

Albert Moses Luria

Gallant Young Confederate

Albert Moses Luria, the second son of Raphael J. Moses, fought in the War Between the States, as did his father and two brothers.

Albert was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1843, at which time his father was in St. Joseph, Florida. Later Albert Luria Moses changed his name to Albert Moses Luria. There were Lurias on his father's side; perhaps the young man wanted to preserve that name, or he may have preferred it to the much more common "Moses." South Carolina and Georgia were full of Moseses, and after the War some of the South Carolinians of that name dropped it because they did not want to be associated with the scalawag Governor Franklin J. Moses.

When he was about thirteen, Albert met his first cousin, Eliza M. Moses; at fourteen he fell in love with her, and at fifteen he asked for her hand in marriage. (Eliza was then about twelve!) The parents on both sides objected to the intended marriage. Albert's older brother, "Major" Israel Moses, had already married one of Eliza's sisters, and the young man's family feared the effect of too much inbreeding. They tried to break up the affair, sent him to school away from home, and encouraged him to travel in the north. At sixteen he was enrolled in the military academy at Hillsboro, North Carolina. A picture taken at that time shows him with a bearded face; he looked like a man of thirty.

When the War broke out in April, 1861, Albert joined the City Light Guards of Columbus, Georgia, his home town, and by fall was elected a second lieutenant in Company I, Twenty-third Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers, for a time serving his regiment as acting adjutant. On May 31, 1862, he was shot in the head at the Battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks), and died the following day at the home of a cousin in Richmond, Virginia.

Later he was buried in the family cemetery on Esquiline Hill, near Columbus, Georgia. His father had the tombstone inscribed with the simple sentence: "He went into the field prepared to meet his God." His comrades sent home a shell which was mute testimony to the young man's courage. During the fighting at Sewell's Point,

Virginia, in May, 1861, Luria and a comrade jumped over a parapet and, under fire, scooped out the sand in front of the breastworks, in order that the company's guns might be trained on the enemy. His grateful comrades sent an eight-inch iron shell home to his family. It was that shell which was placed on the shaft over the young soldier's grave. A plate attached to the stone reads: "The pride of all his comrades, the bravest of the brave."

It is a commentary on the young memoir-writer's modesty that he did not recount this incident in his journal. He started his diary in August, 1861, although he carried the story back to the beginning of the war in April. The volume closes in February, 1862. There probably was a second volume, but if so, it has been lost. The following excerpts are taken from a typescript copy in the Southern Historical Collection of the University of North Carolina Library.

Luria's notes are typical in that they reflect the intense sectional loyalty, the romanticism and ardor, and the courtly high-mindedness of a young Southron of good family. His narrative is particularly interesting because of its brief but grim description of suffering on the battlefield and in the hospitals after the First Battle of Bull Run. Interwoven in his daily jottings is the touching story of his love for his cousin Eliza. He calls her Azile, spelling the name backwards to conceal her identity from prying eyes. A Southern gentleman would not expose his sweetheart to embarrassment, even on paper. His was not only a Lost Cause, but a Lost World as well.

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FAREWELL TO HOME

August 19 [1861]. I do not intend to write in this every day and make a regular matter of it, but only to scribble in it occasionally, and to record some current events connected with the war, which, although they may not appear interesting now, yet will be pleasant to refer to in some future time, and even if they do not serve to interest me, they may serve to interest others who have not been present at these bloody scenes. It requires, I know, a kind of knack or experience to record events of this kind in such language that a perusal shall portray the scene described. I shall commence, rather for my own future reference than for the pleasure of others, to give an account of myself since I left home, and record the occasion of my departure.

One Saturday morning, the twentieth of April, 1861, I was sitting with the rest of the family around the breakfast table [at the Esquiline plantation, Columbus, Ga.]. We had finished, but were then only talking of one little matter and another, some standing, some sitting, when suddenly old Simmons, Cousin Edwin's boy [slave], appeared with a note from E. W. M. [Edwin Warren Moïse, a Columbus, Ga., lawyer] saying that our company was to leave for Norfolk, Va., that afternoon at four o'clock. It was then near eight in the morning, and the note stated that our company would have a call meeting at 10.00 A. M. So I had to hurry up and pack my trunk and say good-bye and get to town, five miles, in about two hours. I was very glad that my departure from home occurred under such circumstances, for I have always dreaded parting scenes.

I went into Columbus that morning and on my way stopped at Cousin Edwin's to bid adieu to his household. I saw them all and bade them an affectionate farewell, having seen them as I thought then for the last time. But after getting in town, I made all my preparations and joined my company, [the] City Light Guards, [under] Captain Colquitt . . . at the armory, from which we marched to the depot, where we were met by an immense concourse of citizens, assembled to bid us Godspeed. Among them were all the girls from home and Cousin Edwin's, except Alice [the sister of his sweetheart Eliza], come to bid me adieu.

I did not anticipate seeing them, for as it was Saturday I knew they could not ride and hardly expected that they would pay me the compliment of *walking in*. [Orthodox Jews do not ride on the Sabbath.] As I bade adieu to Azile her whole soul pressure of my hand was all that I could bear. I kissed her, and whispering a "God bless you," turned off, leaving home and friends with a happy heart, for I felt then and feel now that time cannot abate the warmth of her affection, and I felt fully that her feelings would undergo no change. No apprehension on that score has ever crossed my mind. However, I got on the trail and was soon hurrying off to Virginia, where I was to figure among mounted men and dashing youths

THE HORRORS OF WAR

On the morning of July 21st, we left Richmond for Manassas Junction [Bull Run, in Virginia], but when we left Richmond we had

no idea that the day was so big with the fate of the Southern Confederacy. Our first intelligence of the fight was at Gordonsville [Virginia], where a dispatch was received, saying: "We are sending them to hell by squads." This was about 4:00 P. M., at the very time when the tide of war was changing and when Curby-Smith [General Edmund Kirby-Smith] was advancing with his reinforcements and striking a perfect panic among the Federals.

The twenty-first of July, 1861, will long be remembered as the day on which one of the most signal victories was gained, as the day when the superiority of moral force and courage over brute force and superior numbers was fully proven, and the day when the world saw that a free people, fighting for their altars and their homes, and sustained by a consciousness of right, could never be conquered.

[Union] General [Winfield] Scott had taken ample time to make his preparations. His arrangements and conv[en]iencies and facilities were probably the most complete that any modern army ever had. His conviction that upon that battle hung the fate of the Confederate States was earnest, and no energy, trouble, or expense was spared to insure a victory so essential for the cause of the Federal government. He had even gone so far as to have handbills printed announcing a glorious victory for the Federals.

Our forces met them early on Sunday morning. They had nearly treble our number and drove us back from one position to another until late in the day. Sad havoc fell among both sides, but our men at last took their final stand with hundreds of dead and dying upon the field, the noble Barton [Brigadier General Francis S. Bartow] of Georgia and [General B. E.] Bee of S. C. laying among the dead.

Finally, Curby-Smith advanced with reinforcements, and suddenly a panic struck among the enemy, and they fled without order and in the utmost confusion and consternation. Our calvary, 6,000 in number, pursued them and took many prisoners. Our men, many of whom had *double-quick*ed from six to twelve miles to the battlefield, were completely exhausted and, lying down where they stood after they made their first halt from the battlefield, slept until early morn, when they awoke to behold *the day after the battle*.

What pen can describe, what inexperienced imagination can picture the scenes that then met the eye? Amid the booming of cannon, the sharp, shrill whistling of bullets, the dead and dying, and the thousand excitements that one finds on the field of action, we do

not feel all the attendant horrors, but *the day after* the battle, when the mind is cool and under that inevitable reaction which will always follow a severe excitement, then it is that the mind becomes shocked with the horrors of war.

At and near headquarters you see hundreds of wounded men, men wounded in all places, some in the head, some in the leg, some in the feet, and in fact there was no part of the body in which someone was not wounded. The dead lay in one place and another, car after car full of wounded men passed along the railroad, and to add to the horrors of the scene, it was pouring rain. Men who had marched some distance, and compelled to leave everything except arms and ammunition, were compelled to lay out and walk about in the rain, without a tent to shelter them. Visiting the hospital, I saw piles of arms and legs laying about, just as you have seen rags and papers laying about a floor where a little child has been playing. I saw men who had died, and no one knew that they were dead. On one side you would see a dying man; on the other, one who was almost in as bad a state; between these two, a man who had breathed out his last, without a kind hand or a pitying heart to sympathize with him. I do not mean to attach blame to the nurses, for they certainly did all they could, but there were more than they could attend to.

On the battlefield hundreds of dead and unburied bodies lay in every direction. Guns, knapsacks, cartridge boxes, cap boxes, crackers, and, in short, everything that a soldier carries, lay scattered all over the field. For a week after, the awful stench prevailed for six or seven miles around the battlefield. Not unfrequently men, hundreds of them, were found in the woods, where they had been borne away wounded in the thickest of the fight. There in the bushes, without a hand or heart near them, these men have died. But I must not omit to mention that, among other things taken from the enemy, was 30,000 handcuffs which they intended to use for their hellish purposes

The Federal army was completely routed and retired across the Potomac; the whole army was demoralized and had to be re-organized

I have not mentioned the narrow escape of our regiment. The conductor who brought us down, or rather the engineer, brought us within about seven miles of Manassas, and then, unfastening his engine at about 2:00 A. M., left us. He was under the impression

that the Federals had been victorious and intended to leave us, unaware of his designs, without means of escape, until we should be surrounded by the Federals and all taken prisoners. But fortunately for us, the villain's design fell short, as our forces had won the day. The engineer was arrested and, having been tried, was shot

REVERIES OF HOME

Sept. 17. It certainly is strange to think how much a good hard rain adds to one's inclination to write, especially if he is, like myself, situated so that he can have no access to the charming society of woman. Shut up in a ten-foot-square tent, with nobody but a fellow lieutenant, the rain, falling in heavy drops upon the canvas, acts as a sentinel at the door, and the sound seems to say: "What a splendid time for writing!" If the rain continues, I feel like continuing my writing, but as soon as it ceases I feel like following its example. There is yet another thought which never fails to arise in my mind when a rainy afternoon sets in; it is the thought of "home, sweet home."

The image of loved ones will arise; a beloved mother and sisters, sitting around a genial fire, mending some clothes of some member of the family; or a brother in my room, both of us smoking a cuba six [a cigar imported from Cuba], sitting by a bright, lightwood [pine] fire, wrapped in revery or puffing away, cutting out a horse blanket, making a pair of martingales, or some other botch for our saddle horses, or perhaps discussing the merits of some trotting horse or saddle horse, comparing them to his "Ria" or my "Topsy" or "Madge," or father driving up with old "Kate" in his buggy, drenched. These are scenes that I once enjoyed, and now often rise before my mind's eyes and often I long to enjoy them again. But when shall it be? Echo answers: "When?"

How I would like now to be seated up in Cousin Julia's room, having a good, nice little chat with her! [Cousin Julia Lazarus lived with the Moses family.] She is certainly one of the finest ladies I ever knew, and her intelligence is far greater than I have ever had the pleasure of enjoying in a lady's company. She has a very considerable knowledge of human nature, is quite fond of the profound and deep; nothing delights her more than a study of nature as developed in nature's beings. She has an even temper, is remarkable for her amiability, which is perhaps only exceeded by the generosity

of her nature; she forms no friendships upon an hour's acquaintance, but her affection or friendship is grounded on the true merits of the friend. Thus I would consider it a compliment to be considered by her as a friend. Her sympathies are great, and she well knows how to bestow them. Or I would like to be at Moïse's with all those beloved cousins, sitting in the parlor by the window with Old Green or Addie, or sitting on the sofa at home talking to Minnie. [These three were all older sisters of Eliza, Albert's sweetheart.]

There is, of course, one pleasure that I would prefer to all these, but that one I will not mention here. It is always in my heart's most anxious anticipations and need not be recorded. Thoughts like these I have written of this evening always arise either when all is quiet and I have just retired, or on a rainy afternoon like this. But on all such occasions the thought of that being, so especially dear to me, is most prominent, and as I think of her I cannot help uttering to myself the constant wish of my heart, "God bless her!"

Sept. 21. Last night I was officer of the guard, and the night was like this: one of those lovely, moonlight nights when one is almost insensibly borne back to home and its tender recollections. How often on just such a night as this have I sat in the front porch at home, either sitting on the steps, laying my head in some of the girls' laps or talking with father and major [my brother, Israel], while we puffed away on some fine cigars! Again, on just such a night I have been seated on the front steps at Aunt Anna's [Eliza's mother] with Azile, Minnie, and Addie, enjoying myself very much. It is with scenes like these that recollections of dear Azile arise before me. How often on such nights have I been seated on the steps with my head in her lap, she rubbing my head, or playing with my hair with one hand, while the other I held in mine! For how many of the happiest moments of my life am I indebted to this gentle, young being! She little knows how much I prize them or how often in this stern life I recur to them.

Time but develops to me the more perfect beauty of her character. Some I-know-not-what, unless I call it instinct, taught me to single her from the group and love her more than the rest when I was but fourteen years of age. Four years have now elapsed, and the interval has but strengthened my affection and made it of a more manly character. From time to time my love for this pure, young being has been enhanced until now I feel that a reciprocation of that feeling is thoroughly indispensable to my happiness, and I have

learned to prize each day and to regard it as just such a diminution of the period that must elapse before my happiness is complete.

I have now set out in the world, so to speak, with my mind firmly set on as speedy a marriage as possible. My desire to accomplish this, as soon after my maturity as possible, makes me follow up every undertaking with redoubled zeal. A pecuniary independence, a spotless moral character, and an unlimited regard for the views and feelings of Azile are the prime objects ever-present to my mind, and I earnestly pray God that I may never by an act or word forfeit my claim upon her affections. I regard it as most fortunate that I have formed the attachment before leaving home, for situated as I am, with plenty of money in the army, and any number of temptations, [with] a warm and impetuous disposition, I feel assured that I might have gone astray were it not for this moral restraint. But now I never indulge in any immoralities because I feel it due to her to keep my character spotless. I regret exceedingly that there is so much opposition on the part of my parents, but I trust to God that time may do away this opposition and that when they see that I, having arrived at maturity, am determined on the marriage, they will withhold all opposition. . . .

I WAS BOUND TO BE TIGHT

Nov. 2. Memory, in its expanse over more than eighteen years, does not carry me back to such a scene as I have witnessed since four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and the difficulty of describing it is fully commensurate with the greatness of the storm that has prevailed since yesterday afternoon without intermission. About four o'clock I went over to Adj. Young's tent and took a fine drink of whiskey. After that I went to dress parade and returned with the adjt., who had quite an assemblage in his tent. Sergts., lieuts., capt., major, and col., as well as sergt. maj. and col.'s orderly. We all proceeded to enjoy his hospitality by drinking his liquor, and I, in an unwary moment, yielded to an invitation to try some fine domestic wine. I drank it off, but not long afterwards I knew my fate was sealed and I was *bound* to be *tight* for I had mixed my liquor, having taken whiskey first and then the wine, which is something I cannot stand, and in a short time I was as tight as I ever was in my life, but it is the first time I have been really drunk since November, 1859.

I went to bed about ten o'clock and woke up, pretty sober, about midnight, and as I lay in bed the wind was howling around and the tents fairly groaning under its strains; in fact, one of the most severe storms that I have ever witnessed was then raging. The rain was fairly driven through the tents, and it was all we could do, by having our pins fairly scoured [secured?], to keep our tent from blowing over. However, in this respect we were more fortunate than many others. I think at least a hundred tents must have blown down in the reg'ts around and within sight of us. The sight was really ridiculous; you might look out and you would see a tent dashed to the ground and the former inmates running across to some other tent. Many were standing out with their oil-cloths over their heads. The adjt.'s tent blew down; . . . the col.'s tent was gone, and everything of his was laying out exposed to the weather. As for my own part, I woke early in the morning and soon saw that home was the best place for a man, so I laid in bed until breakfast was ready, and then only slipped on my pants to eat. After breakfast I laid down and, covering myself with my overcoat, I remained thus wrapped in thoughts of home and loved ones until nearly twelve o'clock today, when I resolved to get up and write some in my journal.

The subject of my thoughts was the being who is ever first in my mind. The storm rages even now with unabated fury, and while I listen to its ragings, thoughts as to the fate of Lincoln's fleet arise in my mind. I opine that they will necessarily suffer much, especially the blockading squadrons, which have no ports but Southern ports to enter. We are now daily expecting a fight. It is understood that [General George B.] McClellan is advancing, and we all earnestly hope that the fight may not be long delayed.

I am just beginning seriously to consider what I shall do after my twelve months is out, and have almost concluded to try and get the political influence of Genl. [Robert A.] Toombs and some others, and try and obtain a commission as captain of artillery in the Confederate service. If I can do this, I will secure myself a good position and will get a salary of at least \$1,560 per year and, in addition to this, I will be mounted, which will suit me exactly, and, further, I can then satisfactorily get married when I am twenty-one. By that time it is not unreasonable to suppose that the War will be ended, and in time of peace I will be stationed at some fort where my duties will be comparatively light, and with all due

propriety I could have a wife near there with me. These are comforts that I much desire and shall use many endeavors to gain.

Nov. 2. I have just had a very affectionate letter from Alice [an older sister of Eliza]. She is certainly a woman of fine points of character. I appreciate an affectionate letter from her more than any of my correspondents. She is a woman of high-toned feelings, high principles, and entirely too much independence of spirit for a woman. While she is rather peculiar, or, I may say, eccentric about some things, yet when one knows her, she has a character that commands much admiration. No man could have a higher compliment paid him as a man than to have *Alice's* love, for she will not and, in fact, *cannot* love a man who has anything mean or unmanly about him. She is a woman of a very cold disposition. Although she may think highly of a person, yet her demonstrations are very few and scarce. As a woman of a cold disposition, she gives a striking illustration of one of the great peculiarities of nature, namely, when a man *succeeds* in gaining the *affections* of a *coldly* disposed woman, he has gained an affection the depth and warmth of which is rarely equalled. Although Alice is remarkably cold in her nature, yet a woman never loved a man with more warmth and fervor than she does her brother.

She is rather a good judge of human nature, and a very appreciative nature. You cannot flatter her with words, but you may by actions and delicate attentions. If you will notice her favorite wants and see them attended to modestly, and always so as to relieve her from any imminent obligation, you can make one step towards gaining her esteem. For instance, she is passionately fond of horseback riding. Well, if you will take a horse to her schoolroom and ask her to ride home with you, she will not only take pleasure in riding home with you, but will appreciate the attention, although you may not ever hear her mention it. Yet, if you were to present her with a sidesaddle, or a horse, or anything of that sort that placed her under obligations to you, she would feel offended, and although she might endeavor from regard to you[r] feelings to prevent *saying* anything about it, yet she would think you a fool and wish she hadn't known you.

Attentions paid to her must be of the most delicate nature. I have long made it a habit to study human nature and have derived special pleasure from studying Alice's character. She has a character that might be styled very classic. You cannot be introduced to her and

see her half a dozen times and say you *know* Alice Moses. No! nor if you had known her intimately as I have for a year, you would not *know* her, unless you made her and her character a special study. The longer you know her, and the more minutely you notice her in all her bearings, the more you find to love and admire, but if you want to gain *her* esteem, you must be ever on the *qui vive* ["alert"] and never be guilty of any unmanly act.

Really, I don't think that a man *could* undertake *anything* which would require half so much care, attention, and particularity as a courtship with her. If it were not blasphemous, I would say that God had erred when he made her a woman. I wish she were a man, and I would give anything to see her well married. No ordinary man can marry her, but I think I have written quite enough on this subject

POST-MORTEM ON BULL RUN

Nov. 16. November the sixteenth is here and I am now in a little shingle shanty, not exactly a cabin, which we have recently had constructed. A strong oak wood fire burns healthily in the rock and log chimney, and while the wind howls around the corners, every now and then breaking out with fresh strength, making a heinous howl, the clear, calm light of a full moon sheds itself over everything and the feelings of us all make certain the auguries of the wild goose's flight to the South. Yes, it is very cold outside, the wind is biting, but, within, things wear a different aspect; the glowing fire, by its reflection from the rock back of the chimney, warms everything inside the shanty and then it has been a pleasant night to us

What propensities of thought-bringing has a good, cheerful-looking fire! For an hour past I have sat and looked into it, and thoughts and remembrances of the past connect themselves as naturally as does the ashes follow the embers. I had long intended, for future reference, to write an ordinary comment upon the battle of July 21st [Bull Run]. After the battle was over, the details of which I have given elsewhere, Gen'ls [Joseph E.] Johns[t]on, [Pierre G. T. de] Beauregard and [President Jefferson] Davis met in council, and I am fully satisfied that they, composing probably as fine a military convention as could be assembled, were fully competent to consider the facts that the past and present had revealed, and decide

upon the best, as well as the most prudent, judicial, and politic movement to be made.

They decided to retain the old, defensive position and not to advance on the enemy's entrenchments. All seemed, at the time, to be fully satisfied with the decision. But eventually many persons grew dissatisfied and said that Beauregard ought to have followed up the success, even to Washington. While these opinions were mostly advanced by *newspaper gen'ls*, yet, for the satisfaction of my own future meditations, I will annex a few remarks on the matter.

Let us notice the matter in detail and see what would have been the result of such an action. The enemy numbered over 60,000; our own forces did not exceed 30,000; 15,000 only of these were engaged, the remaining 10,000, being, for the most part, inefficient as far as drill was concerned, were held as a reserve

Much blame has been attached by many parties to the person or persons who prevented an advance of our forces upon Washington immediately after the Battle of Manassas, July 21st. They say it was just the time to have struck a deathblow to Yankeedom and to have reinspired our forces. While such is the opinion of a great many, yet it is far from being an universal one. Although this sentiment is entertained, yet the people know not upon whom to give vent to their wrath.

Rumor at one time says that in the council Beauregard and Johns[t]on were in favor of advancing on Washington, while the President, Jeff Davis, overruled them, and the plan was abandoned. Other rumors say that Davis and Johns[t]on both opposed the advance, and Beauregard alone advocated it, and as Gen'l Beauregard's report has not yet appeared, we know not who was in favor and who against the advance. But the man is not the question of the most importance; the question is: Would it have been proper or politic to have followed up our success at that time? I think not. And while I express my opinion, I must give my reasons for entertaining it.

In the first place, we were naturally ignorant of the extent of the panic which had struck them. No one entertained the slightest idea of their retreating farther than Alexandria, and all felt fully assured that they would stop in Washington. Their force was vastly superior in numbers to ours, their conveniences and facilities for traveling, likewise. Had we then followed them, we would have found our-

selves in front of the enemy's entrenchments on Monday or Tuesday, or more probably Wednesday, by which time a reaction would have taken place, and with a force of 25,000 men at the very most. These men, then worn out with marching and fighting upon a piece of land with which they were entirely unacquainted, would have had to face more than three times their number who would have been behind their entrenchments and defending their capitol, and thus the very thing which made our men fight so valiantly, defense of our homes, would now actuate them, while we would be the aggressive force, and, owing to the small number of troops we would have had there, we would have rendered ourselves liable to be cut off and thus hemmed in. [We] would necessarily have fallen victims to our enemy and, by our own imprudence, lost all the honors which but a few days previous we had gained.

Besides, look at the matter in a *moral* light. We organized our army and our government for defence, for self-protection. Then, to have waged war upon the very capitol of our enemies, would that not have been a most flagrant violation of the fundamental principles of our government? No! if we are going to wage a defensive war, let it be a defensive one! If we are going to wage a civil war, a war of tumult and aggression, let us give it that name. My life, happiness, health, and fortune for a *defensive* war! Not a blow nor a cent for an *offensive* war!!

Yet another cogent reason why an advance at that time would have been injudicious in [is] that our army was not half organized. Twenty-five thousand men under the present state of organization are worth as much as 50,000 such as we had then. We have now generals, maj. generals, and brig. generals, none of which, hardly, did we have then.

In a country where the democratic form of government exists, the country is governed "by the passions and prejudices of the great unwashed; played upon by political demagogues for personal ends." The foregoing sentiment, as true as it is scientific and deep, was expressed by Dr. Robert J. Hicks at Granville County, N. C., serg. [surgeon?] of [the] Twenty-third N. C. Reg.. when discussing with myself, Capt. Annis, Lieut. [Nat A.] Gregory, the merits and demerits of a democracy unlimited. Dr. Hicks is a man of a great deal of mind, deep and profitable thought, a slow-speaking but learned man, a man of medium stature, good personal appearance, a long but rather squarely shaped head, a straight nose, rather long

face, very short chin, prominent forehead, dark grey eyes, a man of much research and general knowledge, a great lover and close observer of nature, as such characters always are. The sentiment which he expressed embodies *multum in parvo* ["much in little"], and is, as the late republic of America has clearly demonstrated, true to the letter

THAT DRIVELLING FOOL, ABRAHAM LINCOLN

January, 1862. Another year has passed away, another one of the semi-divisions have been swalled [swallowed] up in the grand *in-finitissimos*. Time. The year of 1861 has gone! Time has gone around once more, and the click of the cog reminds us that one more part of the revolution of that great wheel has taken place. But though, hundreds of times, the cogs of the great wheel have been passed over, yet the one which represents the year 1861 will live forever, imperishable in the minds of men, long to be remembered as the year in which the great American republic found its downfall, as the period when the lovers of the great and glorious Union found that the pillars which supported the gigantic stature, the mighty fabric, had for years past been gnawed by political worms, and as the year when these pillars gave way, and the mighty republic of America fell, shattered in a thousand fragments.

As [John M.] Daniel, the editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, has it: "As the time when the government of the United States was crushed, not by the force of an assailing enemy, but by the rottenness of its own institutions." That country which was once "the land of the free and the home of the brave" is now the dominion of a military despot. That drivelling, baubling fool, Abraham Lincoln, unable to manage the helm of the great ship of state, is governed by the whims and frivolities of a dissatisfied constituency. And the year which has but now passed away will live forever in the minds of men as the epoch at which the Southern states, having declared their resolution to have their rights "in the Union if they *could*, out of it if they must," were forced to accept the latter alternative, and struck the signal blow for their independence. During this year, a war has been waged which has not for circumstantial details a parallel in the pages of history, ancient or modern. Long life and prosperity to the Southern Confederacy, and the same for our first President, Jefferson Davis!!!