

The Michigan Argus

Vol. XVII. ANN ARBOR, FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1862. No. 864

From the Evening Post. Three Hundred Thousand More! Tune—"The First Gun is Fired."

We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more, From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore.

We leave our plows and workshops, our wives With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear; We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more! And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside, And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory.

And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour— We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys, where the glowing harvest shines, You will see the sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;

And from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds, And from their plows and sows, against their country's needs;

And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door— We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's freedom tide, To lay us down for liberty's sake, our brothers' lives beside;

Or from the bloody grasp to wrench the murderous blade, And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true we are going before— We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

Speech of a Southern Unionist. War meetings are held every day in Boston Common.

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Beauty in Love. We believe that most novels preceding Jane Eyre made personal beauty a prerequisite to the gaining of a woman's heart.

And we believe that much of the trash since that time has followed in the same train. At any rate, the idea of personal beauty is inseparably allied, in the novel-fied brain, with the idea of a successful lover.

Whether in this cotton with regard to personal advantages produces much despair in the minds of those not blessed with them, we are not sure. Still, as it is liable to do so, we have wished to bring together here a few facts proving that Miss Bronte wrote not against nature when she made Jane Eyre love the homely, disfigured, and not graceful Rochester.

The celebrated Lady Hamilton was, probably, the most beautiful, fascinating, and accomplished English woman of her time.

But this woman gave her heart, finally it is true, but unreservedly and overwhelmingly, to Nelson. And what were Nelson's personal advantages? He was an inferior, homely, sickly-looking man, and the additional disadvantages of the loss of an eye and an arm were alienated Lady Hamilton's love.

Such were the personal gifts needed to captivate and retain the most dazzling woman of her times. No man of his age was more successful in captivating women's hearts than John Wilkes, and yet even his portrait is frightful, and his real face must have been hideous. Rogers speaks of his "diabolical squint."

Equally successful, in the same way, was Mirabeau. And he, too, was a man utterly devoid of any pretensions to personal beauty. In speaking of himself to a lady he describes his appearance as that of a tiger that had had the small pox!

George the First and Second of England, had a daughter who, for reasons of ambition, was betrothed to a continental prince. When this prince came to London to marry her, he was found to be so inexpressibly ugly, that the King told his daughter that he could not ask her to marry him, and even at that late date, he would find some pretext for breaking off the match.

The princess declined the proffered service, married the prince, and proved herself one of the most devotedly loving wives of her time.

In Grammont's Memoirs we learn that even in the article of Charles the Second the man whom the world has regarded as the most correct, fastidious, and universalist of France, Jennings most eagerly wished to marry was Jeremy of whom Grammont says: "As for his figure, there was nothing advantageous in it. He was little; his head was large and his legs small; his features were not disagreeable, but he was affected in his carriage and behavior."

He heard of Miss Jennings, went to court that he might see her, and our author's continues, "In the meantime Jeremy quietly enjoyed the happiness of seeing the inclinations of the prettiest and most extraordinary creature in England declare in his favor."

And this triumph was in the midst of a crowd of noble lords and majestic figures—Buckingham, Monmouth, Talbot, and their companions.

There is a most affecting and thrilling story told, in illustration of our theme, of Commodore Barclay, who fought the battle of Lake Erie against Perry. He was engaged to be married to a fine English girl, at Trilgar, and his bride was to have been the one he carried away with him. I'll marry him.

Does any man in his senses suppose that a woman of real worth would have preferred some showy French dandy of the court of Louis the Fourteenth to the magnificently gitled, although dwarfed and humped-backed, Luxembourg? We make great mistakes in these things. Love is one thing, mere optical admiration is very much another thing. The most beautiful valentine that ever was penned has this stanza:

What matters little outwardly, What thou mayst be or seem, If only thou canst inwardly Answer to this bright dream.

That is the true philosophy of a true woman. The woman who will marry you because of your beauty, will walk about as readily transfer her affections to your carriage if its varnish were brighter or its proportions more in accordance with the taste of her professor of millinery.

In winning admiration personal beauty is not the equal of grace of manners; and grace of manner is not the equal of conversational power. Indeed Shakespeare has said:

The man who has a tongue is no man. It is with that tongue he cannot win a woman. But personal beauty, grace of manner, and conversational power, however much they may get admiration, will not win love. It is peculiar gifts of character will do that and they only.

—Boston Transcript. Good Way to Encourage Enlistments. Elias Howe, the man who invented the sewing machine and old horses the possession of a princely fortune, at the late meeting at Bridgeport, Connecticut, gave \$1,000 to the volunteer war fund, and then signed his name to the volunteer roll and announced that he should not procure a substitute.

This is something like it. Let a few of our prominent wealthy men set an example of this kind, and enough will follow them in the ranks.

Brave Non-Commissioned Officers to be Promoted. Gen. McClellan has issued an order directing the Generals of brigades and divisions to forward to his headquarters the names of every non-commissioned officer who, in the late "seven days' battle," may have been distinguished for gallantry and good service on the field, with a view of immediate promotion of the deserving.

Over two thousand names of young and old heroes have been handed in, and will no doubt soon receive deserved promotion as a reward for their faithful services.—New Bedford Standard.

Col. Brodhead the "Ashby" of the Federals. A Little Washington (Va.) correspondent of the Washington Star under date of the 23d, gives the following account of the recent cavalry dash of Colonel Brodhead:

Col. Brodhead, of the First Michigan Cavalry, and his made one of the most dashing and daring reconnoissances of the war. He was ordered on Saturday from Culpepper Court-House in command of his regiment and the Fifth New York Cavalry, to the Rapidan ford, and to hold it until reinforced that evening by Gen. Hatch.

He made the march in a driving rain, and bronchocated on the farm of the rebel Col. Talafiero; but Gen. Hatch found the roads impassable for his train and returned, sending word to Col. Brodhead to push on to Orange Court-House and occupy that place, and that he would be there that evening. In the morning the river had swollen so that there was no ford; but Colonel Brodhead swam the stream with his command, a feat never performed before, and which the inhabitants said was impossible in such a rapid current and pushed on to Orange Court-House, finding it occupied by rebel cavalry, he ordered a charge through the town, which was made with a burrah, in a blinding rain under a scattering fire from the roads and railroad track, and the enemy fled.

Pickets were pushed out immediately to within three miles of Gordonsville, and on the road to Madison Court-House, to await General Hooker's arrival. The pickets were ordered to be in readiness to drive in the pickets, which were reinforced; but the pickets towards Madison Court-House was driven in, and he ordered a charge through the town, which was made with a burrah, in a blinding rain under a scattering fire from the roads and railroad track, and the enemy fled.

The Fourth in the Late Battles. [The following letter was received a few days since by L. B. Stewart, of this city, from his brother in the Fourth Michigan Infantry. It contains nothing especially new, but will be interesting to our readers as a connected account of the part the gallant Fourth took in the late desperate battles.—Ed. Argus.]

HARRISON'S LANDING, July 20th. The story of our recent battles has been so often repeated by newspaper correspondents, that I presume what I shall write will be of but little interest to you, unless it is to have it rhymed by one who has actually been a participant.

However, if you desire it I will do the best I can toward a description of these terrible scenes which lasted for six days, and I might add, nights. All was quiet up to Thursday noon, the 20th of June, and we were quietly resting in our camps, little suspecting so sudden an outbreak, as it was soon to burst upon us.

On that day the rebels moved to the Chickahominy in large forces with the intention of crossing at Mechanicsville, flanking us, and if possible capture our entire command on that side of the river.

But as we had been for several days preparing to evacuate the position, they failed in the fulfillment of the latter part of their programme, for we were ready for them. Had they delayed the attack two or three days, I think they would not have found a foe to confront them, and could have marched with safety and triumph over the ground that proved so fatal to many of them. To have you understand perfectly the part taken by each Division, you should know how they were situated.

On the extreme right, and extending to Mechanicsville or beyond, was McClellan's Division, composed of the Pennsylvania reserves. Next to this, on the left was Sykes' Division, composed of all the regulars in McClellan's army, the Duryea's Zouaves and the 1st Ct. heavy artillery regiment. Next came our Division (Morell's). McClellan and Sykes' entire Divisions, and our brigade (Griffin's) were occupying the hills that rise from the valley of the Chickahominy, while the remainder of Morell's Division had been moved back farther to the rear, in order to get a healthier situation.

Directly in front of us was New Bridge. On our left, and across the river, was Smith's division. Commencing with our camp, a high plateau, extended toward Pamunkey river, but somewhat broken by ravines, sometimes deep and miry. This is an imperfect description, but will aid you somewhat. I forgot to mention that when we heard the firing on Thursday, but little attention was paid to it, supposing it to be but a skirmish. But at three o'clock we were ordered under arms, and were soon on our way to the scene of action. As we advanced at a rapid pace toward Mechanicsville, the booming of cannon and the sharp crack of musketry became more and more distinct, and told us too plainly that our work might soon be expected.

About sunset we were marched in line across a large field, the shells from the enemy's guns passing over our heads and smashing through the timber bordering the river. Co. I was sent out in front, to feel the enemy and soon drew their fire from a concealed position. The regiment replied briskly for some time, when the infantry closed for the night, but the roar of cannon could be heard as late as two o'clock. The next morning before daylight we marched out, and started toward camp, four miles distant. After reaching camp we were ordered to pack up everything for we were soon to bid farewell to the place where we had stayed so long. After falling back about two miles, to a position from which we could easily cross the river on the Chickahominy bridge, in case of an emergency, we were halted and formed in line to await the coming of the enemy. Our

The Magic Isle. BY D. F. FAYOL. Of a wonderful stream is the river of Time, As it runs through the realms of tears, With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme, And a bow-draw sweep, and a surge sublime, As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow, And the summer like buds between, And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go, On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow, As it glides in the shadow and stress.

There's a Magical Isle up the river of time Where the softest of airs is playing, There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime, And a song as sweet as vesper chime, And the Junes with the roses are staying.

The name of this Isle is the Long Ago, And we bury our treasures there; There are hours of beauty and bosoms of snow— They are wreaths of dust, but we loved them so; There are trinkets and treasures of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings, And a part of an infant prayer, There's a lute unswung, and a harp without strings, There are broken vows and pieces of rings, And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy boat goes, By the mirage lights lifted in air, And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar, Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before, When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh remembered for aye be the blessed Isle, All the days of our life till night, When the evening comes with its beautiful smile, And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile, May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

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regiment was formed on the brink of a hill, facing a deep ravine about one hundred yards across. Pioneers were sent into the ravine and fell trees so as to impede the rebels advance, in case they should attempt to cross at this point—The 2nd Maine and 16th Michigan were at our left.

The rebels came up and firing commenced on the right before noon, but amounted to nothing more than skirmishing until about three o'clock, when the rebels made a simultaneous attack upon both wings, with heavy forces. Previous to this we had formed for ourselves a kind of breastwork from a fence in our rear, which saved many a one from being killed or wounded.

About three they made their first attack, firing all the time. Not a shot was fired until the rebels had nearly reached the opposite bank of the ravine, when the batteries opened with canister, and the infantry moved them down like wheat before the reaper. Terrible must have been the slaughter in their ranks and they stood it but a few minutes before they broke and fled to the woods on "double quick."

From this we had a rest of about an hour, when they were reinforced, made another effort to dislodge us, by throwing an overwhelming force on our left flank. This time they were more successful than before and we reluctantly fell back into the open field, and formed a new front. At this time the firing was intense. Not a sound could be heard but the roar of the "wide mouthed cannons," vomiting forth the elements of destruction, and the rattle of musketry, sending their death warrants in every direction. For a while our regiment alone faced the superior odds of the foe. Seeing that we were alone and unsupported, and fast being surrounded, our brave and gallant Col. led us off the field. This ended the hottest of the fighting.

The foe was too badly worsted to follow up the temporary advantage he had gained, and as reinforcements shortly after arrived they were compelled, in turn to give way.

Before the next morning's gray dawn, all the troops, baggage wagons, and artillery were on the south side of the river and by noon had started southward, our division passing White Oak swamp that night. Sunday we marched nearly all day and night, and Monday at noon came to the banks of James River, near Turkey Bend. Here we looked for rest, but low sadly were disappointed.—Long before night we were again on the battle field, though not engaged until the next day, for the forces in front were able to drive the rebels. Tuesday morning we were ordered to support a battery in front. The sun poured down his fiery rays with intense fury yet we had to lay on the newly turned ground, and almost roast. Although a sharp artillery firing was kept up nearly all day, we did nothing but maneuver, changing our front as circumstances seemed to require. Occasionally the gunboats would chime in, throwing their monster shells among the rebels, causing the woods to ring with their crashing noise as they pass, and some came but too close to us for safety.

At about 5 P. M., the rebels emerged in large force from the woods, directly in front of the Fourth, yelling as they came, but they could not scare us away for we had heard such scares before.—As they came one line after another, it gave our artillery the best kind of a chance to play upon them with caustic. If we can believe those who could see them plain, for I could not from our position, we must believe that a terrible slaughter took place.

Soon after the fight began, the 9th Mass. (Irish) were ordered to charge bayonet, but so far had they to run, and that too over rough ground, and being entirely unsupported, their charge did not have the desired effect, and they were obliged to fall back, badly cut to pieces. The enemy seemed to fight with renewed courage after this charge, and the battle again waxed hot and fierce. Every man of ours fought as if for life, not a man giving way until the last round of ammunition had been fired at the foe, and they were ordered to give way for a fresh regiment who were waiting to take our places.

The Fourth has won laurels, and those who know our deeds are not backward in bestowing praise. We have the names of six battles to inscribe upon our banner, which has never yet been lowered in battle, though riddled by many bullets and we have lost most of our best officers and many of our brave comrades. We feel sore afflicted, but try to bear our bereavement patriotically. We have heard of Lieut. Bierse, wounded at Gaines Mills. He is in Richmond wounded and doing well. Many who were supposed killed are there wounded. It would be useless for me to mention the killed and wounded as you have had their names already.

Our field officers are, Colonel, Childs; Lieut. Col., Captain Lombard, promoted, and for Major, Capt. Randolph.

We have been resting here quietly since the battle and perhaps shall for some time to come.

An act by which we raise one friend and one enemy, is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger passion than gratitude.

A country girl writing to her friends, says of the folks, that the dancing does not amount to much, but the hugging is heavenly.

Stamp Duties. On and after the first day of October, 1862, the stamp duties prescribed in the schedule hereafter annexed, must be paid under the Federal tax law.

Section ninety five of the law enacts "That if any person or persons shall make, sign or issue, or cause to be made, signed or issued, any instrument, document, or paper of any kind or description whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped for denoting the duty lawfully imposed, or without having thereupon an adhesive stamp to denote and duty, such person or persons shall incur a penalty of \$50, and such instrument, document or paper, as aforesaid, shall be deemed invalid and of no effect."

It will be seen that this section both impresses a fine and invalidates the document for the non-use of a stamp. As the instruments, documents, &c. referred to, embrace nearly every class of the written transaction of business, the people ought, before the first of October, to familiarize themselves with the schedule. We, therefore, publish it, advising our readers to preserve it for future reference.

SCHEDULE B. Agreement or contract, other than those specified in this schedule; any appraisal of value or damage, or for any other purpose; for every sheet or piece of paper upon which either of the same shall be written, 5 cents duty.

Bank check, draft, or order for the payment of any sum of money exceeding \$20 drawn upon any bank, trust company, or other person or persons, companies or corporation, at sight or on demand, 2 cents.

Bill of exchange (inland), draft, or order for the payment of any sum of money exceeding \$20 and not exceeding \$100, otherwise than on sight or on demand, or any promissory note, except bank notes issued for circulation, for a sum exceeding \$20 and not exceeding \$100, 5 cents; exceeding \$100 and not exceeding \$200, 10 cents; exceeding \$200 and not exceeding \$500, 15 cents; exceeding \$500 and not exceeding \$1,000, 20 cents; exceeding \$1,000 and not exceeding \$2,500, 30 cents; exceeding \$2,500

