

THE LITERARY MESSENGER.

A Magazine Devoted to Literature, Science and Art.

VOL. 37.]

RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1863.

[No. 8.

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

BY ROBERT R. HOWISON.

Author of a History of Virginia.

(Copy-right secured.)

CHAPTER VII.

Leaving the neighbourhood of Springfield, he marched Northward with an army of about five thousand men, and seven pieces of artillery. Learning that a large body of irregular Federal troops from Kansas and the Indian territories, were assembling at Fort Scott, under Montgomery and Lane, he turned suddenly to the left, and before they had more than rumors of his approach, he fell upon them at Drywood Creek, on the 4th of September. They resisted stoutly for more than an hour, but the impetuosity of the Missourians broke their ranks, and they fled in disorder, with a loss of about fifty men killed and wounded, and a number of small arms. The State troops lost three killed and twenty-seven wounded. Montgomery's troops abandoned Fort Scott and retreated towards Kansas. Gen. Price took possession of the fort and threw into it a small garrison.

He now made a feint of an approach to Jefferson City, and encamped, Saturday night, the 7th of September, near Clinton, in Henry county. From this point, the question of his movements was so doubtful to the Federals, that they believed Jef-

erson City to be his aim, and made preparations to meet him.

In the meantime, Brig. General Thomas A. Harris had vigorously exerted himself in the patriot cause in Northern Missouri. Although surrounded by enemies and within their reach from many points, he secretly organized a force, and by the rapidity of his movements, produced the impression that he was stronger than he really was, and thus kept the Federals in check. At St. Joseph's, in Buchanan county, on the east bank of the Missouri, the patriots were very strong. They took military possession of the town, and obtained considerable supplies, greatly needed by the patriot armies. In Andrew county, a force of nearly two thousand Missourians, under Major Poller assembled, and, after some skirmishing with the home guards, made their way to Gen. Harris' camp. On the 13th of September, a body of Missourians made a gallant attack on the Federal entrenchments at Boonsville. They did not expect to carry them, but designed to alarm the garrison and prevent them from sending troops to Lexington, upon which point Gen. Price had now commenced his march. These objects were completely accomplished. The Missourians retired with a loss of only twelve killed and thirty wounded, and soon afterwards joined Gen. Price. On Tuesday, the 10th of September, Gen. Harris crossed the Missouri, at Arcton Creek. Recruits in bodies of ten, fifty and a hundred, constantly joined him, and when he effected a junction with General Price, he added nearly three thousand effective men to a force already consisting of more than six thousand. Gen. Price having now successfully embarrassed the

^a Telegram from St. Louis, Sept. 14th.

^b Telegram from Jefferson City, September 12th. Dispatch, Sept. 14th.

future life. God help the woman who is mistaken in the choice of a husband!"

Mrs. Elmsworth sighed deeply.

Agnes threw herself down by her aunt and buried her face in her lap, weeping violently.

"Oh aunt Emeline! I do like Mr. Murray very, very much, and I am so very sorry; but it is not my fault, if I cannot love him!"

"No, my dear," responded her aunt, "it is not! A young girl's heart is a strange problem to read, my Agnes. Love will not be forced, and God forbid you should marry without feeling it for your husband."

Agnes still continued weeping. She was very hysterical, and it was a great relief to have what girls call "a good cry." She was very sorry about Mr. Murray; she was anxious and worried about Robert's going away, and she was really, though no coward, afraid of the proposed visit, with Mrs. Selman, to the home of her ancestors. Mrs. Elmsworth smoothed the head of her sobbing niece with her hand, and tried to comfort her. The little "Mimi" came running in with her doll in her arms, and seeing her dear "Annis," as she called her, so distressed, came up and putting a little arm around her neck, whispered "Don't cry, Annis, *don't cry!* Mama, don't let Annis cry! she shall have my new doll." Finding "Annis" still comfortless, Mimi laid the doll on the floor and began to cry too, so that Agnes had to wipe her eyes and try to console the sympathetic little thing. Then she returned to her own room to give the necessary orders to her maid about packing her trunks for the dreaded expedition, taking Mimi with her, smiling and happy in the recovered light of "Annis'" countenance, and eager to exhibit her precious new doll to "Jane," Agnes' maid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

BY HENRY G. ALEXANDER.

Celestial cross, that with such steady gaze
Dost beam upon the tossing Southern main
And on the mariner who, in the solitary
watch,
Rocks at the mast-head; as what time the
cloud,

Tempestuous with the surges of the storm,
Has gathered its cimmerian train, and
swept

In sulphurous vapours to the ensanguined
East,

Purpling the dome of the soft jewelled sky:
Dispense once more thy golden lustre to
The night's fond votary; as erst thou
did'st

Among the far Chaldees, or earlier still
When at the Creation's birth, the sons of
God

United with the planets of the morn
In shouting joy, and all the harmonious
spheres

With transport and with hallicujahs rang.
'Tis said, there shone in all thy beauteous
stars

A blood-shot gleam, when Turk or Saracen
Beneath the Crescent, and 'midst turbaned
bands

Broke the proud ranks of Europe's chi-
valry;

When Paynim fierce and swarthy infidel
Pressed the gaunt Templar in his proof of
mail,

Cleaving his targe, and princely gorget,
where

The blood of kings ran hottest in his veins,
So that the warrior-priest, though loth, was
fain

Stoop to the pommel e're he dealt a blow,
Nor seldom,—as the Moslem hords rushed
on,—

Spent with death—thirst and the unequal
sail

Sank to the dewy earth in Palestine,
To hear no more the lay of Troubadour,
In pleasant Normandy or gay Provence;
Nor spy, through lattice-window, the fair
form

Of her for whom the joust and tournament
Were the fit pastime of her sunniest hours,
And for whose sake the Templar's lance
and plume

Were shivered in the lists on Ashby's
plain.

But—so the poets sing—when fortune kind
Shook the bright pennons of the hosts of
France

And bore the valiant Philip to the field,
Knights of the Temple, Malta and St.
John,

Emulous and brave 'neath the cerear
eye

That hid dark passions from his servant's
view,
Viewing the one with all under the cold
Stones of Jerusalem, on which the moon
Looked down, and on the sepulchre,
For which the embattled cross and crescent
strove :

Or when on some disastrous day, when
stars
Shone pale, and the red blast Sirocco blew,
He of the lion-heart—nor helm nor gorge—
But panoplied in innocence and strength,
With thews and muscles playing under-
neath
His royal vestment, like to him of old
Who filled with terror the Nemean groves
And brought Alceestis back to the glimpses
of day,
Turned with five knights of merry Brit-
tany
The tide of battle, and with mace on high,
Launched death into the breasts of stal-
wart slaves,
Arabian lords, arrayed in silks and gems
And baldrics borrowed from Alrashid's
throne;
Then—sing the bards—thy mystic light
shone high
Above the glory of the stricken field,
Sundering the fleecy rock with raptured
ray!
Not now, Queen-galaxy of heaven, on shield
Of bold Crusader, nor on cloth of gold,
Blazes thy sacred form; but when the
storm
Of war and tumult rages on the sea,
Or on the plain, where dread artillery
Out-thunders the voluminous bolts of Jove;
Bless with thy richest, purest beams, the
cause
On which, more near, thine emblem once
more shines,
From standards thickly prest and stained
with gore.
Set not, fair sign, though all thy sister stars
Burn dim; Set not upon the hopes thyself
Hast nurtured with thy healing glow: but
still
With vestal loveliness and joy, shine down
On Siera, and on his conquerers.

Never buy what you do not want be-
cause it is cheap.

EDUCATION AFTER THE WAR.

RICHMOND, APRIL 20, 1863.

WILLIAM J. PALMER, Esq., Raleigh, N. C.

MY DEAR SIR—I have observed, with much interest, a call published in the papers for a Convention of Teachers, to be held at Columbia, on the 28th inst., and with additional pleasure, I have observed your name published among those prominently engaged in promoting this undertaking. Though debarred by imperative official duties from taking personal part with you on this occasion, I cannot deny myself the opportunity of assuring you of my hearty sympathy, and my earnest interest in the success of the enterprise, which I deem to be one of greatest importance at the present time. Upon myself, professionally, as well as in every other relation, the hand of war has fallen heavily, robbing me not only of my "occupation," but of all its materials, my books and notes, and with them, of all my professional plans for the future, so far as I can now anticipate; but it has not robbed me of my professional sympathies, nor of my aspirations for the cause of Education and Letters in the South, even though I myself may be denied, henceforth, the part which I had so ardently hoped to play in the programme. You, (whom, though known but for a few days, I may already, I hope, call a friend, and of whose sympathy in all that tends to advance the great work in which we were co-laborers, I am well assured,) will pardon me for addressing you a few thoughts in connection with this subject, which I hope your larger experience and better opportunities may make in some degree available, in connection with the objects of the proposed Convention, which I take it for granted you will attend.

Next, indeed, to the war itself, in which are staked our existence and our liberties, there is scarcely any subject of such momentous importance as that, which, if I understand your object aright, you propose to consider in this Convention; and after the war, though now for the time forgotten, it will require the gravest public consideration, equally with the most vital questions of Government and Politics; for it will involve, in no small degree, the future character and history of the people,