

THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

VOL. I. RICHMOND, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863. No. 42.

GEN. GUSTAVUS WOODSON SMITH.

Gen. GUSTAVUS WOODSON SMITH was born on the first day of January, 1812, near Georgetown, Scott county, Kentucky. His parents were both natives of the same county. His grand-parents—paternal and maternal—removed from Eastern Virginia to Kentucky in the time of Daniel Boone, whilst the red men still disputed with the whites for possession of their favorite hunting ground—the far-famed "Blue Grass District." He is by lineage, education and habits a thorough Kentuckian.

Through the influence of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, then Vice-President of the United States, who was the close neighbor and lifelong personal and political friend of Rodes Smith, the paternal grandfather of the subject of this sketch, Gustavus W. Smith was appointed a cadet, and entered the United States Military Academy in 1835, and, at the end of six months, had established a reputation for ability of no ordinary character, and was placed first in mathematics in a class reported to be equal, if not superior, to any ever graduated at West Point.

On leaving the Military Academy in 1842, he was appointed a Lieutenant in the United States Corps of Engineers. In 1846, although still a second lieutenant and low on the list, because of the slow promotion in that celebrated corps, he was selected by the chief engineer and ordered upon duty as senior lieutenant of the company of "sappers and miners," or engineer soldiers, then being recruited and organized.

Soon after reaching Mexico, in October, 1846, the captain of the company was taken sick, and died in New Orleans on his way to his home. Second lieutenant G. W. Smith, as senior officer, assumed command of the company and retained it to the end of the war. The other officers of the company were: Brevel Second Lieutenants George T. McCallan and John G. Foster.

This company and its officers had an active and leading part in all the operations of the army, in marches, reconnoissances, sieges and battles— Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherrubasco, Chapultepec, and the city of Mexico.

In the city of Mexico, G. W. Smith, at the age of twenty-five, was, by the Commander-in-Chief, General Scott, officially announced as being "more often and more highly distinguished than any young officer he had ever known." For "signal and distinguished services" he received two brevet—one at Cerro Gordo and one at Contreras. He was recommended more highly and performed more important services, both at Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, but the arbitrary and unjust rule had been laid down and was rigidly adhered to, so that no second lieutenants should receive more than two brevets.

Many of Lieut. Smith's former juniors, who belonged to corps in which promotion was more rapid than in that of the engineers, had reached the grade of first lieutenant, and, by

receiving two brevets upon that grade, were made majors; but none of those, it is believed, had a separate command.

In 1849, G. W. Smith was appointed principal assistant professor of engineering and the art of war at the West Point Military Academy, with the rank of captain, and continued to fill that position until the 18th of December, 1861, at which time he resigned from the army of the United States.

From his conscientious and political opinions, no one doubted which side Capt. Smith would espouse. True passed on. Fort Sumter was bombarded, the battle of Manassas was fought, Kentucky was still in the old Union, and Captain G. W. Smith was yet in New York. He reached Kentucky early in August (1861), and his Southern friends then learned that he had been suddenly stricken down by disease in New York City just two weeks before the bombard-

ment of the city. He recovered left Kentucky, and on reaching Nashville, offered his services to the President of the Confederate States, stating that he had left the North and come back to the South with the intention of sharing her destiny. In a few days afterwards, he proceeded to Richmond, and without application on his part, upon the recommendation of George A. S. Johnston, Jos. E. Johnston and Beauregard, was by the President appointed a major-general.

As commander of the second corps of the Army of the Potomac, whilst Beauregard commanded the first, and Jos. E. Johnston, as commander of the left wing of Johnston's army in the celebrated retreat from Centerville, and of the rear guard and left wing from Yorktown in retiring upon Richmond—his services upon the battle-field of "Seven Pines," where he had no special command until after Gen. Johnston was wounded—his conduct as commander of Johnston's army from the time the latter was wounded until Gen. Lee was ordered to take command of that army—his services as commander of Richmond and its defenses, including the country from Wilmington to Winchester—his services in North Carolina during the two threatened advances of the enemy in December and January—his relations with the civil and military authorities of the several States—his standing and reputation with the army, particularly with those officers and men who served under him—all these are too fresh in the recollection of the people to need much discussion here—but these services cannot and will not be forgotten either by the army or the people.

The merits of the question that led to his resignation cannot now be discussed—this is neither the fitting time or place—his high sense of patriotism makes him preserve a dignified silence, and we would not, even were we in possession of all the facts, enter upon discussion of fact which first properly belongs to the immediate parties.

From the moment after his resignation was accepted, such was his patriotic desire to aid all in his power in our great struggle, that he offered his services to General Beauregard, as volunteer aid in the then expected attack on Charleston, in any capacity in which he could be of any use to the Confederate States. This offer for the time being made manifest. This offer was accepted, and he was with Gen. Beauregard in the gallant defence of that city in April last.

He now occupies the position of President of the Georgia Manufacturing and Mining Company at Etowah, Georgia; but we understand accepted this lucrative and responsible position with the distinct understanding that if ever the independence of the State of Georgia, his present residence, or if when the great struggle is believed to be in its progress, and he is called upon by the responsibilities of the Government or otherwise his services, or both of whom he has already pledged his services.



GEN. G. W. SMITH.

From a Photograph by Minsh.

In February, 1855, went to New Orleans, and in October, 1856, removed from that place to the city of New York.

Captain Gustavus W. Smith, as he was still called, won for himself in civil life a reputation fully equal to that which he had previously established in the army. His administration for three years of the highly responsible position confided to him in the city of New York, as unequalled for ability and sterling integrity, and sprung even from his political foes a mass of praise, of which any man might well justly proud.

ment of Fort Sumter—had been confined to his room for nearly three months, and so soon as he was able to travel, had proceeded to his old home in Kentucky, where he hoped to recuperate his shattered strength and health.

When the Kentucky Legislature, in the winter of 1861, by an almost unanimous vote, declared that the seceded States should not be received into the Union, it was understood in Kentucky that Captain G. W. Smith was the chosen military leader of that State. On arriving at home, he found that a majority of the people of Kentucky had been deceived and betrayed, and immediately determined not to be

Southern Illustrated News.

AKERS A WIFE, Editors and Proprietors.

Richmond, July 20th, 1863.

Turns.—Subscription, \$500 per annum; five copies monthly free... Price \$1.00 per number... No. 100, office of the Virginia States Rights Association.

The "Illustrated News" is published every Saturday... Notice to Postmasters and Agents.—This paper is published weekly... No. 100, office of the Virginia States Rights Association.

COMPLETION OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

With the present number of the first volume of the "ILLUSTRATED NEWS" is brought to a close. The time is favorable for saying a word or two to our friends and subscribers... This number is replete with what we address at the moment is largely in excess of what we had dared to hope it would be...

Our words to these editorial columns. Application has been made on repeated occasions to know who has written a particular article herein. Such curiosity we can never gratify... The great extent of interest, at this moment, in Vicksburg, the Yankees are concentrating there nearly all the troops they have in the Valley of the Mississippi...

While all this is matter of natural and justified pride, it furnishes at the same time the strongest possible incentive to our readers' exertions on our part to maintain a reputation so enviable and so well established.

It will be recalled that we commended the publication of the "ILLUSTRATED NEWS" under circumstances the most adverse and disadvantageous... The "Illustrated News" is published every Saturday... No. 100, office of the Virginia States Rights Association.

Results of the first ten months of our labors are in the possession of our subscribers. As for the coming volume our arrangements are such as to warrant us in promising that it shall be in all respects far worthier of their acceptance... This number is replete with what we address at the moment is largely in excess of what we had dared to hope it would be...

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During the early part of the week there were some rumors, but no official news of any importance. It was learned that the Yankees had left Staunton, and were on their way to some point southeast of Frederickburg... The "Illustrated News" is published every Saturday... No. 100, office of the Virginia States Rights Association.

BARBERSBURG, VA., June 10. Glorious victory in the Valley. Gen. Milroy's entire army of 6,000 men, who had defied the enemy at Winchester on Saturday, and fought them on Sunday, renewing the attack on yesterday... The "Illustrated News" is published every Saturday... No. 100, office of the Virginia States Rights Association.

to be all true. The only ally to the general pleasure consists in the fact that the secondarily Milroy has recovered. If true in this it may not be so. If there be a man on earth who, more than any other, deserves to die the death of a felon, he is that man. If caught, we hope he will be swung to the first Bush-kill, a villain is not entitled to trial by the ordinary process... Summary execution is the most that can be said.

Announcing has been heard in the direction of the country just above Frederickburg, it is believed that General A. P. Hill is in pursuit of the Yankees... The Yankees, in their late marauding excursions through the counties lying on James and York rivers, committed the most horrible crimes... Dr. O'Connell, near Aylet's warehouse, and carried off all the negroes, forty three in number.

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OUR ENGRAVINGS.

We present in this number of our paper, the first of a series of etchings from the hand of our skillful artist, Capt. J. W. TORRES, of the Maryland Line, now with our victorious army at Winchester, Va. The note accompanying the picture is terse and characteristic as follows: (ON THE WING.) Genl.—Receive by bearer another set of pictures, which were engraved within sight of the Yankee pickets. Send more drawings immediately, and mark them "on the wing." Look out for stirring news! As ever, J. W. T. The stirring news has arrived. Winchester has been won again, and the dastardly Yankees routed once more... The "Illustrated News" is published every Saturday... No. 100, office of the Virginia States Rights Association.

OUTLINES FOR THE OUTPOST. REFINING THE RECOLLECTIONS, REVERIES AND DREAMS OF TRISTAN YUTRER, GENT.

Written by the Illustrators News. LVI. My friend Levi, we hope, will have a fine career of this young gentleman from the outset of the war... We had a very nice man, a membership of mine own, comported of me... I have had a very nice man, a membership of mine own, comported of me... No. 100, office of the Virginia States Rights Association.

LVI. BY FRIEND LEVI, BUMPLO.

Yesterday I received a letter from my friend Levi. Bumplo, Artillery Corps, P. A. C. O. S. To-day I have the finishing of the career of this young gentleman from the outset of the war... Representative men are profitable subjects for reflection. They embody in their single personage, the characteristics of whole classes... He represents the Virginia youth who would not stop at the idea of every day doing his duty to his country... No. 100, office of the Virginia States Rights Association.

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"Long" Why he was FIFTEEN.

The "seed corn" should be kept! But suppose there was no Southern soil to plant it in? "a sure job" by 1871! And Private Bumplo stalked off with his rifle on his shoulder—outraged as Confederates, who, after having "flattered the voice in Goshell," were greeted with the same opprobrious epithets... "Oh! why was he FIFTEEN?"... No. 100, office of the Virginia States Rights Association.

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her flying skirts—but Bump upbraided him with his bloody red lieutenant. We regret to say, that on the night of the 11th he was in a tree and indulged in mottled laughter as the Marketh-witch disappeared with floating robes and her hair.

From the Valley, Private Bump proceeded rapidly to Massena, where he took part in the battle of the 11th, and he was wounded in the neck. There he had the satisfaction of killing his first Yankee, to certify knowledge of the fact. It is true that he was not the first. Bump saw the Yankee who, about nine, fifty yards off. He leveled his rifle, and paid a bullet to his breast. The Yankee never stirred. He cheerfully yelled, "I killed him!" and he was spared life on all of Massena, and he was sent to the hospital. He was shot at random. He fought through all the great campaigns there, and was just many years before the ranks of the old Col. John C. Kerenshaw he had just won his gun, and as he exclaimed "I got him!" he was not a piece, and number his wrist considerably. He regards himself as fortunate however, and says Kerenshaw was as hot as any fight he has had. The other, more marching. He had been back to the Falls; company, where I saw him in the Valley again. The Romney march, he says, was a grand march. He says he saw a large amount of Yankees—but a plenty of snow. I saw him on his return at Winchester, and coming to the Falls. He says he saw a large amount of Yankees—but a plenty of snow. He says he saw a large amount of Yankees—but a plenty of snow.

and, with the name of the Yankee man, netter still legibly stamped thereon. Macgregor's coat, with the name of the Yankee man, netter still legibly stamped thereon. Macgregor's coat, with the name of the Yankee man, netter still legibly stamped thereon.

Corporal Bump ought to have preserved that jacket as a memento of other days, for the sake of the history of the war. It is a memento of other days, for the sake of the history of the war. It is a memento of other days, for the sake of the history of the war.

After Col. Carleton, General Bump became marching again as usual. Tramping through the Chickasaw low-grounds, he came with his company to Malvern Hill, and was treated once more to that sympathy—an old tune now the more of cause. The tramp air had been blowing from the north, and the snow was blowing in the face of the wind. He was treated once more to that sympathy—an old tune now the more of cause.

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Notwithstanding I met the Corporal in the Valley, and he was treated once more to that sympathy—an old tune now the more of cause. The tramp air had been blowing from the north, and the snow was blowing in the face of the wind.

Bump, like his brave companions, had the air of the soldier, and was ready for the fray. He was clad in gray, or rather brown, for the sun had scorched his blue uniform to a rusty color. His eyes were bright eyes of the young gentlemen looked at you from beneath an old drab-colored hat.

I began to look in these ways of the world, and I was treated once more to that sympathy—an old tune now the more of cause. The tramp air had been blowing from the north, and the snow was blowing in the face of the wind.

Such are the experiences of a soldier. The battle was over, and the brigade was ordered to march. The battle was over, and the brigade was ordered to march. The battle was over, and the brigade was ordered to march.

I think this tremendous tramp from Winchester to the Falls was a grand march. He says he saw a large amount of Yankees—but a plenty of snow. I saw him on his return at Winchester, and coming to the Falls.

On this succeeding morning, I set out to find Corporal Bump. I was treated once more to that sympathy—an old tune now the more of cause. The tramp air had been blowing from the north, and the snow was blowing in the face of the wind.

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with military brevity of point, and rode on, apparently in deep reflection. The retinue followed by pig what they had found receding by the side of the road—and blustering for the night in the next words be resolute, with the aid of a great horse.

This incident he related to me with unusual interest. He said that he had found a letter in the pocket of the dead man, which was a letter from a friend in the army. He said that he had found a letter in the pocket of the dead man, which was a letter from a friend in the army.

Worthy Lieutenant of the C.S. Artillery, do you ever recall those sunny days? Don't you remember how we laughed and joked as we rode; how we talked the long hours away, so often; and related to each other a thousand stories? Here we bivouacked by night, and halted to rest by day, making excellent fire, and once killing the day leaves out of confusion. Here we bivouacked by night, and halted to rest by day, making excellent fire.

The Lieutenant will have to explain the above mysterious allusions to his grand children. He says he saw a large amount of Yankees—but a plenty of snow. I saw him on his return at Winchester, and coming to the Falls.

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The stuff out of which the good soldier is made? He is no more tired of it than he was a year ago, and he is no more tired of it than he was a year ago, and he is no more tired of it than he was a year ago.

Such, in rapid outline is the military career of my friend. I said in the beginning that he was a man who was never tired of it. He was a man who was never tired of it. He was a man who was never tired of it.

When they arrived the body they found lying in the camp. He says he saw a large amount of Yankees—but a plenty of snow. I saw him on his return at Winchester, and coming to the Falls.

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THE MARCH OF STONEMAN JACKSON IN ENGLAND.

The English press have numerous editorial on the subject, and we are glad to see the "London Post" (Government organ) of May 26th says:

Jackson, like the Puritans, was austere and devout; but whilst his religious faith his business and his military career. He was a man who was never tired of it. He was a man who was never tired of it.

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(Written for the Illustrated News.)

INCANTATION.

Arise! Arise! through thought,
And thy night shall I carry;

Thou that dost arise in the morn'g,
How great shall our sorrow be!

What dost thou would'st come the future,
And drear'st about us now!

Thy heart to burst before me,
Thy love my grief shall fall!

I who, child of earth's beauty,
Thou would'st not grieve for me,

Thy face of glory's "Midday,"
Thy face of beauty's "Evening!"

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Sundered and scattered, ne'er again to meet on earth!

Two of those goodly spirits went "groudy to Heaven, from the dust-beds of Fane;" ...

A solitary woe, with slow and faltering tread, enters one of the doors, and wins his difficult way to the cold hearth-stone.

A wick, before this night, Major-General Arnold's funeral had been beside the dying couch of his mother, and even her suffering face had seen the light of the sun.

He was a goodly man, and his wife a goodly woman, when he was young, and she was young, and she was young, and she was young.

He was a goodly man, and his wife a goodly woman, when he was young, and she was young, and she was young, and she was young.

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had spoken its words. Moving quickly away, he strode toward the house.

The moon shone down from its sickly, substantial walls of brick, were all standing; the tall chimney towering sharply against the sky.

Who is he that comes, rather than walking, through what had been the doorway, the broken columns of which stood like spectral figures?

Silent and motionless he stands. Through the iron grates pervasively to his terrified eyes, a dark, cold void dawns.

The summer days, when the sunburnt stealing shadows, and the wind among the young trees, shimmered golden on the brown walls of the house, creeps in flickering rays.

He sees the venerable face of his father, his mother, his brother George, and his wife, and his wife, and his wife, and his wife.

It is Christmas night, he remembers. With the moon shone down from its sickly, substantial walls of brick, were all standing.

He was a goodly man, and his wife a goodly woman, when he was young, and she was young, and she was young, and she was young.

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glory—but cast out the bereaved household!

A shadow never again dispersed. It is a year, or more, after that, that he returned to the grief-drenched home, with Sydney Lennox, to the bride of his sister.

Who is he that comes, rather than walking, through what had been the doorway, the broken columns of which stood like spectral figures?

Silent and motionless he stands. Through the iron grates pervasively to his terrified eyes, a dark, cold void dawns.

The summer days, when the sunburnt stealing shadows, and the wind among the young trees, shimmered golden on the brown walls of the house, creeps in flickering rays.

He sees the venerable face of his father, his mother, his brother George, and his wife, and his wife, and his wife, and his wife.

It is Christmas night, he remembers. With the moon shone down from its sickly, substantial walls of brick, were all standing.

He was a goodly man, and his wife a goodly woman, when he was young, and she was young, and she was young, and she was young.

He was a goodly man, and his wife a goodly woman, when he was young, and she was young, and she was young, and she was young.

He was a goodly man, and his wife a goodly woman, when he was young, and she was young, and she was young, and she was young.

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He was a goodly man, and his wife a goodly woman, when he was young, and she was young, and she was young, and she was young.

Time will take the shadow from her life. Do not let this make any change in your feelings and care towards her. Remember how passionately how entirely I love her, and the more I love her, the more I wish to see her comfort and happiness. Give her a place in your heart beside Adelaide and Maria always—even though she should care to bear my name. I believe it has not been without a struggle that I have brought myself to think of her forgetting—no, forgetting me! I know she will never cease to cherish my memory—but to think that she may hereafter be the wife of another man, but it is a jealous selfishness that would grieve a loving heart to even an earthly eternity of sorrow. I have conquered the generous impulse. Promise me that you will not be jealous for me; but that ever, under all circumstances, you will give her a brother's love and protection.

"I will—no help me God! As you have ever been dearest to me thus all others, so—"

They took two or three turns more, in silence, and then George proposed returning to his brother's tent. He would not permit Armand, as the latter wished, to accompany him part of the way to his own camp, gazing on him as at once seeking his quarters. Stepping at the entrance of the tent, he said, almost with a laugh, "Do not make yourself unhappy about this proposition of mine; it may be but an apprehension, instead of presentiment. But, be added seriously, 'you will not forget what I have said. Remember, if I fall, it will not be through rashness. Bear my love to my parents and sister—I shall see Marshall and Sydney in the morning—not to the children, as you wish. And Armand, speak to Marshall about Edgar. I may forget it. I saw the boy this afternoon, and he looks wretchedly. He ought to be home. It is unfortunate that his father has been away, for I believe he is sick now, though I do not admit it. I have always felt Armand, that you will survive this contest, and that your career will be a lofty one. God grant, God grant it! You will not forget me. Tell your children hereafter of our happy Christian days, and that their uncles both died as Christian soldiers. Ah, but for the sad hours I shall have behind me, I, as did our noble father, should feel it his duty and glory to die for his country! God bless you—my Armand, my brother!" He threw his arms around Armand, pressed him in a long, and slow embrace, kissed his forehead, cheek, and lips, and was gone. Armand stood watching his fast receding figure, until, in the dim twilight, he faded from his tear-dimmed gaze. And with that step there passed away from him forever one of his bright lights of earth—his joy, his pride, his grief, his never heard his brother's voice again.

"You need not fear to tell me, dear Armand," said Evelyn, as he approached her, and she took her hand in silence. "I know if I heard it in the tones of Maria's voice, it would not tell me just now that you had come. I could not see her face—or she detected the room before she spoke. But I heard it in her voice. I know that he is dead—my George—my husband—dead! I have expected it. I knew it would be so. But tell me—was it a great, or was he wounded? did he suffer?" She shuddered.

"It was instant. A ball through the heart!" "Thank God that he did not suffer."

She was silent for some time, and Armand sat down beside her, silent also.

"Tell me all—everything," she said at last, "I can bear it. Do you remember, my brother, how it is that I am so calm? It is because he has only gone a little while before me. I shall soon be with him again, with no terror of future parting. But even this brief separation is very dreary. I feel like a little child left alone in the dark. Though I know all the best and dearest voices around me, I can see nothing. But I shall soon go to sleep. Tell me about him, that he will—everything."

He forced back the pang that almost overmastered his self-control, and his voice was as quiet as her own, as he repeated once more that his brother had said to him on the night before the battle: "Swear upon the altar, that he had expressed that he would not expect a line of commencing any rashness; and told her of his having so solemnly commended herself to his Armand's care and affection. These of the battle—but his voice failed here. His companion suddenly gave way. Laying his forehead down upon the bed, his tears burst forth in convulsive gasps that seemed as if they would reach upward and away.

"Dear Armand!" said Evelyn, laying her hand upon his hair. "Yes, it is very bitter to you—for you will live on. It is the proposal of your fate; so sure that you would die through the war and be hereafter one of the great leaders of our great and glorious nation. I loved you more than any one—except myself—it was almost more than he could bear, to hear her talk in this quiet way. Every word, the very tones, were like sword-thrusts to his breast.

"If my baby lives, I give it to you," she exclaimed. "Sister Adelaide will keep it while it is young—that is what he would wish. He always said that, even if it was a girl, it should be named Armand—but you will call it George, now."

Only a few weeks later, with the first cry of the little orphan that was to be Armand's child, he sat, smiling up to his young mother, went out of the darkness into eternal light.

And there were there three new graves in a ground. And yet another, and one added soon.

Not in the slow cold form of words memories came to Armand. Instead, fingered but a few, brief and bitter that repulsive of his household; living pictures they flashed on his soul. And darker, darker, grew the picture. The fair-haired brother, languishing dying, tenderly-guarded, his angel mother's breath shafts from the home of earth had been supplied, after a hand slain upon the threshold— His brain reeled; he could not rise there to look upon the turned away with a resolution. And if that resolve he written out, it would be but a waste!

[Written for the Illustrated

THE GREAT BATTLES OF

BY ARMO'S AND MRS

5. — Ios.

Alexander, having completed route through Coele Galatia, at places of Asia Minor, and having Darius (the last of the Persians known in history as Codomanus), against him, crossed the chain of descended to the maritime territory; to attack his antagonist, who stood to be within the defiles of mountain districts. The actual comparative power in Asia took place before our era, at Ios, on a point that from the Mediterranean at the angle of Asia Minor. Ancient as regard to the numerical strength of Darius—the latest statement being was equipped and appointed, to a formidable, with that luxurious which obtained in the Orient at ancient times. Darius rode in a cloak, which and was set, of all stones; the Immortals, consisting of ten Persians, were robed in gold, and collars of pure gold necks; and ten thousand cavalry King's chariot, with silver plated. His mother and wife of Darius, mounted, having for attendants a royal train females; and a procession of eunuchs ladies and their children, and armed soldiers, encircled the golden

The immediate scene of the battle of Ios, only two miles in between the sea and the mountains. The armies were arrayed on opposite the stream Pinos—Alexander his towards Syria, Darius that next to withstanding the heavy disadvantage which the Persian fought, the loss of Darius how indifferent an number—eclipse. The Asiatics were totally left, their reaching so high as 110, that of the Macedonians is said to be 450 only. Marked personal have Darius in the engagement, having fought till the slain obstructed that which, and his losses were should be obliged, however, to flee, leaving his shield sink and low; and, with a of his large army, under a hurried ret the eastward, and over the Euphrates, finally fell into the hands of Alexander. Whether from principle or policy—probably little, possibly both—bestowed on them most kind and humane treatment.

The unfortunate, but noble and high-spirited Darius, has been condemned for having pitched battle, with his immense army, at advantage a spot so the plain of Ios, and the movements of so vast a body of troops; and, finally, if not all, he executed. No doubt this circumstance greatly diminished the chance of success for Darius: yet he was not more fortunate when he afterwards engaged Alexander in the still more momentous battle of Arbela, where the army of the Macedonian monarch numbered but 70,000, and that the Persian upwards of a million, while the Persian fought on their own soil, and against a foe.

If the conflict at the Granicus opened Asia Minor to Alexander, the battle of Ios laid open also to the mercy of the conqueror. Though not dead blow, nor decisive of the design and interest of war, the capacity for resistance of Ios was in the nature of his extensive dominions, was paralytic at Ios. His complete overthrow, and the total destruction of the Persian power, were not accomplished till two years subsequently, on the fatal field of Arbela, whose martial grandeur, in common with that of Issus and Granicus, Marshall and Cuvier, look down upon as and commands our admiration from a distance of two thousand years, blue with the mist of antiquity,

Every thing great is not always good, but all good things are great.

What you would not have done to yourself never do to others.

The end of a dissolute life is commonly a desperate death.

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