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# The South.

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Of which we have a splendid assortment of fine and medium qualities and beautiful styles, of the most recent importations.

**Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets and Vestings,**

of every shade and quality, both Foreign and Domestic, black and fancy. Have just received a large lot of

FULLED LINSAYS AND BLANKETS,

*Fine and Medium qualities of Blankets,*

Suitable for Military and House keepers.

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WE HAVE A SELECT ASSORTMENT OF

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HAS ON HAND,

Or will make to order, every description of

*CABINET WARE,*

of New Designs, and of workmanship equal to any in the city. Terms moderate. d16-6m

## FURTHER FROM THE SOUTH.

From the Richmond *Dispatch* of Saturday last, we make the following interesting extracts:

**From General Wise's Command—The Losses at Roanoke Island.**

Lieutenant Colonel Claiborne, of the Independent North Carolina Regiment, commanded by Colonel Green, which was captured on Roanoke Island, arrived here last night. He left General Wise's camp in Currituck, North Carlina, at 9 o'clock Thursday night. We learn from him the following facts:

On Thursday at 3 o'clock six of the gunboats (side-wheel steamers) of the enemy appeared off the mouth of the Albemarle and Currituck Canal, and fired a few cannon shots at the camp of Gen. Wise, then at the bridge a mile or so distant. The General deemed it preper to withdraw toward Currituck Court-House, as he had no means of defence against the guns of the boats. This he did. Subsequently he ordered a further withdrawal to Great Bridge, in Norfolk county. A few of the enemy landed at the Canal—say two or three hundred—but they did not leave the protection of the boats while observed. Gen. Wise had only some 1200 men. Henningsen's batteries were not with him.

On Tuesday, a flag of truce steamer went over to Roanoke Island, and returned to Norfolk on Thursday evening, bringing the bodies of Captains Wise and Coles, and Lieut. Selden, accompanied by Dr. Cole, Surgeon of the Wise Legion, released on parole. Capt. W. died the morning after the fight.

The bodies of Captain Wise and Captain Coles reached this city last evening, and were received at the depot with the respect due the memory of heroes who fell in a glorious cause.

We have received from Lieut. R. S. Sanxay, of the Blues, who accompanied the remains of the officers to this city, a list of the killed and wounded in the Richmond and two or three other companies, received by the flag of truce. Our entire loss in killed was *eight*, and in wounded *thirty*.—This is the statement of Dr. Cole, and it may be relied upon as correct.

RICHMOND BLUES.

Killed—Capt. O. Jennings Wise, private Wm. H. Bennett.

Wounded—Lieutenant Frederick Carter, (shoulder,) Sergeant George W. Jarvis, (side,) privates William Ruskell, Frank Johnston, H. Adler, and Francis Gamble—each wounded in leg, not dangerously.

CAPTAIN COLES' COMPANY.

Killed—Captain Robert Coles.

Wounded—Private Thomas, (neck,) private Bishop, (shoulder,) and three others, names not ascertained.

M'CULLOCH RANGERS.

Killed—Private Dotson.

Wounded—Private Daly, (body,) Collun.

CAPTAIN MORRIS' COMPANY.

Wounded—Private Robinson, (knee.)

CAPTAIN SWANN'S COMPANY.

Wounded—Lieutenant Potier, (leg,) and two privates, slightly.

CAPTAIN DICKINSON'S COMPANY.

Wounded—Lieutenant Edgar Miller, (shoulder.)

FEDERAL LOSS.

The Federal loss, we learn through the same medium, is 35 commissioned officers, (including two Colonels,) and 175 privates killed, and 400 wounded.

**The Enemy in North Carolina—His Movements and Designs.**

The Wilmington *Journal*, of Wednesday, contains the following interesting facts in relation to the enemy in North Carolina, and of the Roanke fight:

The Federal gun-boats have passed up to Winton, the county seat of Hertford county, on the Chowan river. The Chowan is formed by the confluence of the Meherrin and Nottaway rivers. The main branch of Nottaway is the Black Water, which is crossed by the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad about half way between Weldon and Portsmouth, though rather nearer to the latter place. The Black Water is navigable up to the railroad, as a steamer has been running regularly in connection with the railroad trains, although necessarily a small one, owing to the narrowness and crookedness of the stream. The movements of the Lincolnite gunboats would seem to indicate a desire to force their way up as far as the Portsmouth road, so as either to obtain possession of it, or at least cut off communication by that line.

Although capable of doing much harm to the people resident on the shores of the sounds and the rivers emptying into them, it is evident that there would be no strategic end to be served that would repay the vast outlay of men and money that the Burnside Expedition has occasioned, unless either Norfolk is attacked or possession obtained of some leading line of railroad, and therefore it is, we take it, that the attention of our authorities will be, or at least ought to be, directed to the protection of the lines of communication, especially of water communication, leading from the navigable waters of Albemarle and Pamlico sounds, in the direction of any of our public works. The Black Water, although deep, is so narrow and crooked that it might be stopped by trees felled across it.

THE ROANOKE AFFAIR.

We had the pleasure of seeing this morning a gentleman who arrived here last night from Suffolk, Virginia. There and at the Black Water he saw persons who had been at Roanoke, among others Captain Stigall, commissary or quartermaster of Col. Jordan's regiment.

Captain S. left Roanoke about one o'clock on Saturday in a sail boat.

When Capt. Stigall came away he did so in pursuance of the orders of Col. Shaw, who told him to save all the public property he could; and he carried away all the papers, orders, and other portable matters.

At Suffolk our informant, Dr. H. H. Robinson, of Bladen county, heard any number of rumors, half a dozen in half an hour. One of these reflected on Col Shaw; about this he made inquiry of Capt. Stigall, who said there was no foundation for it, so far as he could learn. The Doctor also tried to find out the fate of any or all the officers from this place with whom he was acquainted, or whose names he knew; but could not get any information.

It is not believed that the enemy can or will attempt to force his way to a railroad by way of the Roanoke. The idea is, that he will try to push up the Chowan and Nottaway to the junction of the latter with the Blackwater, and then try to march to Carsville, about 16 miles from Suffolk.

**Re-Enlistments.**

We learn that a considerable proportion of the First Regiment Virginia Volunteers, from Richmond, have already re-enlisted for the war, or signified an intention of doing so. We should expect no less from the gallant First.

As an indication of the spirit which animates the volunteers of the South, we append an extract from a private letter written by a member of the Fourth Georgia, to a friend in this city:

"I suppose most of our regiment will re-enlist before the first of May. The fact is, it will not do for us to go home at this time. The object for which we came here is no nearer attained than it was a year ago. If we came here to gain public applause and nothing else, why, it will do for us to go home. But if we came here to fight and defend our country, we ought to stay. We, every one of us, have as much to fight for as the Government has. We have our *all* to fight for; and if we desert our cause at this time, we will deserve public condemnation."

Another private letter from a soldier on the Peninsula, to a relative, says:

"I intend to re-enlist. * * We will need every man we can muster, more particularly those *now in the field*. If, under such circumstances, any prefer to remain in comfort (!) at home, let them do so. I, at least, do not envy them. It would be no comfort to me; every battle lost, every Southerner slain, would bring the flush of shame to my brow, and the sting of guilt to my conscience. Has not God blessed me with health and strength beyond my expectation? and shall I return to indulge in slothful ease, while others, weaker, but with more patriotism, take my place, perhaps, to die from exposure? Is it for such an use I have received the blessing from God? I believe not. I desire to thank God and do my duty."

**Moorfields Taken by the Federals.**

A gentleman arrived from Winchester yesterday, who states that the Federals have taken possession of Moorfields, the county seat of Hardy county. About twenty-five hundred of them (a part of Gen. Lander's force) marching from Romney, entered the town perhaps Monday or Tuesday. There was some slight resistance by a small militia force of 760 men, under Cols. Monroe and Harness, but they soon retired and the enemy took possession.

The changes in the occupation of that part of Virginia have been very sudden within a few weeks, and with no loss of consequence to the enemy. He withdrew from Romney upon the approach of Jackson; but as soon as the force under Gen. Loring was ordered away, he returned and mended his hold by extending his line of occupation to Moorfields. Hardy county is one of the richest in the Northern portion of the State. The corn crop of that county is immense. Thousands of cattle are in winter driven there to be fattened for market. The enemy gets all its large supplies; while in Hampshire, the adjoining county, also very fertile, and where his line of march is traced by the ruins of burned houses and the general desolation he has produced, there is great scarcity, and some of the people are in a state bordering on starvation. This is, indeed, a gloomy condition of a beautiful country in the hands of a ruthless invading army.

**From Western Virginia.**

A report has reached us, from a source entitled to confidence, that a few days ago a body of the enemy attacked our cavalry near Pack's Ferry, in the county of Fayette, took two or three prisoners, and killed a few horses. The Federals engaged in this little affair, however, did not have long to congratulate themselves upon the triumph; for they subsequently encountered the 45th Virginia regiment, (formerly Colonel Heth's,) and a fight ensued, in which the Yankees were utterly routed.

Since the above was in type, we have learned that the first brush with the Yankees took place at Jumping Branch, in Mercer county, the latter part of last week. Our cavalry, consisting of not more than two companies, (some say *one*,) was surprised and attacked by the enemy, who killed one man, and took six prisoners, and captured some of the horses. The 45th regiment, encamped at Pack's Ferry, started to reinforce the cavalry, but fell in with six hundred of the enemy, whom they engaged and repulsed; with what loss is not stated. The account of the affair was brought to this city by a resident of Monre county, Va.

**From Fort Donelson—Serious Damage to the Yankees.**

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 14.—A private dispatch from Nashville says a dispatch had been received there from Cave city, from Gen. Johnston, which states that we had 18 killed and 15 wounded at the battle at Fort Donelson. The enemy's loss in killed was from four to five hundred. Gen. Pillow has whipped the Yankees, and their gunboats are materially damaged.

**The News from Tennessee.**

Official and private despatches, received yesterday, confirm the news of the fight at Fort Donelson, and the repulse of the enemy at every point during the two days' engagement. It was supposed that the conflict would be renewed yesterday and the public await the result with intense anxiety.

**Arrival of 15,000 Stand of Arms at New Orleans.**

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 14.—The steamer Victoria has run the blockade at this port. The blockading vessels fired 200 shells at her, but she arrived safe. Her cargo consists of 15,000 stand of arms, a large quantity of ammunition, coffee, &c.

**Personal.**

Among the arrivals at the Exchange Hotel yesterday, were Ex-Governor Henry S. Foote; Hon. Messrs. Hanley, Butsen and Royster, Arkansas; R. J. Breckenridge, Wm. Ballard Preston, Hon. E. S. Sparrow, Louisiana; Hon. Messrs. Henry, Haynes and Wilcox, Tennessee; M. W. Clusky, 2d Tennessee Regiment; Captain G. R. Gaither, Maryland.

*From the New York Sunday Mercury.*

## FROM THE CAPITAL.

Our all-permeating correspondent describes, amongst other unparalleled things this week, an editorial phenomena against which we must strenuously protest. It is a libel on the cloth, and if repeated, will render the genius worthy of Fort Lafayete. Note his impudence:

*Editor T. T.:*—There is still much lingual gymnastics, my boy, concerning the recent *fete champetre* at the White House, but Colonel Wolcert Wobinson, of the Western Cavalry, has extinguished the grumblers by proving that the entertainment was strictly Constitutional. He profoundly observes, my boy, that it comes under the head of that clause of the Constitution which secures to the people of America the "pursuit of happiness;" and, as he justly remarks, if you stop the "pursuit of happiness," where's the Instrument of our Liberties?

It pleases me greatly to announce, my boy, that the General of the Mackerel Brigade believes in McClellan, and gorgeously defends him against the attacks of that portion of a depraved press which has friends dying of old age in the Army of the Potomac.

"Thunder!" says he to Captain Bob Shorty, stirring the Oath in his tumbler with a toothbrush—"the way Little Mac is devoting himself to the military squelching of this here unnatural rebellion, is actually outraging his physical nature. He reviews his staff twice a day, goes over the river every five minutes, studies international law six hours before dinner, takes soundings of the mud every time the dew falls, and takes so little sleep, that there's two inches of dust on one of his eye-balls. Would you believe it," says the General, placing the tumbler over his nose to keep off a fly, "his devotion is such that his hair is turning gray and will probably dye!"

Captain Bob Shorty whistled. I do not mean to say that he intended to be musically satirical, my boy; but if I should hear such a canary-bird remark after *I d* told a story, somebody would go home with his eyes done up in rainbows.

"Permit *me*," says Captain Bob Shorty, hurling what remained of the Oath into the aperture under his moustache. "You convince me that Little Mac's devotion is extraordinary," continued Captain Bob Shortly, dreamily; "but he don't come up to a chap I once knew which was a editor. Talk about devotion! and outraging nature!" says Captain Bob Shorty, spitting with exquisite accuracy into the eyes of the regimental cat, "why that ere editor threw body, soul, and breeches into his work; and so completely identified himself with a free and enlightened press, that his first child was a *newsboy*."

The General of the Mackerel Brigade arose from his seat, my boy, wound up his watch, brushed off his boots, threw the cat out of the window, and then says he:

"Robert, name of Shorty, did you ever read in the Bible about Ananias, who was struck dead for telling a telegraph?"

"I heard about him," says Captain Bob Shorty, "when I was but a innocent lamb, and wore my mother's slipper on my back about as often as she wore it on her foot."

"Well," says the General, with the air of a thoughtful parent, "it's my opinion, that if you'd been Ananias, the same streak of lightning would have buried you and paid the sexton."

From this logical and vivid conversation, my boy, you will understand that our leading military men have perfect faith in the genius of McClellan, and believe that he is equal to fifty yards of the Star-Spangled Banner. His great anaconda has gathered itself in a circle around the doomed rabbit of rebellion, and if the rabbit swells he's a goner.

This great anaconda, my boy, may remind hellish readers of the anaconda once seen by a chap of my acquaintance living in the Sixth Ward.—This chap, my boy, came tearing into a place where they kept the Oath on tap, and says he:

"I've just seen an anaconda down Broadway."

"Anne who?" says a red-nosed Alderman, dipping his nose into the water on the pump to see if it was warm enough to melt some brandy-refined sugar.

"I said Anaconda, you ignorant cuss," says the chap.

"Was it the real insect?" says the Alderman.

"It was a real, original, genuine Anaconda," says the chap.

"Ah!" says the Alderman, "somebody's been stuffin' you."

"No sir!" says the chap; but somebody's been stuffin' the Anaconda, though."

He'd been to the Museum.

If there should be among your unfortunate readers, my boy, any persons of such depraved minds as to perceive a likeness between this Anaconda and that Anaconda, may they be sent to Fort Lafayette, and compelled to read Tupper's poems until the rabbit of rebellion is reduced to his last quarter!

Early this morning a couple of snuff-colored pickets brought a female Southern Confederacy into camp, stating that she had called them nasty things and spit all over their guns. She said that she wanted to see the loathsome creature that commanded them, and her eyes flashed so when they took her by the arms, that her veil took fire twice and her eyebrows smoked repeatedly.

The General of the Mackerel Brigade received her courteously, only poking her in the ribs to see if she had any Armstrong guns concealed about her. Says he:

"Have I the honor of addressing the wife of the Southern Confederacy?"

The female confederacy drew herself up as proudly as a First Family of Virginia when the butcher's bill comes to be paid, and replied, in soprano of great compass:

"I am that injured woman, you ugly swine!"

The General bowed until his lips touched a pewter mug on the table, and then says he:

"My dear madam, your words touch a tender chord in my heart, and it will give me pleasure to serve you. Your words, madam, continued the General, with visible emotion, "are precisely those which my beloved wife not unfrequently addresses to me. Ah! my wife! my wifey!" says the General, hysterically, "how often have you patted me on the head, and told me that my face looked like a chunk of beeswax with three cracks in it."

The wife of the Southern Confederacy sneered audibly and called for a fan. There being no fan nearer than the office of Secretary Welles, she used a small whisk broom. Says she.

"Miserable hireling of a diabolical Lincoln, your wife is nothing to me. She is a creature!—I do not come here to hear her wrongs, but to express the undying wish that you and all your horde may be welcomed with muddy hands to hospitable graves. All I want is, to be let alone."

"My dear Mrs. S. C.," says the General, with a touch of brass and irony, "it is a matter of the utmost indifference to me, whether you are 'to be let alone,' or with the next house and lot."

"I insist upon being let alone," screamed the female Confederacy, spitting angrily.

"I am not touching you," says the general.

"All I want is, to be let alone," shrieked the exasperated lady; "and I *will* be let alone!"

The General of the Mackerel Brigade hastily wiped his mouth with a bottle, and then says he:

"Madam, if sandwiches are not plenty where you come from, it ain't for the want of tongue."

On hearing this gastronomic remark, my boy, the injured wife of the Southern Confederacy swept from the room like an insulted Minerva, and departed for secessia. It was observed that she frowned like a thunder-cloud at every Federal she passed, excepting one picket. Him she smiled on. She had detected him in the act of admiring her ankles, as she picked her way through the mud.

Woman, my boy, has really many sweet qualities; and if her head is sometimes in the wrong, she has always a reserve of genuine goodness of heart in the neighborhood of her gaiters.

Yours, for the sex,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

## A DESCIRPTION OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF WESTERN VIRGINIA

*From the Richmond Examiner of Feb. 14th.*

Pierpoint's little State of Carlile, that flourishes a brief hour in the Northwestern corner of Virginia, has put a Peter Funk at the head of its Treasury of unsavory fame in this part of the world, named Crane. This unclean bird is at once Auditor, Second Auditor and Treasurer of the counterfeit "State of Virginia;" and has made a report of the "working" of the several departments under his charge. We publish on the first page of this journal to-day the "Annual Message" of Pierpoint himself. That precious document is sufficient in its own light, and requires no comment from us. We are sorrow that the length of the "accompanying report," just referred to, prevents it from finding a place also in these columns: and shall endeavor to supply the void by a summary of its contents. From this report the pretentious Commonwealth is confessedly one of the coolest and most arrant swindles of the age.

It commenced its existence by borrowing of a shaver and note broker in Wheeling, calling himself E. M. Norton, the not very considerable sum of five hundred dollars. With this capital in hand, it sets out on a bold game of grab. Governor Pierpoint wrote a check for thirty-one hundred dollars on a Wheeling bank, which that institution paid, and charged against a fund for the Deaf and Dumb, deposited by Virginia in the bank for the benefit of that unfortunate class of people in the Northwest. The next exploit of Pierpoint and Crane was a raid upon another sum of money set apart by Virginia for benevolent uses in their own community. They made an excursion down to Weston and seized twenty-seven thousand dollars, deposited with the branch of the Exchange Bank there for the erection of the Lunatic Asylum which Virginia was building in that place.

Here was a pretty clever beginning; but these enterprising robbers of Deaf and Dumb people and Lunatics did not stop with these two feats. They now set to work with their wits. Remembering the fact that Virginia had some quarter of a century ago, refused to receive her distributive portion of a pretended land fund, which the Federal Government proposed to bestow upon the States as the fruit of a very transparent species of public robbery; and supposing Seward and Lincoln to be knaves enough to rob either Virginia or the Federal Treasury of this corruption fund; they applied to the two Washington worthies for this unpaid and rejected quota of an obsolete largess, displaying their own great needs. The application was rewarded by a warrant upon the Federal Treasury for the sum of $44,857. Thus having borrowed of Norton, swindled the Deaf and Dumb, robbed the Lunatics, and, under false pretences, made off with a [illegible] money, they set up business with a booty of $75,000.

The most malignant and rabid enemy of the South in this war is Pennsylvania. Curtin, its Governor, has been the most zealous and subservient tool of Seward and Lincoln, of all the Northern State Executives. Pennsylvania has furnished the largest number of troops to the Federal army, in proportion to population, of all the Northern States; and withall, has furnished the meanest, most brutal, and most cowardly troops. The State of Carlile is, in fact, nothing but a colony of Pennsylvania. It is populated with Pennsylvania people, and they are as bitterly and malignantly hostile to the South as their kinsmen over the border.

There are twelve counties in Northwestern Virginia, peopled by this beastly race, which especially sympathize with Pennsylvania in the present contest; and it was an easy matter for Peirpoint and Crane to collect from the sheriffs and clerks of these counties the moneys due by those functionaries to the treasury in Richmond. Not content with committing a series of sneaking robberies themselves, they were now to be the cause of robbery in others. They called upon these sheriffs and clerks, who had collected money for the Commonwealeh of Virginia, to pay it over into their own hands. The call was obeyed; and thus, by a third robbery, they swelled the funds of their spurious government to the sum of $138,000. But the game of robbery did not stop here.

In the first days of the spurious government it made itself very popular with the North by giving out that it would assume payment of the interest on the public debt of this Commonwealth. In the expectation that it would do so, the neglected quota of the surplus fund belonging to Virginia was cheerfully paid over to it by the Federal Government under inspiration from Wall street. But in the report before us the Treasurer, Crane, entirely ignores the subject of a State debt, and does not "say turkey" to Wall street. His report, as Second Auditor, is indeed an undisguised and unblushing burlesque. He assumes that the "State of Virginia," of which he is Treasurer and Auditor, owes no debt at all. In the fervour of his patriotic exultation over the happy fact, he indulges in the following rhapsody:

"When the rebellion is put down the citizens of the new State will be one of the happiest people upon the globe! No large debt to pay; no oppressor's hand upon them; the Tree of Liberty to shade them; the Flag of the Union to cheer them, and the Providence of God to bless them; who would not rejoice to dwell with them!" In keeping with this easy mode of getting rid of debt, he ridicules the thought of interest money and a sinking fund, and dismisses the subject in the following sweeping, if not classical, language: "The duties of the Second Auditor, in relation to the sinking fund, is easily reported—*nothing in hand*. And I hope nothing of a sinking character will ever attach to our new State. Let there be no *sinking*, but a moving motion onward to greatness and renown.

Wall street, we suppose, will be much consoled by this very decided language of the "Virginia Treasurer." The taxes and fines that Pierpoint and Crane seized in the twelve counties were partly pledged to the interest on the debt of Virginia. They seize the taxes and say nothing to the holders of State bonds. Their new government is a swindle throughout. They swindle the deaf and dumb; they swindle the crazy; they swindle the Commonwealth of Virginia; they swindle the Federal Government; and they cap the climax by swindling the public creditors of the very government which they affect to constitute. The Peirpoint-Crane concern is thus, by its own showing, the dirtiest nest of petty thieves and swindlers that disgraces Lincolndom. It does not own a dollar that it has not stolen, and its financial affairs are appropriately entrusted to the most ingrained and notorious knave that even Northwestern Virginia ever boasted.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD BONDS 1867, WANTED by L. J. TORMEY 22 South street.