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MARTYRS OF SOUTHERN FREEDOM.

BY HARRY HALL.

Friend after friend departs!
Who has not lost a friend?

Lieut. HARPER EVANS CHARLES.

In the wiled flower of the summer, in the universal decay of all the variegated beauties of autumn, in the life which "has fallen into the sea and yellow leaf," there is an eloquence, silent, deep, sublimating, saddening, but yet peaceful and full of wreath not the heart with the anguish of unexpecting death and premature. But when the "taking off" is unnatural and long preceding the opening of the petals, the falling of the leaf, or the full ripeness of the intellectual and spiritual man, there is an eloquence of woe, felt in the human heart, which is irresistible, uncontrollable, overflowing and unending. This truth is forcibly illustrated in the case of a young man who devoted his life to his country. That country

...wreath, she bleeds, and each new day a gash is added to her wounds.

With tearful eye she is now bending over the grave of the intrepid and accomplished HARPER EVANS CHARLES, one of the sons of the South who fell at Frazier's farm, on the thirtieth of last June!

Harper Evans was a son of John and Phebe Charles and was named for his grandfather Evans. He was born in Guilford county, North Carolina, on the 14th of June, 1824. The mother of every child has a holy charge and a weighty responsibility resting upon her, and in the discharge of this important and trying duty she should often take counsel of the oracle of infinite wisdom. Thus only can she act her part faithfully, inviolably, acceptably and safely—thus only, as Mrs. Sigourney hath written, can she

The good seed borne for the world has sown its tares.

Such was the course pursued by Mrs. Charles toward her child, Harper. She was not herself the recipient of a thorough and polished education in that which she had learned in the things of this world, yet she had drunk deep at that celestial fountain which gushes the pure waters of eternal life, and she hopefully pointed her way, even before he had arrived at years of consciousness and responsibility, to the same untiring source as "the way, the truth, and the life."

Like the master-spirit of Grecian eloquence and distinction, he "came from the dust" to that enviable position, which he had attained in the few days allotted to him in this world. His father was, by no means, a gentleman of affluence, and though he gave his son all the advantages, which the common and subscription schools in his reach afforded, still he was unable to place him at an institution where he could learn the language of Virgil and Plato and become versed in the hard logic of geometry, trigonometry and calculus. But Harper had a power, great and beyond, to wrestle against this seeming ill-fortune which stared him in the face. Within himself, he resolved, by his own industry and unceasing application, still achieving, still pursuing, "to ascend the hill of letters and science, and thence pass out into the way to usefulness and promotion. Quitting the toils of his farmer-life and his father's home, with this high and praiseworthy resolve, he entered the Oak Ridge Institute, in the north-western part of this county, then under the charge of Prof. J. M. Davis, about the time he was twenty-one years of age. Mr. Charles was a young man of no ordinary mind, of upright morals, of boundless ambition, and of iron nerve and indomitable energy. The two years he spent at that institution were wisely and unceasingly improved. He advanced with unusual rapidity in the ancient classics in logic and rhetoric, and the exact sciences. He was bold and he thirsted and panted for the "higher sphere," that he quaffed eagerly and deeply of the pleasant waters, which well up so divinely from the lowest depths. Lured on by the absorbing sentiments which he found locked up in the venerable, musical, and splendid languages of Greece and Rome, he mounted from height to height, until he spied on the beautiful monumental shaft of Cicero's renown, this noble utterance: *Quid difficile Aspernatur?* Hope, then, blazed out in his path. He felt that the more obstacles he surmounted, the more glorious would be his literary reward; and, thenceforth, he toiled more patiently and determinedly up the rugged steps which cast the dark shadows of discouragement upon him.

While he was engaged in the prosecution of his studies, and soon after he left home, his mind was awakened on the subject of religion, and he early became a believing believer in the Redeemer of the world. Not being near any church of his choice, and expecting to teach immediately on quitting the Institute, he did not connect himself with any christian society. He led a consistent and strictly pious life, and had been permanently settled, he would, doubtless, have joined the Baptist—he was baptistically inclined.

Strikingly after he quit the Institute, Mr. Charles was employed to teach a free school in Guilford. That was no small advantage to him, as it furnished him an opportunity to review his elementary studies and to impress their valuable principles more indelibly upon his memory. If the foundation has not been well and correctly laid, searching makes a thorough, accurate and accomplished scholar. Had he taken his mind from his academic studies and commenced a profession, his scholarship would have greatly suffered; for at school, the work is simply gotten out of the quarry and the rough edges knocked off,—teaching gives it the polish, or to change the figure, at school, the colors of learning are only tinged upon the canvas of the mind,—teaching gives them the fastening and finishing touch. After teaching two schools in this county and one of the same kind in Rockingham, he was an assistant teacher in a flourishing Male Academy in Franklin, in this State. There he was employed in teaching the higher branches of mathematics and the ancient languages. Thence, he went to Lees Store, in Patrick county, Virginia, where he was an assistant to Mr. T. H. Brame, in the "Granville Female Institute and Male Academy." He remained there until the spring of 1850, when he returned to his native county to prepare himself for the bar. He had then been closely employed for nearly five years in the "delightful task" of teaching "the young idea how to shoot." He had in the meantime reviewed his entire scholastic course of studies, and at odd and leisure moments, he had looked into the his of classic Blackstone. His active, inquiring and logical mind had courted knowledge; and though a familiar acquaintance with her deep and noble learning would be a source of infinite and exalted pleasure, and giving up all

also, he devoted his time diligently and continually to the gladness study of jurisprudence.

At his father's country-home, sequestered from the rushing, exciting throng of the business-world, he bent all his energies and his genius to the prosecution of his legal studies. After having labored over Blackstone, Stephen, Fearn and Coke, and chopped the severe and difficult logic of the law with-out assistance or explanation for two weeks, he would ride to Greensborough and recite to Robert P. Dick, Esq. His accomplished and learned instructor found him a very interesting and talented student. He was quick in his perceptions; deep in his research; clear in his deductions; accurate in his requirements; and fluent though choice in his selection of words to express his thoughts and opinions. He would spend several days, after he was done reciting, in the company of the young jurists-prudents of the place, conversing with them on legal topics and acquainting himself somewhat with chamber-practice. He was licensed to practice in the County Courts on the 10th Dec. 1850; and at Feb. Term, 1851, he was regularly admitted to the bar of that Court. After the adjournment of that Court, he again returned to his books, expecting during the next winter to apply for license to practice in the Superior Court, but long before that time arrived he was a soldier and in camp near Evansport. If my recollection does not mis-serve me, he never managed a case in open Court; for at the May Term, he had buckled on his armor for his beloved South and was canvassing the county for volunteers.

Mr. Charles was a Whig in politics, supported the constitutional Union candidates in the campaign of 1850, and deplored the dissolution of the American Government. Had the imperishable principles of the American party, which sprang, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, upon the country, out of the debris of the old Whig and Democratic organizations, been generally adopted by the American people, the flood of war which has poured over our land, desolating much that is lovely and pure and fair, had been staid in its maddening and ruinous course. The influx of foreigners was encouraged; a spirit of political recklessness used that population as a means to sway and decide local and national elections against the wish often of a decided majority of the native born citizens, just as the Yankees now use them against us in battle; the ultra-secessionists and abolitionists are equally criminated by the facts of history in this ignoble and unpatriotic work; and the pen of the impartial historian will indite the incontrovertible fact, that the better success of the Black Republicans over the Unionists in this political thimble-rigging caused the promotion of that bad-principled, time-serving partizan of Illinois to the Chief Magistracy of the nation. When he put forth his coercive proclamation, all the old friends of the pure, model, Washington Union, who had endeavored to stem the tides of black-abolition at the North and original *per se* secession at the South, which were setting violently against the very Palladium of our liberty and prosperity, took up, with sorrowing hearts, the nervous and noble exclamation of Vaenlagon as to his own State: "Arouse, then, my country, arouse! Civil war is thy fate, but it is not thy choice! Go on thy way undaunted, and be thy blood on the head of those who will it not otherwise!" They all despised the appearance of an American Curtius, who could throw himself into the wide-yawning chasm between the two sections and save the grand experiment of man's capacity for self-government and with it the golden fruits of an unparalleled prosperity.

He volunteered on the 17th day of May, 1861, and his company, of which he was elected first lieutenant, was regularly mustered into service and put in the 22d regiment North Carolina Troops, on the 30th of May, at the State Capital. Thence, they were sent to Richmond, and then, on to Evansport, where they remained until our army fell back all along the line in March, 1862. Lieut. Charles' regiment was on the Peninsula; was often on picket post in the face of the enemy; shared the perils and sufferings of the retreat back near Richmond; and on the anniversary of their regimental organization, he went with his brave men first into battle at the Seven Pines. Such of our troops as were "gallantly led" fought most courageously and desperately; and, according to the official report of General Johnston, had not Huger moved his division with his uniform sluggishness and in co-operation with those of Smith, Longstreet and Hill, "key's corps would have been destroyed, instead of being merely defeated." Pettigrew's Brigade, in which was Lieut. Charles' regiment, together with Whiting's own, "engaged a superior force of the enemy" on our left. They fought with a valor never surpassed. Pettigrew was seriously wounded; Col. Lightfoot and Lieut. Col. Long, of the 22d regiment, were both captured; Maj. Galloway was wounded; and a number of subordinate officers and privates were wounded and killed. Lieut. Charles, who was then adjutant of his regiment, acted with a heroism which called forth the plaudits of all who saw him. It was the fortune of his regiment, in part, to hold the ground gained on that day, and, consequently, they were exposed, at that sultry season, to the offensiveness of the battle-field and were obliged to drink the exceedingly filthy water of that locality. That produced no little sickness, and among this number was Lieut. Charles. After about two weeks, they fell back to higher and healthier grounds, where they re-organized, on the 10th day of June. Capt. Cole was re-elected, and so was Lieut. Charles; and, on the election of Capt. Cole to the rank of Major, Lieut. Charles was in command of his company and was by law entitled to promotion to the captaincy; but in consequence of the active movements of our army from that time up to the commencement of the battles in front of Richmond, he was not so promoted.

Lieut. Charles still continued ill and was so feeble as to be confined most of the time to his quarters. He had been best, if he had been removed to hospital, until he recovered; but he was so ambitious to participate in the struggle which was daily expected, that he would not think, for a moment, of leaving his command. So much was he prostrated by the disease, which was lingering upon him, that on the ever-memorable Thursday, on which the grand and bloody drama near the Capital began, he was unable, as I am informed by Maj. Cole, to enter upon the splendid march to Mechanicsville except by being borne up for awhile by two of his men; but after he caught the enlivening, enlivening spell of Mars, which will almost "create a soul under the ribs of Death," he forgot his weakness and helplessness and proudly maintained his position in the dreadful line of battle. On the Saturday afterward, in a letter written on the battle-field, he thus spiritedly described the onset upon Elison's Mills: "We pushed forward, though under their fire for more than a mile, their shells exploding amongst us as every step, now and the tearing off an arm, a leg, or a head, and, sometimes, literally tearing a man into strings; still, we pressed right on until the whole brigade became engaged, charging batteries

and infantry regiments. The 22d N. C. regiment was ordered to charge through a meadow, where the grass, weeds and briars were waist high, and over a ditch whose banks were covered with briars much higher than a man's head, and so thick that one could not see through them; but we got through them somehow, though some of the men with very little clothes on—your humble servant suffering greatly in this respect, his hands bleeding freely; still, on we went, until we reached the opposite side, and came to a piece of woods, where we were ordered to march by the left flank down the side of the woods. We had gone but a short distance when we saw a regiment in the woods not more than twenty paces in front. Not liking their general appearance, we halted them, having halted and come to a front,—"What regiment comes there?" "The 4th Michigan," was their prompt reply. "Fire!" was the quick command of our brave and gallant Colonel (James Conner, of Hampton's Legion, lately elected Colonel of the 22d), when a deadly volley was poured directly into their ranks. The shock was so terrific that they fled without firing scarcely a gun. Our boys kept throwing the buck and ball, until they reached the summit of the hill, or at least those of them who were left. When they reached here, a fresh regiment or two came rushing to their assistance. Our regiment being wholly unsupported, and Col. Conner seriously wounded and carried off the field, Lieut. Charles gave the command to fall back. The whole of the right wing, with the exception of a part of Co. M, Capt. Odell, hearing the command, fled to the rear of the meadow. This command I did not hear, and thinking the right wing in a panic, I called aloud to the "Guilford Men" to stand by me, for I would not retreat without orders; and I am happy and proud to say that not a single man left me, but fired volley after volley into the faces of the enemy, until they were driven from the woods, the three right companies having gone to the rear."

They lay on their arms that night, and "next morning about light, the battle opened furiously on our left," writes Lieut. Charles. "We were immediately ordered up, and came upon the enemy in rifle pits. Some Georgia regiments here attacked them on our right, as we were thus stationed. This fight was terrible on the part of the Georgians, who were slain in great numbers. When we saw their position, we were commanded to fall down, a terrible fire being showered upon us from the ditches; but our men being wounded so fast, we were ordered forward to a creek which lay between us and the rifle-pits. Under the banks of this creek we sheltered ourselves, until Capt. Andrews brought up his Maryland battery, which played terribly for awhile on their entrenchments. We were then ordered to plunge the creek and forward. Our regiment was the first to reach the ditches, but when we reached them they were empty. The enemy had fled in haste leaving all his stores, provisions and accoutrements behind.

Of the engagements at Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor, on Friday, and the part his regiment played, he thus spoke: "No sooner had our army come upon them than terrible carnage ensued. Charge after charge was made by both sides. A number of regiments were ordered in before ours, who slew their hundreds, but becoming exhausted, fell back to rest while fresh troops were thrown forward. But we had no time to wait. As soon as our brigade came up, it was ordered to charge. Into the timber and brush we went, and soon found the expected foe. Volley after volley we fired upon them, and they gave way before us. On we went, until we ascended the hill, and encountered a body of fresh troops being slightly protected by the hill, we did a deadly work. At no greater distance than one hundred yards, the enemy was drawn up in heavy force, presenting a splendid line. We fired into them, until not one hundred of our men were able to stand, when we were ordered to fall back. At this, the enemy poured in by thousands. To check their advance seemed almost impossible. The fight now commenced in earnest all along the line. Just at this juncture, Jackson comes up in splendid order and to the contest flies. The progress of the enemy being now checked, such desperate fighting few nations ever witnessed. At last they give way, and our men go with a deafening yell. This was a little after dark."

On Saturday and Sunday, his regiment was unengaged in skirmishing or fighting, though a portion of the line they were on the march. But on Monday, in the acute angle made by the intersection of the Quaker and Long Bridge roads, was one of the "bloodiest pictures in the book of Time." Hardly and only a few hours before, Jackson had one of the fiercest and fiercest artillery duels of the war. And when the sun was only a few hours above the horizon, Gen. A. P. Hill made an assault, without artillery, upon the enemy's heavy and serried ranks at Frazier's Farm, pouring into his ranks "a pouring fire of musketry." While the fighting raged, the air was literally crowded with flying messengers of death and destruction. Lieut. Charles, who had been gradually but steadily growing weaker by reason of fasting, exposure, fatigue, excitement and marching had to be supported, again, by his men into the field of battle. His regiment had passed through that sea of blood and again engaged the enemy, when Lieut. Charles, who was about three pieces in advance of his men, and was just commencing to execute a second order to charge, received a ball in his right cheek which came out at the back of his neck, from the repeater of a Yankee officer in a regiment, which was marching by the right flank in a thick woods not more than thirty paces from them and which was not seen until that moment. The shades of night were falling thickly, when this noble young officer dropped instantly dead. *Sic tunc ad astra*. Nothing, not even the enervating hand of continued indisposition, could stop him in his strides from glory to glory, until the shaft of death smote him; and, that monster having hung the casket of his life away, his soul liveth and he is

...freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

Lieut. Charles' remains were carried back and interred by some of his men at Oakwood Cemetery, in the city of Richmond; and on the 9th of last December, he was disinterred by his friends, and on the 11th of that month, he was buried at Abbott's Creek Church, in Davidson county, North Carolina. At the same time, his funeral was preached by the Rev. William Turner, of the Missionary Baptist persuasion.

Motherly, one of the great minds of the world, has well remarked: "To be born is of little account; to make life valuable is excellent." Here is a happy exemplification of that wise utterance. Lieutenant Charles was not content simply to float along on the current of life. He learned early that the palm is not without dust—that he only can fulfill his destiny and be valuable in his day and generation, who is industrious and indefatigable. As a teacher, he was exceedingly useful in developing the intellectual and moral worth of the youth of the country; as a citizen, he was the friend of law and good order,

and himself a model of upright and unsullied character; and as a soldier, he was kind-hearted, sympathetic, efficient, trust-worthy, cheerful amid the severest exposures and trials of camp-life, and effectually tried in the fiery furnace of battle. Maj. Cole, who went out with him and was a witness of his entire soldier-career, remarked to me, that he "never saw a braver man."

"What mourned at the death of the dead die forever?" was the grand question asked of Dr. Fenwick by Ayres, the Villed Woman, in the Strange Story of Dulver Lytton. The dead die forever! No—only the body perisheth; the soul forever approaches its Author in perfection, though it can never equal Him, or it forever divergeth from that centre of Light into unhelms and the blackness of eternal woe. Did the dead die forever, those who loved the gallant patriot-soldier, Harper Evans Charles, might with reason mourn inconsolably; but the grand elixir of life is the soul's life; Nay, not only does that ethereal essence live, but it may indulge a substantial flow of endless enjoyment in the Courts of Heaven,—a hope, that

...comes from God, as light comes from the sun."
Over the grave of that christian hero the bow of this inspiring hope is arched in celestial radiance!

The Last Days of Gen. Jackson.

The Central Presbyterian, whose editor has peculiar means of obtaining correct information, gives the following narrative of the closing scenes in the life of the great and good Jackson:

The secular papers have already conveyed to most of our readers the sad intelligence of the death of this brave and beloved man, which took place on Sunday, the 10th instant, at the house of Mr. Chandler, near Guinea's Station. The blow was so heavy and stunning that we have not the heart to dwell upon it, or to give him the tribute which his memory deserves. A braver, better man has never laid his life on the altar of human liberty, and his death, as far as man can see, is an irreparable loss. His high religious character, his courage, skill, rapidity of motion, and marvellous success, had given him a hold on the army such as no other man had, and it was felt that his very name was a symbol of victory. There was no man who inspired the enemy with so much terror, or for whom they had in their secret hearts a more unbounded respect.

But it may be that we had begun to rely on his great name, instead of that of the Lord our God, and to teach us the lesson of absolute reliance on himself, God has removed our beloved and idolized General. We cannot now attempt to fabricate his great sorrow, or interpret its meaning, but we know that it is right, and we bow in silent and sad submission.

The immediate cause of his death was pneumonia, which his system, prostrated by the wounds and amputation, was unable to cast off. And it is a characteristic fact that the cold which issued in this pneumonia was contracted by his own anxiety for the health of some young member of his staff. The night before the battle was spent on the field, and, having no extra covering at all, after great exertions, he accepted the cape of one of his aids, but in a short time arose and gently laid it over the young man, and so out the night just as he was. This exposure produced a cold which ended in pneumonia.

A few nights before the battle an equally characteristic incident occurred, that is worthy of record. He was discussing with one of his aids the probability and issue of a battle, when he became remarkably excited. After talking it over for some time, he paused and with deep humility and reverence said, "My trust is in God," then he raised himself to his feet, and with his hands raised and eyes and face all aglow with the fire of the conflict, he exclaimed, "I wish they would come." This is a noble trust in God, combined with the spirit of the war-horse, whose neck is stretched with thunder, and who, when the battle is far off, the thunder of the cannons and the shouting, made that man a noble type of martial prowess that has shined on Jackson among the great heroes of the world. Trust in God and courage in the fray were two of the great elements of that marvellous success, that secured his follow him like a star, so that he was never defeated, or failed in anything, and he died.

After he was wounded he retained his cheerfulness, and remarked to a friend the pleasantness of the sensation of the long child of my stating that he was a witness of everything that was done to him, that the sawing of his bone sounded to him like the sweetest music, and every sensation was one of delight.

Conversing with an aid he pointed to his mutilated arm and said, "If my people would regard this as a great calamity, I regard it as one of the greatest blessings of my life." Mr. S. remarked, "All things work together for good, to those who love God." "Yes, yes," he emphatically said, "that is it, that is it."

When Gen. Lee wrote him that beautiful note, so characteristic of his own generosity and worth:—

General: I have just received your note informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have destined events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled myself instead.

I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy."

After hearing it read he said, "It is usual modesty and reverence, Gen. Lee should give the glory to God." He always seemed pained for the glory of his country.

When it was told him that Gen. S. had led his old Stonewall Brigade to re-engage with the watersford, "charge and I remember Jackson," and that inspired by that they made so brilliant a re-attack, that he was deeply moved, and said, "it was just like them; it was just like them. They are a noble body of men." He was deeply affected by Gen. Pakenham's death.

His mind ran very much on the Bible and religious topics. He had a fine study, S. a Theological study, on the 8th inst., whether they ever debated in the summary the question, whether those who were miraculously cured by Jesus ever had a return of the disease. "I do not think," he said, "they could have returned, for the power was too great. The poor party to

would never again shake with palsy. Oh! for infinite power!"

He endeavored to cheer those who were around him. Noticing the sadness of his beloved wife, he said to her tenderly, "I know you would gladly give your life for me, but I am perfectly resigned. Do not be sad—I hope I shall recover. Pray for me, but always remember in your prayer to use the position, they will be done." "Those who were around him noticed a remarkable development of tenderness in his manner and feelings during his illness, that was a beautiful, mellowing of that iron sternness and imperious calm that characterized him in his military operations. Advising his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's home, he remarked, "You have a kind and good father.—But there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father." When she told him that the doctors did not think he could live two hours, although he did not himself expect to die, he replied, "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven, and be with Jesus." He then said he had much to say to her, but was too weak.

He had always desired to die, if it were God's will, on the Sabbath, and seemed to greet his light that day with peculiar pleasure, saying, with evident delight, "it is the Lord's day," and inquired anxiously what provision had been made for preaching to the army; and having ascertained that arrangements were made he was contented. Delirium, which occasionally manifested itself during the last two days, prevented some of the utterances of his faith, which would otherwise have doubtless been made. His thoughts vibrated between religious subjects and the battle field; now asking some questions about the Bible, or church history, and then giving an order—"pass the Haversack to the front." "Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions, to the men." "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees"—until at last his gallant spirit gently passed over the dark river, and entered on its rest where the tree of life is blooming beside the crystal river in the better country.

Thus has passed away, the high-souled, heroic man, falling like Sidney and Hampden in the beginning of the struggle to which his life was devoted, bequeathing to those who survive him a name and memory, the supreme God may compensate for his army, and to us apparently, untimely fall. A little child of the family, when the hero was dying, was taunted with Jackson's words by some of the prisoners who were collected there awaiting transportation. "We have a hundred Jacksons left if he does die," was the heroic reply of the child. And so we trust it will be. The spirit of Jackson will be breathed into a thousand hearts which will emulate his bravery, and seek to make up for his loss, and in the end his memory and glory, his holy life, his manly piety, and his glorious death may be a richer blessing to us than if his life had been spared. He has shown the way to victory; and we trust that many a gallant spirit will come forward eagerly to tread it and that our dead hero should be worth to us a million of living ones. It will be a happy day when his piety as well as his bravery and like him cherish that feeling that has so strikingly expressed as he passed his last breath before the battle, "My trust is in God—I wish they would come on."

THE WARRIOR WASP.—It is a singular fact that in the Isle of France the common bee is not to be found as a native of the woods, while in the Isle of Bourbon, it is common, and furnishes an abundance of wax and honey. This is explained by supposing that the warriors of whom we are about to speak, destroy the bees, and have thus prevented their multiplying in the island in question. Truly, like the bandit of whom we read in books, these wasps are splendidly attired, although not on the scale of those of whom they have robbed. Their head, chest, and body is of a resplendent lustre; now green, or seen in another position, blue, and glistening with all the lustre of an exquisite varnish. Their antennae are black, their eyes of a brownish yellow, and the legs partly bronze colored, and partly of a beautiful violet. They are strong and swift on the wing, and are possessed of a terrible lance, the thrust of which even men cannot endure without intense pain and inflammation than attend an ordinary sting. The foe with whom these magnificently dressed warriors have to contend, is a kind of insect allied to the cockroach, which in our kitchen has acquired the incorrect title of "black beetle." This insect is detested by the inhabitants throughout the island for its ravages upon almost everything of value or delicacy, and is not less hated by the sailor for its destructive uses on ship board. It is called "Kakerlac," and is more voracious than the cockroach, which is the plague and terror of our cooks. Imagine that one of these great, old, odious insects is marching along the highway. The warrior wasp has also been making its evolutions for prey abroad, when suddenly his eye catches sight of the kakerlac, and his eye catches sight of the kakerlac, and he is instantly alighted, and the kakerlac stops, thinking, perhaps, to estimate its adversary by its size and ferociousness; but its eyes glance at each other, and both insects glance at each other, and the wasp is the first to attack and dart upon each other, seizing it by the muzzel with his strong jaws, then bending its body so as to bring its tail under the abdomen of the kakerlac. The lance, with its charge of poison, is plunged deep into the body of the kakerlac, pouring a deadly venom into its system. Having made his thrust, the warrior loses the toy, and soars in triumph a little way into the air, satisfied with his successful issue. The kakerlac, after a few convulsions, lies paralyzed on the ground. Fully aware of this, the voracious wasp, after taking a few turns, returns to the scene of the fight, and returns to the scene where, unable to resist the victor, and being naturally, though a great devourer, a very faint-hearted creature, lies immovable, while the wasp seizes the prostrate march drags it along the road its post.

THE "NEVERTHELESS" IN PRAYER.—Prayer, without submission, is dictation to God. With the form of the petitioner kneeling before his footstool, it combines the spirit of a rival aiming to grasp His sceptre or usurp His throne—for are we not in effect "aspiring to be gods" when we demand that God shall work our will?

There is no less reproach of God in prayer, without submission. It employs the language of reverence; but does it not virtually say that His wisdom is less competent to choose for us than our own dark sighted counsels—that our desires, nay, our lusts, can carve out a higher happiness for us than lies within the gift of His infinite love?

Prayer, without submission, is an *offense* to God. He can hear it only in anger—an anger more terrible than when it takes the shape of stern refusal. Is it not written for our warning that, when the Israelites "listened exceedingly in the wilderness," God "gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul"—bestowed the food for which they asked, but wrapped by deadliest plagues in it, and slew them? How wise, then, was the instruction which Socrates sought to impress on his pupil, Alcibiades, with regard to this question of prayer,—"that he should beseech the supreme God to give him what was good for him, though he should not ask it, and to withhold from him whatever would be hurtful, though he should be so foolish as to pray for it."

How indispensable is it that all our petitions should include the *nevertheless*,—halloved to us by the example of our Elder Brother: "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done!" There are whole libraries of sound theology in that one adverb. There is no true, effectual prayer without it.

LIEUT. GEN. PEMBERTON.—The public were never able to account for the salient promotion by which Col. Pemberton, C. S. A. (Ex Lieut. U. S. A.) became, without trial or experience and without the possession of unusual abilities that were ever heard of a Lieutenant General, commanding the Department of the Mississippi. His management of affairs in that quarter, and especially the failure to keep the enemy out of the Capital of Mississippi, has not elucidated the mystery. When the pinch came, another General, of tried and known ability, was sent there, but it was too late. If Pemberton was not competent for the duties assigned him why was he sent there, and why so long retained—and if it was intended to relieve him when the crisis came, why was the relief withheld until it could not avail? The telegraph tells us that the plundering and destruction at Jackson amounted to from five to ten millions of dollars. Was it worth so much to any body that Gen. Pemberton should have been promoted over so many officers of experience and ability? "The Government" may feel very easy on the subject, but the ignorant public must be allowed to have its doubts.

OUR PUBLIC DEBT.—The debt of the Confederate States, says an exchange, bears no proportion to that of other States in like exigencies. Suppose it to amount at the end of the fiscal year to one thousand millions. France, when exhausted by long wars, by the loss of all her colonies, and a population about two and a half times our number, and prospective resources certainly not greater, had almost assigned to the amount of eight thousand millions dollars. Her revenue was one hundred and eighty-seven millions dollars; perhaps a little more than our tax yield in our present blockade and isolated state. England, with three our population, in 1831, had a debt of four thousand millions, while her revenue was two thousand and forty-seven millions. Yet her credit has been sustained, and why not that of the Confederacy?

RETAIATION.—The *Dispatch* says that two of the Yankee officers now in the Libby prison are shortly to be hung, in retaliation for the murders by the order of Burnside, of a captain and lieutenant, recently executed under his infamous "death order." The two victims will be selected by lot from among the captains and lieutenants now in the prison. If the evidence of the murder of two of our officers by Burnside is unmistakable, we hope the Government will not back down from its determination to retaliate.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.—From the highly interesting letter of the Fredericksburg correspondent of the *South Carolinian*, we copy the annexed handsome and appropriate tribute to the worth of that noble martyr, General T. J. Jackson:

"The message sent by General Lee to General Jackson shows how our noble old chieflain esteemed him. 'Tell General Jackson my loss is greater than his. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right.'"

SEISTITUTE FOR BORAX.—The *Wilmington Journal* says, Mr. V. A. Frost, an experienced smith, of that city, uses, as a substitute for borax, in welding cast steel, the following preparation, and finds it very good: Three pounds of soap, one pound of copperas and fifteen pounds of sharp sand, thoroughly mixed and used as we would use borax.

DIED WITH THE REPUBLIC.—The *National Intelligencer* establishment, at Washington City, has recently been sold at auction, under mortgage, to Riggs & Co., Bankers, to settle up the estate of the late Joseph Gale. It brought \$80,000.

MAJOR PRENTICE.—Maj. Clarence Prentice, son of George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, who was made prisoner by the Yankees some time ago in the West, came on by a recent flag of truce boat to City Point, and has arrived in Richmond. Major Prentice has done long and good service in the "Rebel" cause.

Don't marry too smart a girl for she will outrun you; nor one too simple, for children will take their talents from their mother—nor too rich, for she will remind you of it—nor too poor, for she will act the beggar on horseback.