

THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

VOL. I.

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No. 35.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED HOLT COLQUITT.

The subject of this sketch was born in Walton county, Georgia, on the 26th day of April, 1824. He is the eldest son of the late Hon. Walter T. Colquitt, one of the most eminent men and distinguished Orators of Georgia and of the South.

After completing his preparatory studies, he was entered by his father as a student Princeton College, New Jersey. With the details of his education we are not familiar, further than that he graduated with distinction, being appointed or writer and speaker to represent the College at the annual commencement, and giving promise generally of that usefulness and position to which he has subsequently attained. Educated for the profession of the law, he was, after passing through the usual course of study, admitted to the bar, and opened an office in the City of Magna. This was about the time of the commencement of active hostilities between the United States and Mexico—and was the theatre of war young Colquitt resolved to repair. He was called by President Polk a commission as Paymaster of the United States Army with the rank of Major, and this position he continued to fill until the close of the war, and though still a mere youth, and with but little experience, he discharged its highly responsible duties with fidelity, and with entire satisfaction to the army and to his government.

At the battle of Buena Vista he acted as aid to Gen. Taylor. For his conduct and gallantry on that occasion, he was afterwards highly complimented, amongst others, by President Davis, then Secretary of War, in a communication which was published at the time in the public journals. At the conclusion of the war he resigned his commission in the army against the urgent solicitations of many high officers, who held out to him flattering prospects of promotion and distinction.

Pursuing the peaceful pursuits of civil life in the profession of arms, he returned to his native State with the intention of devoting himself to the practice of the law, and soon thereafter was married to the daughter of Harwell Terrell, Esq., a wealthy and influential citizen of Twiggs county. He then resided from Macon to Southwestern Georgia, where he engaged in planting and in the practice of his profession, he was beginning to acquire a lucrative practice and to take that position at the bar which is usually won only by years of toil and study, when exciting events in the political world drew upon him prominently the public notice.

Educated in the school of Southern Rights, Maj. Colquitt took an active part in opposition to the Compromise measures of 1850. In consequence of the young leader's tactful devotion to the cause of Southern Rights, he became a great favorite with the "Fire Eaters," as they were termed, and they accordingly resolved to call him as a candidate to represent his district in Congress.

Maj. Colquitt boldly entered the lists, proclaimed his principles from the hustings every where throughout the district, and was elected by an overwhelming majority.

His congressional career, though brief, gave abundant promise of the honors which were in store for him had he chosen to follow the path which so auspiciously opened before him.

Before the expiration of the term of service, he had the misfortune to lose his distinguished father and his beloved wife. This double affliction did not permit him to enter again into the turmoil of poli-

tics, and furnished a sufficient justification to his numerous friends who urged him to consent to be re-elected.

He sought the retirement of private life, and about two years thereafter was married to Mrs. Sarah Terrell, the beloved daughter of Rev. Henry Rann, an ardent and able citizen of Twiggs county.

He next served as a representative of his county in the General Assembly of Georgia, but did not engage actively in political warfare until the last Presidential election, when he was in the Electoral ticket for the State at large. He declared in the canvass boldly for secession in the event of Lincoln's election; and was chosen by his county a member of the Convention called to consider measures of "redress and safety. He was one of the committee to draft the Ordinance of Secession, and himself voted for that measure and was one of its most active and zealous supporters.

Upon the breaking out of the present war, a volunteer company was formed in his county of which he was chosen Captain, and to which the "confederate" of "Baker Fin Esters" was given. This, with other companies, was organized into the 6th Georgia regiment, and to the command of it Captain Colquitt was elected without a dissenting voice. All eyes were now turned to the "Old Dominion," every civil and military was despatched to the borders of the young Confederacy which had suddenly so greatly enlarged its boundaries and territory. Col. Colquitt with his regiment was ordered to Richmond, and thence to Yorktown, to form a portion of the army of observation of the Peninsula. No opportunity was here offered of winning those laurels which victory alone can entwine about the brow of the brave warrior, as Yorktown was not destined in history to be again memorable as the scene of a grand and decisive engagement. Still Col. Colquitt was in quantity in command of one or more brigades in expeditions upon the Peninsula. In them were developed a cool, clear, discriminating military judgment, and a capacity for command which was for the entire confidence of Gen. J. B. Magruder, who warmly recommended him to the government for promotion. During the bombardment of Yorktown by the land and naval forces of McClellan, Col. Colquitt commanded the Infantry within the works. After the evacuation of that place, Colonel Colquitt's regiment was assigned to Gen. Rains' brigade in Gen. D. H. Hill's division. This brigade was upon the field of battle at Williamsburg, but did not

actively share in the sharp repulse which was then and there given to the Yankee invader. At the battle of Seven Pines this division won great renown and distinction. It was in the advance, and fought -long for several hours without support or reinforcement, charging the enemy's works, and finally driving forward over felled timber in the face of a terrible fire of artillery and musketry, and finally driving the enemy from his entrenchments and camps. The sixth Georgia regiment, led by its intrepid commander, was conspicuous in that action, and is entitled to a full share of the glory of this brilliant success, as its list of casualties will show that it likewise fully bore its part in the battle of the entrenchments.

Before the battle around Richmond, Gen. Rains being transferred to another field of duty, the command of the brigade devolved on Col. Colquitt. This brigade consisted of the 6th Georgia, 25th Georgia, 27th Georgia, 21th Georgia, and 12th Alabama regiments, and was under the command of Col.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALFRED HOLT COLQUITT.



THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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Notice to Postmasters and Agents.—Any person sending us a list of names, with the price of subscription, will be entitled to an extra copy, and if the names are from the States or Territories, we will send three copies of the paper gratis.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

As an evidence that we are leaving no stone unturned to give the public a free-class library paper, we take pleasure in announcing that we have secured the valuable services of the following named editorial gentlemen and authors, the names of whom will establish the verity of the statements of the paper:

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|--------------------------|------------------------|
| W. GEORGE SPANER, | HENRY THOMPSON, |
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| PAUL H. HAYES, | CHARLES WELLS, |
| JOHN FERRIS COOPER, | MRS. MARY A. MCCONNOR. |
- And many other writers, whose names are withheld from motives of delicacy.

THE TIMES.

We had expected to commence this article with the following sentence: "The Times are very dull times, so far as army maneuvers are concerned." But intelligence has reached us, just as we sit down to write, that the enemy has crossed the river at Fredericksburg, and also at a point far more distant. This news will be well and no doubt before you go to press. If the crossing has taken place, a battle of magnitude will in all probability have taken place before this issue is prepared by our readers. The enemy thinks, doubtless, to catch Lee in a weakened condition, and hope to accomplish their object before Longstreet can be recalled from Suffolk. But Lee, we suspect, may be tough left to give him a sound drubbing. Another object may be to get a handle out of the men whose term of enlistment expires in May. Four divils! They are so thick of them that you will be unable to get a handle on the matter, who, seeing that they positively refuse to re-enlist, so we take to be, that the advance would not have been made—had the decision not to call they cut out of them, before they are permitted to return to their families. Human beings are regarded by the Yankee, as mere tools, and much more than any other man, to be worked up to the best advantage, regardless of the terrific effort, the sweating of thousands, the tears of widows and the wailing of orphans, which follow inevitably every great battle. Viewing the matter in this light, we are encouraged to hope for results even more satisfactory than that which attended the first battle of Fredericksburg, but we tremble to think of the gallant Southern spirits who must go down in the coming clash of arms.—May a merciful deity deal gently with us, and make our heroes as light as possible.

We get quite a budget of news from the Yankee papers of the 17th. They assert that the Rebels have been partially pulverized in various directions. Murdersville and Burbridge, with 5,000 men, who the command under Price, have been driven from Camp Cameron by the hickory McNeil, after three hours' arduous fighting. Jackson's Command, Banks, defeated the Rebels on the night of the 17th, at Verminion Bayes, about sixty three miles southeast of Baton Rouge; driving them, after a hard fight, and taking over a thousand prisoners. The Rebels destroyed one steamboat and two gunboats, to keep them from being used in the Gulf. The steamer Curlew was captured; the Rebel batteries at Baton-La were held under the feet; and the Rebel works at Bethel Field entered by General Weitzel, and a large amount of stores, ammunition and small arms. General Crozer, the Yankee, had defeated General Taylor, with two Texas regiments and three batteries, at Irish Bend, capturing some prisoners, and over 1,000 head of cattle, horses and mules. This is a very rich report of country confederates, to which the Yankees invite us. Our readers will of course, indulge scepticism. The news, as far as Gen. Taylor is concerned, we regard as true, but have partially doubted.

The steamship Perina brings her date from Europe. John Bull's government is much excited about the fleet which is being built especially for the Emperor of China—and Emperor Bismarck, by many believe, is visiting the city of Richmond, and there known by the very an Chinese ambassador. On the coast of Alexandria, has been seized by the officers of Customs at Liverpool, but a number of men continue to work on her, making her ready for sea. Another, the Japon, or Virginia, was run out of the Clyde on the 24 of April, exactly 24 hours before the order for her arrival from London.

The Confederate Loan had failed, was again a premium, an "enormous failure" was done in New Liverpool on the 13th inst., and it was regularly dead in the Paris house as a premium.—This is good news. The Yankee Loan was the best news. The Union agents, fearing they would be unable to raise the wind in England, were disposed by the Dutch of Holland. This is not bad news.

The Public Intelligencer has not been ordered out, as we had been led to believe. England, France and Austria had sent friendly but warning notes to the Russian government. Under this pressure, the

Russ had offered an amnesty to all Poles who returned to their allegiance, and to all who had fled. The intention is to free the great powers in behalf of Poland, in order to hope that the way to Polish liberty may be opened, and the tranquillity preserved.

Also-headed news fishermen are said to be leaving for Yankeland, at the rate of 1,500 a week. More food for negroes. Negroes and Irish, and the lighting, while there Southern cities in his history and wealth his government.

On Friday, the 24th April, a shocking tragedy occurred in Richmond. Robert R. Dixon, Clerk of the Confederate States House of Representatives, was killed in a street encounter, by John S. Fowler, and his father, who were fighting, while there Southern cities in his history and wealth his government.

By way of Chattanooga, we hear that the official report of the Federal Army, and demand in the battle of Manchester, where that their loss was 19,213. Aided to this 5,600 prisoners, and the grand total amounts to within a fraction of the whole number of Bragg's army engaged in that terrible fight, of the magnitude of which we have now for the first time a correct conception.

We get the customary little pinch of propaganda from the South, which convey a vast deal of entirely uninteresting intelligence, and leave the public in a state of the most distressing bewilderment.

More boats have passed Vicksburg. The number of armed troops on the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico is said to be about a half a million. We have seen a number of transports. What damage they are doing we know with any certainty. Farrest is distorting the dignity of the Yankee navy by robbing her harbors and her piers.

Several stores, indeed with exceedingly valuable government stores, have been captured by the work at a Confederates' store. The telegram conveying this discreet intelligence came from Wilmington, and the unavoidable inference is, that the Confederates preferred to be deftly met by either Raleigh, Montgomery or Knoxville.

We have heretofore neglected to mention that the Committee on the Flag and Seal, after two years of herculean labor, have reported out. The Seal is the question first of Washington on the monument at Richmond, and the women, as ascribed by the Senate in the Franchise, which have come at the present Confederate Reg. altered by putting a bar of blue on a white field, in place of the red bar, and substituting, at the union, the Confederate battle-flag in place of the stars of stars. The Seal works with general favor; the Flag may be to tested by actual observation, after it shall have been made up and given to the nation.

Lately but through intelligence from Fredericksburg confirms the opinion that the enemy intends, if he has not already commenced, a general advance and engagement. In addition to the Franchise, which have come at the present Confederate Reg. altered by putting a bar of blue on a white field, in place of the red bar, and substituting, at the union, the Confederate battle-flag in place of the stars of stars. The Seal works with general favor; the Flag may be to tested by actual observation, after it shall have been made up and given to the nation.

Our readers will remember, that several weeks ago, we offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the design for a leading for our paper. That far, we have received over twenty designs, some of which are really beautiful. The prize has not yet been awarded, but the list will be closed on the 10th of the present month, at which time a selection from the numerous designs before us will be made.

OUR NEW HEADLINE.

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"RED MEN."

The officers of the Improved Order of Run Men will hold a meeting in this city, at the 10th Run, 13th St. Flower Market, for the purpose of the establishment of a Southern Organisation for the government of emancipated tribes in the Confederacy. See notice in another column.

NOTES FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

No. 1.

BY CATHERINE SLANDER.

THAT THING'S NAME!

Oh I don't, that threose man again! Just as I had ved sedd myself to here such a nice chat, too! How very provoking to cars! What's that you say—I don't look propley? I don't help that.—If my face is not agreeable, that is no fault of mine. Hush! I won't hear another word you say. I'm in a prodigious hurry, an' I'll sell, you know, an' you're impid to say the man waiting, would you? Beside, it's a wonder you make me as possible. There's wadd'nt make no slip that door?—This provoking girl will think I did it because I was flattered. Well, let her say. I wonder why makes me so silly? You inconsiderable widdy, you, don't go on in these shabbling like an apekin' cat; sit down here, and wait until you see me in some way. It's not as if I were in the course of mind could wish' 't was only that silly girl's accuse; thus made me feel so queer.

Let me alone, now, if you please. Why hasn't' threem up here before? Because I didn't feel like it, Miss. Now, far morey's sake, don't be so silly as to think I have been good enough to you. You seem to be so much struck with my red eyes, that I expect you will do that very thing. If you had heard as much morey's sake, don't be so silly as to think I have been good enough to you. You seem to be so much struck with my red eyes, that I expect you will do that very thing. If you had heard as much morey's sake, don't be so silly as to think I have been good enough to you. You seem to be so much struck with my red eyes, that I expect you will do that very thing. If you had heard as much morey's sake, don't be so silly as to think I have been good enough to you.

"NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL"

One by one we are overcoming the difficulties which, on every hand, have beset us, since the commencement of the publication of the "News". One of the greatest obstacles in the way of the publication of a first class illustrated paper, was the want of a selling-off of his work. We made every effort to get out of the difficulty; we experimented on active work, but with poor success; we sent orders thro' by the blockade runners, but were swindled on more than one occasion. Not despairing, however, of eventually succeeding, we have, at length, succeeded in doing as much business of the very best kind, and on Thursday morning last, had the gratification to receive a dispatch, stating that the amount of work ordered had arrived at a Confederate port, and was now awaiting shipment. We make this announcement at this time with peculiar gratification, as a few weeks ago, it was the printing department of our establishment to our fire sty building on Cary street, when we promise our readers many improvements in the general appearance of the "News". At the same time, we shall commence the publication of a highly interesting narrative from the published papers of the author of the "Star Series." Let your subscriptions date from that number.

NEW BOOKS.

MANUAL OF INSTRUMENT FOR THE YOLKTESHERS AND MITTAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES, COLLECTED BY Wm. WILSON GREENE. By Wm. Wilson Greene. One volume, 18mo. Instruments of Tactics and Commandant of Cadets. Virginia Military Institute. With numerous plates. Richmond: West Johnston, 1862.

This excellent military book has just been re-published, in an improved manner by Messrs. Ward & Johnston. It is unnecessary for us to say how well the commendation of the book for its already extensive sale has been commensurate with the most comprehensive work now in use in the South. In point of typographical and binding, it surpasses any work yet issued from the Southern press, and contains over two hundred—fully colored lithographic plates.

AN REPORT OF PRACTICAL SURGEON FOR THESE ARE HOSPITAL. BY Wm. M. D. BURGESS-GREER, M.D. With numerous plates. Columbia, formerly Phillips in the University of Maryland. First Edition. Richmond: Ward & Johnston, 1862.

This volume has just been issued by those enterprising publishers, Messrs. Ward & Johnston, New-Kentlanding the produc-

ENVY AND SLANDER.—Envy chooses the fairest victim, and slanders loves a shining mark. It is disgusting with what violence it assails the innocent and virtuous man, who is only guilty against those who have appeared superior, and how instantly a whisper against an innocent woman is hatched into a tale of gall; or that an evil magic wand has kindled into directed against some obviously honest man. In the game of this, there occurs periods when thousands every chance obliquely against some. Fortune seems not only powerfully capricious, but also unjust, and the best part of the world, not by the skill of his adversary, but by an unseen power in the air. How often is it thus in the most important game of human life, in which the fortunes of the game are, in yain, and contents against unfriendly influences, which mock the wisest efforts, and turn them against himself.

THEIR PAIN-FORGET.—He is the true philosopher who erases life with a happy mind, and squalls the foaming surge, before the sparkle leaves the glass.

Written for the Illustrated News.

TWO FIELD-FLOWERS.

BY ESTER WOOD.

Had hidden in a crevice, certain seek,
Revealed the reason why,
Unconscious that I have been her bed,

Then with a blush that ebb'd the damask's tinge,
She held the volume up,
And shew'd a story's faded link and fringe,
And e'en her path discover'd.

Ames a thousand downy-creep'd fragance of rose,
The delicate things had set,
Since they had flutter'd on an English tree,
For two bright summer days.

Flow, I, O Jesus! hush, forgive the dream,
That rapt me from her sight—
Ah! dreamt, well I knew what tender fragance
Fleec'd the night's light.

Er'er her lips parted, life herself extract'd,
I saw the very lines:
O'er which her gay and puffed childhood danced
To ease Atlantic days.

Each I had found a picture round the maid,
All sweet with English tones,
Where truth and fancy, she and Shakespeare's shade
Sugg'd me on all the scenes.

Then, a choir's favorite, little pink-lipped stars,
I saw'd every fall and lane;
And gorgeous butterflies seemed fairy eyes,
And fly'd by an unstable train.

There, with its golden thistle, the purple ead,
A Park from normal eye,
While down frail shafts of winter fell April still,
And grass'd some grass of green.

All crosses singly banded in the view,
Each outer walled with May;
I pluck'd a carnation in the April dew,
And look'd in Lady's hair.

Now in the waltz I mark'd the whitening tops,
Now peep'd some mermaid bond,
And the next moment, in a hoop eppes,
Was making thicket down.

Thus as my listless fancy now its rounds,
I found no new strength to win,
The little, little, little of my sister's bounds,
And look'd out England's sign.

I heard the rear of all her former habits,
I saw her blush and down,
And saw the smile, and the great musta,
Her old exultant tones.

And from the hoary ead that guard her strand,
Behold with reverence meet,
The grave majestic dome of the land,
With ocean at its feet.

Not yet the virgin from my rent bed pass'd,
When, for a second's space,
Lo! a waltz, with all the dress had met
A rose but in my face.

Far of whome some eagle mountain dell
Lay, chased the frolic shade,
And thro' the door of death which brake the spell,
I charge a woman's wraith.

SIC SEMPER TROUSILUS!

BY DEPUTATA.

CHAPTER I.

What a whimsical little first she was!
From the patent leather type of her small Congress boots,
to the oval pink-tinted finger nails, she was steeped in coquetry.

And truth compels me to state, that Virginia was not much better. I am sorry that my virtuous pen should be forced to tell the history of two such reproaches; but, there they are, in one of the most famous of our cities, sitting on the side of a high bedstead, her companion earnestly occupied upon the floor beneath, in mending her ornaments.

"Sister is to be introduced to-night's host, Virginia!"
"Ye've said me wrong immediately, my dear old Madge, for the honor of States, there is no such thing to do. Here is the man, ridiculous creature, the Adonis of West Point, who has bragged, I don't know how much champagne on 'putting us to the right.'"
"Ye're to be introduced."

"Never, never never!" responded Madge, with the dramatic effort of Henry himself. "Jennie, this is not bad, by way of a new creation. I have only been here a week, but, in that time, five pins are down—the next must be a 'ten-strike,' or I perish."

"You loveliest creature!" said the exemplary Virginia, "of course, would never smile upon these cold-blooded schemes, but that our patient Old Benjamin is challenged."

"Anyhow, I wouldn't," replied equitably, cried Madge, indignantly. "I don't stand at the corner of streets and sell my eyes like the Puritans."

"That you do at the corner of ball-rooms, here," Virginia said, purring the attack with sang-froid. "Take care, my dear, your scriptural illustrations are rather confused— but come, we have business before us; what shall be the plan of defence?"

"You say that he is to play double game, and engage himself to both of us. Well, he is going to play long, being her spirited host with the rest of a war-gone lady's intimate. Well, his wife—his wife's all to go for."

"You say that he is to play double game, and engage himself to both of us. Well, he is going to play long, being her spirited host with the rest of a war-gone lady's intimate. Well, his wife—his wife's all to go for."

"What a good Frank Barnes was not to know the Dalilah he was harboring in his affections. Of course Mary had to tell that. At any rate, we must set our hearts on it. This Anselmy is a splendid looking fellow! We can't do any thing definite until to-morrow—let us see how he opens first."

"That lovely rose-color. You wear it like an overpowered glow."

"How lovely you!" exclaimed Virginia, pathetically. "Think of that stupid Captain's spur going through and through my blue hair, and you know it is my life's income."

"Never mind, darling, the sight of blood has refreshed me, and I'll darn it for you."

CHAPTER II.

"Doesn't take it, Barnes," drawled the handsome Anselmy, a week afterward, as they lounged up to the hotel together, the afternoon, "I've been and done it, sure!"

"How, say dear fellow!" asked Barnes, looking down with calm superiority from the silvery pinnae which he thought he had obtained to the admiration of Mrs. Dalilah's susceptibilities. "I have had no time to ask you the matter, but I only hope your affair has prepared as well as mine."

"Oh, as to that," responded our elegant cad, throwing back his head, and strengthening his sin little wattle until it was more ramrod than the ever, "I have been and done it so often to confess, that half a dozen times I even give me no earthly inconvenience. This time, it is more serious though, my wife ridicules it, old fellow, but I tell you I can't help feeling as I have about these few tender, innocent little Virginia girls. So engaging and childlike—can I dare, and steady as a Malabar—the other naive and prancing over with girlish joyousness."

"Go on," said the derisive Barnes, "you'll say something eloquent if you don't look back."

"Have I forgotten," understand me. Of course I can't be in love with either of them; my heart's barot out long since, singly combined this veteran of '21, 'but, the long and short of it is, they are so comradely taken with me, that I can't help feeling sorry I ever launched there at all."

"It is odd," remarked his companion. "My dear Sir, I'm afraid you are coming to grief in your old age after all!" However, here the door, and there are the young ladies standing, in tip-toe, and curtsying before the pale knight. They don't know we are looking at them. Let's go up and run them out like that. Who do you walk with this evening?"

"It is little Madge, I believe," responded the martyr, with a groan, "who's such an excitable temperament that she says go forth with her. Prigme take the whole business, I say!"

"My dear Sir, Anselmy," exclaimed a sweet childish voice, as the little ruffled, laced and ribboned figure ran across the room to meet him, "I am so glad you're come! but you are six minutes after time; besides, you know," she added, glancing round, and then whispering bowingly to the other ear, "I was so afraid I'd have to go with anybody else."

Which speech, if not grammatical, was satisfactory.

CHAPTER III.

Of all ringing, triumphant, peevish, joyous peals of laughter, that was the most so.

"Yes, our own sweet secrets," as he called it, Jennie!" said Jennie, wiping the tears of merriment from her eyes, "I'm so glad, he said it was 'for colluce' em', and then 'low grew' best in the shade of two silent hours!"

"Why, that's exactly the sentiment, used for word, which I swallowed devoutly last night, except the dear youth was as 'cigarette' hood' in the background, which he imitates before each visit. Well, what did it say?"

"And he extracted me, you know, Jennie! he says, 'I'm so glad you're come! but you are six minutes after time; besides, you know,' she added, glancing round, and then whispering bowingly to the other ear, 'I was so afraid I'd have to go with anybody else.'"

"That matches exactly what he told me the other day about you; that you were not the rose, but had jiggled near here, returned Madge, vigorously; that is in time for you certain to draw me out as coquette to have done so tonight. One more rehearsal, and we are perfect."

"Well, let us fall into position. This bed-post will do for Anselmy, and I'll sit on his side, and you sit on your feet, look up to the moonlight, and make it work coquettishly, when the time comes. Then bury your head in my arms."

"And you, my dear?" asked the young man, and needs wonderful pathos and expression.

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CHAPTER IV.

"My dear Anselmy," whispered Virginia, gliding out of the arms of Benjamin's gallery, and resting languidly upon her arm, "my head aches with this heat and noise. Let us walk in the corridor."

"Your will is always predominant," he returned, directing their steps to an unrequented hall.

"Always," she murmured, sedately, "I have heard that your will is always predominant, but I have heard that the rest of her sentence was but in exquisite banalness."

"Before what, dearest?" asked Anselmy, with the ease of a courtier, but Virginia hid her laughing lips behind her fan; "has the naughty word such terrors for my Southern friends? Does the vision of reddish hair reflect ought but a blush?"

"Where did you get that flourish?" wondered the drooping blossom. "Come, Mr. Anselmy, this week's mourning is too heavy, to be sure, but let us walk in the porch instead."

"On the mysterious outlines of the grand old monument, on the big river which flashed back its residence, to fold down the columns of the great hall, and the contrast to that winking old sinner even, must have been decided when she peeped through the columns at our precious pair of hypocrites."

"You walked with my cousin this afternoon, didn't you, Mr. Anselmy? What a dear little creature she is! so confident and infatigable in her ways. I know you would admire her."

"Admire her—you?" responded the snail, trying doublets with a move of his tail, which the cat had evidently indicated as harbor. "She's—all that you say, of course; but to my eyes shines only in a borrowed light!"

"You won't think me too much of a compliment, if I tell you that I can't help feeling anxious when I see you exposed to her influence. You always seem so contented in her society—more than that, even,—so my,—the waltz but eyes."

"Anselmy!" said Anselmy, enthusiastically, "I swear—"

"Madge, leaning on the arm of Mr. Moore, sweeps by."

"You here, Virginia—and Mr. Anselmy—how can you leave me here with them while you take that walk with Mary Dalilah. Don't let anybody know where I am, please. I want to go home, and sit up here quietly—no more look for me when you have danced."

"My dear Jennie," she added, turning crossly at the gentleman's remark, "I have been and done it so often, and papa is yawning himself away in there; but I don't care to go up yet. Have you seen the Marquis come in this old room? He is sitting up under tarlatan—why, what is the matter? you look beautiful!"

"Madge," said her friend, with terrible solemnity, "my darling, I am so sorry."

"A hysterical burst of tears upon the young girl's shoulder completed her emotional remark, and considerably startled Mr. Anselmy's society."

"Miss Virginia!" he exclaimed, nervously, "you are a little ahead. Had I not better escort you to your room?"

"Oh, no, Virginia returned, though the fancies of her handsomer friend, in moment, and the wild fluttering of her heart will be stilled."

"Admirable!" whispered Madge, as the censored her friend's mistake. "Only take care, dear, you are missing my berth!"

"May I interrupt me now," purged Virginia, as the lady's attention was bent on the subject of the moment; "the time is past now for concealment, and on the faithful bond of my girlhood's friend, I can wrap out in himself any other secret which has laid buried within my soul. Yes—"

"Like the dew spark hid in the flint, It dwells within—status!"

But now, dearest Madge, I call on your sympathy, which I have never sought in vain. Weep with me—blush with me—weep with me, darling—(I am the affianced bride of—Anselmy!)"

"Anselmy!" cried Madge, remembering her cue—"Anselmy!"

"Anselmy's Phoebe might have evoked the thrilling power which the agonized cross-did throw into this world."

"She started back, and raising still the hand upon which glittered her pretiest diamonds, remained a statue of reproachful vengeance!"

Four Anselmy!

"I would it had been a nice variation just then, if West Point had been upset into the Hudson by an earthquake, or a British fleet had made its appearance! But no—it was doomed in an instant to the sea, and the ship went, and wholly melted; on the other, by accident, in an attitude."

"What do I fear?" exclaimed the tropic moon, arising at the sight of the angry sky, and the angry sea, and the angry sun. "Anselmy—speak to me—I tell me that this is not a dreadful dream! Oh! in my own's black despair do I read my own story arising at the sight of a red sun, and a white spot! A white spot! A white spot!—I tell me that an still is mine."

Her anguish had reached its climax now, and in veritable haste Anselmy started forward to support her fainting form.

THE DRAMA.

"All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts."

THE CHANCELOR.

Well, we have seen Macbeth! We saw Macready play Macbeth, and we likewise saw his Tames play Macbeth, the athletic Forrest, in the said characters—we have also had the honor of seeing the elder Booth personate this same individual, his "murdured then"—we have seen Edwin Booth, Creston Eubank, Port. G. V. Brooks, Cushman, et al. of one class, all attempt to give the play a correct representation of the difficult character in the play which has been termed "Shakespeare's masterpiece," but never, as we see, until Monday night last, "Macbeth" of all its pastime parity, "with the ideas of the poet stored into the letter." In fact, his Manager, you gave it one letter too soon, for, according to the best authority, Shakespeare's is all the word "M.A.C.B.E.T.H.," while you gave it one more letter. The pleasant which you innocently gave on the front of the building on Sunday morning, et. the name of (his name) Thane with a "K," in large gilded letters, as follows:

"M.A.C.K.B.E.T.H."

Really, you did "carry out the poet's idea to the letter."

But the play—the thing? We couldn't stand the long-drawn—the six weeks' preparation for the opening night, with the huge "crowd" which packed of the manager on Saturday night, all worked up as to the rehearsal piece, and we resolved to verify through our own performance at our rehearsal house. We were, however, the wonderful Acting Manager of the *Household* as the veritable "Thane of Cawdor," in a dress made to the one worn by "Orsino," but not, he speaks! We adjust our best gown, during the scene, and the whole "Thane" walks up the stage and cautions the actors behind the scenes to "keep less noise there!" "Ah! now we'll have it," a gentleman at our other rehearsal. We look—the dagger sees:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand?"

(This voice.) In haste! that voice. It went through gradations that human voice never reaches, it was, first, hissing, then, burst, the shriek of the locomotive, the wailing tones of a dilapidated accordion, "the loving accents of the innocent grad-er's wheel, the concert tones of the chorused man, the rumble of an omnibus"—rising from the grimace of a man on the table to the terrible cry of the tyrant-ordered, causing "squeezes" and musicians to shake in their shoes. The speech is a "white" "Thane" made a step forward, then a leap sideways, and suddenly crumpled into the room where the unfortunate "Duncan" was supposed to be sleeping. (How a slight step, a sudden change of coughing and shuffling of feet.) The "dagger" is done? The whole "Thane" rubs his like an intoxicated man. "This is a very night!" (Unappreciative individual in the house, pointing the audible voice, "That's all!") This ended the dagger scene to the very letter!

In the next scene the Acting Manager was got up to regardless of all expense—

"In gloze of lacin and glimmer of pearls?"

The wretched "Banquo" runs through the trap, takes his seat in a chair, all the while he had been moving like the pendulum to a clock. That same voice is heard. "Banquo!" strikes a number of groans (performance, we must pardon our mistakes, as:

"He whistled about and turned about, And every man in turned about like a puppet show!"

Swings his hand over his head several times (forgetting the idea that he ought possibly be finding his palladium or goat—another rule, a step, and into nothing, "Banquo," disappears, and he is "Banquo," passing the chair, a gentleman "winners down," or, in other words, collapses like a wax doll-oh.

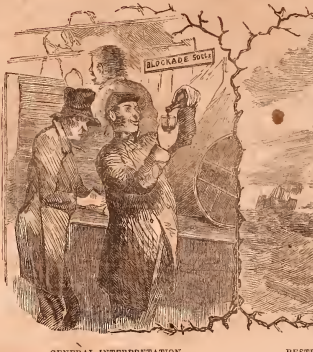
It would not be much of our space to follow the Acting Manager through all his tergiversations, therefore, suffice it to say that hereafter there is but one word representative of "Macbeth" in this country, and that name forth in the person of R. D. Swaney Esq., Acting Manager of the *Household* on Broadway street. Omissions of Kem Key, Murray and Booth, and of Mr. Livingstone of the "New York Herald," go into our distinguished hearts, for a start

"Faded from earth like a star from an high!"

Waxen, you are a star in the dramatic firmament.

An incident, one word in regard to the putting of the price upon the theatre. It is to be noted, that, not that the acting and reading playing thing, being "Macbeth" was unique to speak the lines of the great poet. There was but one individual in the entire cast that had a through-out

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.



GENERAL INTERPRETATION. RESTRICTED INTERPRETATION.

caption of the ideas of the poet. It is useless to say that Mr. DeBan. Morrison was paid his "Macbeth," but nothing more. THE VARIETIES.

Large audience tonight to amiable night at the variety hall. By the way, the manager of the "Varieties" will be right to get the "Macbeth" according to the original idea of the poet. Macready will personate "Lady Macbeth," making her, according to the "original idea," an Irish nurse, while Macbeth will appear as the "Tamas" afterwards again.

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