

# ABINGDON VIRGINIAN.

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## A Yankee Correspondent.

A Mr. George Hart, a correspondent of the "Herald," was lately captured by Major Mosby. He seems surprised at being treated with common courtesy, and does Major Mosby the honor to say that he felt himself not his prisoner, but his companion.

HEADQUARTERS, IN THE SADDLE,  
En Route to Richmond Under Mosby's Escort, White Plains, Va., Nov. 1, 1863.

Early this morning Major Mosby, accompanied by several of his men, suddenly made his appearance at the home of Mr. McCormick, in the town of Auburn.

Quietly reposing and totally unconscious of danger were two of your correspondents in the house alluded to.

One of them was your humble servant, myself; the other's name I omit at his request, on his family's account.

The first intimation we received of the presence of this formidable and almost mythical individual, the mysterious and ubiquitous Mosby, was the scream of the ladies, which apprised us of the fact. Shortly after we were summoned to open the door, which we reluctantly obeyed, and found two gentlemen courteously tendering us the contents of two revolvers if we did not surrender. To resist was out of the question, the odds being too great, as the house was surrounded, and the only weapon in the party being a small pocket pistol. To escape was likewise impracticable, not to speak of the insecurity of the attempt. So the only remaining alternative was accepted and we surrendered.

The ladies begged, implored and entreated in our behalf; but Mosby was unrelenting, and, finding their efforts abortive, the ladies threatened them with Gen. Lee's displeasure, as we acted in the capacity of protectors to the domicile; but all to no avail, and we marched off in triumph—I mean to Mosby's triumph—on our own horses, or, I should have said, those belonging to the "Herald," then in our possession. We rode along leisurely, Major Mosby opening a conversation which soon became highly interesting. We soon discovered that the Major was a very different personage from what he is described.

In his address and demeanor he is a perfect gentleman, and in his relations with ourselves was highly courteous. He is about twenty-eight years of age, of prepossessing appearance, and certainly the reverse of the picture drawn of him in newspapers generally. He wears the uniform of a Major in the regular rebel service. By profession he is a lawyer, and with a considerable share of native shrewdness combines the acquired fact of the professional attorney.

In his movements he displays great energy, and, as an evidence of his powers of endurance, accompanied his men on all their expeditions. On this occasion the object of his visit to Auburn was to make a reconnaissance, as he frequently does prior to the period he contemplates making a strike. I understood that General Lee was supplied with the information by Major Mosby which induced him to make his late advance, and his means for acquiring knowledge of the movements of the Union army at any time are perfect.

As an instance: when the pontoon bridges were in transit to General Meade's army, some two or three weeks since, Mosby had conveyed information of the fact to Gen. Stuart before the bridges reached the army.—Hence his services are almost invaluable.

Originally with a force of sixty or seventy, he has increased it to some two or three hundred men, and with these he annoys our army, which he assails in all positions, and by his frequent captures of valuable and necessary supplies has rendered himself person of considerable importance to the rebels. He went to General Stuart some few days since one hundred and three mules captured from the Union army, and for which the quartermaster paid him, in rebel funds, three hundred dollars per head.

Mosby's men such, as I have seen, are intelligent beyond the average, and seem to revere their leader, who, to use their own words, can wear out any four of them by his labors.

My fellow-prisoner and myself have naught to complain of save an unceremonious disturbance from a sound sleep and a warm bed, at a disagreeable early hour in the morning, and a cold ride, some eighteen miles. To counterbalance this, we have the apparent prospect of a winter residence at one of the

most fashionable cities of the South—fair Richmond—a privilege certainly denied to many eager thousands in the Union army.—We are told that the Hotel de Libby, in its capacity, number of guests and extent of reputation, exceeds any Hotel in Richmond, and, it is added, that rooms there are prepared for us in advance. What distinguished attention from entire strangers! Who after this, can doubt Major Mosby's courtesy?

Nothing of interest transpired on the road from Auburn to White Plains, which, to use a bull, was not the road, but the field and the woods. Arriving at this point, the Major invited us into the residence of a gentleman residing in the vicinity, to whom we were formally introduced, and afterwards invited to partake of a warm and bountiful breakfast, which we very cordially accepted and did ample justice to. The breakfast was rendered more agreeable by the presence of four very agreeable ladies. After breakfast we smoked a cigar tendered us by our host, and, through the further courtesy of Major Mosby, I now write these particulars, and forward them by his special express.

For I is very marked attention, if we do not feel grateful, we feel at least complimented, and bid him here accept our thanks for many kind courtesies, which have so far succeeded in their intent as to make us feel his companions, not his prisoners.

I am in hopes, in my next, to be able to despatch you the latest news from Stuart's headquarters, which, if it be not important, will certainly have a claim to one merit—novelty.

## A Soldier's Letter.

Gen. Smith, being invited to address the people at a barbecue near Shreveport, sent the following letter.—We clip it from the Gazette:

SHREVEPORT, La., Oct. 20, 1863.

Gentleman—Your letter of invitation of the 17th, requesting me to address the people of this parish and vicinity, at the barbecue to be given near here on the 20th inst., has been received.

I am no speaker. The rostrum would be as unsuited to me as the building of fortifications to you. My life and thoughts have been those of a soldier. If the people will take care of affairs at home, I will attend to those in the field, and which devolve upon me as a Department Commander.

I shall observe the laws, but punish disobedience; I shall respect the laws of the State, but shall rely on them to sustain me. The people must be true to themselves, and we will conquer. We have men and means on this side of the Mississippi to hold the country.—It is in the interest of the Confederacy to employ and draw the enemy into the interior; it weakens him and strengthens us. Individual distress may follow in the tracks of his march, but this is inseparable from war, and is felt on the other side greater than on this.

Our people there are buoyant and confident of success; it is in the Trans-Mississippi Department alone, that men despair and fear for the result. The very columns of the enemy which threaten us, and strike fear into the hearts of citizens, are so many assurances of our ultimate triumph. Every soldier they send West of the Mississippi river, weakens their armies where the battles that decide our independence must be fought.

Stir up your people! Bring back our absentees to their colors and we will give full occupation to our invaders here, while our gallant countrymen there are achieving those victories which bequeath stability and perpetuity to our Government.

It will give me pleasure to be present at the barbecue, to mingle with, and become acquainted with, the citizens of the parish and vicinity.

I am, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
E. KIRBY SMITH,  
Lt. General.

## From Texas.

From late news brought from Texas by persons recently arrived from there, we gather the following:

The yield from the grain and sugar crops in Texas has been so astonishingly rich as almost to betoken the hand of Providence; the wheat, corn and rye harvested is more than double the quantity that will be required for consumption throughout the State.

General Magruder is fortifying the Texas coast in the most thorough and formidable manner.

Galveston is admirably fortified; three thousand negroes are constantly at work at Sabine Pass.

General Kirby Smith's headquarters are at Shreveport.

The Yankees are undoubtedly in possession of Brownville, but this is a matter of no great moment. They cannot, under existing circumstances, advance into the interior.—There are about six thousand French troops at Matamoras, and four or five of the Emperor's men-of-war off the bar, but no armed vessels of the Yankees.

The Frenchmen manifest the most friendly feelings for the Confederates, which they give vent to publicly on all occasions.

To sum up, the accounts from the Trans-Mississippi are of the most gladsome character, and there is the utmost buoyancy and confidence among the people.

We do not like to see people laying the shame of their extortion to Confederate money, and at the same time scrambling worse than a dog after a bone to get it all. If such people were half as good as Confederate money, they would have some soul.

## The Bragg and Buckner Quarrel.

An army correspondent to the Atlanta Confederacy gives the following explanation of the Bragg and Buckner embroglio:

When our army retired from Middle Tennessee, Gen. Buckner was commanding the independent department of East Tennessee. He found himself unable to hold his position, and united with Bragg just before the army left Chattanooga. After the battle of Chickamauga, when we returned to the region of the Tennessee river, an opening to Buckner's old department (East Tennessee) was effected, and he, feeling that he still held command, as his commission had not been revoked, proceeded to issue orders as though nothing had happened. Gen. Bragg quickly put a stop to this, and thereupon Buckner addressed him a note asking him by what right he undertook to revoke the President's order constituting him commander of the department of East Tennessee? Gen. Bragg replied that the said department was dissolved because it had been occupied by the enemy. "At the same rate," Buckner answered, "the department of Middle Tennessee is dissolved for a similar reason, and you, General, by such a construction, should report to me, as I have access to more of my original territory than you have to yours. Soon after Buckner got a leave, and he has not been back since; there the matter stands.

From the Richmond Examiner.

## Railroad from Chattanooga.

The fact that Bragg is falling back into Georgia, along the line of railroad leading from Chattanooga to Atlanta, causes a natural enquiry as to the distances from point to point of that road. For instance, the dispatches yesterday stated that Bragg had fallen back upon Dalton, and yet not one out of a hundred could tell how far this was from Chickamauga or Chattanooga. The distance from Chattanooga to Dalton is thirty-eight miles, and from Chickamauga to Dalton (Bragg's retreat) is twenty-eight miles. We give the following table of distances of the railroad leading from Chattanooga directly to Atlanta, as it will be found very useful for reference in connection with the movements of the armies in that section:

FROM CHATTANOOGA TO	MILES.
Royce,	5
Chickamauga,	10
Johnson,	18
Ringgold,	23
Catoosa,	28
Tunnel Hill,	31
Dalton,	38
Tilton,	49
Resaca,	56
Calhoun,	60
Adairsville,	69
Kingston,	79
Cass,	86
Cartersville,	91
Etowah,	98
Allatoona,	98
Acworth,	103
Big Shanty,	118
Marion's,	118
Rail's,	130
Vining's,	130
Atlanta,	133

## Who Brought on Disunion.

The Tribune advises the South, "in view of the recent elections and its desperate condition," to ask for reunion as speedily as possible. This brings out from the World some remarks on disunion, in course of which it says:

It has often struck us with surprise that men who proclaimed "an irrepressible conflict" should complain of the gage of battle which they threw down being taken up; that men who insisted that "the Union could not exist part slave and part free" should quarrel with people who said, "We agree with you, we don't want to make your States slave, and we are determined you shall not make our States free." We never at school, when a boy, put a chip on his shoulder and dared any boy to knock it off, looked upon the one who knocked it off as the ugly, quarrelsome customer.

The Tribune talks of a lasting peace with the South. We had peace once—we had more, we had genial intercourse, common pride, and common interests. That intercourse, that pride, and those interests, the Tribune and its class of thinkers have, for the last twenty years, done their best to destroy, and now not simply attack the reasoning but the motives of any man who questions their wisdom. Not until the North hurls them and their doctrines into political infamy shall we have a lasting peace with the South.

## She's Some.

A market woman was recently detected, by our vigilant Clerk of the market, in selling short pounds of butter. When taxed with her dishonesty, she pleaded in justification, that the cow from whose milk the butter was made, was subject to the cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in its weight.—That woman is "some" sure, and can pass. We've got nothing more to say.—Lynchburg Republican.

## Fasting and Prayer.

The Legislature of Georgia passed a resolution setting apart the 10th day of December as a day to be observed in the Confederacy by fasting, humiliation and prayer. The co-operation of other States was asked.

The N. C. Synod, at its late session, appointed Thursday next to be observed by the Presbyterian Church in this State in fasting and prayer.

## What's in the Wind?

Can anybody explain the reason of some of our most prominent speculators, heretofore, "declining business," all of a sudden, and packing off their "household goods" to auction? Are they going to leave us in this "the winter of our discontent," and straightway take their departure for a far-off country, though the only open port left the Confederacy, their gains converted into gold and foreign exchange? Is the New Jerusalem in danger of being given over to the Saracens, and are they wanted to flee from the wrath to come? A conscript hopper, planted at the gangway plank of every steamer sailing from Wilmington, would answer these queries. If Richmond is a good place to make money in, it is certainly a good place to live in, to fight for and defend.—Richmond Examiner.

## More Banishment.

Miss E. W. Goldborough, of Baltimore, a wealthy parents, beautiful and refined, has been detected in correspondence with "rebels" and sentenced to banishment.

As the Lincoln Government, with its heel of despotism trampling the liberties of Maryland, has given that State the fitting sobriquet of the "Poland of America," they have chosen the Southern Confederacy for its "Siberia." The Ape apes the "Czar of all the Russias" in more respects than one.—Richmond Examiner.

## Arrested.

We learn through late Northern papers that Mrs. Gertrude Winder, a venerable lady, eighty-six years of age, and mother of Brigadier General John H. Winder, commandant of the Department of Henrico, Richmond, has been arrested in Baltimore, charged with corresponding with persons in the Confederacy. After an examination she was confined to her own house, under military guard. It is likely she will be sent South, if her great age does not interpose a barrier.

## Hogs.

The Charlotte Democrat learns that a large number of hogs have been brought out of East Tennessee, recently, by our troops. The Asheville News states that Gen. Vance, the commander in Western North Carolina, gathered about a thousand hogs from among the tribes in East Tennessee, and brought them safely to Asheville.

## Nigger or Brigadier.

A friend of a Yankee soldier, who was suffering from a painful wound, said to him, "Well, Tom, do you feel like going back to the army when your wound is well?" "No, not unless I could go back either as a nigger or a Brigadier General."

## Iron Contract.

The difficulty of procuring iron in the Southern Confederacy to be used in casting shells and round shot gave the officers in the Ordnance Department a vast deal of trouble till General Beauregard came to their relief. He has contracted with Gillmore and Dhalgren of the Federal army, for several tons of metal per day, and those contractors are delivering it at Fort Sumter free of charge, and without the slightest injury to the old fart or its denizens.

"It's quite too bad of ye, Davy, to say your wife is worse than the devil." "And please your rividence, I can prove it by the Holy Scripture—I can be the powers! Didn't your rividence, in a sermon yesterday, tell us that if we resisted the devil he'd flee from us? Now, if I resist my wife, she flies at me!"

The Worcester (Mass.) Spy says that the commissioners of Worcester county have received a notification from the United States marshal to hold themselves in readiness to receive and keep in close custody, at the jail in Fitchburg, some ten or twelve female disunion spies, now held by the Washington Government as prisoners.

The New York World says that the new gospel of the War Department at Washington is, "Thou shalt hate George E. McClellan with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt hate Horatio Seymour. Upon these two commandments hang all the contracts and all the profits."

The Centreville (Alabama) Enquirer says that the merchants in that place have scrupulously adhered to old prices for their goods, and have not risen a cent on their original stock of goods, purchased before the war.—We wish there was more of this spirit in our land.

## Subjugation—What is it?

Confiscation of the real and personal estate of every Southerner who aided and abetted "the rebellion," emancipation of the slaves, and a military despotism with the lash and the dungeon to keep down the proud spirits of our people. Yankee customs, Yankee laws, Yankee taskmasters, would reduce the South to a state of degradation appalling to human contemplation.

A gentleman of Amherst county has a dog of the pointer species, that respects to hunt in the field until he is furnished with a drink of whiskey, and then he can't be beat in standing a covey of birds by any dog in the world. We are informed that this is an undoubted truth.