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HISTORY OF THE WAR.

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At sunrise the main body, under Pegram, were on the slope of the mountain, and, looking down, saw Beverly and the valley of Tygart's river beneath them. Several of the officers urged that they should now venture down into the valley, and endeavour to reach Beverly; but Col. Pegram felt it to be his duty, if possible, to join Gen. Garnett, whose command he believed to be in danger, and to need reinforcement. He knew also that the enemy were near, in great force, and his pocket telescope revealed a body of men moving between his position and the town. It was afterwards ascertained that this armed body was Capt. Lilly's company retreating in safety, and that if the whole command had marched down, they would have reached Beverly and escaped, as the advance guard of the Federal force did not enter the town until one o'clock. Such are the sad *contretemps* of war—so near together are often safety and disaster, escape and captivity! Yet Pegram's decision was right. It was better to suffer in the path of duty, than to swerve from it with the doubtful prospect of advantage.

The march was continued during the day, slowly and cautiously, through the mountain, in the direction of Laurel Hill. The rugged paths and heavy undergrowth, still impeded it; hunger and fatigue began to tell upon the strength of the men; at

seven o'clock in the evening, they reached the valley river, having marched only twelve miles in eighteen hours. Col. Heck asked and obtained permission to go down into the valley and see if the road from Beverly to Laurel Hill camp was clear. He ventured down with a citizen, and at a house, three miles from the main road, he learned that no enemies had been seen. On his return, Col. Pegram decided to move towards the road without delay. Again the weary march commenced; the men were obliged to wade the river three times, following the meanders of their heavy and difficult path; as the rear companies were making the last crossing, several shots were fired: whence they came, the officers could not learn; it was very dark, and this random fire was probably from unfounded apprehensions of the enemy's presence. A Lieutenant and nearly all the men of the Lee Battery disappeared, and it was afterwards found that they had made their way safely to the roads beyond Beverly and escaped.

Col. Pegram, having obtained a horse at the nearest house in the valley, rode forward towards Leedsville church, which was on the road between Beverly and Laurel Hill. He learned from the people living in the neighbourhood, that Gen. Garnett had retreated towards Tucker county, followed by a heavy Federal force, and that the enemy were three thousand strong at Leedsville, and were extending their lines on every side. The prospect of escape was now growing more gloomy every

a Capt. Cowan's Narrative, MS.

it means. I shall den procede by de advice of Mr. Sumner to introduce a Bill for de relief ob de cullud popolation. Wharas all de work dat was ebber done in dis country was done by pussons of African descent, which de Dixies has eat up and wore out and run through dar part, but de Yankees has got dar share ob de stealin now in possession. *Be it re-nacted* dat de said Yankees is to refun back to de cullud pussons de monnies which dey has done hide away from de lorful onner dat had work for de same, to be dispose ob in de following manner, fiddelicit dat is to say, &c. It shall be de duty ob de Treasry to pay ebby Sattiday night sebben dollats to ebby cullud man and five dollars to evry cullud female and three dollars to evry child tell the whole mony has bin pay back agin. De secretary ob de interior shall funish ration to feed de cullud popolation an de secretery ob de exterior shall find dem in clothes. Dare shall be a school house, a meeting house and a distillery in evry neighborhood and we cullud popolation shall have the libbety to go to which ebber they choose free. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Greeley both 'poses this last, but I shall bring it before de House. Free whiskey is de right of ebby man. De Yankees has took our public land and gib it to the Dutch, dey call demselves Freesillers. I calls myself a Freestiller Whiskey is now de only thing to be set free an I want de ball to roll on till Free labor, Free soil, Free whiskey and Free niggers shall be de watchwords of free-men evry whar.

I hab thus explaned my posish on dis subject till my head swims. You will keep such parts secret as you think proper. Dont show yourself about de polls anny more than you can help, and you can kuss me every now and then ef you think it will tell, but vote the secret ballop sebrell times ef conyentient, and tell other friends to do de same. I hab de honor to be wid sentiment ob considerations fur myself and family. Your representative dat is to be.

HOMBULL CESAR DE BARBER, ESQ.

RECONCILIATION.

BY HENRY C. ALEXANDER.

"Every sarcophagus showed many bas-reliefs—bas-reliefs of battles and of battle-fields; battles from forgotten ages—battles from yesterday—battle-fields that long since nature had healed and reconciled to herself, with the sweet oblivion of flowers—battle-fields that were yet angry and crimson with carnage."—DE QUINCEY.

The winter night was chill and bright,
And rich with gems of heaven's own light;
Andromeda and blood-red Mars
Shared the sweet empire of the stars;
Nor vagrant breath of amorous air
Woke the strange stillness sleeping there.

The frosted rime on elm and lime
Shone like the rare disguise of crime,
Scarce hiding 'neath its jewelled veil,
The forms of gnomes and spectres pale.
Arrested in their wild career
And prisoned in the crystal clear.

No odorous gale perfum'd the vale,
Nor crested knight in golden mail,
And purple vest and red-cross shield,
(Snatched from the Moor on Acre's field.)
Pricked his white steed across the plain.
Or languished to the lute's soft strain.

Yet ne'er before, in days of yore,
When the young earth her baldric wore,
All woven from the sweet spring flowers,
And pearly dews and glistening showers,
Did you fair hills their azure keep
In truer faith or fonder sleep.

On such a time, as rang the chime,
So fated in the minstrel's rhyme—
(When from the fleecy cloud she rose
In all the charms she may disclose.)
The moon her crescent lustre shed,
Upon the dying and the dead.

Beneath her lay that proud array—
That on the morn in vesture gay,
With faces flushed or wreathed in smiles,
Through all these pitiless defiles,
Had courted wounds and death with
A spectacle for angels' tears! [cheers—

The screaming shell and savage yell,
 No more invade the tranquil dell;
 No more upon the river's marge
 Is urged the thundering headlong charge:
 Victor and vanquished, side by side,
 Unarmed, their gory couch divide.

No more around that trampled ground
 The cohorts wheel; no more shall sound
 The tell-tale plash, the muffled oar,
 While their dark masses line the shore;
 The trumpet's hoarse triumphant bray,
 As from our ramparts yesterday.

In sable dight, the musing night
 Recedes before glad Heiper's light;
 What time the hours in beaded grey,
 Chase the sad troop of ghosts away;
 And lo, Aurora's ruddy flame
 Tinges the conscious east with shame!

Again is born the laughing morn;
 Again the darkness is forsworn;
 Yon mountain-top is red with gold,
 While beauteous mists the summits fold,
 And over streamlet, mead and bay,
 Nature holds wanton holiday.

The vernal sky shall heave no sigh,
 Above the scene where thousands lie,
 (As the grim eagle in the air
 Hopes—though afar—to banquet there,)
 Breathless and stark, with gaping vein
 Who "on Gilboa fell down slain."

The turtles in the grove shall pair;
 The spring her ornaments shall wear:
 Disbeveled April, maiden coy,
 Shall weep and murmur but in joy;
 And still shall yonder crimson field
 The fruits of peace and beauty yield.

The grass shall grow, the South wind
 blow,
 Where all is mantled now in snow;
 Fragrance and loveliness once more
 The ruffled elements shall pour;
 While from her urn the pale earth showers
 The "sweet oblivion of flowers."

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TRUE BASIS OF POLITICAL PROSPERITY.

I. We admit that it is not fair to expect from a science more good than it professes to impart; it is not just that we should expect Political Economy to teach us what is the manner in which a Government should be conducted, in order that it may obtain the greatest amount of good to the governed; but, as many seem to place a nation's greatest happiness in the possession of wealth, how to acquire which, it is the province of Political Economy to teach; it may be proper, at this time, when the policy of our new government is forming, to show that Political Economy falls far short of statesmanship; that the creation of values should not be the end of all legislation, or the highest aim of a Government. We should take warning from the lessons of our past.

The British Empire lost its chiefest jewels, when, by the rapacity of its Parliament, it endeavored to reap wealth for itself, at the expense of its trans-Atlantic colonies. Through rapacity and hope of profit, the dissolution of the American Union was brought about. From the times of the Revolution, of 1776, there has been jealousy between the North and the South, and the Mexican war which was undertaken in hope that the balance of power between the two sections might be restored, by the introduction of more slave territory on our Southern border, resulted in California's admission, after a severe struggle, as a free State. What was the result? The balance was again destroyed. The free States had the preponderance in the Senate, and the reins of government were in their hands. A struggle for power resulted on the plains of Kansas, the Southern party was defeated, and the fate of the country rested in the hands of the Democratic party, whose discordant elements soon separated, and the government fell into the power of a corrupt, sectional party, in a collection of States, whose social fabric is based on a money basis, and whose