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LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

THEATRE.—We were at the Theatre Saturday evening, to witness the play of the *Maniac Lover*, and were well pleased indeed with Mr. John Davis' rendition of this character. He had some insurmountable obstacles to overcome, but under the circumstances, done as well as could have been wished. We have seen a number in his character which is one of the best of two-act dramas and but few that excelled Mr. Davis. The weather was very bad, but nevertheless, the building was well filled. The singing was not the best, as there was a very audible discord at times, however, the audience seemed very well pleased. We did not see the after piece.

To-night, the *Writing on the Wall* and our *Gal*, are on the bills.

LATE NORTHERN PAPERS.—We will feel under obligations to our friends coming in possession of late Northern papers at any time if they would send them to us. The mails are very irregular, and we must look to this source for the present for late dates.

GLOBE SALOON.—We call attention to the advertisement of this place, advertised in to-day's paper. Mr. Morrell has heretofore enjoyed a good reputation in his line.

THE WEATHER.—Saturday night it rained again, but yesterday was one of the loveliest days we have yet been blessed with. It was neither too cool nor too warm.

Lieutenant General Robert Stoddard Ewell, of Virginia.

General Sheridan captured General Ewell on the 8th instant, while endeavoring to escape from Richmond. His capture is an important event of the campaign, as Ewell was one of the first men in the rebel army—next in importance indeed, to Lee himself.

Ewell was born in the District of Columbia, in 1820. He is a brother of Benjamin S. Ewell, who graduated third in his class, and who, after being an instructor for years at West Point, and President of the Williamsburg (Virginia) William and Mary College, went into the rebel army, to be contented with the rank of colonel and adjutant general to General Johnston.—Richard S. Ewell, without being so studious, was a more practical man than his brother, and graduated thirteenth in his class, next to Geo. H. Thomas, lower down than W. T. Sherman, Stewart Van Vliet, and ahead of Bushrod R. Johnson, Col. Oliver L. Shepperd and General Thomas Jordan.

Ewell entered the United States Army July 1, 1840, as brevet second lieutenant; was promoted to second lieutenant November 1, 1840; first lieutenant, September 18, 1845; brevet captain, August 20, 1847, for gallantry at Contreras and Cherebusco, Mexico. In June, 1857, he was engaged with the Indians in New Mexico. In 1858 he was in charge of the United States troops at Fort Buchanan, New Mexico. He resigned May 1, 1861, his position as captain of dragoons, to which he had been promoted, and joined the rebel Army of Virginia in time to participate as a brigadier general in the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. During the inactivity which followed this engagement Ewell was promoted major general and assigned to a division of the Second, or Stonewall Jackson's corps. In this capacity he fought in the battles of Front Royal and Cedar Mountain during the valley campaign in 1862. During the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, he succeeded Jackson, who was wounded, in command of the Second corps, and on the death of Jackson, was appointed, on the latter's earnest recommendation, a lieutenant general, and permanently assigned to the Second corps. With this command he fought at Winchester, Gettysburg and during the first day of the battle of the Wilderness, May, 1864. He was here wounded, and his corps was given to Jubal Early. Ewell retired to Richmond and assumed command of the Department that he was captured in by Sheridan.

Brigadier General George William Custis Lee, of Virginia.

This officer, who is reported captured by General Sheridan, is the first son of General Robert E. Lee. He was born at Arlington Heights, in 1851, entered West Point in 1850, graduating July 1, 1854, and entered the United States Army as brevet second lieutenant.—October 20, 1859, he was commissioned first lieutenant in the Engineer corps, but resigned May 2, 1861, and, following his father's example, entered the rebel army. After the failure of his father in Western Virginia, and his retirement to the shades of the War Department at Richmond, young Custis Lee was made a colonel and placed on the staff of Jeff. Davis.—When his father was called to the field, in 1862, Custis Lee remained on with the rebel President, and his name appears on the rebel Army Register for 1864 as "Colonel and aid to the President." During the spring session of the rebel Congress in 1864 Lee was nominated

and confirmed a brigadier general, and was shortly afterwards assigned to duty with Ewell. During the siege of Richmond he commanded a large brigade of regular and militia troops, including the former Lieutenant General Pemberton's artillery, on the north side of the James river, his headquarters being on the famous Chapin farm. In January last it was reported that Lee had been nominated a major general, but if so he was never confirmed.

GRANT AND SHERMAN.

MORE GLORIOUS NEWS.

The Occupation of Raleigh and Lynchburg.

&c., &c., &c.

Official information received in this city announces the gratifying intelligence of the occupation of Raleigh by the army of Gen. Sherman on the 12th, without any resistance from the enemy. We are without any further particulars, but hope to get details for our issue tomorrow.

We hear also officially that the forces under Gen. Grant have occupied Lynchburg, Va.

A Revolutionary Relic.

Modern books of history describe the venerable edifice known as *St. Paul's Church*, on the road from Alexandria to Leesburg, one of the few remaining relics built before the Revolution. A Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Republic* speaks further on the subject, as follows:

The scenery and surroundings, picturesque and ancient, naturally attracted the attention of every passerby; but, to those who knew of its founding and subsequent history, the sight of the edifice awakened an interest far deeper than the passing emotions of mingled curiosity and awe engendered by its quaintness of style and shadowy solitude. Built by Lord Fairfax in the early part of the eighteenth century, the bricks and other material being brought from England, it had withstood the ravages of time and the mutations of civilization for full one hundred and forty years, and yet remained a well-preserved monument of the past, speaking to the present through the soul-awakening associations and memories that clustered around it like green vines around the aged oak. Its modest steeple, overshadowed by the tall pines and cedars that cast a sombre shade upon the graveyard around, its steep roof, high gable ends with Catherine-wheel windows of miniature proportions, its solid brick walls, high side windows and massive doors of oak, all vividly brought to mind the simple church architecture of the days when our forefathers' fathers dwelt in peace and happiness in the land which their king gave them. Inside, the high and straight backed pew, the impending pulpit of burnished mahogany, and the silver mounted railing of the altar, fully responded to the ancient style without, while marble tablets on the walls told the virtues of many Virginians, who, loyal to God and their country, had gone to rest in the adjoining graveyard years ago. Here, so a tablet told, Lord Fairfax bent the knee in regular and devout homage to his Maker; and he was followed by a long line of illustrious Virginians, chief among them Washington, who often came from the capital or Mount Vernon to worship in the way-side chapel, whose simple solitude better responded to his calm and devoted spirit. * *

Civil war came, and has raged four years.—Let's look at the little church now. The grove in which it nestled has long since gone down before the axe, the trees interfering with the range of guns on a point two miles and a half distant. The palings of the graveyard disappeared with the trees, and the sacred ground, exposed to all kinds of intruders, has been trampled until many of the sodded mounds are almost leveled. Monuments are mutilated, and all grave stones that are portable have been carried off. The windowless walls support a dilapidated roof, which in turn, supports the weatherworn steeple. Inside, pews, floor, altar with silver railing, pulpit and marble table on the walls have all disappeared, and in their places are substituted convenient arrangements for keeping horses. Yes, reader, the little church is used as a stable by Union cavalry.

The King of Dahomey.

In the king's presence, where he sits in the deep shade of a sort of barn-gate, there is a circle of white sand for those who approach to run their faces in. His Majesty, King Gelele, a son of King Gezo, by a northern slave-girl or a mulatto from the French factory at Whydah, is over six feet tall, well made, except the cucumber-shape shin, and several shades lighter than his courtiers. He is about forty-five years old, slightly bald, with peppercorn hair, generally close shaven, scanty eyebrows, thin beard, thin moustache, a square jaw, red bearded eyes, and a turned up nose. "Looking, in fact, as if all the lines had been turned the wrong way," but not much flattened, and not wholly without a bridge. He is strongly pock-marked, and has the Dahoman mark in three short parallel and perpendicular lancet cuts between the scalp and

the eyebrows. He dresses simply, is often bare-headed, wears a single human tooth and blue bead attached to a thread, as a neck ornament and Bofetish against sickness, prefers iron to silver arm-rings, wore at Kana a white body-cloth of plain fine stuff, with a narrow edging of watered green silk, that hardly reached to mid thigh. His Moslem sandals were of gold-embroidered scarlet, and he smoked detestable tobacco.

A throng of royal spouses stood behind to wipe off instantly any drop of perspiration from the royal face, to hold the spittoon immediately when the royal mouth indicated a disposition to spit, and all ready to rub the ground with their foreheads when his majesty sneezed.

When his majesty drinks, no vulgar eye must see him do anything so ignoble; he wheels suddenly round to them, with his back to the court; the wives hide him from view with umbrellas; drums beat, distracting noises of all sorts are made, and all heads are averted, or the courtiers, if standing, dance like bears, or paddle their hands like the fore feet of a swimming dog. Among some tribes in the Congo country the chief's big toes are pulled when he drinks.

Protected, and not choked, by all such ceremonies, a king of Dahomey is a long-lived animal. Eight successive kings of the present dynasty have occupied the throne during two hundred and fifty-two years. "Thus," says Captain Burton, "rivaling the seven Roman monarchs whose rule extended over nearly the same period, and had caused them to be held fabulous or typical."

The flower of the host brought forward to greet this reception was the mixed company of about two hundred Amazons lately raised by the king. The whole court did not show a gathering of more than a thousand. Some, however, were away, attacking a village; all who were there expressed in oration, and song, and shout, and dance, determination to deal terribly with the Abolitionists, against whom a great expedition was intended. It has since turned out that the Dahomans were seriously worsted in that expedition.

Three skulls of conquered chiefs, in various typical settings, were brought out as a part of the more solemn paraphernalia of Dahoman royalty. One, for example, was the skull of a neighboring chief, who on the death of Gezo, Gelele's father, sent word that all men were not truly joyful, that the sea had dried up, and that the world had seen the bottom of Dahomey.—He was attacked and killed, and his skull, boiled beautifully white and polished, is mounted on a ship of thin brass a foot long. There is always water enough in Dahomey to float it, with the macker's skull for freight, is the grim jest intended. These skulls are without the lower jaw. The lower jaw of an enemy is prized in Dahomey for umbrellas, sword-handles, and other purposes. It is cut and torn with horrible cruelty out of the face of the still living victim.

In the presence of his majesty the highest courtiers of Dahomey lie on their sides, and at times roll over on their bellies, or relieve themselves by standing on all fours. The king speaks to his subjects through an official, called the *Men*, to whom his word is carried on all fours by a ceremonious middle-aged lady, called the *Dakoo*; she comes back also on all fours with any answer that may be intended for the royal ear.

The Mortgage.

As we pass along in search of incident for our story we are attracted by a large old farmhouse, with a yard filled with choice flowers, that denote, somewhere about the rustic building, taste and love for the beautiful. As we enter the cool, mammoth dining room—we are not long in fathoming the mystery. A lovely young girl, with some of those very flowers twined among her curls, is sitting in and out, hearing light and sunshine into every room which she enters. But she is not alone, as a voice from the kitchen testifies.

"Now, Agatha, sit down and keep still three minutes, will you?"

"Yes, mother;" and down went the merry little figure on a stool at the feet of the perplexed dame.

"Well, now, talk sensibly a few minutes, and that is all I'll ask of you a present."

"What shall I say?" asked Miss Agatha, demurely folding her hands.

Mrs. Lee took no notice of the question, but went on,—

"I'll own I was only twenty-one when I was married, and thought that quite too young; but, as respectable a chance as you've got now ain't to be slighted; and when Jason Smith comes here to night tell him yes."

"But, mother, I hate him."

Agatha's face was serious enough now.

"Fiddleticks! you never used to talk so before that young travelling jackanapes, Arthur Gilson, came here with his picture; and you, like a little simpleton, believe all he says is gospel truth." And the indignant matron left the room.

Half an hour later that veritable young jackanapes found Agatha in the line sobbing. She started as he came and only beside her, but smiled through her tears as she saw who it was.

"What is it, Aggie?"

She told him, concluding, with a defiant flash of her brown eyes:

"But I won't marry him; and if mother says anything more, I'll appeal to father, though I fear he might side with her."

"If father says you won't, Aggie," he replied; and added, after a pause: "Come, Aggie, I am going to ask your mother to give you to me."

Agatha looked up, half eager, half afraid; but

his firm voice reassured her, and she accompanied him to the house.

Mrs. Lee sat sewing, the needle flying in out with more vigor than seemed necessary. She looked up as a shadow fell upon the floor, and the mother's heart relented a little as her eyes fell on Agatha's bright face; a mixture of smiles, tears and blushes. But her brow darkened again as she saw her companion.

"Mrs. Lee," said the young man, leading his companion up to the obdurate parent, "I love your daughter, and have reason to think my regard is reciprocated. May I have her?"

He paused a moment, the matron's face gave no signs of relenting, and he went on.

"Of course you would not give your daughter to a stranger, I think I can satisfy you on the point of respectability, though Aggie must have told you that I am poor. My father was formerly a New York merchant; his name was like my own, Arthur Wilson."

"Wilson," she interrupted, in astonishment and agitation, "You have not been known by that name here."

"Simply a mistake of the landlords," he returned, "which I thought too unimportant to rectify."

"Your mother's name was Susan?" she queried.

"Yes," he replied in astonishment.

"Had she any near relatives?"

"One sister living somewhere in the country. I know neither her name or place of residence."

Mrs. Lee sank back into a chair.

"I am that sister. I might have known you by your resemblance. Young man, I am indebted to your father for a home. He interfered and lifted from our home a heavy mortgage, to which otherwise, we must have sacrificed everything. Forgive me for my injustice."

Of course our hero would not be worthy of the position he has occupied in our story if he did not freely forgive her, which forgiveness was immediately recorded.

Gentle reader, can you foresee the sequel?—If not, let us slip into the village church, this beautiful frosty morning, and become a witness of the matrimonial tableau which is being enacted—in which the blushing Aggie and our manly hero take a prominent part; that will be sufficient to satisfy all doubts, I think. And, now we leave them with most earnest good wishes; and may they enjoy the highest degree of matrimonial felicity.

ALABAMA.

CAPTURE OF SELMA.

Forrest and Roddy with their entire commands Prisoners,

&c., &c., &c.

We have it authentically that New York papers of the 13th inst., announce the capture of Selma, Ala., by the Union forces, with the rebel Generals Forrest and Roddy, and their entire commands. Further particulars not given. We hope to lay them in full before our readers to-morrow.

Petroleum Lamps.

Since the introduction of petroleum, kerosene lamps have been universally used by families, and any information regarding their use may be considered a public benefit. Many persons when going to bed, or when leaving the room for a short time, are in the habit of turning the wick down low in order to save a trifle of the consumption of oil. The consequence is, that the air of the room soon becomes vitiated by the unconsumed oil vapors, by the gas produced by combustion, and also by the minute particles of smoke and soot which are thrown off. Air thus poisoned is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that more persons are not immediately and fatally injured by breathing it. Irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs, headache, dizziness and nausea are among its effects.

The total expenditure of Massachusetts for war purposes, from the commencement of the rebellion to the present time, has been twenty-seven millions two hundred and eighty thousand six hundred and fifty-two dollars. Of this sum there remain outstanding liabilities amounting to about fourteen millions of fourteen of dollars.

The human heart gives ninety-six thousand strokes every twenty-four hours.

"I'd rather have newspapers without a government," said the great Jefferson, "than a government without newspapers."

To hear a declaration of love a young lady will give her ears.

A husband can readily foot the bill of a wife who is not ashamed to be seen floating his stockings.

A flattering fiction.—To tell a lady she has a fine carriage if she only walks gracefully.

Why is it so of a tree like the mercury is a thermometer? It sinks in winter.

The Savannah people admit that the Confederacy has gone up.