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Written for the Patriot.

MARTYRS OF SOUTHERN FREEDOM.

BY HARRY HALL.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?

INSCRIPTION.

[illegible] revolution cannot be [illegible] early written. In order to the writ[illegible] and accurately, and justly, all the [illegible] and heroic drama must have [illegible] the passions of the struggle must [illegible]. Only when the historian cannot take [illegible] comprehensive and philosophic [illegible] of the scenes which have [illegible] to the historic Muse.

[illegible] however, as to individual historic [illegible] characters of the men and scenes of [illegible] revolutionary movement [illegible] graphically portrayed by those [illegible] eye witnesses of them, or, at least [illegible] with them. To draw a finished [illegible] the artist must not omit the [illegible] the smallest rivulet, the [illegible] of the wee, modest, crimson [illegible] that enter into and make up the [illegible] of being taken for a real [illegible], it would be considered, [illegible] sketch, for the true [illegible] must be gotten, if at all, from the *entire* [illegible] in delineating history in its true dignity [illegible] the writer must gather and re[illegible] the wide stretch of a strong and compre[illegible] *individuality* as well as [illegible] of the event and character. Such histo[illegible] is useful and worthy of immortality.

[illegible] sketches, I hope to do justice to the merits [illegible] gallant young martyrs of [illegible] the same facts, which, if [illegible] part of, will at least give a [illegible] outline of this grave and [illegible] shall be sketched [illegible] Hume, Gibbon, Arnold, [illegible] or Bancroft.

Lieut. SAMUEL PARK WEIR.

[illegible] Liberty herself pure, lovely and [illegible] to win is often not content [illegible] offerings upon her [illegible] are not, however, bestowed [illegible] always in proportion to the price at [illegible] purchased, and after her favor is [illegible] it depends exclusively on "eternal vigi[illegible]." Were her blessings purchased at a less [illegible] they would be neglected, despised, con[illegible] and lost. All the history of the [illegible] with the truth of this declaratio[illegible] and triumphing presence [illegible] recently realized in the South, still she [illegible] exacted the immolation of some as [illegible] human affections ever consecrated [illegible] Lieut. Weir.

[illegible] borough, North Caro[illegible] 24th day of October, 1839. He is the [illegible] Weir, who, though he was born [illegible] country early in life, [illegible] where he married [illegible] the mother of the subject [illegible] Mr. Weir was then engaged in [illegible] and soon after came to this place to [illegible] the principal of Edge[illegible] He was educated and ac[illegible] established here a [illegible] as has the man[illegible] The mother of young [illegible] was a very [illegible] years, and his [illegible] coming, for some time [illegible] Dr. Weir after [illegible] a daughter of the [illegible] and estimable lady [illegible] developing and beautifying [illegible] promising [illegible] on her part, to [illegible] sin and to lure him [illegible] and body living.

[illegible] though, his father sent [illegible] where he was carefully and [illegible] in our State [illegible] the Freshman class in [illegible] year, such had been [illegible] habits of industry and [illegible] standing in his class [illegible] which he was a mem[illegible] compliments for one of his [illegible] and great readiness as a writer, [illegible] honored him with a [illegible] Years of the "University [illegible] opinion, he not only se[illegible] proportion as ready and [illegible] graduated there with the [illegible] Clio class in the same [illegible] commencement was [illegible] much praise from [illegible] was noticed, in a couple [illegible] the public journals [illegible]

[illegible] University as a [illegible] with the Presbyterian [illegible] he was ever after a [illegible] Weir at Chapel Hill, he studied [illegible] Mr. Mercer. This, together [illegible] duties, [illegible] too much, and [illegible] looking thinly and [illegible]

[illegible] boy by every [illegible] never modified [illegible] a boy of amiable and [illegible] energy and indus[illegible] habits of exactness [illegible] well before, yet it [illegible] disappointed with [illegible]

[illegible] I determined to [illegible] of ill health [illegible] United States and [illegible] Mr. Weir, who was then want[illegible] an immigration office or travel, [illegible] for the next year. We set out in [illegible] accompanied by Mr. Weir, [illegible] three days, during [illegible] Democratic Con[illegible] for a purely literary [illegible] in the wranglings of [illegible] much interest in [illegible] the Monumental City [illegible] which we passed. [illegible] history to be exceedingly de[illegible] from books and visit places of [illegible] themselves. It was to him a [illegible] discussion. On such spots [illegible] a [illegible] with excitement when we reached there. Congress had adjourned and the Continental was thronged with the Black Republican and Abolition members, who were returning to their homes. The spirit of fanaticism, lashed to madness at Charleston, and still more infuriated by what was said and done at Baltimore, was raging most violently,—the very same fell spirit, which, before the end of that year, began to cause the Old Union to totter and crumble to pieces.

At the great metropolis of the Federal Government, we saw, on the departure of the Japanese, the 7th and 77th regiments of New York volunteers, which were then so renowned throughout the country on account of their thorough discipline and drill, and which have since met our gallant southern soldiery on the fields of carnage and death. Notwithstanding the national commotion, which then prevailed, we little dreamed that those very soldiers, whose splendid regimentals and graceful drilling won our admiration, were to take up arms against us. At West Point, we saw other troops, who have since invaded our soil, and Lieut. Gen. Scott, the vanquished Chief of Bull Run and of the plains of Manassas. It would have utterly astounded us, had we then been told, that one of us would have been in those brilliant engagements and that the other would fall on a different field, the victim of a Yankee minie-ball. Mr. Weir was captivated with that lovely, picturesque and beautiful place, and went into raptures over the quiet, cultivated and cottage-dotted highlands, which line so gracefully the silver Hudson. He had just enough of poetic fire in his mental composition to see inexhaustible charms in those scenes, which Willis, Paulding, Morris and Irving have immortalized in their writings.

At the Saratoga Springs, we met a number of Southern people, ladies and gentlemen, which was evidence of the generous and magnanimous manner in which the Southerners patronized and encouraged every thing at the North. But some, that were visiting there had a presentiment, that it was for the last time as members of the old government; for it was talked there even then, that Northern madness and tyranny were determined ultimately to drive the Cotton States at least out of the Union, *nolentes volentes*.

Thence we visited Niagara. We arrived there on the morning of the last Fourth of July, which was celebrated by the people of a then great and unbroken Union. It was a charming day, though the sun of Heaven, like the stars in our political firmament, was occasionally obscured by a rain threatening cloud. Lord Morpeth, while standing and listening to the awfully sublime dashing of the waters over the Falls, was inspired with this glorious prayer:

"Oh, may the wars that madden on these deeps,
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steeps:
And till the conflict of their surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace!"

Not less fervently, not less hopefully, not less earnestly, did we, on reading these noble lines, pray, that the States of our forefathers might "repose in peace," "till the conflict of their surges cease!"—But on that memorable day, the day of our ancient liberty and independence, we sat down and dined for the last time to the tunes of Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia. Everywhere we went, inside of the Union, we beheld on the wall the handwriting of our country's destruction.

Thence, our excursion extended into the Canadas. As the boat passed out of Lake Ontario into Geneva of the "Thousand Isles," which so charmingly spot the St. Lawrence, Mr. Weir's admiration was wrought to the highest pitch, so surpassingly beautiful was the scene as the light fog, all bespangled with sun beams, lifted itself gracefully from the bright water and green isles and islets.—All down that majestic stream, his mind was richly feasted by the great variety of beautiful and gorgeous scenery, of which he often spoke to the bystanders in the very dialect of poetry itself. At the antique city of Quebec, he ascended the heights almost to the very spot where the gallant Montgomery fell, and he stood on the plains of Abraham, in silent admiration, where the immortal Wolfe expired. Little did I then suppose, that, in less than thirty months, my accomplished young traveling companion was himself to meet with a fate like that of those two distinguished heroes and patriots!"

On his return, he forgot not the offices of love and consanguinity. He visited West Springfield in the State of Massachusetts, where his mother was born and some of his relatives still lived. He spent several days there, not thinking, doubtless, even for a moment, that they and he would see long be in the language of publicists, enemies of each other. But though they were, in such language, enemies, yet even when he fell on the dreadful field of Fredericksburg, the heart blood of neither was bloodless, curdled with disaffection and resentment toward the other. If his relatives in that State knew he was in the Confederate service and thought within them, it was, no doubt, with the hope, that his precious life would be spared until peace was restored, that they might be privileged to welcome again to their home the child of Harriet L. Humeston. But if that hope ever stirred their hearts, it was raised only to be destroyed. He much grieved from the scenes of earth and the loved ones here to the home of that dear departed mother in Heaven!

During that tour, I became well and intimately acquainted with Mr. Weir. He was a young man of a cultivated activity, depth and sprightliness of mind of genius, guileless and frank disposition; and both were daily and carefully cultivated. He had read largely for one of his years, and so inquisitive was his mind, that if he had lived to see the meridian of the usual life-time, he would have become a profound and profound scholar. His manner, too, was unusually pleasant and placid, and his cheerfulness without running into levity, was such as always inclined itself, into those who were in his presence.—Though full of the fire and fancy of young manhood, though of an elevated ambition, yet his walk was entirely consistent with the high profession which he made. He "lived more near God and a modest, but steady and strong Christian. For only thought that, at any time during our trip, seemed to make him restless and dissatisfied, was that he might be engaged in preparing himself for the sacred position to which, he felt, that he had been called. Occasionally, his thoughts were shaped into words, expressing his anxiety to beat the Seminary.

In September, 1860, he went, as a student of divinity, to the Theological Seminary in Columbia, S. C. No doubt, the love of his country and the Union and his pure devotion to the cause of his own section induced him to go southward. That, too, was, at that time, a most excellent religious institution. Among its professors was the great and learned Dr. Thornwell, which fact after Mr. Weir entered the Seminary. He was there pouring over his text-books and preparing for the peaceful mission of the Gospel, when the first secessionary movement began. He did not, however, leave there until about the time of the bombardment of Fort Sumter. He, then, quitted his studies, returned home, and accompanied to Fort Macon to enter upon a new and untried life. At that time, there was a small battalion there, and among the companies which composed it were the Guilford Grays, many of whom were his early associates and school-fellows. That company was the second to tender its services to the Chief Executive of the State. He joined it as a private and continued as such in it, until the Spring of 1862. During the time he was at the Fort, he was requested by the officers and men to act as Chaplain, which office he discharged in a manner worthy of one of maturer years and of riper theological learning.—His regiment, the 27th North Carolina Volunteers, was ordered to the town of Newbern shortly before the battle there. He was with his company, musket in hand, and passed unharmed through that unfortunate and disastrous engagement. His regiment is said to have behaved with great coolness and gallantry.

On the organization of the 46th Regiment N. C. Troops, Mr. Weir was elected to the second lieutenancy in the company of Capt. McAlister from Randolph county. His regiment was sent from Camp Mangum to Goldsboro', where they drilled for a few weeks and, thence, they were ordered to the vicinity of Drury's Bluff. They reached there only a short time before the commencement of the succession of dreadful but brilliant engagements before the Confederate Capital. Lieut. Weir's regiment was ordered across the river after the battles commenced, and was kept in the reserve corps during the fights. They underwent some long and severe marches, and were under some terrific cannonades, but were not at any time in a close musket engagement.

As the glorious army of the South moved on toward Maryland, over Slaughter Mountain, across the Rappahannock, and to the far-famed plains of Manassas, his regiment, marching in the rear, was not in any engagement, until Harper's Ferry was reached. There his regiment had the honor of participating in the reduction of that stronghold of the foe and in causing the large forces there to capitulate. That was truly glory enough for the brave besiegers!

The 17th day of September, that saddest day in the annals of this unnatural and cruel war, had not yet come. But it was close at hand, and with its dawn, Lieut. Weir, with thousands of others who are now no more, was standing in line of battle on the crimsoned field of Sharpsburg. For five long, slow-dragging hours, he was in the midst of the hottest of the fight. The air was literally rent with the whistling minie and musket-balls, and the sense of hearing had almost been destroyed by the deafening, crashing, stunning roar of the red artillery. The blood of his brave associates in arms was flowing beneath his feet, and Death was filling the air with the piteous groans of his victims. But around and about him was the shield of a merciful God. At one time during the engagement, he was touched by a piece of a shell, but it caused only a slight bruiseness on his leg. To one, who came out of the fight with him, he afterward remarked, that he could not see how as many escaped with their lives,—that it was marvelously wonderful, and that he himself, did not expect to come out of the next engagement, if they had another, with his life. Though he knew the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death even in peaceful walks; yet he was peculiarly and forcibly impressed, on this occasion, with the uncertainty of a soldier's life and the certainty of a soldier's death. This caused him to become an army colporteur,—this redoubled his exertions in pointing the soldier to the "Lamb of God" and in persuading him "to lay up treasures in Heaven." "To die good," is the "true and legitimate end of all aspiring;" and that was his high and holy ambition. This blessed work he actively and unremittingly continued, till the "long-roll" summoned him to the line of battle on the heights south of Fredericksburg.

"From morn till noon," the fight raged terrifically in front of and below the city of Fredericksburg. Noonday was passed about two hours, and the sun was slowly descending the western sky, when Cook's brigade was double-quicked forward into the fight. Some half hour after they had engaged the enemy, and while Lieut. Weir was cheering his men in the discharge of their perilous and patriotic duty, he saw Col. Gilmer, of the 27th N. C. Regiment, passing to the left of his regiment and near him, limping. At once, his noble heart gushed out in sympathy and he ran on and asked Col. Gilmer to allow him to send some one to help him off the field. Col. Gilmer told him that he could get off without assistance. But Lieut. Weir insisted on sending some one to help him. The Colonel then remarked to his warm-hearted friend, that all were needed in their files and that he could get along very well without aid. All the while the balls were flying thick and fast—death was in almost every breath of the surrounding air. As Col. Gilmer turned to leave the field, he noticed that Lieut. Weir ceased to speak, and, looking back, he saw him turning and falling to the ground. He stepped back and called to him three times; but he, gallant, his generous his noble-hearted friend, was dead. A minie ball had entered his left temple, killing him instantly; the gallant, intrepid, young hero and

"Closed his bright eye, and curbed his high career."

His intensely entreating generosity, which was one of his distinguishing characteristics, there displayed itself in a sincerity and tenderness, which the most credulous could not question. Careless of his own security, he thought only of the suffering and danger of his wounded fellow-soldier. Such disinterested, heroic, self-sacrificing generosity places his name in the front rank of the blessed martyrs of Southern freedom and Southern independence! He was fortunate in his ending,—without consciousness of what laid him, in the bloom of his existence, and without feeling the wasting pain of disease or the weight of years, he died the noblest of deaths! His was the proudest position that is allotted to men,—he was not only the pure, meek, consistent, devoted soldier of the Cross, but he was, also, the ardent, enthusiastic, chivalric, immolated soldier of the South.

Through the kindness of his brother company officers his remains were neatly boxed and sent to Richmond, and thence, after being embalmed, were brought by a friend to this place. On the 21st December, a cold, calm, bright Sabbath day, his remains were conveyed, in the presence of a large concourse of friends, from his father's home to the Presbyterian church-yard, where they are now resting in the silence and stillness of the grave:

"Sleep deep in its shadows bright hopes are laid low:
* * * * *
But a voice lingers yet on the ear
In accents that fell from some sunnier sphere:
Weep not parent of sorrow for hopes that were thine,
Unbest are the gifts of an unhallowed shrine:
Thy child was earthly,—thy life-star has set,
Bright stars are in heaven that beam for thee yet!"

The Winchester (Tenn) *Bulletin* tells the following: "Col. —— went into the store of friend O——, the other day, and inquired for the Acts of 1859. Our friend replied that he did not have any ax, but handed the Colonel a *hatchet*, which, he said, was made in 1859." *True.*

The Pope at Home.

A resident at Rome furnishes the following information relative to the domestic habits of the Pope:

"His Holiness rises about 6. At 7 he says mass in a room adjoining his bedroom. Almost all the cardinals and the Roman Bishops follow the same custom. When a prelate at Rome hires a furnished apartment, he brings with him a portable altar, and says mass at home; and it does not unfrequently happen that a foreigner who hires an apartment which has been previously occupied by a prelate finds some of the remnants of those altars. The Pope is served by a camoriere, and by a prelate, priest, or deacon. There are at the Vatican ten secret camorieri, more or less, closely attached to the Pope, according to their age. At the head of them are Mgrs. Stella, De Merode, Talbot and Ricel, who are always near his Holiness. They keep him company, amuse him, and make him laugh, which is not very difficult, for in private life Pius IX is smiling and happy. At 8 o'clock, his Holiness takes his coffee and some trifling refreshment; Mgr. Stella alone is present at that meal, as he opens the letters which have arrived and reads them to the Pope. At 9, when the repast is over and the letters read, Cardinal Antonelli makes his appearance from the floor above. He is always gentle and mild—'Holy Father,' here; 'Happy Father,' there; he praises the genius of the Pope, his knowledge of affairs, &c. This is the way in which the Cardinal always addresses Pius IX. Cardinal Antonelli consults him on everything, and is his most humble servant. The political conversation and business of the Sovereign Pontiff with the Minister lasts for an hour or two. About half-past ten or eleven, the audiences commence. The Pope, dressed in white, is seated in a large arm-chair, with a table before him. He says two or three words to all the persons who are presented to him, in the language which they speak—French, Italian, or Spanish; but if English or German be spoken, an interpreter becomes necessary. Sometimes during the audiences, he signs applications for indulgences, which have been made to him in writing. The Pope willingly signs those applications, writing at the bottom of them '*Fiat Pio Nono.*' At 2 o'clock, the Pontifical dinner takes place. From 3 to 4, the Pope takes his siesta, as every one does at Rome. If you call at the house of a Cardinal at that hour, the answer invariably is, 'his Eminence is reposing.' The Pope does neither more nor less than others. At 5, his Holiness takes a drive in a carriage, escorted by guards, camorieri and monsignori. At 7, the Pope sups, and afterwards plays a game at billiards. At 10, all the lights at the Vatican are extinguished."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Men seldom think of the great event of death, until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of loved ones whose loving smile was the sun-light of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blossoms and withers in a day, has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throng the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps in the sand on the sea shore.

A NEW YANKEE DODGE.—The Yankees have fallen upon a new dodge to evade the conscription act in the North. The law, as passed by Congress, grants exemption to any one on the payment of the sum of three hundred dollars. Under this clause whole towns in the North get up a general purse which is kept open to public contribution, until a sum sufficient to purchase the exemption of all her citizens is raised, which on being paid over to the Government, secures for that town entire exemption from conscription. For instance, a town has 500 men liable to military duty; there is a general desire and interest with its citizens to get out of the reach of conscription; a subscription is opened; the books are kept open until $150,000 are raised; $300 to the head; a check for the amount is sent to the Treasury at Washington, which purchases for the whole town and every man in it, entire immunity from conscription. This dodge is said to have been practiced by a number of towns in the North, and was first concocted by some ingenious arithmetician in the patriotic State of Massachusetts.

The Proclamation of Gov. Vance has had much more to do with the decline in flour and other articles than the funding of Treasury Notes. We learn that parties at Hillsboro' who held flour a short time ago at $50 and were very careless about sales, are now glad to get it off at $40. There are large quantities of flour along the North Carolina Railroad in the hands of speculators and monopolists, and if the Government wants the article it could not do better than send an impressing agent that way. But for villainous speculators and forestallers flour would never have gone above $15 or $20. Monopolists have bought it up and kept it out of market, and, of course, the price went up.

We can assure the speculators that Gov. Vance will renew his Proclamation embargoing shipments beyond the State, at the proper time.—*Raleigh Progress.*

THE TEST OF LOVE.—It is a great practical principle in the religious life, that a state of suffering furnishes the test of love. When God is pleased to bestow His favors upon us, when His blessings are repeated every hour, how can we tell whether we love Him for what He is or for what He gives! But when, in seasons of deep and varied afflictions, our hearts still cling to Him as our only hope and our only joy, we may well say, "Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

SELLING A COLONEL.—There is an innate spirit of reckless devilment amongst our "soldier boys" that is often amusingly illustrated, and, not unfrequently, at the expense of the officers; of which the following is a pretty fair sample. But we will let the victim, Col. C——tt, tell it his own way, having a keen relish for a joke, even at his own expense:

"Shortly after reaching Port Hudson," says the Colonel, "I selected my own encampment, and established my headquarters on the road leading to Clinton. One of the boys for want of better employment, executed a very neat sign-board, in large letters, "Headquarters, —th Regiment, Arkansas Volunteers, R. H. C——tt, Commanding," and nailed it to a tree, facing the road. My attention was first called by seeing people stop in passing to read it, and ordered it to be taken down.—Missing it a day or two afterward, I supposed my order had been obeyed, and thought no more of the matter until rather unpleasantly reminded of it. I was sitting one evening in front of my tent, in company with some brother officers, when a lean, lank specimen of the country gentleman rode up, dismounted, and hitching his "critter," approached the crowd and inquired:

"Is any of you gentlemen Col. C——tt?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Well, Colonel, I came to see if you was ready to pay for them chickens?"

"Chickens! I presume you are mistaken, sir."

"Nary time, Colonel; and you'll save trouble if you pay up."

"But, my friend, I never bought any chickens from you."

"Well, I didn't say you *bought* 'em, Colonel; but you can't say you didn't *get* 'em."

"But I do say I didn't get them! Never saw you in my—"

"Easy, Colonel, easy! I'll leave it to those gentlemen: Ain't this your sign board?" handing it from the breast of his overcoat.

"Admitted, sir; what then?"

"Ain't this your name on it?"

"Well, what then?"

"Well, just this: last night when me and my old woman went to bed, there were about thirty-two hens besides the old rooster, in the hen-house, and when we got up this morning, and then it was nigh sun up, for we waited for the old rooster to crow for day, there was nary darned chicken on the place, but this here sign-board was stuck up on the hen-house door; and as it's got your name on it, why it stands to reason you tuck the chickens."

Amid a perfect roar from my companions, I "paid up." The old fellow counted his money and handed me the confounded sign-board as my "receipt." Mounting his horse, he started off, but turning in his saddle, he brawled out—

"Good-bye, Colonel! when you come again leave the old rooster and the *hens*, and *don't forget your 'sign.'*"—*Pond Coupee Echo.*

ESTIMATES FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE GOVERNMENT.—The Secretary of the Treasury has submitted to Congress his estimates of the appropriations necessary for the support of the Government from July 1st to December 31st, 1863, and last night they were passed by the House. The estimates are as follows:

Legislative,	$ 2,841,015 00
Executive, sal'y of Prest. &c.,	24,025 00
Treasury Department,	22,711,401 61
War Department,	334,813,548 00
Navy Department,	8,248,117 03
State Department,	57,570 00
Department of Justice,	178,158 28
Post Office Department,	112,988 52
Miscellaneous,	110,010 00
Total,	$336,537,742 50

THE FAMILY.—The family circle is God's blessed ordinance, and is the sweetest, the happiest, and the most hallowed spot on earth. It is the nursery of affection, of friendship, and of virtue; the place where those ties of mutual dependence and help are first formed, which, in their expanded state, unite human society; and according to the manner in which the rights of the family circle are enjoyed, its duties discharged, and its true benefits realized, are the moral character, the stability, and the grandeur of a country.

The following little motto of Virgil Hutchen, of Graves' battery, has a good deal of pith:

"Jump over all the [illegible] and [illegible]—
There's always some kind hand
To lift life's wagon from the ruts,
Or poke away the sand.

"Push on! You're rusting while you [illegible]—
Inaction will not do;
Take life's small handle in your hand,
And trudge it briskly through.

There is a town out in Texas, in which it is said there is but one grave, upon the slab of which is written the following epitaph:

Underneath this turf doth lie,
Back to back, my wife and I.
Generous stranger, spare the tears
For, could she speak, I cannot hear.
Happier far than when in life—
Free from noise and free from strife.
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up, *I'll get in still.*

THE WHEAT CROP SOUTH.—From every quarter we hear the most favorable reports of the growing wheat crop. In some parts of Alabama there will probably be more wheat made than for the last ten years together. The breadth of land put in is much greater than was ever known before, and the crop is uncommonly promising.—The recent cool dry weather is said to favor it, and unless some disaster overtakes it, the harvest will be a bountiful one. Nothing but the fell spirit of speculation can keep the price of flour up to its present rates. At much less than half the present rates for wheat, the farmer will make abundant profits on his wheat, crop, and should turn out as it now promises. In Florida, hundreds of acres of cotton have been plowed up and are being planted in corn.

A YOUNG HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

The queerest little dresses
My eyes have ever seen
I som-times catch a glimpse of
And wonder what they mean.

All folded up so neatly,
And fashioned out with grace,
With little bits of ribbon,
And little bits of lace.

I gaze on them with wonder;
And in Viola's eyes
I try to read the secret—
But she is all too wise.

And unto all my questions
She makes but this reply:
"If you'll have patience, Thomas,
I tell you—*by and by.*"

Confederate Powder Mills.

The London "*Times*," of the 18th March, contains a letter from its correspondent dated Augusta, Ga.:

When, upon the 13th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter surrendered to Gen. Beauregard and the Confederates, not one single pound of gunpowder was anywhere manufactured in the Confederacy. A rigorous blockade of the seaports of the South was immediately commenced, through which the principal ingredient of gunpowder (saltpetre) had to be largely sucked in. At this juncture it seemed advisable to President Davis to entrust to Colonel Rains, formerly an officer of the United States army, the necessarily difficult of planning and building a large Government mill for the manufacture of gunpowder. For this post Colonel Rains possessed eminent qualifications. He had been professor of chemistry at West Point, and for some years, since leaving the army, he had been at the head of some iron works at Newburg, on the Hudson. Augusta, in Georgia, was selected as the site for the intended mill, and ever, before, he guides the person and the situation pointed out, was reported eagerly evinced by the President. Following, so far as he was acquainted with it, the plan upon which the gunpowder mill at Waltham Abbey, belonging to the English Government, is built, Colonel Rains proceeded to erect the works necessary for his purpose, and the success which has attended his efforts has been such as could never have been believed before the present war had awakened such ingenuity and enterprise. The result is that at the close of an year and a half, or, in the most part of gunpowder mills in the world, has been produced, which turns out five tons and a quarter of powder per day, and could produce double that amount if worked day and night, and much more if worked under the necessity of a pressing demand.

The [illegible] of this powder, in spite of the [illegible] saltpetre which has been introduced through the blockade, is about four times [illegible] which is [illegible] the same [illegible] Elsewhere. The mill has [illegible] way of work for many [illegible] powder [illegible] North Carolina, working [illegible] wants not [illegible] Confederate navy. But all the gunpowder issued for the service of the Confederate armies of Virginia and the West, [illegible] for the defence of Charleston and Vicksburg, is the product of the mill at Augusta, and it is stated to me by an officer of artillery, that the powder he had received there was very nearly, if not entirely, equal to the finest English manufacture.

The extraordinary rapidity with which the Confederate Government has undertaken repairing long time for their completion, and much greater than [illegible] is the best evidence of the [illegible] and confidence with which they have, from the very commencement, looked for their independence as at a thing which they could not fail to obtain. The Government powder mills at Columbia and Augusta are by no means the [illegible] of the Confederates at home in supplying themselves in the field. It may be [illegible] in the North although the necessity of the existence of a Government powder mill has often been represented to the War Department at Washington, which mill has never been carried. It is [illegible] that private [illegible] of the withdrawal of Congress [illegible] from the [illegible] Connecticut and [illegible] [illegible] the North [illegible] power [illegible] for [illegible] England, [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Washington [illegible] the war [illegible] of tur[illegible] pir[illegible] the dirty [illegible] tho[illegible] and [illegible] window, the [illegible] The most [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] Alabama [illegible] [illegible] will [illegible] more of [illegible] of [illegible] It is not [illegible] dependent on peace. A long chain might be fatal to it, it must have troubles and tempests.