Anecdote of Rev. Wm. Arnold.

Rev. Wm. Arnold was very much opposed to dancing, but manifested no opposition to a good joke at the right time, and in the right place.

Going home, one evening, with becoming solemnity and without cracking a smile, he said to his companion—(it was towards the close of the year)—"Wife, I am going to have a dance here, Christmas!"

Mrs. Arnold was dumfounded. What in the world could her husband mean? He have a dance at his house? He who of all others always opposed dancing to the death?

But Mr. Arnold still insisted that he would have the dance. There was no use in opposing it. His mind was made up. Have the dance at his house he would, let what might be said, or thought.

Mrs. Arnold was in deep distress. Retiring in sorrow and agony, she sought her daughter, and said, "Mary, I really am afraid your father has lost his mind. He says he is bent on having a dance here, Christmas!" And a dance he did have in his own house. But before Christmas came, the good old divine's family were rejoiced to be told that the dance would be brother Thomas Dance of this county, a good old man and a class-leader, who was to be Mr. Arnold's guest, sometime during the Christmas. But Mr. Arnold did have the Dance at his house, without being crazy, and with the full approbation of his good wife, who always delighted to have her friends with her, even if one of them was a Dance.

Blondin on the Rope.

"What have we here? a man or a fish?"

Besides the large company generally congregated at Niagara during the summer months, crowds of people poured in from all directions for thirty or forty, perhaps a hundred miles around, on both the Canadian and American side of the river— all to see one of these "walkings," about which the newspapers made so much noise, a few years ago. A two-inch cable was stretched across the river, nearly a mile below the falls, where the banks are two hundred and thirty or forty feet high, and was steadied by ropes extending diagonally from either side, to the shores of Canada and New York, respectively.

Blondin mounted his rope from the American shore, and started across in the character of a galley-slave, with chains on his ankles and wrists— the chains being constructed of block tin, I believe, though that fact detracts very little from the daring character of his performance—carrying a balancing pole, over twenty feet long, said to weigh forty-eight pounds. He walked a short distance, and, stopping, shook the rope. Going a little farther, he again stopped, and lay, down at full length on his back, keeping his pole at right angles across his body. Assuming a sitting posture, he moved along in a strange manner, putting one foot out as far as he could reach, the other hanging down below the rope, then rising on the extended foot, putting the other out in the same manner as the first, allowing the first to hang down, and so on.

Again he started off in a run, and then stopped to stand on his head, striking his heels together, while in that position. He first placed the pole at right angles across the rope, his head either on or very near it, and then raised his body gently into an upright position. While walking or running, he held his arms extended, at nearly full length before him, and the pole well balanced, at right angles with the rope. After getting from his head on his feet, he proceeded to the middle of the rope and paused. There he was, his life, almost literally, hanging on a thread. Two hundred and thirty dizzy feet stretched from him to the fierce torrent which rushed below. He was over the centre of one of the broadest rivers in the world. The only thing between him and eternity was a two inch cable, and this he was touching only with the soles of his feet. Yet there is no doubt he was an cool and self-possessed as if walking on a brick pavement. The least trepidation would have resulted in instant death.

At length he commenced playing all kinds of fantastic tricks. Encircling the rope with his arms and legs, he whirled over and over with singular rapidity; he "skinned the cat;" he let himself down, head foremost, hanging by one leg hooked over the rope; he suspended himself at arms' length, swinging back and forth like a pendulum. Finally, having exhausted the list of daring and dangerous feats, he proceeded to the Canadian side, where he was received with deafening cheers, and was soon swallowed up and lost to view in the crowd.

After a considerable interval, he again approached the river, in the dress of a French cook, with a sheet-iron stove on his shoulders. He walked firmly and rapidly to the middle of the rope, where he stopped, set down his stove, kindled a fire, broke eggs, cooked an omelette, and let it down in a plate, at the end of a cord, to the passengers on the Maid of the Mist, as she was moving about directly underneath him! This was the crowning and finishing exploit of the most wonderful performance I ever witnessed, and I can testify that it was done fairly, without trick of any sort.

After Blondin reached the shore, I had an opportunity of observing him closely. He was rather small, but looked hard, wiry and muscular. His complexion was somewhat cadaverous, his hair, moustache, and goatee nearly white. Thus, I suppose, was their original color, and age had nothing to do with it, for he appeared to be about thirty years old.

Blondin was one of the wonders of the age.

W. W. T.

Epigram.

"New England's a dead, the poet said,
On every field they lie:
In fact a few live doodles do
As much before they die."

Luther and St. Bernard.

"St. Bernard (said Luther) was the best friar, whom I love above all the rest. Yet he dared to say, 'It were a sign of damnation if one quitted the monastery.' He had under him 3000 friars, among all which was not one damned, if his sentence were true. Sed visc etro. St. Bernard lived in dangerous times, under the Emperors Henry IV. and V. under Conrad and Lothaire. He was an experienced and well-gaught friar, but he gave an ill example. The state and calling of a true Christian (which God ordained and found ed) consisteth in three hierarchies, namely: in domestic, temporal, and church government."

So some will tell you, in the present day, it is a "sign of damnation" if one either quits a certain "church," or does not belong to that "church." This is all improper, and at a future day will be cited as being as much a wrong, as that of which Luther complained. "The church" and "christians" will never be right, until they be as perfectly tolerant of any and all religions as at this moment.
Wearing Black.

There is no custom more useless and absurd than that of wearing black, or wearing mourning for a deceased friend. What is it done for? What good does it do the living or the dead? Can anyone—dare anyone say it is sorrow which regulates this matter, in a majority, or even half the cases?

To me it seems like a solemn mocking of the dead—this clothing the limbs in mourning long after the heart has ceased to think of the deceased. And is not this done? Do we not see persons clothed in the fashionable habiliments of wo, when mirth, and laughter, and folly are in their hearts, and on their lips? Shall I thus be mocked when I am dead? My heart revolts at the idea, living, and I could almost turn in my coffin at the grievous wrong, when dead.

Say what you will, one truth is clear and cannot be denied. It is not sorrow which controls in the matter of wearing black. I wish my proposition understood. I do not say those who wear black do not feel sorrow that their friends are gone. I know many of them do, as I know many of them do not. But this I do say: It is not sorrow that controls in the matter. It is fashion—heartless, giddy, accursed fashion—a goddess whom I hate at all times, on account of her impious but idiomatic demands, and her light, giddy, frivolous attributes. And more than all do I hate her when she seeks to give an air to my sorrow; when my affection is to be tested by a silly piece of gauze or crepe. Away with the clod! Godless, heartless Deity of Fashion! Let me alone, when my friend dies! Intrude not then upon my silent sorrow! Let me repair to the grave of the departed one, and weep in silence and sorrow there, and let not even the wind bear the mean of my stricken heart! Go! Fashion, go! Your very touch is pollution, your very breath contamination! Let me weep—let me sorrow—but be thou afar off! I tell thee again, intrude not then upon the sanctuary of my silent grief! And when I die, if I have a friend, let him drop a single tear over my tomb, and then with the heroism of a man tread again, as light-hearted as he may, the path of duty and of life! But oh! send not thy heartless minions with their tawdry, sable shroud, to mock me in my grave! Then shall I have no power to resist the wrong—and even though in life a wrong-doer I have been, let my death alone for it all, and let me rest! Mock me not then, oh! black and heartless Fashion—mock me not!

Popular Superstitions.


Visions, and magic spells, can you conceive, And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies! Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find the whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little hoy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-band on Thursday. 'Thursday!' says she: 'no, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon childermas-day: tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation, and won-...
not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick, that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapors, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbors. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sybils, that foresakes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches, and was the other day almost frighted out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at the time when she lay ill of the tooth-ache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life, and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divine quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish, of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and preserves, by the use of this syrup. I have passed from the manufacture of hats to the manufacture of other articles. I had the honor and the pleasure, a few days ago, of enjoying the hospitalities of Mrs. Kinchen Little, of this county, and I trust she will pardon me for introducing her name into a newspaper, as I do so only for the purpose of accomplishing good, by holding up her example as worthy of imitation by the other matrons and maidens of the land. In the first place, Mrs. Little showed me some blankets which she had had woven; a little cotton mixed with the hair, to make it card well—I think only about one-third. The thread for the filling was then spun out of this mixture, and woven upon warp coarse enough to be set in a bagging loom, which was done. The material thus manufactured makes very good negro blankets, and upon a pinch might be used by white folks, in these war times. The cow's hair can be obtained at any tan-yard, and I would recommend this branch of manufactures to our Southern women generally. Mrs. Little also showed me beautiful flannel which she had had woven. The warp, of course, was cotton: and I saw yards of fine jeans which she had had manufactured for the use of her family. She set before me, too, syrup made from the Chinese sugar-cane, and excellent ginger bread manufactured from this syrup. As an experiment, she had been trying the making of preserves, by the use of this syrup. I tasted some quinces put up in this way, and although not as good as if preserved in sugar, still, as Mrs. Little observed, the experiment was sufficient to show that if the worst comes to the worst, we can even do without sugar. This was simply an experiment of Mrs. L., as much for the benefit of the country as anything else, as every-body who has ever had the good fortune to sit down to her table knows that her ladder is, at all times, stored with the best that the country affords.

To crown all, Mrs. Little favored me with a sight of some very good salt which she was manufacturing from her smoke-house. If all the women, and all the people in the land were like Mrs. Little, we would be independent of the world in almost everything. Who that is a Southern planter or farmer, does not look around him and view with pride the boundless resources of his little realm? But whose cheek will not, at the same time, tingle with shame, that he has so criminally neglected all these resources?

Pirate's Defence.

Alexander the Great was about to pass sentence of death on a noted pirate, but previously asked him, 'Why dost thou trouble the seas?' 'Why,' rejoined the rover boldly, 'dost thou trouble the whole world? I with one ship go in quest of solitary adventures, and am therefore called pirate: thou with a great army warrs against nations, and therefore art called emperor. Sir, there is no difference between us but in the name and means of doing mischief.' Alexander, so far from being displeased with the freedom of the culprit, was so impressed with the force of his appeal, that he dismissed him unpunished.

Magnanimity.

"In the obscurity of retirement, amid the Star-poor poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond the belief, as the practice of the great; a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world, as the Falls of Niagara, in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence."

Friends.

"There are some friends so well conducted, that it would be stupidity not to be deceived by them. A wise man, therefore, may be duped as well as a fool. But the fool publishes the triumph of his deceiver. The wise man is silent, and denies that triumph to an enemy which he would hardly concede to a friend—a triumph that proclaims his own defeat."

"The virtue of Women is often the love of reputation and quiet."
TO J. B.

Both your quarters have been received, and the paper sent you regularly since the receipt of the first one to Co. D, 29th Reg. Geo. Vols., Savannah, Ga.

W. A. C.

To the Editor of the Savannah Gazette:

I have been informed that a monster known as a Bostonian or Yankee has been found near the city, and that he is about to be exhibited for all to see.

I am, etc.,

W. A. C.

P. S. I herewith inclose a bill for ten dollars, to be paid to Mr. Jackson, book agent, in charge of the monster.

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W. A. C.
The Thread of Discourse.

"Some people contract strong habits of what may be called external association, the body being more concerned in it than the mind, and external things than ideas. They connect a certain action with a certain object, so that without the one, they cannot easily perform the other; although, independently of habit, there is no connection between them. Dr. Beattie mentions the case of a clergyman, who could not compose his sermon, except when he held a foot-rule in his hand, and of another, who, while he was employed in study, would always be rolling between his fingers a parcel of peas, whereas he constantly kept a trencher full within reach of his arm. Locke speaks of a young man, who in one particular room, where an old trunk stood, could dance very well: but in any other room, if it wanted any such a piece of furniture, could not dance at all. A writer in the Tatler, mentions a more probable instance of a lawyer, who in his pleadings used always to be twisting about his finger a piece of pack-thread, which the punters of that time called, with some reason, the thread of his discourse. One day a client of his had a mind to see how he would acquit himself without it, and stole it from him. The consequence was, that the client became silent in the midst of his barracouge, and the client suffered for his waggery, by the loss of his cause."

Ills of life.

"There are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common: by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious: and religion, which is the most effectual. It has been acutely said, that "philosophy readily triumphs over past or future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy." "Philosophy is a goddess, whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon earth. She attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs. She can teach us to bear of the calamities of others with magnanimity: but it is religious only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation."

Love and Jealousy.

"Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare: but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common: for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride as often as by affection."

"We forgive, as long as we love."

Old Grimes.

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old man, We never shall see him more; He used to wear a long black coat All buttoned down before."

His heart was open as the day, His feelings all were true, His hair was some inclined to grey, He wore it in a queue.

Where'er he heard the voice of pain, His breast with pity burned, The large round head upon his cane From ivory was turned.

And ever present at pitty's call He knew no base design, His eyes were dark, and rather small, His nose was aquiline.

He lived in peace with all mankind, In friendship he was true, His coat had pocket holes behind, His pacations were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes He passed securely o'er, He never wore a pair of boots, For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest, Nor fears misfortune's frown, He wore a double-breasted vest, The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find, And pay it its desert, He had no malice in his mind, No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse, Was sociable and gay, He wore large buckles on his shoes, And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze, He did not bring to view, Nor make a noise town-meeting days, As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw In trust to fortune's chances, But lived (as all his brothers do) In trust to fortune's chances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares, His peaceful moments ran, And everybody said he was A fine old gentleman.

This amusing ballad has been long circulated anonymously, and has been generally much liked. Its authorship is now made known. It was written by Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R. I. — 1834.

Discouragements of Authors.

"The Pilgrim's Progress is one of the most popular books in the English language: yet Bunyan says, in his preface, that he was advised not to publish it. Some said, John, print it, others said no."

Thus the existence of this interesting work was made to turn upon the author's just estimation of his own production. It is known that the Rambler was very poorly received at first, and that the whole life of the author was embittered by poverty. Dr. Johnson's literary labors never afforded him a comfortable living, notwithstanding he was a very voluminous writer. In his declining years, a small pension was settled on him by the king, which just saved him from suffering in his old age, but never amounted to competence. When Sir Walter Scott had written a volume of his Waverly novels, he submitted the manuscript to a friend, and asked his advice about publishing it. His friend assured him that it was not likely to be popular, and advised him not to publish. The volume was accordingly laid aside for several years, but afterwards Sir Walter published it, and it proved to be one of the most popular of his works. Hume, whose History of England is a lasting and sufficient monument to his genius, on the publication of the first volume of that work, was so vexed by the contemporary critics and unfelt writers, that he resolved to expatriate himself, and was prevented, I believe, from carrying the resolution into effect, only by some uncontrollable circumstances. We may learn from the above, this, at least: that a few individuals and the public often differ in opinion. The appeal from the few to the many is, notwithstanding the defects of the latter court, one of the most precious rights of the philanthropist and the scholar."
Tar and Feathers Revenged.

"Just before the breaking out of the Revolution, a man by the name of Ditson, belonging to Billerica, Mass., was tarred and feathered in Boston, by the British soldiers, under the orders of Lieutenant Colonel Prescott. The British officers wished to prevent the Americans from purchasing guns, and in order to furnish an opportunity to inflict punishment, and to raise occasion for a serious quarrel, a soldier was ordered to offer the countryman an old rusty musket. Ditson caught at the bait, and purchased the gun for three dollars. He was thenupon seized, and after being confined in the guard house all night, was stripped entirely naked, and covered with tar and feathers, and in that condition paraded through the streets of Boston. The Yankees, however, began to collect in great numbers, and the military fearing for their own safety, dismissed the man and retreated to their barracks.

Thus far the incident is related by a contemporary historian. What follows, we have from the lips of an old continental himself. Many a time and oft have we heard him relate the story, with clenched hands and eyes flashing fire, and always with this ending — But I had my revenge."

When he was dismissed by the British, he called for his gun, which, during the operation of tarring and feathering had been taken from him. "Take the gun and be damned!" said the officer who had commanded the tarring and feathering party: "you'll be the last Yankee, I'll be sworn, who will come to purchase a musket."

"But not the last that will use one," said Ditson, as he grasped the weapon: "and mark me, sir, I'll have my revenge!"

"The cock is clear game," said the officer, turning to his companions with a laugh, "but he had better ruffle his feathers on his own dunghill!"

Ditson by the aid of soap and warm water, got rid of his feathered coat, but the idea of the insult clung to his mind, tantalizing deeper and deeper like the shirt of Nessus. It was the theme of his thought, waking and sleeping. He dreamed of it by night: and by day, pondered on the means of accomplishing it by day. But how was he to accomplish it?

An opportunity was not long wanting for that purpose. His country flew to arms to redress its public grievances, and he to revenge his private ones. As soon as he heard that the British had marched to Concord, he seized his rusty musket, and ran to the scene of action.

“What are you going to do?” asked his neighbors, as they saw him unyoking his team in the midst of the field, and at an unseasonable hour of the day.

“I’m going to pay the redcoats for the tar and feathers,” said Ditson setting his teeth firmly together: "Come on and you shall see spurt."

“But you’re not going to take that old rusty piece?” said one.

“But I am though," said Ditson: "I shall take none the worse sight for its being rusty."

He hastened to the field to fight, and his neighbors went with him. Having selected the boughs of a thick tree by the wayside, whither the British were on their retreat, he climbed into them, and there, securely ensconced, and taking deliberate aim, every shot from the old rusty musket told one.

“I aimed” said Ditson, "particularly at the officer, and the first man I dropped was the commander of the tar kettle. That did me more good than the best dinner I ever ate in my life."

"There!" I could not help exclaiming: "I told you I’d have my revenge!" — Half a dozen shots were fired into the tree, but they were fired at random, for I was well secured with boughs, and only two bullets went through my hat. My bosom lightened as soon as the officer fell. The tar seemed, as it were, to loosen from my skin, and I felt fifty per cent better. But still I had not completed my revenge. The tar had not yet all dropped off. It was there still, in imagination, and the feathers clung to it. The British would make a fighting-cock of me, and I was determined they should feel the full length of my spurs."

Ditson was again present at the battle of Bunker Hill, where he had an opportunity of using the old musket to still greater advantage than at the battle of Lexington. Reserving his fire agreeably to the mode enjoined by Putnam, until he could see the enemy’s eyes, he brought down his man at every shot: and several more, whose countenances he recollected, as having belonged to those engaged in the tarring and feathering scrape, fell victims to the strength of his memory, the accuracy of his aim, and the sure fire of his rusty old piece. He was the last to leave the ditch, and when his powder and ball were expended, he fought like a tiger with the butt of his musket; and as he dashed it into the skull of two or three of the ‘regimants’ in quick succession, he exclaimed, “That’s to pay for the tar and feathers!” He suffered much in consequence, “but,” as he used to exclaim in after years, "I didn’t mind that, for I had my revenge!"

He recovered from his wounds, and fought through the war: and although naturally brave and attached to his country, his courage and his patriotism were not a little stimulated by the remembrance of the tar and feathers. No single arm sent a greater number to their final account. He at length saw her free. Her injuries were redressed, and so were his own.

He lived to be an old man. Poverty visited his hut. Every thing that could be spared was sold, except the old musket. He would shoulder that.

"And show how fields were won."

Then as his eye gleamed at the recollection of the never-to-be-forgotten insult, he would exclaim, "It was all owing to the tar and feathers: but I had my revenge!"

Epi gram.

“While Butler plays his silly pranks, and closes up New Orleans banks, Our Stonewall Jackson, with more cunning, Keeps Yankee Banks forever running.”

“A man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool.”

Bad Luck.

Brother Medlock of the Central Georgian, complains that he does not get his Daily Macon Telegraph more than half the time. I would have been down with the same complaint, for some time past, but for the fact that I am satisfied the failure must be in the Telegraph office: and as brother Medlock is kind enough to exchange with me at all, I feel that I have no right to complain. I am much obliged to him for his paper, even occasionally, as it is a favorite with me, but would be still more obliged if I could get it regularly. — Our P. M. assures me that the Telegraph does not come regularly, and I have several times been told by him as he called the papers, and have seen that mine did not come.

Letter from J. B. E.

Mr. Countryman: — I date this letter at Staunton, Va., Sept. 24th, 1862. — To recount to you all of interest which I have seen since writing last, would be to make a letter too voluminous: consequently, I must pass over, unnoticed, many things which took place on our trip to Maryland, to give room for that which is of more importance, and more worthy of consideration on the part of your readers.

We all had quite a lively time, crossing the Potomac, marching to Frederick, &c., living almost entirely on green corn, with regular rations of beef. — The entire army
campaigned in Frederick County, some 4 days, after which a forward move was made to- wards Hagerstown, with Geo. D. H. Hill’s division in the rear. We had advanced but a short distance into Washington Co., before information came, that the enemy was pursuing us with a large force. We faced about, and met him between Boonesboro’ and Middleton, at Blue Ridge Pass, on Patrick’s Gap, early Sunday morning, 14th inst. Cannibading was kept up, regularly through the day, with musketry at different points, until late in the evening, when the engagement became general; Gen. Longstreet having arrived with heavy re-inforcements. In the engagement, Gen. Ripley’s brigade occupied the extreme right wing, and the 44th Ga., the right of the brigade, Col. Dole’s regiment being on some detached service, at the time. In this fight, our position was a good one (I mean that of the 44th). Though under fire nearly the whole day, we had only one or two in the regiment wounded. After fighting until about 9 o’clock p.m., we repulsed the enemy, and fell back, on Sunday night, in the direction of the Potomac, to Sharpsburg, where we made a stand, and awaited the coming of the enemy, who soon made his appearance, and commenced shelling us. This was kept up from Monday until Wednesday, when the most bloody battle of the war commenced. The battle continued the whole day, without the least cessation. We were ordered into it early in the morning, and had to fight most desperately. At one time, I thought all hopes of success were gone. Our boys fell at regularity and as fast as counting one, two, three. This I observed in my own company. The first person whom I saw shot, was Capt. Pearson. He was shot immediately in the head—our position being that of lying down. The Captain’s loss is irreparable, and his place cannot be filled so well. He died enucleated to his company by ties of mutual friendship and kindness. The men knew nothing but to love and obey him. We can only hope that our loss is the eternal gain of our friend, whose course was that of a man of integrity, charity, and Christianity. While we know friends weep at home, we too sorrow, abroad, for one who was so kind, and ever ready to confer a favor. Besides him, six others of our brave boys fell in this bloody struggle. They fought until the last. Men were falling all around, but still our boys held their ground, and fired. Without going farther, I will give you a list of the casualties, as correctly as I can.


**Wounded:** Lt. J. B. Reese, in the arm, slightly; Sergt. A. H. Wright, through right arm, severely; Corp. T. J. Moore, on chin, slightly; Private J. C. Alford, on ball, entered back of the neck, and came out just below the arm—pit—badly, not seriously; C. S. Moneynham, shot through left arm, just above the elbow—ball entered lower part of the right thigh severely; Richard Brown, in right arm, slightly; Green J. Spivey, through right arm, near the shoulder, severely; O. S. Wynn, in the head, slightly; J. M. Sanders, in the head, slightly; W. H. Fuller, in left arm, slightly; John Maddox, in the back, with shell. Sergt. Howard was knocked down by a bomb. John West, I learn, was wounded, but how much, I am not able to say.

I have given you as correct a list as I know. Some of this I give upon the evidence of others.—Of the 24th Light Infantry, Capt. Pearson, John Moore and Hetland were killed—several of the boys slightly wounded. Lt. Reid, of the Brown Rifles, was severely wounded, through the right thigh; Lt. O’Brien through hand, or fingers. It is said that Capt. Nisbet was killed. I hope this is untrue. It is said that Jackson had another fight on Saturday last. Who were engaged and hurt in it, I am unable to say.

After the Sharpsburg battle, our army fell back on the Virginia side of the Potomac. The enemy crossed, but was beaten back with considerable loss, on Saturday and Sunday. Jackson has re-crossed the Potomac. 

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**The Child’s Index.**

This is the title of a very neat, well-printed, well-edited child’s paper, published by Rev. S. Boykin of The Christian Index, Macon, Ga., at 50 cents per annum. It is a monthly publication.—I wish The Child’s Index abundant success, except in its amiable attempt at uncourishing all other denominations (embracing some of the editor’s nearest and best friends) except its own. In this (thank God) it will fail, as it ought to fail.

**John Adams.**

“John Adams, a distinguished patriot of the American revolution, was born in 1735, at Braintree, Massachusetts. He was educated at the university of Cambridge, and received the degree of master of arts in 1758. At this time he entered the office of Jeremiah Gridley, a lawyer of the highest eminence, to complete his legal studies; and in the next year he was admitted to the bar of Suffolk. Mr. Adams at an early age espoused the cause of his country, and received numerous marks of the public confidence and respect. He took a prominent part in every leading measure, and served on several committees which reported some of the most important State papers of the time. He was elected a member of the Congress, and was among the foremost in recommending the adoption of an independent government. It has been affirmed by Mr. Jefferson himself, that the great pillar of support to the declaration of independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the house, was John Adams.” In 1777, he was chosen commissioner to the court of Versailles, in the place of Mr. Dean, who was recalled. On his return, about a year afterwards, he was elected a member of the convention to prepare a form of government for the state of Massachusetts, and placed on the sub-committee chosen to draft the project of a constitution. Three months after his return, congress sent him abroad with two commissions, one as minister plenipotentiary to negotiate a peace; the other to form a commercial treaty with Great Britain. In June 1783, he was appointed in the place of Mr. Laurens, ambassador to Holland, and in 1789 he repaired to Paris to commence the negotiation for peace, having previously obtained assurance that Great Britain would recognize the independence of the United States. At the close of the war, Mr. A. was appointed the first minister to London. In 1789 he was elected vice-president of the United States, and, on the resignation of Washington, succeeded to the presidency, 1797. After his term of four years had expired, it was found, on the new election, that his adversary, Mr. Jefferson, had succeeded by the majority of one vote. On retiring to his farm in Quincy, Mr. A. occupied himself with agriculture, obtaining amusement from the literature and politics of the day. The remaining years of his life were passed in almost uninterrupted tranquility. He died on the 4th of July, 1826, with the same words on his lips, which fifty years before, on that glorious day, he had uttered on the floor of Congress: ‘Independence forever.’ Mr. Adams is the author of an Essay on Canon and Feudal Law; a series of letters published under the signature of Nevan-glass; and discourse on Davila.”

“Weak people are incapable of sincerity.”
TRENTWOLD, G.A., OCTOBER 6, 1862.

To J.B.

Your money was received, and your paper has been sent regularly to Oakley.

McClellan's Strategic Move.

"Henceforth when a sovereign is kicked out of doors, he need never present the disguise.

Our Talents and Pretensions.

Men of great and shining qualities do not always succeed in life, but the fault lies more often in themselves than in others. Doctor Johnson was pronounced to be an impenetrable man, by a colleague, and Dr. Watson was turned into a practicable mast, by a king. A ship may be well equipped, both as to sails and as to guns, but if she be destined for ballast, and of rudder, she cannot either fight with effect, nor fly from her enemies, and she may strike to a vessel less strong, but more manageable. And so it is with men. They may have the gifts both of talent and of wit, but unless they have also prudence and judgment to dictate the when, the where, and the how, these gifts are to be exerted; the peace born of them will be deemed to be upon only where nothing is to be gained, but to be decided where everything is to be lost. They will be outdone by many men of less brilliant, but more convertible qualifications, and whose strength in one point, is not counterbalanced by any disproportion in another. Disappointed men, who think they have talents, and who hint that their talents have not been properly rewarded, usually forget that they have not rewarded them either. They will be outdone by many men of less brilliant, but more convertible qualifications, and whose strength in one point, is not counterbalanced by any disproportion in another. Disappointed men, who think they have talents, and who hint that their talents have not been properly rewarded, usually forget that they have not rewarded them either. They will be outdone by many men of less brilliant, but more convertible qualifications, and whose strength in one point, is not counterbalanced by any disproportion in another.

ADMINISTRATION SALE.—Under an order of the Court of Ordinary of Putnam Co., I will offer for sale, on the 1st Tuesday in Nov. next, before the Court, the seat ofDotter of Colonel E. H. Johnson, deceased, consisting of 1060 acres, more or less, situate in the town of McRae, and containing a good and substantial house, with good settlements, and a good proportion of valuable timber. Bids will be received in advance. Obituaries and marriages, short or long, are inserted at usual rates.

J. T. PUTNAM.

Mr. COUNTRYMAN:—Under date of 23rd Sept., 1862, I send you for publication, at the request of Mr. Walt, who is my sole executor, the following advertisement:

"The estate of W. J. McMillan, deceased, is for sale at the court of ordinary of Putnam Co., to be purchased by the highest bidder. The estate consists of 1060 acres of land, situate in the town of McRae. The house and other improvements are in good condition. The sale will take place on the 23rd of Oct., 1862. W. J. McMillan, deceased."

ADMIRABLE PULPIT:—Published weekly, by W. F. and Marshall, Forsyth, Ga., at $1 per annum, payable in advance.

WHEN ANY one is obtaining the best prices for his wool, he is not with his goods away, and as soon as he has disposed of them, he disposes of his sheep or his sheep's wool.

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