

# LITERATURE.

## Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

Vol. XII.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euphrates.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, January 27, 1862.

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### LITERATURE.

#### THE UNRETURNING.

A touch of the old joy sweet appeal—  
To our hearts,  
Although we may not trace  
The dear white hair we loved of yore,  
Nor in the sunny smile  
Would the loved face be  
Near her the maiden's voice, which took  
The whole of the land is still,  
Nor hear the sound of the little feet  
With music in it, wondrous sweet,  
The sunset seems to fill.

We shall miss them all, and sigh to feel  
On the dawn of the morning,  
For they return no more  
With the sunset and the lily leaf,  
The dewy white long or brief,  
When the wild dark days are o'er—  
No more come back with song and smile,  
And waving grass and poetic wit,  
For all we had mortal love,  
Still see the glowing glass of Time  
And turn—revealing our sweet prime—  
The downward running race.

Yet mourn we not—the tide of years—  
That dark and wondrous flow,  
Which ever leeds and swells  
On summer days of perfect calm,  
And shows all glories of the palm,  
When weary life is done,  
They come not back—the awful tide,  
On which the ships of earth do ride,  
Which never, never,  
The silent ferry of Death  
Without life, or light, or breath,  
Returns for a haven fair.

A still small voice we then shall hear—  
That weans from all voices dear  
We do not mind the loss,  
And faces fondly loved on earth  
Shall greet us—no shall feel the worth  
Of any earthly thing,  
O then to feel our primal break—  
Our voice with new music wake—  
And leave us free to roam,  
Who live in Light, and Love, and Peace;  
And the woe of our troubling case;  
And the weary are at rest!

#### OF THE UNSEEN.

Soft low murmurs, echoing faintly,  
Thrust through this dreary hall;  
And the shadows, dimly faintly,  
Wave up and down the wall.

How the spectral fire-light dances  
Which in flames a moment glances,  
Then to shadow turns again!

Viewless forms are with the hiding,  
Lying with us to condemn,  
And I feel an inward sighing,  
When my spirit turns to them.

As I indeed full of I meet them—  
Days and nights they follow me—  
Prize all can never be forgot.  
Grief can never be forgot.

Memory holds few joyous traces  
Which past pleasures may have made;  
But of pain and sorrow's traces  
Which all I dark taken fade!

Never, never! Dark and fearful  
Backward comes the stern reply;  
And I love me sad and stern;  
With tears that dim me eye.

With a grief that knows no sighing,  
With a pain that none can see,  
As I faintly, faintly, dying,  
Spirit of my agony.

Hark! a solemn whisper stealing,  
Flaunts through this shadowy room;  
Mortals, wherever shrink from feeling,  
Sorrow nestle in the tomb!

True, let all at last be finished,  
Hope and fear and joy and pain;  
Let the spark of life be quenched,  
Part, and naught but clay remain.

Then, indeed, there is an ending  
Of the suffering we have borne,  
With the dust a final blending  
Of the heart that had been torn.

(From Blackwood's Magazine for December.)

#### A MONTH WITH "THE REBELS."

Concluded from our last.

At Charlottetown we had an opportunity of visiting one of those societies which are organized throughout the whole South for supplying the army with the necessaries of life. The central depot is at the middle of the town. In the basement floor we found large packages marked for different regiments were engaged in arranging in "lots" different articles of military stores, such as uniforms, caps, shoes, and many other articles which were sold for the benefit of the soldiers' funds.

These establishments save the Government enormous sums of money, and appear to be increasing in number and efficiency every day. The army, being composed in a great measure of volunteers, possesses the hearty sympathy and affection of the whole population; and as most soldiers have more than one family at home, the comfort of the soldier is not only universally considered a subject of patriotic interest, but also one which excites the anxiety and stimulates the energy of every household. When we met with speakers who, in the name of the volunteers, the comfort of the soldier is not only universally considered a subject of patriotic interest, but also one which excites the anxiety and stimulates the energy of every household. When we met with speakers who, in the name of the volunteers, the comfort of the soldier is not only universally considered a subject of patriotic interest, but also one which excites the anxiety and stimulates the energy of every household.

Paper money is, therefore, almost the only medium of exchange; and the inferior quality of which consists has led to much inconvenience, for it soon gets destroyed and useless in the pockets of the bearers. We were, again, visited by an independent mechanic, the inventor of a single Bling. This device has been imported into many districts for the purpose of making good strong notes, instead of the villainous scraps hitherto in common use, designated by the insignificant name of "chin Plasters."

The Government have not prohibited the export of cotton, except to the Northern States; but self-confident authorities have, in more than one instance, known of, made it impossible for ships to load which had run the blockade, and whose owners were desirous of doing so again. The popular feeling which dictated these violent acts is caused, first, by the desire that the North should receive European goods, and secondly, by the impression that in laying on a general embargo on the Confederacy, amongst the enlightened this latter motive was always repudiated; but there can be no doubt that the prevalent conviction amongst the South is, that no embargo could do without the "king" that all cotton except American, is either too short or too long; and that the medium is the only staple which Manchester cares to have. In vain we would tell them that our country would be able to supply the world with cotton, and that the distance from England to their islands is not so great as they suppose. The more strenuous would our efforts be to render ourselves independent of it. But it was no use; they were merely indulging in a vain conceit, and we were forced to leave them to their own conceits.

A large depot of bread-stuffs is placed in convenient position, whence the different corps are supplied in wagons drawn by mules, and of which a negro generally rides. The resources of the country produce the fresh meat necessary for the enormous daily consumption; and we frequently saw scores of cattle and sheep driven along the roads, from the interior to the coast. It was evident that their journey had not been long. Indeed, a country gentleman informed us that there were animals enough in two counties of Virginia adjacent to the seat of war to last the army for two years.

We were naturally anxious to inspect the ground upon which was fought the great battle, called in England "Bull's Run," but in "Success" that of "Manassas Plains." The former was the scene of the engagement which took place on the 18th of July, three days previous to the great "struggle." The open space was formed the battle-field in this former case, and considerably less in breadth. The undulating ground declines to the centre of this clearing, through which runs the Warrenton high-road. Upon these slopes the great struggle took place.

The object of the Federal general was to cross the valley and fall upon the flank and rear of the Confederates, who were drawn up in line of battle along Bull's Run, at right angles to the coast. General Johnston had therefore to change his front when he found that a powerful attack was being made upon his left, and that the whole force of the enemy had been directed to his rear. General McDowell skillfully avoided the dangers of the Confederates, and with great ability succeeded in conducting his troops to a point from which success seemed almost certain. He took the road without much opposition, and began ascending the broken ground in front. There the battle really began. Again and again the Southern brigades, as they came up, were repulsed, and were forced to retreat into the woods at the summit of the hill. General Johnston and Beauregard came to the front at this crisis, rallied the wavering troops, and turned the tide in favor of the active General Kirby Smith, who happened to be passing along the railway with troops for Manassas, hearing the engagement going on, stopped the train and brought at this seasonable moment four regiments into action. The Confederates were then in the rear of the Federal army, and at right angles to the position at which the attack was anticipated.

man if he contented long to remain in a subordinate position. One thing is, however, certain; his removal will not affect Southern politics. By this measure, of course, the man who wishes to press upon the seceded States that it is his intention now to preserve the "institution" in all its integrity; but such a policy is too late. The South cannot believe in men who, merely catching at a stray opportunity, are in the hour of peril the doctors which they have hitherto laid, and to which alone they owe their advancement.

In these islands, of course, we all pray for universal emancipation. We have made enormous progress in the cause, but we cannot help sympathizing with ten millions of people struggling for independence; nor can we think that the condition of the negro in the Southern States, so long as the slave trade is established with the Confederacy, and she be admitted into the family of nations, commerce, always favorable to freedom, will gradually and surely effect far more humane results than those which the most sincere Abolitionists can ever attain.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Richmond Whig, Dec. 23.]

#### THE COWARDLY DESPOTISM AT WASHINGTON.

Through the instrumentality of one of Seward's confidential agents, we have come in possession of the following letter, addressed by a brave and noble woman, to Lincoln's vizor. We are given to understand that the perusal of it was not without visible effect upon that magnanimous man, and that the success has had its martyrs. The words of the heroine Courtes are applicable here: "C'est le crime qui fait la loi et non pas l'ehafaudage." My sufferings will afford a significant lesson to the women of the South, that sex or condition is no bulwark against the surging billows of the "irrespressible conflict."

The "iron heel of power" may keep down, but it cannot crush out the spirit of resistance of a people armed for the defence of their rights; and I tell you now, sir, that you are standing over a crater whose smoldering fire is in a moment may burst forth. In your hour of triumph, thirty years ago, the fortifications of Paris did not protect Louis Philippe when his hour had come.

In conclusion, I respectfully ask your attention to this my protest, and have the honor to be, &c., &c.

ROSE O. N. GREENHOW.

#### FINANCIAL CRISIS IN THE STATES.

It is now very evident that the Northern States are on the brink of ruin, and unless speedy steps are taken to find means to carry on the war, the war itself will be brought to a speedy and final termination. The Treasury of the Government is three millions of dollars daily, and that there is no means of meeting this immense sum for any time. Leading journals unite in calling upon Congress to do something, or else the Treasury will be exhausted, and the Government will be dishonored, and the national credit ruined.

The New York World, advising a "good stiff war tax," says: "All those politicians who suggest or help to fasten upon the country any form of irredeemable debt currency, in the shape of a loan or mortgage, to pay for the war, are dishonored, and the national credit ruined." The New York World, advising a "good stiff war tax," says: "All those politicians who suggest or help to fasten upon the country any form of irredeemable debt currency, in the shape of a loan or mortgage, to pay for the war, are dishonored, and the national credit ruined."

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any ignorant of the cause of my arrest; that my house has been seized and converted into a prison by the Government; that the valuable furniture it contained has been sold and destroyed; that during some period of my imprisonment I have suffered greatly for want of proper and sufficient food. Also, I have to complain that, more recently, a woman of bad character, recognized as having been seen on the streets of Chicago as such by several on guard, calling herself Mrs. Underhill, was placed here in my house, in a room adjoining mine.

In making this exposition, I have no object of appeal to your sympathies. If the justice of my complaint, and a decent regard for the world's opinion do not move you I should but waste time to claim your attention on any other score.

I may, however, recall to your mind, that but a little while since you were quite as much proscribed by public sentiment here for the opinions and principles you held, as I am now for mine.

I could easily have escaped arrest, having had timely warning. I thought it possible that your statesmanship might present such a predicament to me, and I was glad to see the fragment of one great government turning its arms against the breasts of women and children. You have the power, sir, and may still further abuse it. You may prostrate my physical strength, by confinement in close rooms, and insufficient food—you may subject me to harsher, sorer treatment than I have already received, but you cannot injure the soul. Every cause worthy of success has had its martyrs. The words of the heroine Courtes are applicable here: "C'est le crime qui fait la loi et non pas l'ehafaudage." My sufferings will afford a significant lesson to the women of the South, that sex or condition is no bulwark against the surging billows of the "irrespressible conflict."

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