Newspapers by ancestry

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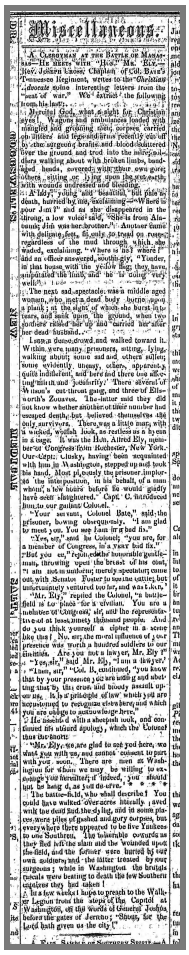

Miscellaneous.

A Chaplain at the Battle of Manassas—He Meets with "Hell." Mr. Rix—Rev. Joshua Lacey, Chaplain of Col. Baxe's Tennessee regiment, writes to the Christian Advocate some interesting letters from the "seat of war." We detach the following from his last:

Bywater God, what a sight for Christian eyes! Wagons and ambulances loaded with mangled and groaning men, corpses carried on litters and temporarily covered up with blankets and bloody clothing, and wounded men walking about with broken limbs, bandaged heads, severed right arms, gory fingers, sitting or lying upon the ground with wounds undressed and bleeding.

"My God," cried one beautiful, "the flower of death, harvested by sin, exclaiming—Where is your Jesus?" and as she disappeared in the throng, a low voice said, "She is from Alexandria; her son was her brother." Another came with pulping feet, fleshy, to tread on corpses regardless of the mud through which she waded, exclaiming, "Where is my wife?" I told an officer answered, mouth-gay, "Yonder, in that house with the yellow flag; they have established the limit, and no 'is going' beyond."

The next end-spectacle was a middle aged woman, who met a dead body borne upon a plank; at the sight of which she burst into tears, and sank upon the ground, when two soldiers raised her up and carried her after her dead husband.

I saw a house crowed and walked toward it. Within were many prisoners, sitting, lying, walking about; some sad and others silent; some evidently uneasy, others, apparently quite indifferent, and here and there one affecting mirth and festivity. There several of Wise's cut-throat gang, and three of Ellsworth's Zouaves. The latter said they did not know whether another of their number had escaped death, but believed themselves the only survivors. There was a little man, with a wicked, wolfish look, as restless as a hyena in a cage. It was the Hon. Alfred Ely, member of Congress from Rochester, New York. One Capt. Lusky, having been acquainted with him in Washington, stepped up and took his hand. Most pleasantly the prisoner implored the kind position, in his behalf, of a man whom, a few hours before he would gladly have seen slaughtered. Capt. C. introduced him to our gallant Colonel.

"Your servant, Colonel Bate," said the prisoner, bowing obsequiously. "I am glad to meet you. You see I am in a bad fix."

"Yes, sir," said he Colonel, "you are, for a member of Congress, in a very bad fix."

"Had you an regiment of honorable gentlemen, throwing upon the breast of his coat, "I am not in nothing merely spectator came out with Senator Foster to survey matter, but unfortunately ventured too far, and was taken."

"Mr. Ely," replied the Colonel, "a battle-field is no place for a civilian. You are a member of Congress, sir, and the representation of nearly thirteen thousand people. And do you think yourself a cipher in a scene like this? No, sir; the moral influence of your presence was worth a hundred soldiers to our shattered. Are you not a lawyer, Mr. Ely?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Ely, "I am a lawyer."

"Then, sir," "Col. B. continued, "you know that by your presence you are aiding and abetting that by this cruel and bloody assault upon us. It is a principle of law which you are supposed to recognize even here and which you are obliged to acknowledge here."

He mused a while a sheepish look, and continued its stilted apology, which the Colonel thus terminated:

"Mr. Ely, we are glad to see you here, we want you with us, and entire consent to part with you soon. There are men at Washington for whom we may be willing to exchange you hereafter, if indeed, you should not be hung, as you deserve."

The battle-field, who shall describe? Tongue could have walked over acres literally paved with the dead. The sky, and in some places were piles of gashed and gory corpses, but everywhere there appeared to be live Yankees to one Southern. The miserable cowards as they fled left the slain and the wounded upon the field, and the former were buried by our own soldiery and the latter treated by our surgeons; while in Washington the brutish rascals were beating to death the few Southern cowards they had taken!

In a few weeks I hope to preach to the Wallace Legion from the steps of the Capitol at Washington, on the words of General Joshua, before the gates of Jericho: "Shout, for the Lord hath given us the city."

Rev. Cross

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