Edgefield Advertiser.

Lines

Suggested on the visit of a Son to the Old Homestead within the Enemy's Lines.

I've been to our old home, mother,
I've stood there all alone,
No wife, no child, no mother dear,
To greet with love's sweet tone;
But all was desolate and wild
Where once it had been gay,
A desert where an Eden smiled,
And dear ones far away.

I sought your quiet chamber, mother,
That place of peace and prayer,
But oh! no smile to welcome me,
No mother's form was there;
No words of comfort cheered my heart;
No fervent, fond caress,
On other ears now sadly fall
The tones that used to bless.

I listened—not a human sound
Of those I love was heard;
I called—not o'en my brother's voice
Returned an answering word;
'Twas silence all, for vandal foes
Had left their seal and blight,
Had darkened o'en the widow's home,
And turned her sun to night.

Wave upon wave of surging thought
Swelled in my saddened breast,
As thinking of my darling ones,
I sought their place of rest;
That rifled room, that hearthstone cold,
Once warm with love and glee,
Awoke dire vengeance in my soul,
For wrongs done them and me.

My tender wife to drudgery doomed,
My babes beneath their rod,
While I, torn from their loved embrace,
Can only trust in God.
Oh! Thou of justice, truth and right,
Avenge our wrongs and woes,
And hurl, with Thine almighty arm,
Destruction on our foes.

REFUGEE.

Refugees.

What a world of thought does this word suggest! In every town and village, on every railroad train, in every vacant cottage, you meet these houseless wanderers. There is something very touching in their condition. Their homes were once as sweet, their circle as cheerful as ours. The green lawns of Tennessee, the noble mountains of Virginia, the vineclad porch of Louisiana, the broad oak avenue and the jessamine hedge of Carolina, these are the spots to which their memory turns, and the emigrant sighs to think of the once happy hours of his now desecrated home. Where are the loved ones who once assembled in those cheerful halls? The gray-haired sire, the care-worn mother, the blooming maiden, unconscious childhood, only are in our midst. The stalwart youth has gone forth at his country's bidding, and many never again cheer by their presence those who loved him so well. Some languish in a distant prison—some sleep beneath the sod of a far away land; and the blue violet springs on their graves—alas! never to be watered by the tear of affection—never to be tended by the hand of love. But with all his sorrows and his trials—with all the sweet memory of home and happier days—with all a father's sorrow for his martyred boy—and all a mother's tender love for him she has nursed on her lap—whose infant brow has so often been bedewed with her kisses and her tears—the refugee does not murmur. If not gay, he is not sad. His home is his country—his heart is her cause—his prayer is her deliverance—his hope is her future!

Never did poetry or song find a nobler theme than the refugee—this banished man, this exile! in a scene where all the refinements of life clustered around him, in the endearments of family and friends.

Our hearts yearn to thee, noble patriot. We are lifted up in wonder and admiration when we see thy cheerful endurance, thy uncomplaining spirit. We respect, we honor thee. Comfort, wealth, occupation, all have departed, but love of country never will desert thee. The green hills of their country are not more dear to the Tyrolese than thy beloved South to thee. You have sealed your love by the cheerful sacrifice of all material comforts—a broken circle—a desolated home. And you have crowned all these by the gift to your country of the bone of your bone and flesh. Keep up your heart, thou cheerful uncomplaining sufferer. For you again will the green lawns be bright—the orange trees will blossom—the jessamine shall again perfume the air—and though the circle will still want its numbers—the arch of your country's greatness will have been laid in the blood of him you love so well, and the "flower which has faded upon earth will bloom again in Heaven."

And reader, you who are *not* a refugee; you who are in the midst of a happy family surrounded by every comfort of time—every pledge of domestic enjoyment, remember the refugee. Smooth while you can the rough pathway he treads so bravely and so well. You may, like him, become an outcast. Will you bear yourself as he has done? If you have the love of a Southerner for his native land we doubt it not.

The moral we deduce from this effusion, is expressed in a single thought. No people who can suffer so well and so willingly, so uncomplainingly, without repinings or vain regrets, CAN EVER BE CONQUERED BY ANY FORCE THAT A VANDAL FOE CAN BRING AGAINST US.—Columbia Guardian.

SERVED HER RIGHT.—We are informed, says the Charleston Courier, of a recent occurrence that took place in Darlington District, S. C., which is worthy of a more general notoriety than it is likely to obtain from mere neighborhood gossip:

"A lady had stored up a considerable quantity of lard, upwards of a thousand pounds, which she was willing to sell at five dollars per pound, but not one cent less. She had also a smokehouse crammed full of bacon, for which she likewise demanded five dollars per pound, and although she was repeatedly offered $3, $3 50 and even $4, she persisted inexorably in her demand for $5. The impressing officer of the District, being in want of bacon and lard for the army, called on her one day last week, and politely informed her that she must consider her lard and bacon as purchased by the Government, at Government prices—that is, $2 per pound for the bacon, and $1 50 for the lard. In a few hours every pound of the articles in her possession was placed aboard the railroad cars, with instructions, "on to Richmond!" and we have no doubt but they will reach their destination. The difference between the sum received from the Government and what would have been cheerfully paid by her neighbors, will amount to at least $10,000."

We commend this proceeding to the imitation of impressing officers throughout this entire section of the Confederacy, and trust that wherever cases of hoarding up provisions for extortionate prices have been brought to their notice, they will apply the remedy promptly and thoroughly.

☞ An anti-sugar society is contemplated at Rockville, Mass., based on the principle that it is immoral to use the article at thirty cents a pound.

From the Mobile Register.

Seven-Thirty Treasury Notes.

It is remarkable that a people like ours, who, next to the Yankees, are the most money-loving people we read of, are nevertheless exceedingly gullible. They permit the brokers and the bankers to buy and sell them at their will and pleasure, and for their profit. If the green ones want a Confederate Bond, the broker will sell them one at 120; but if the green ones want to sell a bond, the broker buys at 108 to 110; quite obliging and ready to accommodate the public. The same ready commerce is also carried on in gold; and indeed in all classes of securities. But that which just now makes the green stand out ridiculously is the use of 7 30 treasury notes, existing for the most part in the form of $100 bills.

These notes were declared *bonds* by the late currency act of the Confederate Congress, and as such *were not taxed* as currency, while the currency of the Government was taxed 33⅓ per cent. upon its face. The *status* of the treasury notes was thus fixed, and these notes were placed upon a higher and securer basis than any current note or bill of the Government. In addition to this, these notes bear an interest of 7,30'100 per cent per annum, which is a greater income for capital than any planting interest in Alabama in times of peace and commerce. If this *interest* may be taxed, so also property may be taxed *at the same rate*, and current bills may be taxed at a rate six times higher. In any event whatever, these bills are as good as any obligation, note or bond of the Confederate Government, whether coupon 7's, old issue or new issue.

In the teeth of these plain facts, the green ones go to the brokers, and take 80 cents on the dollar for those beautiful 100 bills, and get currency, no better, not near so good, bearing no interest, and which may be taxed next December at the rate of 33⅓ per cent.

The brokers gobble them up most greedily for themselves and their moneyed clients, fully assured that these notes will be worth more than 100 cents in the dollar before midsummer. But why are people so excessively green? Why have they not got one grain of business sense? They do not see an inch before their nose.

Money is scarce and hard to get. Why don't you pay out and receive these bills as money? "Why the banks will not take them on deposit." The banks would gladly do so, if there was a sufficient amount of money in circulation to do business with; and they will probably do so in a few weeks. But have you payments to make in bank? No. Then why not take and give these notes as money one with another, and thus save *one fifth* of your means from going into the hands of the broker? When will people cease to be gulled? The writer has a few of these 7,30 notes, and no broker that ever broke, can get them for less than 100 cents on the dollar, and a reasonable allowance for interest accrued.

LOOKSHARP.

A Sample of Yankee Lies.

In order to illustrate the unexceptionable method by which the Yankee press and leaders gull their people with false fabrications, we publish, the following *canard*, from a late New York paper, every word which we all know to be without the slightest foundation:

INCIDENTS IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

From the Charleston Mercury.

The Yankees, from time to time, throw a shell into the city, and nobody seems to mind it. But misfortune willed that yesterday a shell should throw the entire community into mourning.

Miss Anna Pickens, the daughter of our former Governor, never consented to leave the city. Despite the representation of General Beauregard, she remained, braving shells and Greek fire, tending the wounded, and cheering all with her presence. Among the wounded officers under her ministering care was Mr. Andrew DeRochelle, a descendant of one of the noblest Huguenot families of this city. This young man was full of the liveliest gratitude for his fair nurse; gratitude gave birth to a more tender sentiment; his suit was listened to; Governor Pickens gave his consent, and the marriage was fixed for yesterday, the 23d of April.

Lieut D. Rochelle was on duty at Fort Sumter in the morning, and it was determined that the ceremony should take place at the residence of Gen. Bonham, in the evening at 7 o'clock. At the moment when the Episcopal clergyman was asking the bride if she was ready, a shell fell upon the roof of the building, penetrated to the room where the company were assembled, burst and wounded nine persons, and among the rest Miss Anna Pickens. We cannot describe the scene that followed. Order was at last re-established all were removed, except the bride, who lay motionless upon the carpet. Her betrothed, kneeling and bending over her, was weeping bitterly and trying to staunch the blood that welled from a terrible wound under the left breast. A surgeon came and declared that Miss Pickens had not longer than two hours to live. We will paint the general despair.

When the wounded girl recovered her consciousness, she asked to know her fate, and when they hesitated to tell her—"Andraw," she said, "I beg you to tell me the truth. If I must die, I can die worthy of you." The young soldier's tears were his answer, and Miss Anna, summoning her strength, attempted to smile. Nothing could be more heart rendering than to see the agony of this brave girl struggling in the embrace of death and against a terrible mortal pang. Governor Pickens, whose courage is known, was almost without consciousness, and Mrs. Pickens looked upon her child with the dry and haggard eye of one whose reason totters. Lieutenant DeRochelle was the first to speak. "Anna," he cried, "I will die soon, too, but I would have you die my wife. There is yet time to unite us." The young girl did not reply; she was too weak. A slight flush rose for an instant to her pale cheek. It could be seen that joy and pain were struggling in her spirit for the mastery. Lying upon a sofa, her bridal dress all stained with blood, her hair disheveled, she had never been more beautiful.

Helpless as she was, Lieutenant De Rochelle took her hand and requested the Rev. Mr. Dickinson to proceed with the ceremony. When it was time for the dying girl to say yes, her lips parted several times, but she could not articulate. At last the word was spoken, and a slight foam rested upon her lips. The dying agony was near. The minister sobbed as he proceeded with the ceremony. An hour afterward all was over, and the bridal chamber was one of death. Lieut. De Rochelle has sworn to perish in battle against the Yankees, and we are sure that he will keep his oath. He has now a double motive to hate them and his own existence.

Our entire community share the grief that afflicts the family of Governor Pickens. The obsequies of Miss Anna will occur to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock. Governor Pickens and Lieutenant De Rochelle will be chief mourners. Our ex Governor desires that there shall be no military parade. The funeral cortege will be composed of all our ladies, all our magistrates, all our generals, and the wounded soldiers, many of whom owe their lives to the devotion of the deceased. Never has woman been followed to the grave by so many regrets—never has one left sadder remembrances in the hearts of Charlestonians.

☞ The London *Times* considers affairs in Virginia very unfavorable to the Federals, and anticipates Grant's failure.

Latest from Petersburg.

From the Petersburg Express, 20th inst.

All indications from the front point to a great battle, which cannot be delayed much longer. That it will be one of the most important and probably decisive battles of the war, may be readily imagined, since Grant is fighting now for what he considers the key to Richmond, and our noble army for its very existence and the safety of the public. The lines of both armies now confronting each other almost within full view of this devoted city have been contracted, and are so closely drawn to each other that the slightest movement may bring on a general engagement.

Early yesterday morning, it was apparent that Grant was massing his troops on our left, and this appearance later in the day gave place to certainty. He intends to hurl his strength against that portion of our lines, and by force of overwhelming numbers break through and overpower our troops. He has tried this experiment in Spotsylvania, at Cold Harbor and elsewhere, to his cost, and he may be as signally repulsed here. He has no room to manoeuvre his vast army—all of which, it is believed, is now in front of Petersburg—and must fight at once or retire. That he will fight, his movements yesterday leave no room to doubt.

The enemy's forces who lately occupied the Bermuda Hundred Peninsula, or have recently landed there, have been transferred to the South side of the Appomattox. This was done on Saturday night and yesterday morning, and with his army complete, Grant now confidently confronts us. Another day may tell the tale of this monstrous expedition. May God aid and defend the righteous cause.

Of course, there is some excitement and feeling in the city. Entire calmness and indifference could not be expected when such mighty hosts are marshalled so near us, and when such mighty issues are at stake. But there is a feeling pervading the community so strongly confident in our success that Grant, with all his mighty army at our gates, cannot quell it.

The enemy made several fierce and determined assaults on our lines, at points extending from our right to our left, on Saturday, all of which were handsomely and signally repulsed. In each instance, his forces were advanced against our breastworks in columns of from four to six deep, but were met with such steadiness and severity of fire from our batteries and infantry, that before reaching the goal of their ambition, they were compelled to fly precipitately and in great confusion. Time and again their charge was repeated, and with like success. From all sources, our information is that the enemy's loss in these assaults was very severe. They advanced across fields—some of them several hundred yards in width—in which they were fully exposed to the play of our artillery, which was beautifully and most accurately served, and to the fire of our infantry, which is now rendered ever sure. We state it from officers and men in the fight, and from witnesses of the battle-field—and we may almost say officially—that the Yankee loss was very heavy. The bodies of their slain strew the fields from side to side, and the nearer our breastworks the assaulting columns came, the thicker the bodies lie. Within the last few days, the army of Gen. Grant has been depleted by many thousands; how many, nobody but himself and his secretive Government will ever know. On the contrary, our losses have been extremely light. It is the remark of both officers and men, that so little loss of life and so few wounded were never before known in such a series of engagements. Our hospitals testify abundantly to the truth of this assertion. An overruling Providence seems to smile upon our army and protect it from harm.

Operations yesterday were confined mainly to heavy skirmishing, picket firing and sharp shooting. As on Saturday, the enemy attempted once or twice to force our lines on Taylor's farm, but met with a harsh repulse. Taylor's farm was the scene of the most active hostilities both on yesterday and Saturday, and is the resting place of hundreds of the Northmen. It is situated on the Baxter Road, near the right of our lines.

From the Petersburg Express 21st inst.

Contrary to public expectation, there was not a general engagement yesterday between the two great armies now massed near the corporate limits of Petersburg. From certain movements of the enemy, which were unmistakably apparent on Sunday, every body with whom we conversed, fully expected the ball to open at an early hour yesterday. It was thought, too, that the chief efforts of the foe would be directed against our left, as in that direction he was observed actively moving on Sunday. But as an evidence of the uncertainty of military operations, all was unusually quiet up to half-past six o'clock last evening, on that part of the enemy's lines. It may be that the enemy contemplates an assault here, and as it is very near the river, and would give him control of that important stream, we should not be surprised at any moment to hear that Grant had made one of his characteristic assaults in the vicinity of Jordan's Farm; but of course he is under the eye of watchful leaders, and strike where he will, an opposition will be offered, that will test the metal and endurance of his hordes to their fullest capacity.

On other portions of the lines there was heavy skirmishing yesterday, but nothing more. The enemy have learned a lesson, during the past four days, which has not been without its salutary effects. He approaches now with great caution, and the least show of determined opposition on our part, generally causes him to desist. This was especially the case yesterday.

There was considerable artillery practice yesterday, as must always be the case where two armies of such magnitude confront each other. The damage inflicted, if any, we could not ascertain.

The inhuman, uncivilized and anti-Christian practice of the barbarous foe, was continued yesterday without abatement. All the day long, at intervals of every five minutes, his shells were thrown into the city. Fortunately, the ingenious foe have discovered no plan or method of deadening or destroying the sound, when they hurl their deadly missiles into our midst, and every report which falls upon the ear, puts all persons in exposed situations on the watch. Their whizzing sound and rapid flight through the air, are easily heard and seen, and hence we are glad to know that the damage inflicted yesterday amounted to comparatively nothing. We heard of a little bricks and mortar being displaced, the pavements torn up in two or three streets, and in one instance a large store door on Sycamore street was unhinged. But we heard of no injury to life or limb yesterday, and the enemy probably threw an aggregate of 150 or more shells into the city's limits.

It is quite evident from a speech delivered by Lincoln in Philadelphia, on Thursday last that his ticklers, Grant and Stanton, have impressed upon his obtuse brain the ridiculous idea that the army of the Potomac now occupies a position, from which it cannot be driven by Gen. Lee. Never, however, did Lincoln labor under, a more fallacious idea. Of all the positions the army of the Potomac has occupied, and they have been numerous, no one has been more precarious than the present. In due time Old Abe will learn to his sorrow, that our opinion on this matter is correct, and that of his "greatest of all living generals" wrong.

An ordinarily intelligent Teuton, who fell into our hands Saturday night, gave the brave Confederate who captured him a statement of Grant's forces, which is believed to be in the main correct. He says Grant's army now on the South side of James River, is composed of the Second, Fifth, Ninth, Tenth, Eighteenth and Twentieth Corps. The second, commanded by Hancock; the Fifth by Warren, and the Ninth by Burnside, are all operating immediately around Petersburg. The Eighteenth commanded by Baldy Smith, is at and near Bermuda Hundreds. The Tenth and Twentieth, have no regular commanders, and are held near City Point as a reserve. All these army corps have been fearfully reduced since the commencement of the present campaign, and many of the regiments composing them, do not now muster 200 men.

The prisoner who furnishes the information, says he was enlisted in Germany two and a half years ago, and for the sole purpose of fighting in the Yankee army. He is highly pleased at the idea of being taken prisoner.

Last evening, about seven o'clock, the enemy was observed to double his pickets on our extreme left—a generally sure indication of an attack on his part. Up to one o'clock this morning, no engagement had occurred, but there was much picket firing going on.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.—Erysipelas, a disease often coming without premonition, and ending fatally in three or four days, is sometimes promptly cured by applying a poultice of raw cranberries, pounded, to the part over night.

Insect bites, and even those of a rattlesnake, have passed harmless, by stirring enough of common salt in the yolk of a good egg to make it sufficiently stiff for a plaster, to be kept on the bitten part.

Costive bowels have an agreeable remedy in the free use of tomatoes at meals—their seed acting the same way as the seed of white mustard or figs, by stimulating the coats of the bowels, over which they pass in their whole state, to increased action. A remedy of equal efficiency, in the same direction, is cracked wheat—that is, common white wheat grains broken into two or three pieces, and then boiled until it is as soft as rice, and then eaten mainly at two meals of the day, with butter or molasses.

Common sweet cider, boiled down to one-half, makes a most excellent syrup for coughs and colds for children, is pleasant to the taste, and will keep throughout the year in a cold cellar.

In recovering from an illness, the system has a craving for some pleasant acid drink. This is found in cider which is placed on the fire as soon as made, and allowed to come to a boil, then cooled, put in casks, and kept in a cool cellar. Treated thus, it remains for many months as good as the day it was made.

We once saved the life of an infant that had been inadverently drugged with laudanum, and was fast sinking into the sleep which knows no waking, by giving it strong coffee, cleared with the white of an egg, a teaspoonful every five minutes, until it ceased to seem drowsy.—Hall's Journal of Health.

AFFECTING SCENE.

One of the most affecting scenes that has occured during this war was witnessed at Chester, Virginia, on Saturday last.

At the commencement of this war Larken Estes and his son, James Jackson Estes, aged respectively sixty-five and twenty-six years, two highly respectable citizens of Anderson District, South Carolina, were residing in that place and prosperous in business. When the tocsin of war was sounded they nobly volunteered in company D, 18th regiment of South Carolina volunteers, and were soon on their way to the theatre of war, in Virginia, to meet the ruthless invaders of our soil. They passed through all the battles fought in Virginia. On Friday last, in the battle near Chester, Virginia, their regiment was engaged, when the son, James Jackson Estes, was shot down while in the act of charging the enemy's breastworks. His father seeing him fall, went to assist him from the field, when he himself was also severely wounded. The father and son were then both taken up and carried to Chester and laid side by side in the hotel. The father being able to set up, sat by the side of his son, doing all he could to relieve his sufferings, and on the next, morning that son, lying prostrate from the wound he had received, died in the sight and by the side of his wounded father. The old, grey-haired patriot, bowed down with grief, and suffering from the wound he had received, talked freely of the hardship that he and his son had shared together for three long years, and expressed the hope that his son, who had fallen while nobly discharging his duty to his country, had gone to a better world.

The old man then expressed a strong hope that his own wound might not prove fatal; that he might be spared to return to his regiment to avenge the death of his son and assist in driving the invaders from the South, which then might enjoy once more liberty and independence, and be forever freed from the Northern vandals.

The deceased leaves a devoted wife in South Carolina to mourn his early death. His body was taken charge of by some citizens of Richmond, who were there in attendance upon the wounded, and decently interred. This is another instance of the determination of the people of the South to be forever free from the Yankee race.—Richmond Examiner.

A BAD CHARACTER.—We always were aware of the importance of preserving a good reputation for truth and honesty, but we have met with nothing lately so well calculated to impress the disadvantages of having a bad character upon the mind, as the following ancedote:

A mortal fever prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw the bodies over board. One day when the Captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the forecastle a sick man who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive.

"What are you going to do with that man you black rascal?" asked the Captain.

"Going to throw him overboard, massa, cause he dead!"

"Dead! you scoundrel," said the Captain, "don't you see he moves and speaks?"

"Yes, massa, I know he says he no dead, but he always lie so, nobody never know when to believe him!"

WOULD'NT TAKE THE OATH.—The Greensboro' (Miss.) Motive is informed that sometime since a man took two bales of cotton and went into Memphis to buy goods, etc. He got a pass from the commander of the post, and went and bought such articles as he desired. Upon coming out, while singing very merrily and cutting and beating his team, he was halted. The commander said, "Hell, my friend, there is one thing you failed to do, and that is to take the oath of allegiance." Holding up a book the commander said, "Let me read it to you." He reads it in the real Yankee style, very fast. "Read it again," said the old man. He read again as fast as ever. The old man gives a long breath, put his hands to his ears and said, "Hold on, stranger, read slow, I can't understand that fast Yankee reading." The commander reads again and emphasises on every word. When he finished, the old man drew another long breath and said, "Well, sir, I'll boil hell down to a quart and drink it before I'll take that oath," and commenced turning his cart around to unload, when the Yankees told him he could pass.

The Winchester Bulletin understands that Major Gen. Lovell is to take charge of Canty's division in front, under Gen. Johnston.

Heroism of Lee.

A correspondent of the Richmond Sentinel gives the following animated sketch of the great battle of the 12th, in which Gen. Lee threw himself at the head of his troops, and proposed to lead the immortal charge of Gordon and Pegram:

The 12th of May, 1864, will be ever memorable and ever remembered, as the day of one of the most bloody and obstinate struggles which have ever marked the annals of war, or added fresh horrors to this most cruel contest.

Before daylight we were moved up to the support of Hayes' and Stafford's brigades in the works and scarcely had the grey tinge of morning began to dispel the darkness of a damp and drizzly night, when, after the three cheers which we knew to be the precursor of a charge, and a brief scattering fire on our right, we were astonished and mortified to see the troops in that direction pouring out of the works in the woods, showing that the enemy had there broken a passage. The enemy poured their concentrated masses through the gap, and moving on the flank with great celerity, were swiftly driving all before them in panic and confusion.

Instantly Pegram's and Gordon's brigades were formed a few hundred yards to the rear of, and at right angels to, the line of works. All saw that a crisis was upon us. If we failed the consequences would be disastrous in the extreme.

In this exigency, Gen. Lee rode forward in front of our line, his position at the time being opposite to the colors of the 49th regiment, of Pegram's brigade, and only a few yards from where your correspondent stood. Not a word did he say, but he simply took off his hat, and as he sat on his charger, I never saw a man look so noble, or a spectacle so impressive.

At this interesting moment, our gallant Gordon, spurring his foaming charger to the front, seizing the reins of Gen. Lee's horse, and turning him around, said, "General, these are Virginians! These men have never failed! They never will! Will you, boys?" Loud cries of "No!" "no!" "Gen. Lee to the rear!" "Go back!" "Go back!" "General Lee to the rear!" burst from along the lines; and as one led the General's horse to to the rear, Gen. Gordon gave the command, "Forward, charge!" And with a shout and yell the brigade dashed on, through bog and swamp, and briers and undergrowth to the breastworks.

The enemy, struck with dismay, start to flee, but we are upon them like a storm, and their first line of battle withers before our impetuous onset and the cool markmanship of our men. "Hurrah! the works are ours!" But we stop not. Some of the enemy, more obstinate than the rest show fight with bayonets, but it is soon over; and dashing over the first line we pursue to the second. Here we encounter another line of battle, but our onset is not stayed. They stand their ground until our scattered and still advancing line gets within ten steps, and then, without having fired, turn to run. Few, however, escape, and ordering those who remain to surrender and go to the rear, a portion of the brigade—the 31st and 39th Virginia regiments—dash on and form our line more than one hundred yards in advance of our outside entrenchments.

The fight there is hot, but we wish to give the rest of our men time to form in the works behind us, ere falling back. So we lie down; and for two hours repel every attempt to move us, although exposed to both front and flank fire. Seeing a strong line moving on our right flank, and our men having established themselves in the works, we fell back to the outside lines, and there remained until night, repulsing every attempt to charge us out.

The Needle and the Bayonet.

It is not all of war to fight. The bayonet and its kindred weapons are not the only ones by which battles may be won and a nation saved. Undoubtedly it is one of the essential, indispensable instrumentalities for the achievement of triumphs, but for its efficiency it is dependent upon agencies. In remarking upon the "Needle and the Bayonet," the Petersburg Express pays the patriotic ladies of the South the annexed compliment:

We have a few words to say about the services which have been rendered by the noble army of Southern women, who have, since the commencement of hostilities, contributed by their patriotic and indefatigable labors to the work of clothing our troops. Never was a country in its hour of trouble and peril, more indebted to the energies of its daughters than ours has been, in this dark and terrible struggle. Never did female industry and self sacrifices merit higher admiration and appreciation than in the present case. The needle in their hands has been incessantly employed in promoting in its way the bodily comfort of the soldier—and without this devotion of theirs to our sacred cause, what would have been the condition of our army? * * * * * * * * * * *

How many bayonets would have been useless but for the needles? To the ladies of the South, then do the Government and army owe a debt of gratitude that can never be forgotten. It is only to express briefly and imperfectly our sense of the inestimable value of their contributions to the cause of Southern independence in the assistance they have rendered to our arms, that we write this article. In the history of the war none of its pages will be brighter than those which record their services, and their brows will be wreathed with laurels as green and unfading as any which will be entwined around the heads of those who mingle in the bloody scenes of the battle-field. All praise and honor will be theirs for ages to come, and generations yet to be born will bless their memories.

DEATH OF L. M. KEITT.—The gifted children of the South are falling fast—yielding their lives in the cause of freedom. Scarcely does the wail of anguish over one die away before the death of another is heralded. On Wednesday last, Col. Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina, fell at the head of his regiment in Virginia.

He did not commence the battle of independence with the war—for many years previous, from his place in the House of Representatives at Washington, he manfully and eloquently defended the honor, the integrity and the rights of his native land. And when the hour of separation came—when the day arrived when there was nothing left for brave and true men to do but lend their influence and counsel to a severation of all political ties that bound the two sections together, Col. Keitt was prompt in action and decisive in deed.

His noble spirit has gone back to the God who gave it. His memory still lives. "The brave," said Festus, "die not. Being deathless, they but change their country's heart. Give thou the dead their due; it's they who save us."—Macon Confederate.

☞ Father O'Leary and Curran were cracking their jests at a dinner party one evening, as was their wont, when the celebrated advocate turned abruptly to the good father, saying:

"I wish, O'Leary, that you had the keys of Heaven."

"Why, Curran?" asked the divine.

"Because you would then let me in," said the facetious counsellor.

"It would be better for you Curran," said Father O'Leary, "that I had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."

Candidates for the Legislature.

MAJ. JOHN E. BACON.
DR. A. W. YOUNGBLOOD.
W. W. ADAMS, Esq.
F. A. TOWNSEND, Esq.
DR. H. R. COOK.
GEN. R. G. M. DUNOVANT,
MAJ. A. J. HAMMOND,
COL. JOHN HUIET,
CAPT LEWIS JONES,
DR. W. D. JENNINGS,
REV. A. W. LINDLER,
J. P. MICKLER, Esq.
GEO. D. TILLMAN, Esq.

CANDIDATES.

For Tax Collector.

W. H. HOLLOWAY,
BENJ. ROPER,
STARLING TURNER,
CHARLES CARTER.
BERRY HORNE,

Enrolling Office,

EDGEFIELD DISTRICT,
June 20th, 1864.

I. ALL persons in this District, who have been heretofore exempted by the payment, to the Government, of Five hundred ($500) dollars, are hereby ordered to report at this Office for the renewal of the said exemption.

II. All persons, who were exempted in the manner mentioned above, and who have never reported at this Office, and given up their old certificates of exemption, are hereby notified that they are still subject to arrest as persons evading conscription. Their old certificates have been revoked, and nothing but a renewal of the same will protect them. Their names have been erased from the books of this Office as exempted men, and they will now have to report in person and have the same re-entered.

III. All non-commissioned Officers and soldiers in this District, in connection with this Office, are hereby ordered to arrest, wherever found, and bring to this Office, all such persons as are mentioned in the 2d Paragraph of this order.

F. J. MOSES, Jr.,
Lieut. & Enrolling Officer.

June 21 2t 26

IMPORTANT WOOL NOTICE.

ATLANTA, GA., MAY 11TH 1864.

YOU are hereby appointed Agent for the collecting of Wool for the use of C. S. Army in District "I," comprising the Counties of Richmond, Columbia, Glasscock, Talliaferro, Warren, Wilkes, Lincoln and Elbert, in the State of Georgia, and the Districts of Edgefield, Barnwell, Abbeville, Orangeburg, Laurence and Newberry, South Carolina.

Yours &c.,
G. W. CUNNINGHAM,
Major & Q. M.

To L. O BRIDEWELL,
Major & Q. M., Augusta, Ga.

In accordance with the above, I call upon the Citizens, in the Counties and Districts named, to sell all surplus Wool to the Government. The necessity is great; and as the Soldiers who are defending your homes can only be clothed by selling us your Wool, I trust all patriotic and loyal men will be willing to assist. My Agents will traverse the whole District. Parties living at convenient distances to Augusta, can send their Wool to me. Sacks will be returned. Wool will be received at any Rail Road Depot or Station in the District.

The Government offers the following liberal prices:

For 1 lb. Unwashed good Wool (cash).....$7.00
or for 1 lb. Unwashed good Wool, 2½ yards 4-4 Shirtings; or 3 y. ⅞ Sheetings; or 2½ y. 8 oz. Osnaburgs; or 1½ lbs. No. 6 Cotton Yarn; 1½ lbs. No. 8 Cotton Yarn; or 1 lb. No. 10 Cotton Yarn; or ¾ lb. No. 12 Cotton Yarn.

Permission has been asked, and will be granted, to impress all Wool in the hands of speculators—but this is disagreeable, and it is hoped these prices will induce the farmer to sell at once to the Government, for the benefit of the soldiers. Correspondence desired with wool men in all parts of the District. Any person having a detail, selling his wool to any other than an Agent of the S. C., will forfeit his detail.

L. O. BRIDEWELL,
Major & Q. M.

Mr. B. J. YOUNGBLOOD, at Edgefield C. H., is hereby appointed Agent for Edgefield District.

June 8 tf 24

Notice.

APPLICATION will be made at the next sitting of the Legislature of South Carolina to increase the rate of Toll at the Sand Bar Ferry on the Savannah River, near the city of Augusta.

E. R. WHATLEY, Proprietor.

May 31 tf 23

Strayed.

STRAYED on or about the 5th inst., from my residence, one mile East of Gilgal Church, a BAY MARE, with one or more white feet. No other marks remembered. Aged three years. All information concerning said mare thankfully received, and a suitable reward will be paid.

LEWIS REYNOLDS.

Pleasant Lane, May 24 tf 22

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of Wm. Toney, dec'd, will pay the same without delay, and those having claims against said Estate are notified to render them in properly attested, to Dr. J. B. Courtney, Agent for the Administrator, forthwith, as we desire to close up the Estate as soon as possible.

GEO. J. TONEY, Ad'or.

Nov. 25 1y 47

Burial Cases!

I keep constantly on hand a full stock of Walnut and Mahogany COFFINS, which, from and after this date, will be sold for CASH, and at prices as reasonable as the times will admit of.

The use of the HEARSE will be charged for according to the same ratio.

JOHN M. WITT.

Edgefield, S. C., Oct 19, 1863. tf 42

Estate Notice.

ALL persons in anywise indebted to the Estate of E. M. Penn, dec'd, are earnestly requested to come forward and settle up without delay. Those having claims against said Estate will render them in, properly attested, at an early date.

G. L. PENN, Adm'or.

Aug 4 tf 31

Estate Notice.

PERSONS having claims against the Estate of Dr. E. Bland, dec'd., are requested to present the same forthwith to Mr. James M. Harrison, who is my authorized Agent in settling up the business of the Estate.

R. E. BLAND, Adm'x.

Nov 4 tf 44

Strayed

FROM my plantation in Scriven County, Ga., on the 8th inst., a Black Horse MULE, trim made, two years old. When last heard from said Mule was near the Pine House, making his way to Saluda. A liberal reward will be given for information as to where said Mule may be found. Address Maj. Wm. Strother, Coleman's X Roads, Edgefield District, or the Subscriber at Ogeeche P. O., Scriven County, Ga.

WM. COLEMAN.

June 21 3t 26

Strayed or Stolen.

STRAYED about four weeks ago, from my residence one mile from Meeting Street P. O. a DARK MARE MULE, with a black stripe on its back, and its knees and ancles, aged two years last April. It had on a yoke when it left. Any information concerning said mule thankfully received, and a suitable reward will be paid for the recovery of said mule.

LUCINDA OUZTS.

June 21 tf 26

Rags Wanted.

CLEAN COTTON AND LINEN RAGS can be sold for cash at the *Advertiser* office.

Aug. 27 tf 34