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THE HARD-TACK LINE.

A Western correspondent with Sherman's army writes:

An old lady of the Partington school was found, the other day, in a terrible state of consternation on the approach of our forces to this point. Johnston's *rascars* had passed through the neighborhood, and everything, even the poultry, pork, and cattle, had been taken with the malaria of "falling back." The old lady was left entirely alone, deplorably wringing her hands, with poverty as her only companion, and it strongly apparent, even in her speech. She viewed first one hearty, jolly, fat-sided "Yank," then another, as much surprised at their gift of gab as their lack of horns; when one, an enormously huge Buckeye stepped into the yard to quench his thirst and fill his canteen at a dilapidated specimen of a well. Say he:

"How are you, Aunt?"

"Tolable alilin, jis now."

"We've got here at last."

"Where did you come from? Er ye hookers or flinkers, or is yer shermimes?"

"There are some boys about who might, I reckon, hook a chicken or two; but we're all Buckeyes, in the pot."

"Lord! you don't say so. I've heard tell of trees that bore them ar' nuts, but never seen any afore. How'd you git here?"

"Well, if Uncle Abe wants any help, he just sings out to our Governor, up in Ohio, and then Johnny Brough shakes the trees, just as many as he wants let go all holds and roll right down here on the hard-tack line."

"Fore God, no! 'Nother new line! How many lines has you'uns all got? We'uns almos' taxed t'death already 'nother line'll hang us all, sure."

"Got! We isn't got nithin'. Done loss all we ever had got. I don't see what you'uns all want way down here to Geory."

"We come down here to stop this muss. When we get through with old Johnston' his army will have a chance to go home and see their relations."

"But the General says you'uns done fight fair. Your shermimes keep a troublin' of him, and shoving him in front; and your hookers keep a runnin' onto his cend with your flinkers."

"Good evening flinkers," said Buckeyes, and away he went, giving room for some other more quizzical and mischievous than himself.

A Court Scene.

There is an attorney practicing in our courts who has attained a great notoriety, among numerous other things, for bullying witnesses on the opposite side of cases when he is concerned. As it would not be polite to give his full name right out in the crowd, we will merely call him "Wayke," for short."

There was a horse case in the Justices' Court, one day, in which Wayke happened to be engaged. A slow and easy witness had been called to the stand by the plaintiff, who, in a plain, straightforward manner, made the other side of the case look rather blue. The plaintiff's attorney being through, Wayke commenced a regular cross-examination, which was cut short in this manner—

"Well, what do you know about a horse—you a horse doctor?" said the barbarian, in his peculiar contemptuous and overbearing manner.

"No, I don't pretend to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal of the nature of the beast."

"That means to say that you know a horse from a jackass, when you see them," said Wayke, in the same style—looking knowingly at the Court, and glancing triumphantly around the crowd of spectators, with a telegraphic expression, which said, "Now, I've got him on the hip."

The intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, drawled out—

"Oh, ye-as—just so—I'd never take you for a horse!"

The Supreme Court of the United States could not have preserved its gravity through the scene that followed. The kick back produced a regular stampede, and everybody was convinced that whatever the attorney might be, the witness was a "hoss."

A big bully of an Englishman was lately in a crowd of his countrymen, taunting an American, and wanting to know why the South had not whipped the South long ago? The Rev. Doctor McClintock, of the M. E. Church of New-York, who happened to be present, asked permission to answer the question.—"Sir," said he, "the reason why we have not whipped them is because they are Americans—had they been Britons, we would have done it in six months."—Bull, for the time at least, stopped his bellows.

An Escape from Rebeldom—Interesting Details.

A Marietta (Ga.) correspondent, writing August 9th, describes interestingly an escape of a colonel from the clutches of rebels, after they had surprised, slaughtered, or scattered his command. He says:

Colonel Capron, with his son, a youth aged seventeen years, and Lieut. Colkins, of the 8th Michigan Cavalry, arrived in town this morning, very much to the surprise of all who were familiar with the details of the surprise, the topography of the country through which he came, and the numerous bands of guerrillas that infest the region of the Chattahoochie. It appears that after the battle of Hillsboro he found his brigade to be composed of squads and detachments from the whole command, except Col. Adams' brigade, which had remained organized. He was also alarmed to discover that not more than one-third was armed. Having left Athens, he marched day and night, thinking by these long and forced marches to elude the enemy, who he knew was following him.

The night before the morning of the attack he made a march of nearly forty miles. His object was to pass all crossroads, so that when he halted there would be less danger of an attack, because, when beyond these, he supposed that the enemy could only come from the front or rear.

A large number of contrabands had followed the brigade, and heretofore at night had slept anywhere within the picket lines, but this morning at one o'clock Colonel Capron ordered them to encamp together on the left of the road.—The rebels, instead of coming along the main road, diverged before they came to the pickets, and came in through the woods on both sides. They came upon the negroes first. Each one had two or more horses they were bringing through to our lines. The stampede of the negroes, and hundreds of horses rushing into the camp, frightened by the fiendish yell of the rebels, was the first evidence of an attack. Here the scene of consternation is described as being terrific.—Horses trampling upon our sleeping men, the armed for murdering the unarmed, captains and lieutenants waking, and crying out for the men to form in line.

Captain Lord, after placing an armed guard in the road in the rear and allowing no one to pass, succeeded in rallying about one hundred men. Colonel Capron was on his horse, without saddle, everywhere shouting to the men not to separate, but to remain together and retire in good order, but the overpowering number of the enemy rushed on with all the momentum of an avalanche. About this time Colonel Capron found it impracticable to ride without saddle, and had just finished saddling, when a dozen rebels rushed past, knocking him under his horse, and firing upon him with their revolvers. The Colonel, finding that he was unharmed, mounted his horse and started for the road, where about 150 men were in line, but before reaching them another squad dashed against him, using the most obscene anathemas, and rending the air with those yell which are describable only to those who have heard them. The Colonel endeavored to flank them.—They saw that he was an officer and pursued him to a creek, into which he immediately plunged his horse, and reached the opposite bank in safety. His son followed him, but the "chivalry" were afraid to jump the creek. During the forenoon Colonel C. met a citizen who professed to be a loyal man, and he engaged him to pilot him to Decatur. He rested awhile at his house, when the old man advised him to leave his horse, as it would be impossible to get through on horseback.—This proved true, but the loyal man was quite pleased to know that it was true.—He went with them until about twelve o'clock that night, and while the Colonel, his son, and Lieutenant Colkins, who had joined them, were asleep, the very patriotic man, who was so willing to serve his country, went home to take care of the Colonel's horses. He, with his son and the Lieutenant, were now left alone in the swamp.

Finding himself without a guide, the Colonel resolved to move westward to the Chattahoochie river. This march through woods and marshes was heart-sickening. The women were even scouting the woods for Federals. They were scared and hunted down like beasts. Very often this trio would find it convenient to conceal themselves until their matronly scouts had passed. The only article of food they could obtain was a few berries, and sometimes a biscuit a friendly negro would give them. Finally they reached a ford on the Chattahoochie. As the Colonel lay concealed in the brush and undergrowth, he saw a party of about one hundred rebels, with fifty of our prisoners; heard their conversation, and saw them cross the river, and chain the canoe on the other side, and move on south. Just as he was about to emerge from his ambush, second party came with more prisoners. A violent thunder-shower came at this time, and prevented their crossing. The Colonel now fully determined to take possession of the boat, and run the gauntlet by water. His son was sick, the Lieutenant's feet swelled and blistered, and himself exhausted with anxiety and fatigue. He hired a negro to swim the river, obtain the canoe, and bring it to the opposite shore. Meantime the storm was raging furiously. Sambo's courage failed him, but the desperate position of the party forced him to get up

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Blackness plunged into darkness, and all that could be heard was a splashing and puffing. In a few moments the sable son of Neptune came in with the Colonel, Lieutenant and Sam immediately pushed into the stream, hoping under the cover of the darkness to make the greater part of the way to Roswell Bridge that night. The party had gone but a short distance when they heard the unwelcome roar of rapids. They were too near to make the shore, the canoe being wholly controlled by the current.—This was a most critical moment. They who had so narrowly escaped death in battle were now at the mercy of the mad, impetuous water. Not all of the party could swim, so it was decided to remain in the boat, and if she founders they would rest in the same watery grave together.

Onward the frail, trembling canoe sped, bearing its precious burthen, amid a myriad of eddies and whirlpools, until at last she gave a sudden plunge, completely submerging the passengers.—They all held tenaciously to her sides, when she came to the surface, and with their hats bailed her out. Once more they began to paddle down the Chattahoochie; had gone but a mile or so, when that same dreaded roar of falling water came through the darkness, falling with appalling effect upon their ears. The boat was immediately headed to the shore. Reaching the bank they found that the ivy and briars were so thick, that it was almost impossible to land. After more than an hour of hard work, they succeeded in getting a place to lie down, where the water was not more than inch in depth, the rain still pouring in torrents. At daylight the weary travellers again embarked, with scarcely a hope of ever reaching their goal; but they must not relax their efforts when so near home.—The undergrowth is so high and thick that it is like a vast, green curtain spread on either side, for miles along the banks of this now historic stream. The bushwhackers were not looking for Yankees in canoes, so they did not watch the river very closely. There were guards at the fords along the river, but their attention seemed to be directed from the water, to the approaching roads, so, very fortunately for our refugees, they were permitted to the woods on both sides. They came upon the negroes first. Each one had two or more horses they were bringing through to our lines. The stampede of the negroes, and hundreds of horses rushing into the camp, frightened by the fiendish yell of the rebels, was the first evidence of an attack. Here the scene of consternation is described as being terrific.—Horses trampling upon our sleeping men, the armed for murdering the unarmed, captains and lieutenants waking, and crying out for the men to form in line.

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