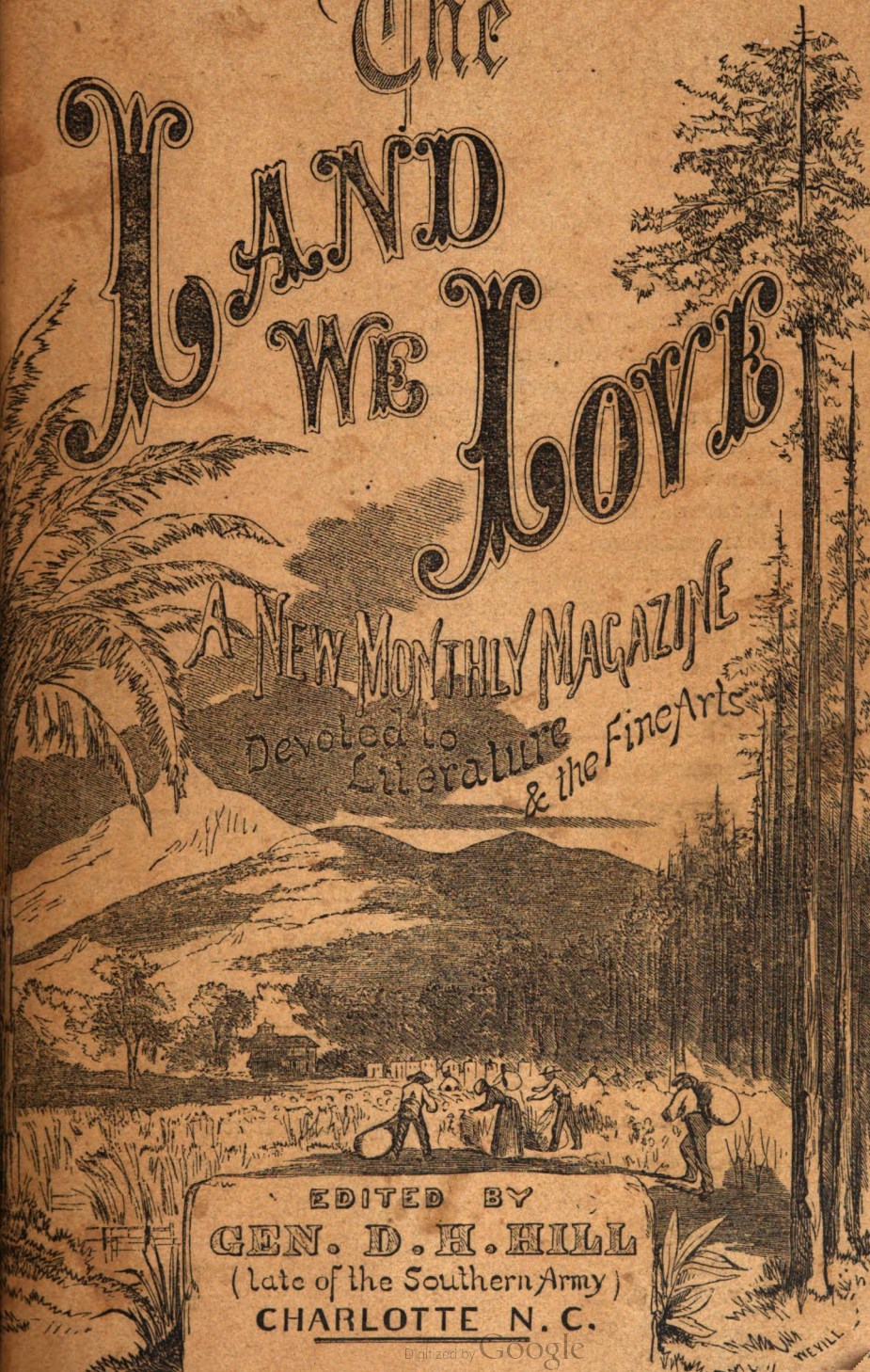


The LAND WE LOVE

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
Devoted to
Literature
& the Fine Arts



EDITED BY
GEN. D. H. HILL
(late of the Southern Army)
CHARLOTTE N. C.

NEVILLE

THE LAND WE LOVE.

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JANUARY, 1867.

VOL. II

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GEN. JOHNSTON'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

H'D-QRS, Army of the Potomac, }
Fairfax C. H., Oct. 14th, 1861. }
To the Adjutant and Inspector General,
Confederate States America :

SIR: I have the honor to submit to the honorable Secretary of War, a report of the operations of the troops under my command, which terminated in the battle of Manassas.

I assumed command at Harper's Ferry on the 23d of May. The force at that point then consisted of nine regiments and two battalions of infantry, four companies of artillery with sixteen pieces, without caissons, harness or horses, and about three hundred cavalry. They were of course undisciplined; several regiments without accoutrements, and with an entirely inadequate supply of ammunition.

I lost no time in making a complete reconnoissance of the place and its environs, in which the chief engineer, Major (now Brigadier General) Whiting ably assisted. The results confirmed my preconceived ideas.

The position is untenable by any force not strong enough to take the field against an invading army, and to hold both sides of the Potomac. It is a triangle, two sides being formed by the Potomac and the Shenandoah, and the third by

Furnace Ridge. The plateau thus enclosed, and the end of Furnace Ridge itself, the only defensible position, which, however, required for its adequate occupation double our numbers, was exposed to enfilade and reverse fires of artillery from heights on the Maryland side of the river. Within that line, the ground was more favorable to an attacking than to a defending force. The Potomac can be easily crossed at many points above and below, so that it is easily turned. It is twenty miles from the great route into the valley of Virginia from Pennsylvania and Maryland, by which General Patterson's approach was expected. Its garrison was thus out of position to defend that valley, or to prevent General McClellan's junction with General Patterson. These were the obvious and important objects to be kept in view. Besides being in position for them, it was necessary to be able, on emergency, to join General Beauregard.

The occupation of Harper's Ferry by our army perfectly suited the enemy's views. We were bound to a fixed point. His movements were unrestricted. These views were submitted to the military authorities. The continued occupation of the place was, how-

COUNT HUGO.

A BALLAD FOR THE TIMES.

Once,—so runs an ancient legend,—
 Fast beside the castled Rhine,
 Dwelt a Baron, bold and fearless,
 Haughtiest of his haughty line.

When upheld by feudal minions,
 Forth he sallied from his hold,
 Many a peasant's cheek grew pallid—
 Many a mother's heart grew cold.

Ruthlessly the fierce marauder
 Drained their scant resources dry ;
 All was lost—the fleece—the vintage,
 If it pleased Count Hugo's eye.

Who were they that dared oppose him ?
 They, a weak and hapless band,
 Feared to match their strength against him—
 Quailed beneath his mailed hand.

Long they bore his lawless rapine—
 Long they saw their fields despoiled—
 Long beheld the harvests trampled,
 Where their weary hands had toiled.

Many a time by pandering vassals,
 Flocks were rifled from the fold ;
 Many a time the petted chamois,
 Had been loosened from its hold.

Of at sound of harness'd horsemen,
 Trembling matrons caught from view
 All the fairest of their darlings ;
 —' What if he should seize *them* too !'

But at length there came a night-fall ;
 From the Rhenish mountain-top,
 Scarce the last, red ray had faded,
 Ere there flew from lip to lip,

Tidings startling—tidings fearful,
 Ringing down the vallies wild ;
 —From the widow's lonely *chalet*,
 Had been snatched her only child.

“Rouse, ye Switzers ! to the rescue !
 By our hopes for those we love,
 From the vulture's bloody talons,
 Let us wrest the fluttering dove !”

Such the words that woke the echoes—
 Such the burden of the tale,
 As it swept, a fiery current
 Kindling all the quiet vale.

“Ho! ye men of stalwart courage,
 Steadfast as your Alpine rock,
 Make ye ready for the onset—
 Gird yourselves to bide the shock!

“We will beard and brave Count Hugo—
 We will drag him from his den:
 Dastard despot!—dare he meet us?
 We are fathers!—we are men!

“We will tear him from his wassail;
 Blood shall mingle with his wine:
 We will dash him from his ramparts,
 Headlong in the rushing Rhine!

“Say not that ye want for weapons,
 Bring the scythe, and bring the maul;
 Bring the broad blade of the hunter—
 Ye shall find there's use for all.

“Let his seneschals withstand us—
 What can stem our fury's might,
 When it rises like a whirlwind—
 Rises to avenge the right!”

Onward rolled the stormy impulse,
 Every sinewy artizan
 Clenched his iron hand defiant—
 ’Twixt his teeth the threatening ran;—

“We are ready!—from his bulwarks,
 Down shall every stone be hurled,
 And the tyrant who has scourged us,
 Shall be hunted from the world!”

On they marched,—and stern and steady
 Fell the ruthless, vigorous blows,
 Till the embattled bastions yielded,
 And they faced their hated foes.

Then outburst their frantic vengeance,—
 “Show no mercy!”—was the cry;
 “They have earned the fate of felons,
 And like felons, let them die!”

—When across the Rhenish mountains,
 Broke the morning's rosy smile,
 Where had frowned Count Hugo's castle,
 Yawned a black and roofless pile.

But the direful retribution
 Did not seal its sentence here ;
 And the peasants told the story—
 Crouching round the fires in fear.

Told how in the ghostly midnight,
 Midst the gorges, they had seen
 Oft a haggard, hurrying spectre,
 With a demon's scowl and mien :

That it fled pursued, affrighted,
 Looking horror-stricken back,
 As a Nemesis-like phantom
 Ever followed on its track :—

That the phantom was a maiden,
 And one pale, uplifted hand
 Held a scourge, while high the other
 Tossed a bright and blazing brand :

That they heard its imprecations,
 Muttered moans and shriekings wild ;
 And they shuddered,—“Tis Count Hugo,
 Haunted by the widow's child !”

—Thus it runs—that quaint old legend ;
 Yet there's meaning in the lay ;
 For a fiercer than Count Hugo,
 Riots through the land to-day.

He, a despot false, relentless,
 Fast beside the peopled stream,
 Rears his grim and grated fortress,
 Strong with welded bolt and beam.

Reckless are his base retainers,
 Mad of brain—a rabble crew ;
 Well the warmest blood may curdle,
 At the desperate deeds they do.

Truth and honor—they are baubles
 All unworth the picking up ;
 Costlier pearls than Cleopatra's
 He dissolves within his cup.

Rank and greatness, name and station,
 Guerdon of our fathers' toil—
 Hear his envious tongue malign them—
 See him trample, spurn, despoil !

In the madness of his revels,
 Blood his ranc'rous nature craves,

And with brutal hand he spills it,
Till the land is ridged with graves.

And he plies with sneer and laughter,
Undismayed, his fiendish arts,
Mocking at the sobs of orphans—
Jeering widows' broken hearts.

With a clutch unclean, unholy,
Freedom's self he hath defiled,
Till the heart that gave her being,
Scarce can own the lawless child!

And the still compliant orders,
Brow-beat, daunted, yield their all,—
Cringing, where they should defy him—
Cursing, when the shackles gall.

Can ye bear it?—Oh, ye peoples!
Rise in your sublimest power;
Storm the faction's moated fastness—
Scale the ramparts—raze the tower!

Drag the craven from his shelter,
Lay his reeking chambers bare,—
Strip the mask that hides his features,—
Show the treason skulking there.

Let an angry, outraged nation,
Strong the daring deed to do,—
With the deadly sword of justice,
Thrust the traitor through and through!

Lexington, Va.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.*

Gold.—So far as gold mines much wider in extent. The re-
have been opened and worked, gion in which most of the gold has
and so far as any considerable been obtained is embraced within
traces of gold ores have yet been the following counties, covering a
discovered, they are confined to a zone of considerable width, stretch-
geological belt running from N. ing from the Potomac on the N.
E. to S. W., through the middle E. to the North Carolina line on
of what we have denominated the the S. W.; viz: Fauquier, Prince
Piedmont Section of the State.— William, Stafford, Spotsylvania,
It is almost coincident with the Culpepper, Orange, Louisa, Gooch-
first belt of iron ore above descri- land, Fluvanna, Buckingham,
bed, though in many places, Appomattox, with some traces in
the other counties covered by the
same zone and extended to the

* Continued from page 99.