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THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF JEFF. DAVIS.

From the Richmond Examiner Extra, Feb. 22

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—On this, the birthday of the man most identified with the establishment of American Independence, and beneath the monument erected to commemorate his heroic virtues and those of his compatriots, we have assembled to usher into existence the permanent Government of the Confederate States. Through this instrumentality, under the favor of Divine Providence, we hope to perpetuate the principles of our Revolutionary fathers. The day, the memory and the purpose seem fitly associated.

It is with mingled feelings of humility and pride that I appear to take, in the presence of the people, and before high Heaven, the oath prescribed as a qualification for the exalted station to which the unanimous voice of the people has called me. Deeply sensible of all that is implied by this manifestation of the people's confidence, I am yet more profoundly impressed by the vast responsibility of the office, and humbly feel my own unworthiness.

In return for their kindness I can only offer assurances of the gratitude with which it is received, and can but pledge a zealous devotion of every faculty to the service of those who have chosen me as their Chief Magistrate.

When a long course of class legislation, directed not to the general welfare, but to the aggrandizement of the Northern section of the Union, culminated in a warfare on the domestic institutions of the Southern States, when the dogmas of a sectional party, substituted for the provisions of the constitutional compact, threatened to destroy the sovereign rights of the States, six of those States, withdrawing from the Union, confederated together to exercise the right and perform the duty of instituting a government which would better secure the liberties for the preservation of which that Union was established.

Whatever hope some may have entertained that a returning sense of justice would remove the danger with which our rights were threatened, and render it possible to preserve the Union of the Constitution, must have been dispelled by the malignity and barbarity of the Northern States in the prosecution of the existing war. The confidence of the most hopeful among us must have been destroyed by the disregard they have recently exhibited for all the time honored bulwarks of civil and religious libety. Bastiles filled with prisoners, arrested without civil process or indictment duly found; the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended by Executive mandate; a State Legislature controlled by the imprisonment of members whose avowed principles suggested to the Federal Executive that there might be another added to the list of Seceded States; elections held under threats of a military power; civil officers, peaceful citizens and gentle women incarcerated for opinion's sake, proclaimed the incapacity of our late associates to administer a government as free, liberal and humane as that established for our common use.

For proof of the sincerity of our purpose to maintain our ancient institutions, we may point to the Constitution of the Confederacy and the law enacted under it, as well as to the fact that through all the necessities of an unequal struggle there has been no act on our part to impair personal liberty or the freedom of speech, of thought or of the press. The courts have been open, the judicial functions fully executed, and every right of the peaceful citizen maintained as securely as if a war of invasion had not disturbed the land.

The people of the States now confederated became convinced that the Government of the United States had fallen into the hands of a sectional majority, who would pervert that most sacred of all trusts to the destruction of the rights which it was pledged to protect. They believed that to remain longer in the Union would subject them to a continuance of a disparaging discrimination, submission to which would be inconsistent with their welfare and intolerable to a proud people. They, therefore, determined to sever its bonds and establish a new Confederacy for themselves.

The experiment instituted by our Revolutionary fathers, of a voluntary union of sovereign States for purposes specified in a solemn compact, had been perverted by those who, feeling power and forgetting right, were determined to respect no law but their own will. The Government had ceased to answer the ends for which it was ordained and established. To save ourselves from a revolution which, in its silent but rapid progress, was about to place us under the despotism of numbers, and to preserve in spirit, as well as in form, a system of government we believe to be peculiarly fitted to our condition, and full of promise of mankind, we determined to make a new association, composed of States homogeneous in interest, in policy and feeling.

True to our traditions of peace and our love of justice, we sent Commissioners to the United States to propose a fair and amicable settlement of all questions of public debt or property which might be in dispute. But the Government at Washington, denying our right to self-government, refused even to listen to any proposals for a peaceful separation. Nothing was then left to us but to prepare for war.

The first year in our history has been the most eventful in the annals of this continent. A new government has been established, and its machinery put in operation over an area exceeding seven hundred thousand square miles. The great principles upon which we have been willing to hazard everything that is dear to man have made conquests for us which could never have been achieved by the sword. Our Confederacy has grown from six to thirteen States; and Maryland, already united to us by hallowed memories and material interests, will, I believe, when able to speak with unsatisfied voice, connect her destiny with the South. Our people have rallied with unexampled unanimity to the support of the great principles of constitutional government, with firm resolve to perpetuate by arms the rights which they could not peacefully secure. A million of men, it is estimated, are now standing in hostile array, and waging war along a frontier of thousands of miles. Battles have been fought, sieges have been conducted, and, although the contest is not ended, and the tide for the moment is against us, the final result in our favor is not doubtful.

The period is near at hand when our foes must sink under the immense load of debt which they have incurred, a debt which in their effort to subjugate us has already attained such fearful dimensions as will subject them to burdens which must continue to oppress them for generations to come.

We, too, have had our trials and difficulties. That we are to escape them in future is not to be hoped. It was to be expected when we entered upon this war that it would expose our people to sacrifices and cost them much, both of money and blood. But we knew the value of the object for which we struggled, and understood the nature of the war in which we were engaged. Nothing could be so bad as failure, and any sacrifice would be cheap as the price of success in such a contest.

But the picture has its lights as well as its shadows. This great strife has awakened in the people the highest emotions and qualities of the human soul. It is cultivating feelings of patriotism, virtue and courage. Instances of self-sacrifice and of generous devotion to the noble cause for which we are contending are rife throughout the land. Never has a people evinced a more determined spirit than that now animating men, women and children in every part of our country. Upon the first call the men fly to arms; and wives and mothers send their husbands and sons to battle without a murmur of regret.

It was, perhaps, in the ordination of Providence that we were to be taught the value of our liberties by the price which we pay for them.

The recollections of this great contest, with all its common traditions of glory, of sacrifice and of blood, will be the bond of harmony and enduring affection amongst the people, producing unity in policy, fraternity in sentiment and joint effort in war.

Nor have the material sacrifices of the past year been made without some corresponding benefits. If the acquiescence of foreign nations in a pretended blockade has deprived us of our commerce with them, it is fast making us a self-supporting and an independent people. The blockade, if effectual and permanent, could only serve to divert our industry from the production of articles for export and employ it in supplying commodities for domestic use.

It is a satisfaction that we have maintained the war by our unaided exertions. We have neither asked nor received assistance from any quarter. Yet the interest involved is not wholly our own. The world at large is concerned in opening our markets to its commerce. When the independence of the Confederate States is recognized by the nations of the earth, and we are free to follow our interests and inclinations by cultivating foreign trade; the Southern States will offer to manufacturing nations the most favorable markets which ever invited their commerce. Cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, provisions, timber and naval stores will furnish attractive exchanges. Nor would the constancy of these supplies be likely to be disturbed by war. Our confederate strength will be too great to tempt aggression; and never was there a people whose interest and principles committed them so fully to a peaceful policy as those of the Confederate States.—By the character of their productions they are too deeply interested in foreign commerce wantonly to disturb it. War of conquest they cannot wage, because the Constitution of their Confederacy admits of no coerced association. Civil war there cannot be between States held together by their volition only. This rule of voluntary association, which cannot fail to be conservative, by securing just and impartial government at home, does not diminish the security of the obligations by which the Confederate States may be bound to foreign nations.—In proof of this it is to be remembered that, at the first moment of asserting their right of Secession, these States proposed a settlement on the basis of a common liability for the obligations of the General Government.

Fellow citizens, after the struggles of ages had consecrated the right of the Englishman to constitutional representative government, our colonial ancestors were forced to vindicate that birthright by an appeal to arms. Success crowned their efforts, and they provided for their posterity a peaceful remedy against future aggression.

The tyranny of an unbridled majority, the most odious and least responsible form of despotism, has denied us both the right and the remedy. Therefore we are in arms to renew such sacrifices as our fathers made to the holly cause of Constitutional liberty. At the darkest hour of our struggle the provisional gives place to the permanent Government. After a series of successes and victories, which covered our arms with glory, we have recently met with serious disasters. But in the heart of a people resolved to be free these disasters tend but to stimulate to increased resistance.

To show ourselves worthy of the inheritance bequeathed to us by the patriots of the Revolution, we must emulate that heroic devotion which made reverse to them but the crucible in which their patriotism was refined.

With confidence in the wisdom and virtue of those who will share with me the responsibility, and aid me in the conduct of public affairs; securely relying on the patriotism and courage of the people, of which the present war has furnished so many examples, I deeply feel the weight of the responsibilities I now, with unaffected diffidence, am about to assume; and, fully realizing the inadequacy of human power to guide and to sustain, my hope is reverently fixed on Him whose favor is ever vouchsafed to the cause which is just. With humble gratitude and adoration, acknowledging the Providence which has so visibly protected the Confederacy during its brief but eventful career, to Three, Oh God, I trustingly commit myself, and prayerfully invoke Thy blessing on my country and its cause.

Selected Miscellany.

THE ROBBER'S ROOST; or HAN'S LAST VICTIM.

BY J. KENNEDY.

It was a sultry afternoon, that I crossed the Mississippi river, and negligently traveled on my way towards Greenfield. The cool shades which covered the road, and the majestic woodland scenery, whiled away the time so pleasantly that before I was aware of it the sun was down and darkness was gently dropping its black veil.

I looked about me, and became alarmed at the density of the forest. The sighing of the wind, the rustling of a bush, the hooting of an owl startled me. In the thick shades of almost every tree I imagined a wild beast ready to spring upon me, and from behind the trees' monstrous trunks, I expected some hideous animal to dash furiously at me. I carried my revolver ready for any emergency; and loosened my heavy knife in its scabbard. But little did I imagine that, having passed the dangers of the woods, those of a more fearful and awful character awaited me.

The darkness had become intense, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could pursue my course. At length a light hove in view; and never in my life did I hail its gentle lustre with greater joy.

When I neared the spot, I found a dilapidated log house, two stories high, with a rickety old porch in front. A couple of gaunt, ferocious hounds came rushing at me, and warned the inmates of my approach. I scrutinized the premises as closely as I could in the darkness, and was anything but satisfied with the result of my investigations.—But when I looked about me and saw the heavy gloom which hung upon everything, and the prospect of being devoured by wolves, I concluded to first inquire the distance to the next stopping place, and if it was too far to remain where I was.

The door opened, and a husky voice said, "whose there?"

"A stranger," I replied, and followed up by asking, "how far to the next stopping place?"

I could hear a low murmur of voices, and then a reply came, "ten miles or more."

I dismounted, and fastened my horse to a post, and as I ascended the old rickety stairs of the porch, they creaked a dismal dirge, and the gaunt, lean hounds nipped savagely at my heels.

The room which I entered, presented such a repulsive appearance, that I started back with mingled surprise and disgust. The eyes of several rough, uncouth looking individuals was turned upon me, and I felt in their glance something more of the ferociousness of the wild beast, than the gentle gaze of human beings.

"Take a seat, stranger," said a burly, thick-set man, as he handed me a chair which groaned piteously with its infirmities. As I cast a glance upon the group before me, I seemed to hesitate, which was instantly noticed, and the officiating man who seemed to be landlord, came toward me, and in as conciliatory a tone and style as could be expected, said:

"Sorry can't accommodate you better stranger, but make yourself at home, we'll do the best by you we kin."

A significant glance passed among the men as the host concluded his hospitable invitation, which did not escape my notice.

At length supper was served, consisting of corn bread and bacon, and for this meagre fare, abundant apologies were offered.

After listening a short time to their disgusting conversation, I informed my host I would like to retire.

"Will you leave your saddle bags?" said he, with a bland smile, as he extended his monstrous hand to take them.

"No sir," I replied, while a heavy frown gathered on my brow.

"I have a very safe place to keep them," he rejoined, while his blood-shot eyes stabbed me to the heart.

"No doubt," said I, with a meaning nod; "but I would prefer taking them with me."

This conclusion was received rather coolly, and as I was preparing to leave the room, one of the men espied the handle of my revolver protruding from beneath my coat.

"Hello, stranger!" he exclaimed in a quick tone, "let's see that 'ere pistol, will you?" So sudden had been the demand, and in such seeming innocent curiosity, that I put my hand back to give it to him. But a second thought decided me, and I replied, "that it was no great curiosity, and I would show it to him in the morning."

By this time the men had gathered around me, and seeing things looked rather peculiar, I backed myself through the door, followed by the host. When the door was closed, I could hear loud murmuring, and an oath or two, uttered in vehement tones.

The landlord hurried me up a feeble pair of stairs, and a few yards from the landing, pushed open a door and bade me enter. I glanced around the apartment, and showed by my action, that I was dissatisfied with its appearance.

"It is the best I can do for you, stranger," said he, "and you needn't be afraid of the fellows down stairs, they won't hurt anybody."

"I shall not be alarmed," I replied, as he closed the door and descended the steps. I was somewhat annoyed at the appearance of things, and determined to place myself in the best possible position of defence. I examined my quarters closely, and found the door had no fastening whatever, nor was anything convenient with which it could be secured.

Determined not to be baffled, I tore a strip of board from the wall, and with my knife cut a piece sufficiently long to make a brace from the lower cleat of the door to the floor. Then with my pocket knife I bored holes in the casing at the upper end, and drawing several nails from the wall I drove them in with the handle of my large knife. Having examined the walls, and apprehending no treachery from them, I secured the window, and then turned my attention to the door. Beneath the bed I discovered a a trap door, and its discovery made my hair stand on end. I found it opened downward, and the possibility of securing it strongly seemed hopeless.

Once I thought of removing the bed, and then watching, as a trapper does a hole in the ice for game. But that would not do, for should I successfully repulse the first intruder—for I no longer had a doubt of being in a Robber's Roost—it would leave a hole open which would expose me to their fire. At length a plan came to my relief. I moved the bed from over the door, and taking the clothes off, I threw the chaff bed upon the floor, and directly over the suspected trap. But oh! horror! what a discovery, I made. The bed was saturated with blood, and in many places hard from the gore which had dried in it.

Having thus fortified myself, I took a seat on one end of the bed, with my saddle bags close by me, my knife in one hand, and my revolver in the other, and my ammunition convenient in case I should need it. I blew out my light and in darkness awaited the denouement of the plot. How long I had waited I could not tell, but in spite of my perilous situation, my eyes grew heavy, and I was almost overcome with sleep. But an easy moving of the bed aroused all my perceptive faculties, and in an instant I was wide awake. It moved several times quite easy, and then all became quiet. I listened a few moments but could hear nothing.—Presently a faint whisper from an adjoining room came; my eyes followed the direction, and I saw a small stream of light pouring through an opening in the partition. I stole softly to the spot, and listened a moment. I then put my eye to the opening and had a fair view of the operations inside.

So horrible was the sight I then beheld, that its recollections will never be erased from my memory. Hanging from the bed, and with his head nearly severed from his body, was an old, greyheaded man, while the purpule current of life was steadily streaming from the gash. I reeled a moment with dizziness, and was about to withdraw from the scene, when the door opened very softly, and a person entered. I looked again, and three of the men I had seen in the bar-room were standing near the dead man.

"Why, Hans," said one, "I thought you had fixed him by this time."

"We'll have trouble with that customer," said Hans, shaking his bed, "he is up to something, he put his head over the trap."

"The devil!" they both exclaimed, and looked at each other in surprise.

"We must manage him somehow," said Hans, "for he has money, I am certain of that."

"Hadn't we better attend to that 'ere gal first?" suggested one.

"Yes, the old man is fixed, now for the gal;" and picking up the light, they left the room."

What girl? thought I. Is it possible that some person as unfortunate as myself has been compelled to stop here.

I listened eagerly, and presently a crash came, followed by a shrill scream. I sprang toward my door, but recollected that I had it well secured. I hesitated a moment, when another scream more terrific than the first, followed by the sharp report of a pistol. It was but the work of a moment to unfasten the door and dash out. As I sprang into the passage I met two men, who fired almost simultaneously, but without effect. I levelled my revolver and sent the contents of one barrel through the head of one, who tumbled heavily down stairs dragging his companion with him.

I rushed into the room, and found the girl sheltered behind the bed, keeping Hans at bay with a revolver. As I entered, Hans sprang at me with a fiendish expression, and in spite of my efforts, seized me in his herculean clutches. My pistol now was of no use, so hurling it from me, I drew my knife and soon put an end to the struggle. I hurried the girl into my own room, and soon had the door securely barricaded. I then explained to her our situation and how I came to discover she was to be a victim. But when I told her of the old man, she faintly gasped, "it is my father," and the next moment lay senseless on the floor. I was now in a trying position. I expected every moment the attack of the robbers would be renewed, and that in all possibility they would overpower us, and then our doom would be sealed. I involuntarily cast my eyes towards the window, as if it would afford some point of escape. But then the robbers would have a fair chance, could surround us, and murder us without a show of defence. I had all this time counted upon my fair companion as an assistant, not reflecting that she was a woman, and I had essayed to protect her. When this thought crossed my mind, all my combative powers were aroused, and I felt strong and competent to contend with a host.

I now heard whisperings and footsteps gently stealing up the steps. A dim light shone beneath the door, and revealed several large holes and cracks. I kept my eyes intently fixed in the direction, while my heart palpitated so loud that its vibrations could be distinctly heard.

A slight shuffling of the feet and crash, crash went several reports, while bullets whizzed sharply about my head. The girl gave a shrill scream, I groaned and crept close to the door, which was riddled with bullets, and through the holes I could plainly discern their actions.

I still had five shots in my revolver, and determined to use them to the best advantage.

[illegible] stood eyeing the door.

"But the gal," replied a little, short, thick man, "she fights like thunder."

"Ha! you coward, you would fear a woman," returned the first speaker with a sneer.

"Jim Bates, I'll make you smell powder for that afore mornin'," said the little man, savagely.

"We must have this 'ere door open," and, suiting the action to the words, an assault was made upon it.

I levelled my pistol and fired, when, with a fearful oath, the man fell back upon the floor. I gave them two more shots, when they retreated precipitately down stairs. I reloaded my pistol and returned to my companion, who was trying to stop the blood which was flowing from a wound in her neck.

"I fear, sir, my life is short; and I sincerely thank you for your kind protection," she feebly murmured and sank exhausted upon the bed.

I was about to offer some assistance, when I again heard steps upon the stairs and earnest talking as of persons remonstrating. Thinking the attack at the door would be renewed, I drew the bedstead against it, and threw the light bedding over the headboard, and thus formed a kind of breast work.

"Say, Mister, don't shoot, I want to speak a few words with you," said a voice at the head of the stairs.

"I'll shoot the first man who comes near that door," I replied savagely.

"Oh! no, don't, I'm your friend," he replied, in a tone that carried treachery with it; "come to the door, will you?"

"Yes, but don't you come."

"I won't—are you there?"

"Yes."

"Close?"

"Yes."

I felt a slight moving of the bed over the trap, during which time the man outside kept up an innocent jabber.

One end of the bed was raising softly, and taking hold of it with my left hand, I gently eased it up, until I could discover a head above the opening.

"Are you at the door?"

"Yes," and simultaneously with my answer went a leaden messenger through the head of the fellow in the trap, and bang came a bullet through the door.

The sound of a heavy fall announced that my shot had taken effect.

I searched for the revolver the girl had used, and fortunately found it, and was happy to discover that but one load had been shot out of it, which I replaced, and being thus reinforced I felt more confident of victory.

But to overcome this gang seemed almost hopeless, as their numbers might be very large, and I so far from assistance. But might not some providential circumstance transpire to deliver me from the hands of these desperadoes. I was determined to do my best, and leave the result in the hands of Him who directs the affairs of men.

A noise at the window drew my attention, and I caught the glimpse of a man's head slowly rising above the sill. Taking a deliberate aim, I gave him the contents of one barrel, and he descended much quicker than he came up.

What would be the next feature of the programme I could not imagine, but like a wild beast at bay, I closely watched every move, and had my ears open to every sound. But I felt that something decisive must be done, for day would soon make its appearance, and then they would have the advantage of me.

Again they were ascending the stairs, I now determined to put an end to the contest, and if possible overcome them and make them come to terms or die in the attempt.

I drew the bedstead around so as to protect me from their fire, and then stationed myself near the door, but beyond their reach.

Crash went an axe against the door, and the splinters flew in every direction. It was but the work of a moment to break the door in, and when it fell from its fastenings I sallied forth with a revolver in each hand. One man dropped before me, another reeled and then fled precipitately down stairs. A few shots were returned, one of which took effect in my shoulder; as I felt the blood trickle down my side, it only increased my desperation. I rushed after them firing whenever I was sure my shot would be effectual. When I reached the bar-room I could see but one man, and as he fled through the door I gave him my last shot. He fell, and begged me to spare him, as he was the only remaining one of the party.—Thinking he was so crippled he could not escape, I returned to the house, and taking a light, searched it thoroughly, and could not fined another live man about it; I then ascended the stairs and found the girl had somewhat recovered. We then set about dressing our wounds, and were so absorbed in the matter, that I did not notice a glaring light which was breaking through the door.

"The house is on fire," exclaimed the girl springing to her feet.

Taking her by the hand we rushed to the stairway, but it was a continuous sheet of fire. We then returned to the window, and finding the ladder still there by which the man had ascended, I took her in my arms and descended, thus effecting our escape from another imminent danger.

The man had set the house on fire, and either perished in the flames, or dragged himself to some place of concealment.

Finding two horses in a small stable close by we took possession of them, and returned to a little town on the Mississippi river.—[illegible] strangely, never parted, but remained one and the same until death. Nor have we ever forgotten the ROBBER'S ROOST, OR HAN'S LAST VICTIM.

Bashful Men.

Let all bashful people, and there are a great many of them, take comfort and consolation from the remarks of a modern writer touching their class:

"We seldom see a genuine bashful man who is not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and appear awkward, shrug their shoulders, and prove unable to throw out with ease the thoughts to which they would give expression, yet commend us to bashful men for real friends.

"There are fine touches in their character that time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint of the unfolded rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

It is a wonder that such men are not more appreciated; that young women with really good hearts and cultivated intellects, will reward the gallant Sir Moustachio Brainless with smiles and attentions, because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and dandy countenance with a Parisian elegance, while they will scarce condescend to look upon the worthier man, who feels for them a reverence so great that his very mute glance is a worship.

"The man who is bashful in the presence of woman, is their defender when the loose tongue of the bold slanderer would defame them; it is not he who boasts of his conquests, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist only in his imagination; his cheek will flush with resentment, his eye flash with anger, to hear the sacred name of woman coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he who would die to defend them, is least honored by the majority of the sex.

"Who ever saw a *bashful libertine?* Such an anomaly was never encountered. Ease and elegance are his requisites. Upon his false lips sits flattery, ready to pay court alike to blue eyes and black. He is never nonplussed; he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures; for a word he would professedly lay down his life. Yet he it is who fills our city dens with wrecks of female purity; he it is who profanes the holy name of mother; desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is throned; ruins the fond heart that trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes, and all, *all* under the mask of 'a *polished* gentleman!'

"Ladies! a word in your ear! Have you lovers? and would you possess worthy husbands? Choose then the man whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth leaves him to stand aloof, while others with less modesty and no feeling, crowd around you. If he blushes, if he stammers even at your approach, consider these things as so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance; for depend upon it, with him your life will be happier, even with comparative poverty, than with many who are surrounded by the splendor of palaces."