrup is about 1/5th of the original quantity of juice, for it is true, that 5 gallons of juice will average one gallon of syrup.

2d. Boil down until the syrup, being reduced to about 1/5th of its original quantity, will hang in flakes on the rim of the dipper as you pour it out and suspend it in the air.

3d. Boil down until all water is expelled.—This may be seen and known, when the syrup being reduced to about 1/5th of its original quantity of juice, throws up jets some 6 inches high; this latter is the water escaping as steam; continue to boil until these jets cease; then strike off your syrup into tubs, and when cold barrel it.

The Barrels.—Put up your syrup in cypress barrels; white oak barrels will not hold syrup. Several large planters put up their syrup in poplar troughs. These will hold the syrup, but the oxygen of the atmosphere will certainly, as it has done, oxidize it, as it does so much surface to set on.

In conclusion, the Chinese Sugar mill is an industrial plant of great utility to the South in these our times of trial, tribulation and war. Its fodder is equal to that of corn, the seed is equal to that of corn and its syrup nearly equal to that of sugar house molasses, yielding as many gallons of syrup per acre as the land can produce of corn.

Let us cultivate this crop as largely as possible. It will enable us to feed our people at home, and to send meat, bacon and beef to our gallant armies, who are now standing sentinels upon the confines of our territory, and who in hunger, now bivouac upon the fields of their glory, and of our independence, or Egyptian bondage!—
Burlington, Ala., 1863. W. T. TERRY.

Rosecrans' Defeat in the North.

The Northern account, says the Examiner, of the battle in Tennessee, are meagre and desultory. They know they have sustained a great reverse, and, Yankee like, they have as little to say of it as possible, their object being to treat it lightly and conceal the facts by silence. However, the accounts in our papers had reached the North, and were reproduced, in full, in some of the Yankee papers, in the way the people will get at the truth of the matter, which the authorities at Washington are striving to conceal. The New York Tribune has a number of dispatches which try to put an encouraging gloss on matters by such statements as "Rosecrans is now perfectly safe from all that Bragg can do," that "he has plenty of provisions and ammunition to Chattanooga to stand a month's siege." Yet, with all this, the truth peeps out in their account, for a dispatch to the Tribune, which it takes particular care not to be embarrassed in large capitals, makes the following frank admission:

"On Sunday, Gen'l Thomas saved Rosecrans' army from annihilation. From ten to twelve o'clock he fought the enemy and repulsed him in three different charges, when, finding the assault vain, the rebels pushed forward on the right and centre, and at the first charge broke Crittenden's and McOok's lines and routed their entire command, driving them in a disgraceful panic into Knoxville and Chattanooga. The result is a virtual defeat to us."

The New York Tribune and the organs of the administration labor very strenuously to keep up the public confidence under the reverse in Tennessee. In a column of editorial the Tribune pleads:

"Let us indulge no feelings of disappointment because of a single defeat. It has other lessons for us than those of disappointment.—We do not rejoice in a reverse, but we cannot fail to see that, in this, as in other cases, it offers compensation for its losses, and humiliations. Admitting frankly the success of the rebels up to a certain point, we, nevertheless, believe that the present object of their concentration of force has not been obtained.—General Rosecrans expresses his conviction that he cannot be dislodged from his present position, and the inability of the rebels to carry Chattanooga is a confession of weakness sure to prove fatal to their hopes. They have won a hard fought battle, have driven the Army of the Cumberland back into Tennessee; but they have not annihilated General Rosecrans' army, nor recovered East Tennessee, nor put an end to his campaign.

In a few days more he will find himself at the head of an army more numerous than ever, and will venture on his campaign with a far better prospect of success than before. He has lost men and material, and, for the moment, has lost the prestige of success; but men and material will be rapidly replaced; he is to have the troops he ought to have, and the conquest of Ga. is this time to be undertaken by a force at least equal in numbers to the army it expects to defeat.

For the present he is securely entrenched in Chattanooga awaiting reinforcements." The New York Times mentions that orders had left Washington to Burnside to reinforce Rosecrans.

"That's what the Matter Is."

The following literal extract from an intercepted Yankee letter explains the slackening of the enemy's fire at Charleston:

"We have thrown from the gunboats (Hawes) 80,000 pounds of shot and shell at the Rebel, and used almost 11,000 pounds of powder, that is 5 1/2 tons of powder, 40 tons of iron, that was one week ago, but our guns will not stand to throw as much more without bursting—that's what the matter is."

Freddy is less than four years old. His sister, who is not quite a year old, was sitting in her father's lap crying and fretting for her mother, who had gone out, when Freddy turned to her and said, in the easiest manner possible: "There, Alpe, you've cried enough; there's no use fretting any more—mother's gone away, and father don't keep the article you want."