

# THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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## GENERAL TURNER ASHBY.

"See who's grave was seated on that brow?  
Hypocrite's curie, the front of Jere himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a Heaven-blessing hill!  
A countenance and a form indeed!"

When the future historian comes to write the biographies, and to record the many brave and daring deeds of the men connected with the present revolution, not the least important and interesting chapter will be that which recounts the

in the early childhood of the several brothers and sisters, they received their youthful training from a truly pious and intelligent mother, who sprang from the large and influential Grayson family of that section.

Young Ashby was a horseman from early childhood, which was in fact hereditary.

After the school-days of Ashby were ended, he settled on the paternal estate, and devoted himself to the pursuits and pleasures of the country in which he resided. His public career may be dated from the time of the John Brown raid. When this notorious invasion of his native State took place, General Ashby, then Captain of a volunteer company

as your battle-horse. You will make your mark in the coming war. I desire you to ride the horse for my sake." The gift was accepted in the "same generous spirit in which it was offered. The prophecy has been fulfilled. Ashby has indeed made his mark—his name is indelibly engraven on the hearts of his countrymen—and that white steed has become historical.

It may be proper here to remark, that the picture which we present in this issue was originally designed by Capt. Wm. H. Coker, then a private in the "Grays," 1st Virginia Regiment, while on duty at Charlottesville, Va., during the John Brown raid. Captain Coker, being impressed



bold exploits of the gallant TURNER ASHBY and his brave men. His memory is tenderly cherished, and his premature death sincerely lamented, by thousands who never beheld the man while living.

His unending struggles, his determined immortality, stamped him as one of the most energetic men of the stirring times in which he lived.

"He was Freedom's champion; one of those,  
The few in number, who had not o'ersteps  
The charter to shackle white the necks  
On such as wield her weapons. He had kept  
The whips of his race, and thus men saw 'em wept!"

General Ashby was the eldest son and child of a prominent and worthy planter of Fauquier county, Virginia, where he was born about the year 1823. His father dying

of cavalry, reorganized his men, and was among the first to hasten to Harper's Ferry.

The raid of John Brown and his band of thieves and murderers, was but the first step in the bloody drama which is now being enacted in the Southern States. Turner Ashby felt it, and his physical and intellectual powers seemed to have been directed in anticipation of the coming storm.

When intelligence of the burning of Harper's Ferry Ashby was in the city. He immediately started for his home, to organize his cavalry and raise the standard of his freedom and enlarged State. A neighbor and friend of his (Mr. H.) learning of his arrival at home and the purpose he had in view, sent for him.—Ashby obeyed the summons. At their meeting, Mr. H. said, "You know how I prize my white stallion, by Sulistun, and of my intention not to sell him. Now, I present him to you

with the bold and picturesque appearance of Gen. Ashby while seated on his beautiful white steed, seized the first favorable opportunity to make a sketch of the gallant soldier. How well he succeeded, we leave the friends of the lamented Ashby to determine. The writer of this sketch has often seen Gen. Ashby while seated on his noble steed, and thinks that a more accurate likeness of rider and horse could not have been obtained even from the Queen's stable!

The presence of Ashby and his brave company at Harper's Ferry aided no little in quieting the public fear of the success of the "villains." The company performed duty at Charlottesville until some weeks after the hanging of the old villain Brown, and then returned to their homes.

During the interregnum between the John Brown raid and the breaking out of the present war, Ashby quietly devoted his time and means to the drilling and equipping



SKETCHES IN GREECE.

BY W. GEORGE HENRI, ESQ.

III. CASTALY.

Peel'th not so secret thief, which first the veins With arduous—make of the fountain's well, Inflow, to the brim, and water the rock, 'Till it grows exaction of a wing that spreads From either shoulder.

This is Castaly. Still beneath, still bright, though flowing now, enough a stream, to be a fountain's well, Gave, that colored her waters for the mass, And made them fruitful in delicious sump, Which here awakes new veins, as no more!

Yet there are murmurs still among her rocks, As if from harboring voices of the Past, That abide then for the improve, and that their temples raised—ah! think that they could not keep their temples raised; well covered that they, well kept, had still been left to receive them, And a grand Priesthood, and a glorious Name!

Yet should the very ruins of the Past, Assume an air of the Priesthood, Yonder shrine was once Apollo's. His great stains, Still looking on Parnassus. See the shrine, Whence rose oracular voices, at which Kings, Humbled themselves in reverence! Poplery here spoke the fate of the empire, as no more!

Return'd significant answers, which gave heart To marvellous exactions. And what remedies?— Look next, you see the shrine. There still it stands, as if by the waves That onward Parnassus sweeps of the scene!

Behind the embow'd, and the fountain's well, Panting and dash'd by her waters made, The Post's bank of Castaly, streams fresh, That falls not, though Apollo's well, is not!

Oh! beautiful eye, though her streams no more Still water the high hills of hopeful song, Among them tuneful as a lyre, the voice, Born of the loom and spool? Or her breast Breaks no independent Sovereigns of the skies, Embody her with ease. The only one, Broken the sacred rite; the altar shows;

The mystic fire gone out; and the grey Priesthood, Once faithful, and the sacred Gods forsaken, For hostile Deities.

The glorious soul Of Greece Genius—marched on her rocks, And musical in her waters.—In her arts Eternal, and in death immortal remains, Modeling the virtues for far lands remote, Evils beyond Truth,—bath no more a voice In her own tongue!—Look, she is gone remain, But yield no trace a shrine. We gaze around On ruins, which can make no monument!

\* The Spring of Castalye now dedicated to St. John. Order to secure a chapel has been erected in his honor. It stands here to be seen at the Apple.

IV. TRESALY.

Fool'th not the wild animal, such as walk The soil to fancy which o'erwrite the earth, Seeking strange Gods?

We are in Thersaly, The land of Gods, and birds, and fiery steers, Warriors and Battles!

Here, the hunter goes To prowess; and in desperate waste strewn With mountains of the wild. The shepherd led His flocks beside still waters, with his pipe Wood friendly converse with familiar Pan, And cheered his satyrs, at, as they, drew Their flutes, fantastic, into chattering words, To music of the Syrinx.

Other Powers.

Most potent when most silent, his boring here, Made all the atmosphere prophetic; Subduing sun to terror, and from strength, Plucking its slivery wings.

Here they dwell.

Who could, with power majestic, the winds Wake up the storm to silence, and speed Fears Decease through the thick and turbid air, To breezy guided clouds, as on the south, And most unobscured pursue.

Here, the Gods

Than when they look'd on favor'd Athens? Or wonderful Genius, when it wander'd hither, Took a new aspect from the sky and earth, Grew weird and savage.

Groups of beguiling Deities, whose bosoms, They gifted them with souls, whose fierce passions They vilitated to the embraces with a Fate Yet not to rob them of Humanity.

Nor left them to such conclusions to know How truth they had grown.

How break they the crown of yet her spells Have crowned the rocks with beauty, and a grove, That meets the mind with all its might, And leaves the Fancy nothing to create, And nothing to improve!

Here, the Centaur bears,

The Cyclops, and the Cyclops Bears, Had range for reasons? 'Till Alcides thither Came, still in due conclusion, and to move For empire, through the breast, with the Brute.

Here dwell the mode of a good kind King, Who made the mind with all its might, To crown her led with immortality.— And all the grace of Hebe as her maid, Made life her own most sacred necessity; Alas!—the fair maid, found from truth, Who met the Father as feet only a child, But not for children,—that no other mother

Should, with ungrateful race, make their young hearts Too soon to feel the sorrows of her loss! Had could not keep a soul so near to Heaven! And she to Hercules,—and so on one More powerful still than he,—Euripides—  
Ours, that the lives again,—still they will ever Live, in the eternal realm of classic song.  
Yet, not all steep, the Marts of Theosy— Through an etheric plains of dust and smog, Through a grim edifice of stones across the sea, Where Neptune sends the barbed-chain which link'd Ours to high Olympus, and set free The good of Greece.

Winding on his way, We win, through Parnassus' vale of rest and rock, The Vale of Tempo,—by the Poets fane'd Earth's paradises—all print!

The vale, through Parnassus, while the Sun Flames Green along the summits, we have shade, Such as beguile the leaves from the heights To sing and challenge. As we wend our way, The narrow, low trail, our caravan And the Pegasus tread side by side—

The vale shows out its fountains, and purpling gleam From every creek: fresh led by bubbling springs, Which, breaking through the toothed fane, Utter bright masses, crest-ey'd and ring'd; Superior far, in gay variety, To all of art in Italy!

Of Nature, in winter dim of love! Here sings the bird of twilight of no more; Lete sister, yet a river with the dawn;

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The vanquish of the mind is said to be the worst of all. History affords us account of the national happiness, peace, and prosperity of any country which did not have a pure, elevated and high-toned literature; and no philosopher ever wrote a line, except a truth that was to be written. "Show me a nation's ballads, and I will make its laws."— The volume of literature that has flooded the South were nearly all limited to our laws, our interests and institutions, and yet we have patronized them to the shameful neglect of our home talent.

The literary work of the "Illustrated News" is pure, chaste and elegant; its news columns imbued and satisfactory; while its weekly portraits and biographical sketches of the great men who are gaining our hearts during this time of our country's need, is sufficient to make every page the paper. It was with a thrill of pleasure that, in the first number, I read the noble features of General "Stonewall" Jackson, one of the best beloved heroes of the present struggle, and the invincible spirit of our armies in Virginia.

Our national star is now in the ascendant, and if we all do our whole duty, and trust in the God of nations, I know it will continue to "go up the shining height" until it reaches the dazzling zenith, flooding thousands of peaceful and prosperous homes below with an intense and glorious light. And now in the best time to battle for our intellectual, as well as political independence. Everybody who can possibly get the subscription price, ought to send for the "Illustrated News" at once, and have it read around their fire-places. The pleasure and profit that will result from the preservation of its numbers for even one year, will make a volume of the greatest interest in the future to the little children now growing in our homes; and a noble legacy of Southern independence in 1865, it will lay claim upon our allegiance.

Atlanta, Georgia.

Written for the Illustrated News.

"FOOT-CAVALRY CHRONICLE."

BY HARR CRACKER.

(1.) Man that is born of woman and calistoth in "Jackson's Army" is of few days and short ratios.

(2.) He comes forth at "reville," in present also at "retire" and retreats apparently "in the rear."

(3.) He draweth his reasons from the commissary and devotheth the same; he stirketh his teeth against much *Ardu* *brood*, and is satisfied; he filth his canteen with "agua pura," and chappeth the most *strove* upon the "buns" of whiskey *brack*, and after a little while *perth* away *rejoicing* at his strategy.

(4.) Much *whispering* hath made him chary, even the *whale* of his shoe is in danger of being out through the hole.

(5.) His commissary with the credulous farmer for many *alkens*, and much milk and honey, to be paid for promptly as the *one* in the *back* of his *hol* on the 5th day of Army *moveth* to another part.

(6.) His tent is filled with potatoes, pies, corn and other *meats* for his *delicious* appetite, and many other *horrors* which, which will never be returned. Of a *snare*, it must be said of "Jackson's foot-cavalry." "they think not that which they cannot reach."

(7.) He creeth his *Minnie* rifle at the dead *hear* of night, as the camp is *aroused* and formed in line—where, to his *meek* he cannot *bearing* a *Yankee* that he was *compelled* to pull *trigger*.

(8.) He giveth the "protest" much trouble; often capturing his guard and possessing himself of the city.

(9.) At such times "finger and prevolve" down his milk and honey from his *greasy* hands. He *gives* without stint, to his own stomach.

(10.) The crown of a pig and the crowing of a cock *amuse* him from the *soundest* sleep, and he *amuse*th *himself* in search of the quadruped or biped that *druth* to "make *no* *night* *business*."

(11.) No *sooner* hath he passed the *entry's* *beak* than he stretch a "bee-line" for the nearest *hen-roost*, and seizing a pair of pallets, *restrath* *rejoicing* to himself, "the nose of *perth*," "finger and prevolve" down his milk and honey from his *greasy* hands. He *gives* without stint, to his own stomach.

(12.) He *prose*th "enure" with the *parson*, whether there be any *god* in the *parson's* as the *Sabbath*, and by *deceit* *ously* turning *jack* from the bottom of the pack, *postpone* the service.

(13.) And *many* other *marvelous* things *death* he; and, *in* that he *not* *already* *recorded* in the *morning* *reports* of "Jackson's foot-cavalry."

Copy of the "Foot-Over and Dead Op," Sept. 27, 1862.

Written for the Illustrated News.

"GLAD GREETINGS WE SEND THEE."

BY M. LOUIS ROBERTS.

I do not know that I have seen with much greater pleasure an indication of Southern talent and enterprise since the war began, than I have the first number of the "Southern Illustrated News." Not so much on account of its respective appearance or editorial propriety, but because the circumstances that gave it birth, the disadvantages under which it has unavoidably labored before making its appearance, in fact, with a peculiar charm and interest, that light the eye and heart by every truly patriotic and intelligent reader.

With our ports blockaded, our manufactures most limited, and our war and demoralization sweeping over our beloved country, amid the booming of cannon, the clash of arms, and fire-throwings of a powerful foe, the "Illustrated News" finds its banner in the *brave* and *boldly* steps forth from our lately besieged Capital, as a champion for the intellectual independence of the South. As the proprietors fairly tell us, the Journal is yet in its infancy, but proudest of its future improvement, and this in all we could reasonably expect, under the circumstances. An infant must be nurtured, trained, and properly cared for, before it grows to the fair and stalwart proportions that delight the eye and sense of the beholder. It is the duty of Southerners to afford the means for this proper training; they will not be true to their obligations to patriots in every sense of the word, if they do not, by their encouragement and liberal patronage, support this journal, the first of the kind ever published in the South. If they do this, we can soon have a large family paper, equal in appearance to those foreign journals we so dearly suppose two or three years ago, which literature will not be the least of our country's loss. Southern mind and intellect, but the pure, unadulterated output, of which they have the peculiar right. We have the talent in the South to produce it, and like the bravery of our gallant soldiers, it will not fail to distinguish itself when the "golden opportunity" offers.













JACKSON'S FOOT-CAVLEY.

By EARL FRASER. Day after day our way has been Over many a hill and bog...

Now we're on footing up a hill, Or he's laid it under us...

Our march is thirty miles a day, And that's not strange, you will say...

With five days' rations of fresh meat, And our own horses' backs...

Al! then we throw aside our feet— Our blankets follow us...

No wonder that the Yankees run, And will not stop to fight...

Young man! I tender you desire To join our gallant band...

How many young men are looking forward With pleasing anticipation...

A WIFE.

How many young men are looking forward With pleasing anticipation...

THE DRAMA.

All the world's a stage, And all the men and women players...

The Grand Street Theatre (late Montpelier Hall) was opened on Monday night...

A Filled with McCallum is the only General who has earned the honor...

The young lady who took the gentleman's fact has returned it with thanks...

Can knocking a man down with a leaf of broad straiten be called snuffing him with the staff of life?

WIT AND WISDOM.

Some is planned, wretched, and stupid; Some is natural, and is a divine gift...

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he fell?" said an amiable speaker...

"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter...

"A BRIGHT CHICK" asked his mother when he should go when he died...

Many a true heart that would have come some long day from the land of the living...

PROSPECTUS.

A WRITER says a lady lives in a small neat white ivy covered circle...

One day, at a fair-house, I saw one old gentleman...

Somebody, describing the above appearance of a man unloading the pulka, says...

As an Arkansas "Spicer" got married lately, and has since become enthusiastic...

A Filled with McCallum is the only General who has earned the honor...

Cutting of two feet from a man is making him shorter...

The herb doctors think that, to be healthy and vigorous, a man, like a tree, must take root...

Mr. Smith, I wish to spend to you privately before you take you again a few moments...

Can knocking a man down with a leaf of broad straiten be called snuffing him with the staff of life?

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SOUTHERN THEATRE.

THE COMMITTEE OF EXAMINATION.

THEATRICAL AND MEDICAL.

WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

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