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By M. Fields. ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 9, 1862. Vol. VII.—No. 89.

Poetry.

LOVED AND LOST.

What is the fate of him who loves?
Sad disappointment, sadder loss—
He goes through life a broken man,
Stooping beneath a heavy cross;
Still murmur though I may, and bend,
I will not break or wholly fall—
"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

I set my heart when I was young,
Upon a creature fair and frail;
Let me not say how fair she was,
Or tell again the mournful tale.
Within my sparkling cup of joy
There was a bitter cup of gall—
"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

I set my heart when I grew old,
Upon another fair and true;
But love gets weary of its care,
And sighs and seeks for something new
So that the fond familiar voice,
Now coldly answers to my call
"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

I had a darling child who clung
Around my soul by day and night;
He was my jewel without price;
My hope, my comfort, my delight,
And yet above that angel face
Death came and drop'd his funeral pall—
"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

O Love! there art no brilliant
Of this relentless frozen clime—
This hotel is heaven, or some blest spot
That never knows the blight of time,
Yet I will sing in tones of joy
As one who dares not fall—
"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

An Interesting Story.

CONFESSIONS OF A COQUETTE.

BY MIRA VANE.

Why is it that I love only dark eyes, hate beauty, and hate azure eyes, and love full lips, and sunny hair? Years ago I learned this; for a pair of blue eyes stole the light of my life away, and a mass of golden curls battled between me and happiness. It is an old grave shut up and scolded over; but I will go back and open it to-night; for I am lonely. My head is giddy with the sound of music and the glare of gas, and my heart is sick with gay words spoken by those whose souls are wild with sorrow, and gayer laughter through which like the fall of clods on a coffin, struggles up the ring of death. How many broken hearts are there here to-night, wrapped up and hidden beneath satin robes, and blazing jewels, and bewildering smiles! There is one, I know; I feel it beating. Shall I tell you its story? I will leave the giddy dance and the unlovely march, and shut myself up in this tiny room, at the door of which I lay off my jewels and smiles.

Struggling up from the depths of my fancy, comes a memory of a sunny place in a great mansion, nestled down among the hills, like a song bird in a forest, for every beauty of its surroundings. All day long I used to chase the butterflies down the dancing stream, or gather great clusters of the snow-white lilies to wreathe over the high, stiff, parlor mantel; or sit in the little clematis bower and dream of a sky that was bluer than that unrolled above me, and a love that was brighter than any that ever found way within those cold stone walls.

I had no father or mother. Far back as I could remember, there came no vision of a quick, gentle face, or moist, loving eyes, or warm caress of love; and when I asked my aunt how long it had been since they died, she would say, in an absent kind of way—"Oh, a long time ago."

And with a little smothered sigh, I would go back to dream, or chase the butterflies over the sweetest flowers.

"And the days went out, and the days came
In as ever they come and go.
Wearing a robe of summer green, or a mantle
of winter snow."

I must go to school, they said; and when I was a dozen years old, there was a great trunk filled with I didn't know what; and I was put into the coach, wondering why the tears swelled up into my aunt's eyes; for I didn't cry then. I learned that at school, where I learned many other things, some well enough in their way—some, it had been better for me had I never known.

There were strange looks and covert smiles at the old-fashioned dresses, that I didn't understand then. The old fashioned dresses were worn out after a while, but the friendships that were not offered when I wore them, were not accepted when I wore others of more modern style; and I saw the end of the days of my boarding school life without having sought or won a single friend. My uncle came for me, then; he came with a bowed form and crape on his hat, and took my hand in his very tremblingly, as the tears, one after another, trickled down his furrowed face.

"She is gone, Myra—gone; and we are alone—all alone."

"Who, uncle?"

"Your aunt. Up yonder, Myra."

And he pointed where white, ghostly clouds were sailing over the far-off sky.

"Dead, uncle?" Aunt dead?"

"No, not dead, Myra—not dead; only gone with the pale boatman over the bridgeless river; only gone to a land of fairer skies and purer love than this—to a land where the flowers never close and the summer is forever."

That was the land of my dreams. Was it true that I should not see the land of my longing with these earthly eyes?—Was it only in heaven that peace and sunshine ever lingered?

"We will go to Brighton, Myra; I can't stay in the old house when she isn't there. She was my first love, Myra—the one love of my life; and I feel now that in our devotion to her we were barely just to you. We have loved you, Myra; but somehow, I feel that your little joys and sorrows were not—as they should have been—a part of our care. I had not felt, until now, how hard it was to be alone."

I took his hand in both mine, and wept, I hardly knew why. I had never loved my aunt; I had never loved any one, for no one had ever asked me to; but the low words of sorrow were so much the echo of my own soul in its long quest for sympathy, that the tears would come. Poor uncle Warren! His heart was much wider and more tender than I had thought it; but I had never crept within it, for I never knew there was any room for me. But might I not now? Might I not almost fill the place that aunt Warren had filled? It might have been so, had he been left with us; but when the city spires were all that rose against the arching blue of the sky, again came the boatman pale, and rowed him away through the unseen waves.

I had yet an aunt—the last of my kindred—and to her care I was left. Gay guests were over in the rooms; for my aunt was wealthy, and my cousins beautiful; and I used to sit alone in the shadow of the curtains, wishing for just one to love me. As the untolding of a heavenly flower comes the memory of a June day when a handsome man took my hand and called me beautiful, loved and told me to love him.

What answer should I make him? I did not know; but I bade him go away then, and come again on the morrow. When the last echo of his footsteps had died away, I ran up to my little room, locked out everything but the sunshine, and sat down to think.

And he had stooped to call me beautiful—he, the noble, the gifted! And I stood by the mirror, and put back the curls of midnight hair, and gazed long and searchingly at the face that met me. There was a pair of dark, flashing eyes; a white face, that no winds could fan into a rose hue; lips a little too full to be haughty; and a mass of black hair, that might have been laid in ringlets into a diadem. Was it beautiful? *He* had said so! Did I love him? The piercing eyes that I saw soften, and I pressed my hands close over my heart, to shut in its throbbings; and then the tears came—tears of happiness!

Did I love him? To-night I ask the question. And the eyes I see are wild, and the lips I see are compressed, and again I clasp my hands close over my heart, and wish the tears would come. Oh! the bliss of the beautiful long ago, when the light of love came to my eyes, and the thrill of happiness to my heart. Oh! the darkness of that night, that came like an avenging soul on the full glory of life's morning.

It was by the sea-side that the shadow fell, where the waters were sobbing with a low wail of sorrow and wrath. We had been speaking of the past, and thinking of the future; but we were silent then, and I started up quickly, as I heard his voice, saying "How beautiful!"

A lady—a child it might have been—clad in a dark-blue riding-habit, was coming toward us, borne on a white horse. The sunshine played with her curls as with something kindred, and her eyes would have set one dreaming of the skies of Italy. A look that I shall never forget passed over his, as she reined in her horse and spoke his name.

"Ernest!"

"Edith!"

His hand trembled as it clasped hers, and she smiled on him—such a smile. It froze my heart in its beauty; for I knew, when his cheek paled and his eye fell, that he had felt its power before.

"And so you have not quite forgotten me, Ernest?"

"That were impossible!"

"And yet you have been silent so long. I thought my place all occupied by another!"

And so he had loved before; and the siren that enchanted him had not yet lost her power. I waited to hear no more. It was enough. He would not see me now. Hurriedly, I retraced my steps to my aunt's abode.

Three months after, word came to me that they were married—Ernest Temple and the beautiful Edith Wells. It was in a crowded room, but I didn't faint. Edith Wells might have done that; I was not so weak. But my heart turned to stone; and the timid, clinging child was a belle that night, and went forth a strong, self-possessed woman, followed in the way of the world. My aunt raised her hands in wonder, that the lesson she had been vainly striving to teach me for years had all come to me in a single evening. But discernment was not among her virtues; and I kept my own secret.

I have changed, they say; the crimson life-tide has learnt the way to my rosy cheeks, and I do not need now to be told that I am beautiful. Hearts have been laid at my feet—true hearts and false ones—and the world has learned to call me a coquette. *He* was here to-night—*he* whom I love—whom I hate!—his eyes wearing the wild look of sorrow [illegible] betraying in it the ring of death.

I stood by his side, and listened to the mock echo; and he saw my curling lip, and that I had read his soul, and knew all its bitterness. And when I had left the crowded rooms, and stood in the soft moonlight, among the shadowy trees, he came and knelt at my feet, like a coward who dared not suffer in silence, and told me how he had loved me all through the years that the butterfly, of the sun had been his bride—how he loved, and ever must. And I went away, with a low laugh, and left him moaning, "Have you, too, grown soulless?—you, the snow white lily, that came like a hidden fountain between me and the desert of earthly unbelief?"

Well the world says so; and I am lying on the mossy carpet like a broken reed by the brook of its love, wondering if all it says is true.

Resolutions Passed by the Confederate Congress.

Joint Resolution Approving the Resolution passed by the Legislature of Virginia, expressing her determination to Vindicate her Ancient Boundaries.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Confederate States of America, That they heartily approve of the resolution passed by the Legislature of Virginia, expressing her determination to vindicate the integrity of her ancient boundaries, and pledge all the resources of the Confederacy to uphold her determination.

Approved Feb. 27, 1862.

A Resolution declaring the sense of Congress in regard to uniting with the United States.

Whereas, The U. States are waging war against the Confederate States, with the avowed purpose of compelling the latter to reunite with them, under the same Constitution and Government; and whereas the waging of war with such object is in direct opposition to the sound republican maxim, that "all government rests upon the consent of the governed," and can only tend to the consolidation in the General Government, and the consequent destruction of the rights of the States; and whereas, this result being attained, the two sections can only exist together in the relation of the oppressor and the oppressed, because of the great preponderance of power in the Northern section, coupled with dissimilarity of interests; and whereas we, the representatives of the people of the Confederate States, in Congress assembled, may be presumed to know the sentiments of said people, having just been elected by them; therefore—

Be it resolved, By the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That this Congress do solemnly declare and publish to the world, that it is the unalterable determination of the people of the Confederate States, in humble reliance upon Almighty God, to suffer all the calamities of the most protracted war, but that they will never, on any terms, politically affiliate with a people who are guilty of an invasion of their soil and the butchery of their citizens.

Approved March 11, 1862.

Resolution pledging the Government to maintain the Territorial Integrity of the Confederacy.

Resolved, By the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That the honor of this Government imperatively demands that the existing war be prosecuted until the enemy shall have been expelled from every foot of soil within each and every of the Confederate States; and no proposition of peace shall be entertained which contemplates, however remotely, the relinquishment by this Government of any portion of any of the States of this Confederacy.

Approved March 11, 1862.

Resolution of Thanks to Capt. Buchanan and the Officers and Men under his command.

Resolved, By the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That the thanks of Congress are due and are hereby cordially tendered to Capt. Buchanan, and all under his command, for their unsurpassed gallantry, as displayed in the recent successful attack upon the naval force of the enemy in Hampton Roads.

Approved, March 12, 1862.

☞ "I don't believe it is any use to vaccinate for small pox," said a backwoods Kentuckian, "for I had a child vaccinated, and he fell out of a window and was killed, in less than a week after."

Congressional.

Mr. Saulsbury's Amendment.

In the Senate of the United States, on the 1st instant, Mr. WILSON, of Mass., called up his resolution, "directing the military committee to inquire whether any further legislation is necessary to prevent the return of fugitive slaves by the military forces."

Mr. SUMNER, of Mass., animadverted on the course of Generals Hooker, McCook, Hovey and Halleck, in a number of specified cases of interference in behalf of persons claiming to be slaves, within their camps. He read a letter from Assistant Adjutant General Halsey relative to Hooker's division, and commended the course of Gen. Doubleday, who, when applied to to exclude alleged slaves from his camp, issued an order permitting them to come in, and prohibiting them being sent out. He read a letter also detailing a barbarous case in Gen. McCook's command in the West, where a colored boy was beaten out of camp to his master by soldiers, who were paid $15 dollars a piece, and another letter depicting the trials of the negroes at Louisville, Ky., under the army patrols.

He read also Gen. Halleck's famous order No. 3, prohibiting fugitive slaves coming into his lines, declaring that it does not belong to the military to decide the relation of master and slave, and condemned it as unconstitutional, wanting in common sense and common humanity. How, he asked, could Gen. H. exclude these blacks, except by first deciding that they were slaves? His order was, therefore, absurd, and a black and disgraceable inconsistency. The contrary course of Gen. McDowell and Gen. Wool was pointed to, and he related the advantages which they had derived in gaining information from contrabands. The first knowledge Gen. McDowell had of the evacuation of Fredericksburg by the rebels was from a fugitive slave who had heard his master report it, after arriving home the evening before, and the first advices we had of the fall of New Orleans, Gen. Wool had obtained through another fugitive. The colored population, he said, were all loyal, and on the information they furnish great events, the decision of a battle, the movement of an army, may be decided. He had great respect for the abilities of General Halleck, but none for his wisdom in excluding those from his camp who might be of the utmost service to the national cause.

Mr. SAULSBURY, of Delaware, moved to amend the resolution by adding to it the following: "And what further legislation is necessary to prevent the illegal capture and imprisonment of the free white citizens of the United States."

He said that the Senator from Massachusetts has informed us of many abuses, which, in his judgment, arise from the action of the commanders of our armies in reference to fugitive slaves. He did not propose to enter into the discussion of that branch of the question, but (said Mr. S.) I prefer upon this occasion to represent the interests of the free *white* citizens of my country, and this resolution gives me the opportunity of bringing to the attention of the Senate some instances in my own State, where persons have been illegally taken and carried out of the State by military authority. Without attempting anything like a formal speech, I shall proceed simply with a narration of facts.

Some three or four weeks ago a highly respectable citizen of the town of Dover, a member of the bar, a gentleman of family, having a wife and children, was in the hours of the night taken from his family, shut up in the court-house of that town, as I am informed, and the next day hurried off by the military authorities into the State of Maryland, detained there for nearly a week, and finally discharged because the officer had to say, like Pilate, that he found no fault in him. That man was John B. Pennington. Unfortunately he was *white*.

At the same time, sir, another highly respectable citizen of my State, at present the clerk of the Senate of the State, was taken by the same military authority, for no cause whatever, carried from the capitol of the State into the State of Maryland, detained for a week, and then released because they could find no fault in him. He, too, had the misfortune of being *white*.

At the same time Mr. Whorter, a most highly respectable citizen of my State, residing near the capitol, was dragged away from his home and carried into the State of Maryland by the military authorities, there detained for a week or more, and then discharged—no fault found in him. He too, sir, was one of that unfortunate class of the people of this country who at the present day seem not to awaken much interest, and to whose interests not much attention is paid. He, too, was *white*. William A. Atkinson, ex-sheriff of the county, a man universally esteemed, a true friend, a noble man, and as loyal to the constitutional Union of the fathers as any man that lives, was at the same time dragged by the same arbitrary power from his family and home and hurried to a military camp in the State of Maryland. Unfortunately he too, was *white*, and at all men now-a-days seem to have but few rights which either *negroes* or *public servants* are bound to respect.

Several others at the same time were dragged from their homes. In the county where I live a student of law, one of the most respectable young gentlemen in the country, was dragged away from his home and carried off into Maryland, detained for nearly a week, and then when nothing could be found against him, he was discharged. He, too, was one of the [illegible] can be dragged from their homes into other States, and detained without cause, without warrant, without process of law, and in utter violation of every principle of right secured to the American citizen by the constitution and laws of his country.

Again, sir, some two or three weeks ago the city of Wilmington was visited, and several of the most respectable citizens in that city were dragged from their families and their homes, one of whose names I now recollect, Mr. William Graves, a most respectable citizen. They were marched between a file of soldiers down the public streets of Wilmington to the depot, carried off to Drummondtown, in Virginia, and detained there for one or two weeks. No process was issued against him; he had committed no offense against the laws of his country; no citizen of the State of Delaware, that I know of, ever breathed aught against his loyalty. No voice which is potential in behalf of freedom on this floor, or in the other hall, can be raised for him, because, unfortunately for him as far as his personal rights are concerned, he belongs to that unfortunate class of people who are *white*.

Now, sir, if the military authorities act oppressively against the negro race, if they abuse their authority to the injury of the humblest being on the face of God Almighty's earth, I am not here to advocate oppression. In times like these I know that the citizen necessarily must suffer some little wrong, because it is impossible in all cases to discriminate nicely in reference to what should or should not be done under particular circumstances; but while saying nothing in reference to the action of the military authorities in regard to the negro race, what, I ask is that if their wrongs are to be redressed, if their grievances are to be brought into the Senate chamber, let the same measure of justice at least be meted out to the loyal white citizens of the country. I ask nothing for those who have raised their hand in rebellion against the constitutional authorities of the country. Let them suffer the full extremity of the law, if you think it advisable, and have the power to inflict it. If any man violates the laws or the constitution of this country he ought to be punished, and I am not here to advocate that such a man as that should be allowed to go free. But while we are entertained every morning with a narration of the grievances and wrongs of the black men of this country, the free negroes and the slaves, thinking equally as much—and although it may be an infirmity and a weakness at the present time to say it—thinking a little more of the free white citizens of my country, I will in my place demand that justice shall be done them, and that free white men who have done naught to injure their country, to destroy its institutions or its union, shall be protected, and that inquiry shall be made to see if further legislation is necessary to secure them in *their* rights.

A CONFEDERATE SHARPSHOOTER.—A correspondent with the army before Yorktown, speaking of the Confederate sharpshooters, says:

One person of the Second Mississippi has become prominent. He is a fine-looking, bearded man, not in uniform, and he walks very leisurely from point to point, within the Confederate entrenchments, or along the woods skirting them, accompanied by a negro, who dutifully carries his rifle, a weapon of at least forty pounds weight. He is never in a hurry, and is a capital shot. At least one of our men has fallen by his hand. The Berdans suppose him to be a civilian, a secesh version of the newspaper story of "Garibaldi's Englishman," and have banded together to make sure of him. Still, up to the present date, he is alive and shooting.

☞ "When the wicked rule, the people mourn." An exchange seems to think that's what's the matter now.—*Sam. Medary.*

When justice rules, the wicked mourn. We seem to think that's what's the matter with you.—*Prentice.*

When the devil rules, he is sure of his victim, hence it is folly for Prentice to attempt to evade him.—*Hillsborough Gazette.*

Prentice will not try "to evade him!" He was to the "manor born!"

☞ Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.

The Enemy in Arkansas—Big Rattlesnakes—Big Musquitoes.

The following from the correspondence of the Chicago Post shows that the Federal troops have other enemies than men in Arkansas. The writer is with the naval flotilla:

THE ENEMY IN ARKANSAS.—THURSDAY, April 18.—A night among the musquitoes of Arkansas. Surely, if there is any torture more exquisite than another—a torture fit for rebel malefactors—it is existence on the Arkansas shore of the Mississippi river. I arrived there yesterday, two or three hours before nightfall. The banks were under water, but at the distance of a few rods a "levee" runs along the shore, forming a dry path through the woods and waters, excepting where divers "crevasses" yawn and permit the muddy flood to flow upon the region beyond. Between the landing and the levee one must pick his way over the "drift" which previous floods have landed along the trees. Taking all risks, I essayed to reach the levee, stepping a few feet from the boat, over the disgusting body of a huge rattlesnake that the water had driven out of his den. Two or three bullets put an end to his emblem of rebellion in Arkansas. His length was somewhat over four feet, his breadth of beam and depth of hold sufficient, with a little distention, to take in the body of a rabbit.

But such monsters are among the trifling annoyances of this happy region when compared with the musquitoes.—Large, vindictive and ravenous, they swarm the woods more numerous than the plague of locusts and more ravenous in appetite. Our Northern musquitoes are fellows of a pigmy race compared with these sanguinary and venomous blood suckers.

Our soldiers dread them worse than they do the Confederates. The declarations of a hard fisted cannonier that he would rather stand before a battery of six pounders than endure the torment of these winged vampires was not altogether allegorical; I really believe that without some protection from their assaults they would in the end prove fatal.

There was no refuge from the attacks of this fierce enemy; no barriers could shut them out; no batteries force them to retreat. Their attack was continued during the night, and in the morning our boat presented the appearance of a Plug Ugly hospital after a Baltimore election riot. I left Arkansas by the earliest conveyance, and do not expect to return.

The correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says:

ARKANSAS NATIVES.

The first inhabitant of Arkansas that made any serious demands upon my attention was akin to the reptile which first gave our universal mother an idea of the quality of apples—an immense rattlesnake coiled up and acting on the defensive, ready, like his human co-natives, to die in the last ditch. Like General Lane, I went around him. Subsequently I met several of the same tribe, but avoided them all in a similar manner. A more persistent and savage foe, however, awaited me, and, like Ninthi's son, they drove furiously at me. They came fairly in clouds, and charged with the desperation of a fashionable tailor. Their bills were equally as long. The Arkansas musquito is an institution by itself, differing even from its neighbor opposite, the Tennessee musquito. I have experienced the assaults of each of them, and consider myself a competent judge. The Arkansas musquito is about the size of a bumble bee; the Tennessee one, of a house fly.

Tennessee hovers about you coquettishly, dallying you to sleep with a placid whirl of its gauzy wings before it stings you; Arkansas, without warning, drives at you ferociously as a Thug. Tennessee is a siren, Arkansas a very pirate. Tennessee works insidiously at the musquito bar, but always successfully; Arkansas rushes headlong through the meshes. He is a fit representative of the Arkansas homo who picks his teeth with the bowie knife, slaughters his man before breakfast, lashes "niggers" all the forenoon, steals horses all the afternoon, and plays poker for whisky all night. My stay upon the "sacred soil of Arkansas" was rendered excessively brief by the ravages of these insects, which soon had reduced my face to an excellent representation of a severe type of measles. It was some consolation, upon my return, to find two-thirds of the fleet with swollen faces and half-closed eyes.

☞ Where I see a house well furnished with books and papers there, I see intelligent and well informed children; but if there are no books and papers, the children are ignorant, if not profligate.—*Daniel Webster.*

☞ Why was Adam's wife called *Eve?* Because when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

☞ "I know well enough," said a youngster, "where fresh fish come from, but where these salt ones are catched, I'll be hanged if I can tell."