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The Battle as seen by an eye Witness. From Wilke's Spirit of the Times.

WASHINGTON, Friday, July 26, 1861. CHARGE OF THE ZOUAVES.

We now come to the attack of the Wilcox, or Fire Brigade, consisting of the 1st Michigan, 3rd New York, and the famous Zouaves. This brigade, as I have before stated, made the widest flank circuit of the whole, and consequently did not take up its line of battle until half an hour later than the brigade of Porter, making its actual arrival on the field about 12 o'clock; all the worse for it, as it gave it the more weary march, and (under the excitement of the roll of battle) urged the last two miles at a most exhausting "double quick," or run.

The brigade took up its position along a fence running east and west, with the 1st Michigan occupying the extreme left; the Scott Life Guard, or 38th New York, under Col. Ward, occupying the center, supporting Griffin's Battery, and the Zouaves holding the extreme right. No sooner had the brigade taken this position, than a rapid raking fire opened from a large battery on the left, while a heavy shot from the same quarter knocked over one of Griffin's guns and killed five or six men. Upon this success, a body of sixty or seventy horse, with the view of taking advantage of the temporary confusion thus occasioned in our ranks, issued from the rear of a small clump of woods in front of the Zouaves, and, circling to the front, made an attempt to break the ranks of the brigade.

The movement, however, was seen by our men in sufficient time to meet it, and the entire of the three regiments leveled a united volley on its ranks. With the flash and discharge, every rider of the troop, but five or six, reeled from the saddle to the earth, and the horses, such as were not desperately wounded, madly ran away. One of them, a fine fellow, black as a coal, who was not in the least hurt, came tearing toward the 38th, when it was caught, and immediately mounted by Capt. McQuade.

At this moment, Gen. Heintzleman, who already had been wounded, rode up, and looking with pride up and down the face of the battalion, ordered the 38th and the Zouaves to clear the woods before them at the point of the bayonet, while the 1st Michigan took a protecting position on the hill. The scene of this charge could be clearly observed from the rise which overlooked the battery that had been silenced by the Rhode Island Brigade, and all who looked on held their breath to see the 11th and the Life Guard go in. On receiving the order, they gave a tremendous shout, and moved forward at a double quick, but just as they had got fairly on their way, an infernal hail was turned loose upon them from the battery that had disabled Griffin's gun, and the entire line wavered and threatened to fall back. The most tremendous efforts were, at this juncture, made by Col. Ward and Farman to steady the men, and poor McQuade, who rode, cheering up and down on his new-found horse, was particularly prominent in thus inspiring the 38th. Alas, while thus gallantly employed, his evil fortune triumphed, and he reeled to the earth in the midst of his task, struck mortally in the breast with a piece of shell. The sight of the loss of this favorite officer, and the auxiliary efforts of Farman, Brady, and Potter, of the Life Guard, and of Capt. Jack Wilday, Leverich, Murphy, and others of the Zouaves, steadied the line again, and, with another whoop, the red shirts and the Life Guard rushed into the wood. They were not long in finding what they sought, for, in grim array, there stood the Alabamians and Mississippians in full force, their line resting on a barn and their right supported by a brace of cannon. As the 11th and 38th approached, the rebels opened a most severe and well-directed, volley, which our people, pausing to fire, instantly returned. Two or three line exchanges were then heard within the covert; the smoke rose densely through the interstices of the wood, and, in a few minutes, the Zouaves and 38th could be seen pouring forth, in considerable disorder, unable to withstand the fierceness and compactness of the Confederate fire. They continued their retreat until they regained the line of fence which had been their original position, several red shirts dropping and dotting the ground on the road back. The full loss of the Zouaves, however, turned out to be small. It being now after 2 o'clock, they remained in their position, and did not charge again.

RE-APPEARANCE OF THE SHERMAN BRIGADE.

It was at this point of time, and while the Zouaves, like the Rhode Islanders and 71st, lay out of the immediate view of battle, that the 69th and 79th came

sweeping along, with its green banner waving (the only one of their left) to the relief of Griffin. Flushed with their success with the woods, the Mississippians watched them from within their covert, and let fly a heavy volley, and then charged. They were bravely met and checked; but while being driven back, a sudden desperate rush of a company of Rebels, who had a fancy for banging up the green banner as a trophy for their armory at home, succeeded in tearing it from the standard-bearers hands, and bearing it away. The turmoil of the fight was very thick, and but few saw it who were in its midst. Luckily, however, Captain Jack Wilday, of the Fire Zouaves, observed the misfortune from a distance, and summoning a bandful of his company to follow, came tearing forward for its rescue. With an irrepressible vigor, he and his comrades penetrated to the center of the retreating Rebels, and by a number of well delivered shots and blows succeeded in wresting the talisman from its possessors. In this fine exploit, Wilday killed two of the Rebels with his own hand, and plucked from the side of one of the retreating captains, a sword for his mantle-piece at home.

It was now nearly four o'clock, p. m., and the general battle seemed to have subsided; nay, almost entirely to have ceased; and nothing but an occasional great gun, and isolated flint of musketry proclaimed its continuance in any quarter. In their ignorance of the extent of the field, the Federal forces imagined they had won a victory. They had shown greater dash and steadiness than the enemy from first to last; and while, by far, the most exposed, had inflicted a much heavier slaughter than they had undergone themselves. The whole aspect within our lines, or rather within the boundaries of our brigades, wore the look of triumph. Our enemies, wherever we had met them hand to hand, in anything like open opportunity, had sunk before us; all their batteries immediately within our reach had silenced; but, what was infinitely more conclusive to our green appreciations, General McDowell, our Commander-in-Chief, now came jingling on the field, waving, first his glove, and then his hat, calling us "brave boys," and telling us with the grand air of Cæsar, that we had won the day. He passed away like a splendid dream—"A big thing," in glorious uniform, and branching new regulation bat.

After our joyful shouts had gone down the wind after him, our tired legionaries, by one accord, upon the ground, to take a brief snap at their bayonets, and to catch a few minutes repose before making their final dispositions for the day. Perhaps no army which had won a victory was ever more fatigued, and the men as they lay upon their sides and rehearsed the horrors of the day, wondered how they had held out so long. Many, however, had not even this repose, for they were bearing off their wounded comrades to the hospital, and others were searching for their sworn brethren in arms among the dead.—These lay about in the most fantastic shapes, some absolutely headless, some represented by a gory trunk alone, some with smiles, and some with rage upon their lips, as they grasped their bent and curiously twisted weapons, and some actually rolled up like a ball. Whoever would study the eccentricities of carnage, might here have graduated through all the degrees of horror, to a full experience at once.

Nearly the whole of our army was now grouped pretty well together. The brigades which had made the circuit against the enemy's side had been joined by those which had fought straight on; and a glance at the field showed that the whole breadth of our battle had not spread over a mile and a half. Had we been up in Professor Lowe's balloon, we might have seen at once that, with all our prowess and heroic daring, we had merely cut a hole in the small end of the enemy's plateau of batteries, and that his rear, which our General imagined he had turned, overhung us in massive wings, which still remained untouched. Our plan, therefore, was, as I said before, too small for the measure of our customer. The coat which had been chinked in conception of a boy, would not inclose the proportions of a man, and we were destined, as is often the case with new beginners, to have our work turned upon our hands. This truth came soon; for suddenly, as we were resting, the roar of battle broke out again in every direction, and batteries we had thought mute forever, now opened with redoubled fury. The most terrific yells from the enemy accompanied the renewal of the conflict, and it became evident that, instead of having yielded to the untoward fortunes of the day, they had only been refreshing themselves while pouring new regiments into their lower works. The Sherman Brigade, astounded by this new assault, was forced to retire from the position it had occupied; but it retreated in good style, and being now entirely without orders, began to march off toward the rear.

They passed on their road the brigade of Schenck, which, with the brigades of Howard and Franklin, had been since noon in the densest of strife; the Maine boys and the Vermonters having signally themselves especially by the enthusiasm of their charges, while none, during the tempestuous fortunes of that day, excelled the Minnesota and the 5th Mas-

sachusetts in the stubborn fortitude with which, again and again, they pressed through, and withstood the fiercest fire.—As the Sherman Brigade went by, Schenck's men stood breathing in the woods, the New-York 2d occupying a position on the left. The 69th brought up the rear of the temporarily retiring column; but its gallant Colonel, watchful of its welfare, lingered behind, and urged stragglers not to get separated from their commands. He paused for an instant to salute Col. Tompkins of the 2d, who stood dismounted at a little distance from his regiment, on the opposite side of the road. Just at this moment, a large body of the enemy's Black Horse were seen making a charge toward them, though its immediate object was to attack Carlisle's battery, which, out of ammunition, stood limbered up in the center of the road.—The two Colonels watched the movement, and, transfixed with excitement as they saw the dragoons saber the cannoniers, forgot to take measures for their own protection.

It was immediately necessary that they should, for the quick exploit upon the battery had scarcely retarded the black column in the least, and they came pouring on the unformed columns of the Schenck Brigade. Promptly, however, the quick order of MeCook shaped the 1st Ohio, and the others, following by instinct, showed a firm line, with bayonets all poised and ready for the charge.—The Black Horse looked for a moment, but, not liking that array of steel, they flitted off to the right (receiving a volley as they went), and a squad of them made dash to cut off the two colonels who were isolated in the road. Tompkins, who saw the danger coming, quickly sprang to a horse near at hand, and calling on Corcoran to follow, spurred him at a fence. The troopers, however, were too near for Corcoran's tired horse, and whirling around the Irish Colonel, they took him captive, and bore him off. A portion of the squad followed after Tompkins, but his spirited charger leaped two fences in fine style, and amid the crack of the dragoons' six-shooters, he got safe away.—The brigade of Schenck, being now utterly fagged out, and being moreover entirely without order, fell back upon the footsteps of the 69th.

The Burnside Brigade was still upon the field, where they had received from Gen. McDowell the news of victory, and, consequently, had heard, with the surprise that was equal among all of our brigades, the angry reopening of the fight. They had seen, too, the other brigades file off toward the rear, but having no orders for such movement, and not being in the fire, the staunch Rhode Islanders, Wisconsinians and 71st doggedly held their feet. But the musketry on our side was getting faint, and the great guns of the enemy, unprovoked from our almost exhausted batteries, were now but sparsely fired. Everything, therefore, indicated another lull, and it could not be made certain to our minds but that we had really won the victory after all, and that the last cannonade was but the angry finish of the enemy. Suddenly a cry broke from the ranks of "Look there! look there!" and, turning their eyes toward Manassas, the whole of our drooping regiments, as well as those who were moving to the rear as those who stood, saw a sight which none ever gazed upon it will forget.

## THE PAGEANT OF THE ENEMY'S RESERVE.

At a long way up the rise, and issuing from the enemy's extreme left, appeared slowly debauching into sight, a dense column of infantry, marching with slow and solid step, and looking, at this noiseless distance, like a mirage of ourselves, or the illusion of a panorama. Rod by rod the massive column lengthened, not breaking off at the completion of a regiment, as we had hoped, but still pouring on, and on, and on, till one regiment had lengthened into ten. Even then the stern tide did not pause; for one of its arms turned downward along the far side of the triangle, and, the source of the flood thus relieved, poured fourth again, and commenced lining the other in like manner. Still the solemn picture swelled its volume, till the ten regiments had doubled into twenty, and had taken the formation of three sides of a hollow square. Our awe-struck legions, though beginning to feel the approaches of despair, could not take their eyes from that majestic pageant, and though, experiencing a new necessity, were frozen to the sight.

The martial tide flowed on, the lengthening regiments growing into thirty thousand men, with a mass of black cavalry in its centre, the whole moving toward us, as the sun danced upon its pomp of bayonets, with the solemn step of fate. This was war; compact, well-made, and reasoning war. It was war, too, in all its pomp and glory, as well as in its strength, and we at once comprehended we were beaten. In vain did our startled faculties dart alertly hither and thither for some hope; in vain did our thoughts turn quickly upon Patterson. It would not do.—Johnston was there before us, with his cool, fresh thousands, and our Waterloo was lost. That steady and untired host outnumbered the whole of our worn and staggering columns, and it penetrated us with a conviction of resistless power.—Descently, however, did we gather up our force, not by general order, but by one sensible accord, and sad, and pained, and wearied, yet conscious of victory as far as we had fought, we folded up our

columns for retreat. The only ones whose hardihood clung spitefully to the strife were a few regulars at the batteries, who with the infatuation of experts, and begrimed with the mire of battle from all ordinary recognition, kept peppering at such batteries as would still provoke their fire.

Among the last to turn their faces from the fight they had so gaily sought were the Burnside brigade, which, accompanied by Sprague and its gallant brigadier, and headed by all of its colonels, retired in line of battle, with orders to cover the retreat. Thus honored for its steadiness, the Rhode Islanders took off their battery, and the 71st departed with its guns. All, thus far, had gone well with the departing movement, and our battalions from every portion of the field were retiring with decorum; when of a sudden some of the persistent regulars who were charged with the protection of the retreat, getting out of ammunition, sent back their caissons for a fresh supply.

I have described how that branch of the service, made its charges in the morning, and how recklessly it always sought its way to the front, through the formed columns of the volunteers. In the same manner did it now go back upon its errand, riding down everything in its road, and scattering the ranks of the regiments in every direction. The volunteers who had never before seen such a sight, and who were already penetrated with the fearful pageant of the descending enemy, could only understand the movement in one way. Those flying carriages, and those madly excited men were rushing to the rear, and their action was therefore construed into a wild retreat. The thought which assailed their agitated minds, was, that if the regulars were in such haste to escape, it was necessary they should hurry for themselves, and one fearful panic took possession of them all.

The ranks of most of the regiments were broken, the streams of flying men commingled; even officers who had behaved with courage throughout the day, felt justified, by the precipitation of the regulars, to urge their men, with a sympathizing sense of pity, to hurry for their lives. Thus, mistake piled upon mistake, aggravated the misfortune; and eliminating in a calamity which will rankle in the pride of the republic throughout all her history. It seems marvelous that men who had borne the brunt of the battle so bravely during the entire fight, and who left the field against a courageous foe with more than equal honors, could have so soon sunk into such puerile bewilderment; but so it was, and they fled headlong from an enemy more deeply hurt than they, and who hardly dared pursue. The panic soon communicated itself to the teams of the Federal army, who improperly had pressed too near, and scampering civilians spread the terror with an electric speed fast back to our reserves.

The enemy, perceiving this unexpected phase of our condition, at once sent out his cavalry to harass our flight, and many a fugitive fell before their charges.—They rode furiously at our retiring columns, and when defeated of their object by the sublime devotion of our regulars and their cannon, they compensated their bloody rage by riding down and sabering the wounded. Carrying their atrocity to the extreme, they even assailed a hospital and shot the dying within it, and the physicians who were ministering to their wounds. One of these retreats they even burned, and all the helpless sufferers within it were consumed. I must pause here, in the name of civilization, breeding, and christianity, to protest my disbelief that these infernal crimes could have been inspired or warranted by the leaders of their cause; but that they were perpetrated, and in repeated instances, is beyond dispute.

Through all the terror and confusion, however, there were several regiments which maintained their self-possession, and among the Burnside Brigade, the Rhode Islanders and the 71st bearing their cannon to the bridge, and the entire brigade maintaining a firm line of battle to that point. But there now and unmanageable terrors arose, and the bridge being blocked by overturned caissons and ambulances, these precious troops of the battalion were all necessarily left behind, from the utter impossibility of dragging them through the stream.—Moreover, the enemy, who had failed to intercept us at this point in the morning, for fear of discouraging the big Federal fly from entering his web, was now hitting the bridge most accurately with his shell. Bravery then gave up its heart.—*Sous le quel peut* became the word of all, and every man took to the creek or tried to fly the bridge for himself.

Thus was the stream crossed by frantic thousands, who then sought the corner of the woods, while others, clogged with water and indifferent from sheer desperation, trudged moodily along the open path, as heedless of the explosions, which were so many harmless Chinese crackers. A few brave spirits would now and then try to inspire the mass with heart, but the despair was too deep to be disciplined by words, and all such trials vain. The terrible phantasmagoria of Johnston's three sided square, and those fire-belching gingles now picketed by our dead, were constantly present to their mind, and all felt that it would be through God's mercy only, in holding the sight of the enemy, that any of us would get off alive.

## THE ACTION OF THE RESERVE.

Having now, by the course of this recital, carried the Federal Army into and through all the perils of the wood, it will be necessary to get them entirely out.—This brings us to the action of the reserve, and to the four regiments of Richardson, at Bull Run. Of the latter however, I have only to say, that he prevented, by his presence, the enemy from turning our flank in that direction, while the New-Jersey Regiments were a safeguard against our being outcircled on our right, either at Centreville, or by the way of Falls Church.

The regiments constituting the reserve under Acting Major Gen. (Col.) Miles, I have already enumerated at the outset, and the battle, viewed from their position would consist merely of a record of sensations. At 5 o'clock p. m., however, the N. Y. 16th and 31st being well in advance toward Blackburn's Ford, were called upon to stem the tide of the Virginia cavalry, who were swooning at our retreating forces. An order from Miles, consequently sent the 1st California Regiment, under Col. Matheson (N. Y. 32d) forward to their support; but though the cavalry was thus turned to the right about, it was found to be impossible to stem the mad career of the extraordinary mass that came pouring back upon Centreville.

The best that could be done, therefore, was for the California Regiment to stay just where it was, and in absence of further orders, lend what aid it could to the protection of Green's Battery, which was busily plying its fire upon the harassing approaches of the Virginia horse. While the 32d was in this position, the 16th and 31st having passed within its range, a youthful orderly rode up to Col. Matheson to inform him that the Black Cavalry, sheltered from his observation by a piece of woods, were coming upon the right, and if he would take a cut with his regiment across the fields, they would be turned back upon their errand.

The evolution was performed, gave the protection that was desired, and the Black Horse gave up its purpose in that quarter. While the regiment however, was adhering to this position, the same youth who had imparted the previous suggestion rode up to the regiment again, and told Matheson he had better fall back on Centreville, as his duty at that spot had been thoroughly performed. As this was about the first sign of orders (with one single exception) he had received during the entire day, Matheson felt some curiosity to learn who this young Lieutenant was, and whence these orders came; he therefore turned sharply on the youth, who, he now perceived, could not be more than 22 or 23, and said, "Young man, I would like to know your name?" The youth replied that he was a son of Quartermaster General Meigs. "By whose authority then do you deliver me these orders?" was the Californian's next inquiry. The young man smiled, and remarked, "Well, Sir, the truth is, that for the last few hours I have been giving all the orders for this division, and acting as General too, for there is no General on the field." This incident is worthy of our notice among the lessons of the day.

The Californian here took a new position, nearer Centreville, and watched the terror-stricken crowd as it passed by, repelling, with the aid of Green's battery, several charges of the hostile cavalry.—While thus posted, at 6 1/2 p. m., the enemy's cavalry again showed itself in superior force, and were making a threatening demonstration on the 32d's left, when seeing the 1st Massachusetts coming up from the direction of Bull Run, Matheson went to its Colonel (Cowdin), pointed out the enemy, and asked him if he would stand by him and hold him, if possible in check. Cowdin quickly seized the Californians, hand and, as he grasped it hard, replied, with much emotion, that "his regiment could be depended on—for they had no home but mother earth!"

The De Kalb of New York, which had just come in fresh from Alexandria, also yielded to Matheson's command, and thus the danger, being well provided against, passed off. The three regiments remained in this firm position till the disheartened trail of fugitives from the battlefield had all passed, and then, accompanied by Cowdin's and the De Kalb, it fell back with the rest. Leaving his regiment near Centreville in the hands of his Lieutenant-Colonel, Matheson, who was still without orders, now went in search of a General, not caring any longer to perform General himself.

He found Miles and Richardson disputing for command, but learning that the former had been superseded by the latter through McDowell's order during the progress of the battle, he took his orders from Richardson during the remainder of the day. That duty, however, was simply to follow the broken and disheartened columns which poured so grandly forth that morning, back to Fairfax, and thence also to their camps near Washington.

Thus ends the story of the most disastrous expedition which ever followed the fortunes of our flag. The only consideration which I find in the result lies in the fact that the enemy have proved themselves as brave as ourselves. Had they once faltered, or showed the least lack of courage, they would not be worth a re-union. The great hope of every soldier in our ranks is, that we shall be able to re-conquer under one banner the loyalty and affection of our entire people as of

old. And that patriotism would truly be a shabby and short-sighted one, which, when the task is done, would be content, and with such admiration as the world is willing to bestow upon a country, a portion of whose citizens are brave.

As for the rout which we endured, it was not the result of any lack of manly fortitude on our part. With equal valor, we had shown superior prowess, till despair notified us to retire. The list of dead and wounded on both sides, will establish a balance of exploit and effectiveness in our favor. Ours, in fact, will prove to be less than 1,000 men in all, not more than 300 of whom are killed. The loss of the enemy in slain is said to be 1,200, while the wounded and the missing will probably amount to three thousand more. The loss of guns on our part amounts to nineteen, and some four or five thousand stand of arms. But these our weary fatigues had discarded in their path, as a pure measure of relief from fatigues with which their own generals had overtasked them, as inadequate comparison of those taken prisoners shows.

But we need not reason any further on this great disaster. It was a glaring blunder, and though the penalties exceed the value of the lesson, let us hope the calamity will not be without its profit. I have no suggestions to put forward. The public, who cannot fail to understand the whole matter, will make themselves.

There is but one thing I desire to add, and that is, had our columns but marched back to Centreville from the batteries they had so stubbornly engaged, in "common time," the day's work would have been called a Federal victory, and the assault by our meager divisions, a "reconnaissance in force."

It was a most providential matter that we had no more troops than was barely sufficient for such a "reconnaissance" against such a position, and such numbers, for had we gone upon the ground with fifty thousand soldiers more, we would merely have penetrated a little deeper into the Confederate trap, and the result would have been the same.

GEORGE WILKES.

## Who Do You Call a Traitor.

We cannot better answer this question than in the language of a contemporary, who furnishes it not in the technical construction of law, but in the language of reason and patriotism. That man is a traitor who is not loyal to the Constitution and the Laws, who does not wish to preserve the Union as our fathers made it, and who does not recognize the legally elected authorities of the nation. That man is a traitor whose sympathies are with the rebels, who would corrupt the loyalty of a citizen or soldier, who rejoices over a disaster to the gallant soldiers of the Union, or who allows any considerations of self or party to mould his action at this juncture. Patriotism is a feeling of the heart, and it prompts to right actions and right sympathies. Disloyalty prompts to directly opposite acts, feelings and sympathies. By these unerring tests any man can discover whether he is a traitor or not.

Parson Brownlow recently declared in relation to the Union men of East Tennessee: "We intend to fight the secessionists until hell freezes over, and then fight them on ice, or any other man."

"Sir, did you call me a epher!"—"No, but I said you were a figure 9 with its tail cut off."

The following is an Irishman's description of making a cannon:—"Take a long hole and pour brass or iron around it."

Nothing, perhaps, strikes the ear more pleasantly than a pretty woman's charming voice—except, perhaps, her charming hand.

The following epitaph may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:—"Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit, The wife of Deacon Amos Shute; She died of drinking too much coffee, Anny Domy eighteen forty."

Somebody says "devil" is a mean word any way it may be written. Remove the *d* and it is "evil," remove *e* and it is "vile," remove the *v* and it is "ill," remove the *i*, and *l* remains, which has the aspirate sound of "hell."

"Well, Patrick," said the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?"—"Och, doctor, dear, I enjoy very poor health entirely. This rumatics is very distressin', indeed; when I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toes is swilled as large as a goose hen's egg, so when I stand up I fall down immediately."

A dandy negro entered a bookstore, and, with a very consequential air, inquired, "Hab you a quires ob de letter paper ob de berry best rate, for a gentleman to write lub letters on?"—"Yes," was the reply; "how many will you have?"—"I s'pose," said he, "my stay at de Springs may be about two or tree weeks. Gib' nough quires to write four letters."