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D. B. SNOW, Editor.

Poetry.

THE COUNTRY'S CALL TO ARMS.

BY REV. T. N. HASKELL. MUSIC BY H. S. THOMPSON, ESQ., BOSTON.

And did you not read it:
That late Proclamation?
Of Liberty's guardian,
Repeating alarm?
And do you not heed it:
The voice of your nation?
The Christian still calling
His children "To Arms!"
Ye Patriots, ye Freemen, Awake, far and near!
Ring out the stern words from Danville to Dover.
"Your country's unsafe, with all you hold dear!
The Rebellion still rages! The war is not over!
Arise ye! To Arms! To Arms! VOLUNTEERS!"
No "Foreign Invasion"
Where with a sword
With watchword "Oppression
And slavery's chains"
There is no war
More awful and urgent
For "Sinning down Treason,
Intrenched and in arms!"
Then Patriots and Heroes! Awake, &c.
Your Fathers are pleading
From heights of their glory,
To save for the future
The rights they bequeathed—
Young Patriots are bleeding
For Freedom and glory;
Near you in service,
Their swords still unsheathed.
Then, Patriots and Brothers! Awake, &c.
The world is beholding!
All eyes are crying,
"Now stand at your station!
The crisis is nigh!"
This day is beholding
What hell is defying,
The hope of the nation—
Your courage to die!
Then Patriots and Christians! Awake, &c.
Lo, God is commanding
For Freedom's protection,
That slave-breeding traitors
Be put to the sword!
And Mercy is standing
To speed the collection,
Of "Swift vindicators
Of the cause of the Lord."
Then, God-fearing Patriots! Awake, &c.
From Merciful comes dying
The Lord's mighty Angels,
With curses or blessing,
As you may decide—
We hear you reviling
In tones of Evangel,
"The crying confessor
Is called to abide!"
Yes, Christians and Heroes! Awake, &c.
My Country, I love thee
With filial devotion!
Thy Mighty Protector
Shall "teach me to fight!"
Enthralled to fight—
His sovereign emotion
Shall be my director
(And shield in the right!)
Hush, Christian Heroes! Awake far and near,
Ring out the stern words from Danville to Dover,
"Your country's unsafe, with all you hold dear!
The Rebellion still rages! The war is not over!
Arise ye! To Arms! To Arms! VOLUNTEERS!"
"Danville is the residence of R. T. Brock-
bridge of Kentucky, and Dover is the banner
town of New Hampshire in responding to calls
for soldiers."
"Merces was a small town in the fertile Kishom
valley, sanctified by the Angel of the
Lord," because they furnished no volunteers.
Judges, v. 22.

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE JAMETTEE JEEJEHOY.

(Continued.)
"Wah Goo-roo!" shouted the fanatics
with one voice.
"Wah Goo-roo!" said Baloo Singh, with
a voice that seemed to rise from a tomb.
"So perish the unbelievers!"
A small-faced Hindu, thin as a girl,
and his dark, mean features almost hidden
by rank, straight, black hair, now seized
Patterson, and, cowering in hand, dragged
him to the feet of Baloo Singh.
"Guid, by Jack," said Patterson, with
a fearful grimace, "and clasp the boy's
hand. He's guided by my horns [brains]
now—'ere God deevils. Yet, God's still
above 'em, and I'll have 'em for my life
soon!"

Hadji Hanna, the bloated wretch, who
had already seen, stepped forward, and
standing in the red haze of the
Scottish lad, raised a carving-knife, that
he had snatched from the steward's pantry.
"Son of Heaven," he said to his chief,
"let us sacrifice this unbeliever to the god-
dess Khalee! she has told us to purge sea
and land of these infidels, why don't you
resurrection."
"Guid-by to old Aberdeen!—the Lord
have mercy upon me!" groaned Patterson.
Then a sudden light came to his eye, and
he struggled forward, and seized the robe
of the false prophet. "Broken Hindu-
tance," he cried in broken Hindi-
tance, "I worship thee." Then, under
breath, "Hand up, your heart, Jack;
there's precedent for it. Remember Nan-
man bowed himself in the house of Hin-
duism." "There is but one God, and Ba-
loo Singh rose from the dead to be his
Prophet."
"Let him go—he is one of us! Wah
Goo-roo!" cried Baloo Singh.
"Wah Goo-roo!" shouted the disciples.
Hadji Hanna put a yellow and black tur-
ban on Patterson's head, and bound round
his waist the mystic knotted cord.
"This lad, too," said Patterson, pushing
forward Jack, "is also a believer; the mir-
acles wrought here today have convinced
us both. Baloo Singh, son of Heaven, we
are your slaves."
Again the shout of "Wah Goo-roo!"
was raised.
"Sons of the unbelievers, saved by
Heaven from the doom of thy race! your
lives are given back to you!" exclaimed
the corpse-like chief. "Hadji Hanna put
on this young convert the turban and the
cord; these converts will help us with the
accursed vessel."
"The gabbler's skates," muttered Pat-
terson, and then he shouted like a madman
the watchword, "Wah Goo-roo!" till he
was out of breath.
"Stay below here till we have proved
your fidelity," said the chief, rising, "you
shall wait on ourselves, and help to steer
the vessel. Khalee still cries for victims.
Come, Hadji Hanna—come, my discip-
les, and let us perfect the work."
As he uttered these words, the chief left
the cabin, followed by the other fanatics.
Hadji Hanna stayed for a moment behind.
"Beware!" he said, with a hand on the
throat of either Jack or Patterson, "you
die by my hand. You are now followers
of the great Son of Heaven, Baloo
Singh. I place two armed men on the cab-
in door; if you move from the door, they
shoot you both, and fling you to the sharks."
As he uttered these threats, Hadji Hanna's
bloodshot eyes glared on the two survivors.
The next moment, the door closed behind
him, the key turned, and there was a sound
of two muskets being cocked.
The musket of the door closed. Patterson
leaped up and hugged Jack in his arms.
"God guide us and protect us," he cried,
"and forgive me for telling the blackest
and biggest lie man ever uttered! The
accursed seed of Satan, the reviled God-
forsaken blasphemers, the cut-throat sons
of Belial; but I'll be even with them—
Quick, Davis, help me with this table,
that I may see out of the sky-light what
they're doing. Eh, man, just hear them!
They've found one of our poo fellows up
in the rigging, and they're worrying him
as terriers do a rat."
In a moment the ready lad was on the
table, and with his eye cautiously raised to
the level of the glass. He was silent for a
moment; but his hands were clenched,
and the perspiration dripped from his
brow. There was a sound of a heavy body
dragged over the deck, then a sound of
shattered glass.
"Oh, what is it, dear Sandy? Do tell
me. Oh, what dreadful things are they
doing?" said Jack.
Patterson replied in a low voice, and
with face glued to the glass: "It is the
poor steward, Jack. They've tied him to
the mast, and they're pelting him with
champagne bottles. He is streaming with
blood, and his hands are clasped. Hear
the cries! Now one of them steps up
with a drawn knife—O merciful Father
thou art here! I dare not look again."
As he uttered this exclamation, Pat-
terson leaped down from the table, and sat
himself on a chair, and hid his face with
his hands. "Jack," said he, "it's best look-
ing up, as I live by bread, it would be doing
a duty to set fire to the vessel, and burn
these wretches. It had been better for us
to have cursed their prophet, and died ho-
ly martyrs like Mr. Jobson."
"No, no, dear Sandy," said Jack, "and
dying him self near him." "Think of Davi-
d! God has not saved us without a good pur-
pose. There's many a lowering morn-
ing, you used to say, that brings on a fine day;
you're right, ye're right, beir!" said
Patterson. "Come and kneel down, and
pray the Lord Jehovah—who put to flight
the armies of Assyrians, who set the stars
to flight in their courses against Sisera,
who made the Red Sea like bird-lime for
those awful rascals, the Egyptians—to give
our hands strength, and our brains wisdom
to beguile these children of Belial."
The cruel massacre had been but too
complete. Two sailors only were left, and
they stood by the wheel, with six armed
men with drawn sabres to guard them.
The firemen below were left to manage
the furnaces, and the scuttle leading down
into the engine room was also watched by
a dozen men with loaded pistols. The
murdered men's bodies had been flung
overboard to the sharks, and the decks
washed. Three or four of the Malays,
who had been sailors, were up aloft taking
in a sail, for the ship's course had been al-
tered, and the little wind there was, was
now against them.
The chief and some twenty of the fanatics
were eating their simple meal of rice
and curry in the chief cabin. Patterson
and Jack were waiting on the guests with
feigned humility, closely watched by the
suspicious Hadji Hanna. Once, and once
only, Patterson contrived to get close to
Jack as he removed a dish, and said: "If
I could only get to the doctor's room. Jack,
I could get enough arsenic to kill all these
rats in half an hour; but they won't let me
out of their sight."
A howl, as from a wild beast, made the
boys start. It was Hadji Hanna.
"Red Head," he said, "thou hast the
care of the bakim's drugs, where are they?
The Son of Heaven desires opium,
find it within half an hour, or thou diest."

Patterson's heart leaped for joy. "Son
of the Faithful," he exclaimed, prostrating
himself, "I know where there is opium,
but it is unprepared. Let thy servant pre-
pare it. One of thy followers can go with
me, and stand over me, armed, till I'm
ready."
"Go; and Yassaktshi, go thou with
him; so that we may have the doctor's
proprietor, that gladdeneth the heart of the
Prophet and his followers."
When Patterson was gone, Jack's heart
leaped for joy, for he saw, desperate as
was their condition, some hope of deliv-
rance.
In the mean time, the wretches in their
language, unknown to the boy, discussed
the matters of the day.
"And thou, too, wert not idle," said
the chief to Hadji Hanna.
"I slew the captain with my own hand,
and I slew and stabbed four of the infidels
—one in the rigging, one in his hammock,
one in the hold, and one on the cabin stairs.
Heaven be praised, and glory to his Prophet!"
"And I throw an infidel overboard,"
said another.
"And I beat out the brains of the cook,"
said a third.
"And I chopped down the Christian
priest as he tried to shoot me; but we are
invulnerable. Glory be to Heaven and the
Prophet! But here the Red Head comes
with the opium. Wah Goo-roo! It's
blessed goods."
"It is good," said Hadji Hanna; "it
fit only for the faithful; it takes us to heav-
en before the time. Quick, Red Head,
and you, Yellow Hair, bring the smoking-
tubes of the dead infidels; we can turn
them into opium-pipes."
Patterson left and returned in a moment
with twenty or thirty pipes, and some hot
charcoal from the cook's galley. A large
cake of the moist black paste was prepared,
and the cautious chief and his followers,
arranging cushions on the floor, settled
themselves to their intoxicating sleep.
Patterson eyed them with the eye of a
raven watching a sick lamb. "Jack was
breathless, because he saw that Patterson
had some scheme in contemplation, and he
dreaded its failure."
The opium was powerful. One by one
ceased to talk, and fell back in dreamy re-
pose, and eyes fixed and dilated, upon
their cushions, the pipes still in their
mouths. One or two made faint efforts to
rise, then fell back, with hands half-raised
to their throats; but the most, including
the chief, Hadji Hanna, and Yassaktshi,
lapsed slowly into a deathlike torpor—
pale, but breathing heavily and loud.
Patterson and Jack stood by the side-
board surrounded by twenty entranced and
helpless men. "It gaugs well—it gaugs
well," said Patterson in a whisper, "as
I'm afraid of awaking the sleeping ruffians."
"Thanks to the Prophet's discourses," said
the doctor of morphine. "A little more,
and I could have sent the blood-thirsty
gang to their ain place, but I just thought
I'd keep 'em alive for an English gibbet.
But Jack, our work's not half done yet;
quick, gather up the pipes; we must take
them on deck, fresh loaded, to the accom-
dations of the wheel and on the engine-room
stairs. As sure as there's a heather in the
Highlands, another day, and I'd have
dosed their rice with arsenic, and they
ought to be thankful. Come, Jack, quick,
the pipes."
Jack and Patterson gathered up the pipes,
and in a minute afterward were on deck
with them, fresh filled and re-lit.
"Brothers of the faith," said Pat-
terson, "the Prophet has sent you two hours
of heaven in this opium-pipe. The re-
ligion of heaven is to be up before the sleep-
ing men. Take them and thank God for send-
ing his blessed Prophet."
The men took them with shouts of
"Wah Goo-roo!" and needed no induc-
ement to at once begin.
The Hindus at the engine-room stairs ac-
cepted them with no less alacrity. In a
few minutes, the irresistible drug worked
its effects, and the deck was strewn with
sleeping men.
Then Patterson seemed all of a sudden
to go stark staring mad—he hugged Jack;
he danced the Highland fling; he shouted
he screamed; he ran a little way up the
rigging, and down again; finally, he ran to
the astonished men at the wheel, and drag-
ging them on their knees, cried: "Down
with ye, Johnson; down with ye, Jarvis;
down with ye, Jack; and thank God—As-
syria, who made the earth open and swal-
low up Dathan and the whole company of
Abarim for delivering the good ship
Jamettee Jeejeehoy from the hands of
the Philistines. Here, let me take a spell
at the wheel, while I turn her head back
to Singapore, and ye, run and take a look
at the God forsaken sons of Belial all yoke
like devils, dragged down in the stor-
cabin, thanks to the essence of morphine
and the *Papaver discolor*."
"But you don't mean that you really
have done this!" cried Johnson.
"Sandy, you're mad," exclaimed Jarvis.
"Come and see for yourselves," returned
Jack, taking their hands, as if they were
children going walking. "Come and see
what brave Sandy has been and done; and
call up the firemen too—all that can leave
the fire—and give a hurra, for the ship's
own crew, and we've got a rope round the
blackguards' necks."
"Well, they have got pluck, eh, Bill?"
said Johnson to Jarvis.
"It's the nearest I ever see," said
Jarvis to Johnson, as he rolled Baloo Singh
under his foot.
"Well, I never," said one of the fire-
men.
"That chap'll be admiral some day, or
my name's not Jarvis," said that worthy.
"And when I'm," said Patterson, with
a grim smile, "Jack here shall be post-
captain. But quick, lads—I'm in com-
mand now—to business before pleasure—
Get some three-quarter-inch rope, and tie
these fellows hand and foot, and throw
them in the hold. Remove all their knives
and pistols, and search their pockets; then
batten down the hatches; and let Jack'll
mount guard over them; and let them: our
minds when they come to."
My eyes when they come to, old Hul-
laby'll think he is dead again," said
Jarvis.
"And that fat butcher of his, won't he
cut up rough?"
A murderous passion of revenge sud-
denly shone in Johnson's eyes; he swore a

dreadful oath, and slowly cooked a revolver
and bent over Hadji Hanna.
"He spared none of our magistrates,"
he said grinding his teeth; "and now I'll
settle his account."
Patterson leaped forward, seized the re-
volver, and threw it into a side-cabin.
"Come, no mutiny, Jarvis," he said;
"I tell you I'll not have a hair of their
heads touched. They shall answer for
these crimes in another way. We'll not
repay murder with murder. Remember
the holy book; 'Vengeance is mine; I will
repay it,' said the Lord. Touch these
men, and I will shoot you down as I would
a mad-dog, Jarvis."
"Well, I'll be hanged if Sandy is not a
mixture of the parson and the king of the
Sandwich Islands," grumbled Jarvis—
"But I suppose we must knock under, for
he got us out of the mess."
The sleeping men were collected, and
thrown, not very gently (especially by
Jarvis), into the hold like so many cotton
bales. It took two days to get back to
Singapore with that insufficient crew, and
the quantity of food given to the prisoners
during that time was hardly worth men-
tioning.
Small as the crew was, they were suffi-
cient, thanks to Patterson's energy, to
crowd up every piece of colored bunting
that was in the vessel an hour before they
entered Singapore.
It was soon known that the Jamettee
Jeejeehoy had had a mutiny on board;
but, thanks to the courage and prudence
of two boys—the cabin-boy and the doc-
tor's boy—the mutineers had been seized,
and the ship recovered.
An hour after the arrival of the Jam-
ettee Jeejeehoy, yet Patterson and Jarvis
stood blushing, and yet delighted, before
the harbor-master and several officers, who
had come to hear the confessions examined,
and the cautious chief and his followers,
arranging cushions on the floor, settled
themselves to their intoxicating sleep.
"Patterson eyed them with the eye of a
raven watching a sick lamb. 'Jack was
breathless, because he saw that Patterson
had some scheme in contemplation, and he
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laby'll think he is dead again," said
Jarvis.
"And that fat butcher of his, won't he
cut up rough?"
A murderous passion of revenge sud-
denly shone in Johnson's eyes; he swore a

carrying on a campaign, was gathering
ful of Maories in New Zealand. The
money and issue proceeds, but he
confined his operations to his own country.
He did not come to England to get to
his soldiers, or to stir up the rage of
those who in all countries and in all ages
have followed in the wake of armies.
Whenever a dastardly deed of oppression
has been consummated, it knows the money
has been snatched and usually obtained
in England; but if any of our people have
invested in the loans of the United States
it is because they have sought the invest-
ments—because the borrowers have
sought them. It so happens, however,
that another financier has just resigned,
who has conducted his operations with less
scrupulous delicacy, and who boldly sought
the capital of England to fill his empty ex-
chequer. We refer to Mr. Memminger,
the Financial Secretary of the South.
Why is it that his resignation is not made
the text for homilies and the occasion for
uttering doubtful prophecies of ruin? He
has been crossed with a vigor not surpassed
by Mr. Chase, and his system has already ut-
terly and lamentably failed. His green-
backs were long ago repudiated by a forced
conversion into bonds at depreciated value
—the bonds in their turn to be subjected
to the same unprincipled manipulation
whenever the exigencies of Mr. Jeff-
erson Davis shall render that course desir-
able.
High as is the premium for Gold in the
North, it is as nothing compared to the
fabulous value of the precious metal in the
South, the same amount of gold specula-
tion which exists in New York being im-
possible in Richmond, simply because bar-
gains cannot be made in a commodity which
has practically no existence. Mr. Mem-
minger has been recklessly and unscrupu-
lously, but with this important difference
as compared with Mr. Chase, that he never
had the shadow of a legal security to
give to his dupes. The people of the Con-
federacy, even under the very noses of the
soldiers, eagerly give a handful of Mem-
minger's worthless promises to pay for one
of Chase's greenbacks, esteeming the lat-
ter for the moment more precious than
gold. These questions, however, with
which we have less concern than with Mr.
Memminger's operations in the English
market. He contracted in this country a
loan upon a security not usually offered by
a Government, the guaranty of a certain
amount of cotton which was alleged to be
stored chiefly in the Western States. These
States are now overrun by the enemy,
and the cotton has been either burned or
has passed into the possession of the Fed-
erals. At the period of his resignation we
do not believe the Southern Secretary could
point upon one cotton bale of the quantity
required to constitute a guaranty for the
loan.
It is not necessary to charge the southern
operators with the intention of repudiating
the interest, and then, after a decent
interval, the principal, as writers in this
country have, without the smallest particle
of justification, charged against Mr. Chase;
who borrowed solely from his own people.
But it is clear the only chance the Southern
financiers have of redeeming their bonds,
both to the people of the South and to
foreign investors, is by success in the war—
a success of which they cannot themselves be
well assured while Sherman's army is in
the center of the cotton State of Georgia,
and Grant has evidently taken a grim hold
of Virginia. Looking to the transactions
of the financiers of both sections of the
Union, and the relative interest of England
in both, it seems to us that all who do not
desire to subordinate the interests of Eng-
land to those of the Southern Confederacy
would have been anxious to point out, on
such an occasion as the retirement of Mr.
Memminger, the hopeless chaos of Southern
finance, and the danger to those who have
invested, or may be tempted to invest, in
cotton bonds. This would be more patri-
otic as well as more truthful than to de-
mure, in language of ludicrous exagger-
ation, the condition of a nation which is
not only an excellent customer, but to which
we must look for a large proportion of the
food of our people, however good the har-
vest may be which is now rapidly ripening.

EFFECTS OF THE UNION SHELLS FIRED INTO CHARLESTON.

A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* (Lon-
don) graphically describes his experience of
a night in a Charleston hotel during a bom-
bardment by the Union forces. He says:
"On the 21st of August, at half past one
A. M., I was lying on my bed in the
Charleston Hotel, unable to sleep from the
excessive heat, and listening to the mon-
otonous sound of the cannonade kept up on
the enemy's position from the batteries on
James Island. Restless and weary of the
night, I had lighted a candle in defiance of
the mosquitoes, and sought to pass away
the time with a volume of *Les Miserables*.
It happened to be the one containing the
account of the battle of Waterloo, and
while deeply interested in the description
of the rushing squadrons of cuirassiers, I
was startled by a noise that, from connection
with my reading, resembled the whir of a
phantom. My first feeling was one of utter
astonishment; but a crash, succeeded by a
dastardly explosion in the very street on
which my apartment was situated, brought
me with a bound into the centre of the room.
Looking from the window I saw smoke and
fire issuing from a house in which were
stored the drugs of the medical purveyor.
A watchman was running frantically down
the street, and when he reached the corner
just below me, commenced striking with
his staff against the curb: a signal of alarm
practised against the Charleston police. At
first I thought a meteor had fallen, but an
other awful rush and whir right over the
hotel, and another explosion beyond, set-
tled my doubts. I might have had—the city
was being shelled. People are not given to
being much alarmed by such circumstances; but
I witnessed on leaving my room, not to have
given way to mirth in speculation, I
witnessed on leaving my room, not to have
been attracted to the city by the sale
of some blockade cargoes, and the cor-
s

dress he had to wear, and the mem-
ber of his room, from which he
opened at the first alarm, and
was hurried to the door, and
state of nudity, with the mem-
bers on his arm, he was the first
one in his way in his efforts to
enormous trunk to the street, and
the hall I found a number of
of whom with biggest of variety
ing the Federal command, and
another shell over the roof, and
their front went away, and the
tobacco-juice and cigar-ashes, and
among the spittoons. I never
this is a class of men from whom the
Confederacy hopes nothing; on the contrary,
by their extortion, practiced on a suffering
people, they have made themselves
corrupted. If a shell could have fallen
in their midst and exterminated the whole
race of hucksters it would have been
of great benefit to the South. The popula-
tion was now aroused; the streets filled
with women and children, making for the
upper part of the city, where they would
find comparative safety. The volunteer
fire-brigades brought out their engines,
and parties of the citizen reserves were
organized rapidly and quietly, to be ready
ness to give assistance where required.
The first engine that reached the house
struck by the first shell, was one belonging
to a negro company, and at it they went
with a will, subduing the fire in a mar-
velous short time. At every successive shell
above them, the negroes shouted, quasi-
investives against the "corrupted hucksters,"
scattering for shelter until the danger
was passed. Through the street I
went, and down to the Battery Promenade,
meeting on my way sick and bedridden
people carried from their homes on mat-
tresses, and mothers with their infants in
their arms running they knew not whither.
Reaching the Promenade, I cast my eyes
toward the Federal position, and presently
beyond James Island, across the marsh,
that separates it from Morris Island, came
a flash, then a dull report, and, after an
interval of some seconds, a frightful shell
sounded above me, told the truth, the shell
had taken; its light must have been five
miles.
A WHOLE REGIMENT OF THE 18th REGIMENT.
Learning that the Charleston *Gravels* re-
ports that during a terrific thunder storm
near Rossville, Ga., on the 14th of
the 18th regiment. The account says:
"It struck a tall oak about sixty feet
high and thirty inches thick on a high
point of ground, and descended, splitting it
from the heart, but throwing no
splinters. At the base of the tree, where
a large number of soldiers had bivouacked,
the fluid seemed to leave the trunk and
the root and dart out in every direction in
great number of lurid jets, similar to a
large mass of pig iron at a white heat under
the trip-hammer, except, instead of flying
off in sparks, they were in continuous
streams. All this was the work of only an
instant. Nearly the whole regiment were
stunned and blinded. Many lay shocked
to insensibility. A whole six-mile team
at the distance of twenty yards, were thrown
down. Just at this juncture the discharge
of the cloud seemed to strike in rapid suc-
cession in other parts of the brigade. I
have since learned, killing and wounding
men and animals. Several men were
burned, and the appearance of the skin is
like that of scalding water, having run
over them from head to the heels, singeing
hair and burning skin to the blister, and in
some instances deep into the flesh."
JOHN BILLINGS ON REVENUE.—Vexa-
tious questions under the eternal revenue
frequently transpire, which have been set-
tled by the Tax Commissioner. As follows:
Collectors will find their labors less heavy
in the following explanations, which I care-
fully prepare from the original rescripts.
A—"Spirits of just men made perfect
don't come within the duties tariff."
B—"Spirits of the damned," or con-
sumed the same as damnable spirits, are
must pay the highest whiskey rate.
C—"The tax on 'undressed poultry' is
double the morals of the country seem to
require it."
D—"Bolton sarsaparilla made in part of dog
and part of rat faunel, must pay the duty
on fannels also."
E—"Awtabaker (unless the manufacturer
discriminates what is new and what is old
chaw) is elevated 50 per cent."
F—"Ministers of the Gospel, who don't
do over a \$1000 worth of business a year
are exempted."
G—"Assessors at cesspits required to see
that awl men swing wheelbarrows are duly
licensed."
H—"Enny man refusing to own a wheel-
barrow will be fined \$50 for the first of-
fence and 200 for the second."
I—"The duty on Picknicks at Camp meet-
ings and 4th of July's has been postponed for
the present."
A NEW DISEASE.—The Buffalo Medical
Journal describes a new disease which
appeared at Cheektawaga, in Erie County,
New York, of which several persons have
died. It commences with a diarrhoea, and
is followed by emaciation until death super-
venes. The autopsy revealed the cause of
death to be the presence of the worm
Trichina spiralis in the striated muscles.
The same parasite was also shown in
sausage, of which one of the dead persons
had eaten; and without doubt, he derived
from pork. The worm was found in the
set free in the process of digestion, and
immediately pierced the wall of the intestine,
causing the diarrhoea, and passing through
the peritoneum into the muscular tissue, and
very tenacious of life, and will remain in
strong heat. The parasite was found in
the muscles of the dead persons in great
numbers. The medical men had no doubt
that the use of pork was the cause of the
disease. It is believed, originated in a similar
manner.

