Envelopes with this new and original design, of similar quality, furnished to the Trade at the following NEKT CASH PRICES:

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WILLIAM MURPHY,
Envelope Manufacturer & Fancy Printer,
438 CANAL STREET,
NEW YORK.

New York, January, 1862.
REMEMBER BETHEL, SUMPTER & MANASSAS.

Stand firmly by your cannon,
Let ball and grape-shot fly,
But trust in God and Davis,
And keep your powder dry.

Private T. S. Butler
Com 8th Regt. Ga. Vol

Sold by Geo. T. Baldwin.

Lousia Butler
Stone Mountain
Ga
The gallant Mr. Hart, of New York, nailing the flag of Sumter to the mast, amidst the fire of the rebel forts.

O'er Sumter's walls our flag again shall wave,
And traitors' doom shall be a bloody grave;
Our Union and our laws we must maintain,
And drive foul treason from our land again.
"Him! the first great martyr in this great cause. Him! the premature victim of his self-devoting heart. Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of deep anxiety and thick gloom, pouring out his generous blood like water before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or bondage."

**COL. ELLSWORTH.**

Don't shed a tear for him; Better to go. 
Eager with victory. 
Facing the foe. 
For our life like this life. 
A thousand shall per. 
And the fire is boundless. 
Shall carry the day.

J.W. Hillman, Engraver.

E. E. Ellsworth

Late Col. N.Y. Fire Volunteers.
Lieut. Frank Brownell,
Who shot Jackson.
The Devil he sat with his claw in his mouth,
Regarding with favor the row at the South.
There is Davis, quoth he, and yonder is Twiggs,
Both capital fellows at running such rigs!
There's mankin Stephens, and fat Bobby Toombs;
How richly they're earning their infamous dooms!
They're hooting and tearing the Stars and the Stripes;
Ha! ha! I shall laugh myself into the gripes.
Beauregard is a traitor, and so is old Bragg;
Just the chaps to fight under my own jolly flag.
All that these rascals want is to be let alone,
With no interference by Him on the throne.
I've been bothered to death ever since I seceded,
Because not quite willing to do just as He did;
But these thieves, I hope, will have their own way,
And go on till they find—there's the Devil to pay.
Then hurrah for Secession, let all the fiends sing,
Hurrah for Disunion, great Cotton is King!
Why don't you take it?

No. 4

Mr. R. Heber Newton

Care of Brown Shipley & Co.

Liverpool, England
Mr. Lysanck 43, Wilson
Care of L. S. Booth, Esq.
New Britain,
Connecticut.