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For the Gazette.

THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN, OR THE BLIGHTED HEART.

BY J. D. T.

One day, not long since, I was spending the evening in company with several young men who were amusing themselves by giving an account of their numerous hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures. There was one young man present who seemed to take but little interest in what was passing, and who seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts, which, I judged from the contortion of his features, were not very pleasant When it came to his turn, we all insisted that he should tell a love story, and after a little persuasion he answered, "boys I will tell you a love story, one in which I was myself deeply interested." I give the story in his own words:

"There stands upon a high hill, in full view of the Potomac River, the old homestead of one of the first settlers of St. Mary's. It is a beautiful old place, with its gently sloping hill and level plain, with the river in front, and your view of the wide Potomac, with its countless flocks of wild fowl swimming gracefully over its smooth surface, or the never ending stream of vessels with their white sails glittering in the sun, with now and then a steamboat or ship moving steadily along, forming a landscape worthy the pen of the poet, or the brush of the painter, and one the kind old host never tires of praising or the visitor of admiring.

This lovely old place has long since passed from the possession of its ancient founder, whose lineage is now extinct, and of whose history I have nothing more to say It is of his successor that this story will treat.

This old homestead is now in the possession of a grayhaired, venerable looking old man of a majestic appearance; the snows of nearly eighty winters have passed lightly over his head, leaving no mark to tell of time, except the whitened locks. He is still a hale and hearty old man, enjoying the society of the young, with all the ardor of his youthful days, telling long stories, and fighting over again the battles of his youth. He is always cheerful and kind, ready for a joke, and never seeming happier than when sitting at his hospitable board with his visitors, whether stranger, neighbor or friends, around him.

In his youth, he was poor and uneducated, but believing, that by industry and economy only, he could gain that position in society for which he thirsted, he early gave all his energies to the acquirement of wealth and knowledge, and when other youths were spending their time in the society of the fair sex, or in visiting around, he was either laboring in the field or burning the midnight lamp, in search of knowledge. Thus passed half a century—the wealth and knowledge acquired, the position in society gained, and yet he was not happy. No tender wife to cheer his solitude, no loving children to soothe his declining years, no friendly hand to aid his weary steps, he was alone! all alone! Now, at the age when most other men begin to prepare for dying, he began to look around for some fair one on whom to place his affections and bestow his hand and wealth; she was soon found, a beautiful girl who had not yet bid fare-well to her teens. He met her, and soon made her an offer of his hand and heart, which was joyfully accepted—for strange as it may appear, she had learned to love this gray-haired old man. She was an orphan, early left to the care and guardianship of a pair of cross and crabbed creatures, who never allowed her to join in the merry makings of the young or to receive their company; and when this old man came with his large heart and kind attentions, he soon kindled the fires of affection in that bosom where they had long smouldered for want of some kindred spirit to fan the latent spark into a consuming flame. He soon led her to the hymeneal alter, where the matrimonial knot was tied, making them, as the Scripture says, "one. There were no grand preparations, no public rejoicing; but there was one heart that beat calmly and quietly with a never dying affection—a thankful acknowledgement to that Almighty Power, who had watched over her dreary childhood and yearning womanhood, and sent this great blessing to cheer the remainder of her life. The fruits of this marriage were two daughters, the eldest was the exact counterpart of her mother, lovely amiable, affectionate and religious, and in every way calculated to make a loving wife, a tender mother and a desirable companion; one with whom you could boldly meet the storms and adversities of life, and struggle quietly along, never thinking of or caring for the abundance of others, so long as she was left as a help-mate and blessing to cheer you in trouble, to soothe and alleviate your sufferings in sickness, and to travel by your side over the rough and rugged road of life—and perhaps at last, to lead you to that haven where there will be no more storms or adversities, no more sickness or suffering, but, where there is eternal sunshine, and where love and pleasure continueth forever.

I now come to the youngest daughter, the last but not the least of that interesting house-hold She was the beauty, the darling, and the pride of the family in infancy; she was petted and caressed by every one, no wish was denied, no desire unfulfilled. She grew up a lovely and amiable girl—pleasing in her manners, graceful in her movements, and with the beauty of a Venus. No wonder that many paused to worship at her shrine, and none with more warmth, more sincerity, or heart-felt pleasure than myself. She was the pet of the neighborhood; the best scholar in her various classes in her career at school; always earnestly devoted to whatever duty or study claimed her attention. Her power was that of nature, to be recognized and loved by all. It was not merely that she was beautiful, her look gladness, her voice music; but having escaped that artificial training of mind, speech and manners, which has proved fatal to many of her sex, she retained the simplicity of mere girl-hood to enrich and give expression to all her acquirements. In her charities she gave as one receiving, rather than conferring favors; the blessings of the sick and the poor, often silent or feebly expressed, fell like rays of Divine light upon her heart.

I had watched her through all the phases of childhood, youth and womanhood. In her childhood, I admired and enjoyed her prattling innocence; in youth, I was pleased with her winning ways; but at seventeen, with her dazzling beauty, her unassuming innocence and modest demeanour, my heart was taken prisoner, bound with the silken chords of love—I adored her, she was the goal to which all my wishes tarried, all my anticipations centred. I loved her with all the strength, all the purity of my soul, my whole future seemed to hang upon her will. If she returned my affection and accepted my allegiance, my future would be bright and shining—a perfect elysium of bliss. I was a constant visitor at the house, a silent suitor for her favor, desiring, yet fearing, a solution of my suit. Tortured by suspense—a prey to all the pangs of uncertainty—time passed on, the evil day, the day I most dreaded, was fast approaching; I was soon to receive my answer.

About this time, she became acquainted with a mere youth—one gay and lively like her self—he was her constant attendant, always obedient to her every wish; he admired her wit and beauty, and she was pleased with his youth and attention; familiarity soon ripened the bud of love in their youthful bosoms, and he is now the accepted suitor—her husband elect—and I have received my answer; but she will never know how long or how sincerely I loved her! My love has been blasted, my heart blighted, my nature changed; when others laugh and are merry, I am sad and silent. Never more will my heart thrill with the ecstatic pleasures of love! There is no more joy for me in this life—none! My heart is blighted—farewell!"

PROCLAMATION OF GOV. BRADFORD.—His Excellency, Governor Bradford, has issued his proclamation declaring that the Hons. John A. J. Creswell, Edwin H. Webster, Henry Winter Davis, Francis Thomas and Benjamin G. Harris have been duly elected to represent the State in the next Congress, and that Elisha J. Hall and Levin E. Straughn have been chosen Commissioners of Public Works.

The New York Herald has just made a most important discovery. According to that paper, it costs just double the amount to shoe a negro regiment that it does to perform the same operations for a white one—cause, the difference in the size of the foot.

THE DEPREDATIONS OF THE PRIVATEERS.—The *Merchants' Magazine* for November has a complete alphabetical list of the vessels which have been captured by the Confederate privateers since the rebellion broke out. It comprises a list of 178 vessels, of 60,000 tons.

MOSEBY AND A HERALD CORRESPONDENT.

THE MAJOR "A PERFECT GENTLEMAN"—IMPORTANCE OF HIS RAIDS, &c.

Mr. George H. Hart, one of the war correspondents of the New York *Herald*, recently captured in Virginia by Major Moseby, writes to that journal, by permission of his captor, the following account of his capture and subsequent experiences:

HEADQUARTERS IN THE SADDLE,
EN ROUTE TO RICHMOND,
UNDER MOSEBY'S ESCORT.
WHITE PLAINS, VA., Nov. 1, 1863.

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

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

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

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

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

In his address and demeanor he is a perfect gentleman, and in his relation to ourselves was highly courteous. He is about twenty-eight years of age, of prepossessing appearance, and certainly the reverse of the picture drawn of him in newspapers generally. He wears the uniform of a Major in the regular rebel service. By profession he is a lawyer, and with a considerable share of native shrewdness combines the acquired tact of the professional attorney. In his movements he displays great energy, and, as an evidence of his powers of endurance, accompanies his men on all their expeditions.

On this occasion the object of his visit to Auburn was to make a reconnoissance, as he frequently does prior to the period he contemplates making a strike. I understand that General Lee was supplied with the information by Major Moseby which induced him to make his late advance, and his means for acquiring knowledge of the movements of the Union army at any time are perfect.

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

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

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

My fellow prisoner and myself have naught to complain of save an unceremonious disturbance from a sound sleep and a warm bed at a disagreeably early hour in the morning, and a cold ride, some eighteen miles. To counterbalance this, we have the apparent prospect of a winter residence at one of the most fashionable cities of the South—fair Richmond—a privilege certainly denied to many eager thousands in the Union army.

We are told that the Hotel de Libby, in its capacity, number of guests and extent of reputation, exceeds any hotel in Richmond, and it is added that rooms there are prepared for us in advance. What distinguished attention from entire strangers! Who, after this, can doubt Major Moseby's courtesy?

Nothing of[illegible] road from Au[illegible] to use a bull[illegible] field and the [illegible] Arriving at this [illegible] point, she Mo[illegible] dence of a gen[illegible] ity, to whom [illegible] and afterwards [illegible] of a warm and hospitable [illegible] cordially [illegible] able by the [illegible] able ladies. After breakfast we smoked a seger tendered us by our host, and, through the further courtesy of Major Moseby, I now write these particulars, and forward them by his special express.

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

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

For the Gazette.

BAD GRAMMAR.

"J. D. T." (of whose identity I am as ignorant as the "man in the moon") gave you last week, a very worthy article, entitled,—"Modest vs Pert Women" May I now add another to the list of the *latter's* intolerances, by giving you, this week, a few collected ideas on the above mentioned theme?

Whilst looking over an old Magazine of T. S. Arthur, the other day, I was forcibly struck with an article, which being *apropos* of my subject, I shall take the liberty of quoting it at length:—

"If there is anything in the world that is painful and disgusting, it is to hear a lady (?) in homiton and diamonds transgressing the rules of Murray and Brown with every third sentence she utters. There is no excuse either for such women. It is the duty of every lady in this nineteenth century to be able to *speak, spell* and *write* correctly, and if our social cities were more stringent on these points and less so in matters of dress, we should have many more refined and cultivated women, than society is at present blessed with. Not that we want our women metamorphosed into "blues," or that they should be versed in the dead languages and discourse very beautifully on geology or trigonometry—for woman looks quite as attractive kneeding biscuit at her kitchen table, as she does in a chemical labratory. Tact and good common sense are quite as valuable in the practical needs of life as a finished education; and a true loving heart will make a better wife and mother, than a highly stimulated brain.

"But an *ignorant, vulgar* woman is a disgrace to herself, particularly when she affects to be a lady and pass for what she is not, which is usually attained most effectually through dress makers and milliners. We must be pardoned for offering a word of sincere advice to those pretty, graceful women one meets everywhere, and admires—until they open their mouths to speak. Devote a little less time to your flounces and French flowers, and *do* buy a grammar and study it."

Bad grammar from a pretty mouth falls upon the ear of a good grammarian with the same harshness that discordant music from a perfect instrument does upon the sensitive ear of an amateur of that science.

How often do we meet with ladies "just out," or in other words, *graduates* of certain fashionable schools who, though they take every opportunity to "show off" their knowledge of French and German, speak their own beautiful language in the wrong moods and tenses. For instance, in alluding to a past action you will hear them use the present "I see," instead of the imperfect participle "I saw," &c Words that are of themselves superlative, such as *supreme, perfect*, etc., they compare by the addition of "more" and "most," and many other mistakes of a similar character these *accomplished* ladies make in a half hour's conversation, with their devoted admirers—"*the beaux*."

Again, may I be allowed to recall, *verbatim*, a piece I read, not long since, entitled—"Errors in the use of Words." It reads as follows: "The Baptists are about to *lie* out five hundred dollars in their church" said a man of some pretensions, in our hearing, not long since. Whether the Baptists were successful in "lying out" the specified amount, we have not learned; but this seeming libel upon a worthy sect was perhaps due more to ignorance than carelessness. We "lay" a book on the desk, we lay up stores for future use. We "*lie*" in bed to day, but we *lay* in bed yesterday. We 'lay' a thing down in the present tense, but *laid* it down in the past. Hence the expression we "laid" down to rest is wrongfully used for we *lay* down—lay being the past tense of lie and laid the past tense of lay. The sun never "sits" as some persist in saying, but it sets every day. Fowls sit upon their eggs, men sit in chairs, but set a building on its foundation.

Another common error is to say, "I done it," and "I have did it," for I did it, and I have done it. The word "got" is frequently ill used. To say we have fine weather is much better than to say we have got fine weather. So "we ought not to do a thing" is preferable to saying "we had not ought to do it," or we ought to go, instead of we *had* not ought to go. [illegible] forward, toward and words [illegible] is improper. So the words endwise, lengthwise, crosswise, are incorrectly written endways, crossways, etc"

But I have quoted already more than is necessary. A hint to the *sensitive* is sufficient.

LISTENER.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN THE AMERICAN ÆSOP.

From the Richmond Examiner, Nov. 11.

Some one has defined the French monarchy to have been a despotism tempered by epigrams. It is unfortunate that as much cannot be said for the arbitrary power which arrays itself complacently in the robes of republicanism upon the other side of the Potomac. Occasionally, it is true, a covert sarcasm or a serious diatribe is indulged in by opposition journals; but the satire lacks the raciness only to be drawn from an atmosphere untainted by the dread of punishment, and the invective generally smacks of that passion which is born of personal disappointment. The sharp edge of mocking ridicule, and the point of scornful wit, and the eloquence of intellectual indignation, are wanting.—The country is not yet sufficiently habituated to willing slavery to have acquired that stoical philosophy peculiar to absolute governments, in which prudent submission is blended with dexterous railery and the sting of oppression mitigated by the palliative of the suppressed yet visible contempt which belongs to "light philosophy."

Had not the sense of the ridiculous yielded in that people to the imperious voice of self-interest, or been stifled by the fear of their rulers, we cannot imagine that they would gravely chronicle the result of the recent elections in Maryland, and intone the song of triumph upon that "Union" victory. Cicero said he never could understand how two soothsayers could look upon each other without laughing. Is it possible to understand how Lincoln, Seward, Bradford and their allies can congratulate each other on the victory in Maryland without a quiet grin? There must certainly be a roguish twinkle of the eye, an expression of that placid happiness with which Fagin witnessed the skillful performance of the Artful Dodger, and hailed the improvement of Oliver in the noble art of picking pockets

The election is heralded throughout the land as a triumph of the glorious cause of the Union. Not a smile is observed upon the face of the press, and a superfical observer is puzzled. He thinks, perhaps, the people have no appreciation of a joke. This is an entire mistake. They possess that highest style of humor which delights in the most grotesque ideas with redoubted gravity of countenance. Even now they chuckle at the astonishment of the outer world while observing the great change of sentiment in Maryland, or else they scream with private laughter when the old fogies of Europe, taking it seriously, descant upon the tyranny which forces an expression of popular will.

The Yankees may enjoy this triumph at the expense of Europe, but they need not flatter themselves that the people of the South are to be hood-winked in that way. We can appreciate a joke even if we do not admire the spirit that gives it birth. Practical jests, according to Macauley, are indications of a bad heart. We are inclined to that opinion; and even if we laugh at the absurdity of a mock election it is because we are disgusted at the tyranny which requires it. The absurdity of an election in a State where the whole Legislature was imprisoned on the suspicion that it was going to oppose the government, strikes forcibly on the attention.

The exquisite humor of proclaiming universal suffrage and guaranteeing freedom of opinion by the use of the ballot, and at the same time imposing a preliminary test oath of loyalty, is thoroughly appreciated, yet we think of those who are unfortunately doomed to look upon the reverse of the medal, and we cannot fully yield ourselves to "laughter, shaking both his sides."—Lincoln, the American Æsop, might surely concoct a story, with a moral to it, on this peculiar exhibition of American liberty. For the present, however, political reasons will restrict its circulation to a few chosen friends. The world in general must wait for his posthumous memoirs in order to enjoy it.

☞ The *National Intelligencer* nobly says:

"We profess no political loyalty save that inspired by love for the Union, the Constitution, and by respect for the Laws. Who professes more have none."

☞ One of the Russian naval officers in New York has made good time, and secured the hand of a wealthy lady there, and it is said will be married in a short time.

EXCITING NEWS FROM TEXAS.

FIVE FRENCH MEN-OF-WAR WATCHING GEN. BANKS' MOVEMENTS.

Correspondence of the Phila. Inquirer.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—A startling piece of intelligence from Texas comes to us this afternoon, to the effect that on the 19th of last month a [illegible] pose of watching the movements of General Banks. The news is communicated to the Boston *Journal*, by a correspondent at Brownsville. There is no reason to doubt the truth of it, I suppose, yet one cannot help wondering why the correspondence of other journals, written at about the same time, are silent on the subject. True or false, however, the item is one that has created much talk down town this afternoon. The bears interpret it as the sure harbinger of a war with France. The steamer which arrived here from New Orleans, on Saturday last, you will remember, brought a bearer of dispatches from General Banks. The gentleman was in such a hurry to reach Washington, I am told, that on proceeding to Jersey City to take the cars, and finding that the half-past seven o'clock train had just started, he desired to make application to the President of the road to have the train detained at Newark, so that he could overhaul it.—The President, however, could not be found, and none of the subordinates felt warranted in taking so unusual a step.—An extra train would have been chartered, if one could have been got ready. But, as it was, the messenger had to hold over till next day, when he went on in the usual express train. His dispatches are supposed to have had reference to the French movement alluded to

KEEPING OF WINTER CABBAGE.

We have no reason to change our old mode of keeping cabbage through the winter; and to those who have not stored theirs we again commend it as all that is desirable. Take up the cabbage by the roots—set it closely together in rows up to the head in soil, roots down the same as it grows—drive in posts at the the corners of the bed and intermediate spaces if necessary, higher one side than the other—nail strips of board, lath, or anything else that will answer, on these posts—lay upon these, old boards, doors, or if you have nothing else, bean-poles and corn-fodder, so that the roof will be clear of the cabbage and allow the air to circulate—close up the sides with yard or garden offal of any kind—and your cabbage will keep all winter, fresh and green, and be accessible at all times, or nearly so, the frost not being nearly so severe under this protection as in exposed places. We have pursued this plan for years, and it has always given satisfaction. Remember, exclude moisture—never mind the frost, which is a benefit rather than an injury.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE CONFEDERATE FOREIGN RELATIONS.—The *Enquirer* is disgusted with the foreign policy of the Confederate authorities. Commenting on the letter of Mr. De Leon to Jeff. Davis, recently intercepted and published in Northern journals, the *Enquirer* says:

"We wish to awaken the President and the Congress to the fact—now, at last, patent enough—that all our mighty diplomatic mimicry of a foreign policy, while we have no foreign relations at all, has done us no service, and no credit. The thing is a farce, and would be nothing worse than ludicrous were it not for the secret operations which we are told are going on 'over there' and which nobody knows of but Messrs. Benjamin and Slidell. This makes the matter serious; and it must all be speedily explored and turned inside out, if there is any good in a Confederate Congress at all.

"We beg leave to suggest a short joint resolution of both Houses, that the President be requested to shut up the Department of State; to lock its door and put the key in his pocket."

DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IN CONNECTICUT.—Hartford elected town officers on the 31 instant, with a sweeping Democratic victory. The contest was spiritedly conducted on both sides, and the vote larger than at any previous fall election. The Democrats elected their entire ticket of 40 men, by majorities ranging from 309 to 434.

RICH PEOPLE IN ENGLAND.—The richest individual in England is the Marquis of Westminster, whose daily income is estimated at $5,000. The Rothschilds, four of them, are the richest house in Europe, and their income is estimated at about nine millions a year, or a thousand dollars an hour,

☞ An infamous old bachelor, being asked if he ever witnessed a public execution, replied "No, but I once saw a marriage."