

# The Edgefield Advertiser.

"WE WILL CLING TO THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF OUR LIBERTIES, AND IF IT MUST FALL, WE WILL PERISH AMIDST THE RUINS."

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JUNE 12, 1861.

VOLUME XXVI.—No. 23.

SIMKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

## Selected Poetry.

**For the Advertiser.**  
**A Song for the Times.**  
Ma, Editor:—In looking over a file of old papers, the other day, I came across the subject song, which I have slightly changed. It was composed by Thomas Dux Esq., and published in the *Golden Price*, July the 3rd 1858. The "fery and patriotic words of this new lyric mar, ried as it is to a spirit stirring melody," will make it the song of the day, as our poets have blocked and vessels bearing a hostile flag hover like vultures around our coast.  
MALVO,  
Perry's Roads, June 1st 1861.

## "EIGHTY YEARS AGO."

A hostile flag is on our coast;  
A foe is at the door;  
With scornful mien and taunting boast  
The Yankee dogs our shore;  
Together as this day we stand  
Our hearts with pride aglow;  
We sing the fire that swept the land,  
Just eighty years ago;  
Recalling proudly  
Eighty years ago.  
The world by heart the story hath,  
Of how our freedom came,  
When by a dark and bloody path,  
Our fathers marched to fame.  
And should the foe awake the fires,  
That now are smouldering low;  
The sons can do as did the sires,  
Eighty years ago;  
Asid their fathers  
Eighty years ago.  
We seek to foreign aid to hold  
Our glorious flag on high;  
Not stoop with hour of coward gold  
A foreign force to buy.  
Our soil can grow an armed man,  
Enough for any foe;  
Prepared to do the deeds again  
Of eighty years ago;  
The deeds our sires did  
Eighty years ago.  
Their vanishing host we heard before—  
A host we do not fear;  
Right welcome is the battle's roar  
That breaks upon our ear.  
With our proud banner overhead  
Our native soil below,  
We will not shame the mighty  
Of eighty years ago;  
Who freed our nation  
Eighty years ago.

## Miscellaneous.

### Bread upon the Waters.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Ah Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"  
The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat trembling upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune had smiled upon him he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress. But now misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. An oppressive embargo upon the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were all alone, and gaint poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling hand towards heaven.

"Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what I say. To be sure I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I had done my duty to my fellows."

"Of all the kind deeds I have done to my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one of them blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, 'tis the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now, I can learn again the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I can see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which we must dwell—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food, or starve!"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg?" he replied, with a quick shudder.

"No, Susan, we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor house!"

"O, God! I thought so! I feel from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands, 'I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought; but my poor heart will not bear it!'"

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now—today."

"Then God have mercy on us!"

"He will," murmured Jacob.

That old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts it was by the stopping of a wagon in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the keeper of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the selectmen have managed to crowd you into the poor-house. The wagon is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back in his seat.  
"Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the keeper.  
At that moment a heavy covered carriage drove up to the door.  
"Is this the honorability of J. Manfred?"  
This question was asked by a man who entered the carriage with him. He was a kind looking man, about forty years of age.  
"That is my name," said Jacob.  
"Then they told me truly," uttered the new comer. "Are you from the almshouse?" he continued, turning towards the keeper.  
"Yes."  
"And are you after these people?"  
"Yes."  
"Then you may return, Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."  
The keeper gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then he left the house.  
"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand. "I cannot call you to my memory now."  
"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"  
"Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting up from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.  
"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy whom, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you kindly took from the hands of the law and placed him on board one of your vessels."  
"And are you—?"  
"Yes—yes. I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hand of poverty and had example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown brighter and brighter ever since. With an alliance for life I have settled down to spend the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such of good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and your bereavements. I know that the children of your flesh are all gone, but I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will be to me both warmer and happier. Can both be more than—and you, my mother, and my home. You in your old age will not see me go down to darkness?"

Jacob Manfred tottered forward and upon the bosom of his preserver. He did not speak his thanks, for they were too big for words. When he looked up at his wife, she said, in choking, trembling tones, "my bread has come back to me!"  
"Forgive me, Jacob."  
"No, no, Susan. It is not I who must forgive—God holds us in his hand."  
"Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt His love again!"

### Practical Hints for Volunteers.

CAMP NEWS.

In cutting up the earth should be made in the...

"cleaning up" should take place twice a week.

The arms and accoutrements in possession of the men should always be kept in good order and clean. No excess should be granted for the non-performance of this, or indeed any other duty. We have known a whole camp of men to have been subjected to severe punishment for the neglect of their appearance, inasmuch as some companies had their hair unbrushed and their jackets partly buttoned, while some of the men had their side and other arms uncleaned.

However, a continual picking and cleaning of arms is not permissible. No arms should be taken to pieces without permission of an officer. For the private does not know when he may be ordered to fall in, and how would he look with a musket minus a lock.

We find that some men use the term *grin* for unclean. Infantry do not carry guns. Make yourselves soldiers in terms as well as in bearing; one is of as much importance as the other. An officer once lost rank by using an un military term in command.

In camp quarters the proper officers should visit the kitchens daily and see the food, the cooking utensils, &c., and be very careful of the messing of the companies.

Soldiers should for the time being forget their position heretofore. The young planter and gentleman in the ranks must not dwell on his duties. He is now a soldier, and in that capacity must give his duties cheerfully. The officers should not in a camp like ours over run their power or be arbitrary in the least. We mention these points, not that we see any necessity for them, but that an army like ours is not like the armies of Europe. Our pay is our patriotism, our glory our honor in being right, and ready to serve in the cause of country.

**DEUTERUS OF GUARDS.**

Here we would give a few suggestions for men on guard. Appear on guard in your best style, neat and trim. You are single, and subject to much notice. Walk solemnly and sedate. You represent the camp at your post, and should be proud of the opportunity to give a good indication of the material in camp. Do not hold conversation with persons unless actually necessary as per duty, and when you do speak, do so clearly, concisely, briefly, holding your self erect and manly, your market in proper position.

All persons, of whatever rank, high or low, are expected to pay respect to a sentinel.

All sentinels should be on the alert, and watch what is going on around, and if anything creates suspicion, report the same. Never leave the limits of your post or tent. Never give up your arms when in the discharge of your duty as sentinel, nor pop them against walls or fences. Carry your musket generally at a support. Every sentinel should report quick for corporal of the guard from post to post, and do so clearly and precisely, laughing, or joking, or antics, in doing so, being punishable.

Sentinels will come to attention and present arms to general and field officers, to the officer of the day and to the post officer; to all others who carry arms.

A sentinel, in challenging, will do it thus, clearly and firmly: "Who comes there?" If answered, "Friend with the countersign," and the sentinel be instructed to pass persons

with the countersign, the sentinel will say, "Advance friend with the countersign." If answered "friends" only, he will reply, "Halt, friends. Advance one with the countersign." If answered "Relief," "Patrol," or "Grand Rounds," he will reply, "Halt. Advance, sergeant (or corporal) with the countersign." Satisfy yourself that the parties representing themselves before you to be so and so are as they state, by countersign. Don't let any man, even your General, pass without it.

We have thrown off the above suggestions for the benefit of recruits who will have time in camp to study them after fuller and better orders from their officers. A camp is a school for the soldier, and everything should be studied pertaining to military matters. We could detail many more particulars had we space, but again we will refer to the subject.

**FIFTEEN HUNDRED FREE COLORED MEN ARMS.**—On Monday night, a meeting of some two thousand men "representing," says the *Picayune*, "the flower of the free colored population of New Orleans," was held, to take into consideration committee resolutions previously published in city papers. By these resolutions the free colored men of the city offer their services to the municipal authorities, in case of an invasion by the enemy; and, if allowed to form themselves in military companies, they engage to take arms at a moment's notice for the defence of their native soil, and fight, "shoulder by shoulder," with the citizens, as their fathers did in 1814.

The meeting was addressed in an impassioned manner by Mr. Armand Lanusse, and the resolutions adopted unanimously.

At the conclusion of the proceedings fifteen hundred of these patriotic yellow men stepped forward and signed their names as ready to perform military duty. Their stock has not degenerated, and they will fight as faithfully as their fathers did with Jackson. At the time of the instruction of the slaves of Saint Domingo, the free colored men most earnestly tendered their services for its suppression and their aid rejected. They were doubted and their aid refused. Had they been accepted, the negroes would have not triumphed. Most of the whites who escaped with life, were saved by the exertions of the free colored.

**WHOLESALE PATRIOTISM.**—We learn that there is a gentleman by the name of James Argo, residing in Pulaski county, Ga., who has...

...small in stature, may be...

...and have performed feats almost unexampled in the history of war. What disgusting affectation and impudence in a Regiment of New York firemen to assume such a name; to dress up their ash-colored carcasses in the lion's skin, and expect to frighten the white South from its property by a terrific rill!

**ALLEGORY.**—When Noah planted the first vine and pressed, Satan approached and said, "I will nourish you, charming plant." He quickly brought three animals, a sheep, a lion, and a hog, and killed them, one after another, near the vine. The virtue of the blood of these animals penetrated it and are still manifested in its growth. When a man drinks one goblet he is then agreeable, gentle and friendly. This is the nature of the lamb. When he drinks two he is like a lion and says "who is like me?" and talks of stuporous things. When he drinks more, his sense forsakes him, and at length he wallows in the mud. Need it be said he resembles a hog?

More than eight thousand soldiers have left this city for the scene of active hostilities, and yet no sensible diminution of our fighting population is observable. The entire interruption of the usual travel to the North, leaves us a larger population than we usually have at this season of the year. The number of our soldiers who have left does not reach a fourth of the number of travelers and pleasure seekers, who usually go northward at this season. A great and beneficial revolution has thus been accomplished. The millions expended at the North will be either kept at home or expended in the South, in the support of our soldiers. The rich and comfortable of our people, the heads of families and of business houses, who stay at home as the home Guard, will stay at home as the home Guard, to fight for our rights and honor. The "can't-go-away" boys have thus a chance of enjoying the Northern air, and a little recreation, which has long been denied them. If they all improve as much as those who have been in service at Pensacola, there will be a great increase of the vigor and health of our young men.—New Orleans Delta.

**ARREST AND EXECUTION OF A LINCOLN SYM.**—The conductor of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad reports to the Lynchburg Republican, that a Lincoln sym, named Lambert, was arrested at Manassas Junction, on Wednesday, and after being tried before a court martial, was sentenced to be executed Thursday morning, at 11 o'clock. When arrested he had just reached the Junction from Harper's Ferry, and was endeavoring to pass on in the direction of Alexandria. In the lining of his coat was found a detailed drawing of all the fortifications, position of forces, &c., at Harper's Ferry, besides several other papers, which fully established his true character. He was quite a young man, and was a son of Benjamin Lambert, of the firm of Lambert & McKensie, commission merchants of Alexandria.

**A WISE ENACTMENT.**—The Montgomery Advertiser says: "One of the most important enactments made by the Congress at its recent session is Montgomery's, was one to prohibit the exportation of Cotton from the Confederate States, except through the seaports

of the said States, and also to punish persons who shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of the law. This act provides that on and after the 1st of June, 1861, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to export Cotton or Cotton yarn from the Confederate States, except through the seaports. The penalty for a violation of this provision is a confiscation of the property attempted to be exported, in addition to a heavy fine and imprisonment. Every steam boat and railroad car which shall be used with the consent or knowledge of the owners, for the purpose of violating this Act, shall be forfeited to the use of the Confederate States. The only exception to the operation of this law is in regard to Mexico."

### Meeting of the Columbia Bar.

At a meeting of the Bar of Columbia, held the 30th ult., on occasion of the death of the late Honorable Francis H. Wardlaw, one of the Associate Justices of the Court of Appeals of this State, Chancellor Carroll, by request, took the chair, and spoke briefly of the virtues and attainments of the distinguished deceased.

Bar W. F. DeSaussure introduced the following preamble and resolutions, which, after being seconded by John B. Baskette and D. H. DeSaussure, Esq., in a most address of judicious plainness, were unanimously adopted:

The Hon. Francis H. Wardlaw, a Judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of South Carolina, has been called from this to a better world. The State will mourn the loss of this eminent magistrate, but it is the law who can most appreciate its extent. For ten years we have been associated with him in the courts of justice. For ten years we have been ministers at that altar where he presided as one of the high priests.

We have witnessed with what dignity and ability he discharged his high functions. We can bear testimony to his faithful assiduity, and the part which he bore in the discharge of his duties. He listened to the voice of the law, and he listened to the voice of the people. He was a patient Judge, yet the business of the country was performed with commendable despatch.

Judge Wardlaw, or Chancellor Wardlaw, as he has been accustomed to call to us, to distinguish him from his eminent brother of the Common Pleas, was highly gifted by nature. He had a clear and logical intellect. What he conceived clearly he expressed distinctly. His judicial style was marked by purity, force and conciseness.

Whatever was the natural endow-

ment of his mind, he cultivated with assiduity, and he brought to the study of which his mind was a natural bent.

Without referring to particular cases, it may be said that several of his opinions upon some of the abstract doctrines of the law will bear comparison with the ablest decisions pronounced by any of his predecessors in this country or in England, and will remain as enduring monuments of his genius and learning.

Chancellor Wardlaw was born in December, 1803. He was raised to the Chancery Bench in November, 1850, and after the passage of the act of 19th December, 1850, to establish a separate Court of Appeals, he was elected one of the three Judges to constitute that high and dignified tribunal. The State has marked its appreciation of his character and worth.

But a few weeks ago, he came to this city to attend the May Term of the Court of Appeals, but at the adjournment of the Court, he had of disease pressed heavily upon him, and his many friends sunk under the influence. Thus fell this eminent citizen and veteran magistrate, whose amiable temper and gentle manners conciliated the esteem of his brethren, while the State is left to deplore the loss of her gifted son. His life was marked by no angry collisions in law or politics, and he died without an enemy.

It is due alike to the living and the dead that respect should be paid to the memory of departed worth. Next to the approval of our own conduct, the applause of mankind is coveted by generous minds, and it is due to him who has wasted his life in the conscientious discharge of duty, that the voice of praise should not be withheld. It cannot, indeed, reanimate the silent dust; but if we may not pay the debt to the living, their children may regard it as not the least valuable part of their inheritance.

To us, the survivors, it is useful to trace a life of honorable toil to its apogee, and to see a high distinguished success in an incentive to nearly every one, and if it may not hope to attain the eminence of the deceased, the influence of his example will not be lost to his countrymen.

Resolved, That the Bar of Columbia deplore the loss of this distinguished magistrate and eminent citizen, and in token of their profound respect for his memory, will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these proceedings be sent to the family of the deceased by the Chairman, with the expression of our deep sympathy in their deplorable loss.

Resolved, That at the next sitting of the Court of Appeals in Columbia, these proceedings be presented to that tribunal, with a request that they be entered upon the records of the Court.

J. P. CAMPBELL, Chairman.

Wm. H. TALLEY, Secretary.

A bottle of essence of Jamaica ginger will be found a pleasant and healthful companion to the soldier's canteen. A bottle of bad water, a preventive of disease arising from change of water, and all respice is better than a bottle of Jamaica ginger. Think of it, mothers, wives and sisters, in filling up the outfit and crewel lunks for the d.p.r. of your men.

he has learned how to be respectful and polite. In the home of your youth, to your superiors and your equals, this trait of character should be cultivated and displayed. Civility costs but little; yet it will work a man's way through life, and secure him friends with a certainty that nothing can equal. A gentleman, who from obscurity and poverty has arisen to fame and wealth, was once asked what charm he used that led to such results. "I owe my whole success," said he, "to one small word—civility." If you will respect the rights and feelings of others, your own will be respected.

### False Hopes.

When the subjects of Lincoln looked on their armor and marched to the Capital, they confidently expected that in the space of thirty days the Southern army would be vanquished, the New Confederacy destroyed, and the ambitious and unreasonable States, convinced of the error of their way by the grating of bullets and swords, with hands folded over their bosoms and tears of penitence rolling down their cheeks, would ask pardon for their sins, and promise never to rebel again. In the visions of the night they saw our troops fleeing like frightened deer before the tread of their invincible legions, they grasped the hands of innumerable noble spirits who had gone with the multitude, but who in their hearts bowed with affection and reverence before the symbol of America's greatness and glory. They saw the authors and leaders of the pestilence sleeping in unmarked graves, or swinging from trees on the roadside, and themselves with laurels on their brows, marching back to their homes with the flowers showered upon them by love, and most grateful to the pride of those patriotic hearts were those delusive dreams. The warriors kissed away the tears of their sorrowing wives, and chucking them tenderly laughed away their rising fears, and pronounced an early return. The vain and foolish people had grown crazy over their insular notions and the open defiance of their great power, and their reason having been untroubled they were the easy prey of every delusion that was fair in the eyes of their conceit, and pleasant to the palate of their clamorous passions.

In the confidence of going on con-

...discharging their Enfield rifles at women and children standing at windows and balconies. That was the first taste of the great disappointment they and their rejoicing comrades in arms from the other parts of Yankeeedom were destined to taste with.

When the gathering just assembled at Washington they expected every day to receive the order to march into the disaffected States, and we do not wonder that they became excited and threatened to take the work into their hands and do it in their own way. Scanty allowances of indifferent food and hard drilling soon restored their reason, and they cursed the false visions and trampled upon the sweet delusions. The term for which they had enlisted came to an end, many of the patriots had marched through their uniforms, they had suffered many great hardships and privations, but had not fought a single battle. The armor of their States remained untroubled, the month warriors remained to vapor, and storm, and prophecy, and fabricated enormous fictions, but the South stood firm an defiant. They began to see matters in their true light. They soon comprehended the meaning of the preparation and delay. They were convinced that the execution of the tyrant's intentions would cost some blood, and the tidings that reached them from the disaffected districts, which galled and amended by the sworn police at the places of news, satisfied the serious soldiers that many of them had kissed their wives and sweethearts for the last time. Having discovered that their drums and hurrahs had not scared the States of the South, and that their threats and grand plans had only excited scorn and derision, they extended the time they had set for the simile, and easy work of invasion. Their confidence was not shaken in their perfect and glorious success; but they have found that the conquest and subjugation of the young republic would require a longer time than thirty days.

They have raised an immense army; thousands are awaiting the acceptance of their chiefs; their troops have shot several soldiers, and hope to shoot a great many more; but still the South is unsmitten. The great nation, on whose countenance and support they counted with absolute confidence, has disappointed them miserably. Thus far their campaign has been a series of blunders, agreeably varied with great disappointments.

But still the fiery patriots demand a short war. They resign themselves to the slow progress and provoking delays on the ground that their trade has already sustained as heavy a loss as can befall it, and were the war to be brought to a close in June, there would be little gained or saved. They have generously given the Summer to the glorious work of subjugation, murder, plunder, and destruction. This is a magnificent donation, and fine sacrifice, but they give no more in the of their precious days, each one of which is worth untold sums of gold. The noble work must be finished before the leaves grow red and fall. The Autumn trade must not suffer damage. The war must be short and sharp, the patriots exclaim with mind-voice, with one eye on their swords and the other on their loaves. We help to swell the sound when they cry out "short," but we have not made up our minds as to the length of the conflict. The Lincolnites have assigned the period without

### Fight at Fairfax Court House, Va.

WARRENTON, June 1.—Your correspondent is now enabled to give you a strictly correct account of the late action at Fairfax Court House, of which you have doubtless heard, between Company B, United States Dragoons, 81 men, and Capt. Marr's Warrenton Rifles, 81 men. A few days since, this latter corps, armed with a very ordinary rifle, without bayonets, were ordered to march to Fairfax Court House. At that place they found Capt. John Shack, Green's Rappahannock Cavalry, and Capt. Thornton's Prince William Horse. The Rappahannock troops were armed only with the old sword, without pistols, while the Prince William troops had swords and pistols, the latter of the most approved kind.

This morning the enemy captured our rifle

pickets, and at ten minutes past three, came into town. Rumor has it that the cavalry retreated in haste, as they had no carbines to resist the enemy, who numbered nearly 100, and, besides pistols, were likewise armed with Sharp's rifles. I do not believe that the cavalry did run. Right into the village the party dashed, where the Rifles were drawn up to receive them in open order of battle. When within less than 80 yards, the noble-hearted Marr gave orders for the front rank to fire, and thirteen rifles fired as if from one gun, emptying six or seven saddles. The dragoons, accustomed to Indian fighting, at once picked up their dead and wounded comrades, and retreated a *Picayune*. A second charge was made, with no better success, and a third, when the United States troops fled. They carried off all their dead and wounded, but my informant told us that an old gentleman, who was on his way to the Court House from Fall's Church, met the enemy, and himself counted four dead men in the single engagement. On asking them if they had not a severe fight, they responded in the affirmative, remarking, also, that they laid down their lives in defence of this glorious Union. Nine prisoners were taken by our men, and, from what I could get from members of the company who brought with them here the body of the brave Marr, not less than from ten to twenty were killed, and more than that number wounded; but the dragoons, imitating the Indian examples in Texas, carried off all the dead and wounded. Capt. Marr was not seen after the first fire, and a doubtless fell at that time. When found, he had been pierced in the heart.

In the death of this young and talented officer the State has lost a brilliant star of one of

...although many made warrior's escapes. Color-bearer, William M. Bragg, a fine looking young fellow, the son of my excellent friend, the Mayor of Warrenton, had his ear slightly burnt by a ball. This young fellow took two beautiful Col. Volviers. Lieut. Shackelfore obtained a Sharp's rifle, so did Capt. Green, of the Rappahannock Cavalry, while his first Lieutenant, James W. Green, had his cap shot off his head.

It is believed that spies brought them into our camp, and the most infamous rascal of them all is a certain Dan Dufany, who formerly held a commission in the Navy, but who was dropped by his Northern friends as composing the Naval Band which cut off so many a few years since. This man was a notorious drunkard and thief, and having voted the Union ticket at the election, went to Washington, and is now directing the Northern rascals in their invasion of the houses and graves of his own parents. Would to God we could catch him, for it was only a few days since that he sent word to the friends at Fairfax Court House that they must leave soon, as he would be at that place. I was at the Court House on yesterday, but left, not thinking the enemy were so near as to come there. Had I known it, how much pleasure it would have given me to have stayed. On parting with the honored Marr, I remarked that it was a shame that his company, without bayonets, should have been stationed so far without infantry supports. His reply, noble as the gallant spirit himself, was worthy of him: "I care nothing for that; they have placed my company in the van, and we will do our duty." He was in the highest spirits, and, poor fellow, little thought that in less than fifteen hours he would offer up his life upon the altar of his country. The stay and support of a widowed mother and three or four sisters, his loss will be most deeply felt by them. One of his brothers was lost, a few years since, on the United States sloop-of-war *Albatross*, and he now falls the first commissioned officer in the great war for Southern Independence. When his body was brought in, his men knelt beside it and wept like children.

The South Carolinians, 2100 strong, have advanced to the Court House, together with Kemper's Flying Artillery, while strong support have been advanced from Manassas Junction. If all the men at the Junction and Fairfax Court House could be advanced on Alexandria, we have enough to whip all the troops on this side of the river; but I would tell how many there are.

N. B.—The body of the lamented Marr reached town this evening, and was escorted to the residence of his deeply afflicted mother by the Lee Guards, and a very large concourse of citizens.

Another friend, who left the Court House at 4 o'clock this evening, says we did more damage than was at first supposed, and that the enemy are in full retreat, pursued by our cavalry.

A WISE ENACTMENT.—The Montgomery Advertiser says: "One of the most important enactments made by the Congress at its recent session is Montgomery's, was one to prohibit the exportation of Cotton from the Confederate States, except through the seaports

of the said States, and also to punish persons who shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of the law. This act provides that on and after the 1st of June, 1861, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to export Cotton or Cotton yarn from the Confederate States, except through the seaports. The penalty for a violation of this provision is a confiscation of the property attempted to be exported, in addition to a heavy fine and imprisonment. Every steam boat and railroad car which shall be used with the consent or knowledge of the owners, for the purpose of violating this Act, shall be forfeited to the use of the Confederate States. The only exception to the operation of this law is in regard to Mexico."

### Meeting of the Columbia Bar.

At a meeting of the Bar of Columbia, held the 30th ult., on occasion of the death of the late Honorable Francis H. Wardlaw, one of the Associate Justices of the Court of Appeals of this State, Chancellor Carroll, by request, took the chair, and spoke briefly of the virtues and attainments of the distinguished deceased.

Bar W. F. DeSaussure introduced the following preamble and resolutions, which, after being seconded by John B. Baskette and D. H. DeSaussure, Esq., in a most address of judicious plainness, were unanimously adopted:

The Hon. Francis H. Wardlaw, a Judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of South Carolina, has been called from this to a better world. The State will mourn the loss of this eminent magistrate, but it is the law who can most appreciate its extent. For ten years we have been associated with him in the courts of justice. For ten years we have been ministers at that altar where he presided as one of the high priests.

We have witnessed with what dignity and ability he discharged his high functions. We can bear testimony to his faithful assiduity, and the part which he bore in the discharge of his duties. He listened to the voice of the law, and he listened to the voice of the people. He was a patient Judge, yet the business of the country was performed with commendable despatch.

Judge Wardlaw, or Chancellor Wardlaw, as he has been accustomed to call to us, to distinguish him from his eminent brother of the Common Pleas, was highly gifted by nature. He had a clear and logical intellect. What he conceived clearly he expressed distinctly. His judicial style was marked by purity, force and conciseness.

Whatever was the natural endow-

ment of his mind, he cultivated with assiduity, and he brought to the study of which his mind was a natural bent.

Without referring to particular cases, it may be said that several of his opinions upon some of the abstract doctrines of the law will bear comparison with the ablest decisions pronounced by any of his predecessors in this country or in England, and will remain as enduring monuments of his genius and learning.

Chancellor Wardlaw was born in December, 1803. He was raised to the Chancery Bench in November, 1850, and after the passage of the act of 19th December, 1850, to establish a separate Court of Appeals, he was elected one of the three Judges to constitute that high and dignified tribunal. The State has marked its appreciation of his character and worth.

But a few weeks ago, he came to this city to attend the May Term of the Court of Appeals, but at the adjournment of the Court, he had of disease pressed heavily upon him, and his many friends sunk under the influence. Thus fell this eminent citizen and veteran magistrate, whose amiable temper and gentle manners conciliated the esteem of his brethren, while the State is left to deplore the loss of her gifted son. His life was marked by no angry collisions in law or politics, and he died without an enemy.

It is due alike to the living and the dead that respect should be paid to the memory of departed worth. Next to the approval of our own conduct, the applause of mankind is coveted by generous minds, and it is due to him who has wasted his life in the conscientious discharge of duty, that the voice of praise should not be withheld. It cannot, indeed, reanimate the silent dust; but if we may not pay the debt to the living, their children may regard it as not the least valuable part of their inheritance.

To us, the survivors, it is useful to trace a life of honorable toil to its apogee, and to see a high distinguished success in an incentive to nearly every one, and if it may not hope to attain the eminence of the deceased, the influence of his example will not be lost to