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## Original Poetry.

### DEJECTION.

The day is sad and lonely,  
Its brightest scenes are drear,  
The sunbeams glimmer only  
With faint and cheerless glare;  
Not morning's gleams of gladness,  
Nor evening's gentler ray,  
Can burst the clouds of sadness  
That linger o'er my way.  
The shadows gather round me,  
Like darkness o'er the plains,  
Dejection sore hath bound me  
With cold and icy chains;  
And hope seems like a vision,  
Enrobed in beaming light,  
That mingles with gay derision  
The mock's unbroken night.  
My joys are veiled in sorrow,  
My sky's o'ercast by grief,  
The promise of the morrow  
Is barren of relief—  
Alas! the songs of pleasure,  
That laugh'd at woe and blight,  
Beat now in solemn measure  
The knell of sad delight.  
Thus life grows very weary,  
Thus earth seems dark and cold,  
And waves of sorrow dreary  
Around me sadly roll,  
When o'er my pathway lonely,  
Dejection darkly throes  
Its gloomy shadows only,  
Its presence full of woes!  
Pomroy, Jan. 15th, 1862. W.

## Selected Miscellany.

From the Leisure Hour.

### SHAH ABAS THE GREAT.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE SEVENTH KING OF PERSIA.

As Shah Abbas the Great was one day hunting in the mountains, and had accidentally got somewhat separated from his attendants, he came suddenly on a boy, who, while herding his goats, was playing very sweetly on a small flute. The Shah addressed him, and the boy, who had no suspicion of the hunter's rank, answered not only with perfect frankness, but great intelligence. Very soon, however, Iman Kuli, the then Khan or Governor of Shiraz, appeared in the distance, and the Shah hastily gave him a sign as he approached which imposed silence on him when he joined his royal master, who continued his conversation with the boy, receiving to all his interrogations replies so replete with good sense and propriety, as set both listeners in no small wonderment.

After leaving the young goatherd, the King asked the Governor what he thought of the little rustic; and the Khan, who was a man of much penetration, replied that he thought, if the boy were taught to read and write, he was likely to make a most useful servant for his Majesty.

Shah Abbas gave in to the proposal at once, and settled the matter by committing the future training of the young herdsman to the Khan himself, who forthwith (having without difficulty obtained possession of the boy's person) took the matter in hand, and that with such happy success that the Khan was able, in a few years, to employ his protegee in various subordinate offices within his province, and having thus tested his ability, felt safe in recommending him to his sovereign for higher employment.

The Shah, delighted with the metamorphosis of a herd-boy into an able official, more especially as he could take to himself the credit of having first suspected the value of the uncut diamond, called him to court, and soon felt such confidence in him as to bestow on him the flattering appointment of Nazir, or Master of the Household, installing him at the same time among the dignitaries of the kingdom, under the name of Mohammed Ali Bey.

The new Nazir was neither puffed up by the suddenness of his good fortune, nor blinded by the greatness of his elevation, but conducted himself with such watchful zeal and incorruptible fidelity in his master's service, as to gain his fullest confidence; as the highest proof of which, the King sent him, on two several and very critical occasions, as ambassador to the Great Mogul, and each time had the utmost reason to be satisfied, not only with the faithfulness, but with the prudence of his behavior.

But the court of Persia was not then, and probably is not now, more free than other courts from the baneful influence of that envious rancor which watches for any opening into which the wedge of calumny can be thrust, in order to accelerate the downfall of a royal favorite; and the very conscientiousness with which the Nazir devoted himself to the duties of his office, and the exactitude and economy with which he

regulated and stewarded the estates and revenues committed to his management, created him enemies among the most influential persons of the court, more particularly the eunuchs, and, worst of all, the ladies of the harem, whose extravagant wishes and boundless expenditure he unhesitatingly opposed, and, as far as he could, remorselessly restrained.

With this self-interestedly hostile party several ministers and nobles of the kingdom associated themselves, for political purposes, and strove, all in vain, to their bitter disappointment, to injure the honorable and justly honored man in the opinion of Abbas the Great.

But what they failed to accomplish with that wise and experienced monarch, they anticipated attaining, with less difficulty, from his thoughtless and in every respect inferior successor, his grandson, Mirza Shah Isafi. Yet, with even him they seemed, for a time, to have reckoned without their host; for although one after another threw in a disparaging word against the Nazir, and insidiously tried to infuse suspicions of his rectitude into the mind of the young monarch, he made as though he heard them not, till all at once there occurred what seemed to the cabal the long-wished-for favorable opportunity for effecting the obnoxious one's overthrow, and they availed themselves of it on the instant.

The King was one day amusing himself with the examination of his collection of costly sabers and daggers of various shapes, the hilts of which were all, more or less, richly set with jewels of great value, when one of his chamberlains asked, as if on the spur of the moment, if his Majesty would not cause to be fetched from his royal treasury that specially costly and indeed unique saber which had been given to his illustrious grandfather, Shah Abbas, by the Grand Sultan, and which, being closely studded with jewels of priceless worth, was reported not to have its equal upon earth, and was in consequence always deposited for safety within the locked recesses of the royal treasure-house.

The Shah's curiosity being strongly excited by this glowing description, (and the more so, because he did not remember to have ever seen this renowned saber, even on occasions when his grandfather's jeweled pomp was wont to be displayed before eyes of strangers,) dispatched a messenger instantly to the Nazir, (who, be it remembered, was also keeper of the crown jewels,) to desire the Sultan's splendid gift might forthwith be sent to him. The Nazir, although he at once declared he had never seen such a saber, commenced an immediate search through all the various repositories of the treasure-house, but without success; and the Shah's messenger returned with this unsatisfactory answer.

The wily chamberlain, after expressing great surprise and disappointment, suggested that the book in which all foreign presents were registered might throw some light on the matter. The Shah commanded it to be brought, and sure enough there stood a full description of the jeweled saber, duly registered on being deposited in the royal treasury.

Now the facts of the case fully explanatory of the apparent mystery, and which were perfectly well known to several of the calumniators, though not to the young chamberlain, whom they put forward on the occasion, were in full accordance with the Nazir's declaration that he had never seen the saber nor sought for. He never could have seen it, inasmuch as, before his appointment to the office of Nazir, Shah Abbas had caused all the precious stones, as well as the hilt of massive gold, to be removed from the Sultan's gift, and formed into a jewel of his own device, which, from its high worth and rare beauty, constituted in fact the greatest ornament of the present jewel-chamber. But unfortunately, at the time when this alteration was made, it had been neglected to be noted in the registry, in which the jeweled saber still figured, as before its spoliation; and this fact, too, was well known to more than one of the plotters, and formed in their minds full security against detection.

The malicious envious were therefore now at the summit of their wishes; and when the Shah, whose curiosity they had purposely excited to the highest pitch, naturally felt not only disappointment but displeasure at the Nazir's declaration that he had never seen the saber, contradicted as that was in distinct terms by the registry he himself ought to have examined when he entered on office, a wide door was opened for all imaginable insinuations and accusations against the apparently falling favorite. They accordingly hastened to inform their lord that the whole country had long been amazed by the immense expenditure in which the Nazir indulged. He had, they said, erected caravansaries for the reception of pilgrims, at his own cost; he had built bridges and dykes for the improvement and security of the public roads; and, lastly, had erected for himself so magnificent a house, or rather palace, that it were worth even his Majesty's while to look through it; and whence, asked they then, could any private individual procure means adequate to all these great undertakings, unless by helping himself from the royal treasury? It was therefore, they concluded, felt by them all as their bounden duty to counsel his Majesty to call the Nazir to a strict account; and if he could prove his innocence, who would be so happy as they?

In the midst of these calumnious tirades, a messenger arrived from the Nazir, soliciting an audience. It was granted; but how different was the reception which Mohammed Bey met from the King, to any he had

ever before experienced in that court! With impatient gesture and wrathful tone, the monarch called on the Nazir to "see to it that the missing saber was forthcoming; and added, which he intended as an alarming threat, that fifteen days would be granted him to arrange his accounts, after the lapse of which time the King himself would institute a search through every nook of the treasure-house, and compare its contents, article by article, with the registry he now held in his hand.

The Nazir, whose conscience spoke him free of ever having wronged his royal master to the value of a farthing, listened to those angry words with perfect composure, and then said in a calmly respectful tone, "I have but one boon to implore from your gracious Majesty, and that is, that the examination of the treasury and its comparison with the registry may not be delayed for fifteen days, but take place to-morrow morning."

The Shah was startled, and a feeling of pity for an old servant impelled him to counsel the Nazir to bethink himself well before he rejected the time offered for the due arrangement of his charge. Mohammed Bey, however, remained firm in his request for an immediate examination, and in accordance therewith, it began on the following morning.

Everything was found in the most perfect order, and article after article produced, as they stood on the register; not a title was wanting, save the jeweled saber. But, on the other hand, there was found in the treasury a most remarkable ornament, compounded of the purest gold, and blazing with the largest and rarest jewels, of which no mention whatever could be found in the registry; furthermore, a richly damascened blade, with a plain, unpretending, soldier-like hilt; of this, too, no note was taken in the register.

The richly jeweled ornament naturally fixed the admiring attention of the Shah; and as no one present confessed to any knowledge of its history, the court goldsmith was summoned to the royal presence, and he deposed to having been employed by his late Majesty Shah Abbas, to remove the jewels and golden hilt from the sultan's present, and to form them into this ornament, of which the Shah himself gave him the drawing; the damascened blade, however, he had been desired to furnish with a plain visor hilt, as the Shah valued the blade more than the setting. It was the saber he now saw on the table.

The calumniators changed color, but kept silence, thankful that no human testimony could be borne to their knowledge of the fact now disclosed. Silently, too, did the Shah lay down the registry and withdraw from the treasure-chamber, in order to pay the visit to the Nazir's house, which he had announced would take place immediately after the treasury scrutiny, not without anticipated confirmation there of all the peculations he had been led to expect in the treasury.

The King and his suite entered the Nazir's dwelling; according to oriental custom, the exalted guest must receive a present from his host. That presented by the Nazir was small in value, yet "as costly," he remarked, on handing it to the monarch, "as a poor private man could afford;" and poor indeed, compared with its tasteful and elegant architecture, were the internal decorations of that so much vaunted mansion. No costly carpets; no rich hangings; no divans covered with gold-embroidered brocades, such as were wont to adorn the houses of nobles similar in rank, were there to be found. All was clean, comfortable, well kept, and in perfectly good taste, but all as simple as might be looked for in the houses of citizens of the middle class. Instead of chandeliers of rich Venetian glass, or of rock crystal, nothing but cheap Persian lamps; and in place of cups and bowls of gold, silver, or Japanese porcelain, their humble representatives in brass, copper, or common pottery, alone met the eye.

In his progress through the various halls and chambers, the Shah had traversed a corridor, on one side of which was a door secured by three iron chains; and although, on his first passing along this corridor, the Shah had given no heed to this carefully-barricaded entrance, yet, on his return, one of his attendants was on the alert to draw the monarch's attention to it. And, with reawakened, probably suspicious, curiosity, the Shah asked Mohammed Bey what was therein guarded with such peculiar care.

"High and mighty King," replied the Nazir, "all that your Majesty hath hitherto beheld, whether in the treasure-chamber, or within these walls, is not mine, but merely possessions committed to my stewardship, by the favor of my sovereign; but that which is hoarded up in this small carefully-secured chamber is truly my own, and I confide in your Majesty's justice and rectitude that it will never be wrested from me."

The Shah's curiosity, still more highly stimulated by this mysterious speech, impelled him to express an ardent desire to see the treasures of his treasury, and by Mohammed Bey's command the chains were loosed and the chamber thrown open. The Shah eagerly entered a room, in which neither carpet, divan, nor furniture of any kind was to be seen. Into the naked white-washed wall some iron nails had been driven, and across two of these rude supporters was slung a shepherd's crook; from another hung a wallet, from another a flute; while from two others depended the leathern water-flask and the coarse habiliments of a mountain goatherd. "All these," exclaimed the Nazir, "were my own honestly and hard-earned possessions, when Shah Abbas the

Great, your Majesty's illustrious predecessor, found me with my goats. The great Abbas left me in quiet possession of my own, and I cherish the conviction that his potent grandson will not deprive me of them. But I have yet another boon to crave of my gracious king and master, and that is, the permission to lay aside this heavy robe of Nazir, and to resume my light herdsman's garb, to hang my wallet and leathern flask over my shoulders, and, grasping staff and flute, set out once more for my unenvied, unmolested, and still dearly-loved mountains."

The youthful monarch, deeply moved by all these incontestable proofs of the rectitude of his so hardly used and malignantly aspersed servant, drew off, without uttering a word, his own royal robe, and motioned one of his nobles to invest the Nazir with it, that being the highest honor which a Persian monarch can bestow.

The calumniators of such severely tested and sterling worth were justly visited by the well-merited wrath and abiding disfavor of the King; while Mohammed Bey, who showed himself invariably as the protector of the injured and the oppressed, remained to his dying hour in full possession of all his dignities and honors, the confidence of his prince, and the love of his fellow-citizens.

### Edmond About on Prince Albert's Death.

The brilliant French writer, M. Edmond About, is at present a contributor to the *feuilleton of the Constitutionnel*. The following passage is from an article in that journal, which bears his signature:

"Have you remarked that phase in the official publication of the English Government after the death of Prince Albert—'It is expected that all persons will assume a decent mourning?'"

"How much is said in a few words! A whole treatise might be written on them. The Queen of a great nation has just lost her husband, and she hopes that in her three kingdoms every person will assume a decent mourning. This is neither a decree, nor an ordinance, nor a command sent down from on high; it is a simple appeal to public sympathy, and at the same time a reminder of a social obligation. 'There is in the formula a mingling of dignity, confidence and familiarity. You feel, from the very first word, that the dynasty which speaks is in the most courteous, if not the most intimate relations with its subjects; that no one disaffects its rights—that it has no declared enemies in the nation—that it may rely, on all occasions, upon that loyalty without meanness which the English display with a sort of coquetry. You perceive a Queen who reigns and who does not govern—a people which manages its own affairs, and fears all the less to appear humble and submissive, because it is sure to remain free—a country of tradition, of decency, and of decorum, governed by manners even more than by laws."

"We, of course, are proud of being French—that is all settled. But there must pass away many years before our political manners are elevated to the high tone of those of England. Nothing is more unequal, more capricious, less logical, than our relations with the men who govern us. The French people conduct themselves towards monarchy as towards a mistress. We embrace it, we beat it, we put it out of doors—we seek it out next day and cling around its knees. Yesterday we could find no name foul enough for it; to-day we flatter it, and without blushing at our present baseness and past violence. It is a question of passion and temperament. We adored Louis XIV. as a god, yet we flung mud upon his funeral cortege. There was, too, the *bon homme* of a king whose hands we clasped between both our own, full of respect for his coiffure and of admiration for his umbrella, yet he had to fly in the midst of hootings, honest man though he was in his own person. With what acclamations did we not deafen Lamartine upon the Place de l'Hotel de Ville! Apollo himself descending upon earth to bring us harmony, could not have been more welcome. Fourteen years after this splendid triumph Apollo pines in hunger, and the generous little journals follow him with the bitterest cries."

"I have already assisted at some ovations, political and otherwise. These blustering scenes fill me with a profound sadness. It is not jealousy—of that you may be certain. No! I pity the recipient. I should rather see for him the tokens of a 'decent' approbation, as they phrase it in London. He would then be exposed to less terrible reactions."

"Suppose that our old ancestors had not left to us the Salic law, and picture to ourselves a queen of France, young and fair, choosing for her husband a foreigner who would not be a king. What a delicious dream for this young prince! But also what an awakening after the honeymoon of his popularity! What pamphlets, what couplets, and what caricatures! One of two things must happen—either this unfortunate man must shamefully fly to escape from our popular injustice, or he must try to crush our ill-will and to overthrow our laws.—Prince Albert, for whom a decent mourning has just been asked and obtained wonder, has never been placed in this dangerous alternative. The nation received him politely, not as a stranger, but as a guest; he rendered to England courtesy for courtesy; he gave to the Crown numerous heirs, and created a family truly royal. Modest and delicate, he kept discreetly within the pale of politics; his dearest study was the education of his children; in his hours of leisure he encouraged art and industry so well that after having lived more than twenty years near the throne, without ever having been

popular, in the French sense of this terrible word, he dies regretted and esteemed by a great people; and his funeral is honored by a 'decent mourning.'"

### THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

Special Correspondence of Philadelphia Inquirer.

Fortress Monroe, Jan. 27.—On Saturday night, the 11th of January, 1862, the Burnside Expedition sailed from Hampton Roads, and as it moved out of the harbor in the bright moonlight, it seemed to bespeak, in its grandeur and apparent perfection, the most magnificent results. Fortune seemed to favor the effort of the accomplished commander and his brave soldiers, during the first few hours' sail. The capes were under steam and a gentle breeze. The waters of the Atlantic were quite calm. Sunday morning found the swiftest steamers in sight of Hatteras light, and many were over the bar at Hatteras Inlet by dusk. On the others came, until the morning dawned, when General Burnside determined to "lay to" until the arrival of Commodore Goldsborough, in the steamship S. R. Spaulding, accompanied by the necessary gunboats, pilots, &c.

During Sunday night a storm gathered and the wind blew a terrific gale from the northwest, with a severity only known in the region of Hatteras. Fortunately for the fleet, as a whole, it had got inside the bar at Hatteras Inlet, which served as a slight breakwater against the billows of the ocean, and in an ordinary storm of reasonable duration, vessels would be safe while lying here, to a great extent. But the gale blew with such violence that upon two separate occasions, during two whole days and nights, no communication could be had from one vessel to another. The S. R. Spaulding arrived on Monday, about noon, having had heavy weather, and placed Commodore Goldsborough on board of the steamer Philadelphia. Having taken on a considerable amount of freight at Fortress Monroe for Port Royal and Beaufort, it was necessary for the Spaulding to proceed thither, and she accordingly landed her Hatteras freight and mails, and went steaming off, leaving the fleet, as every one thought, to ride out the storm in safety.

More vessels arriving at the Inlet belonging to the expedition, it was deemed expedient to take the gunboats and light draft vessels through the Inlet, the "swash" channel, and into Pamlico Sound. This work was nearly accomplished when the storm came on with increased violence, and it was impossible to bring the pilots from the gunboats to take the transports into the Sound. It was at this time, Wednesday, 15th inst., that the gunboat Zouave, one of the staunchest vessels of the fleet, dragged her two anchors, and was dashed against the beach with such force that a large hole was stove in her, and she filled rapidly. An attempt was made to pump the vessel, but with little success, and her battery and ammunition, with ballast and stores, were cast overboard, but the water gained rapidly, and the crew found it necessary to abandon the ship and take to the life-boats. These men were all saved, but the Zouave sunk, and it is presumed went to pieces.

The water, stores, hospital and other ships stood out some miles at sea, and many were no doubt saved thereby. Some of these vessels have arrived in the Inlet safe, and others were arriving when the steamer Eastern City left. The steamer City of New York arrived at the Inlet on Wednesday. She left Fortress Monroe, with the bomb-boat Grapesot in tow, but, in consequence of the heavy sea, the hawser parted near the stern of the steamer, and the canal boat sunk soon after. Two seamen on board of the latter are said to have been drowned, having on board a cargo of water, ninety horses belonging to the 5th Rhode Island, and the horses belonging to several of the staff officers, some of which were valued at five hundred dollars each. Besides this, she had a considerable quantity of hay, oats and beans on board. When opposite Hatteras light, on Wednesday, she went ashore accidentally, and in a short time was a total wreck. Only fifteen of the horses were saved. The crew of the vessel were landed in safety on the beach, and came to Fortress Monroe in the Eastern City.

The steamer City of New York—one of the finest in the fleet—got aground on the Swash bar, and it is feared will be a total loss. The suffering on board this vessel was terrible. Her valuable cargo will of course be lost. She was loaded with shot, shell, ammunition, ordnance, and fifteen hundred new rifles. The captain, crew and soldiers on board of this vessel were rescued, after remaining many hours in the rigging without food or water. The steamer Louisiana is also hard ashore on the inner bar, but on Sunday afternoon, when the Eastern City left Hatteras, it was thought that she might be got off when sufficient tugs have arrived. The splendid steamer New Brunswick ran into the Louisiana, and is also aground near by, but will be got off. The scene presented at the time of the disaster was truly heartrending, and language cannot picture it. The soldiers on board the transports manned the yards and rigging—the boisterous waves meanwhile breaking over the hulls beneath—and cried aloud for help.

At one time twenty vessels were seen riding in the gale with their flags union down, as a signal of distress, but as the best life-boat could not live in the roaring waters, no assistance could be rendered. In consequence of the non-arrival of the water-boats and store-ships, water and food became scarce, and the soldiers had to eat raw beans for three days, and caught the water they

got to drink in their hats, in pans, tubs, buckets, etc. Commodore Goldsborough was attacked during the violent storm with a fit of rheumatic gout, which completely disabled him for active duty, and he said he could not depend upon the volunteer naval officers. At one time the gigantic old Commodore arose from his lounge, and asked the Almighty to spare him his sufferings for a few minutes, for the sake of his dear country. General Burnside was ubiquitous; he was everywhere, everywhere. With nothing to distinguish him but his yellow belt, in his blue shirt, slouched hat and high boots, he stood like a sea-god in the bows of his light-boat speaking every vessel, and asking affectionately about the welfare of the men.

His master-mind lost nothing in this time of terror. Suddenly learning that the troops were suffering for water, he made the beach near Fort Clark, and directing the work of the condenser there, he succeeded in preparing the sea water for drinking, at the rate of three hundred gallons an hour, and the sun had scarcely set last Monday week when he had the fleet supplied. At one time he was begged to take some rest, but this he refused to do, exclaiming, "the contractors have ruined me, but God holds me in His palm, and all will yet be well!" It is gratifying to announce that, considering the great number of accidents, but few lives were lost, owing in the main to the self-sacrificing efforts of the seamen from the gunboats. Great credit is due to Captain Howes, of the steamer Spaulding, for his valuable services in piloting and towing the vessels over the Swash.

I am happy to say, from Gen. Burnside himself, that, notwithstanding his great losses, if the people and Government will only give him a little time, he will yet carry out his plans. More than two-thirds of the expedition were safely anchored in Pamlico Sound beyond the Swash, on Sunday afternoon when the Eastern City left, and before this nearly all are safely over. Some vessels, mostly schooners, are missing; but Commodore Goldsborough thinks they stood out to sea some miles, and were safer there than those close to shore. Many of these were in sight on Sunday afternoon. The steamer Spaulding will sail for Fortress Monroe on Sunday next, with the mails and further particulars. General Burnside differs with General Butler and Colonel Hawkins with regard to the Union feeling at Hatteras. He and his reconnoitering parties have had to pay away gold for every bit of information received, and the truth had to be called out of the statements at that. The storm washed most of the forts at Hatteras, and the new works have been abandoned.

### KENTUCKY.

General Buell's Plan of the Campaign. From the Memphis Argus.

General Buell's plan is now being clearly exposed. It is wholly based on a vast superiority of numbers. On this it depends for success. It seems that the Federals intend to continue menacing both Columbus and Bowling Green, and then, with a force only to be resisted from our entrenchments; and that another force is to march on, if it can, to Nashville, via Scottsville and the Bowling Green and Nashville Railroad.—This expedition to Nashville will be under the command of McCook. Crittenden is to cross the Green river, and moving on Hopkinsville, threaten our lines of retreat over the Memphis branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

They hope thus to force Hardee out of Bowling Green into the open field, or to a surrender. The plan, a sort of miniature of that of Gnesenau in Germany in 1813, is of the ablest; but it requires what Gnesenau had, a vast superiority in numbers.—Some say the Federals have it, some say they have not. We can only trust in God that even this plan, the ablest, in every respect, laid down in this war, will be baffled by the same bravery that defeated the Napoleon at Manassas. A glance at the map will enable the reader to understand it, and to see that, menaced by a superior force in front, with one on his flank and another on his rear, with an unobstructed road to Nashville, our brave and able General would be like Napoleon at Rivoli, in a position whence only eagle-like rapidity in the calculation and use of time could extricate him victoriously. Again we ask, have they the numbers? For that, after all, is the question. If they have, the great battle of the campaign may have to be fought along that range of hills, which, a few miles north of Nashville, afford a series of natural defences of great strength.

Our men are brave, General Hardee is a well-trained, a skillful and practiced leader, our cause is just, and unless positively crowded down, we feel certain the victory will be thus either at Bowling Green itself or at Nashville. The more we try to get at the exact force of the Federals, the more we are inclined to doubt that they possess the needed superiority to carry out this plan, devised, we think, on an erroneous estimate by them of our forces, especially of those parts of it outside of Bowling Green.

Be not above your profession, and always consider it as the first any man can follow. Never shrink from doing anything which your business calls you to do. The man who is above his business may one day find his business above him.

If a bear were to go into a linen draper's shop, what would he want? He would want muzzlin'.

Men who endeavor to look fierce by cultivating profuse whiskers, must be hair-cut near-em fellows.