

The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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MRS. T. J. HOLTON.
FOLIOES AND PROPERTIES.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Whig will be forwarded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuation. Contract rates made on application. Single copies 5 cents. Advertisements inserted for less than one year, at a discount of 25 per cent. will be made from the regular price, for advertising in the year. Advertisements inserted for less than one year, at a discount of 25 per cent. will be made from the regular price, for advertising in the year.

Persons when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired, and they will be inserted until so ordered and charged accordingly.

For Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.



What I Live For.

BY L. L. BAKER.

I live for those who love me—
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit to pursue.

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Miscellaneous.

RICHARD DOUBLEDICK.

But that night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me," he related everything. It gradually seemed to her, as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept, a stranger, became the boundary of his home; when he was able to rejoin his regiment in the spring, he left the garden, thinking that this indeed the first time he had ever turned his face towards the old colors, with a woman's blessing. He followed them—so ragged, so scarred and pierced now, that they would scarcely hold together to Quatre Bras, and Ligny. He stood beside them, in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour, the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

The famous regiment was in action early in the battle, and received its first shock in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But it swept on to revenge him, and left behind no such creature in the world of consciousness, as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Through pits of mire, and pools of rain; along deep ditches, once roads, that were pounded and ploughed to pieces by artillery, heavy waggon, tramp of men and horses, and the strangle of every wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted among the dying and the dead, so degraded for humanity, undisturbed by the moaning of men and the shrieking of horses, which, newly taken from the peaceful paradise of life, could not endure the sight of the stragglers lying by the wayside,

never to resume their toilsome journey; dead, as to any sentient life that way in it, and yet alive, the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, with whose praises England rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There, it was tenderly laid down in hospital; and there it lay, week after week, through the long bright summer days, until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

Over and over again the sun rose and set upon the crowded city; over and over again, the moon-light nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo; and all that time was a blank to what had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels, and marshaled out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives came thronging thither, drew their lots of joy or agony, and departed; so many times a day, the bells rang; so many times, the shadows of the great building charged; so many lights sprang up at dusk; so many feet passed here and there upon the pavement; so many hours of sleep and cooler air of night succeeded; indifferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring, at last, through a long heavy dream of confused time and place, preventing faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew and of faces that had been familiar to his youth—dearest and kindest among them, Mary Marshall's with a solicitude upon it more like reality than anything he could discern—Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life. To the beautiful life of a fresh quiet room with a large window standing open; a balcony, beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet smelling flowers; beyond again, the clear sky, with the sun full in his right, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely, that he thought he had passed into another world. And he said in faint voice, "Tauntou, are you near me?"

A face bent over him. Not his; his mother's. "I came to nurse you. We have nursed you many weeks. You were moved here, long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you mother—What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled; he sobbed and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak; too weak to move his hand.

"Was it dark just now?" he asked presently.

"No."

"It was only dark to me! Something passed away, like a black shadow. But as it went, and the sun—O the blessed sun, how beautiful it is!—touched my face, I thought I saw a light white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?"

She shook her head, and, in a little while, he fell asleep; she still holding his hand, and soothing him.

From that time, he recovered. Slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body; but, making some little advance every day. When he had gained sufficient strength to converse as he lay in bed, he began to remark that Mrs. Tauntou always brought him back to his own history. Then he recalled his preserver's dying words, and thought, "It comforts her."

One day, he awoke out of a sleep refreshed, and asked her to read to him. But, the curtain of the bed, softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke, she might see him from her table at the bed side when she sat at work, "was held undrawn; and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

"Can you hear to see a stranger?" it said softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?"

"Stranger?" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories, before the days of private, Richard Doubledick.

"A stranger now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that thrilled him.—"Richard, dear Richard, look through so many years, my name—"

He cried out her name, "Mary! Mary and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow Richard. These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name."

She was married.

"I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?"

"Never!"

me. He was wounded in a great battle—He was brought, dying, here into Brussels. I came to watch and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone, with such a purpose, to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else he knew me. When he suffered most, he bore his sufferings rarely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death, he married me, that he might call me wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night—"

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary kiss me; tell this weary head to rest, on I shall die of gratitude. His parting words are fulfilled. I see home again!"

Well! They were happy. It was a long recovery, they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground, and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring, when these three were first able to ride out together, and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

But, even then it was necessary for the Captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of Southern France. They found a spot upon the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Arles, and within view of its broken bridge, which was all they could desire; they lived there, together, six months; then returned to England. Mrs. Tauntou growing old after three years—though not so old as that her dark bright eyes were dimmed—and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms; and she was to be rejoined and escorted home, at the year's end, by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her children (as she called them now) and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix; and there, in their own chateau near the farmer's house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began, in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child, a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well, that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad, under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal as it came about, from time to time; and, at last, enclosed a polite note from the head of the chateau, soliciting, on occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of one Madame Richard Doubledick.

Captain Doubledick, now a handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before; dispatched a courteous reply, and it in person. Traveling through all the extent of country after three years of peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden under foot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blinding the exits were laden with the fair fruits of the earth, not with wounds and death. To him who had so often seen terrible reverse, these things were beautiful indeed, and they brought him in a softened spirit to the old chateau near Aix, upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large chateau of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers, and extinguishers and a high leaden roof, and more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open, after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then, there were immense outbuildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terraced gardens balustrades; tanks of water, too weak to play and too dirty to water; statues, woods, and thickets of iron railing, that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubbery, and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance doors stood open, as doors often do to that country when the heat of the day is past, and the Captain saw no bell nor knocker, and walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall, was a gallery, leading to suites of rooms; and it was lighted from the top. Still no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the Captain, halting, a shamed of the planking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning!"

He started back and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking down at him, stood the French officer; the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the original, at last—in every lineament how like it was!

He moved and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright sudden look upon his face. Much such a look as it had worn to that fatal moment.

Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick! Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out to the air. There was a little fête among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fête day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Madame Tauntou.

He was so gracious and so frank, that Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman, as my foe; how much more as my friend!—I, also, am a soldier."

"He has not remembered him, he did not take such note of my face, that day, as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him?"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden, and presented him to his wife; an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Tauntou in a whimsical old fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy, baby to tumble down among the orange-trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children visitors were dancing to sprightly music; and all the servants and peasants about the chateau were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of the peace which had soothed the Captain's journey.

He looked on greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show his rooms. They went up stairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down; and Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within, all clocks and draperies, and hearths, and brassy dogs, and tiles, and cool devices, and elegance, and vastness.

"You were at Waterloo," said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Baidjays."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider. What shall I do, and how shall I tell him? At that time unhappily, many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality, were the uppermost thoughts in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

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He was thinking and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Tauntou spoke to him outside the door, asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary. His mother, above all, the Captain thought, "How shall I tell her?"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Tauntou, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so untrusting and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If he had been a peasant, she would have been truly happy that the evil days were past, which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room and the Captain walked, first to one window, whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window, whence he could see the prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee, these better thoughts are rising in my mind? Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time? Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand? Is it from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst—and as I did through the guidance which has wholly saved me, here on earth—and that he did no more?"

He sat down with his head buried in his hands, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life: That neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that officer's glass with his own that day at dinner, he secretly gave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

FATAL AFFRAY.—An unfortunate occurrence took place yesterday, near the depot in this city, by which two men lost their lives. One was named Wiloughby Davis, a member of company A, and the other a conscript substitute, named James Robinson, formerly renowned as the greatest bare back rider in the world. The origin of the difficulty we are unable to learn, and, as there many conflicting statements, we refrain from entering into particulars. Davis was stabbed across the stomach, his bowels falling out; and Robinson shot, from the effects of which he died before reaching the hospital. It is a long time, if ever since such an awful tragedy was enacted within the peaceful precincts of the city of Raleigh, and we trust we may never have to record another.—Raleigh Telegraph, 2d.

FROM RAPPAHANNOCK COUNTY.—It appears that the prevailing panic fever has spread to Rappahannock County. A lady, who arrived in Richmond on Saturday morning from Fredericksburg, reports that she was, on the day before, told by the Sheriff of Rappahannock, that ten thousand Yankees had made their appearance in that county, and taken possession of the Court House.—Rich. Examiner, 21st.

COL. GEORGE ST. LEGER GREENFELL.—This distinguished officer of the British army, who came to this country to take part in our struggle for independence, traveling all the way from India, and succeeded in running the blockade to the North at Charleston, last April, accompanied Col. Morgan's command on its late expedition to Kentucky, as Aid to Col. M. We have heard the highest encomiums bestowed upon his behavior during the trip, by those who were with him, and it is due to Col. Greenfell to say that he commanded the respect and admiration of the entire command by his undiminished bravery, being always where bullets whistled thickest, and when, in the bloody streets of Cythians, his noble horse fell, pierced by eleven bullets, his own clothing riddled, and himself wounded, he placed himself at the head of a small party detached from their command, and calling upon them to follow, he dealt such destruction among the enemy as to cause them to tremble at the sight of him.

The Colonel was commissioned in the British army thirty three years ago, and has been in active service almost ever since, having participated in the wars of both hemispheres, and must be considered a valuable acquisition to our army.

Col. Greenfell is now in our city, and looks but little worried by his trip.—Aurora Register, 3d.

FREDERICKSBURG.—New from Fredericksburg as late as the 31st ult. states that the citizens of that town have to a man resolved not to take Lincoln's oath of allegiance, as required by Pope's order, but to submit to compulsory exile as the alternative of refusal. All honor to so proud an example! Among them is the venerable Judge Leamon, one of the paragon of that ever lived, and now in extreme age.

ON SATURDAY MORNING, about 9 o'clock, eight hundred Yankees crossed the railroad and some distance below the House, driving our soldiers before them. They dashed through the village at full speed, but two hundred yards beyond, on the Gordonsville Road, they were met and repulsed by two hundred of our cavalry, under Col. Jones, with a loss of all prisoners. They then fell back to the main street, our men following them up, where fierce hand to hand fight took place. While our men were on the point of driving them out of the village, Col. Jones discovered that another body had turned its flank and threatened to cut him off. He immediately ordered a retreat, and his men cut their way through the Yankees in gallant style, with the loss, however, of some ten or fourteen men who were taken prisoners, and returned towards Gordonsville.

During the fight a railroad train, which was on the point of leaving for Gordonsville when the Yankees appeared, made its escape.

The Yankees did not pursue, but employed themselves for two hours tearing up the railroad track and breaking into the stores in the village. They then returned to the North side of the Rapidan, having stopped long enough at Mr. Thomas Scott's, one mile beyond the Court House, to bury ten of their men who had been killed in the fight, and to pillage the country for a mile or two around.

After they had all disappeared, a heavy force of our cavalry, with several pieces of artillery, appeared and made pursuit. They went as far as the ford over Rapidan, and, seeing no enemy, returned.

We learn that Orange Court House remains in our possession, with a force sufficient to protect it against any similar raid in return.

The nine prisoners taken in the fight arrived here yesterday evening in the Central cars.—Richmond Examiner, 14th.

A good story is "told" of Capt. Atkins, of Wheat's celebrated battalion. Atkins, who is well known as the "Wild Irishman," being six feet two inches in height, and of the Charles O'Malley school, was formerly of the British Legion, in the army of Italy, where meeting Col. Wheat, he became so attached to him that he afterwards came over to this country to join him. It was Capt. Atkins who led Wheat's battalion at Manassas, after the noble Wheat fell wounded, leading the celebrated charge of the Louisiana Tigers with a bare shillelagh! In the late battle, in which the glorious Wheat fell, Atkins says, on calling the roll of his company next morning, but one man answered to his name! "Shure," says Atkins, (for thus the story was told me), "that was a sorry report! But a man left but himself and the cool! However, I immediately proceeded to an election of officers, and the only solitary individual in the ranks was unanimously elected 1st Lieutenant. The next day, Gen. Dick Taylor, the ship of 'old Zach,' sent me Atkins, my boy, noticed 'yees yesterday; yer men did splendidly! Didn't they, see I. 'They did,' says he, 'and deserve promotion! Well, then, see I, 'they're got it for every mother's son of 'em 'rao been put on the staff of Col. Wheat to heaven, and the only man left was unanimously elected a Lieutenant this morning!—"

What that the General orders me to Richmond to fill up my company with conscripts; so, calling me Lieutenant, I gave him strict orders as to the discipline to be observed in my absence, and left him in charge of the company until he returned!"

COL. GEORGE ST. LEGER GREENFELL.—This distinguished officer of the British army, who came to this country to take part in our struggle for independence, traveling all the way from India, and succeeded in running the blockade to the North at Charleston, last April, accompanied Col. Morgan's command on its late expedition to Kentucky, as Aid to Col. M. We have heard the highest encomiums bestowed upon his behavior during the trip, by those who were with him, and it is due to Col. Greenfell to say that he commanded the respect and admiration of the entire command by his undiminished bravery, being always where bullets whistled thickest, and when, in the bloody streets of Cythians, his noble horse fell, pierced by eleven bullets, his own clothing riddled, and himself wounded, he placed himself at the head of a small party detached from their command, and calling upon them to follow, he dealt such destruction among the enemy as to cause them to tremble at the sight of him.

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THE RICHMOND EXAMINER, speaking of the recent attack on McClellan's fleet and encampment, says:

"Of the damage done the enemy, we are yet without the means of making an estimate. His loss of life and property must, however, have been terribly large. Our guns threw at least between twelve and fifteen hundred shot and shell, and the remotest object at which we fired was within point-blank range of our smallest gun. The most of the vessels were hit from ten hundred yards to a half mile distant. Along the engagement, the crash of our shot, though the wooden sides of the vessels, some could be distinguished from above the roar of the guns, and our shells were seen to strike over and within the vessels, and a number of them within McClellan's encampment of them within shore."

ON SATURDAY MORNING, a train rode from Petersburg in the direction of the scene of the previous day's engagement. The gun boats had renewed the scene of the shore. Near City Point, he met one of our volunteers, who had just been driven from the river bank by the enemy's projectiles, and who had been present during our attack, and remained after our artillery had retired. This picket assured Capt. Macon that thirty-one of the enemy's transports had been sunk where they lay at anchor, and that a number of others had been towed down the stream Friday morning in a shattered condition. He also stated that the gun steamer to which we have alluded to as the officers' quarters was literally torn to pieces. One wheel house was shot away, and there seemed to be scarcely a whole plank on her sides and upper deck."

THE OUTRAGES IN ARKANSAS.—We have received confirmation of the report that one of the officers on Gen. Pillow's plantation, near Helena, Ark., was hung one day last week. His offense was punishing a negro who had given the Federal information as to where some of his master's stock could be found. On being informed that he had done so, a signal of Dutch made their appearance and hung him up without a moment's delay. In addition to this, a Mr. Laramie, steward on the plantation of Mrs. Roberts, was seized and has been sentenced to be hung this week.

His offense was whipping a negro, and overhauling hands who had worked on Fort Pillow. The sentence was to be executed this week. Another gentleman, Mr. John Yearly, a planter on Old Tenn. ridge, was charged with correcting his own negroes, and also hung.

The same informant fully confirms the report of the outrages we have before noticed, and declares that the half has not been told. The planters in the vicinity of Helena have been literally ruined, the most respectable citizens insulted and outraged in their persons and property, and from the brutality of the soldiery, which is apparently sanctioned by the officers, even the ladies are not exempt. The negroes are assured of the present liberty, which gives the anti-slavery among them an opportunity of indulging their depraved passions, supported as they are by the bayonets of the army, and the promise is made that at the end of the war complete emancipation will come.

This is no fancy sketch; I would to heaven, for the sake of the suffering people of Phillips county, it were. It is a reality that should move every arm to defend our homes and families from the wretches who forget entirely the rules of civilized warfare. These outrages should be avenged, and similar ones prevented.—Memphis Appeal.

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The same informant fully confirms the report of the outrages we have before noticed, and declares that the half has not been told. The planters in the vicinity of Helena have been literally ruined, the most respectable citizens insulted and outraged in their persons and property, and from the brutality of the soldiery, which is apparently sanctioned by the officers, even the ladies are not exempt. The negroes are assured of the present liberty, which gives the anti-slavery among them an opportunity of indulging their depraved passions, supported as they are by the bayonets of the army, and the promise is made that at the end of the war complete emancipation will come.

This is no fancy sketch; I would to heaven, for the sake of the suffering people of Phillips county, it were. It is a reality that should move every arm to defend our homes and families from the wretches who forget entirely the rules of civilized warfare. These outrages should be avenged, and similar ones prevented.—Memphis Appeal.

A TROOP.—Saturday morning, that the 12th regiment reported by Col. Morgan at Cythians, arrived in our city from Knoxville, and was received with interest by many of our citizens. It is in charge of Lieut. Harris, the commandant of Morgan's Artillery. Lieut. Harris also has with him two 42 pounder howitzers which Morgan carried off by back to Knoxville. They need some slight repairs, which will be attended to, and the guns will be back to Morgan's command at the right time.

This fine gun, captured at Cythians, came from Cythians. It was drawn by three eight ton horses belonging to the Cincinnati Fire Department. When the enemy surrendered and were marched through the streets with this magnificent piece of artillery and horses drawn along in the hands of our brave Southern boys, the Southern right people of the town set up a wild shout of exultation, and our quiet people have never witnessed a more glorious sight.

WHERE'S THE BLOCKADE?—There can be no impediment to our stating, what we know to be a fact, that an arrival has recently taken place at a Southern port, which will add greatly to the supplies of the South, and enable the Confederate Government to place in the field a very large additional number of armed men.—The recent capture in Italy, was not all interfered with by the blockade, and makes out of Petersburg a means to reach home again after a long absence. We hear pleasant news from abroad, that for the best of reasons, we should let it go. Let the South be of good cheer. The worst of our troubles are washed with the past.—Frisburg Express.