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The Medial Express.

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From the Salt Lake Boys.

CAMP ON THE RAPIDAN, VA.,
November 25th, 1863.

My last letter was closed rather abruptly by the order to march towards Chancellorsville; but, strange to say, I begin this sitting within fifty yards of the very spot where I finished the other; under different circumstances though, then we had no shelter save a portable, Yankee tent; now we have a very snug cabin, roomy and comfortable, with one whole gable end for a chimney and fire-place. We are encamped on an eighth of a mile in rear of the line of fortification on the Rapidan hills. Some think *Chancellorsville* a more appropriate word than "fort," since they have been strengthened, doubled and trebled, until our works look like a continuous fort from the mouth of the Rappahannock to the Blue Ridge. If the war lasts a year or two longer we will have the Confederacy detached loose from the abolition kingdom in the North. But you want to know how it happened that we got back here after having started on our way to some other point. I don't remember the date of my letter cut short so ungenerously, but I had scarce time enough to bundle up my trunks after the first alarm was given, when all were off, as if on a race for life; nor was the gun slackened until we were seven miles away from this place, though precious little, if any nearer Chancellorsville. An hour by the train in the evening (it was Friday the 13th inst.) we halted, and after a short rest went in camp in a magnificent forest of oak and pine on the road leading from Orange C. H. to Fredericksburg. There we remained during Saturday the 14th, perfectly quiet. Not a rumor, nor the report of a single gun disturbed our peace. A more charming day never beamed in the Sunny South, so calm, so mild and serene. Even the summer birds were tempted to try their voices, and larks and robins were turning up around us in a way that carried us in fancy back to our boyhood's days, and made us wish, when awake to the reality, that such a thing as war had never been invented. The men stretched themselves in the brown rustling leaves and slept, and dreamed of sunny days long gone by, alas! with many of us never more to return.

Soon after dark (night of the 14th), black, heavy clouds arose; glaring flashes of lightning illuminated for a moment the Western horizon—leap thunder muttered ominously, and ere we had temporary shelters constructed a perfect slice of water fell and came near inundating our whole camp. The shower did not last more than half an hour, but that was long enough to upset all our calculations about a comfortable snooze, which we had had in anticipation. On the next morning at day-break we had another shower after the same style, but it lasted longer this time; rain fell heavily until 7 o'clock a. m., when the clouds broke away again and the bright beams of the sun shone out cheerily. But how great the change since yesterday in the aspect of affairs around us! Instead of quiet all was bustle and hurry and confusion in camp; while on the river five or six miles away heavy discharges of cannon kept up a continual roar, filling every mind with painful apprehensions and dread forebodings. The drums throughout the camp were beating the long roll, some were drawing wet loads from their guns, some were counting their cartridges and arranging them conveniently in their boxes, new cartridges were handed out, cap boxes refilled—others were overhauling their knapsacks in order to see what articles they could best dispense with, and away such articles would go in the bushes, some wringing their blankets to get as much of the water out as possible; not a few were trying their best to get sick or lame, and went prowling round in the woods cutting walking sticks and making inquiries after the M. D.'s, and the ambulances—cooking utensils were carried up and rations half cooked thrust carelessly in haversacks. Everything and everybody was turned up side down, when the command "fall in," instantly brought "order out of chaos," and the line took up its march directly towards the cannonading. Many hearts beat violently in many manly bosoms,—not through fear, but from intense excitement and suspense natural on all such occasions. After making a quick and tiresome march to a point within sight of the river we halted, stacked arms and awaited further orders. In the course of half an hour a courier arrived bringing intelligence that the enemy had recrossed the river to their own side—that the whole uproar was the result of an attempted cavalry raid on the part of the

enemy—that quiet was restored and we might return to our camps. We felt immensely relieved, and without delay returned to the camp we had left that morning. Meantime the firing had ceased, and the evening was as calm as any Sabbath we ever witnessed at home. Quite early the following morning we returned over the same road to this place; and since then fatigue parties have been at work day and night repairing and strengthening our line of breastworks. The men have erected comfortable shanties, and altogether are well prepared for winter should we get to remain here, an event very uncertain; for, though no stir was up an hour ago, nor has been during the last ten days, yet since beginning this letter we have received orders to prepare two days rations and be ready to move at a moment's notice. My luck exactly, just as sure as I begin a letter to the *Express*, so sure do we get "marching orders," and if a certain member of the band gets a letter we are certain to march. Very discouraging, is it not? I expected that this beautiful weather would bring about a movement if not a fight, and now it seems likely to do both. But ere long we will have snow, and rain, and mud, and then all military operations will surely cease. We will then be located in a permanent camp,—somebody will bring us boxes, no matter who, whether Mr. Dillon or Mr. Clippely or any one else,—let them come, nor give us cause to think that gentle hearts in Fredell, once so warm and magnanimous, have now grown cold and sordid. We don't ask sharks, shirkers or speculators to remember us, but surely the kind ladies have not forgotten that to them we owe nine tenths of the comforts we enjoy in the army. And in the melee pray don't forget

Your old friend

NAT.

Written for the Medial Express.

Review of Dr. Ramsay's Address,

Delivered before the Young Ladies of Concord Female College on Commencement day, May 29th, 1863.

We were no little gratified, when we ascertained that the Doctor had obtained his consent to pronounce the Literary Address at our late Commencement. From specimens of his, on like occasions, in other institutions, some of which we had read, we anticipated in his address to us, a rich entertainment.—But we must confess that our anticipations were more than realized. To say that we were pleased would be to express the truth but in part. We were not only much more highly pleased than we had been promising ourselves; but we were delighted, entertained, edified. We doubt not that a discerning public will do the discourse justice, by agreeing with us that it is one of the Doctor's happiest efforts.

We have been regretting that it has been so long in making its appearance before the public in print. But circumstances beyond their control, as our editors have intimated, prevented its sooner appearing in the *Express*. To those who had the pleasure of listening to its eloquent delivery it will be regarded as an old friend somewhat forgotten; but yet a second time, with great pleasure. In its present form the many excellent truths it contains may be reviewed at pleasure, and may be more deeply impressed upon the mind and heart for good. By those appreciating readers who did not hear it a rich feast will be enjoyed; while they cannot fail to discover the Doctor's earnest solicitude for the social, civil, intellectual and moral improvement and elevation of our species. Its appreciation by the Faculty and Pupils is sufficiently evinced in their earnest request to see it in print. We believed that it would do good, if published. We can safely say that it cannot fail to do good, if heeded and reduced to practice. And without these things the best discourse on any subject must prove unavailing for good. To bespeak for the address a patient hearing—even where the author pitches hardest or deals most severely with vices, and follies and failings of both parents and children, is one main object of this review.

S. C. M.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Advancing.

In consequence of the continued advance in the price of printing materials, many of the papers of the South are again advancing their terms. Two weekly papers published in Richmond have gone up to \$20 per year, and we see that the N. C. Presbyterian intends to advance to \$9. These advances are actually necessary in order to live and pay expenses. We intend either to advance or reduce the size of our paper—which would our patrons prefer?—we would prefer to advance the price and keep the paper at its present size.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

Iron Contract.

The difficulty of procuring iron in the Southern Confederacy to be used in casting shells and round shot gave the officers in the Ordnance Department a vast deal of trouble till General Beauregard came to their relief. He has contracted with Gillmore and Dahgren, of the Federal army, for several tons of metal per day, and those contractors are delivering it at Fort Sumter free of charge, and without the slightest injury to the old fort or its denizens.

The House of Rothschild.

Among all the Congresses held this summer, of princes, lawyers, musicians, schoolmasters, social science men, political economists, and a hundred others, one very notable meeting has almost escaped public attention. A few days ago our Paris correspondent told us that a Congress of the members of the illustrious house of Rothschild has been sitting at Paris. The purport of the meeting was nothing less than to re-arrange the dominions of the great banking dynasty. In one word, the great object of the great Rothschild Congress was to reduce the five branches of the house who now rule Europe to four, following the example of Garibaldi, to strike another sovereign of Naples from the list of reigning monarchs. Henceforth there are to be but four kings of the house of Rothschild, with secure thrones at London, Paris, Vienna and Frankfurt. It is now exactly a hundred years since a poor Jew, called Mayer Anselm, made his appearance at the city of Hanover, barefooted, with a sack on his shoulders and a bundle of rags on his back. Successful in trade like most of his countrymen, he returned to Frankfurt at the end of a few years, and set up a small shop in "Jew Lane," over which hung the sign-board of a red shield, called in German *rottschild*. As a dealer in old and rare coins, he made the acquaintance of the serene Elector of Hesse Cassel, who happening to be in want of a confidential agent for various open and secret purposes, appointed the shrewd-looking Mayer Anselm to the post. The serene Elector, being contented soon after to fly his country, Mayer Anselm took charge of his cash, amounting to several millions of florins. With the instinct of his race, Anselm did not forget to put the money out on good interest, so that, before Napoleon was gone to Elba, and the illustrious Elector had returned to Cassel, the capital had more than doubled. The ruler of Hesse Cassel thought it almost a marvel to get his money safely returned from the Jew Lane of Frankfurt, and at the Congress of Vienna, he never tired of showing the praise of his Hebrew agent to all the Princes of Europe. The dwellers under the sign of the Red Shield laughed in their sleeves; keeping carefully to themselves the great fact that the electoral two millions florins had brought them four millions of their own. Never was honesty a better policy.

Mayer Anselm died in 1812, without having the supreme satisfaction of hearing his honesty extolled by kings and princes. He left five sons, who succeeded him in his banking and money lending business, and who, conscious of their social value, dropped the name of Anselm, and adopting the higher sounding one of Rothschild, taken from the sign-board of the paternal house. On his death bed their father had taken a solemn oath from all of them to hold his four millions well together, and they have faithfully kept it. Mayer Anselm left the infant of Frankfurt clearly a too narrow a realm for the fruitful sowing of four millions; and, in consequence, the five were determined after a while to extend their sphere of operations by establishing branch banks at the chief cities of Europe. The eldest son, Anselm, born 1773, remained at Frankfurt; the second, Solomon, born in 1774, settled at Vienna; the third, Nathan, born in 1777, went to London; the fourth, Charles, the infant of the family, established himself in the soft climate of Naples; and the fifth and youngest, James, born 1792, took up his residence at Paris.

Strictly united, the wealth and power of the five Rothschilds was vested in the eldest son; nevertheless, the shrewdest of the sons of Mayer Anselm, and heir of his lineage, Nathan, the third son, soon took the reins of government into his own hands. By his faith in Wellington and the flesh and muscle of British soldiers, he nearly doubled the fortune of the family, gaining more than a million sterling by the sole battle of Waterloo, the news of which he carried to England two days earlier than the mail. The weight of the solid millions gradually transferred the ascendancy in the family from Germany to England, making London the metropolis of the reigning dynasty of Rothschild. Like the royal families of Europe, the members of the house of Rothschild only intermarry with each other. James Rothschild married the daughter of his brother Solomon; his son, Edmond, heir apparent of the French line, was united to his first cousin, the daughter of Lionel, and granddaughter of Nathan Rothschild; and Lionel again—member of Parliament for London—gave his hand in 1836 to his first cousin Charlotte, the daughter of Charles Rothschild, of Naples.

It is unnecessary to state that, though these matrimonial alliances have kept the millions wonderfully together, they have not improved the race of old Mayer Anselm, of the Red Shield. Already signs of physical weakness are becoming visible in the great family. So at least hint the French press their meagre notices about the Rothschild Congress at Paris. From all that can be gathered out of the wilderness of *canards*, thin faces and thick fiction, it appears that the sovereigns of the Stock Exchange met in conference for the double purpose of centralizing their money power and widening their matrimonial realm. "In other words, the five reigning kings, descendants, according to the law of primogeniture, of the five sons of Mayer Anselm, came to the decision to reduce their number to four, by cutting off the Neapolitan branch of Charles Rothschild, while it was likewise decided that permission should be given to the youngest members of the family to marry, for the benefit of the race, beyond the range of first cousinship. What has led to the exclusion of the Neapolitan line of Rothschild seems to have been the constant exercise of a highly blameable liberality, unheard of in the annals of the family. Charles, the prodigal son of Mayer Anselm, actually presented in the year 1846, ten thousand ducats to the Orphan Asylum of St. Carlo at Naples, and the son and heir of Charles, Gustavus, has given repeated signs of his inclination to follow in the footsteps of his father. Such conduct, utterly unbecoming of the policy of the house of Rothschild, could not be allowed to pass unnoticed, and accordingly—we quote the rumor of Paris journalism—the *déchéance* of the Neapolitan line has been pronounced.—However, Baron Gustavus de Rothschild is not to retire into private life, like the famous Charles V, with only a casock on his shoulder and a prayer book in his hand, but is al-

lowed to take with him a small fortune of 450,000,000 francs, or about six millions sterling—a mere crumb from the table of the descendants of the poor Mayer Anselm, who wandered shoeless through the Electorate of the good King George III. It is certain that no romance of royalty is equal to the romance of the house of Rothschild.—*London Globe.*

The Late Battle.

A correspondent of the Knoxville *Register* furnishes the following particulars of the late battle near Chattanooga:

The morning of the 25th came very thick and foggy. During the night our forces had evacuated Lookout Mountain, and withdrawn to the right of Chattanooga creek. About 8 o'clock, a. m. the fog cleared and revealed an immense force of Yankees along the base of Missionary Ridge. Gen. Bragg had vacated his quarters during the night; hence, when the enemy opened their terrific cannonading on that point, they found no game.

The fight continued furiously during several hours, when comparative quiet reigned.—We could not perceive the result, but from the fact that that point is only four and a half miles from Chickamauga Station, and that the enemy had not made any demonstrations on that place, they could not have gained much advantage over our left.

At 9 o'clock heavy cannonading was heard on our extreme right along the battle range furiously. Gen. Cleburne had taken position during the night on the extreme right of Missionary Ridge and massed the greater portion of his forces near the Tunnel. At this point Sweet's battery was posted, and during the entire day it kept up its continuous music.

The Yankees marshaled their forces in long and broad columns from Chattanooga, and the various positions along the Clitice creek, advancing like the cloud on the vanishing heroes of Cleburne's and Cheatnam's commands. Sherman's corps, supposed to number 35,000 men, advanced to the assault, and made assault after assault against the impregnable position.

During the hours between 11 a. m. to 5 p. m., the firing of musketry and cannon was incessant. We have never heard it equalled on any field on which it has been our lot to do battle. But their charges were unavailing. The Yankees were driven back time after time. At one time they came within fifty feet of Sweet's battery, when the 6th Arkansas, with a yell and a volley that echoed high above the din of war, drove them back. Numbers of the men finding their guns so fouled as to be useless, cast them away and threw rocks into the faces of the foe.

One Irishman whose left hand was so shattered that he could not hold his gun, threw stones until he was exhausted, and came back swearing that while the old Pat was there the boys could whip all the damned Yankees they could bring against them.

The 2d Tennessee also was supporting this battery, and for infernal stubborn fighting it has never been surpassed.

One more assault at 4 p. m., and Sherman's corps received a terrific punishment that made them turn and fly down the hill, and soon they were lost to view in the sinking murky clouds of war. Our forces pursued them rapidly, and the last account we had from the foe was that they had crossed the Tennessee, and had destroyed their pontoons at the mouth of the Chickamauga.

At 4 1/2 p. m., an attack was made some distance down the ridge towards our centre, and judging from the terrible and rapid firing of musketry our forces were slowly retiring over the crest of the ridge. The continuous and heavy firing was heard at 5 1/2 p. m., when the sun left.

We can form no estimate of our loss, though we know a large number of wounded were received at the field and general hospitals. But the Yankees turned their pale and bloody faces to the setting sun on the western slope of the ridge by so many hundreds, that we are satisfied that hell had one of its grandest jubilees over its accessions from their ranks. The slaughter in the path of our batteries was awful and immense, but not an assault on us proved successful.

Green's Victory in Louisiana.

A correspondent of the Louisiana *Democrat* writing of Green's victory over the Yankees under Franklin at Bordeaux, near Opelousas, says:

General Green attacked the enemy, consisting of the 13th army corps, commanded by Gen. Bainbridge, of the United States army, causing great havoc among them, driving them from the field, through their camp, taking possession of their whole encampment, completely routing their entire command and capturing their artillery and parts of their cavalry, &c. The fight commenced yesterday at 12 o'clock, finishing at two. The enemy retreated every inch of ground, and before the close of the day our boys, who made the woods resound with their continuous cheers, and the earth tremble under the steady tramp of their resistless charge.

The infantry commanded by Col. Roberts, of Walker's Division, consisting of his own, Col. King's and Harrison's regiments, were thrown on the extreme left, resting on Bayou Bourdeaux, being sheltered by the woods which skirted the Bayou for four hundred yards on each side. Here began the fight with the greatest fierceness, and here the brunt of it was borne. In the meanwhile Green and Major's brigades, Bon's battalion, and one section of Daniel's and the Valverde battery, were ordered through the prairie to the extreme right to flank the enemy's position and charge his battery, which was pouring a hail of shell and canister through the ranks of our infantry, without much damage on account of the thickness of the woods. Our battery sections were soon in position, supported by Green's dismounted brigade, opened with a telling fire upon the enemy's guns. Major was already in position with his cavalry to the right of the batteries. At this juncture of affairs, Gen. Green ordered the entire command to charge, leading it side by side with Major. The cavalry, at full speed, flanked the enemy, whilst the infantry at double quick, with interminable shouts, charged frantically upon them, taking their battery, routing and scattering their boasted "13th Army Corps" to the four winds. It was one of the most beautiful sights of the war. The cavalry and infantry charging at full run, over an open prairie,

some fifteen hundred yards. The enemy left over one hundred dead upon the field. Our loss was very slight. We captured 538 non-commissioned officers and privates, 14 lieutenants, 10 captains, 1 colonel and 1 lieutenant colonel; besides these, there are fifty wounded in our hands shot through the arms or body, who were able to walk from the field; a like number who were not able to move were left behind. Nearly all of our wounded were brought off. The enemy came up with their entire command, where upon we fell back to our former position.—We were only able to bring off one of the pieces of artillery captured, a 10 pounder Parrott. The others having their horses killed and disabled, we spiked and left them on the field. Their tents, commissary and ordnance stores being destroyed, our army fell back in good order and are ready and anxious to meet them again.

Description of Lookout Mountain.

A correspondent gives the following description of Lookout Mountain, which is interesting as giving a correct understanding of the situation and importance of this point and the position of our army:

The ascent of Lookout Mountain is gained by an excellent road that rises from the confluence of Chattanooga Creek, two miles west of the depot at Chattanooga, and reaches the top of the mountain a mile in the rear of Lookout peak. There we found a most excellent summer resort, resembling in appearance a fashionable watering place, with beautiful and commodious hotel buildings, and all else to render the place attractive to seekers of pleasure. Fine freestone springs are also flowing in profusion. This beautiful village is known by the appellation of Summer Town. There is quite a commanding view from the fourth floor of the hotel; but the sublimest scenery is spread before the beholder from the huge borders of rock that rise so rough and rugged from the extreme northern point of the mountain overlooking the Tennessee river. This peak we supposed to be near three miles from Chattanooga, on an air line; direction nearly west; elevation near two thousand feet above the river.

The general course of the Tennessee river flowing from the northeast to the southwest, but as seen from the Lookout, the shape of the river, from above Chattanooga to Brown's Ferry, below the mountain, is somewhat similar to the letter S. Chattanooga being in the southern bend and Moccasin ridge in the northern. The abruptness of the lower bend, however, is better represented by the name Moccasin Bend. The beholder is struck with the similarity of the neck of land embraced by this bend to an Indian moccasin. Chattanooga Creek is the toe, and confluence of Lookout Creek the heel, and the pontoon bridge at Brown's Ferry the neck above the toe. The shrubbery along the river between the southern bend and Moccasin ridge in the northern. The abruptness of the lower bend, however, is better represented by the name Moccasin Bend. The beholder is struck with the similarity of the neck of land embraced by this bend to an Indian moccasin. 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