

The Chicago Times Among the Rebels.

"Casco," the war correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, writes from Jackson, Tenn., as follows:

We found no secesh soldiers here. Two had passed through the town a few hours before our advance guard entered, but none were left. We found one of Jackson's cavalry a lieutenant, who had been captured and paroled by Major Mudd two days before, while he was at home on a furlough. On conversing with him, I found that he had been educated in my native State, and knew several of my friends. He invited me and Lieutenant Sherlock, of the body guard, to dine with him, and as the cravings of the flesh had become somewhat importunate, we gladly consented. He was a very pleasant fellow, expressed the most virulent hatred of the North, but didn't see why that should prevent us taking a drink together; intimated a burning desire to drink our horses' blood if we met on the battle field, but saw no objection to our drinking his coffee and tasting his cheer under his own roof. When we were fairly seated at the table, Lieutenant Sherlock remarked very politely to his wife that we should think she would prefer that her husband should stay in so comfortable and happy a home as he had here, rather than suffer the dangers and hardships of war; whereupon megrim arose, and with the air of a Pythoness, a Sycophant, and an Aunty, all in one, spouted, with firm and awkward articulations, "Never-r-r-r! Never-r-r-r! So long as the foot of the hated invader pollutes our soil, I say he is worse than a coward who suffers his patriotism to be dulced by the blandishments of home, and wife, and children," &c. I must say I was rather "took aback" at this, but I soon found that I must give the woman credit for sincerity at least, for she was so full of talk that she could hardly find time to help us to the corned mutton and turnips, and so full of venom that she could not refrain from abusing the Yankees. One remark she made she made which I think worthy of preservation. "Why," she said, "your Northern papers acknowledge that a force of Northern men can't whip an equal force o' Southern men." I replied that she must have read that in the *Chicago Times*, for there was an article in that paper to that effect. "Yes," she said, "she did; and was not that a Northern paper?" "No," I told her, "it was printed in a Northern city, but was thoroughly secession in its sentiments." "Oh," then we have a plenty of friends in the North, and the Yanks are divided against themselves." "Oa," said I, "the division don't amount to much; and it is an evidence of our strength that we can afford to let such crows bark at us, while in the South you don't dare to tolerate any freedom of opinion." "Ah," she replied, "it is a spark now, but it will soon kindle to a flame. We can wait. You Yankees will find that you cannot prosecute this unholy war, &c., &c., &c., without exciting opposition in all Christian communities, &c., &c., &c." The confidence and encouragement afforded to the South by the Democratic papers at the North is one of the elements against which the loyal people are obliged to fight. It ought to be eliminated as soon as possible. Our government has been altogether too tender about that matter.

We finished our dinner without coming to blows, and, in fact, in entire good nature, and the lieutenant insisted on taking another drink, and another, and would undoubtedly have proceeded in that manner *ad infinitum*, had not the bugle sounded "to horse." So we parted in the most affectionate manner, and our force again started in pursuit of the mythical secesh.