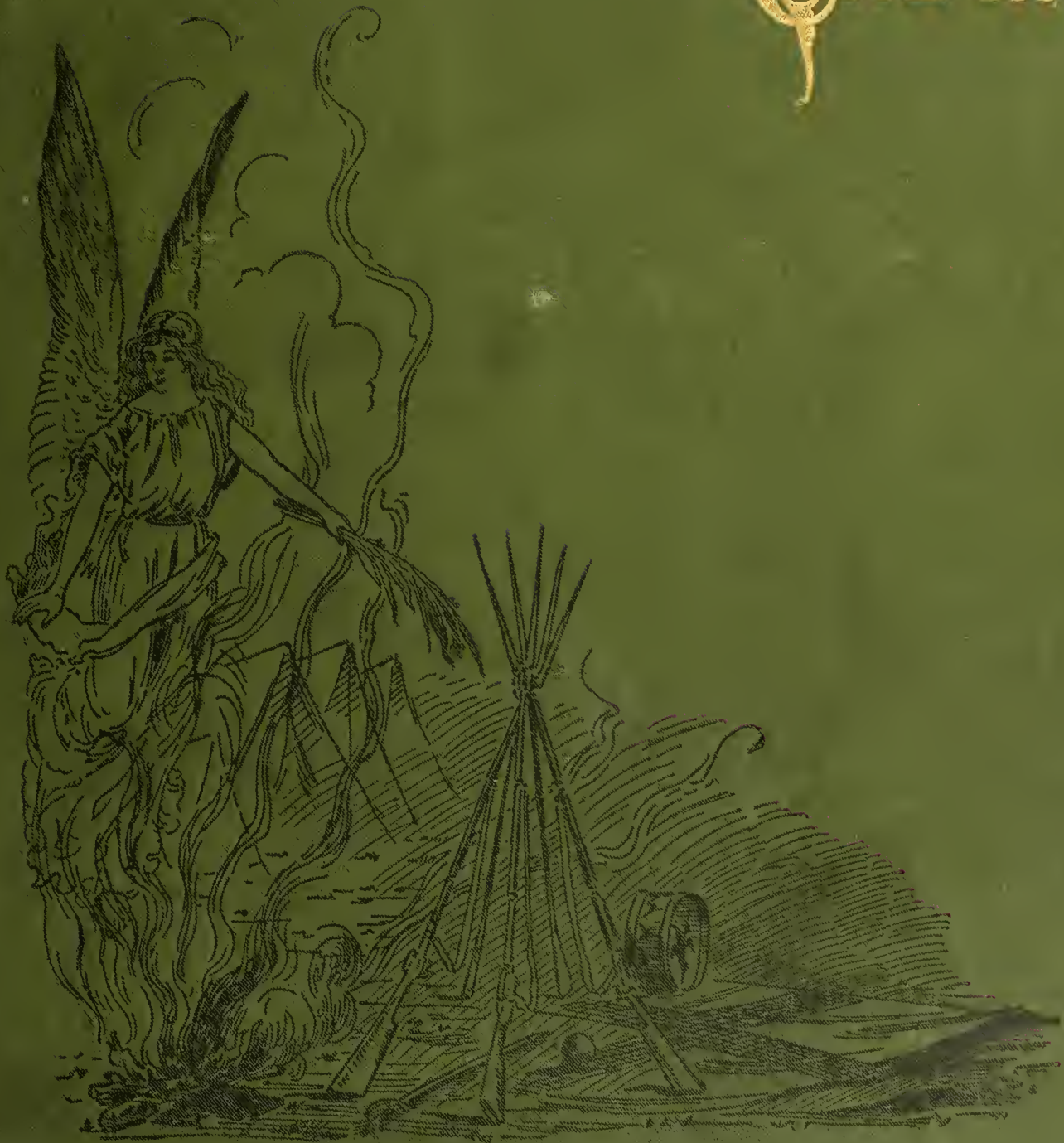


INCIDENTS
OF THE
CIVIL WAR.

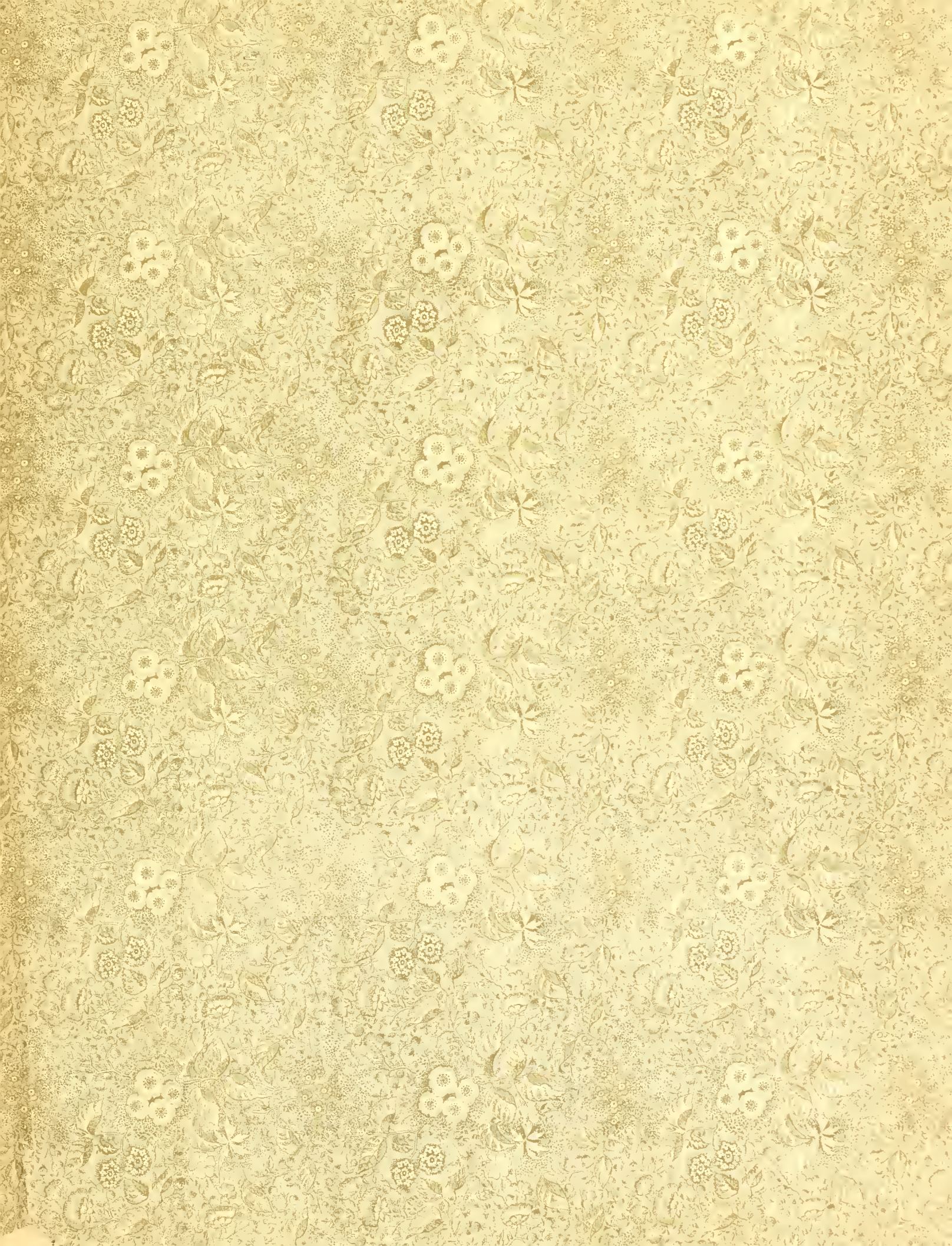


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RICHARDSON LIGHT INFANTRY, AFTERWARDS MASSACHUSETTS SEVENTH BATTERY.

FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH

1861-1865

Incidents of the Civil War

DURING THE

Four Years of Its Progress

✓
BY MARY A. HEDRICK

LOWELL, MASS.

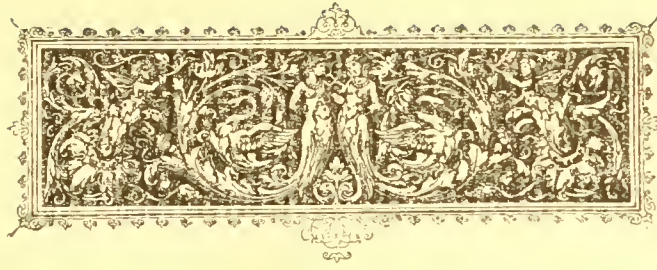
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1888

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BY MARY A. HEDRICK

F. J. S. S.



Preface



WHEN THE CIVIL WAR BROKE OUT, AND THE NEWSPAPERS WERE FILLED WITH WAR NEWS, STORIES, ANECDOTES, AND POETRY, IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT MY GRANDCHILDREN MIGHT BE AS MUCH INTERESTED IN THE STIRRING EVENTS RECORDED AS I HAD BEEN IN LISTENING TO TALES OF THE REVOLUTION.

I BEGAN TO CLIP SCRAPS TO PRESERVE FOR THEIR FUTURE REFERENCE AND ENTERTAINMENT. THE COLLECTION BECAME SO LARGE IT WAS PUT ASIDE WITHOUT USE. MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY HAS PASSED, AND THE PRESENT GENERATION KNOW BUT LITTLE OF THE LABORS AND SUFFERINGS OF MANY NOW MOVING AMONGST US, IN MIDDLE OR ADVANCED LIFE, AND MAY BE INTERESTED IN LEARNING FROM THESE CLIPPINGS WHAT MEN THOUGHT, SAID, AND WROTE IN THOSE DAYS.

AS THEY WERE TAKEN AT RANDOM FROM THE PAPERS OF THE DAY, I CAN GIVE NO CREDIT TO ANY PAPER OR TO ANY WRITER UNLESS THE NAME OR INITIALS WERE ATTACHED AND RETAINED, NOR CAN I FURNISH AUTHORITY FOR ANY STATEMENT; AND SO, WITHOUT PRETENSE TO HISTORICAL OR CHRONOLOGICAL ACCURACY, I PLACE BEFORE THE PUBLIC "INCIDENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR."

M. A. H.

LOWELL, MASS., JUNE, 1888.



Introduction



BRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois, was elected President of the United States in November, 1860. When the news was received in South Carolina the "Palmetto Flag" was hoisted on the shipping in the harbor, with cheers for a Southern Confederacy. Nov. 9th an attempt was made to seize the arms in Fort Moultrie, and the next day a bill was introduced into the South Carolina legislature to raise and equip ten thousand men. Later in the month Major Anderson was sent to Fort Moultrie. Congress met in December. President Buchanan denied the right of a state to secede, or the right of the general government to coerce a seceding state. An extra session of the cabinet was called to consider the question of reinforcing Fort Moultrie. The President opposed it, and no reinforcements were sent.

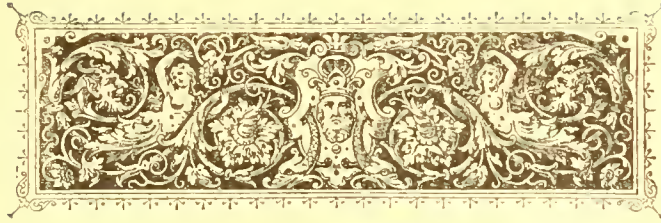
Dec. 20th the South Carolina convention unanimously adopted a secession ordinance. The President sent a message to the convention that Major Anderson should not be reinforced, and on the 26th Anderson left Fort Moultrie and took possession of Fort Sumter. He had with him one hundred and eleven men. Two days later South Carolina seized the government property in Charleston, and took possession of Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie.

Jacob Thompson betrayed the sailing of the *Star of the West*, with supplies for Fort Sumter; she was fired on and driven back by the Rebel batteries in Charleston harbor; and then he resigned as Secretary of the Interior. This took place Jan. 9, 1861, and during the month the Gulf States and other Southern States seceded, seized forts, navy yards, and stores of all kinds, and were in open rebellion against the United States. All honor to Lieutenant Slemmer, in command at Fort Pickens, who refused to obey

the order to surrender the fort to Florida troops, and thus saved that important place to the Union!

The government made no effort to check the warlike proceedings throughout the South, and as the term of service of President Buchanan drew to a close, much anxiety was felt about the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. Happily, this took place without violent demonstrations. Meanwhile the Rebels had been busy with their preparations, and the batteries in Charleston harbor being in readiness, they opened fire on Fort Sumter, April 12th, at 4 o'clock in the morning.

How the news of this attack, and the events that followed, were received throughout the country, the feelings and sentiments of different people during the succeeding months and years, are best told by clippings from the newspapers, as they were issued just at the time the episodes were passing.



Incidents of the Civil War

WAR BEGUN!

Fort Sumter Attacked by
the Confederate Army.

PROMPT REPLY BY
MAJOR ANDERSON.

Report that Two Guns were Silenced
and a Breach Made.

ONLY TWO MEN WOUNDED.

ARRIVAL OF 2000 TROOPS.

Three Steamers Reported
Off the Bar.

CORRESPONDENCE PRECEDING
THE ENGAGEMENT.

CHARLESTON, April 12. *The Ball has
Opened. War is Inaugurated!*

The batteries on Sullivan's island, Morris island, and other points opened on Fort Sumter at 4 o'clock this morning. Fort Sumter has returned the fire, and a brisk cannonading has been kept up. No information has been received from the seaboard as yet. The military are under arms, and the whole population is in the streets. Every available space facing the harbor is filled with anxious spectators.

SECOND DISPATCH.

CHARLESTON, April 12. The firing has continued all day uninterruptedly. Two of Fort Sumter's guns have been silenced, and it is reported that a breach has been made in the south-east wall.

The answer to General Beauregard's demand by Major Anderson was that he would surrender when his supplies were exhausted, if he was not reinforced. Not a casualty has yet happened to any of the forces. Of nineteen batteries only seven had been opened on Fort Sumter; the remainder are held in reserve for the expected fleet. Two thousand men reached the city this morning and embarked for Morris island and neighborhood.

THIRD DISPATCH.

CHARLESTON, April 12. The bombardment of Fort Sumter continues. The floating battery and Stevens' battery are operating freely, and Fort Sumter is returning the fire. It is reported that three war vessels are outside the bar.

FOURTH DISPATCH.

CHARLESTON, April 12. The firing has ceased for the night, to be resumed at daylight in the morning, unless an attempt is made to reinforce Fort Sumter, to repel which ample arrangements have been made. Only two men were wounded during the day. The *Pawnee*, *Harriet Lane*, and another steamer are reported off the bar. Troops are arriving by every train.

FIFTH DISPATCH.

CHARLESTON, April 12. The bombardment is still going on every twenty minutes from mortars. It is supposed Major Anderson is resting his men for the night. Three war vessels are reported outside. They can not get in, as the sea is rough. Nobody hurt. The floating battery works well. Troops arrive hourly. Every place is guarded. Lively times.

SIXTH DISPATCH.

CHARLESTON, April 12. The firing on Fort Sumter continues. Reviving times on the Palmetto coast.

SEVENTH DISPATCH.

CHARLESTON, April 13—12:30 A. M. It is utterly impossible to reinforce Fort Sumter to-night, as a storm is raging. The mortar battery will be playing on Fort Sumter all night.

Another Account of the Firing.

NEW YORK, April 12. The *Herald's* special dispatch from Charleston says Fort Moultrie began the bombardment with two guns, to which Major Anderson replied with three shots from his barbette guns, after which the batteries at Mount Pleasant, Cummings' point, and the floating battery opened a brisk fire with shot and shell. Major Anderson only replied at long intervals, until between 7 and 8 o'clock, when he opened from the two tiers of guns, looking toward Fort Moultrie and Stevens' battery, but at 2 o'clock had failed to produce any serious effect. During the greater part of the day Major Anderson directed his shots principally against Fort Moultrie, the Stevens and floating batteries, and Fort Johnson, they being the only ones operating against him.

Fifteen to eighteen shot struck the floating battery without effect; breaches to all appearances being made in the sides of Fort Sumter exposed to the fire. Portions of the parapet are destroyed, and several guns have been shot away. The fight will continue all night. The fort will probably be carried by storm.

It is reported that the *Harriet Lane* has received a shot through her wheelhouse. She is in the offing. No other government ships are in sight.

Troops are pouring into the city by thousands, and all business is suspended.

LATER.

NEW YORK, April 12. The following is a special dispatch to the *Herald* from Charleston:—

“Six o'clock, P. M. Dispatches from the floating battery state that two men

have been wounded. On Sullivan's island quite a number have been struck by spent pieces of shell and knocked down, but none hurt seriously.

"Three ships are visible in the offing, and it is believed that attempts will be made to-night to throw reinforcements into Fort Sumter by boats. It is also thought from the regular and repeated firing of Major Anderson that he has a larger force of men than was supposed. There have been two rain-storms to-day, but they had no effect upon the firing."

Official Correspondence Preceding Hostilities.

CHARLESTON, April 12. The following is the telegraphic correspondence between the War department at Montgomery and General Beauregard, immediately preceding hostilities. The correspondence grew out of the formal notification by the Washington government, disclosed in Beauregard's first dispatch:—

[NO. I.]

CHARLESTON, April 8.

To L. P. WALKER, Sec. of War, Montgomery:
An authorized messenger from Mr. Lincoln has just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, otherwise by force.

(Signed.) G. S. BEAUREGARD.

[NO. II.]

MONTGOMERY, April 10.

To GEN. G. S. BEAUREGARD, Charleston:
If you have no doubt of the authorized character of the agent who communicated to you the intentions of the Washington government to supply Fort Sumter by force, you will at once demand its evacuation; and if this is refused, proceed in such a manner as you may determine to reduce it. Answer.

(Signed.) L. P. WALKER, Sec. War.

[NO. III.]

CHARLESTON, April 10.

To L. P. WALKER, Sec. of War:
The demand will be made to-morrow, at 12 o'clock. (Signed.) BEAUREGARD.

[NO. IV.]

MONTGOMERY, April 10.

To GENERAL BEAUREGARD, Charleston:
Unless there are especial reasons connected with your condition, it is considered proper that you should make the demand at an early hour. (Signed.) L. P. WALKER, Sec. War.

[NO. V.]

CHARLESTON, April 10.

To L. P. WALKER, Sec. of War:
The reasons are special for 12 o'clock. (Signed.) BEAUREGARD.

[NO. VI.]

CHARLESTON, April 11.

To L. P. WALKER, Sec. of War:
The demand was sent at 2; allowed till 6 to answer. (Signed.) BEAUREGARD.

[NO. VII.]

MONTGOMERY, April 11.

To GENERAL BEAUREGARD, Charleston:
Telegraph reply of Anderson. (Signed.) L. P. WALKER.

[NO. VIII.]

CHARLESTON, April 11.

To L. P. WALKER, Sec. of War:
Major Anderson replies—"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication demanding the evacuation of this fort, and say in reply thereto that it is a demand with which I regret to say that my sense of honor and my obligations to my government prevent my complying with." He also adds—"Probably I will await the first shot, and if you do not batter us to pieces, we will be starved out in a few days." Answer. (Signed.) BEAUREGARD.

[NO. IX.]

MONTGOMERY, April 11.

To GENERAL BEAUREGARD, Charleston:
Do not desire needlessly to bombard Sumter. If Major Anderson will state the time at

which, as indicated by him, he will evacuate, and agree that in the meantime he will not use his guns against us, unless ours should be employed against Sumter, you are authorized thus to avoid the effusion of blood. If this or its equivalent be refused, reduce the fort as your judgment decides to be the most practicable.

(Signed.) L. P. WALKER, Sec. War.
[NO. X.]

CHARLESTON, April 12.

To L. P. WALKER, Sec. of War:
He would not consent. I write to-day. (Signed.) BEAUREGARD.

Note. Intercepted dispatches disclose the fact that Lieutenant Fox, who had been allowed to visit Major Anderson on the pledge that his purpose was pacific, employed his opportunity to devise a plan for supplying the fort by force, and that this plan has been adopted by the Washington government and was in progress of execution.

THE BATTLE AT CHARLESTON!

Major Anderson Surrenders Fort Sumter!

THE WOOD-WORK OF THE FORT BURNED!

THE NEWS AT WASHINGTON.

The Feeling in Different States.

The President's Proclamation!

75,000 VOLUNTEERS CALLED FOR.

An Extra Session of Congress.

The latest intelligence in our paper of Saturday from Charleston was dated Friday evening, 6 o'clock. The fire was kept up on Fort Sumter, at intervals of twenty minutes, all night. Major Anderson replied as constantly as possible with his heavy guns during the day, but at 6 o'clock ceased, and all night he was engaged in repairing damages. At 9 o'clock on Saturday morning a dense smoke rose from Sumter, indicating that the woodwork was on fire. The batteries of Sullivan's island, Cummings' point, and Stevens' battery poured shot and shell into Fort Sumter with terrible effect. At 1 P. M., the whole nineteen batteries were playing upon Sumter, which replied vigorously. The entire roof of the barracks in the fort was at one time on fire, and there were several explosions during the afternoon. A raft was put out by Major Anderson, and men were employed to bail water with which to extinguish the fire, exposed to the shots from Fort Moultrie. With the display of a flag of truce from the ram-

parts of Fort Sumter, at 1:30 o'clock, the firing ceased, and an unconditional surrender was made. After Major Anderson's flag-staff was shot away, Colonel Wigfall, one of General Beauregard's aids, went to Fort Sumter with a white flag, to offer assistance in extinguishing the flames. He approached the burning fortress from Morris island, while the fire was raging on all sides, and effected a landing at Fort Sumter. He approached a port-hole and was met by Major Anderson. The latter said he had displayed a white flag, but the firing from the South Carolina batteries was kept up, nevertheless. Colonel Wigfall replied that Major Anderson must haul down the American flag; that no parley would be granted, and that "surrender or fight" was the word. Major Anderson then hauled down the American flag and displayed a flag of truce. All firing instantly ceased. Two other officers of General Beauregard's staff, and Ex-Senator Chestnut and Ex-Governor Manning came over in a boat and stipulated with Major Anderson that his surrender should be unconditional for the present, subject to the terms of General Beauregard. Major Anderson was allowed to remain with his men in actual possession of the fort, while Messrs. Chestnut and Manning came over to the city, accompanied with a member of the Palmetto Guards bearing the colors of his company. These were met by hundreds of citizens, and as they marched up the streets to the General's quarters, the crowd was swelled to thousands. Shouts rent the air, and the wildest joy was manifested.

A boat, with an officer and ten men, was sent from one of the four ships in the offing to General Simons, commander of the forces on Morris island, with a request that a merchant ship or one of the government vessels be allowed to enter and take off the commander and garrison of Fort Sumter. General Simons replied that if no hostilities were attempted during the night, and no effort being made to reinforce or retake Fort Sumter, he would give them an answer at 9 o'clock, Sunday morning. The officer signified that this was satisfactory and returned.

General Beauregard went on a steamer to the fort, and three fire companies were also sent to extinguish the flames, but the fire had, however, been previously extinguished by the exertions of Anderson and his men. Visitors reported that Major Anderson surrendered because his quarters and barracks were destroyed, and he had no hope of reinforcements.

The fleet lay idly by during thirty hours, and either could not or would not help him; besides, his own men were prostrated from over-exertion. There were but five hurt,—four badly and one thought mortally,—but the rest were worn out. The explosions were caused by the bursting of loaded shells, which were ignited by the fire and could not be removed quick enough. The fire in the barracks was caused by the quantities of hot shot thrown from Fort Moultrie.

Within Fort Sumter everything but the casemates is in utter ruin. The whole thing looks like a blackened mass of ruins. Many guns were dismantled. The side opposite Cummings' point is the hardest-dealt with, as the rifle cannon played great havoc with Fort Sumter. The wall looked like honeycomb. Near the top is a breach as big as a cart. The side opposite Fort Moultrie is honeycombed extensively, as is that opposite the floating battery.

Fort Moultrie is badly damaged. The officers' quarters and barracks are torn to pieces. The frame houses on the island are riddled with shot in many instances, and whole sides of houses are torn out.

Fort Sumter caught fire three times during the day. Doctor Crawford, Major Anderson's surgeon, is slightly wounded in the face. None of the South Carolinians were injured.

Boats were sent to officially notify the fleet at the bar that Major Anderson had surrendered. It is not known when the South Carolinians will occupy Fort Sumter, or what will be done with the vanquished. Every one at Charleston is satisfied with the victory and happy that there has been no bloodshed. After the surrender, the bells of the city were rung, and cannon fired.

CHARLESTON, April 14—*morning*. Negotiations were completed last night, and Major Anderson, with his command, will evacuate Fort Sumter this morning and embark on board the war vessels off the bar.

When Fort Sumter was in flames and Major Anderson could only fire guns at long intervals, the men at our batteries cheered every fire which the gallant major made in his last struggles, but looked defiance at the vessels of war, whose men stood without firing a gun or attempting to divert the fire from a single battery.

Five of Major Anderson's men were wounded.

The steamer *Isabel* will take General Beauregard to Fort Sumter, which will be turned over by Major Anderson to the Confederate States.

It is reported that Major Anderson and his command will be taken to New York in the steamer *Isabel*.

Major Anderson and men leave to-night at 11 o'clock in the steamer *Isabel* for New York. The fleet is still outside.

It was a thrilling scene when Major Anderson and his men took formal leave of Fort Sumter.

The Pennsylvania War Bill Passed.

HARRISBURG, April 12. The war bill passed both houses to-night without amendment. Governor Curtin, who waited at the executive office for the purpose, has signed it. Charleston dispatches about hostilities were read in both houses, producing a profound sensation. Mr. Smith (Democrat), in the House, after a Charleston dispatch was read, changed his vote to aye on the

war bill. All the Democrats of both houses voted against the bill.

The bill appropriates a million to arm and equip the militia, and authorizes a temporary loan. It provides for the appointment of an adjutant-general, commissary-general, and quartermaster-general, who, with the governor, have power to carry the act into effect.

Maryland will Sustain the Administration — Disposal of Texas Troops.

NEW YORK, April 12. The *Commercial's* Washington dispatch says that Reverdy Johnson is now here, and expresses his warm approval of the President's present movement, and emphatically affirms that Maryland will give the administration its cordial support.

Two companies of troops, arrived per steamer *Coatzacoalcos*, have been ordered to Washington, four to Carlisle Barracks, and one to Fort Hamilton, in this harbor.

Washington News.

WASHINGTON, April 12. It is denied that any portion of the Confederate States loan has been offered in New York. More than the entire amount has been arranged at par within the limits of the Confederacy.

The expedition for the relief of Fort Sumter is said to be undertaken against the advice of General Scott, he having urged the evacuation of both Forts Sumter and Pickens.

The Virginia Convention.

RICHMOND, VA., April 12. The fourteenth resolution was adopted in the convention to-day, with Mr. Scott's amendment. This being the last resolution, the proposed amendments to the constitution were taken up. Mr. Wise's substitute was rejected. Adjourned.

The official dispatches between General Beauregard, Major Anderson, and Secretary Walker were circulated in the convention this afternoon. They created considerable sensation, but there was no indication that the Union men would consent to secede without the cooperation of the border states. The public is greatly excited.

The News at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, April 12. The Charleston news was not generally promulgated until after nightfall. It produced a profound sensation. There was a general regret at bloodshed, and great diversity of views, but the general feeling was in favor of the government.

Confidence of the President.

NEW YORK, April 12. A special dispatch from Washington to the *Commercial* says the President to-day expresses confidence that the supply ship will be permitted by the Charleston authorities to land stores at Fort Sumter.

Intense Excitement at Mobile.

MOBILE, April 12. There is intense excitement and rejoicing here. Fifteen guns were fired in honor of the attack on Fort Sumter.

Kentucky Troops Called For.

LOUISVILLE, April 12. Dispatches have come here to hold the Kentucky volunteer regiment in readiness to move at a moment's notice from the War department at Montgomery.

Extra Session of the Southern Congress Called.

MONTGOMERY, April 12. An extra session of Congress has been called on the 29th.

THE WAR NEWS.

How It is Received, and What is to Follow.

There was great excitement at Washington on the receipt of the news. The Cabinet was in session till a late hour Saturday night, and met again Sunday morning. The President is reported to have received the news with calmness; he accepts the fact that the war has begun, and (says a dispatch) he is "ready for all emergencies." The country may rely upon the administration for the full preservation of the honor of the government. The city will soon be sufficiently protected against the assaults of the Rebels, should they undertake to attack it. The government is prepared at all points.

"It is apprehended that, in the event of disaster to the Federal forces in the harbor at Charleston, the Rebels will immediately march upon Washington with a large number of troops. The possibility of such an event is not denied by the military authorities here, but even with the worst that can happen the traitors will find a warm reception.

"The regular troops now here have been ordered and proceeded to the outskirts of the city, to watch every avenue thereto, while the volunteers recently mustered guard the armories and public buildings.

"Videttes are constantly seen riding through the streets."

Capt. W. B. St. Johns, of the Third Infantry, and First Lieut. Abner Smead, of the First Artillery, are to be discharged, for failing to respond to orders from superiors.

Information continues to be received from private sources of secret plots in various localities in Maryland and Virginia, having in view the seizure of the

public property, and even the persons of the highest officers of the government. Although many of the rumors are not believed, they will receive attention enough to secure a strict watch at all points.

The proclamation of the President is received with favor by everybody, and all with whom we have conversed say that the government must be sustained and the traitors punished for their treason. The various military companies have meetings this evening, and we trust a spirit will be evinced of readiness to aid in upholding the President, by volunteering their services if necessary.

The President's Proclamation.

WHEREAS, The laws of the United States have been for some time past and now are opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed in the states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by a combination too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by powers vested in marshals by the law; now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power vested in me by the constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several states of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combination, and to cause the laws to be duly executed.

The details of this object will be immediately communicated to the state authorities through the War department. I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and existence of our national Union and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress the wrongs already long enough endured. I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union; and in every event the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country. I hereby command the persons composing the combination aforesaid, to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, within twenty days from this date.

Deeming that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the constitution, convene both houses of Congress. Senators and representatives are therefore summoned to assemble at their respective chambers at 12 o'clock, noon, Thursday, the fourth of July next, and there to consider and determine such measures as in their wisdom the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, 1861, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

(Signed.) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Return of Steamer South Carolina.

The steamer *South Carolina*, Captain Baxter, which left this port April 6th for Charleston, returned this morning, having been prevented from reaching her destination by the breaking out of

hostilities at Charleston. She put into Norfolk through stress of weather, and while there heard of the trouble brewing at Charleston, and her officers considered it inexpedient to proceed. All her passengers landed at Norfolk, and the steamer was shortly afterwards ordered by telegraph to return to Boston. She made the passage from Norfolk in forty-seven hours.

Highly Important from Kentucky.— The Governor Refuses to Furnish Troops.

NEW YORK, April 16. The Louisville (Ky.) *Courier* publishes the following reply to the Secretary of War:—

Your dispatch was received, and in reply I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern states.

(Signed,) B. MAGOFFIN,
Governor of Kentucky.

Want of Provisions in Alabama.

A correspondent writing to us from Eufala, Ala., under date of April 4th, says: "Provisions here are exceedingly high and scarce. It is a humiliating fact that Alabama has seceded from the United States, and has not the means to support herself. She is compelled to get her supplies from Louisville, Ky., and Evansville, Ind., to keep from starving. This is literally a fact. I am glad that the old North state has not consented to secede, and I hope she never will under the pretext that the Cotton states have. I must say that so far as I understand the policy of the Confederate States I have no taste for it; and should things thus continue, I will leave the Confederacy and return to my native state."—[North Carolina Standard.

Major Anderson in New York.

HIS STATEMENT OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

No Surrender of the Fort Made, but an Evacuation.

Major Anderson Did Not Give Up His Sword.

THE WIGFALL EPISODE.

Major Anderson, having been applied to for an account of the attack on and defense of Fort Sumter, said that he was too hoarse to talk himself, but he deputed one of his lieutenants, who furnished, in substance, the following statement:—

The Secession forces, on the 10th inst., had made every arrangement for an attack, and all their guns were manned. On the following morning

a demand was made on Major Anderson, by General Beauregard, to evacuate the fort.

Major Anderson refused firmly to accede to this request, and in his answer remarked that he would probably be starved out in a few days. When this answer was received General Beauregard dispatched a messenger to the fort, who inquired on what day the garrison would be starved out, and whether Major Anderson would agree not to open his batteries on the opposite forts meanwhile? The Major replied that he would probably be obliged to evacuate the fort on Monday, before noon, and would not commence hostilities unless the Secession troops fired at his fort, or at the national flag which waved over it, or the vessels which bore it. When the answer was announced to General Beauregard a consultation took place, after which the General apprised Major Anderson, through a special messenger, that he would open his batteries on the fort in one hour. All the preliminary arrangements were then made in Fort Sumter for the expected battle, and the command, having taken their positions at and contiguous to the guns, were ordered not to leave the casemates till they were surrounded.

At precisely half-past four o'clock, on the morning of the 12th, the South Carolina forces opened a terrific fire, with apparently increasing and damaging vigor, on Fort Sumter; but the fire was not returned till three hours after, when the men had taken breakfast. The halliards of the American flag were blown down by a heavy discharge of ball, during the day; and the shot and shell, which descended in a fiery shower on the fort, enveloped the flooring in flames. Several of the troops, who could ill be spared, were ordered to extinguish the fire. When they had succeeded, another conflagration was observed, and then a third, which, after the exertions of hours, were put out. The men were thoroughly fatigued, and some of them almost exhausted with the work. When night arrived it was unusually dark—so dark that neither aim nor distance could be observed, and Major Anderson ordered the batteries to be closed. The Secession troops, too, partially ceased firing, for the same reason.

On the 13th inst. Major Anderson again ordered the batteries to be worked and return a vigorous fire of the enemy. The rapid discharge of ball and shell from the Secessionists contributed to make the scorched air around the fort almost fatal to breathe. The fire of General Beauregard's troops was so desperate that it was impossible to work the barbette guns, which had to be abandoned in consequence. The difficulties under which Major Anderson labored were increased by the fact that a portion of his men had to be employed in making cartridges, which caused intervals between the discharge of his guns, not otherwise intended or expected.

On the morning of the 13th inst. the

south-east portion of the barracks of the fort took fire, and the flames soon spread rapidly, threatening a fearful death to the gallant defenders. When the revolutionists observed the conflagration they increased their fire, to the surprise of the officers of the fort, who did not expect such a proceeding. Indeed, the impression was general that the troops of South Carolina would come over under a flag of truce and extinguish the flames.

Nearly all of Major Anderson's command was then engaged in the labor of reducing or putting out the fire, which spread so rapidly that it approached the precincts of the magazine, where ninety barrels of powder were stored.

All the troops were then ordered to remove the powder, which, after dangerous labor, was covered with wet blankets and taken out. The precaution was rendered doubly necessary by the circumstance that the copper doors of the powder-chamber were hot enough almost to cause immediate ignition. The air, too, which surrounded the fort, was similar to the blast of an overheated furnace, and threatened immediate mortality among the men, who were obliged to cover their faces continually with wet cloths, to extend their painful existence. Still the fire of the revolutionists was kept up, and the powder which was saved, in order to escape anticipated explosion, had to be thrown into the sea. A few of the troops, however, manned the guns, with the object of showing by their weak and vain fire that they were still alive, and would die protecting the national flag.

At this juncture General Beauregard dispatched a messenger, inquiring if Major Anderson would evacuate the fort. Major Anderson replied that he was ready to do so on the conditions he had named two days before, but the Major did not offer to surrender the fort. When General Beauregard heard the reply he sent another messenger to the fort, offering that Major Anderson might leave the fort on his own conditions—being, in military phrase, the honors of war. Major Anderson accepted the proposition, and the steamer *Isabel*, belonging to the revolutionists, afterwards came alongside the fort, when the commandant, troops, and laborers embarked.

The American ensign was then lowered from the flagstaff of the fort, and placed over the *Isabel*, during which ceremony a salute of fifty guns was fired in respect to the colors. As the *Isabel* glided over the waters with the Federal troops, the American flag was raised, and a band on board struck up "Yankee Doodle."

The evacuation of the fort was a necessity, as existence there, under the circumstances, was almost an impossibility.—[New York Express, April 18.

Appearance of Major Anderson and his Command—Incidents of his Reception.

The commandant of Fort Sumter presents, in his personal appearance, vivid

indications of having participated in a battle of long duration. The smoke and fire with which he was surrounded have given him a brown complexion, and the fatigue and responsibility of his military position appear to have carved many lines in his face, not presented in the current portraits of him recently taken. He was hoarse, and when approached by several gentlemen who went on board to see him, he seemed too over-worn to answer the anxious questions which were put to him on all sides. Lieutenant Hall and some of the other officers also presented the appearance of having been engaged in a fierce cannonade, and some of them were too much fatigued to speak.

The countenances of the troops, also, told plainly of the action in which they had exhibited so much bravery.

When the *Baltic* had arrived opposite Forts Diamond and Hamilton, salutes were fired in honor of Major Anderson. Several guns were also discharged from Staten Island.

The island steamer *Southfield* stopped her engines opposite Quarantine, when the passengers sent up cheer after cheer in honor of Major Anderson.

Those on board the *Birkbeck* also made similar demonstrations—all of which Major Anderson acknowledged.

As the commandant left the larger steamer, the troops and all on board sent up enthusiastic cheers.

Major Anderson reached the Brevoort house at about 2 o'clock, where he was met by a few gentlemen and cordially received. Thanking them for the compliments they had seen fit to pay him, he retired to his own apartments, where he met his wife.

The public appeared to be entirely unaware of the place to which Major Anderson had been taken, until after his arrival, when the news rapidly spread that he was quartered at the Brevoort. In a few minutes quite a throng collected, and from a thousand throats there went up repeated cheers for the hero of Fort Sumter.

The Fifth regiment, Jefferson Guards, being out upon their annual parade to celebrate Jefferson's birthday, heard of the location of Major Anderson, and the Colonel determined to pay him the honor of a marching salute. At 2:30 o'clock the regiment reached the hotel, the crowd of people having increased in number to several thousands. The excitement and enthusiasm were intense, and when the recipient of the ovation made his appearance upon the balcony, tremendous cheers rent the air, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, until it seemed as though the assemblage were going frantic.

For a moment the Major stood erect, and, giving the crowd a glance, removed his cap; then, replacing it, he gave the military salute, which was responded to by another outburst of enthusiasm.

After the last company had passed, he turned towards the window for the purpose of re-entering the parlor, when another shout from the crowd, and "three more cheers for Major An-

derson," compelled him to once more bow his thanks.

He then withdrew; but the assemblage kept up their cheering for some time afterwards, and then dispersed.

The Major afterwards received a few friends in the parlor, some of them ladies, and then withdrew to his own apartments. It is generally remarked that he had a careworn, anxious look, and some intimate that he bitterly feels the doubts that have been raised regarding his loyalty to the flag and government, whose honor and dignity he has so nobly vindicated.

Senator Wigfall's Freak.

Toward the close of the second day, Senator Wigfall made his appearance at an embrasure, with a white handkerchief tied to a sword, and asked for admittance.

Two soldiers at the embrasure would not allow him to enter until he gave up his sword. When he got in he requested to see Major Anderson, and begged him for God's sake to stop firing, and take any terms he wanted.

He also prayed that a white flag might be hoisted for his protection, as he had been fired upon, on coming over.

Major Anderson thereupon considered the extreme circumstances under which the garrison was placed, and consented to accede to the request of Senator Wigfall.

The Doctor's Statement.

While Wigfall was crawling through the embrasure Lieutenant Snyder called to him. "Major Anderson is at the main gate." He paid no attention to the information, but passed into the casemate. He was there met by Captain Foster, Lieutenant Mead and Lieutenant Davis. Wigfall said, "I wish to see Major Anderson. I am General Wigfall, and I come from General Beauregard." In an excited tone, he continued, "You are on fire, and your flag is down. Let us quit this."

One of the officers replied: "Our flag is not down; it is still waving on the ramparts."

Wigfall then said: "Let us quit this firing, anyhow. Here is a flag," presenting a white flag attached to a sword; "will any one wave it out of the embrasure?"

One of the gentlemen said: "That is for you to do, if you choose."

Wigfall replied, "If no one will wave it, will you allow me to do it?" He jumped into the embrasure, and waved the white flag out nearest Fort Moultrie, but the firing still continued from the battery on Sullivan's island.

In answer to his repeated request, an officer said: "One of the men may hold the flag now," and Corporal Bringhurst jumped into the embrasure, and waved the flag.

The shot continued to fall around us as the corporal was in the embrasure, when Bringhurst jumped back, and remarked: "They don't respect this flag; they are firing at it."

Wigfall then replied: "They did not

respect it when I held it; they fired two or three times when I was there. I think you might stand it as well as myself."

Wigfall suggested that if we showed the flag from our ramparts they might observe it.

Lieutenant Davis replied: "If you request the flag shown from the ramparts while you hold a conference with Major Anderson, it may be done."

At this juncture Major Anderson came up. Wigfall said to him, "General Beauregard wishes to stop this, sir."

"Well, well," was the only reply of Major Anderson.

Wigfall said: "Major Anderson, you have defended your flag nobly, sir. You have done all that could be done, and General Beauregard wishes to stop this. Upon what terms will you evacuate this fort?"

Major Anderson replied: "General Beauregard is already acquainted with the terms."

Wigfall said: "Do I understand you that you will evacuate on the terms proposed to you the other day?"

Anderson replied: "Yes, sir; and on those conditions only."

Wigfall said: "Then I am to understand you, Major Anderson, that the fort is to be ours."

Major Anderson said, promptly, "On those conditions only."

Wigfall then replied: "Then I will return to General Beauregard."

In about fifteen minutes Colonels Chestnut and Roger A. Pryor, Captain Lee, and Porcher A. Miles came from General Beauregard and had an interview with Major Anderson, asking if he wanted any help. He related the conversation with Wigfall, to which the visitors expressed their astonishment, stating that Wigfall had no authority and had not seen Beauregard in two days.

Major Anderson then said, "We are sold, then; we will raise our flag again." The visitors requested him to keep his flag down till they could communicate with General Beauregard, as it might complicate matters.

Firing had ceased. Some three hours after, another deputation came, agreeing to the terms previously decided upon,—"the evacuation, not the surrender."—[Commercial Advertiser.

Why the Fort was Not Reinforced.

It turns out, after all, that the *Baltic* did leave this port to reinforce Sumter. None of the officers on board knew their destination till their orders were opened at sea. The *Baltic* arrived off Charleston bar last Friday morning at three o'clock. She found there the *Harriet Lane* and the *Porpoise*, which were waiting to render her service in clearing away naval obstructions and to protect the *Baltic's* boats while they were going to the fort with stores and men. The *Pocahontas* arrived on Saturday.

The plans for the reinforcement of Sumter by the *Baltic* were as follows:—

The President's orders were to send in boats with stores only at first, and if

they were fired upon, to send in troops. But, unfortunately, from the time of the *Baltic's* arrival till the evacuation of Sumter, it blew a perfect gale. There were but one hundred and fifty sailors on board—an insufficient number to man the store-boats; and still worse, the *Baltic*, soon after her arrival, got on Rattlesnake bar, and was all day in getting off. Meanwhile, the almost agony of the officers on board, who were within sight and sound of the bombardment, can be imagined rather than described.

But the officers meant to reinforce Sumter, and accordingly proposed the following: "To put thirty men into three boats, with provisions, and row to Sumter in the day-time, which would have been one of the most hazardous and daring feats ever attempted; but it would have been attempted if the gale had not rendered it impracticable.

The *Baltic's* boats were all prepared to make an attempt to reinforce at night, but the gale still prevented. The next morning a small schooner was alongside, which they had engaged to carry men and stores on Saturday, and her departure was prevented by the cessation of the firing from Sumter at noon. All the officers on the *Baltic* say Sumter would have been reinforced within twelve hours at all or any hazard. The evacuation, of course, removed the necessity for so doing.—[Evening Post.

An Incident.

A congregation not far from Boston, that does its own singing, had the sixtieth psalm of the Connecticut hymn-book given out to be sung, on Sunday morning, April 14th, just after the news of the attack on Fort Sumter, and you may imagine the spirit with which the following stanzas were sung:—

"Lift up a banner in the field
For those that fear Thy name;
Save the beloved with Thy shield,
And put the foe to shame.

"Go with our armies to the fight
Like a Confederate God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against Thy lifted rod.

"Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By Thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand."

WE have elsewhere given as detailed an account of the bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumter as can well be gathered from the dispatches, which have been sent from Charleston, of course somewhat colored in favor of the South. With others, we deeply deplore the fact that hostilities have occurred between the troops of the Rebel states and a handful of men occupying Fort Sumter; and we are free also to express our chagrin that the fort, although inadequately manned, has so easily fallen into the hands of the enemies of the Federal government. But

it is really a triumph over which the victors have little reason to be proud, and unless we wrongly read the signs of the times, it will yet be to them a dearly bought victory.

The proclamation of the President will be found elsewhere, and there is no doubt but he is to be fully and emphatically seconded in his endeavors to preserve our government. The people are with him; and now must the decision be made, whether the majority or the minority shall rule in this country. Mr. Lincoln has exhausted every means of peace. The South has requited his overtures with scorn and derision; they have threatened to overturn his government, and to take his life; they have begun war without just reason; and having taken the sword, will be met by the sword, we confidently believe and hope, although we grieve that any thing looking like a civil war should arise in the maintenance of our government; but the work of Washington and his compatriots must not be obliterated without a struggle in its support; and let us have an honorable and free government, —a government for all,—for one section no more than another,—or let us have a glorious war, and submit to anarchy when we must.—[Lowell Courier, Monday, April 15, 1861.

Stand by the Flag.

In our opinion we can pay the Boston *Post* no higher compliment than by republishing the following noble article, which appeared in its columns yesterday:—

"The spectacle our country presents, if inexpressibly painful, is most imposing. The constituted authorities, uttering the will and speaking the voice of the nation, in the exercise of their legitimate functions, have raised the standard of REPUBLICAN LAW. Let us think up to the magnitude of the great fact, and solemnly of the dire necessity that occasioned it. The course of South Carolina, from first to last, has been arrogant, precipitate, unjust to her Southern sister states, and false to the first principles of republican government; and we do not see how a candid mind in the civilized world can justify her immediate attack, under the circumstances, on Fort Sumter, because it was about to be supplied with provisions.

"This act of war made necessary the President's proclamation. This unsheathes the sword of law, and there was no other course. But the good citizen will observe that the President is careful to say, that in every event the utmost care will be observed to avoid devastation, not to interfere with or

destroy any property, or disturb peaceful citizens in any part of the country. This is well put, and must meet the approbation of every considerate mind. No people and no state have done more to exasperate than South Carolina; but not even for her peaceful citizens and her towns and cities is to be the devastation of war; if for nothing else, for the sake of old memories that will come thronging in with every passing event.

"At this call of the LAW, this great country, in the armed men springing to the rescue, now presents a spectacle that the world will contemplate with wonder. President Jefferson said in his first inaugural that it was a theoretic and visionary fear, that this republican government, *the world's best hope*, was not strong enough; or that it could, even by possibility, want energy to preserve itself; and be pronounced it to be the strongest government on the face of the earth. His words are: 'I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern.' This is what the people are now doing! The uprising is tremendous; and well would it be for each good citizen, South and North, to feel this invasion of the public order at Fort Sumter as his own personal concern. In reality it is so. There is left no choice but between a support of the government and anarchy! The rising shows that this is the feeling. The proclamation calls for seventy-five thousand men; and from one state alone (Pennsylvania) a hundred thousand are at the President's command, at forty-eight hours' notice! Nor is this all; capitalists stand ready to tender millions upon millions of money to sustain the grand government of their fathers. Thus the civilized world will see the mighty energy of a free people, supplying in full measure the sinews of war, men and money, out of loyalty to the supremacy of law.

"Patriotic citizen! choose you which you will serve: the world's best hope, our noble republican government, or that bottomless pit, social anarchy! Ad-journ other issues until this self-preserving issue is settled. Hitherto, a good Providence has smiled upon the American Union. This was the Morning Star that led on the men of the Revolution. It is precisely the truth to say, that when those sages and heroes labored, they made UNION the vital condition of their labor. It was faith in union that destroyed the tea and that nerved the resistance to British aggression. Without it, the patriots felt they were nothing; and with it, they felt equal to all things. That Union flag they transmitted to their posterity. To-day it waves over those who are rallying under the standard of law. And God grant that in the end, as it is with the old mother country after wars between White and Red Roses, and Roundheads and Cavaliers, so it may be with the daughter; that she may see PEACE in her borders, and all her children loving each other better than ever."

Patriotism in the Ascendant.

There can be no mistaking the sentiment which has been aroused by the exciting events at Charleston. The few who have prated, with the *Courier of Saturday*, of a "divided North," and of a "military organization necessary on two sides at the North," are confounded and silenced by the unanimity with which the government is sustained. There is no party division as to the duty of citizens in this crisis. Democrats and Bell-Everett men unite with Republicans in sustaining the course of the government, and in tendering their services for the emergency. A few instances will show the tone of public sentiment at the North. Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, who was elected in opposition to the Republicans, and is the representative man of the conservatives, has demonstrated by his patriotic offer of troops and of his own personal services to the general government, that patriotism is the first and only consideration with those whom he represents. His offer finds a hearty response in the gallant state of which he is the chief magistrate. In our own state, Brigadier-general Butler, the Breckenridge candidate for governor last fall, has offered to the Governor his own services and that of his brigade. In New York city, two regiments tendered their services to the United States upon the first news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter. One of these, the Sixty-ninth, is the Irish regiment, whose prompt anticipation of the call of duty shows that our adopted citizens are fully imbued with the spirit of patriotism. Traitors abound, undoubtedly, in New York city, but perhaps one of the best indications of the patriotism of the masses is the fact that it has become necessary to guard the office of the Satanic *Herald* from an anticipated attack. It is certainly a good sign if the avowed sympathy of that sheet with the Secessionists has at last aroused public indignation.

The press gives further evidence of the spirit which inspires all classes. We need cite but three illustrations, the first from the *Herald* (Democratic), whose popularity with the working classes gives to its opinions much weight. It says:—

"It is of no use now to fling at the government. Let us give up small prejudices and go in, heart and hand, to put down treason and traitors,—come

from what quarter they may. Those who afford comfort and aid to the enemy by croaking or sympathy are as guilty as those who are in open arms against the constituted authorities of the land. There were Tories in 1761, and there are Tories in 1861; and those of to-day will go down as did those who turned traitors to their country when despotism was attempting to bind the people to the car of political bondage, in the days of the Revolution."

Of a similar tenor is the following from the *Post* of yesterday morning:—

"That horror, civil war, is fairly on the country. It is a momentous fact that adjourns at once for a season all other and prior issues, and brings home to all who mean to be faithful to the obligations they owe to their country the practical question as to what is the duty of the hour. In this more than painful, this awful exigency, we can see no other honorable course for patriotic and national men but to sustain the constitutional authorities in the exercise of their legitimate functions; to keep up public credit; to act worthy of the kindling heritage of old memories; to let the heart swell with gratitude and honor towards the brave who bear worthily on and up the flag of the stars and stripes, the more rather than the less, that they have not to deal with the foreigner, but that in their duty of obedience to their superiors, they have the painful work of dealing with their countrymen. The old banner that Washington and Jackson bore will wave over them, and what will remain of the old Union will be for them and their posterity."

The following from the *Irish Pictorial*, the organ of the adopted citizens of the Irish race in this city, shows that they are not behind their brothers in New York in devotion to the country of their adoption. Such demonstrations from this quarter stamp as a base libel the assertion that "Irish regiments have been tendered to the Secessionists from the North."

"To Arms! To Arms!!"

"Such should now be the cry of every loyal citizen, until the blood shed at Charleston is atoned for by the most signal punishment of the traitors who would destroy the only free government on earth, and reduce our hitherto powerful and prosperous country to a worse condition than the petty states of Mexico.

"The President, in his inaugural address, extended the olive branch of peace to the rebellious citizens of the South, and called upon them to return to their allegiance and their duty. He guaranteed to the seceding states a continuance of their postal facilities, and pointed out to them the ruinous paths they were pursuing, with all the kindness and affection of a parent to his erratic child.

"The pacific policy thus inaugurated has been treated with derision by the traitors, and looked upon as evidence of the weakness and cowardice of the national government.

"The little garrison defending Fort Sumner, who, by-the-by, are mostly of Irish birth, and of that fine old Celtic race which never yet turned its back upon a foe, had but a few days' supply of provisions, and when the government offered to withdraw all the troops from that fort, leaving only a corporal and two men in charge of it, this was refused by the Rebel leaders, who insisted upon terms, which if agreed to by our government, would have made it synonymous with every thing mean and vile, and left our country the scoff of every nationality on earth.

"These humiliating conditions the government rejected, and announced to the governor of South Carolina their intention of peaceably supplying the little garrison with provisions. For this a civil war has been commenced by the South, which can end only in the overwhelming defeat of the Rebels, and the destruction of the oligarchical and despotic government they have set up.

"In the war of Independence, Irish-born men played a noble part. At the battle of New Orleans the country was saved by Andrew Jackson, the son of an Irish peasant, and in the war now inaugurated Irishmen will be found loyal to the government and country which has been an asylum and a home to the oppressed of every nation.

"Let every adopted citizen remember the oath which he has taken to support the constitution, and no people pay greater reverence to the sanctity of an oath than those of Irish birth.

"There are, unfortunately, in all our large cities, a few designing, traitorous demagogues, who will endeavor to instill the poison of their own minds into others; but they are few in deed, and every adopted citizen should shun these traitors, or put a mark of reprobation on them. The Irish people on this continent are loyal to the Union, the constitution, and the government, and will support them by every means in their power. Let the government proceed with vigor. If we must have war, let it not be a 'little war'; let it be overwhelming, so that it may speedily be ended."

We might cite many other indications of a unanimity of public sentiment, which exceeds any thing that could have been anticipated, and surpasses even what has been hoped for. In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore,—the great commercial centers, where lukewarmness was to have been expected, if anywhere,—the spirit of patriotism is dominant, and each will send its quota of fighting men to sustain the government. We need not say that public sentiment in the agricultural districts beats responsive to the popular

movements in the cities. The patriotism of those who are untrammelled by trade has never been doubted.— [April 16, 1861.

The Call to Arms.

The spirit and promptness with which the loyal states respond to the call of the President for seventy-five thousand men, will solve the problem of the country's future. If these troops are poured into Washington at once, before the Confederate states can prepare to strike another blow, the disaffected will be overawed, and rebellion will speedily be crushed out. It can not stand before the gathering masses of indignant freemen, whose forbearance and good-feeling have been too long tested. The signs of the times are auspicious. The taking of Fort Sumner has aroused a spirit of patriotism and zeal for the country's service, before which treason in the northern states at least has shrunk abashed. The secessionists have counted largely upon sympathy and even aid from this section. They will be speedily undeceived. The reign of anarchy which they anticipated here will not prevail. The interests of capital and of labor are bound up with the maintenance of the government, and the government will be sustained, and the insulted flag of the country vindicated. Already the gathering of citizen soldiery, enthusiastically responding to the call of duty, is demonstrating that the martial ardor of the North has not been forgotten in the pursuits of peace. If the swords have been beaten into plowshares, from those plowshares armed men are gathering at the call of the President. With such a spirit, the war into which our country has been plunged will be of short duration, and the capture of a starving garrison of one hundred men will be the only "glorious victory" of which the secessionists can boast.

Good Pluck in Rhode Island.

The Providence Post, of April 13th, says that "Governor Sprague has telegraphed to the President, offering for the defense of the national capital the Providence Marine Artillery and one thousand infantry, commanded by the Governor in person. Rhode Island and her governor are worthy of each other, and of the principles which they are prompt to support, in the field as well as in the council."

Interesting Particulars of the Bombardment.

The following dispatch gives some interesting particulars not contained in the associated press accounts:—

CHARLESTON, April 14. The last act in the drama of Fort Sumner has been concluded. Major Anderson has evacuated, and with his command departed by the steamer *Isabel* from the harbor. He saluted his flag, and the company, then forming upon the parade ground,

marched out upon the wharf, with drum and fife playing "Yankee Doodle."

During the salute a pile of cartridges burst in one of the casemates, killing two men and wounding four others. One was buried in the fort with military honors. The other will be buried by the soldiers of South Carolina.

The wounded men were brought to the city, where they are receiving the best surgical attention. The others went in the steamer.

It is not definitely known whether Major Anderson will go to New York in the *Isabel* or in a man-of-war; but it is supposed in the former, as he is said to be highly incensed against the United States officers for not coming to his assistance during the fire, in reponse to frequent signals of distress.

The *Isabel* was furnished him at his own request.

The people are equally indignant here, and say it is the most cowardly act ever perpetrated. They might have even made the attempt to aid him.

In contrast with this, an old slave passed through the hottest fire, with a sloop-load of wood, on Friday evening, and came safely to the city. Somebody told him he would be killed in the attempt. "Can't help that," said he: "must go to de town to-night. If anybody hurt dis chile or dis boat, massa see him about it, shuah." His sloop received four shots.

It is reported here that Major Anderson sent in his resignation, to take effect on the inauguration of the Lincoln government, but no notice was taken of it.

The news received from Washington to-night states that Major Anderson is strongly suspected of treachery. The idea is preposterous.

The fort is burned into a mere shell; not a particle of woodwork can be found. The guns on one side of the parapet are entirely dismounted, others split, while the gun-carriages are knocked into splinters.

Major Anderson says the accuracy of the firing surprised him, and that if he had had two hundred more men, one-half would have been killed for want of suitable protection.

When Colonel Chestnut, aid of General Beauregard, went to offer assistance after the fire, he says the fort was like an oven, and he could hardly breathe. It was so hot that Major Anderson received him in one of the casemates. Inquiry being made how many were killed, he said, "None. How many on your side?" "None," was the response. "Thank God," replied Major Anderson: "there has been a higher Power over us."

Major Anderson says it is preposterous to fight such a people. One of the officers in the fort remarked that they had endeavored not to fire on exposed individuals. "Yes," said Major Anderson, "I gave orders not to sight men, but to silence batteries." Both men and officers were begrimed with smoke and powder.

The batteries which have done the most mischief are the Dahlgren battery, Stevens' battery, and the rifle cannon.

Past and Future.

Dec. 26, 1860.

Dec. 26, 1910.

A Ballad of Major Anderson.

BY MRS. J. C. R. DORR.

Come, children, leave your playing, this dark
and stormy night;
Shut fast the rattling window blinds, and
make the fire burn bright;
And hear an old man's story, while loud the
fierce winds blow,
Of gallant Major Anderson and fifty years
ago.

I was a young man then, boys, but twenty-
eight years old,
And all my comrades knew me for a soldier
brave and bold;
My eye was bright, my step was firm, I meas-
ured six feet two,
And I knew not what it was to shirk when
there was work to do.

We were stationed at Fort Moultrie, in
Charleston harbor, then,
A brave band, though a small one, of scarcely
sixty men;
And day and night we waited for the coming
of the foe,
With noble Major Anderson, just fifty years
ago.

Were they French or English? ask you. Oh,
neither, neither, child!
We were at peace with other lands, and all
the nations smiled
On the Stars and Stripes, wherever they
floated, far and free,
And all the foes we had to meet we found
this side of the sea.

But even between brothers bitter feuds will
sometimes rise,
And 't was the cloud of civil war that darkened
in the skies.
I have not time to tell you how the quarrel
first began,
Or how it grew, till o'er our land the strife
like wildfire ran.

I will not use hard words, my boys, for I am
old and gray,
And I've learned it is an easy thing for the
best to go astray;
Some wrong there was on either side, I do
not doubt at all;
There are two sides to a quarrel — be it great,
or be it small!

But yet, when South Carolina laid her sacri-
legious hand
On the altar of the Union that belonged to all
the land;
When she tore our glorious banner down and
trailed it in the dust,
Every patriot's heart and conscience bade
him guard the sacred trust.

You scarce believe me, children. Grief and
doubt are in your eyes,
Fixed steadily upon me, in wonder and sur-
prise.
Don't forget to thank our Father when to-
night you kneel to pray,
That an undivided people rule America to-
day.

We were stationed at Fort Moultrie, but about
a mile away
The battlements of Sumter stood proudly in
the bay;
'T was by far the best position, as he could not
help but know,
Our gallant Major Anderson, just fifty years
ago.

Yes, 't was just after Christmas, fifty years ago
to-night;
The sky was calm and cloudless, the moon
was clear and bright;
At six o'clock the drum beat to call us to
parade,
And not a man suspected the plan that had
been laid.

But the first thing a soldier learns is that he
must obey,
And that when an order's given he has not a
word to say;

So, when told to man the boats, not a ques-
tion did we ask,
But silently, yet eagerly, began our hurried
task.

We did a deal of work that night, though our
numbers were but few;
We had all our stores to carry, and our am-
munition, too;
And the guard ship — 't was the *Nina* — set
to watch us in the bay,
Never dreamed what we were doing, though
't was 'most as light as day.

We spiked the guns we left behind, and ent
the flag-staff down;
From its top should float no color if it might
not hold our own.
Then we sailed away for Sumter as fast as we
could go,
With our good Major Anderson, just fifty
years ago.

I never can forget, my boys, how the next
day, at noon,
The drums beat and the band played a stir-
ring martial tune,
And silently we gathered round the flag-staff,
strong and high,
Forever pointing upward to God's temple in
the sky.

Our noble Major Anderson was good as he
was brave,
And he knew without God's blessing no ban-
ner long e'er I wave;
So he knelt, with head uncovered, while the
chaplain read the prayer,
And as the last amen was said, the flag rose
high in air.

Then our loud huzzas rang out, far and widely
o'er the sea!
We shouted for the Stars and Stripes, the
standard of the free!
Every eye was fixed upon it, every heart beat
warm and fast,
As with eager lips we promised to defend it
to the last!

'T was a sight to be remembered, boys, — the
chaplain with his book,
Our leader humbly kneeling, with his calm,
undunted look;
And the officers and men, crushing tears they
could not shed, —
And the blue sea all around us, and the blue
sky overhead.

Now go to bed, my children, the old man's
story's told, —
Stir up the fire before you go — 't is bitter,
bitter cold;
And I'll tell you more to-morrow night, when
loud the fierce winds blow,
Of gallant Major Anderson and fifty years
ago.

Correspondence from Washington.

The letters of the Washington corre-
spondents contain many items of inter-
est. We copy the following from the
Tribune letters: —

“No blame is imputed to Major Ander-
son by the administration, and no whip-
per affecting his fidelity and loyalty is
tolerated. He acted upon a necessity
contemplated by his orders, which was
to yield the fort in case he should be en-
compassed by an overwhelming force,
or reduced to an extremity by the want
of provisions. According to informa-
tion which reached here recently, his
supplies were expected to be exhausted
last Tuesday, and hence the extraordi-
nary efforts which were made to recruit
his enfeebled garrison. Major Ander-
son himself endeavored to get rid of the
laborers who had been employed in the
fort, for the purpose of restricting the
consumption to his actual military com-
mand, but the state authorities refused

The fort was set on fire three times
with hot shot on Friday, but was extin-
guished. On Saturday it was again in
flames, and then beyond control. After
the fire ceased the surgeon-general of
the state troops went down and offered
his personal services to aid the wounded.

As regards harbor defense, the fort is
just as good as ever. The casemates are
perfect, the guns are in prime condition,
and bear on both sides.

Major Anderson was obliged to throw
overboard a large quantity of powder,
to prevent explosion, and it was floating
around the fort to-day.

One of the aids carried brandy to
Major Anderson in a boat, after the fire,
and the latter said it was very accepta-
ble, as the men were completely ex-
hausted by their labors. I mention this
to show the kind and chivalrous rela-
tions between the officers.

Before going into action Major Ander-
son sent word by an aid of General
Beauregard to the Governor, thanking
him for kind attentions during the past
two months, and very solemnly said:
“Farewell, gentlemen. If we do not
meet again here, I hope we shall meet
in a better world.”

Just before the demand for evacua-
tion he received a letter from his wife,
informing him of the reports that the
demand would be made. He was much
surprised; but more so, when the fact
was verified three minutes afterward.

The fort has been garrisoned by the
Palmetto Guards, and put under com-
mand of Lieutenant-colonel Ripley, who
commanded Fort Moultrie after the de-
parture of Major Anderson.

The Major's feelings were spared in
every respect, and no person, except
authorized aids, allowed inside. The
harbor is full of boats, sailing around
the fort; but no parties without busi-
ness are permitted to land.

Special dispatches to-night state that
Mr. Lincoln has called for seventy-five
thousand volunteers. The people think
there is a great deal of bluff about it.

The city is resuming its usual quiet.
Everybody is exchanging congratula-
tions over the successful termination of
the fight; but the soldiers are itching
for a hand-to-hand brush.

The Confederate flag and the Palmetto
flag were hoisted on separate spars sim-
ultaneously. It is believed that a block-
ade has been finally established.

The following information comes from
Washington, on Sunday: —

“Mr. Wiley, of New York, had an in-
terview with the President to-night.
He left Charleston on Friday night, and
says he saw the battle during that day.
He says there was not an interval of
two minutes between the firing on both
sides after Major Anderson opened his
fire, which was not until about 7 o'clock
A. M., two and one-half hours after the
Morris, Sullivan, and James island bat-
teries had been pouring into Fort Sum-
ter. Mr. Wiley says Major Anderson
worked his guns actively all day, until
6 o'clock Friday evening. The Charles-
tonians were surprised at it, in view of
the small number of men in the place.”

to permit their departure, and these additional months were thus imposed upon their limited stock of provisions.

"In view of the threatened contingency an attempt was made to communicate with him on the 4th inst., conveying discretion to abandon the fort, if, in his judgment, it could not be held until supplies could be forwarded. But that and other dispatches were intercepted, which put the Secessionists in full possession of the exact circumstances of his condition, and enabled General Beauregard to time his operations, as they were subsequently developed. Then the order cutting off his purchases in the Charleston market was made. The dispatch which Lieutenant Talbot took down repeated this discretion, but also announced that a vessel with supplies, supported by several ships of war, would be sent to his relief. That dispatch could not be delivered, and its general character was anticipated by the instructions of the government, which had been feloniously appropriated before. It will thus be seen, that the Revolutionists were fully informed, not only of the state of the garrison, but of the policy of the government in every essential particular. With their immense force and numerous batteries, and considering that the storm had dispersed the fleet which had been sent to Major Anderson's relief, or at least prevented their co-operation, the result is not surprising.

"Judge Douglas and other leading Democrats, who have heretofore favored a peace policy, now openly advocate the most decisive measures, and avow their readiness to sustain the government heartily and energetically. Other opponents have come forward in the same patriotic spirit, and the feeling is spreading. The traitors at the North, who have been affiliating and co-operating with the conspirators South, ought to be marked as public enemies. They are responsible for the belief, which is largely entertained in the South, that at the first clash of arms the Northern Democracy would enter the field against the administration. They are responsible, also, for having aided this treasonable rebellion in other ways.

"Although Sam Houston applied here a month ago for assistance to sustain his legal authority as governor of Texas, he has recently written, advising against sending troops there. This change of front needs explanation, but in the mean time the policy can not be altered to suit such caprices.

"The plan for provisioning Fort Sumter was based upon the fact of unusual high tide in Charleston harbor on the 10th, 11th, and 12th, which would enable steam-tugs to float over the shoals, out of reach of the Rebel batteries on Morris island. The storm delayed the vessels, and when they arrived it was too late. The war ships were simply to lie outside and protect the transports from the Rebel vessels that might be sent to stop their passage over the shoals.

"Some have questioned the patriotism

of Major Anderson for surrendering so soon. But the administration has the most undoubting confidence in his fidelity and courage, and that he held out as long as possible. He was utterly out of provisions, except a little salt pork, and is believed to have surrendered from mere exhaustion. Passengers who left Charleston late on Friday night say Major Anderson's fire all through the day averaged four or five guns a minute. His columbiads shook houses to their foundations six miles away.

"Senator Chestnut spent several hours on Thursday night, trying to persuade Major Anderson to surrender or evacuate. The passengers believe the Confederates had several killed and wounded.

"In view of the forthcoming call for troops by the President, the tone of feeling in this city is admirable. Secession blustered last night, but cowers to-night."

We copy the following from the New York *Times'* correspondence:—

"Twenty men from the Second cavalry were stationed all last night as a guard to the White House. Mounted troops are stationed to-night outside the city, with rations for their horses. They are guarding every approach to the city. They are stationed four at each point, and relieved every four hours. Signals have been arranged for more speedy communication. One hundred and fifty men have been stationed in the Post-office department, three hundred at the Treasury, two hundred at the Capitol, and two hundred near the White House.

"It seemed difficult to comprehend the possibility that after twenty hours, a fort pronounced impregnable had surrendered to its assailants without having inflicted the slightest injury upon the masses engaged in the assault.

"Among the Northern men there was a general determination that Major Anderson had at last proved untrue to the trusts reposed in him by the government, and unworthy of the praise bestowed upon him when he evacuated Fort Moultrie and retired to Fort Sumter. Indeed, at this time the first suspicion of his unfaithfulness has settled into a conviction so strong that nothing but an official report and justification to the government will revive it."

The New York *Herald* letters furnish the following:—

"Two officers of the New York city militia to-day announced to the President the readiness of their regiments to respond to his call.

"Captain Newton, of Boston, acting commander of the Second battalion Massachusetts volunteer militia, a very efficient corps, tendered his services and his battalion to the President yesterday.

"General Lane, the newly-elected Kansas senator, speaks of resigning and returning to Kansas to raise a regiment.

"Colonel Ellsworth intends to raise a regiment of picked men in Illinois, who will be armed with an improved rifle and sabre, and uniformed and equipped for the zouave drill. Every company will have one or more commissioned and non-commissioned officers thoroughly

competent to teach the zouave drill, and the regiment will be hurried through with all possible dispatch. Colonel Ellsworth has special instructions from the government in regard to the matter.

"The news from Charleston to-day is quite encouraging to the friends of the administration. If the dispatches can be believed, it appears that Major Anderson did not surrender the fort last night and proceed under escort to Morris island. On the contrary, a flag of truce from the fleet lying outside the bar was sent to Morris island, inquiring if the Revolutionists would consent to allow Major Anderson to evacuate in a vessel of the fleet. They agreed to cease hostilities until 9 o'clock to-day, to consider the proposition, and by dispatches from Charleston to-day noon, General Beauregard notified the commodore of the fleet that they would not object to the evacuation of Sumter by Major Anderson in the manner indicated by the commander of the United States forces.

"Accordingly it is asserted that Major Anderson will embark in the steamer *Isabel* for New York this afternoon.

"The government is at a loss to understand the failure of the relief fleet to make a demonstration. Official advices are anxiously looked for, as alone apt to solve the mystery.

"The failure of the expeditions dispatched to Charleston has convinced the administration that the views expressed by General Scott, in regard to the number of soldiers required to reinforce Fort Sumter, were correct. They will, in all probability, hereafter follow his advice, instead of that of inexperienced men.

"It is denied, positively and emphatically, that any overture was ever made to the South Carolina authorities to evacuate Fort Sumter and leave a corporal's guard and flag. No such proposition was ever made. If made, it would have been accepted. On the contrary, they assert that, while the administration were daily assuring the world of their intention to abandon it, orders were sent to Major Anderson to strengthen the defenses and maintain it until the expedition for succor arrived. Personal pledges, it is said, are in writing, that Fort Sumter was to be abandoned, while the writers were preparing an armament to hold it. It was the bad faith of the administration, and the utter recklessness of truth, they assert, that stimulated the government at Montgomery to order its reduction before the arrival of the succoring squadron and the landing of troops. The administration emphatically deny that such is the fact. Mr. Lincoln asserts that neither himself nor any of his administration gave them any such assurance. The administration held that it was dealing with traitors, and did not propose to disclose its policy."

From the correspondence of the *World*:—

"The streets and hotels are filled to-day with most excited crowds, and the feeling of patriotism and courage which

pervade them can not be mistaken. It betokens the coming triumph of the government over treachery and rebellion. There are thousands of loyal men who have stood between doubt and fear during the present crisis, looking up anxiously, prayerfully, for peace, but they hesitate no longer. They seem to feel that the hour for action has arrived, and, at the first decided intimation of the invasion of this city, thousands will rush to arms.

"There is no disguising the fact that here in Washington a great reaction has taken place. Those who were bitterly opposed to Mr. Lincoln are determined to uphold the government and defend it at its threshold.

"The government has received a dispatch that Pensacola has been reinforced. General credit is given to the statement, as it is otherwise confirmed. On Wednesday last there were four thousand Secession troops at Pensacola. Six batteries had been completed, and more were in the course of erection. Six sloops of war now lie near Fort Pickens, and a collision was anticipated.

"The President expressed the opinion to-night that Major Anderson was forced to surrender for want of provisions, or, in other words, was starved out."

From Charleston.

We have received the Charleston *Courier* of Friday morning, the day the bombardment commenced. The tone of its leading article shows that the immediate approach of hostilities was known, although the fact is not announced. It says that Thursday will never be wiped out of the memory of the inhabitants of Charleston; never has the community been wrought up to such a high pitch of excitement. Some of the exciting rumors are detailed, and the article closes as follows:—

"It was confidently believed that before the day was passed the booming of cannon would be heard, when another fact was communicated from mouth to mouth. At about 2 o'clock, P. M., Col. James Chestnut, Jr., of General Beauregard's staff, accompanied by Colonels Chisolm and Lee, left the city for Fort Sumter, bearing the summons to Major Anderson for the surrender of that fortification. They returned between 5 and 6 o'clock with the reply. As the precise nature of his answer has not yet transpired, we pass it over in silence.

"We might indulge in plausible predictions and conjectures concerning this important mission and the events of the day, but we forbear.

"At about 10 o'clock the commanding general again communicated with Major Anderson, and he was given until 1 o'clock to return an answer.

"The city is quiet. Were it not for the uniforms in the streets we would not suppose we were on the eve of a battle. We will not penetrate this placid exterior. The nature of the crisis can be perceived in our homes. Many a woman's heart is throbbing wildly, and the couch

of hundreds of mothers, sisters, and wives will be watered with tears. But though there may be weeping and anguish, no knees are trembling, and no faces are blanched with fear.

"Honor is dearer than life to South Carolinians. It is better to die freemen than to live slaves. We are tranquil under the shadow of the gathering cloud. We repose implicit confidence in the brave hearts and strong arms of the noble army that has gone forth to beat back the base invaders of our sacred soil. The God of Battles is with our host, and we are certain of victory."

The *Evening News* announces that its publication will be temporarily suspended, "from sheer physical impossibility of issuing a daily sheet." Most of its compositors and pressmen had been summoned to their posts of duty in the harbor.

Interesting Letter from Fort Sumter.

The *Advertiser* publishes the following letter from an officer of Major Anderson's command, giving an account of the state of things a few days prior to the assault and capture of the fort:—

FORT SUMTER,
Saturday Evening, April 6, 1861.

My Dear —

Yours of the 2d came to hand this morning. I sit down to an immediate answer, because there is no telling how much longer the privilege may be allowed of communicating with the outer world. The mail furnishes the only source of contact with civilization that we have been permitted to enjoy for now more than three months. Every rigidity of an actual siege has been enforced, so far as our persons are concerned, and it now seems probable that we shall soon be brought down to actual starvation as an inducement to evacuate. The papers of the 3d and 4th indicate a sharp policy on the part of the administration—mostly because the Sappers and Miners and two batteries have left Washington, so far as I can see; but it rejoices my very soul to learn that *somebody* at Washington can keep a secret! But the very silence of those authorities combine, with the repeated assurances in the papers, to our belief that we are to be left to our fate—that the responsibility is entirely to be left with Major Anderson, if it should prove impossible to reinforce us, or even that we are to evacuate,—a responsibility that is certainly too great to place, in these circumstances, upon the shoulders of an army officer. But Major Anderson will probably meet that contingency at once, if he is only assured that he is without hope of advice or succor.

You have learned of the late firing upon another vessel bearing our flag,—a firing that was attended with an inconsideration and inhumanity characteristic rather of a race of savages than of a *chivalric* people! But these people are ashamed of it now themselves. You will be disgusted, too, that the hostile batteries were not fired upon from Fort Sumter, as we were; but when you learn the precise and distinct instructions by which the Major is governed, you will be infinitely more so, that his hands should be tied while the lash is actually cracked over his back. It will all come right, I may assure you, although I can not tell *how*.

The mortar batteries around us are to be depended upon, if any *forcing* us out of this is to be attempted, which I doubt, however, because they do not wish the work injured, and know that our provisions must soon give out when our fresh beef is stopped. There are two of these batteries on Cummings' point, each containing four mortars, and distant one thousand four hundred yards; one at, or rather near, Fort Moultrie, one thousand eight hundred yards; one at Mount Pleasant, three thousand yards; one at Fort Johnson, —

a most extraordinary affair, at least eighteen feet high,—about two thousand one hundred yards distant. Beside these, five columbiads have apparently been arranged at Cummings' point, for firing at high angles, the embrasures in front having been permanently filled with sand bags; ten columbiads at Fort Moultrie can add a shell fire. Some thirty or thirty-five implements for amusing us with shells are thought, by them, to be able to drive us out.

About all our guns, unfortunately, are in barbette. If these could have been put in the second tier we might laugh at shells, but unluckily a large amount of cement was stopped in Charleston, and it could not be done. *Their* guns are exceedingly well protected, the "everlasting nigger" having been put to work with a will, and mountains of sand have been piled in defensive positions. The channels into the harbor are too strong for any thing but a grand attack, and all these guns, which are in barbette, however, are protected from *our* fire by very heavy traverses. So that my plan would be, in case fire is opened upon us, to do just what they are striving most to avoid—injury to the fort, and more particularly as we can not do much damage otherwise. I should systematically blow up, first, the quarters, for which we shall have no use; second, the first tier of arches, wherever it could be spared, and the barbette, where unused; then prepare mines for the remainder of the scarp wall, and let that slide at the last extremity.

They have refused to allow some thirty odd workmen to leave the fort, every body but officers will be kept here until surrender or evacuation results. I agree with you perfectly as to a short policy, but it is very late for it to be of much effect. The Southern Confederacy has already acquired great consistency and no little strength; four months ago and the whole thing might have been nipped in the bud. . . . I think it as likely as not that we may be sent directly to Fort Pickens, after being reinforced with *recruits*—fine fellows who have never fired a gun in their lives. We are all tired and worn. Some few men are very ill from bronchial disease contracted here, and I require a change very soon, though generally passably well, on account of my throat. . . .

A few days longer and our fate will be decided; after that, perhaps the deluge. I ver, etc., etc.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Post* makes the following important statement:—

"I get a very important fact this morning from a high military source, and which bears directly on this point. It is stated that there were not balls enough in Sumter to sustain a continuous cannonade of ten hours. Powder there was in large quantities, but the supply of balls was extremely limited. If this is a truthful statement, it shows why Anderson surrendered so early,—why he ceased firing before he surrendered."

The Hartford *Times* has a letter from Charleston, dated the 12th inst., from which we take the following:—

"The bombardment of Fort Sumter commenced at half-past four this morning, and has now continued about twelve hours. The firing from the fort is slow, but regular,—principally from the lower casemate guns. Major Anderson tried one or two of his barbette guns, but the shell was too much for him, and he has gone down into his lower story, where he is pounding away at a great rate. Our iron battery on Morris island is a perfect safeguard, thus far, to the men; for, though they are under a fierce fire, not one has been injured up to this time. The floating battery, also, is standing well, and is doing hard work.

"Anderson did not fire for nearly two hours after he was fired upon, and then his 68-pounders roared out like hurt lions."

Public Feeling and Movements in New York.

The New York *Express* of last evening says:—

"The excitement in the city on the subject of the war is more intense to-day than heretofore. The fight at Sumter and the President's proclamation are the universal topics of conversation. Hardly any other questions are discussed. The eager desire for further particulars is everywhere manifested, and every detail furnished by the newspapers is read with the greatest avidity.

"Between 9 and 10 o'clock, the national and municipal flags were hoisted on the city hall. By 11 o'clock flags were flying all up and down Broadway, which had quite a gala appearance. Inquiries at the city hall disclosed the fact that the Governor had telegraphed from Albany to the Police Commissioners, requesting that the national flag should be displayed from all the public buildings to-day.

"Militiamen are in a state of excitement, and no doubt a great many well-drilled members of our city regiments will volunteer to serve in the thirty regiments to be raised by the state of New York, to march at the call of the President. General Sanford went to Albany in the express train, on Sunday night, to consult with the Commander-in-chief, and will probably issue a general order in regard to the enlistments immediately on his return.

"A party of men met at 618 Broadway, on Saturday night, and took preliminary steps to form an infantry battalion for duty during the war. William Wilson was elected colonel, with power to appoint field- and staff-officers, and quite a number of privates signed the roll. Mr. Wilson thinks that he can raise eight hundred men in a short time.

"A company of zouaves has recently been formed in this city, as the nucleus of a regiment to be a part of the First division. The members are determined to make it the cheapest, and at the same time the most perfect corps of this city. They are under the command of Capt. Walters W. McChesney, late of the Chicago Zouaves, and their printed prospectus says: 'We hope to earn, at no distant day, a name of which we can be proud.'

"About four hundred members of the Sixty-ninth regiment, Colonel Corcoran, commander, crossed to Brooklyn on Sunday, and drilled in field exercises in the outskirts. They were preparing for duty in case their services should be required, and it was understood that they had either offered, or were about to offer, their services to the general government.

"The recruiting offices are all crowded to-day. Orders were received from Washington to fill up the ranks of the army as soon as possible, and the re-

cruits are coming in thick and fast. At the Cherry-street rendezvous the throng of applicants is very great to-day, and the officers are as busy as possible, making the necessary examinations. The eagerness to enlist is almost unprecedented.

"At an early hour on Saturday fresh energy was visible all through the yard. Extra hands were put to work on the *Wabash*, *Perry*, and *Savannah*.

"The *Wabash* is going ahead with astonishing rapidity. Men were kept working on her all night on Friday and a part of Saturday, getting in coal and filling her hold with such necessaries as could possibly be crammed in her in her present state. Captain Ganesvoort is lustily finishing the battery, which will be in fighting order by Saturday.

"The *Savannah*, too, has been hurried. During the heavy rain on Saturday not a hammer was missing, nor a caulker absent. Every one was kept at his post. The battery of this ship has just been decided on, and is to be exactly as we described it. She will be ready for commission in even a shorter time than we expected.

"The *Perry* is finished. Painting commenced on Saturday; her guns are on board; her decks, planks, and rigging almost perfect. She needs now only the ornamental part of her equipment. There are three vessels at the Brooklyn navy yard ordered for sea.

"The ship's company of the *North Carolina* have been restricted to their vessel. The general liberty is stopped. All hands are to remain on board, except special exceptions are made by the commandant. Recruits are daily pouring in from the Cherry-street rendezvous, and they, too, are to be retained. These measures indicate an immediate call for sailors."

From the *Commercial Advertiser*:—

"A rumor has been prevalent this morning that the services of the Sixty-ninth regiment, commanded by Col. Michael Corcoran, have been tendered to the Southern Confederacy. This rumor was based upon the fact that the colonel has recently been the recipient of a present from Charlestonians, consequent upon his refusing to parade on the reception of the Prince of Wales. This morning, Brigadier-general Ewen, to whose brigade the regiment belongs, expressed his astonishment at such a report, and stated that he would trust the regiment with any duty required of soldiers. Lieutenant-colonel Nugent, acting commandant of the regiment, said that when his regiment is called upon to perform any duty, it will be in support of the United States, and in defence of the star and stripes, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. This regiment was the only one considered to be in any way in sympathy with the Secessionists, but the candid statement of the commander puts all doubts on this score at rest.

"The noticeable feature at the navy yard this morning was the assembling of quite a number of young men, but recently discharged from the service,

who signified their intention to reshuffle to defend the flag under which they once served. Judging from the spirit exhibited by the parties in question, there will be little difficulty in manning the government vessels as fast as they are ready for the service, notwithstanding the apprehension expressed by an officer of the yard that it was doubtful if the *Wabash* could obtain her complement of men upon being placed in commission.

"It is intimated that among the officers of the yard there are some from the South who are indisposed to place themselves in hostile array against their friends in that section, and a few resignations are looked for in that quarter. A patriotic spirit, however, prevails generally with the officers, and those who object to bearing arms against the South, will not withdraw themselves to turn their services against the stars and stripes; the defection in the corps of officers, what little there is, leads to a neutrality on the part of a few individuals, and can not be considered as embarrassing to the government or encouraging to the traitors at the South. Nine hundred men are now employed in the yard.

"An intense feeling pervades the city to-day, in consequence of the character of the news from the South, and the timely proclamation of the President. Thousands of citizens who a short time ago were loud in their sympathies for the Rebels, do not hesitate to denounce the traitors, and the journals here and elsewhere that have prompted them to rebellion.

"There are of course more sympathizers with the Rebels about the Mayor's office than any other department, but even these are beginning to see the propriety of keeping quiet. So far as a municipal movement to make New York a free city is concerned, the Mayor could do little toward effecting any such mischief without the co-operation of the Common Council, and that body, with two or three exceptions, favor no such movement."

Meeting of New York Merchants.

The *Commercial Advertiser* gives the annexed report of a meeting of the merchants of New York yesterday afternoon, for the patriotic purpose of devising means to strengthen the hands of the government in its contest with the Rebels:—

"At half-past two o'clock this afternoon a large assembly of merchants took place, at the office of Simeon Draper, Esq., 36 Pine street, to take into consideration the existing difficulties, and to make arrangements for a grand mass-meeting, in support of the United States government.

"A resolution was offered by Mr. Draper, requesting the Governor to transmit a message to the legislature, desiring that body to make an additional appropriation to place the militia on a war footing, to a number not less than twenty-five thousand men.

"Some discussion arose as to the amount, Mr. S. B. Hunt advocating \$2,500,000. The amount, however, was left to the discretion of the Executive, to be named by him, and the resolution amended so as to provide for the equipment of the State militia.

"A resolution instructing the secretary to telegraph the resolution to Albany was carried, and immediately obeyed. The meeting then adjourned."

The *Evening Post* says:—

"We hear that five hundred members of our Seventh regiment (National Guard) have signed a paper offering their services to the government, and that the document is still circulating for signatures among the regiment.

"The National Guard is true to the Union. It will give a good account of itself."

Enthusiastic Military Spirit in Philadelphia—Rush of Volunteers.

The *Press* of the 15th inst. chronicles the following movements in military circles, by which it will be seen that the patriotic spirit runs high in Philadelphia:—

"On Saturday the following notice appeared in different parts of the city: 'Volunteers! Volunteers! Volunteers! Young men desirous of rallying round the standard of the Union, and willing to maintain its time-honored folds unscathed over the ramparts of Fort Sumter, will enroll themselves immediately in the new volunteer light artillery regiment, now rapidly filling up, and ready to march upon the receipt of orders from the Governor. Muster rolls open every day and evening, at Military hall, Third street, near Green.'

"Saturday evening Military hall was the scene of excitement. Captain Brady was on hand with his muster roll, to which was appended the following pledge: 'We agree to serve in this or any other military capacity conducive to the public interest, and to accept such bounty, pay, rations, and clothing as is or may be established. And we solemnly swear that we will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and that we will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever; and that we will observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over us, according to the regulations of the army and articles of war.' The muster roll was being rapidly filled, and Captain Brady, who served in a New York regiment in Mexico, was active in the work of bringing up the men.

"During the evening a meeting of the officers of the First regiment of the Washington brigade, organized for service in the present emergency of the national government, was held at the hall. General Small represented that in all probability the brigade would be soon called into service, as organized, and the colonelcy of the regiment being vacant, a new election was, at the suggestion of Lieutenant-colonel Berry, en-

tered into. On nomination of Lieutenant-colonel Berry, Lieutenant-colonel Rush Van Dyke was unanimously elected colonel of the regiment. After the adjournment of the meeting the members of the companies present entered the room and were addressed by General Small in a patriotic speech. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed.

"A meeting of the officers of the Second regiment was likewise held. The muster rolls of the companies were on the table, and great anxiety was manifested to be the first to fill up vacant spaces. The register of officers was stated to be complete, with the exception of two or three lieutenantcies. The Germans have come up bravely, and the regiment is more complete than the First regiment, composed of Americans. The officers of the latter regiment say the ranks will be filled by Wednesday, and Mr. Cameron has accepted the service of the brigade, and expects them to be ready at five days' notice.

"The Montgomery Artillerists, attached to the Second brigade, have been actively engaged in recruiting men during the past few weeks, expressly with a view to being ready when called upon by the government. Already one hundred men have been enrolled, and it is contemplated to form a battalion, to be under the command of Major Harvey.

"A company, to be called Co. F, of the First regiment of artillery, Third brigade, is in process of formation at the State arsenal.

"Governor Curtin has received from the president of the Board of Philadelphia Bank Presidents a tender of the entire sum of five hundred thousand dollars, voted by the state, in anticipation of its being provided for otherwise.

"The order to fit out the sloop-of-war *Jamestown*, at the Philadelphia navy yard, is being carried out with promptitude. As many hands have been engaged as can be employed, and she will be ready in about a week. The *Water Witch* has not yet sailed. Every thing is in readiness for her to go. The order to fit out the *St. Lawrence* has been issued. It will probably reach here today. Enlisting for the navy of seamen and ordinary seamen is now actively in progress."

The *Press* relates an incident which occurred at the Arch-street theatre on Saturday night. A feverish audience at this place listened, with as much interest as could be expected, to Edwin Booth's rendition of the character of Richelieu. There is a passage in this play which had a local bearing, two weeks ago, relative to the policies of peace and war. Richelieu speaks as follows:—

"Remember my great maxim,
First use all means to conciliate—"

Here the house was passive and unaffected. Richelieu's confessor here interrupts with—

"Failing in that?"

Mr. Booth raised himself to the loftiest height, and pointing his finger to the breathless house, said:—

"*All means to crush!*"

The applause that followed knew no parallel during the evening. It was not the actor, but the sentiment, which provoked the applause. Another expression in the play,—

"Put away the sword,
States may be saved without it,"

which is almost invariably applauded, was listened to with the utmost apathy."

A Savannah dispatch of the 15th says that immense quantities of munitions of war are reaching that city.

A Washington dispatch says an offer has been made to the Treasury department at Montgomery to take the whole loan of the Confederate States, fifteen millions, at par, by parties in New Orleans. Probably not a word of truth in the report.

The *Richmond Enquirer* of Saturday says:—

"Nothing is more probable than that President Davis will soon march an army through North Carolina and Virginia to Washington. Those of our volunteers who desire to join the Southern army, as it shall pass through our borders, had better organize at once for the purpose, and keep their arms, accoutrements, uniforms, ammunition, and knapsacks in constant readiness."

The following advertisement appears conspicuously in Charleston papers:—

A FIRST-CLASS, strongly-built clipper steamer, she must be fast, light draught, and capable of being fitted out as a privateer. Address "Sunter," through the post-office.

A Montgomery letter of the 9th inst. significantly remarks:—

"I do not believe President Davis intends to give Mr. Lincoln the advantage which our opening the war would place in his hands, unless such action shall become a necessity."

The first movement of the South is thus confessedly a blunder.

The report that Lieut. Reed Werden had been taken from Pensacola to Montgomery a prisoner of war, is incorrect, as that officer is attached to the steam frigate *Minnesota*, now fitting out at Charlestown. There is probably a mistake in the name.

Military Movements in Boston.—Preparations for their Subsistence.

The excitement in this city consequent upon the emergency which has arisen in our national affairs, has been intensified to-day by the concentration of the troops from whom two regiments are to be selected and mustered into the service of the United States for the defense of Washington. The sound of the drum and fife, and the movement of armed men through our streets, has revived a feeling which has not been manifested since the Mexican war.

Had any thing been wanting to convince the troops who have hitherto

trained for display, that the time for fair-weather soldiering is past, the drizzling storm of rain and hail which has prevailed to-day would be sufficient. Although the troops are expected to withstand all sorts of weather, it was not deemed prudent to expose them to storm upon the Common, where they were at first ordered to muster, and couriers were dispatched to the several railroad stations at which they were to arrive, with orders for them to proceed directly to Faneuil hall, where they will quarter during their stay in this city.

The committee on public buildings, accompanied by Superintendent Notgate, opened the "Cradle of Liberty" to the troops, and preparations have been made to provide them with every comfort. In case the hall proves insufficient to accommodate all the troops, a portion will quarter in the hall over the Fitchburg depot, and in Riddle's building in Union street. The new overcoats belonging to the state were taken into Faneuil hall this forenoon, and will be distributed among the troops who are detailed for service.

J. B. Smith, the well-known caterer, has been engaged to provide rations for the troops, which will be plain and substantial.

The first companies which arrived in the city were from Marblehead, whence, in the time of the Revolution, the first troops marched to Cambridge, and where, in the War of 1812, were fitted out the first privateers. The order for the troops to march was received in Marblehead about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, causing great commotion. There are three companies in the town, composed of mechanics and workingmen, most of whom have families. Being thus suddenly called away, and their wives and children deprived, for a time at least, of their support, their situation enlisted the patriotic sympathies of the leading citizens of the town, who, with a promptness and magnanimity worthy of imitation, at once raised a fund to provide for their maintenance. The following individuals and firms contributed \$100 each: T. T. Payne, William Faybins, Wm. B. Brown, Benj. G. Hathaway, Potter & Gilbert, Joseph Harris & Sons, Joseph R. Bassett, William Curtis, Henry F. Pitman; Francis Hooper, \$200; and numerous other citizens various sums—making a total of \$1900. An addition of \$1000 will be made to the fund.

Speech of Hon. Charles Hale.

The next speaker was Hon. Charles Hale. He commenced by relating an appropriate anecdote, illustrating the futility of speech at a crisis so important, when all were of the same mind and would utter the same sentiments. There was no one in the hall who could not make as good a speech as he. The time demands no particular words, but simply to speak our minds by coming here on this occasion. Throughout the loyal Northern states the word is that we are determined that the Union shall be preserved. That is expressed by the mere fact that we have met in Faneuil hall so that it is filled, and there are enough outside to fill it again and again. You understand as well as I that the cause in which we are engaged is not merely to preserve a nominal Union, but is the cause of free government and of liberty. You know as well as I do that in South Carolina, where this infernal treason was first hatched, the people never are allowed to vote for president or governor. The legislature kindly takes that trouble off their hands. They never had a Republican government, and if this treason continues to the consummation which its leaders design, we shall have that government here, and we shall not have the privilege of expressing our opinions at the polls as to who shall be governor or president. Jeff. Davis has not been made President of the Southern Confederacy by any vote of the people, and the constitution of that Confederacy has never been ratified by the people. The struggle is a contest of the people of the United States against a little knot of disappointed politicians. You have heard once to-night that if we fail in this struggle, liberty falls forever. That is true. But we will not fail. And why? Not merely that we have the greater numbers. We would scorn that. If we can not put one man against another; if one of such men as I see before me is not equal to two of the men of the South, then we are in danger. We scorn to win because we are richer than they and all the money is on our side. We shall win because ours is the cause of liberty and the people.

Through the history of the world downward, war after war has taken place. Jeff. Davis is not the first traitor, nor the first would-be despot. He is not the first man who, maddened by disappointment, has striven to overthrow the government which before he was the loudest to support. But this you will notice, that those have won who have adopted the cause of liberty and the people. And this is our cause here to-night, and that is why we will win. Not because we are stronger and richer; not because we have a navy and they have none; but because we are right. And as this world goes on we shall find in the end that God is upon the side of the people, and the government of the United States will survive because it is the government of the people. [Applause.]

I said that I had no resolution. I am going to make a resolution. In 1833 General Jackson was invited to a dinner to be held on the 8th of January, an anniversary which will always be well remembered. The meeting was got up by Calhoun and some of the South Carolina nullifiers, who hoped to gain some sort of consideration or regard for their treasonable designs by having him present. When he came down to breakfast, the morning of that day, he took three pieces of paper from his pocket and asked a friend which of the three toasts was the best. The friend replied, "This one." "I think so, too," replied Jackson; and the other pieces were thrown away, while that one was put in his vest pocket. When he got to the dinner, and some time had been spent in discussing the material portion, as the reporters say, the nullifiers thought that a point had been gained. Here was their dinner held under the shadow of the Capitol, and they had secured the presence of the President himself. Then Jackson rose and took from his pocket the little piece of paper, and that is the resolution I wish to propose. He said: "I will give you a toast—The Federal Union: it must and shall be preserved." That was Jackson's toast, and it could not but be received by the whole assembly with applause. It was re-echoed all over the country, and from that moment the doom of South Carolina secession was sealed for a generation. I am not another Jackson; but, standing here to-night in Faneuil hall before you, saying these words of Jackson, I will answer that there shall go forth from the "Cradle of Liberty" a second edition of Jackson's memorable words, which shall settle the fate of this infernal dogma of secession for all generations. I will now put this resolution:—

Resolved, By the people in Faneuil hall—The Federal Union: it must and shall be preserved.

As many as are in favor of that resolution will say aye. [A tremendous shout of "aye."] It is a vote. [Applause.]

The Mustering.

Yesterday was a strange day for our city. These streets were never trodden before by armed men summoned to the dread ordeal of civil war—by the flower of our own young men, called suddenly from the varied avocations of peace to resist the bayonets of those who have been, and still ought to be, their brethren, but who are leagued to overthrow the government under which we have all so marvelously flourished. Children will grow into white-haired patriachs and not forget this occasion, but will hand its reminiscences down as the most vivid of those engraved upon their minds.

Of course, deep emotions and thoughts unknown before were felt yesterday by

many in the throngs of spectators who cheered the soldiers as they passed along. But one grand feeling possessed our masses and subdued into unison with it all reflections, ideas, and hopes—the feeling of an aroused, determined patriotism. We never saw any thing like it. Our accounts show, in the magnanimous efforts and donations on every hand, something of this spirit; but, to catch any thing like its full import, it is necessary to mingle among all classes of our people. And, what is better, this feeling is rising steadily with the emergency. It is the revival of the old Cromwellian and Bunker-hill spirit—and it will wear like steel, and shine as it wears.

So it is all over the North. "We must settle this matter now forever," is the remark everywhere heard. The aggression which has bullied and pushed us for years, and which has already announced at the cannon's mouth the threat of its chief, to make us "smell Southern powder and taste Southern steel," must be put a stop to. We are no longer safe beneath its sway, and we will have no more of it. It is the very demand of peace and prosperity that we now rise in our might and crush—crush forever—audacious treason.—[Boston Journal, Wednesday, April 17.

The 19th of April.

To-day is the 19th of April, ever memorable on the pages of history. Eighty-six years ago this morning a handful of patriots laid down their lives on the lawn at Lexington in defense of what was dearer to them—their liberty! By their patriotism and self-sacrifice they inaugurated a course of events which gave this people a place among the nations, established constitutional freedom, and republican law. Beneath the benign influence of the charter which was given to the world through their instrumentality we have increased from three to thirty millions of people. That instrument has given us peace at home and remarkable exemption from attacks of foreign foes. To the emblem of its authority, the stars and stripes, our citizens, at home or abroad, among civilized nations or in foreign lands, have never appealed for protection in vain. It has been at once a blessing and a defense. The world has felt only its power for good, never for evil. All nations

have felt its regenerating and vivifying influence. It has always been a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day, leading the human race toward the promise of a transcendent future.

But on this anniversary day we behold conspirators, who have enjoyed the highest honors and noblest blessings of the charter bequeathed to us by our fathers, with a reckless daring—with a madness unparalleled—taking up arms to subvert and destroy the government. Let us not lose sight of the issue. It is their avowed purpose to annihilate the great principle of republican law, and make self-government a failure. For this day they have stolen forts, arsenals, ships, dock-yards, mints, bullion, and public funds, violated their solemn oaths, perjured themselves before God and man, inaugurated war, and threaten to let loose freebooters and pirates to prey upon the property of loyal citizens. They have taken the offensive. They make aggressions only. They fire upon ships, beleaguer forts, refuse evacuations, demand humiliating surrenders, threaten with official bombast and braggadocio to conquer and subjugate those who love the dear blood-bought blessing bequeathed by their fathers. Their proposed government is of the sword and bayonet of the few over the voiceless many. On the other hand, it is the aim of the government of the United States to uphold and perpetuate the constitution—to defend what remains, recover what has been lost—to restore things as they were.

As the founders of the constitution were justified and blessed of God, so before the Arbitrator of all destiny the government of the United States—the people—will be justified in using all their tremendous power, till every Secessionist is wiped from the face of the earth, if need be, in defending the government of the country. Let us look the matter squarely in the face, for God has laid the responsibility upon us. This day we have a work to do, and all the future ages will hold us accountable for its right performance. We are to make no war of conquest or subjugation, but we are to uphold and defend. If the constitution is worth preserving, let there be no half-way work on the part of the people. We are to deal with the conspirators as we do with the midnight robber. Let the laws, in their purity, equity, and righteousness, be enforced

with a strong arm, with shot and shell, with the bayonet and sword, wherever conspirators and pirates are leagued against it. This is the voice of the people to-day. The outburst of patriotism which has already been exhibited is worthy of the descendants of those sires, who, in the gray morning light of the 19th of April, 1775, died for their country. Let the remembrance of their dying devotion thrill our hearts to-day to stand to the last by the constitution, and hand it to our posterity unimpaired.

We span one of the cycles of political progress. On the 19th of April, 1775, the patriots of Massachusetts made a stand in behalf of the principles of civil and religious liberty, against the encroaching despotism of their rulers—to-day their sons are marching to the rescue of the same principles, against the lawless outbreak of internal conspirators. They resisted ruin in the shape of tyranny—we resist it in the shape of anarchy. They sacrificed blood and treasure to erect the fair fabric of constitutional liberty, and we must save it from crumbling to pieces, with a like spirit of devotion. Will the sons prove equal to their fathers? With the glorious omens all around us, we will not, we can not, doubt it.

Nor will we yield to our fathers in the attributes of humanity. With heart-rending pangs did they prepare to strike against their misguided kinsmen, coming from their always-acknowledged "home." We have seen a manuscript letter written immediately after the outbreak of hostilities in the Revolutionary war, in which the indignant writer even then sympathized with the people of England for being so cruelly misled by a corrupt ministry. With more acuteness do we regret that the descendants of those who stood by us in that trying day have now been deceived by shameless demagogues into a conspiracy to undo the great work of our common ancestry. But we can not stop, any more than did the patriots of 1775, to ask *who* our enemies are—it is enough that their fell designs must be defeated. It is for their good as well as ours. We do battle for a common government—for thirty-four states and all they hold—and He who has set His seal upon the eighty-six years of expanding glory which this anniversary marks, will surely prosper His work.—[Boston Journal.

Palmetto Flag Torn Up.

About 11 yesterday forenoon, a crowd which had gathered at Faneuil hall to witness the arrival of the troops, learned that a vessel at Gray's wharf was the barque *Manhattan* of Savannah, displaying a Palmetto flag. A delegation of several hundred at once started to learn the facts in the case.

They found the vessel lying off, and not at the wharf, so they were not able to board her and pay their respects to her commander. Hailing the captain, however, they demanded that he should haul down the obnoxious flag which was flying at his masthead.

The captain at first blustered, and threatened to shoot any one who dared interfere with the Palmetto bunting; but the crowd evincing a determination to board his vessel in boats and enforce their request, he discreetly smothered his wrath, and hauled down the rebellious ensign. The triumphant crowd next demanded that the American flag should be hoisted, and the captain reluctantly ran up the stars and stripes.

Their next move was to get possession of the Palmetto flag, which they compelled the captain to send ashore on a rope. Some police officers who were on hand got hold of it for the purpose of taking care of it, when the crowd seized the obnoxious bunting and at once tore it into tatters. The crowd was composed largely of adopted citizens.

In regard to the above affair, we are requested by Captain Davis, who commands the *Manhattan* and is chief owner, to say that he intended no disloyalty to the Federal government by showing the obnoxious flag, that he was wholly ignorant of the state of feeling here in regard to national affairs, and furthermore that the flag in question was only the private signal of the vessel. Having sailed from Savannah before the outbreak at Charleston, he was of course not posted in respect to the state of the country. Captain Davis is a citizen of Boston, and says he owns fealty alone to the Federal government.

The flag was a white flag, having on it the emblem of a rattlesnake, with the motto underneath, "Do not tread on me," and fifteen stars.

THE patriotic merchants in Pearl street flung two mammoth United States flags to the breeze yesterday, and there were lively times in the street. The windows, doors, and sidewalks were thronged with people, and cheer upon cheer rent the air when the bunting appeared.

MR. HENRY HOYT threw out a neat American flag from his well-known depository in Cornhill. In other parts of the city, also, private individuals have displayed the American flag.

WHEN Colonel Ripley stepped ashore from the *Persia* at New York, a gentleman from this city said to him: "Your country needs you." "It can have me," responded the gallant soldier, "and every drop of blood in me." That's the right talk.—[Springfield Republican.

Our Military Ready for Duty.

The call for two regiments of troops from Massachusetts being known in this city yesterday afternoon, and it becoming known at a later hour that the Sixth regiment was one of those from the troops to be selected, the armories of the Lowell companies were crowded last evening by the members and outsiders, many of the latter anxious to enlist. About fifty or sixty members were added to the rolls of the several companies last evening and this morning. Colonel Jones of this (Sixth) regiment was present and made a speech to each company, to the effect that when their country called for their services all personal considerations should be forgotten, and they should respond with a zeal becoming true soldiers. He said that the Mayor had called upon him and requested him to say that if there were any who had families dependent upon them for support, the city would provide for them as the families of soldiers. This was received with applause. He also said that the state would provide them with overcoats, knapsacks, haversacks, etc., and cautioned them to provide themselves with flannels. Many of the men were busy all night in making preparations, and at an early hour this morning the city was astir with members of the different companies. Crowds lined the passageway to the different armories and the sidewalks on Market street.

Many citizens came forward with liberal offers of money, clothing, and other necessities to furnish those who were ill provided, but we can not give individual instances to-day, though we hear of many instances worthy of being recorded. The morning opened with a rain storm, making the atmosphere as gloomy as the minds of our citizens at seeing so many young men go forth from our midst.

THE ACTON COMPANY.—The promptness with which the Davis Guards of Acton responded to the call made upon them is worthy of all praise. The commander did not get his orders until past six o'clock on Monday evening (we hear that he was in this city at the time), but promptly set to work to get his company together. During the night, the privates were notified, although living in seven different towns, and were ready to march in the morning. The company passed our office about 8 o'clock the next morning, having come from Acton (a distance of fifteen miles) during the morning, and were reported to Colonel Jones, and ready to march at his command. The Davis Guards were named in honor of the first victim in the struggle for freedom of our country at Concord.

About 9 o'clock the companies belonging to the regiment out of the city arrived, and the whole regiment congregated in Huntington hall. The following comprise the officers of the regiment and companies, with the number of men reported in the ranks to-day:—

SIXTH REGIMENT INFANTRY.—Colonel, Edward F. Jones, Lowell; lieutenant-colonel, Walter Shattuck, Groton; major, Benjamin F. Watson, Lawrence; adjutant, Alpha B. Farr, Lowell; quartermaster, James Mumroe, Cambridge; paymaster, Rufus L. Plaisted, Lowell; surgeon, Norman Smith, Groton; chaplain, Charles Babbidge, Pepperell.

Co. A (National Greys), Lowell.—Captain, Josiah A. Sawtell. Commissioned officers, 3; privates, 29.

Co. B (Groton Artillery), Groton.—Captain, Eusebius S. Clark, Groton. Commissioned officers, 3; privates, 27.

Co. C (Mechanic Phalanx), Lowell.—Captain, Albert S. Follansbee. Commissioned officers, 4; privates, 32.

Co. D (City Guards), Lowell.—Captain, James W. Hart, Lowell. Commissioned officers, 4; privates, 42.

Co. E (Davis Guards), Acton.—Captain, Daniel Tuttle, Acton. Commissioned officers, 5; privates, 31.

Co. F (Warren Light Guard), Lawrence.—Captain, Benjamin F. Chadbourne, Lawrence. Commissioned officers, 5; privates, 49; musicians, 2.

Co. H (Watson Light Guard), Lowell.—First lieutenant, John F. Noyes, Lowell, commanding. Commissioned officers, 2; privates, 49.

Co. I (Lawrence Light Infantry), Lawrence.—Captain, John Pickering, Lawrence. Commissioned officers, 5; privates, 46; musician, 1.

The Lowell Brigade band, George Brooks, leader, also accompanies the regiment to Boston. At 10 o'clock, by invitation of the Mayor, a large number of our citizens met at his office, and from there went to Huntington hall, where the troops were assembled. Colonel Jones ordered the troops to be drawn up in solid column in front of the speaker's stand, and the doors were opened for the crowd who rapidly filled the hall.

Colonel Jones introduced Mayor Sargeant to the audience, who was received with loud cheers. Rev. Dr. Blanchard read the Eightieth psalm, and offered a fervent prayer.

Mayor Sargeant then came forward and addressed those present. He remarked that for three-quarters of a century they had been accustomed to see the citizen soldiery parade in peace, ready, however, for any emergency. To-day they are called into active service, and he was glad to see them here with full ranks. The soldiers present had the good wishes of every citizen. [Cheers.] Seventy-five years ago our fathers established this government. It is your duty to defend the institutions which they founded and to see that they are maintained. For his part, he was willing to trust the question in the hands of those that he saw before him, knowing that they would do their whole duty. His remarks were frequently applauded.

A. R. Brown, Esq., was the next speaker. He said that there could be but one course for a loyal people to take at the present time, and that was loyalty and Union. [Cheers.] There should be no divided sentiment on the questions of

the day. He was in favor of sinking all party distinctions. He had full confidence that the soldiers before him would do their whole duty, in defense of the flag of our country, the constitution, and the liberties which our forefathers fought to secure. He would give them one word of parting advice. Spare property, spare families, spare the defenseless, for you are citizen-soldiers. But when you find an enemy of your country and the constitution, smite him like a Samson. Be temperate and be careful of yourselves, for your country needs your services and can not spare you. He trusted that they would return with victory perched upon their banners.

T. H. Sweetser, Esq., was introduced, and said, we feel that we are right, that you are right, that you leave no traitor behind. Believe that God is on your side. And in conclusion he would wish them Godspeed and that success might attend their efforts.

Capt. Peter Haggerty regretted that he was not of their number; that he was not one to receive the proud homage that had been paid them this day. A year ago he was sailing up the Chesapeake and landed at Baltimore. He heard the band playing "Hail, Columbia," which did not cause the enthusiasm which that tune should; but, on leaving that city, the band played "Yankee Doodle," and all were enthusiastic. He wished them success in their mission. His remarks were received with great favor.

Hon. Linus Child next addressed the assembly. A crisis had arrived in the history of the country which must be met, and he was glad to witness a noble response. Their reliance should be on the God of armies. You are going forth to defend the laws, liberties, and the constitution of your country. The prayers of those you leave behind will attend you. Remember that you go from Middlesex county—from the county in which stands Bunker hill, and which contains the fields of Concord and Lexington. [Enthusiastic applause.] You go forth to defend the flag of your country, and the benediction of all will be with you.

Col. F. G. Sawtell said that he had no speech to make, for this was a day for action. Your country calls for your services, and if you need aid, call upon us, and we will aid you.

Hon. Tappan Wentworth said that he had witnessed a scene somewhat similar to this in the War of 1812, but he never expected to live to see the soldiery called upon to protect their country from internal foes. You live under a free government, and he would call upon them to protect it. Remember that the flag of your country was first unfurled in this county, and protect it. When you return you will be received with honors such as you may deserve.

The exercises closed with a benediction by Rev. Dr. Blanchard, after which Colonel Jones took command of the regiment, and the spectators retired. Cheers were given by the citizens for the Sixth

regiment and Colonel Jones, and by the soldiers for the citizens of Lowell and others. The occasion was one of great and solemn interest to all present, nearly all of whom were parting with relatives or friends.

At a quarter before 12 o'clock, the whole regiment took an extra train for Boston, where they will await further orders. They carry with them the wishes of the whole community for their health and prosperity, and an ardent wish that they may soon return with unbroken ranks, and honors resulting from taking part in the peaceful settlement of the great question which now agitates the country and fills every patriotic citizen with alarm.—[Lowell Courier.

An Honorable Act.

Mayor Sargent this morning received a letter containing a check for \$100 from Judge Crosby, desiring that it might be forwarded to Pay-master Plaisted, of Colonel Jones' regiment, to be by him distributed among the soldiers who, from the suddenness of their departure, were unable to properly prepare themselves for the new service into which they have been called. The contribution is a generous one, and is indeed well applied. We take the liberty of publishing His Honor's letter to the Mayor:—

LOWELL, APRIL 18, 1861.

Mr. Mayor,—Southern treason has at last culminated in seizing Fort Sumter, and we have no choice left but to meet the traitors wherever they may present themselves. Rumor has become fact. Our men have been called, and have left us. More will undoubtedly soon follow. They have left at the tap of the drum, without wavering and without preparation; they have left homes without shutting their doors, friends without adieus, and their hammors on their benches. We must comfort those friends and prevent loss in their business. We who *stay at home* can well afford to do all this for them, and make our sacrifices in money and care for our country, our constitution, and laws. The burden of this struggle must rest upon every man's shoulders in some form. I am willing to meet my full share of it.

Let us have a large committee of men and women, to be called the Nightingale Band, who shall gather and distribute funds to the families of soldiers who need, and furnish paymasters of our regiments with money and such supplies for the sick and wounded in camp, as rations and medicine-chests can not bestow. As some of our men may at once need such friends in camp,—a new exposure and life to them,—please accept my first contribution, and send it to Lieutenant Plaisted, pay-master of Colonel Jones' regiment, for the last-named purpose.

Yours very truly, N. CROSBY.

Another Generous Act.

This morning Capt. Eben James, of the Butler Rifles, received a complimentary note from James G. Carney, Esq., enclosing a check for \$50, to aid the company in preparing for service. Captain James sends a note to us, acknowledging the check, and says "the Butler Rifles will answer it from the streets of Baltimore or the plains of southern Mississippi, when traitors shall hide their heads for shame and Secessionists shall be numbered among the things that were."

The Right Spirit.

There having been some considerable talk relative to the immediate formation of a volunteer company, to go at once in service, if required, some of our citizens are ready to encourage the movement by liberal contributions toward outfit, etc. We understand that George F. Richardson, Esq., proposes that, as soon as the requisite number for a full company has been secured (sixty-four), he will give his check for \$100, and will also use his influence to raise \$100, to be put at the company's disposal. We have no doubt the last-named sum would be contributed without delay. Who will start the volunteer company?

Military Movements in Boston.

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS.

Enthusiastic Reception.

PREPARATIONS FOR THEIR SUBSISTENCE.

The excitement in this city consequent upon the emergency which has arisen in our national affairs, has been intensified to-day by the concentration of the troops from whom two regiments are to be selected and mustered into the service of the United States for the defense of Washington. The sound of the drum and life, and the movement of armed men through our streets, have revived a feeling which has not been manifested since the Mexican war.

Had any thing been wanting to convince the troops who have hitherto trained for display, that the time for fair-weather soldiering is past, the drizzling storm of rain and hail which has prevailed to-day would be sufficient. Although the troops are expected to withstand all sorts of weather, it was not deemed prudent to expose them to storm upon the Common, where they were at first ordered to muster, and couriers were dispatched to the several railroad stations at which they were to arrive, with orders for them to proceed directly to Faneuil hall, where they will quarter during their stay in this city.

The committee on public buildings, accompanied by Superintendent Nottage, opened the "Cradle of Liberty" to the troops, and preparations have been made to provide them with every comfort. In case the hall proves insufficient to accommodate all the troops, a portion will quarter in the hall over the Fitchburg depot, and in Riddle's building in Union street. The new overcoats belonging to the state were taken into Faneuil hall this forenoon, and will be

distributed among the troops who are detailed for service.

J. B. Smith, the well-known caterer, has been engaged to provide rations for the troops, which will be plain and substantial.

ARRIVAL OF MILITARY.

The announcement that the troops on their arrival would proceed directly to Faneuil hall, instead of the Common, drew a great crowd around the doors of the hall, which was kept up during the entire day. The crowd cheered the companies heartily upon their arrival.

Arrivals by the Eastern Road.

The first companies which arrived in the city were from Marblehead, whence, in the time of the Revolution, the first troops marched to Cambridge, and where, in the War of 1812, were fitted out the first privateers. The order for the troops to march was received in Marblehead about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, causing great commotion. There are three companies in the town, composed of mechanics and workmen, most of whom have families. Being thus suddenly called away, and their wives and children deprived, for a time at least, of their support, their situation enlisted the patriotic sympathies of the leading citizens of the town, who, with a promptness and magnanimity worthy of imitation, at once raised a fund to provide for their maintenance. The following individuals and firms contributed \$100 each: T. T. Payne, William Faybins, Wm. B. Brown, Benj. G. Hathaway, Potter & Gilbert, Joseph Harris & Sons, Joseph R. Bassett, William Curtis, Henry F. Pitman; Francis Hooper, \$200; and numerous other citizens various sums—making a total of \$1900. An addition of \$1000 will be made to the fund.

The companies which arrived at 10 o'clock were the Glover Light Guard (Co. H), Capt. Francis Boardman, 26 guns; and the Sutton Light Infantry (Co. C), Capt. Knott V. Martin, 40 guns. An immense assemblage filled the depot, and greeted them upon their arrival with enthusiastic cheers. The troops proceeded to Faneuil hall, followed by a concourse of people, and as they marched they were welcomed with cheers and approving shouts from the people along the route.

The third arrival was that of Co. B. of Marblehead, Capt. Richard Phillips, with 37 guns; and the next company was Co. D. of Randolph, 40 guns, attached to the Fourth regiment, Colonel Packard.

The Lynn Light Infantry, Captain Newell, the Lynn City Guard, Captain Hudson, and the Beverly Light Infantry, Captain Porter, arrived via the Eastern railroad at noon, and marched directly to Faneuil hall. The companies were in full ranks, and as they left the depot were greeted with cheer upon cheer, which continued along the streets to the hall. The ladies also encouraged the soldiers by waving their handkerchiefs from their windows.

Arrival at the Old Colony Depot.

At the depot of the Old Colony railroad there was a large crowd to witness the expected arrival of troops in answer to the call of the Governor.

The first company to arrive was Co. D, Fourth regiment, located in Randolph. They left Randolph at 9 yesterday morning, reaching this city at quarter before 10. They number 32 guns, and are under the command of Capt. William Warren, of Randolph.

A messenger from the office of the adjutant-general was stationed here to look after the companies, and they were at once directed to Faneuil hall, where a large portion of the troops are to be quartered.

There were no further arrivals over this road until just before 12 o'clock, when the train from Plymouth, due at 11, arrived. On this train were Cos. A, B, and H, of the Third regiment, and Cos. C, E, and H, of the Fourth, numbering in all 204 muskets.

Of the Third regiment—Co. A, of Halifax, 40 guns, commanded by Capt. Joseph S. Harlow, of Middleborough. The captain of this company deserves much credit for his patriotic conduct, and the exertion he made to have his command in the field at the earliest moment. His orders were not received until yesterday morning, and the members of his company were widely scattered, living in seven different towns. By a free use of horses, however, he succeeded in notifying nearly all of them, and they were among the first to arrive, with all their uniforms full.

Co. B, of Plymouth, with 20 guns, was under the command of Lieut. Chas. C. Doten, the captain, J. W. Collingwood, having resigned. Great excitement prevailed in Plymouth when the company left, at half-past 9 o'clock. A procession of citizens, marshaled by Major Bates, high sheriff of the county, and headed by the Plymouth band, who generously volunteered their services, accompanied them to the depot, and a stirring speech was made by Robert B. Hall, Esq., formerly member of Congress. They were saluted with repeated cheers as they left the depot, and the enthusiasm was unbounded.

Co. H, of Plymouth, came with 30 guns, under the command of Capt. Ezra White.

Co. C, of Braintree, 38 guns, commanded by Capt. C. C. Bumpus, arrived about noon.

A meeting was held at the armory of this company on Monday, which was crowded with citizens and soldiers. Patriotic speeches were made by several gentlemen, and no thought of "backing down" was mentioned. The patriotic sentiment of Braintree is strong, and there was much rivalry as to who should take a uniform, of which there were but half enough to supply the demand. Captain Bumpus is well known as a former member of the legislature, and also of the constitutional convention, and his men are ready to follow where duty calls.

Co. E, of Abington, under the command of Capt. Chas. F. Allen, mustered 46 guns, and made a fine appearance.

Co. H, of Quincy, bore 30 guns, and were commanded by Capt. Thaddeus H. Newcomb.

Much enthusiasm was evidenced at all the different towns on the route, and on their arrival the troops were greeted with long-continued and hearty cheers.

At 1 o'clock the New Bedford Guard, Co. L, of the Third regiment, arrived at the Old Colony depot, mustering 35 guns, under the command of Capt. Timothy Ingraham. They were accompanied by the New Bedford brass band, Israel Smith, leader, who volunteered to do escort duty to this city, but returned last evening.

Great excitement prevailed in New Bedford, previous to the departure of the company, and they were addressed from the steps of the city hall, by ex-Governor Clifford, in a stirring and patriotic speech. Many volunteers are offering in that city, and some will join the company in Boston to-day.

Arrivals at the Lowell Depot.

The Sixth regiment of infantry, Col. Edward F. Jones commanding, attached to Brigadier-general Butler's brigade, arrived at 1 o'clock. The regiment mustered at Lowell at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, after only twelve hours' notice. The regiment was scattered throughout Middlesex and a part of Essex counties, and the extremes of the command were forty miles apart, yet, with this great disadvantage, out of 450 men composing the regiment, 407 reported for duty.

The Davis Guards, Capt. Daniel Tuttle, of Acton, left that town at an early hour on the march for Lowell, to join the Sixth regiment, Colonel Jones, which arrived in this city at about 1 o'clock.

The Lowell companies assembled in Huntington hall about 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning, where was also gathered a very large crowd of ladies and friends, who with many tears bade them "Godspeed" and "good-bye." Mayor Sargeant made them a brief speech, assuring the families of the soldiers to fear nothing, for the city fathers would see that they wanted for nothing during the absence of their fathers, brothers, sons, and sweethearts. "The whole world," said the Mayor, "with the exception of seven states, is on their side, and God will protect them and you."

Upon the arrival of the train bringing the regiment, the depot was densely packed with people, who were compelled to retire, to make room for the troops. The regimental line was formed, and the troops marched out of the depot amid the wildest enthusiasm of the multitude. Their appearance commanded universal applause, which culminated as the regiment entered Faneuil-hall square.

Thousands of men were assembled around Faneuil hall, from the windows of which the troops already arrived sent forth shouts of hearty welcome to

their brethren-in-arms, which were mingled with the cheers of the multitude.

The Reception of the Troops, and Other Matters.

At each of the depots at which the troops arrived there were crowds in waiting, who greeted them with the most hearty cheers, and as the troops moved to their quarters the spectators lined the sidewalks and kept up a continual cheering during the march. The rain fell in torrents during the entire day, and the streets were in a very bad condition, but this did not seem to dampen the ardor and enthusiasm of the scene.

It had been contemplated to quarter all the troops in Faneuil hall, but subsequent events have changed this plan, and at 11 o'clock orders were sent to quarter the Third regiment, most of whom came on the Old Colony road, in the hall over the depot on Kneeland street, which was accordingly cleared for that purpose, and all the companies of that regiment will take up their quarters there.

Colonel Jones' regiment, the Sixth, were taken to the armory of the Second battalion, which was promptly tendered for their accommodation.

The greatest excitement prevailed in Lynn, Monday night, upon the reception of the military orders. The Lynn Light Infantry and the City Guard muster full ranks. About \$1000 were voluntarily paid to the two companies Monday evening, to which \$200 were added yesterday morning.

Brigadier-major Clark of the Second brigade, accompanied by Gen. S. W. Peirce, went through the district in which that command is located, Monday night, notifying the respective companies of the orders issued at headquarters. In Freetown and some other places the people were called out by the ringing of bells.

A Miscellaneous Foreman Gone to the War.

A person called upon Colonel Jones, of Lowell, just before the Sixth regiment started, with a very urgent request that a man in his regiment, who was his foreman, should be excused, as he could not spare him. Mr. Babbidge, chaplain of the regiment, who stood near by and heard the conversation, stepped up to the man and said: "Sir, I am foreman of a religious society in my town, I am foreman of a nice farm, I am foreman of a family, and I am going with the regiment." The man left without his foreman.

The Volunteers to be Received at New Haven.

NEW HAVEN, April 17. The New Haven Grays, Captain Osborn, will parade with a band to-night, on the arrival of the Boston train with Massachusetts volunteers, and will salute them with field-pieces.

The Grays have offered their services to government.

ARRIVAL OF MORE TROOPS.

Enthusiastic Receptions.

WHERE THE TROOPS WERE QUARTERED.

Two More Regiments to be Called Out.

THE SIXTH REGIMENT TO BE SENT TO FORT MONROE.

MEETING OF FOREIGN-BORN CITIZENS.

They Prove Loyal and True.

Through the entire day, yesterday, our streets were kept in a state of excitement by the arrival and marching to and fro of the troops which were ordered to assemble here, in compliance with the requisition of the President of the United States. An account of the companies which arrived during the forenoon was given in our editions of last evening. We continue the account below, as follows:—

Early in the afternoon three additional companies of the Fourth regiment arrived. They were Co. A, of Canton, commanded by Capt. John Hall, with 32 guns; Co. B, of Easton, Capt. Milo M. Williams, Jr., 24 guns; Co. F, of Foxborough, Capt. B. L. Shepard, 28 guns, and fifteen more on their way.

At 1:30 o'clock a detachment of thirty men from Co. A, Eighth regiment, under the command of Lieut. A. W. Bartlett, of Newburyport, arrived, and reported that twenty-five more would come in a later train. Great enthusiasm was manifested at the departure of the company from Newburyport, and they were accompanied to the depot by thousands of people, who cheered them heartily.

Co. G, of the Third regiment (Freetown), Capt. John Marble, 25 guns, arrived at the Old Colony depot at 7 o'clock, and were quartered with the remainder of that regiment in the hall over the depot.

Lieut. Lucien L. Perkins, with three other lieutenants and three privates of Co. H, Third regiment (Plympton), also arrived yesterday afternoon, and will probably be joined by the rest of the company to-day.

Doings at Faneuil Hall.

The constant arrival and departure of men, the unloading of frequent wagons laden with mattresses, blankets, overcoats, and other supplies necessary for so large a body of troops, created much confusion, and the men on guard at the several doors found their task no light one, to fulfill the orders to allow none of the men to leave without authority from the commander. The men, generally, were quiet and peaceable, and did much

credit to themselves by their orderly conduct.

During the afternoon, the captains of some of the companies exercised their men in drill, and the company from Braintree, under Captain Bumpus, were loudly applauded by the spectators for the perfection and readiness of their movements.

The troops were provided with all that a military man could wish for—comfortable overcoats and blankets, good shelter, and a bountiful commissariat.

The men are in excellent health, and cheerful, as was apparent from the blithe songs they sung and the general hilarity which prevailed. Governor Andrew visited the hall in person, and conversed with the troops, encouraging them by his counsel, and attending personally to supplying their wants.

Sixteen bales, containing two thousand woolen blankets, were delivered at the hall and distributed among the men, each one of whom was supplied with a new army overcoat and haversack.

Mattresses sufficient to furnish one to each man were brought in from the State arsenal at Cambridge, and distributed at the several rendezvous.

The troops who quartered at Faneuil hall last night were the Third and Eighth regiments.

At the Hall of the Old Colony Depot.

It having been found that the accommodations at Faneuil hall would be insufficient for the whole body of the troops, the Third regiment was ordered to take up their quarters at the large hall over the Old Colony depot on Kneeland street.

The companies from Halifax and Plymouth, numbering in all sixty men, at once took up their quarters there and remained during the day. They are all in good spirits, and no restraint has been put upon them, but most of them have remained about the depot. Some passed their time in reading the papers, to learn the latest news from the seat of war, and others were writing letters to their friends, from whom they were so suddenly parted. The messages that were forgotten in the hurry of departure, the thoughts of love which the unknown future kindles more warmly,—all were penned in the few lines that will be read with so much interest and affection.

Others of a musical turn were singing favorite melodies, or cleaning their arms and accoutrements, which were stained by travel and the rough weather; but all were joyous and happy, full of zeal and ardor for the sacred cause of our country.

The sudden irruption of so large a body of men into the city as that now gathered here, caused some delay in providing the needed supplies. The companies at this place received no supplies, either of food or bedding, until 5 o'clock; but by the exertions of the adjutant-general, a large supply of bread and meat was then brought in, and the men fell to with a will. Orders had been given, however, that if supplies were not received, the men should be sent across the street to the United States

hotel for their suppers, so that there would have been no suffering from that source.

At the Second Battalion Armory.

An invitation was extended to Colonel Jones, of the Sixth regiment, and Captain Ingraham, of the New Bedford City Guards, to quarter in the armory of the Second battalion, at Boylston hall, which offer was gratefully accepted, and about 4 o'clock the troops left Faneuil hall and marched to their rendezvous. Their progress up State and Washington streets was an uninterrupted ovation. Thousands of people lined the way on either side, their umbrellas forming an unbroken canopy along the entire route. The troops made a noble and imposing appearance, which elicited the applause of all who saw them. Their quarters at the armory are ample and comfortable, and as they are relieved from doing guard duty by the voluntary services of a detachment of privates from Co. A, Second battalion, their stay in this city will be comparatively pleasant.

The Medical Department.

At the request of the governor, Drs. Wm. J. Dale and Geo. H. Lyman have consented to make the necessary provisions for the medical departments of the two regiments. Packages of dressings sufficient to supply the two regiments two months have been prepared. The medical chests will be in readiness to-day.

All day yesterday wagons were employed in transporting the needed food and equipments to the various points in the city where troops are located, and many boxes of clothing and supplies were deposited in the basement of the State house.

The State arsenal at Cambridge was also called on, and during last night some twenty-five thousand ball cartridges were brought to the State house, with several hundred muskets, to be in readiness when the decisive moment shall arrive. All the movements are conducted with energy, and show a strong purpose on the part of the Executive.

The Rendezvous at Night.

The excitement which always attends the novelty of a situation such as this emergency has given rise to, prevented much sleep at the rendezvous last night. At a late hour but few had attempted to obtain that rest which is so necessary, but were whiling the night away by cheerful conversation and singing. At the armory of the Second battalion, the scene was particularly lively, and all present were enjoying themselves hugely. The thought of his country, and the imminent peril in which she is placed, thrilled the heart of every man with that high resolve and dauntless spirit which is the earnest of success; and in whatever peril or danger they may be placed, none that have seen them can fear but that every Massachusetts man will do his duty.

AT THE STATE HOUSE.

More Troops to be Mustered into the Service of the Federal Government.—Colonel Jones' Regiment to be Sent to Fort Monroe.

Yesterday afternoon an order was received from the Secretary of War for one regiment of six hundred and fifty men, to be sent to Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va., immediately. The Governor and his military counsellors forthwith held a consultation, and determined to order the Sixth regiment, Col. E. F. Jones, upon that duty. Colonel Jones' regiment will accordingly be filled up by drafts from the Fourth and Eighth regiments, and will be sent by steam-ship to the above-named fort as early as arrangements can be made. The order for the regiments to be mustered at Washington still holds good, and to supply this requisition, it will be necessary to call out two more regiments to-day. The Fifth and Seventh are spoken of as likely to be first called upon. Up to a late hour last night, it was not definitely settled what steamer would be chartered to convey the troops to Fort Monroe, but it was reported that they would embark at 6 o'clock this morning. Neither was it known with certainty what companies in the Third and Eighth regiments will be transferred to the Sixth, to complete the required quota.—[Boston Journal.

Departure of the Sixth Regiment.—Speech by Governor Andrew.

Yesterday afternoon (April 17th), the Sixth regiment, Col. Edward F. Jones, was drawn up in line on Beacon street, before the State house, to receive the farewell of the Commander-in-chief, who was also to present the colors of the corps. When General Butler came out to arrange some preliminaries with the Colonel, he was received with hearty cheers by the crowd. Governor Andrew soon after appeared, accompanied by his staff, several counsellors, and other gentlemen. He addressed the corps substantially as follows:—

"*Mr. Commander.*—As the official representative of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I bid you farewell—you and your glorious command, as they are about to depart upon the performance of one of the most patriotic and most sacred of public duties. As citizen-soldiers, summoned at your country's call from the quiet avocations of peace, you have assumed the duties of solemn, of loyal, of victorious war, in behalf of that country, in support of her glory, of the right of her people, and of the purity of that starry flag, which has swept the seas and swept the land always in triumph; always bearing forward the cause of the people, their rights, their honor, and their freedom. [Great applause.] You, sir, and your command, citizen-soldiers of Massachusetts, whom you lead, to him who stands by my side—[General Butler, for whom three cheers were given]—chosen many times by the soldiers, now of his brigade, then of his regiment, to lead them in the

more peaceful parades which distinguish the citizen-soldier in time of peace, and mustered at last under the command of that old hero of a hundred fights, Winfield Scott [three cheers], whom God has spared to this day, that before he tasted death he might lead the victorious to the ultimate safety and the ultimate glory of the American people, that the American Union may be established as firm and secure as the immovable hills. [Applause.] You are to repair to the city of Washington, there to defend the foundation stones and the topmost pinnacle of that temple of liberty, erected under the eye of him who gave his name to the city, and also has been called, by all the generations of men from his own time, and will be, until the last hour of his country's history, 'The Father of his Country.' At Washington, or wheresoever duty may call, there you will go. Soldiers summoned suddenly, with but a moment for preparation, we have done all that lay in the power of men to do,—all that rested in the power of your state government to do to prepare the citizen-soldiers of Massachusetts for this service. We shall follow you with our benedictions, our benefactions, and our prayers. Those whom you leave behind you we shall cherish in our heart of hearts. You carry with you our utmost faith and confidence. We know that you will never return until you can bring the assurances that the utmost duty has been performed, which brave and patriotic men can accomplish. [Cheers.] This flag, sir [presenting the colors of the regiment to Colonel Jones], take and bear with you. It will be an emblem on which all eyes will rest, reminding you always of that which you are bound to hold most dear." [Applause.]

Colonel Jones spoke with much feeling. He said: "Your Excellency, you have given to me this flag, which is the emblem of all that stands before you. It represents my whole command; and so help me God I will never disgrace it." [Cheers.]

The flag was then handed to the color guard, the line was again formed, and shortly afterward the regiment marched down Beacon, through Tremont and Court streets, and up Washington street to their quarters. They were enthusiastically cheered upon all hands as they passed through the streets.

The regiment took dinner at the armory of the Second battalion, Boylston hall, and after spending an hour or two in social intercourse, took up the line of march at 6 o'clock for the Worcester depot.

For some time previous a large crowd of people had been gathered around the depot, and as the regiment approached, headed by the Lowell Brass band, which will accompany them to Washington, the enthusiasm was unbounded. Handkerchiefs were waved by fair hands from the windows along the route, from the United States hotel, and from surrounding houses, while cheers upon cheers rent the air.

Brigadier-general Butler, unattended

save by a single staff officer, had entered the depot a few moments before to take a final leave of Colonel Jones, and give his last orders.

The regiment filed into the depot, where an extra train of sixteen cars had been provided for their conveyance. Considerable delay was had in filling the cars, but at 7:15 o'clock, P. M., all was ready, and the long train moved slowly out of the depot, amid the cheers of the crowd and the answering shouts of the troops.

There was a large number of ladies in the depot, many of whom had come to bid adieu to a relative or friend, and one had entered the cars to accompany as far as possible the fortunes of her husband. Many of them had parted from home and friends almost without a moment's warning, but all were full of energy and spirit, and shouted, "Victory will be ours," as they started off on their journey.

They will proceed direct to New York, which they will reach in the morning, passing Worcester at 9 o'clock. After breakfasting in New York, they will proceed direct to Washington.

The following is a list of the officers of the regiment, and the number of guns:—

Colonel—Edward F. Jones, of Lowell.
Lieutenant-colonel—Walter Shattuck, of Groton.
Major—Benjamin F. Watson, of Lawrence.
Adjutant—Alpha B. Farr, of Lowell.
Quartermaster—James Monroe, of Cambridge.
Pay-master—Rufus L. Plaisted, of Lowell.
Surgeon—Norman Smith, of Groton.
Chaplain—Charles Babbidge, of Pepperell.
Co. A (Lowell)—Captain, Josiah A. Sawtell; 49 guns.
Co. B (Groton)—Captain, Eusebius S. Clark; 27 guns.
Co. C (Lowell)—Captain, Albert S. Follansbee; 32 guns.
Co. D (Lowell)—Captain, James W. Hart; 45 guns.
Co. E (Acton)—Captain, Daniel Tuttle; 31 guns.
Co. F (Lawrence)—Captain, Benjamin F. Chadbourne; 49 guns.
Co. G (Lawrence)—Captain, John Pickering; 46 guns.
Co. H (Lowell)—Captain, Jonathan Ladd; 52 guns.

To these have been added:—

Co. B (Worcester City Guard), Third battalion of infantry; 77 guns.
Co. C, Second regiment (Boston)—Captain, W. S. Sampson; 60 guns.
Co. C, Seventh regiment (Stoneham)—Captain, John H. Dike; 50 guns.

These numbers are those with which the companies came to Boston. Recruits have been brought into several of the companies, so that the number of men, exclusive of officers, commissioned and warrant, is six hundred and fifty. They are now to be divided into ten companies.

Acknowledgments to Second Battalion.

The attentions shown the Sixth regiment by the Second battalion of infantry during their stay in the city, were of the most generous character, and elicited the hearty acknowledgments of both officers and men.

Statistics of the Sixth Regiment.

Returns from the Sixth regiment show that it is composed of 176 married men and 427 single. Co. A (National Grays), of Lowell, has 29 married to 31 single. All but 149 of the regiment follow mechanical occupations. Of the 149, 30 are from Acton and 27 from Groton, and most of those are farmers. In the Stoneham company of 67 men, 51 were shoe-makers, and 2 curriers. In one of the Lawrence companies, of 42 men, 23 were employed in factories. The Worcester company has 15 machinists and 5 carpenters. The Boston company (Captain Sampson's), 14 machinists, 9 carpenters, and 5 printers. There are six lawyers in the regiment, two or three law students, one sailor, and two gentlemen.

General Butler.

After assisting in the embarkation of the Sixth regiment, General Butler came home again in a special train last evening, and left again for Boston this morning. He starts for Washington this afternoon, and be met in Worcester by his aids, Maj. W. H. Clemence, and Capt. Peter Haggerty, of this city. We also learn William O. Fiske goes as private secretary with General Butler.

Farewell to the Fourth Regiment.

The Fourth regiment, Colonel Packard, was drawn up before the State house shortly before 7 o'clock, P. M., to receive a farewell from the Commander-in-chief.

Address of the Governor.

Governor Andrew addressed the soldiers substantially as follows:—

"Mr. Commander,—I regard with inexpressible feeling the presence of this noble command of yours, from the ancient colony of Plymouth. You have come from the side of the sounding sea, where repose the ashes of the Pilgrims; you are bound upon a high and noble pilgrimage for liberty, for the Union, and the constitution of your country. Soldiers! Citizens! Sons of sires who never disgraced their flag, in civil life or on the tented field, who died to serve their country, with the full faith of honest and patriotic hearts, I bid you Godspeed!

"From the bottom of my heart, and in the name of the old Bay State, whose unworthy representative I am, I bid you Godspeed,—and fare you well." [Cheers.]

Colonel Packard's Response.

"Your Excellency,—I am scarcely able to speak. All I can say is, we will endeavor to do our duty."

The Governor.—"I know you will endeavor, and I know, Colonel, you WILL SUCCEED."

The regiment then took up the line of march down Beacon street, and were greeted with cheers upon every hand as they passed.

They proceeded directly to the depot of the Old Colony railroad, which they reached at 7:30 o'clock, when they at once entered an extra train which had been provided for their conveyance to Fall River, where they will take the steamer *State of Maine*, and proceed to Fort Monroe, at Norfolk, Va., to which place they are ordered.

The depot was surrounded and filled by a large and enthusiastic crowd of people, who cheered most heartily as the regiment entered the depot, and when the train started from it. The response from the troops was loud and prolonged until the cars had passed from sight. The following is the list of companies and officers:—

Colonel—Abner B. Packard, of Quincy.
Lieutenant-colonel—Hawkes Fearing, Jr., of Hingham.
Major—Biram C. Alden, of Randolph.
Adjutant—Horace O. Whittemore, of Braintree.
Quartermaster—Othniel Gilmore, of Raynham.
Pay-master—Wm. S. Glover, of Quincy.
Surgeon—Henry M. Saville, of Quincy.
Surgeon's Mate—William D. Atkinson, Jr., of Boston.
Co. A (Acton)—Captain, John Hall; 32 guns.
Co. B (Easton)—Captain, M. M. Williams; 24 guns.
Co. C (Braintree)—Captain, C. C. Bumpus; 38 guns.
Co. D (Randolph)—Captain, Horace Niles; 32 guns.
Co. E (Abington)—Captain, Charles F. Allen; 46 guns.
Co. F (Foxboro')—Captain, David L. Shepard; 35 guns.
Co. G (Taunton)—Captain, Timothy Gordon; 50 guns.
Co. H (Quincy)—Captain, T. H. Newcomb; 30 guns.
Co. I (Hingham)—Lieut. Luther Stephenson, Jr., commanding; 42 guns.
Whole number of guns, 329.

Embarkation of the Third Regiment.

The Third regiment, Colonel Wardrop, for the purposes of this campaign now commencing, has, in consequence of the terms of the requisition from Washington, been consolidated with the Fourth regiment, Colonel Packard. But as the two regiments reached Fort Monroe by different routes, they each go out under the command of their respective officers. At the fort, Colonel Wardrop will be displaced by the seniority of Colonel Packard, who is ordered to assume the command of the consolidated regiment. The regiment received orders yesterday afternoon to embark on board the steamer *S. R. Spaulding*, of the Boston, Norfolk, and Baltimore Steamship line, which sailed last evening for Nor-

folk, Va. She is commanded by Capt. Roland Howes, a son of Cape Cod.

Before the regiment left the hall, second Lieut. Austin G. Cushman, of the New Bedford City Guard, received a present of a fine silver-mounted revolver from his brother, Rev. Charles M. Cushman, which was acknowledged in a pertinent speech.

After the company had formed in the regimental line on South street, the same gentleman presented another similar revolver to Capt. Timothy Ingraham, of the same company.

They left the hall at 6 o'clock, and marched to the State house, and after a delay for consultation with the higher authorities, proceeded to the wharf.

The following is a list of companies and officers:—

Colonel—David W. Wardrop, of New Bedford.
Lieutenant-colonel—Charles Raymond, of Plymouth.
Major—John H. Jennings, of New Bedford.
Adjutant—Richard A. Pierce, of New Bedford.
Pay-master—Sanford Almy, of New Bedford.
Surgeon—Alexander S. Holmes, of New Bedford.
Surgeon's Mate—Johnson Clark, of New Bedford.
Chaplain—Thomas E. St. John, of New Bedford.
Co. A (Halifax)—Captain, Joseph S. Harlow; 40 guns.
Co. B (Plymouth)—Lieutenant, Charles C. Duten; 64 guns.
Co. G (Freetown)—Captain, John W. Marble; 25 guns.
Co. H (Plympton)—Lieutenant, Lucien L. Perkins; 58 guns.
Co. K (Carver)—Captain, William S. McFarlin; 20 guns.
Co. L (New Bedford)—Captain, Timothy Ingraham; 58 guns.

To this has been added the new Cambridge company, C, of the Seventh regiment; captain, J. P. Richardson; 90 guns.

Whole number of guns, 355.

Considerable delay in the sailing of the steamer was occasioned by the non-arrival of a portion of the equipments, but at about 8 o'clock the fasts were cast off, and she bounded on her way. The troops were in excellent spirits.

The New Bedford *Standard* of Wednesday, reports the following accident to Major Jennings, of the Third regiment, which will prevent his joining his command at present:—

"Yesterday afternoon, as Major Jennings, of this city, was returning home from Boston on a temporary leave of absence, by the Fairhaven train, he received a dispatch at Braintree, from Colonel Wardrop, stating that the Third regiment was ordered to Fort Monroe, and requesting his return. The Major, on leaving the cars, jumped to the platform, having his sword in his right hand. The end of the weapon struck the platform so as to cause him to fall, the hilt striking him under the ribs,

upon the right side, his whole weight being brought for an instant upon the sword, causing, it is feared, quite a severe injury internally. There being no trains for Boston or this city, he took the steamboat train and went to Fall River, where he sent for Doctors Davis and Dwyelle, who freely leached his side, and gave him medical attendance through the night. This morning he arrived at home in the steamboat train, and Doctor Bartlett was called in, who thought that the kidney was more injured than the liver. He is still suffering severe pain. In consequence of this accident, he will not be able to go to Virginia with his regiment."

Scenes at Central Wharf.

The steam-ship landing at the end of Central wharf was the scene of a most enthusiastic demonstration. Several hours before the arrival of the troops which embarked on the steamer *S. R. Spaulding*, the streets leading to the wharf were thronged with people wending their way to the steamer. Occasionally the cry of "Here they come!" was raised, when the multitude hastened forward with accelerated speed, eager to secure the most available position at which to witness the departure of the troops. The roofs of the extensive sheds occupied by the steam-ship line were covered with men, and every accessible point on the wharf, which commanded a view of the embarkation, was crowded by the curious and eager multitude, who held their positions with remarkable tenacity and patience for several hours, and dispersed at night-fall, only to reassemble at the first sound of the stirring drum, announcing the approach of the troops.

The arrival of the regiment was signaled by the firing of salutes and the shouts of the multitude. Cheer after cheer greeted the men as they marched in solid column on board the steamer. The appearance of Brigadier-general Butler, who accompanied Adjutant-general Schouler, Brigadier-general Bullock, and other officers, to superintend the embarkation, was a signal for renewed cheering.

The Quarters of the Troops on Shipboard.

The quarters of the troops at night, and during such weather as will prevent them from going on deck, are between the decks, forward of the engine. The decks have been covered with sails, upon which the men will spread their mattresses and blankets. As they will not probably be at sea more than two nights, they will not experience very great inconvenience from their sudden change of sleeping apartments. The officers will quarter in the cabin and state-rooms, where there are accommodations for at least fifty men.

Judging from the provision which has been made for feeding the troops, none are likely to go hungry. Among the stores laid in for the trip are the following: One thousand four hundred pounds of corned beef, four hundred pounds of fresh beef, one hundred and fifty pounds of poultry, six hundred loaves of white

bread, ten barrels No. 1 pilot bread, a plentiful supply of fresh provisions, milk, coffee, tea, etc., which, under the liberal distribution of Mr. John Franz, the steward, will amply supply the wants of the troops.

Shipment of Provisions for the Troops.

Through the wise and thoughtful action of the Commander-in-chief, the troops who have been sent to Fort Monroe will be abundantly supplied with provisions for their use after their arrival. Conspicuous among the cargo taken on board the *Spaulding* yesterday afternoon, were great quantities of beef, pork, butter, cheese, tea, coffee, sugar, and other articles, constituting in bulk about three thousand dollars' worth. The barrels and boxes were marked "Massachusetts Stores," and are consigned to the commander of the volunteers, and are not to be broached until the troops arrive at their destination. This forethought on the part of the Executive is highly commendable, and shows that the comfort of those who are leaving their homes in defense of their country will not be neglected. The troops are provided with ten thousand ball cartridges.

The Eighth Regiment.

The Eighth regiment remained last night in quarters at Faneuil hall. The regiment will be completed to-day, and will proceed this afternoon to join General Butler's command at Washington.

Arrival of Troops, etc.

In the train over the Old Colony road, at 6 o'clock last evening, arrived two companies of the Third regiment: Co. H (Plympton); lieutenant, Lucien L. Perkins, with fifty-eight men. Co. K (Carver); captain, William S. McFarlin; twenty men. These two companies immediately joined their regiment, and left for Fort Monroe in the steamer *R. S. Spaulding*.

Co. I (Hingham), of the Fourth regiment, Lieut. Luther Stephenson, Jr., commanding, came in the same train, with forty-two men. They also joined their regiment, and started for their destination (Fort Monroe) over the Fall River railroad.

The citizens of the town of Beverly have made up a purse of \$2000 for the use of the families of the departed soldiers.

The American Tract Society yesterday threw the Stars and Stripes to the breeze, from the upper windows of the old Tract house in Coruhill.

A Volunteer from Philadelphia.

The following letter was received in this city yesterday:—

PHILADELPHIA, April 15, 1861.
CAPT. C. O. ROGERS, Co. B, Second battalion:
Dear Sir,—Would the service of an old member of the B. L. I. be acceptable to yourself and command, in case you should be called on to assist the government? If yes, please advise me, and I will hold myself in readiness to respond in an hour's notice.
I am, sir, yours to command, E. K.

More Money for the State and Gifts to Soldiers.

In addition to the cases mentioned elsewhere, we learn that the Bay State bank of Lawrence, and the Mount Wollaston bank of Quincy, have tendered to the Governor loans to the amount of \$25,000 each.

Hon. Samuel Hooper, of this city, presented his check for \$100 to Capt. K. V. Martin, of Co. C, of Marblehead, last evening, to be appropriated for the benefit of the volunteers from that town.

Each of the commissioned officers of Cos. D and F (Lynn Light Infantry and Lynn City Guard) was made the recipient of a handsome regulation sword and trimmings, yesterday, the gift of several of the prominent citizens of Lynn.

A Splendid Ovation.

The Sixth regiment, of the Massachusetts militia, which left Boston at 7:30 o'clock last evening, and passed through Springfield and New Haven, arrived at the Twenty-seventh-street depot, in this city, at 7:30 o'clock this morning.

The officers of the regiment arrived last night, and put up at the Fifth-avenue hotel. It was expected that the soldiers would also arrive last evening, and the Fifty-fifth regiment proceeded to the Twenty-seventh-street depot to act as an escort. About two hundred members of the Seventh regiment also proceeded to the depot after drill, in citizens' dress, to meet the Massachusetts men, and remained until nearly 2 o'clock this morning.

The Fifty-fifth, after waiting until a very late hour, concluded the regiment would not arrive until to-day and retired. The early hour at which they reached the city this morning rendered an escort impracticable, especially as the time was uncertain, but the people were out by thousands to welcome the soldiers of the good old commonwealth. A more splendid ovation, although wholly impromptu, has seldom been witnessed. Through the entire line of their march it was one continuous roar of cheers and applause.

The reception at the Fifth-avenue hotel beggars description. Thousands of citizens gathered to witness the display, and to swell the grand chorus of applause.

The Messrs. Leland entertained three hundred of the regiment, in rooms gaily decorated for their accommodation.

The St. Nicholas took two hundred, and the Astor house the remaining five hundred.

Some of our most prominent citizens waited upon the troops, and expressed the liveliest admiration for their promptness in responding to the call of their country.

Incidents.

As the troops passed down Broadway they were observed by Gen. James Appleton, of Ipswich, Mass. The General is seventy-six years old, with all his mental and physical energies unim-

paired. As the troops passed by him, he remarked with deep emotion, "Those boys won't run. I commanded a regiment of them in the last war." General Appleton says he is young enough yet to fight for his country, and he is ready to enlist.

During their brief stay in this city the troops were constantly surrounded by hundreds of patriotic citizens, whose enthusiasm seemed to know no bounds. At the several hotels where they were quartered they received the best attention, and were greatly refreshed by the excellent entertainment.

Having breakfasted, they employed their time until 11 o'clock in conversation, smoking and preparations for the march. All seemed determined to stand by the old flag under all hazards, and to punish those who dare to insult it. Many of the men are exceedingly intelligent, and not a few come from families eminent in the history of the old Bay State. They spoke of the ability of Massachusetts to send thirty thousand or even more volunteers to the support of the government if needed. At 11 o'clock the various companies, having assembled at the Astor house, formed in Broadway.

By this time thousands of our citizens had gathered to bid the brave fellows Godspeed. No language can describe the excitement of the vast concourse. Cheer followed cheer until the welkin rang as with a sound of thunder. There were cheers for the star-spangled banner, for the dear old flag, for the red, white and blue, for the government, for the North, for Lincoln, for Major Anderson, for every thing the loyal heart could suggest. Old men, young men, and lads waved the American flag over their heads, pinned it to their hats and coats, cartmen displayed it on their horses. Barium flung it from every window of the museum.

The guests of the Astor shouted till they were hoarse, so did the visitors at the museum, and when at last, at half-past 11, the police taking the lead, the regiment took up their march for the Jersey-City ferry, the enthusiasm was perfectly overwhelming. At every step the roar of the multitude was increased, at every window the flags were waved.

Turning from Broadway into Courtlandt street, the scene was such as has seldom, if ever, been seen in New York. The stores could hardly be seen for the flags, of which there must have been, on an average, one for every window in the street. Every building was thronged with persons eager to see the regiment, while the sidewalks, awning posts, and stoops were literally covered with a mass of excited humanity. There was one uninterrupted and unprecedented cheer from Broadway to the ferry.

Those who have witnessed all the great demonstrations of the city for a half century back remember none so spontaneously enthusiastic. As the regiment filed off to go upon the ferry-boat, which was gaily decorated with flags, as was the ferry-house, there were loud cries of "God bless you," "God

bless you;" and unlimited cheers for the old Bay State.

Crossing the river the troops entered the spacious depot of the New Jersey railroad company, which was crowded with patriotic Jersey men and women. From the convenient balcony around the building, so well occupied at the Lincoln reception, the bright eyes of many a fair one looked down in sparkling delight at the prompt march of the brave Massachusetts boys to their country's defense.

Flags were waved by hundreds of fair hands, and while the volunteers were waiting for the cars not a few of the miniature copies of the national emblem were smilingly transferred to their keeping. There was a long delay, during which the patriotism of the great crowd displayed itself in many amusing ways, and at 1 o'clock the train, consisting of fifteen cars and a sturdy locomotive, happily named the "Walcott," and beautifully dressed with flags, left the depot amidst a perfect avalanche of cheers.—[New York Evening Post, April 18.]

The field officers arrived in this city with the half-past 11 o'clock train last evening, but immediately procured a carriage and were driven to the Fifth-avenue hotel. On arriving at the hotel, a large crowd were assembled in the vestibule, discussing passing events, when Col. P. S. Davis, Maj. P. Adams Ames, and Maj. Jonathan Ladd passed through the hall. As soon as it became known that they were the officers of the Massachusetts volunteers, the cheering became tremendous. All who could crowd around the officers and get hold of their hands, did so, and many were the "Godspeeds" bestowed upon them by the assemblage.

When the troops alighted from the cars, tumultuous cheers greeted them, first for the "Bay State," for the "Boston Boys," and the Massachusetts militia in general.

Along the entire route the demonstrations were soul-inspiring and patriotic. Cheer after cheer rang upon the car at every block and corner. New accessions to the civic escort were received at every step, and such was the throng that it ultimately required the united exertions of Capt. Francis Speight and thirty men of the Twenty-first precinct, to keep them from crowding upon the military.

Nearly opposite the New York hotel, a gray-haired old man, tottering under the weight of years, mounted a stoop and announced that he had fought under the Stars and Stripes in the War of 1812, against a foreign power, and now that flag was about being despoiled by those who should be our brethren. "God bless our flag," was his concluding sentiment, while tears were seen streaming from his eyes in torrents. Such cheering as followed the words of the old gentleman may better be imagined than described.—[Commercial Advertiser.]

The Eighth Massachusetts regiment of volunteers reached New York at so

early an hour on Friday morning, that but few persons gathered to witness their arrival, and although there was a general cheering and waving of handkerchiefs from private houses on the route, as they proceeded to the hotels for breakfast, there was no very noticeable demonstration until they mustered for departure from the city. Of the scenes which then ensued the *Evening Post* says:—

Soon after 11 o'clock the Eighth regiment of Massachusetts militia mustered in the park, and were received by an impromptu gathering of several thousand persons, who cheered to the echo every movement of the sturdy volunteers. After a few evolutions, the regiment, preceded by a corps of police, took their march down Broadway to Courtlandt street. At every point the throng of spectators increased, as did the enthusiasm. The display of bunting and ardor on Courtlandt street was like that of yesterday.

There were constant cheers for the old Bay State, for Marblehead, for Lowell, for every point from whence the brave fellows came. General Butler, who walked with steady step and erect head, was the observed of all, and recognized by hundreds, was the subject of a personal ovation of the most complimentary character. Embarked upon the ferry-boat, which was gaily decorated, the troops were cheered until fairly out of hearing.

They arrived in Jersey City at about noon, and immediately took the cars. There was much enthusiasm, and the men exhibited the utmost alacrity. On parting with one of them, a by-stander remarked that he hoped he should see him again. "Yes, you will see us again; we will do our duty first, and will see you again."

There was animation on every face, and all seemed to feel the importance of their mission. Not a regret was visible upon the countenance of a single individual. Some of them, in view of the fact that they might be compelled to fight before they reached Washington, remarked that they were ready, but feared that they had not cartridges enough."

Presentation of the Flag.

The flag presentation occurred at the depot in Jersey City. The *Commercial Advertiser* gives the annexed account:—

At the depot an affecting incident occurred. Colonel Monroe of the Eighth, being loudly called for, appeared, surrounded by General Butler, Quartermaster-general John Moran, Colonel Hinks, and the rest of the staff. A. Griswold, Esq., a prominent member of the New York bar, stepped forward, holding in his hand a magnificent silk flag mounted on a massive hickory staff. He addressed the commandant of the Eighth regiment as follows:—

"Colonel Monroe,—Sir, you are from Massachusetts; "God bless her!" Her sons everywhere are proud of her history, and while her armies are com-

manded by such officers as are at their head we have faith in her future. As a son of Massachusetts, I beg to present this standard as a token of my appreciation of the cause in which you are engaged. I confide it to your keeping—"Stand by it."

"Colonel Monroe responded with the following appropriate and eloquent remarks:—

"As a son of Massachusetts, I receive it from a son of her soil, and I will defend it. "God help me."

"The cheering which followed was deafening; nine cheers were proposed and given for the flag, and at that moment eight hundred hardy troops, just arrived from the sacred precincts of Bunker hill, vowed solemnly to defend that flag with their lives and honor. The flag is made of silk; heavy crimson tassels hanging from the spear of the staff.

"Quartermaster Moran, of the First brigade, while in the act of stepping into the cars, received a telegram recalling him to Boston, as the War department has telegraphed for his entire brigade."

FROM WASHINGTON.

Rumors in Regard to Virginia.

SECESSION AGENTS LEAVING FOR MONTGOMERY.

SUPPLIES FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.

War Fever Raging at the West.

Some Virginians here profess to be certain that the state has gone out. Others say she will assume a position of armed neutrality, and prevent troops from passing either way.

Several Secession agents left here to-day for Montgomery.

Large supplies of beef, pork, biscuit, and beans were put in the Post-office department this afternoon for the volunteers.

Western men, arrived to-night, represent that the war fever is raging there.

The Rhode Island Troops Wanted Immediately—The District Militia—Fictitious Rumors—Appointments.

WASHINGTON, April 17. Governor Sprague has been telegraphed to come here with the Rhode Island troops immediately.

Additional volunteer companies were mustered into service to-day by the War department. Others are forming to offer their services to the government.

There is no intelligence here to warrant the belief that Harper's Ferry has been seized, as was currently rumored to-day. The same is true of other reports of an exciting character.—[Boston Journal.

FROM MONTGOMERY.

Proclamation by Jefferson Davis.

LETTERS OF MARQUE TO BE ISSUED BY THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

MONTGOMERY, April 17.

WHEREAS, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, has announced his intention of invading the Confederacy with an armed force, for the purpose of capturing its fortresses, and thereby subverting its independence, and subjecting its free people to the dominion of a foreign power; and whereas, it has thus become the duty of this government to repel the threatened invasion, and defend the rights and liberties of the people by all the means which the laws of nations and the usages of civilized warfare place at its disposal;

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this, my proclamation, inviting all those who may desire by armed service in private armed vessels on the high seas to aid this government in resisting so wanton and wicked an aggression, to make application for commissions or letters of marque and reprisal, to be issued under the seal of these Confederate States. And I do further notify all persons applying for letters of marque to make a statement in writing, giving the name and suitable description of the character, tonnage, and force of the vessel, the name of the place of residence of each owner concerned therein, and the intended number of the crew, and to sign each statement and deliver the same to the Secretary of State or Collector of the port of entry of these Confederate States, to be by him transmitted to the Secretary of State.

And I do further notify all applicants aforesaid before any commission or letter of marque is granted to any vessel, or the owner or owners thereof, and the commander for the time being, that they will be required to give a bond to the Confederate States, with at least two responsible sureties, not interested in such vessel, in the penal sum of five thousand dollars, with the condition that the owners, officers, and crew, who shall be employed on board, shall observe the laws of these Confederate States, and the instructions given them for the regulation of their conduct, that shall satisfy all damages done contrary to the tenor thereof by such vessel during her commission, and deliver up the same when revoked by the President of the Confederate States.

And I do further specially enjoin upon all persons holding offices civil and military under the authority of the Confederate States, that they be vigilant and zealous in the discharge of the duties incident thereto.

And I do moreover solemnly exhort the good people of the Confederate States, as they love their country, as they prize the blessing of a free government, as they feel the wrongs of the past, and those now threatened in aggravated form by those whose enmity is more implacable because unprovoked, that they exert themselves in preserving order, in promoting concord, in maintaining the authority and efficiency of the laws, and in supporting and invigorating all the measures which may be adopted for the common defense, and by which, under the blessing of Divine Providence, we may hope for a speedy, just, and honorable peace.

In testimony whereof I have set my hand and seal this seventeenth day of April.

(Signed.) JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By the President,
ROBERT TOOMBS, Secretary of State.

NEW ORLEANS, April 16. Several vessels are fitting out here in anticipation of the issuing of letters of marque. The military status at Pensacola is unchanged. Accounts from Kentucky state that large numbers are enrolling under the Confederate flag.—[New York Herald.



SECESSIONISTS LEAVING THE UNION.



THE INNOCENT CAUSE OF THE WAR

Meeting of Adopted Citizens.

Union Resolution Adopted—Speeches by Bernard S. Treanor, Thomas Cass, T. M. Brown, and Others.

A meeting of the adopted citizens of Boston, which was held last evening at the Jackson club-room, Hanover street, for the purpose of giving expression to their devotion to the Union and the constitution, was attended by some five hundred people—as many as could be crowded into the hall.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Bernard S. Treanor. The meeting was organized by the choice of Mr. Thomas Cass as chairman, and a long list of vice-presidents.

Mr. Cass took the chair and read the call for the meeting by way of announcing its object.

Voice in the crowd—"Who called this meeting; that's what I want to know?"

Voices—"Put him out; he don't belong in this town."

The Chairman—"The Chair wants it distinctly understood that he won't trouble himself to answer any such impertinent questions. [Cheers and hisses.] I want it distinctly understood, we don't expect any man here who don't favor this call; if there is any man here who isn't in favor of it, he has no right here whatever and had better leave. We want it distinctly understood, too, that there are men here who know their rights, and knowing them, we are prepared and will maintain them." [Applause.]

The President then read a patriotic speech, in which he spoke of the glories of this, his adopted country, as the most free on earth, and of the duties of patriots in the present crisis. He called upon the young men, especially, to come forward to support their country, assuring them that the "noblest place for man to die, is where he dies for man." In conclusion, he introduced Mr. B. S. Treanor, chairman of the committee on resolutions.

Mr. Treanor prefaced the resolves with some remarks, in which he spoke of the troops now quartered in the city, soon to be marched to the seat of government to defend the legitimate rulers [cheers and hisses] of this country from the attacks of ruthless ruffians. [Hisses and cheers.] None but traitors of the blackest dye can refuse now to support the Union in every way. He was aware that interested persons had attempted to sow the seed of sedition among the adopted citizens, but they have not yet succeeded. The Irishmen who have become citizens of this country are loyal. Colonel Coreoran, who refused to obey the order to turn out to do honor to the Prince of Wales, has a regiment of Irishmen who will do good service to the cause of the country. You may be sure that if the flag of the Stars and Stripes is trailed in the dust, it will not be the fault of the gallant Sixty-ninth. It is true that in this city, a few years since, the Irish-American military were disbanded by an edict of Governor Gardner, worthy of a Pickens or a Jeff.

Davis. When the United States laws were in danger of being trampled upon in Court square, I shall never forget the patriotic conduct of the noble old Columbians, of whom you, sir, were one. We have served the South faithfully, and now let the South rest assured that we will stand by the Union, the constitution, and the President, whom the people have constitutionally elected.

Mr. Treanor here read the following resolves:—

Resolved, That we will support the government, by every means in our power, in its efforts to enforce the laws, collect the revenue, repossess the national property, maintain the constitution, and suppress treason and rebellion wherever it appears.

Resolved, That we call upon every adopted citizen of Irish birth to stand true to the country which has become the home of so many millions of our race and of the oppressed people of the old world, and not permit the liberties for which Washington fought and Montgomery died to be trampled under foot by the slave oligarchy of the South.

Resuming, Mr. Treanor said: "Now, Mr. President, I would ask any reasonable man what cause is there or has there been in existence for plunging this happy, peaceful country into its present condition? What constitutional right of the South has been invaded? What wrong has been done by Congress to any state in the South? It is true, sir, the state of Virginia was invaded by the unfortunate John Brown."

Voice in the rear of the hall—"There's a d—d Secessionist out here."

Voices—"Put him out."

Treanor—"Let the traitors show themselves. We'll promise them, if they're not careful, a specimen of Virginia lynch law."

"I was saying, sir, that the state of Virginia was unlawfully and unjustly invaded by the unfortunate John Brown; but, sir, the almost unanimous majority of the citizens of every state were ready to rush to arms in defense of every constitutional right, and in defense of the independence of Virginia, or of any other state which might be invaded in a similar manner. What has been done since, by any one, to justify the present position of the Southern states? What is the question at issue? The Republican party had solemnly declared, by their platform adopted at Chicago, that they didn't intend to meddle with slavery in the states where it exists, but contended also that it is a great and acknowledged evil where it exists, and has been from the time the constitution was adopted until the present moment, and they declared that they were utterly opposed to its further extension. Sir, I submit that if, when the time arrived, they had practically carried out these principles—if the Republican party had been successful in attempting to prohibit the extension of slavery,—that, even that, would not have been a violation of any clause of the constitution."

A small row here occurred in the rear of the hall, and the speaker was interrupted for a while by cries of "Hang him," "Put him out," "Hang him up," etc.; forms of proceeding which were

suggested by the presence of some obnoxious person in the crowd.

Mr. Treanor—"If, therefore, the question had been practically brought before Congress for the purpose of prohibiting the introduction of slavery into any free territory, and Congress had decided so to do, it would not be, I submit, an infraction of the constitution. But the South, without waiting for a test of the question, threw off all allegiance to the Union, and attempted to subvert that government which they had so long held in their hands, and which they now saw suddenly pass from them. The question was, however, submitted to the people of the entire Union, as to whether slavery should be protected, as one party in the late contest said it ought to be, and the people of the North and the South, East and West, by their votes, whether given for Douglas or for Lincoln, decided that slavery should not be protected in the territories. [Great applause.] Sir, it has always been the pride of every American citizen, and the wonder of the whole world, that while prior to a presidential election our fiercest passions are roused up, they all pass away when the people have met to deposit their votes in the ballot-box; how every man bows in submission to that great arbitrator of public opinion. Shall the ballot-box no longer be regarded and acknowledged as the exponent of the voice of the people? Are we to come to the condition of the petty states of Central America and Mexico, and to have a revolution upon every election of a president? Is it not the great element of the government of this country that the majority shall rule, and that the minority shall bow in obedience to that rule? Could n't the South have waited four years, and again submitted its claims? No, sir; the election of a Republican president was but the pretext for the opening of schemes which they have been nursing ever since Andrew Jackson put down nullification in 1833. Are these the kind of men we wish to see march upon Washington, and place their despotic flag upon the Capitol, and give laws to the people of thirty-four states? ['It can't be did,' 'No!' 'No!' Applause.] The people of this country will find the foreign-born citizens as true to freedom as they were in the Revolution, and as they were in 1814."

Voice—"How about the two years' amendment?"

Mr. Treanor—"I am opposed to all two years' and all one year amendments. But if the slave-holding oligarchy had the power they wouldn't allow one of you to vote,—no, not one of you ['That's so!' Great applause], and we, who came from a country where not one in fifty thousand of us was allowed to vote, ought not to be too fastidious about a paltry two years' amendment." [Applause.]

Mr. Treanor continued some time longer in this train of remark, and in conclusion said that the traitors' flag would never float over the Capitol, or over Faneuil hall, as long as a loyal

citizen remained to defend the honor of the Stars and Stripes.

Three cheers were given for Mr. Treanor at the conclusion of his remarks.

Mr. T. M. Brown was next called out. He remarked that Irishmen ought to be found now in the very front of the battle.

Voice—"They're never found behind." [Applause.]

The Chair—"Three cheers for that fellow." They were given.

Mr. Brown, resuming, remarked that this was no time to talk about party platforms. Perhaps when all existing platforms have been knocked into a cocked hat, we may go to work and make a new one. Suppose Massachusetts has made mistakes; is she the only state that has done so? [Voices—"No! no!" "Yes!" "Put him out!"] Mr. Brown—We have a constitutionally elected President. ["Three cheers for the President"—given. "Three cheers for Garrison"—hisses. "Three cheers for Douglas"—given.] Where is the call for the present Rebellion? There isn't any. Nobody's rights have been invaded; nobody has been taxed. There is only a miserable pretext for treason. Let us show that the old spirit which compelled a treaty on the old stone at Limerick isn't dead yet. The spirit which nerved the arm of Sarsfield; the spirit which stirred the heart of Daniel O'Connell; the spirit which fired the brain and filled the great heart of him who was the prophet and guide of young Ireland; the glorious Thomas Davis, is yet alive. [Applause.] That flag must never trail in the dust. [Applause.] Let the adopted citizens of America follow that flag, and determine never to leave the work until it floats over thirty-four states. [Great applause, and three hearty cheers.]

The Right Talk.

The *Newport News* reports the following:—

"A correspondence, of which the following is the substance, is said to have passed between Governor Hicks, of Maryland, and Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, on Friday or Saturday of last week, by telegraph:—

"Governor Hicks to Governor Sprague.—"I understand you are about to proceed to Washington with the Rhode Island regiment. I advise you not to take them through Baltimore, and thus avoid trouble."

"Governor Sprague to Governor Hicks.—"The Rhode Island regiment are going to fight, and it matters not whether they fight in Baltimore or Washington."

AN EDITOR OFF FOR THE WARS.—The senior editor of the *Hartford Press*, Mr. Joseph R. Hawley, has gone to support with his sword the cause he has defended with his pen. He gives his services in the capacity of first lieutenant of Rifle Co. A, First Connecticut regiment.

Flag-raising on Old South Church.

This noon a new and beautiful flag was raised in the belfry of the Old South church, in the presence of a large concourse of people.

The meeting was called to order by George Homer, Esq., of the standing committee of the society, who made a few appropriate remarks. They did not, he said, come as partisans or sectarians, but as American citizens, remembering that dear and sacred associations were connected with this spot; that here, in Revolutionary times, our fathers were wont to meet and to consult in regard to the interests of the country.

A fervent prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Blagden, the senior pastor of the church.

The flag was then thrown to the breeze, with the motto: "TRUE TO OUR REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES," amid the cheers by the crowd, and the "Star-spangled Banner" by Gilmore's band.

Rev. J. M. Manning, the associate pastor, was next introduced, and spoke as follows:—

Address of Rev. J. M. Manning.

I thank you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, from the bottom of my heart, and in the name of the Christian religion, I thank you, for unfurling that flag where it now greets our eyes. It is in the right place. Let it roll out its colors to the sunlight, and play with the free breezes of heaven, till its insulted honor has been vindicated—fill its supremacy is owned throughout the Republic, and every American knee bows to it in willing and joyous homage; then, an honorable peace having been secured, let it be folded up carefully, and laid among our historic treasures, to be transmitted, with glorious memories of these times, to our children's children.

If rumor be true, you have performed a bold and dangerous act, in throwing that banner upon the air. While the British troops held Boston, they destroyed the steeple of the West church for the crime of displaying the American ensign! and when the flag of Secession waves from the top of Faneuil hall, you must expect that the doings of this hour will invite retaliation—that the steeple of the Old South church, for having dared to become a flag-staff, will be toppled to the ground. God's temple welcomes the Star-spangled Banner today, for that banner has ceased to be the sign of corrupt fellowship, or of subserviency to wrong, and has become the symbol of justice and loyalty to human rights. There floats the ensign of the free! We hail it with patriotic shouts, for it signals to us divine order and the brotherhood of men.

Those stripes of crimson and pearl, and that constellation on its field of blue, are thrilling twenty millions of hearts while I speak. From the valleys of the Pine-tree state, from the homes of Stark and Allen, and Putnam and Greene, from the empires of the Middle states, from the boundless prairie and forest and mine, they issue forth, to-

gether with you of this peerless commonwealth, an innumerable and invincible host, to bear our national emblem whithersoever duty shall lead the way. All that beatifies and blesses American society, asks to sit in the shadow of the dear old flag; only that which is hateful and destructive would drag it from the sky, and rend and trample it.

The African, out of his ages of bondage, is peering, with a strange thrill of joy, at these Stars and Stripes; to him they are an auroral vision,—the early twilight, with its streak of flame, telling him that the day of redemption draweth nigh. Into this shadow flock those who would honor the mighty past and secure a mightier future. Hither come loyalty, order, goodness, civilization, the arts, and philanthropy. And now Christianity, divine mistress of the earth, bids her temples bear up this glorious ensign, as if to consecrate it to its new and holy mission, and thus signify what banner it is which she will entwine with her own, when the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdom of the Lord.

And as it is befitting that Christianity should embrace the American ensign today, so it seems hardly less proper that the Old South, of all the churches in New England, should be delegated for this touching ceremonial. She is not the oldest, but certainly the most historic, of them all. The history of the nation can not be disconnected from hers; the two are inseparably intertwined. Within a few yards of us, John Winthrop lived and died; and his mansion was occupied by ministers of this church until destroyed during the War of the Revolution. From his family these grounds passed into the possession of John Norton, the celebrated divine; and by him they were given to the church, for the twofold object of civil and religious liberty.

The State house and this sanctuary have been called the Moses and Aaron of New England freemen. Here the citizens of Boston, after the tragedy of March 5, 1770, met to denounce standing armies, and to demand the removal of the English troops; a meeting which grew to an annual custom, under the direction of the selectmen, and which was really the origin of our present municipal observance of the Fourth of July. Echoes of the eloquence of Samuel Adams, Otis, and Hancock, sleep within these walls; eloquence which gave birth to the American Republic, and which seems to be blossoming out and rousing us, as it did our fathers, to patriotic exertion—in the starry folds now floating overhead.

Hither Warren came, and climbed through that window into the pulpit, on that memorable day, when no other citizen dared to address the people—when none but those who loved liberty more than life ventured to be his auditors—who sat in the pews, pale as dead men, while the king's troops, fully armed, thronged the aisles and pulpit steps. This building has served as an exercise-ground for horsemen who sought to

conquer the immortal emblem above us. The horse and his rider have perished, while the temple they profaned still stands, and the flag they hated still waves on high! *Sic semper tyrannis!* Thus may it ever be; and thus, by the help of heaven, shall it be with those who are bidding their rattlesnake fetch down our eagle from his home in the skies.

The sanctuary, which gave its sacred water to the brow of Franklin, this day dedicates and baptizes, in the name of the Triune God, the symbol which that matchless diplomatist lured from the unwilling hands of kings, and which he taught the nations to fear and admire. We welcome thee back to thy natal spot, — to the Puritan church, of which thou wert born, — Flag of the Free! Float on forever, in majesty and might, thou glorious ensign; symbol of liberty, guardian of order and law, a nation's pride, thou joy-speaking herald to the oppressed of all lands! Within thy folds may no crime or dishonor lurk. Palsied be the tongue that would defame thee; withered the hand that would tear thee from thy lofty height! God go with thee in the day of battle, and Victory make thy standard her abiding-place. Under thy broad protection will we rally, in the days of peril; and whether the danger come from afar, or from internal foes, our lives, our fortunes, our sacred honor, shall be thine; and our children, brought devoutly to the altar of freedom, shall be sworn to defend thee until the reign of the Prince of Peace begins. — [Boston Journal.]

The True Soldier's Spirit.

The following extract from a letter written by one of the Salem Light Infantry (zouaves), has the ring of the true metal. It will be seen that the writer expected to encounter dangers which he does not underestimate or affect to despise; but he was ready to meet them and die a soldier's death, if need be. The regiment was not ordered through Baltimore, so that his anticipations of hot work there were not realized. The writer is one of Chandler & Co.'s clerks: —

"We have got to push our way through Baltimore in the morning, at the point of the bayonet! But our boys are determined and in for it. Our bayonet exercise has got to put the whole regiment through fire and brimstone. To tell you the truth, our boys expect to be split to pieces. But we have all made up our minds to die at our post. We have one great consolation before us: the famous Seventh regiment, of New York, will join us to-night in Philadelphia, and at 3 o'clock in the morning we expect to take up our line of march. There is an unheard-of hot time before us, and we are furnished with no ammunition as yet, and we are to rely on our bayonets and revolvers solely. Our lieutenant is collecting our letters, and I must leave you. Perhaps before you receive this I may be lying on the field among those

recorded with the dead. But what is more glorious than to die for one's country? I am in as good spirits as our dubious position will admit, and I promise you I will die like a soldier, — and a true one, — if I must."

"Absolutely Necessary for a Soldier."

The New York *Post* gives the following list of articles which the shop windows exhibit as "indispensable (in a horn) for a soldier": —

As thus: "Every soldier will find the following articles indispensable: A complete fatigue dress, a canteen, an umbrella, a portable gas cooking stove with pots, pans, grid, and other irons, camp-stool and bedstead, 'our' patent medicines (which would fill a shop and kill a village), a portable and foldable India-rubber tent, several (or more) cases of preserved meats and cans of preserves, a bottle of hair-oil, last, leather, and tools for mending shoes, a portable writing-desk and Worcester's quarto dictionary, water-proof blacking, Youth's Christian Library, a pocket map of Maryland and Virginia, and Fowler's phrenological chart, a compass, spy-and looking-glass, complete photographic apparatus, Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, and Mr. Otard's ditto."

These are but few of the articles recommended, but comprise all that a soldier can conveniently carry, in addition to his regular equipment and his musket.

A LETTER from New York, in the New Haven *Palladium*, says: "A tall man called to see Governor Morgan at Albany, the other day, and desired to volunteer. He thought he should like to meet Jeff. Davis. The Governor asked, —

"Do you know any thing of tactics?"

"Well, a little; think I could lead a company — just as lief go in the ranks."

"And what is your name?"

"May — Colonel May. You may remember me!"

"I fancy if Colonel May, late of the United States Dragoons, — the man of long hair, who resigned because he was maltreated by Jeff. Davis when the latter was secretary of war, — gets at the head of a regiment, we shall see the tremendous feats of Palo Alto and Resaca re-enacted."

CONFEDERATE PROPHECY. As frequent reference is made to the prophetic boast of the Confederate secretary of war, Hon. L. P. Walker, on the occasion of the anticipated surrender of Fort Sumter, we copy the extract from his speech as sent in a dispatch from Montgomery, April 12th, as follows: —

"No man, he said, could tell where the WAR THIS DAY COMMENCED would end, but he would prophesy that the flag which now flaunts the breeze here would float over the dome of the old Capitol at Washington before the 1st of May. Let them try Southern chivalry and test the extent of Southern resources, and it might float eventually over Faneuil hall itself."

Massachusetts' Response to the Proclamation of the President.

It is a proud reflection for the people of Massachusetts that their citizen-soldiery, now as in the days of the Revolution, were the first in the field at the call of their country. The original requisition for troops from this state called for but two regiments, but the state responded with such alacrity that, upon the refusal of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri to furnish their quotas, a requisition was unhesitatingly made upon us for two more regiments. Three of the four regiments are now on their way to Washington, and the fourth will leave to-day — a regiment in four days! Thanks to the foresight of Governor Andrew, — whose praises are in every body's mouth, — some provisions had been made for the comfort of the troops in anticipation of this emergency, and the first two regiments sent from the state were splendidly equipped. If the others are not so well provided, it is because nobody could have anticipated that so large a quota would be required from the state at so short notice. It has been impossible to put a very large proportion of our militia upon a war footing within three days, though what has been done in this direction will excite surprise everywhere. But the deficiencies in the equipment of those sent yesterday and to-day will be speedily supplied, and a week or two of camp duty will put all the Massachusetts regiments in a state of efficiency which will make them a match for at least any equal body of troops that the Confederate States can bring against them.

There have been some ill-defined fears in our community that the Massachusetts troops would be attacked in transit by the rabble at Baltimore. The advice of Governor Hicks that the troops be sent by steamers seemed to demonstrate that there was some ground for apprehension. But the loyalty of the majority of the citizens of Baltimore is unquestioned, and the worst which is to be apprehended there is a street row, for which the men are fully prepared. Although the regiments which have been sent from Massachusetts require drill and discipline before they can take the field with effect against disciplined troops, there are companies among those which have gone forward that would be more than a match for any mob that could be assembled in Balti-

more, aided as they would be by the constituted authorities of the city.

We feel confident that the regiments which have been sent from Massachusetts will render a good account of themselves. We have conversed with many of the soldiers, and while they have responded to the call of their country with a full understanding that they were engaged in no holiday parade, they have betrayed, rather in their bearing than by words, a spirit of enthusiasm, bravery, and determination which will make them equal to any emergency. In behalf of their fellow-citizens at home, whose hearty sympathies go with them, we bid them Godspeed. Upon them have fallen the mantles of the men of Lexington and Concord and Bunker hill, and their deeds, whether in the camp or in the field,—whether as citizens or soldiers,—we are confident will reflect honor upon the state which was the first to spring to arms to gain the liberty that America now enjoys.

And we say to the Rebels and traitors of the South who boast of their martial ardor and military strength, that the troops that have gone from Massachusetts are but the advance guard of those which will be sent if the government requires more aid. In a few days we shall be able to send ten thousand men more of the flower of our strength, to share their perils and victories, or to avenge their defeat if the fortune of war should turn against them. Massachusetts never falters in her duty.

PATRIOTIC LIBERALITY.—The citizens of Webster, at their town-meeting last week, appropriated \$2000 for the benefit of families of volunteers; also a sufficient amount from the "war fund" to furnish each member of the Slater Guards with an additional blanket and mittens; and adopted measures for preparing these articles and forwarding them to the company. The meeting, on the motion of one of the clergymen of the town, formally entered upon record their admiration of the bravery of the Slater Guards upon the field of battle.

QUAKER PATRIOTISM.—A lady of the Quaker faith, in a neighboring city, on being asked by a volunteer if she was ready to fight the enemy, said, "Nay, our doctrine is peace." "Would you like to have the Rebels take Washington?" "Nay, I would rather be drawn and quartered. If thee will go and fight, we will stay at home and work and pray for thee, and pay the taxes."—[Transcript.]

RHODE ISLAND HAS VERIFIED IT.—"A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation."

The War.

The troops on their passage through Springfield on Wednesday evening were handsomely received, the City Guard and firemen turning out in uniform, with a great concourse of private citizens. A salute was fired amid much enthusiasm. The sum of \$300 was raised to furnish a collation, and refreshments were furnished the troops in great abundance.

The *New York Times* learns that Gen. Rufus King, of Wisconsin, recently appointed resident minister at Rome, has asked leave of absence from his post, in order to take command of his regiment and serve the country in the field against domestic traitors.

In reply to an inquiry from Missouri as to his policy, Mr. Douglas has telegraphed the following:—

"I deprecate war, but if it must come I am with my country and for my country, under all circumstances and in every contingency. Individual policy must be subordinate to the public safety."

NARROW ESCAPE OF A TRAITOR.—It is stated by one of Major Anderson's officers that Mr. Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, while in Fort Sumter, before the evacuation, saw in the surgeon's room a decanter which he supposed contained brandy, and from which he chivalrously imbibed. The decanter contained *Iodide of Potash*, and the surgeon was obliged to give Mr. Pryor a counter-irritant to save his valuable life.

COLONEL ELLSWORTH is attempting to recruit his regiment exclusively from the firemen of New York. He thinks that firemen have not been drilled enough to prevent the acquisition of his peculiar tactics, and yet are accustomed to obey, besides being inured to hardship and privation. So thoroughly have the firemen entered into the affair, that it is thought the required number, eight hundred picked men, will be ready to depart for Washington by Saturday.

A MEETING of "all political parties, who are in favor of the constitution of the United States, and the Union of the states under it," is called for Monday next at Baltimore.

A BRIGHT SENTINEL.—At one of the camps on Staten island, a new recruit was placed on guard a few nights since. An officer wishing to be satisfied that the recruit understood his duty, walked to the post and passed by, meeting with no resistance or objection. Looking at the sentry for a moment, he asked him if that was the way he performed his duty.

"Oh, I'm performing my duty," was the reply.

"What did you let me pass for? Didn't the sergeant give you the countersign?"

"I know nothing of your countersign," was the reply, "but the sergeant told me that the first man who came along would give me brandy and wine, and not a drop of either have I seen, although half a dozen have passed me.

Hang the wine; I only want the brandy."

The pass-word was "Brandywine," and the new aspirant for military honors had only comprehended it in the sense probably most familiar to him.

The *Hartford Press* makes the subjoined statement relative to the manufacture of arms for the South, in that city, about which much has been said:—

"The attention of the proper authorities of this state has been repeatedly called to the sale of arms to improper persons by the Sharpe's Rifle Co. and Colt's Revolving Fire-arms Co. The former has absolutely ceased to sell where there is any risk of the arms falling into the hands of traitors, and it is reported, we do not know how correctly, that Colonel Colt will not furnish arms to any parties known to be traitors.

"It is high time that these matters were positively settled. It is not to be tolerated that Hartford men shall arm traitors to shoot down other Hartford men. Let all manufacturers of arms and munitions bow to the law; if they will not, let the law be speedily enforced."

The *Louisville Journal* thus comments on the President's proclamation:—

"We are struck with mingled amazement and indignation. The policy announced in the proclamation deserves the unqualified condemnation of every American citizen. It is unworthy not merely of a statesman, but of a man. It is a policy utterly hair-brained and ruinous. If Mr. Lincoln contemplated this policy in the inaugural address, he is a guilty dissembler; if he has conceived it under the excitement raised by the seizure of Fort Sumter, he is a guilty hotspur. In either case, he is miserably unfit for the exalted position in which the enemies of the country have placed him. Let the people instantly take him and his administration into their own hands if they would rescue the land from bloodshed, and the Union from sudden and irretrievable destruction."

ANOTHER ROMAN MOTHER.—A day or two since a young man offered himself as a recruit at one of the offices in this city, who evidently being a minor, was asked if he had his father's permission to volunteer. He replied that he had no father, but admitted that his mother was living. "Then you must get your mother's consent," said the officer. The young man retired, but soon returned with the following brief but noble letter:—"He is my all; but I freely give him to my country!"—[Bangor Whig.]

A HANDSOME and deserved compliment was paid to Governor Andrew last evening, by S. H. Gookin, Esq., in the meeting called to form a Home Guard. Mr. Gookin said he did all that could be done honorably to prevent the election of Governor Andrew, but he thanked God he did not succeed; for His Excellency, by his prudent foresight, had prepared the state for the present crisis, and he would be forever enthroned in the hearts of the people.

War News.

The following dispatch confirms the rumor of the re-inforcement of Fort Pickens:—

MONTGOMERY, April 17.

To the Hon. H. A. WISE:

By the authority of Hon. L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, I have to inform you for general publicity, that on last night the re-inforcements were thrown into Fort Pickens by the government at Washington, in violation of the convention existing between that government and this Confederacy.

JOHN TYLER, JR.

The New York *Post* had the following dispatch from Washington yesterday:—

"The government will immediately fortify Maryland and the Heights overlooking the Washington navy-yard.

"Defensive works will also be erected on Virginia hill overlooking the Potomac river.

"More troops are wanted to carry out the measures for the defense of the capital.

"Cassius M. Clay raised a company last night. It numbers one hundred and twenty men.

"Senator Lane of Kansas has a company of one hundred and four men. It occupied the east room of the White house last night.

"General Scott told Cassius M. Clay last night that the capital would be safe after to-day. He expects the arrival of re-inforcements in sufficient numbers to preclude all danger of seizure."

The oath of allegiance to the United States is to be administered to all the New York policemen. The demand for large United States flags is so great that the price is said to have advanced more than a hundred per cent. A sign painter has an American flag festooned over his doorway, bearing the following significant inscription:—

"Colors warranted not to run."

A spirit of patriotic devotion pervades all classes of the Empire City. A number of the members of the Seventh-street Methodist Episcopal church, composing the "Young Men's Christian Association" of the church, have volunteered to serve their country in a military capacity. Even the Quakers are aroused, as appears by the following from the *Evening Post*:—

A Quaker merchant in this city yesterday said to one of his clerks:

"Well, friend—, is thee willing to enlist?"

"I have thought of it," replied the clerk, "but hesitated, because I feared to lose my situation."

"If thee will enlist," replied the Quaker, "not only shall thee have thy situation, but thy salary shall go on while thee is absent. But if thee will not serve thy country, thee can not stay in this store."

On all sides, says the *Express*, are heard the reports of patriotism among merchants, and by general consent, all clerks belonging to the military have their pay continued, and in many cases are told to draw for funds. There is no hesitation in any quarter.

The following incident is related of Peter Hart, who was in Fort Sumter during the siege:—

"Hart was an old soldier under Anderson in Mexico. When Mrs. Anderson visited Fort Sumter, Hart accompanied her, by permission of the Confederate authorities, on giving his parole not to fight, should he conclude to remain in the garrison. When the bombardment commenced, the soldier mounted the parapet wall and shouted to the men: 'Now, fire away, boys; I can't fight without breaking a soldier's word, but I'll tell you where your shots strike, and where to look for danger.'

"Thus conspicuously a mark during the whole two days' bombardment, Hart left the parapet only once, and that was to climb the flag-staff to nail the colors to the peak, after the halliards had been shot away."

The artillery corps of the National Guard accompanied the Seventh regiment from New York yesterday, fully equipped with their mountain howitzers.

The *Evening Post* relates the following incidents connected with the departure of the Providence Marine Artillery from New York:—

"As an evidence of the feeling of the crowd who assembled to see them off, it may be mentioned that on one of the company asking an orange-vender for some of the fruit, the crowd caught up the baskets in sight, paid for the oranges, and sent a perfect shower of them on board, which was caught by the men with great glee and cheers. One of the men answered a man in the crowd that 'he did not know nor care where he was going, and only that he was going to fight; but if he got a sight at Twigg's, he would put a ball through him if he could.'

"They stood on the hurricane deck, and as the steamer left the dock, one of the men stepped forward, pointing to the Stars and Stripes, and with a significant nod of the head, took of his hat and cheered. The whole company caught the enthusiasm, and the scene which followed was truly magnificent. They all rose to their feet, and cheer after cheer was sent up with a feeling that showed they were men who knew their duty and would perform it.

"One of the lieutenants, on being interrogated concerning their destination, replied, 'We go with sealed orders and sealed lips.' Captain Tomkins stated they should go to Elizabethport, but of their ultimate destination he was not at liberty to speak."

A call has been issued in New York for the natives of Poland to form a legion to support the standard of freedom.

On the reading of the resolutions concerning privateering adopted by the New York Board of Trade yesterday, when the words in relation to "piracy" were read, a gentleman remarked, "That means hanging at the yard-arm!" [Cheers.] Another voice: "We are unanimous about that." [Renewed cheers.]

In regard to Virginia, the New York

Express has the following intelligence:—"The seven members of the convention that voted against secession are reported to be, four from Western Virginia, three from the East. Three or four of them fled from Richmond secretly, and left their baggage behind.

"The secret of the details of secession is thoroughly kept. As to 'the reference to the people,' a case is now so created by the convention, that the people *must* secede."

"The intelligence we have from Virginia is, that western Virginia (now) will not be likely to part from the East, but to go with the east in secession. Governor Letcher is from the valley, and his course is premonitory of the mountain feeling."

The New York *Evening Post's* correspondent writes from Washington:—

"Mayor Addison, of Georgetown, is a hearty Union man. He is out in a proclamation, calling for volunteers to fight 'the Rebels.' We want more public men here of that sort. There are too many traitors here yet holding office under the government. Some of the leading property-holders here, according to the *Star*, are Secessionists. And yet it is a well-known fact that the Rebels would like to make a desert of Washington. If an attack is ever made upon the city, it will be with batteries planted upon the Potomac hills. In such a contest, the private dwellings here would be destroyed.

"The race downward in Southern state stocks greatly mortifies the Rebels. They can not understand why it is that New York stocks are above par, and Virginia stocks fifty per cent. below. It is claimed that an attempt is made to run them down in New York! 'Why don't you Virginians buy them in yourselves, then?' is the reply of loyal men here. Yet this same Virginia talks loftily of controlling the course of the United States government!

"The aspect of this city is more and more warlike. Preparations for the accommodation of troops are being made on every hand. Volunteers in the city are offering in large numbers, day by day. More troops are on duty at night than at any previous time. Barracks are being erected in many places in different parts of the city."

The *Commercial Advertiser* correspondent says:—

"The proclamation of Jefferson Davis, inviting aid 'in private armed vessels on the high seas,' shows the foresight of General Scott, in securing possession of the fortifications at the Tortugas. With these a small naval force can keep the Gulf clear of privateers, and effectually check the operations of those disposed to 'aid the government of the Southern Confederacy,' by extemporizing privateers.

"The expedition which sailed from New York not long since, and which some confidently asserted was for the combined operations, by land and by water, against Fort Sumter, has ere this placed Fort Jefferson in an almost impregnable state, and supplied its store-

houses and magazines. With such a rendezvous for our coast-guard, privateers will have but little chance of escape; nor will the broad seal of the Southern Confederacy save their crews from hastily visiting yard-arms, to meet the fate of pirates.

"Volunteer troops are promised by thousands, but none have as yet made their appearance, and the Secessionists here are again exultant. It is very evident that the first struggle is to be in this vicinity, unless the Baltimoreans prevent the passage of troops through their city, and great anxiety prevails. Citizens are taking their families into the country, and many of those having funds on deposit in the banks are withdrawing them in specie, to be prepared for any emergency.

"A military company of Secessionists suddenly left this city last night, under the apprehension that martial law was about to be proclaimed, and that they would be arrested and dealt with according to their deserts."

A private letter from New Orleans, dated April 12th, received in New York, states that no dispatches in cipher are allowed to be sent North over the wires; and the papers announce that no dispatches whatever, in reference to military operations in the Confederate States, will be transmitted, except by order of the proper authorities. One of the local papers says that Jefferson Davis has made a requisition on Louisiana for three thousand fighting men, and adds:—

"The system of enlistment has been tried and proved a failure, and the volunteer companies of this city, it would seem, will have to step in the breach to fill up the regular quota. This is unequal, unfair, and unjust. Why should the parish of Orleans bear all the brunt of the precipitate secession movement, both in fighting men and money? Those fire-eating secession parishes throughout the state, that took so active a part in the precipitate movement, should now show their hands, and furnish at least their quota of fighting material. Up to this moment we have not heard of a single parish in the state, outside the parish of Orleans, that has tendered a single company, or a single man, to the Confederate army. If the city of New Orleans has to pay all the money and do all the fighting for the state, the sooner the city separates from the state, the better."

EDWARD P. WALLACE, of Salisbury, who was the first to offer the loan of \$100 to the general government, without interest, and whose patriotic letter to the Secretary of the Treasury secured to him the first Treasury note issued by the department, though disabled by lameness from entering the army, offers \$75 of his earnings to the first volunteer from Salisbury who will make good his place in the ranks. When the war first broke out he gave \$100 of his earnings (more than a quarter of all he had) to the company raised in his town. He is a noble fellow.

Are Troops Going through Baltimore?

We published yesterday a portion of the report of Mayor Brown, of his interview with the President, in which he states that the President agreed to send no more troops through that city if they could pass around it without being attacked. According to the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, the President gave Mayor Brown quite a different answer. The writer says:—

"Mayor Brown, of Baltimore, arrived here to-day by special train, and proceeded to the White House. What transpired there we can not learn with any certainty, but I understand, on what seems good authority, that the governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Ohio telegraphed to Mayor Brown and to Governor Hicks, of Maryland, notifying them that *they intended to send ten thousand troops through Maryland, for the protection of the Federal capital*; that if they are not molested, they will pass through without molesting or interfering with the rights of any private persons; but if their progress is obstructed, on the other hand, *they will reduce the city of Baltimore to ashes*, for that the government of the United States shall be maintained.

Mayor Brown accordingly came over here and appealed to the President to save the city of Baltimore, by countermanding the order for the passage of troops through Maryland.

"The President replied that if the governors aforesaid found it necessary to take such steps, in response to his call for troops, it was Maryland's question whether she would be loyal or not; that it was her question whether she had obeyed the law and supported the government, as she ought. As for himself, *he should take no measures whatever to interfere with the progress of troops from the loyal states to the Federal capital, and issue no orders of countermand.*"

SOUTH-SIDE VIEW.—A clergyman relates the following conversation as having occurred in Alabama not long since. The probabilities of the conflict were being discussed in a country hotel, and one and another expressed his views pretty freely, when an appeal was made to an old settler, as follows: "Well, old horse, what do you think of it?" "I think we are to be confoundedly whipped," said he. "The North have the constitution, a united feeling, plenty of money, and God on their side, and we have only a few cursed Spaniards in Cuba, no credit, and the devil on our side. Now I own slaves, and am with the South, but let me tell you, we are to be confoundedly whipped."

Such nonsense as the following is telegraphed to the papers at the South. We find it in a Nashville paper:—

LYNCHBURG, April 19, 1861. Baltimore triumphed. Massachusetts Seventh regiment, commanded by B. F. Butler, numbering near eight hundred, taken prisoners. Upward of one hundred killed. Only sixteen Baltimoreans killed and wounded."

Christian Influences in the Camp.

To the Editor of Boston Journal:

The Rev. B. F. De Costa, Episcopal clergyman of Charlestown, Mass., accompanies the Fifth regiment as chaplain.

In connection with this fact, permit me to call the attention of Christians of all denominations to the importance of doing their duty at this time, by surrounding our soldiers with all Christian influences. One of the greatest calamities of war is the demoralization of the camp, the vice and prodigality that follow in the train of armies. We must combat this evil by all means in our power. We would have our sons and our brothers return to us unstained in character, pure in heart as we know they will prove themselves brave in spirit.

If, then, Episcopalians and other Christians will send contributions of money, bibles, prayer-books, and suitable religious publications to the book-store of E. P. Dutton, Esq., 106 Washington street, Mr. Dutton will cheerfully take charge of them; and the writer of this communication will see that the money is properly expended and the books forwarded to Rev. Mr. De Costa, who will see to their distribution in his own regiment and among the other corps. Prayer-books of the Protestant Episcopal church are particularly suited to the camp, affording means of regular public worship with or without the presence of a chaplain.

Rev. S. Russell Jones, rector of St. James church, Greenfield, is chaplain of the Tenth regiment, and will accompany that corps if called into service. B.

Attack on Massachusetts Troops.

Glorious Bearing of the Troops.

THE BODIES OF THE DEAD TO BE SENT TO BOSTON.

THE EIGHTH REGIMENT AT PHILADELPHIA.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

OFFICIAL.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,)

BOSTON, April 20—1:30 o'clock A. M.)

I am directed by His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief to warn the public against giving too ready credence to unauthentic reports concerning the military movements now in progress.

To relieve as far as possible the public apprehension, I am directed to communicate the intelligence received at head-quarters, up to this hour, concerning the advance of the Massachusetts troops towards the national capital.

Brigadier-general Butler was telegraphed from head-quarters yesterday at 6:30 o'clock P. M. His first reply was received at 9:30 o'clock, conveying in substance the intelligence of his own arrival with the command of Colonel Monroe at Philadelphia at about 7 o'clock, and confirming the rumor that Colonel Jones had been attacked in the streets of Baltimore. An interruption of the telegraph temporarily suspended communication between Philadelphia and Baltimore—the wires having been cut. Difficulties of transportation arising from the public excitement were delaying General Butler and Colonel Monroe at Philadelphia.

After 11 o'clock the second telegram was received from General Butler in these words:—

"To Governor Andrew: I have reason to believe that Colonel Jones has gone through to Washington. Two killed only of the Massachusetts men. We shall go through at once. The road is torn up through Baltimore. Will telegraph again. B. F. BUTLER, Brigadier-general."

This dispatch was followed by a third, received at 11:30 o'clock, in the following words:—

"To Governor Andrew: Colonel Jones has gone through to Washington with his troops. Pennsylvania troops driven back. These were unarmed. Eight killed, and four wounded, only two of whom were of Massachusetts troops. This is reliable. I will telegraph again, but shall not be able to get ready as soon as I hoped. B. F. BUTLER,

"Brigadier-general."

No direct information has been obtained at head-quarters from Colonel Jones personally, but under the intelligence received, no doubt is entertained that his command gallantly forced a passage through the city of Baltimore, nor of its arrival in good order and fine spirits in the advanced guard of the national militia at the capital of the Union.

Cordially and deeply sympathizing with the families bereaved by the loss of the brave men fallen in this heroic expedition, the Governor recognizes the parallel the day and the event suggest with the 19th of April, 1775, and the immortal memories which cluster around the men of Lexington and Concord.

A. G. BROWNE, JR., Private Secretary.

POSTSCRIPT.

2:30 o'clock A. M.

A fourth dispatch from Brigadier-general Butler, received at this hour, confirms the previous report that but two Massachusetts soldiers were killed, one of them by a piece of iron thrown from a foundry; and it states that most of the wounded have arrived at Washington with their comrades, from which the inference must be that their wounds are not dangerous.

General Butler telegraphs also of our men: "Troops fought manfully. No man offered to run. They bore the attack with the utmost patience, until prominent citizens of Baltimore told them to fire. They did so. Part of the mob responded with fire. The rest scattered. All have arrived at Washington except six injured, who are well cared for at Baltimore."

His Excellency the Governor has sent the following dispatch to the Mayor of Baltimore:—

"I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore to be immediately laid out, preserved with ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expense will be paid by this commonwealth. JOHN A. ANDREW,

"Governor of Massachusetts."

Colonel Munroe's command, at the time of the last dispatch from General Butler, was still detained at Philadelphia.

A. G. BROWNE, JR., Private Secretary.

A FIGHT AT BALTIMORE.

Massachusetts Troops Attacked.

THE TROOPS VICTORIOUS.

A Portion of the Regiment Left Behind.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

*LIEUTENANT SAWTELL'S BRAVE DEFENSE OF THE COLORS.**

WASHINGTON, April 19. It is certain that the Massachusetts regiment was attacked in Baltimore, and fired on by their assailants in Pratt street. Showers of paving-stones rained on their heads. They are on way here. It is certain that Harper's Ferry was burned up, and the arms destroyed by

* NOTE. The colors were carried by Timothy Crowley, the standard-bearer of the regiment, afterwards captain of Co. F, Thirtieth Massachusetts regiment; died Oct. 5, 1862.

Captain Jones, who has retreated to Carlisle.

The Sixth regiment has arrived, leaving one hundred men, with the band, at Baltimore. In the fight, two soldiers were killed, and sixteen wounded.

SECOND DISPATCH.

On examination of the Sixth regiment, it is found that there are not a great many men left at Baltimore. The companies had got mixed up in the struggle to get through the crowd and into the cars.

There is great rejoicing over the telegraphic dispatch that Captain Dyke is only wounded. He is in good hands.

It is thought that David Stevens, of Lowell, and Private Whitney, of Lowell, are killed; probably no others. The wounded are: John T. Swett, Co. A, Lowell; Lieut. J. F. Rowe, James Whitaker, Sidney Collins, Daniel Brown, D. S. Moody, W. G. Butterfield, John Foster, S. S. Johnson, J. W. Pennell, Henry Dyke, of Stoneham; Lieutenant Craig, C. H. Chandler, Hugh Melan, William F. Withington, James Winn, Charles Stimson, David A. Ham, William H. Lawson, of Co. D, Lowell; Edwin C. Heath, D. Ingress, Co. I, Lawrence, Alonzo Joy shot off two fingers while loading.

The report from the Surgeon's infirmary is to the effect that none of these are dangerously wounded.

It will be noticed that the Stoneham and Lowell companies were in the thickest of the fight.

The mob endeavored to seize the colors, which were bravely defended by Sergeant Sawtell.* Colonel Jones and his officers and men are in good spirits, ready for service.

Reliable advices from Harper's Ferry state that the Virginia troops are in possession. The New York reporters were not allowed to remain.—[Bost. Journal.

BALTIMORE, April 19. A terrible scene here. The Pratt-street track torn up. The troops attempted to march through, but were attacked by a mob with bricks and stones, and fired upon.

They returned the fire. Two men are killed, and several wounded. The fight is now going on. Awful scene.

SECOND DISPATCH.

BALTIMORE, April 19. Can not say certain what portion of the troops were attacked. They bore a white flag as they marched up Pratt street, but were greeted with showers of paving stones. The Mayor went ahead with the police.

There was an immense crowd, and the streets were blocked. The soldiers finally turned and fired on the mob. Several of the wounded have just been carried up the streets in carts. It is reported that there was dreadful work at the depot.

THIRD DISPATCH.

BALTIMORE, April 19. The mob rushed to the Guard's armory for arms. Two of the troops were killed, and ten more reported killed.

FOURTH DISPATCH.

At the Washington depot an immense crowd assembled. The rioters attacked the troops at the depot. Several of the latter were wounded; some fatally. There are said to be four of the troops killed, and four of the rioters killed.

The city is in tremendous excitement. Martial law has been proclaimed, and the military are rushing to their armories. Civil war has commenced. The railroad track is said to be torn up outside of the city. Parties threaten to destroy Pratt-street bridge. As the military passed along Pratt street a perfect shower of stones rained on their heads. The cars have left for Washington, being stoned as they left.

FIFTH DISPATCH.

It was the Massachusetts regiment that was attacked, and they have marched through. Three of the mob are known to be dead; also three soldiers, and many wounded. The stores are closing. The military are rapidly forming.

SIXTH DISPATCH.

Affairs are getting serious. Before all the cars got through, crowds assembled at various points and commenced obstructing the road. Reports now are current that the mob is tearing up the track. It is understood that only a portion of the troops have gone through.

SEVENTH DISPATCH.

BALTIMORE, April 19—P. M. A town-meeting was called at 4 o'clock. It is said twelve lives were lost, and several mortally wounded. Parties were-roaming the streets, armed with guns and pistols. Stores closed and business suspended. Every body in a state of dread. A party of the mob rushed into the telegraph office and cut the wires with a hatchet, but they have since been repaired.

NEW YORK, April 19. Private dispatches from Baltimore state that the position of the loyal citizens was very critical.

A dispatch says: "We hope the North will stand by us, and in their forced passage through our city to the Capitol, remember that there are many true men. Our police and many of our military companies openly defy the government."

BALTIMORE, April 19. R. W. Davis, of this city, was shot dead near the Camden station.

It is reported that the Philadelphians are now at the outer depot. The president of the road ordered the train back, at the urgent request of the Mayor and Governor. They are already off.

John McAnn, P. Griffin, and G. Needham, three citizens, are mortally wounded. Four of the Massachusetts troops were killed, and several wounded. It is impossible to learn their names.

BALTIMORE, April 19. The town-meeting in Monument square this afternoon was attended by an immense crowd. The state flag was hoisted. Mayor

Brown said he was opposed to the call of the President in spirit and object, but as Maryland was still in the Union he had exerted himself to his utmost ability to protect the passage of troops through the city. He, however, felt that this should not be, and had telegraphed to the President, urging that no more troops be sent through.

Governor Hicks was sent for and said he was opposed to secession, but the right of revolution could not be disputed. It was folly to attempt to subjugate the South, and he hoped the North and the administration would see the impracticability of doing so. He was still devoted to the Union, and hoped to see a reconstruction of it [shouts, "No, never"]. The Governor replied that he should bow to the decision of the people. Speeches were made by Messrs. Teakle, Wallis, W. C. Preston, and others, justifying the people of Baltimore, and declaring that no Northern troops should invade their soil to subjugate and make war on their brethren of the South. The speakers counseled peace, and urged that the laws be respected and obeyed.

All is quiet to-night. The military and police combined guard the city. The streets are comparatively deserted. Here and there are small knots of people, discussing the events of the day.

Correct list of the killed and wounded, so far as known: Military—wounded, Sergeant Ames, of the Lowell City Guard, slightly; Private Collum, of the same place, shot in the head, not fatal; Private Michael Green, of Lawrence, slightly; S. H. Needham, skull fractured; another, name unknown at the infirmary, badly wounded.

Ames and Collum to-night were taken to a private house, where they will receive the best attentions. H. W. Danforth and Edward Cooper were shot in the thigh.

Two Massachusetts men dead, as before reported; their names not ascertained.

Citizens killed—John McGhan, Sebastian Gies, Patrick Clark, B. Thomas Miles, William C. Maloney, W. Reed, and Mr. Downs. Wounded—Patrick Griffin, fatally, others unknown.

The Philadelphians, who were unequipped and unarmed, remained in the last car at the station. They were assaulted with stones and other missiles, and some were slightly wounded. The train was taken back, but quite a number escaped to the city, and having no uniform were unrecognized.

The reported difficulty on the road between here and Washington is incorrect. It is understood that all the troops reached Washington safely, except the Philadelphians, who were taken back.

At the meeting, the Mayor announced that the presidents of the railroads had promised they would bring no more troop this way.

As far as ascertained, only two Massachusetts soldiers were killed. They belonged to Co. C. Their bodies are now at the police-station. At the same sta-

tion are the following, wounded: Sergeant Ames, of the Lowell City Guards, wounded on the head, not seriously; Private Michael Green, of Lawrence, wounded on the head with stones; H. W. Danforth, Co. C, Sixth regiment, slightly wounded.

As far as known, seven citizens were killed, including Mr. Davis (before mentioned) and James Clark. A half dozen or so are seriously wounded, but believed not fatally. Comparative quiet now prevails. The military are under arms. The police are out in full force. The mass-meeting was very large. It was addressed by the Mayor, and the Governor was present.

[The following is the best account of the Baltimore riot we can give:—]

At the President-street depot of the Philadelphia railroad a large crowd assembled, in anticipation of the arrival of a large number of troops from New York and Massachusetts. Shortly after 11 o'clock, the train from Philadelphia, comprising twenty-nine cars, arrived at the depot. Without disembarking the soldiers from the train, the general cars had horses attached, and about nine were drawn along Pratt street to the Camden station, the first six without creating any marked objection. For some reason, the horses attached to the seventh car became restive, and were taken from the car at the Pratt-street bridge, and the car moved without their aid to within a short distance of Gay street, between Gay and Frederick streets. A number of laborers were engaged in repairing the bed of the street, and just at the moment the car reached Gay street they were engaged in removing the cobble-stones from the principal portion of the street. Some thirty or forty men assembled at this point, having followed the car from the depot, and with cheers for Davis and the Confederacy hurled bitter taunts at the "Northern Black Republicans," as they termed them.

This continued for several minutes, when as the horses were again attached and the car moved off, it was proposed to stone it. Before the car had gone twenty yards almost every window therein was broken, and a portion of the crowd followed, hurling paving-stones.

The eighth car was treated in the same manner, but the ninth car, apparently being empty, or at least no person being visible, escaped with only one stone. The crowd exulted in their work, exclaiming that "Black Republicans should" not pass through Maryland.

A lapse of five minutes succeeded, a number of respectable persons meanwhile urging the crowd to tear up the track. After the first train passed, one was observed on the Pratt-street bridge, when anchors were dragged on the track at the corner of Gay street, and part of the track taken up. Observing this, the cars were turned back to President-street depot, and the troops disembarked and prepared to march through the streets. Mayor Brown with a number

of police appeared at their head and led the way. They came away at a brisk pace, and when they reached Center-market space an immense concourse of people closed in behind them and commenced stoning them. When they reached Gay street, where the track had been taken up, a large crowd of men armed with paving-stones showered them on their heads with such force that several of them were knocked down in the ranks. After lying a few minutes they crowded into the stores on Pratt street.

At the corner of South and Pratt streets a man fired a pistol into the ranks of the militia, when those in the rear ranks immediately wheeled and fired upon their assailants, and several were wounded. The guns of the soldiers that had fallen wounded were seized and fired upon the ranks with fatal effect. In two or three instances, after they reached Calvert street, the troops succeeded in checking their pursuers by rapid fire, which brought down two or three, and were not much molested until they reached Howard street, where another large crowd was assembled. Some stones were thrown at them, but their guns were not loaded, and they passed on through a dense crowd down Howard street towards the depot.

The scene on Pratt street was of a most startling character. The wounded soldiers, three in number, were taken up carefully and carried to places of safety by citizens. Along the street at the Camden station, where trains leave for Washington, there was assembled a large detachment of police under direction of Marshal Kane.

It soon appeared that orders were given to clear the tracks near the main depot building. This was done, and soon after a large passenger-car of the Philadelphia railroad came up at a rapid rate, filled with soldiers. This car was soon followed by about sixteen more, all occupied by troops. Upon inquiry it was ascertained they consisted of the Sixth regiment of Massachusetts infantry, in all eleven companies, with an aggregate of eight hundred and sixty men.

As soon as the train arrived, some of the troops were compelled to change cars, when they were looted at by the crowd, which made no overt act. Several young men appeared at one of the cars and displayed revolvers, whereupon the captain of one of the companies drew his sword and declared he would protect his men. Many expected the train would start immediately, but it did not move until 12:30 o'clock, a delay being occasioned by the fact that President Garrett had received information that a large crowd of excited men had determined to tear up the track and blow up the bridges, and thereby prevent the passage of the train.

In a few minutes after the train left, a discharge of fire-arms attracted the attention of the crowd to the corner of Pratt and Howard streets, where a body of infantry from one of the Northern

states, about one hundred and fifty strong, was seen rapidly approaching the depot, and no doubt anxious to reach the cars.

The excitement was beyond description, and a man displaying a flag of the Confederate States seemed to be the rallying point for the people. Some assaulted the infantry with stones, when a number of the latter discharged their muskets. At least twenty shots were fired, but as far as learned no person was injured. There seemed to be but little discipline among the troops, especially as they rushed along pell-mell.

Whilst they were entering the cars a crowd of young men gave them several volleys of bricks and stones, some of which demolished a car window, whereupon three or four muskets were pointed through the car windows and fired, but no one was injured. Whilst this body was passing near the corner of Pratt and Charles streets they got in collision with the crowd, and firing took place. One of the soldiers, named Robins, of the company from "Stonington, Conn." [Stoneham], is supposed to be mortally wounded. He was wounded in the back part of his head and fell to the ground.

The train with the second detachment left at 1:15 o'clock.

There are rumors of an intended attack on Fort McHenry.

BALTIMORE, April 19. A crowd broke into the warehouse of Paterson & Walfert, on Long dock, this evening, and took therefrom four hundred rifles and swords. Squads are parading the streets, fully armed, on the lookout for military from the North expected to-night. Have just heard that the Pennsylvania volunteers and the Seventh New York regiment are coming. Fear there will be bloody work. — Boston Journal.

BURNING OF HARPER'S FERRY ARSENAL.

Gallant Conduct of Lieutenant Jones.

15,000 STANDS OF ARMS DESTROYED.

A FORCED MARCH.

CARLISLE, PA., April 19. Lieutenant Jones, late in command of Harper's Ferry, arrived with his command, forty-three men, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The lieutenant having been advised that a force of twenty-five thousand troops were ordered by the governor to take possession of Harper's Ferry, and finding his position untenable, under the direction of the War department he destroyed all the munitions of war, the armory, arsenal, and buildings.

He withdrew his command under cover of night, and almost in the presence of twenty-five hundred troops. He lost three men. Fifteen thousand

stands of arms were destroyed. His command made a forced march of thirty miles last night, from Harper's Ferry to Hagarstown, Md. They look much worn and fatigued. They were enthusiastically received by the entire population of this place.

Lieutenant Jones states that, hearing yesterday that six hundred Virginians were approaching by the Winchester road, they put piles of powder straw in all the buildings, and quietly waited their approach. The picket guard gave the alarm, and the garrison set fire to the out-houses, carpenters' shops, and powder houses, and began a retreat.

Citizens of Harper's Ferry, evidently in league with the party advancing to seize the arsenal, were instantly in arms and pursued, and firing upon them killed two of the regulars. Two others deserted before the troops reached Hagarstown. They marched all night, having missed the railroad train. At Hagarstown they took omnibuses to Chambersburgh, where they arrived much exhausted with their night march. They were received with loud cheers along their route to Carlisle.

The Baltimore Riot.

Statement of R. P. Winn, Drum Major of the Sixth Regiment.

When the Sixth regiment arrived at Baltimore there were evident signs of riot among the citizens; there was a reversion of the troops, so that the right was placed on the extreme left, with the exception of the staff. The railroad company undertook to take from the lower depot in Baltimore to the Washington depot the troops in detached portions of the train by horse-power; when they had carried over all except Co. D, City Guards, of Lowell, and Captain Dike's command, of Stoneham, and Captain Sampson's Boston company, the mob next (after the horses came down to be attached to the cars) commenced tearing up the rails and laying big anchors on the railroad and piles of lumber, for the purpose of cutting off the above-named companies.

These companies seeing the communication cut off from their comrades left the cars and formed in line, commanded by Adjutant Farr, and the order for march was given. Then the mob, after they had marched probably twenty or thirty feet, proceeded in front with a Secession flag and commenced cheering for Jeff. Davis and South Carolina, and groaning for Lincoln and nigger-stealers of the North—Massachusetts in particular; and at this point the crowd was so dense that the soldiers were temporarily stopped. They then used all gentle efforts to pass through the mob. Their progress was slow through the mob, and at the first turning to the left from the depot the troops wheeled into that street. Immediately after entering this street, an iron missile was thrown from a building, which instantly killed one of Captain Dyke's command, striking him on the head; don't know his

name. I saw the iron thrown, but the crowd was so dense that I didn't see it strike, but afterward conversed with a policeman who took care of the body.

Immediately after this one of the soldier's guns was snatched from his hand, and he instantly shot with his own gun; then (I think without an order) the troops began to fire upon the mob, and at the first fire many were killed; the firing then became general, but from what troops, can not say, the mob using pistols freely with all kinds of missiles, making frequent attempts to get away the guns from our men by overpowering them, and from this point I know but little more; but it is well known that the soldiers behaved like men and fought their way through to Washington depot. The band was not ordered out of the car, and were left at the lower depot with six hundred volunteers from Philadelphia, who had very few arms. After the first shot into the mob by our men, the mob thought they would have better game by attacking the unarmed men who were in the cars. They accordingly attacked the Pennsylvania volunteers and the band by throwing all sorts of missiles, breaking the windows and doors. Many of the volunteers rushed from the cars only to be worse treated in the streets.

The band were then attacked furiously. Finding the cars no place for their safety, they left the car, attempting to save their property in the move, but were more furiously attacked in the street, were stoned, maltreated, and clothes torn off, instruments destroyed, and they driven in various directions, each one supposing that the others were killed, and were only saved by the kindness of a friendly policeman and some ladies. Through the kindness of the police a train of cars was furnished for the band and such others as wished to return, all further southern passage being prevented. We were then at 7 o'clock, P. M., Friday, taken to the cars previously provided for us, protected by a large police force in a very cautious manner, and even that did not protect us from insolent language; and a few stones were hurled at the cars while the police were protecting us. We then went to Havre de Grace, and there we lay without lights or fire until daylight, Saturday morning, suffering much from cold and bruises, having lost our overcoats and blankets, and all our provisions. We then proceeded to Philadelphia, where we received our orders from General Butler to return home.

Statement of Victor Lorendo.

The drummer of the Stoneham Light Infantry, a French lad named Victor Lorendo, who was with the company in the riot at Baltimore, has arrived home. He was separated from the company during the riot, and was obliged to throw away his overcoat and tear the stripes from his pantaloons, in order to escape destruction by the mob. He succeeded in getting on board a steamer for New York, and obtained a free passage North.

Account of an Eye-witness.

Through the courtesy of an eye-witness of the disturbance in Baltimore, upon the occasion of the passage of the Massachusetts volunteers, we are enabled to give a reliable account of what actually occurred, and at the same time correct a false impression in regard to the number of troops engaged in conflict with the Secession mob.

It appears that the Massachusetts regiment occupied eleven cars, and arrived safely and in excellent spirits at Baltimore. There was no demonstration made upon their arrival, and the cars were permitted to leave the depot with the troops still on board. The cars proceeded quietly through the streets of Baltimore, on their way to the depot at the other side of the town, and the fears expressed by some of the citizens that an attack would be made were somewhat allayed. But they had not proceeded more than a couple of blocks before the crowd became so dense that the horses attached to each were scarcely able to push their way through.

At this point the mob began hooting and yelling frightfully, and loud threats were uttered against the military. The troops, however, maintained a strict reserve, neither showing themselves nor replying to the insults so plentifully heaped upon them. The crowd, finding that they could not thus exasperate the volunteers, commenced throwing stones, brickbats, and missiles, and eventually tearing up the pavements, and hurling them in a perfect shower against the cars, smashing the windows, severely wounding many of the troops. However, the first nine cars succeeded in reaching the depot, and departed for Washington. The remaining two cars of the train containing about one hundred men were cut off from the main body, and the men found themselves encompassed by an infuriated mob of over eight thousand. These isolated cars were immediately attacked, and several of the soldiers had their muskets snatched from them. At this moment news came that the Philadelphia volunteers had arrived, and the report excited the mob to a fearful degree.

The Massachusetts men, finding the cars untenable, alighted and formed a solid square, advancing with fixed bayonets upon all sides in double-quick time, all the while surrounded by the mob, — now swelled to the number of at least ten thousand, — yelling and hooting. The military behaved admirably, and still abstained from firing upon their assailants.

The mob now commenced throwing a perfect shower of missiles, occasionally varied by a random shot from a revolver or one of the muskets taken from the soldiers. The poor fellows suffered severely from the immense quantity of stones, oysters, brickbats, paving stones, etc., the shots fired also wounding several. When two of the soldiers had been killed, and the wounded had been conveyed to the center of the column, the troops at last, exasperated and maddened by the treatment they had

received, commenced returning the fire singly, killing several, and wounding a large number of the rioters; but at no one time did a single platoon fire in a volley. Our informant is positive upon this point.

The volunteers, after a protracted and severe struggle, at last succeeded in reaching the depot, bearing with them in triumph their killed and wounded, and immediately embarked. The scene is described in glowing terms by our informant, who says that the calm courage and heroic bearing of the troops spoke volumes for the sons of Massachusetts, who, though marching under a fire of the most embarrassing description, and opposed to overwhelming odds, nevertheless succeeded in accomplishing their purpose, and effected a passage through crowded streets a distance of over a mile—a feat not easily accomplished by a body of less than one hundred men when opposed to such terrific odds.— [New York Times.

MEETING IN NEWMARKET, N. H.—A correspondent gives an account of a spirited meeting in Newmarket, N. H., on the evening of 17th inst. Dr. George W. Kittredge, a prominent leader of the Democratic party in New Hampshire, and formerly a member of Congress, was called upon to preside, and made a patriotic speech of the true stamp. A correspondent gives the following sketch of his remarks:

“He said that of all men, the Democratic were under the strongest obligation to act for the country. The South had relied on the co-operation of the Northern Democrats in their treason; that they would be ready to strike for treason. But he thanked God that the Democrats were in a position, acting from a high patriotism, to cast aside their party prejudice and teach the Southern traitors that the North was a unit—but one party, and that party would fight for the government and constitution of the fathers. Traitors had fired upon the Stars and Stripes—disgraced our flag. By that act we were equally disgraced. He knew there were some who showed a disposition to betray their country, but we would give them hemp first, and then rescue our country from its peril.”

We observe that Senator Lane, of Kansas, the antipodes of his Oregon namesake, is preparing to face disunionists, as he did the Border Ruffians, when the latter stopped long enough to get a sight of his face. We have not regarded Mr. Lane as likely to make a model Senator, but for certain kinds of service to his country, he is equal to forty ordinary Senators.

The Seniors at Harvard displayed a transparency in front of Holworthy, on Monday evening, with the words: “The Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws is our Platform”; reverse, “Harvard for War!” Fire-works were let off, and a large crowd of the various classes gave enthusiastic cheers for the Union and the constitution.

THE ATTACK ON THE MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS.

Interesting Statements.

The Lowell *Courier* publishes a letter from Captain Follansbee, of the Lowell Phalanx, who commanded the companies exposed to the fury of the Baltimore mob. We copy the letter entire:—

“We arrived in Baltimore about 10 o'clock, A. M. The cars are drawn through the city by horses. There were about thirty cars in our train, there being in addition to Colonel Jones' command, about one thousand two hundred troops from Philadelphia, without uniforms or arms, they intending to get them here. After we arrived the cars were taken, two at a time, and drawn to the depot at the lower part of the city, a mob assailing them all the way. The Lowell Mechanic Phalanx car was the ninth; and we waited till after the rest had left for our turn, till two men came to me and informed me that I had better take my command and march to the other depot, as the mob had taken up the track to prevent the passage of the cars. I immediately informed Captain Pickering, of the Lawrence Light Infantry, and we filed out of the cars in regular order. Captain Hart's company, of Lowell, and Captain Dike's, of Stoneham, did the same, and formed in a line on the sidewalk. The captains consulted together, and decided that the command should devolve upon me. I immediately took my position at the right, wheeled into column of sections, and requested them to march in close order. Before we had started, the mob was upon us, with a Secession flag attached to a pole, and told us we never could march through that city; they would kill every ‘white nigger’ of us before we could reach the other depot. I paid no attention to them, but after I had wheeled the battalion, gave the order to march.

“As soon as the order was given, the brickbats began to fly into our ranks from the mob. I called a policeman, and requested him to lead the way to the other depot. He did so. After we had marched about a hundred yards we came to a bridge. The Rebels had torn up most of the planks. We had to play ‘Scotch hop’ to get over it. As soon as we had crossed the bridge they commenced to fire upon us from the streets and houses. We were loaded, but not capped. I ordered the men to cap their rifles and protect themselves; and then we returned their fire, and laid a great many of them away. I saw four fall on the sidewalk at one time. They followed us up, and we fought our way to the other depot—about one mile. They kept at us till the cars started. Quite a number of the rascals were shot after we entered the cars. We went very slow, for we expected the rails were torn up on the road.

“I do not know how much damage we did. Report says about forty were

killed, but I think that is exaggerated. Still, it may be so. There is any quantity of them wounded. Quite a number of horses were killed. The mayor of the city met us almost half way. He said that there would be no trouble, and that we could get through, and kept with me for about a hundred yards; but the stones and balls whistled too near his head, and he left, took a gun from one of my company, fired, and brought his man down. That was the last I saw of him. We fought our way to the cars, and joined Colonel Jones and the seven companies that left us at the other end of the city; and now we are here—every man of the old Phalanx safe and sound, with the exception of a few marks made by brickbats, and all we want now is a chance to go to Baltimore and clean out all the roughs there. If Colonel Jones would march his command there, we would do it. There are five or six of the regiment missing, and all of the band. I am in hopes that most, if not all, of them are alive. Where a man in Baltimore showed his pistols, ax, or Palmetto flag, he was about sure to drop. Captain Dike, of Stoneham, is wounded badly, but is better. A corporal of Captain Pickering's (Lawrence Light Infantry) company was killed. What men are left alive will be well taken care of by the Union men of Baltimore."

A letter from Mr. Brunt Johnson, a member of the Phalanx, contains the following paragraphs:—

"We have not lost a man out of our company. Three or four got their heads cut and their faces disfigured, but none seriously. . . . We had not gone more than twenty paces when stones, bricks, and broken bottles flew like hail about our heads; but we kept right along until they commenced firing revolvers, when we turned and fired a volley, which made them retreat with considerable less number; but the firing was kept up at intervals from doors and windows, but with little or no effect. The mayor of the city met us about one mile from the depot with the police force, and told Captain Follansbee that he should be protected. While he was speaking, one of our men was knocked down with a stone. The mayor at once seized a rifle and shot the man who threw the stone, after which we arrived at the depot with little or no trouble. We got into the cars, lifted the windows, and two rifles were in each window on each side of the car, and if a man was seen to move, throw a stone, or show any sign of disturbance, down went his house. There was one courageous fellow who said he could get twenty-five men in Baltimore who could kill the whole Sixth regiment, but he did not get time to repeat it. He was found with seventeen bullets in his body. Yesterday was the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. We are proud to say that Massachusetts men have more blood for the good cause of their country."

A letter from Baltimore, also published in the *Courier*, says that a large

number of the Lowell City Guard were injured, but probably only two seriously. Sergeant Ames, of Lowell, and Private Coburn, of Dracont, were well cared for in Baltimore. Sergeant Ames was wounded on the head by bricks or bottles, and has lost considerable blood. His physician sees nothing alarming in his case. Mr. Coburn was beaten on the head with paving-stones, and his musket taken from him, and then with it he was shot through the thigh. The doctor says it is a flesh wound, and thinks he is comfortable.

Statement of a Baltimorean.

We have conversed with a citizen of Baltimore, a thorough Union man, who saw the attack on our troops, and is full of admiration of the steadiness and courage of our brave fellows. He says he never could have believed that men with arms in their hands would have withstood the deadly assaults of an infuriated mob with so much patience and steadiness. *They did not fire until ordered to do so by the mayor of Baltimore.*

The mob was composed of the lowest, the most brutal and depraved of the denizens of the city, but they were encouraged and set on by citizens of respectable position in society, including several custom-house officials. The assault was deadly beyond description. All along the route missiles of all descriptions—stones, brickbats, clubs, and even windows from the houses—were thrown upon the troops in a perfect shower, and they were shot at with guns and pistols. Our informant says that all the cars containing the troops were stoned as they passed through.

We called the attention of this Baltimorean to the evidence before the coroner's inquest upon the body of Robert W. Davis, one of the *respectable* citizens of Baltimore, who was killed. By drawing out certain points, and covering up others, an attempt was made by the coroner to show that Mr. Davis was merely a peaceable spectator, and took no part in the riot, but was deliberately shot from the car window after the train had started for Washington, and without provocation. Our informant ridicules this theory. He says that after the troops had reached the cars for Washington, the assault was continued; the track was torn up, and missiles were rained into the car. The firing from the car windows was in self-defense. In one case a stone was thrown through a car window, and immediately a rifle was pushed through the hole, and the fellow who threw the stone was shot. But whether this was Mr. Davis or not, is uncertain.

The evidence before the coroner's inquest goes to show that, if Mr. Davis was not taking part with the mob, he was encouraging them and giving them the countenance of his presence. He was one of a party of five "gentlemen," who, according to the evidence, "cheered for Jefferson Davis and the Southern Confederacy." Before Mr. Davis was shot, his hat was knocked off, and, as one of the witnesses thought, by a stone

aimed by one of Mr. Davis' companions at the train. Another of Mr. Davis' companions testified that he had picked up a stone to throw at the train, but dropped it. Our informant says our troops were clearly justified in firing upon the mob, and is only surprised at their forbearance.

He says there is a reign of terror in Baltimore. The Union men were completely overawed by the rabble. He was obliged to leave the city because his sentiments were obnoxious to the mob, and it was no longer safe for him to remain. He thinks the government should take military possession of the city with a large force, for the protection of the Union men. He believes that whatever may be the result of the present conflict, Baltimore, as a commercial city, is ruined.

We have also had a conversation with a friend, Mr. B. Wood, of Milford, who left Washington on Saturday, and was in Baltimore over Sunday. He confirms all that is stated above as to the state of anarchy which reigns there. He was unable to obtain a regular conveyance from Baltimore, and left with several refugees in an oyster-boat, the captain of which agreed to land them at Perryville for \$50. Some of his party were ladies; but he made his boat as clean as possible, stowed the ladies in the cuddy, and faithfully fulfilled his bargain.

The following extracts are from a private letter written by a member of Co. C, of Lowell:—

"We had a small fight at Baltimore. I can not tell you all the particulars now; but we killed about thirty-three, to two of our own men. I can say that I shot two of them, sure. One had a pistol to fire at me when I fired.

"We shot some men in Baltimore after we got started in the cars. They had taken up the rails, and fired through the windows of the cars.

"They can't say I was a coward. I will stand by the constitution and the Union of the United States as long as I live. So help me, God!"

We published a day or two since an intemperate letter from a resident of Baltimore to his brother in this city. The reply was very appropriate, as will be seen by the following extract:—

"What would you have us do? Would you have us surrender the national Capital into the hands of that band of mercenary thieves and traitors who rule the 'Confederate States'; men who have stolen the public property; who have violated their oaths? Shall we not defend the Capital? Did not Governor Hicks say in his proclamation on Friday last that Maryland would furnish her quota of troops for that service? and was it not this simple mission, and nothing more, that our troops were engaged in?"

"You speak of the South being 'subjugated by Lincoln and his hordes.' In the first place, there is no attempt to subjugate the South, but simply to maintain the government, and that *not* by 'Lincoln and his hordes.' No; no! As I told you in my last, the commander of

the Massachusetts forces was a delegate to the Charleston convention. Caleb Cushing to-day offers his services to the government. Franklin Pierce, and every Democrat in the North, is willing to arm in this contest.

"If Baltimore is a 'yawning gulf' to bury Northern troops in, the same gulf will bury the last vestige of your beautiful city; for though it cost a hundred thousand lives, 'not one stone shall remain upon another' in your city. Before this contest ends, a free, safe, and unobstructed passage will be opened for our troops to the Capital."

From Baltimore.

The following private letter from Baltimore will be read with interest. It is from a gentleman of Northern birth, but who has resided in that city for many years:—

BALTIMORE, April 25, 1861.

You are perhaps a little anxious on our account. There is nothing to fear at present, I think, as our dangerous days are over, at least for a little while. I keep rather quiet, and have no special fear for myself, although for three or four days Northern men held rather a dangerous relation to the mob by which all men seem to have been controlled. Never in my life have I seen such hellish atrocity as I have witnessed here. Secession Rebels have held the city in a terror that can not be described. Men have been designated and a list of them made up for assault and assassination. Danger from that source has grown less as the Northern troops have worked their way to Washington. Fear has taken the place, to some extent, of the thirst for blood and plunder by which a large mass of villains and cut-throats have been moved.

God bless the noble North, and most of all, *Old Massachusetts!* She will again be the pride of the historian and of the world—the crown jewel of America. It is something in these times of treachery and violence to look to one's own kith and kin for examples of courage and patriotism. We will have our enemies under our feet yet in this town, if I mistake not—and when we do the slain soldiers of Massachusetts will find some of their avengers here. We have been to the very threshold of a domestic throat cutting—that has been and is feared more than all else.

The election yesterday, though illegal, was permitted as much to give employment to idle minds as any thing else. Its effect is good. The town is quiet externally, yet there are plots and conspiracies down amongst the rubble that get wind in various ways, chiefly through the police and military patrols.

The show of arms is not so much for people passing through the state as it is to govern our own city and protect from violence. Governor Hicks will have the experience of Sam Houston. Secession rowdies threaten his life, but he will not be hurt except he exposes himself in this city. When we get Northern troops all around us we will rejoice most heartily.

Friday Morning. Things are growing better. A number of Union flags are flying, this morning. We find the reaction growing stronger hourly, and as men find courage to trust each other. The city will show herself Union before next Wednesday. Some fear that Secessionists will have to fly, and strong Union men, myself among them, are doing what we can to control the rising tide of indignation and rage. You can not judge by the papers of our state. Every thing is done to conceal the fire that is underlying our whole social system. Tell our friends we will do the best and all we can to bring Maryland into line. She must come it is by blood.

The murdered soldiers have called us almost as much to mourning as you. I saw the whole of their conduct. It made me swear and curse, with a rage almost intense, to see such noble-looking fellows pitted against some six or eight thousand of the

vilest men I ever saw. I did not know we had so many of such men. Tell those you see that such soldiers as those assaulted do honor to Massachusetts manhood. Cool, firm, effective, two hundred of them could have fought a most glorious battle. As it was, Massachusetts has made a demonstration that has changed the sentiment in regard to Northern courage and forbearance. After they were pelted, shot at, and one of them killed, I saw a corporal, as I supposed, order two of them to fire. They put their pieces up with deliberate aim, each covering a man, and then fired. They hit their marks, for both of them fell dead. I saw them afterward, one with a hole through his head, and the other with one through his body, from side to side—a good and terrible heart shot. The ball was as large as a cent. Almost every shot must have killed a foe. They fired but few, but they did their work. *God bless old Massachusetts.* I never loved her so well as now.

Soldiers' Aid Association in Lowell.

Lowell, whose gallant companies in the Sixth regiment were the first to suffer in the present contest, is doing the right thing by her soldiers. In addition to \$8000 voted by the city government for the families of her troops, and \$10,000 also voted for equipments, the citizens have organized a Soldiers' Aid Association, "to promote the comfort, aid in the care and encouragement, and to relieve the wants, of her citizen-soldiers while in actual service, by providing such articles as they may need that may not be otherwise furnished them; to provide means of communication and information between them and their friends at home."

The association has been organized by the choice of Hon. Natham Crosby, president; S. W. Stickney, Esq., treasurer; M. C. Bryant, Esq., secretary; Hon. Elisha Huntington, chairman of committee on collections; C. B. Coburn, Esq., chairman of committee on supplies; William G. Wise, Esq., chairman of committee on correspondence and forwarding.

The city has been divided into districts, and is being actively canvassed by the ladies for funds. Other cities and towns having companies in the Sixth regiment are expected to co-operate with this association in promoting its objects. These are: Boston, one company; Lawrence, two companies; Worcester, Acton, and Groton, one each. In addition to the four companies of Colonel Jones' regiment, Lowell has raised five companies, which are already organized, and being actively drilled. In proportion to her male population, it is believed that Lowell has raised more troops than any place in the state—enough, if they were all combined, to make a regiment.

ORDERED TO ANNAPOLIS.—The Richardson Light Infantry of Lowell, Captain Davis, has received orders from General Butler to proceed at once to Annapolis with tents and full camp equipage, and they will probably leave in the steamer which sails on Thursday for Fort Monroe. This is a new volunteer company, and has been furnished with a handsome gray uniform.

The Massachusetts Dead.—All the Bodies Recognized.

Yesterday a number of the friends of those who were supposed to have fallen at Baltimore, assembled at the State house by the request of Governor Andrew, so that the bodies which were brought home Wednesday might be identified.

The portmonnaies and other small articles which were sent from Baltimore, as having been found upon their person, were handed around among their friends, but none of them were recognized. The company then proceeded to the vault under King's chapel, where the bodies were deposited, and the covers having been taken off from the metallic coffins, the faces of each were exposed to view, covered only by a glass plate. They were immediately recognized as SUMNER HENRY NEEDHAM, of Lawrence; ADDISON O. WHITNEY, of Lowell; LUTHER C. LADD, of Lowell.

About Mr. Needham there had been no doubt, his death having been well authenticated, but his brother, who was present, instantly identified him.

Mr. Whitney was twenty-two years old, a native of Maine. He has no near relatives, except a sister, who resides in Lowell. He was recognized by William Freer and two others who had worked in the same shop with him during the past winter.

Mr. Ladd was a native of Alexandria, N. H., about eighteen years old, and was recognized by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dow. The two last named, Messrs. Whitney and Ladd, were members of the Lowell City Guards.

Mayor Sargeant, of Lowell, and the mayor of Lawrence, were both present, and desired to take possession of the bodies in behalf of the friends of the deceased, but it was urged that the state had a claim upon them, and would demand to unite in the funeral obsequies.

It was finally agreed that the personal friends of the deceased should be consulted, and the decision will be known to-day.

It is proposed that the services under the direction of the state should take place on Monday next, and then the bodies may be delivered to the local authorities, who will again celebrate their martyrdom.

FUNERAL OF THE LOWELL SOLDIERS.

—The funeral services in honor of Whitney and Ladd, the Lowell soldiers who were killed at Baltimore, will take place to-day. A delegation from the city government of Lowell will arrive here this forenoon, and will proceed to King's chapel with the Governor and Council, under escort of the Independent Cadets, Colonel Holmes, where the bodies will be delivered to the municipal authorities. They will be carried to Lowell on a special train, and services will be held in Huntington hall, where a discourse will be delivered by Rev. W. R. Clark of the Methodist church, and the other clergymen of the city will take part in the exercises.

LOWELL BURIES HER PATRIOT SOLDIERS.

OBSEQUIES OF ADDISON O. WHITNEY AND
LUTHER C. LADD.

The City in Mourning.**Exercises at Huntington Hall.****ADDRESS BY REV. W. R. CLARK.**

The citizens of Lowell yesterday united in bestowing honors upon the remains of two of their number who so lately went forth to the defense of our common country, and which have so soon been returned to them in the cold embrace of death. The city wore a solemn and impressive aspect. On all sides were displayed the emblems of that grief which has cast its funeral pall over the land.

The stores on the principal streets were profusely draped in mourning; festoons of the sable emblems of sorrow were displayed on the front of entire blocks, and from awnings. The windows of stores were draped in black and white, and flags at all points, bound in black, were hoisted at half-mast. The bass-drum and one of the instruments belonging to the Lowell Brigade band, and used by them in their trip through Baltimore, were suspended in front of the store of Messrs. Rugg & Griffith, on Merrimack street. The head of the drum was fractured, and the brass instrument bore marks of the hard usage sustained by the musicians and troops.

At an early hour it began to rain, and the weather continued inclement throughout the day, notwithstanding which almost the entire population of the city, and thousands from the neighboring towns, were abroad. The hum of the spindles was hushed, and the shuttle for the time stopped in its busy flight. The mills were deserted, and their ten thousand occupants joined the throng which choked up every avenue leading to the scene of the solemnities.

Appearance of Huntington Hall.

The interior of Huntington hall, where the funeral services were held, was extensively decorated with mourning emblems and the national ensign. The most conspicuous feature of the decorations consisted of a canopy of American flags erected on the main floor, in front of the gallery, beneath which the remains of the two soldiers rested during the ceremonies.

The canopy was supported by four columns, and surmounted by a golden eagle. The façade of the gallery was draped with black and white, and from stars depended small festoons of mourning. From the cornice around the hall depended larger festoons, caught up at intervals with rosettes and pendants of sable. Over the main entrance were displayed two large American flags, and in the rear of the speaker's stand were

placed a silk ensign and the original colors of the Lowell City Guards, of which company the deceased were members. The heroic words, "All hail to the Stars and Stripes," attributed to one of the dying soldiers, were displayed upon the wall, and the front of the gallery bore the significant inscription, "April 19, 1775; April 19, 1861."

The same inscription, with the warning word, "Remember," was displayed at different points in the city. The decorations were executed by Mr. Alfred Gilman, assisted by Mr. Joseph S. Brown.

Arrival of the Bodies.

The funeral train, in charge of the veteran Conductor Barrett, arrived about 1:30 o'clock, and was met at the depot by the city government, the military, and an immense concourse of people. The caskets were removed from the cases and placed in two hearses, which were draped with the national ensign. The entire company of Richardson Light Guards acted as a guard of honor, flanking the hearses on the right and left. Escort duty was performed by the three uniformed volunteer companies hereinafter mentioned, and the city government followed the remains in carriages to Huntington hall, the Lowell Brigade band, which was attached to the Sixth regiment in the march through Baltimore, and the Lawrence Brass band, discoursing solemn music. The bodies, enveloped in their starry pall, were borne into the hall and placed beneath the canopy. The relatives and immediate friends of the deceased having previously assembled, the mayor of the city, Mayor Barker of Lawrence, and the reverend clergy took seats upon the platform, while the members of the city council, the military, and other bodies occupied the main floor. As the doors were opened for the admission of the citizens at large a scene of confusion ensued, which contrasted sadly with the solemn character of the occasion. The multitude without pressed forward to enter the hall, and so great was the jam that the lives of women and children were periled, and they shrieked and shouted to be released from their disagreeable position. The hall was completely filled, but its ample space was unequal to a tithe of the demand for admission. Thousands remained without upon the sidewalks during the ceremonies, in spite of the rain, which fell unceasingly.

The Funeral Services.

Order having been restored, His Honor Mayor Sargeant rose and said that having attended to so much of their duty as related to receiving the remains of their late fellow-citizens from the executive of the state, the city council had come to join with the relatives of the deceased, and the vast concourse of their fellow-citizens, in the last religious ceremonies appropriate to the occasion, ceremonies in consonance with the feelings of them all. He had been requested by His Excellency the Governor to transmit to the relatives his tender sympathy,

and to express the regret he felt that the press of public duties prevented him from uniting in the solemnities of the occasion.

A dirge was then played by the Lowell Brigade band, who were stationed in the gallery. Appropriate selections of Scripture were read by Rev. C. W. Homer, of the Episcopal church. Rev. Dr. Cleveland, of the Appleton Congregational church, offered a fervent and impressive prayer, invoking the Divine blessing upon our country, the mourning relatives of the deceased, the betrothed of one, and the military companies and associates of both. The silence which reigned over the vast assembly was broken by the outbursts of the grief of the afflicted and sorrow-stricken mourners.

An anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven," was sung by the choir connected with St. Anne's Episcopal church, after which was delivered

The Address of Rev. W. R. Clark.

The preacher selected as the foundation of his remarks the 5th and 6th verses of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh psalm: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

The deep, unaffected love of country so touchingly told in these few words is ever hereafter to be associated with the names of the honored dead whose obsequies we this day solemnize. Moved by its strong inspiration, they, with their companions-in-arms, promptly bade a tearful adieu to friends at their country's call, and bravely fell at a soldier's post, a free-will offering upon their country's altar.

An instinctive patriotism has been implanted in the human breast for beneficent purposes, as may be seen not only in sacred but profane history. Government is impossible without it. The workings of the spirit of patriotism are especially seen in the Jewish nation.

So imperative is the necessity of civil government to the social system—to all the blessings arising therefrom—that our honor binds us to cherish our country with warm and grateful affection. This is why Arnold's name has gone into history as a "note of execration," while that of André, captured in executing the treacherous schemes of Arnold, commands our pity and praise, because true to his country.

Thus do the instincts of our nature, the Providence and Word of God unite in placing patriotism among the cardinal virtues of the Christian religion. A Christian's experience no more supersedes love of country than love of home; and it becomes noble and grand in proportion to the importance of the country towards which it is cherished, and the sacrifices to which it prompts. The Jew loved his country with high devotion, because he saw in its structure, rites, and symbols, the truths of which were to redeem the world.

Every American should love his country with unparalleled ardor, as the grand pioneer of Christian civilization. The civil liberty of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries owes its origin, under God, to those who laid the foundations of this Western empire. It was the puritanical protest of conscience against the encroachments of civil and ecclesiastical power which purified the jurisprudence of England, and then manned the *Mayflower* and moored her at Plymouth Rock. Here the genius of Liberty began a career that has made this nation the wonder of the world. Suddenly, while executing her heaven-appointed mission, the tocsin of rebellion is struck in her midst. Her flag is insulted, and her ruin plotted.

They left us, followed by the hopes and prayers of all, and in every one who saw them the conviction was felt that they would do their duty. And when but a few days had passed and they were attacked, with soldier-like spirit and discipline they form a hollow square and pass on in double-quick time, through a shower of missiles and pistol shots, bearing with them their wounded, without returning a fire until ordered to do so to prevent being borne down by the murderous gang.

Not a tangible grievance are the disaffected states, who are now defying the government, able to set forth, and yet, before the administration is inaugurated and its policy declared, they break allegiance to the government and steal its forts and arsenals. And all this is done by men who at the time of doing it were under a solemn oath to support the constitution of these United States. Such sneaking perfidy and black-hearted treason must have been "set on fire of hell." The curses of their country, "not loud, but deep," will follow those official miscreants to their graves, and forever haunt their memories, making them spectres from which the good of coming generations will start back as from "goblins damned."

To put down this rebellion the whole North has risen to arms. Our own commonwealth, always in the van, has led the marshaling hosts, and has bid her sons go forth in God's name. True to her spirit, they promptly marched to dare and do, and three of them to seal their devotion with their blood, before being permitted to strike the first blow to vindicate the honor of their country's flag. It would be a comfort to all their loving friends that they had died in the performance of duty. And in the strong feeling which stirs every heart we may see the effect which their noble example has inspired. The glowing patriotism of twenty million hearts, which has been fanned to flame by the fall of these soldiers, the bravery which their valor will infuse into their brothers-in-arms, and our country's glorious future of which these martyrdoms are a prelude, conspire to give thrilling import to the words of the brave Warren—"Deceit et dulce pro patria mori" ("It is becoming and sweet to die for the country").

Tenderly will we lay away these be-

loved forms to rest until the morning of the resurrection, while on their tombstones will be sculptured words which will make them prouder mausoleums than kings and conquerors can boast.

The commonwealth for a time almost forgot to be indignant at the outrage upon her honor, so deep was her grief; but she soon roused to second her Chief Magistrate, and in every fiber of her body scorns the white-livered apology of the mayor of Baltimore.

Ever since the lightning flashed over the country the news that these brave men had fallen in a murderous mob, our city has been in tears. To-day she sits in mourning. Her closed marts, mills, and workshops; her minute-guns and tolling bells; her long and solemn cortege, headed by the military and municipal government; this vast concourse, oblivious of sect or party, in tearful silence around these biers—all attest the impassioned grief which Lowell feels for the fallen heroes.

Both of our fallen brothers had enlisted from a high sense of a soldier's duty, and the last words of Ladd, when his friends attempted to dissuade him from marching on account of his youth, were, "I shall go for the Stars and Stripes, anyway!" They have fallen in the service of their country, on a day precious to every American patriot—the eighty-sixth anniversary of the first blood spilled in the struggle for our liberties at Concord and Lexington. Their spirits are gone to God who gave them, and who administers his awards with impartial and unerring regard to the fidelity with which his creatures shall have discharged the trusts he has committed unto them. Henceforth the heroes of Concord, Lexington, Bunker hill, and Baltimore shall blazon together on the pages of their country's history, like the stars in the flag whose honor they died to uphold.

At the close of the discourse, an original hymn, composed by Rev. C. W. Homer, was read by Rev. J. J. Twiss, of the First Universalist church, and sung by the choir.

The concluding prayer was offered by Rev. D. Mott, of the First Baptist church, and the services closed with the benediction by Rev. H. Hinckley, of the First Unitarian church.

The Funeral Cortege.

The funeral cortege was formed in the following order, under the direction of Col. G. F. Sawtell, chief marshal, assisted by W. G. Wise, T. G. Gerrish, and G. W. Bedlow as aids, and S. T. Lancaster and James Watson as marshals:—

Co. K, Capt. P. S. Proctor.
Abbott Light Guard, Capt. E. G. Abbott.
Lowell Brigade Band.
Richardson Light Infantry, Capt. P. A. Davis,
as Guard of Honor.
Bodies.
Pall Bearers—Lieuts. W. E. Farrar, G. E. Dunn, and Edward S. Hunt, and Surgeon W. H. Bradley, of the Richardson Light Infantry; Lieuts. James Francis and H. H. Fuller, of the Abbott Light Guard; and Capt. Temple Tebbetts and Lieut. David Hyde, of the Lowell Light Infantry.
Aids. Chief Marshal. Aids.

The following in carriages:—

Relatives and Friends.
His Honor the Mayor of Lowell.
His Honor the Mayor of Lawrence.
Board of Aldermen.
Common Council.
City Officers.
Judges and Clerk of Police Court.
Sheriff of Middlesex County and District-Attorney.
Officiating Clergy.
Clergymen of the City.

The following companies not in uniform:—

Lawrence Brass Band.
Past and Honorary Members of the City Guards, Capt. Samuel Lawrence.
Company from Machine Shop, Captain Burke.
Lowell Veterans, Capt. J. G. Peabody.
Lowell Light Infantry, Captain Tebbetts.
Butler Rifles, Captain James.
Zouaves, Captain Brady.

The cortege moved through Shattuck, Merrimack, Central, Wamesit, and Lawrence streets to the cemetery, about a mile and a-half from the hall, in the midst of a drenching rain. Umbrellas were in great demand, and the procession, like a dark and billowy stream, passed between living walls of spectators, who were likewise canopied with their portable shelters. Thousands of people crowded the sidewalks, filled the windows, and followed the procession to the cemetery.

Arrived at the cemetery, a rural and picturesque locality, diversified by forests, lakes, and undulating slopes, the remains were placed in the Hospital receiving tomb, after which the military fired three volleys of musketry over the temporary grave of the soldiers, and the procession moved past between files of troops, who rested on their arms, and then all returned to the city, in the order in which they left.

During the time the procession was moving, minute-guns were fired, and the various bells in the city were tolled, the chime of St. Anne's ringing out a mournful peal.

To-day the remains will be conveyed to the friends of the deceased in Alexandria, N. H., and Waldo, Me.

The procession, which was over a mile in length, was the longest ever seen in Lowell, and, notwithstanding the rain, its route was lined with thousands of people. We should probably have had a larger number present from other places had it not been for the storm.

Frederick Ayer, Esq., was one of the aids to the marshal, in addition to those named yesterday. There were thirty-two carriages in the procession, besides a large number which followed behind.

The sisters of Mr. Whitney have consented to have his remains interred in Lowell, and it is to be hoped that his parents will consent to the same arrangement. The body of Mr. Ladd was taken by the noon train to the home of his parents in Alexandria, N. H. After the funeral services there, it is to be hoped that his friends will consent to having his body brought back to Lowell, in which case both bodies will be placed together, and at no distant day, when the questions which now agitate the country are settled, a suitable mon-

ument will be erected to their memory, as the first martyrs in the present struggle.* — [Lowell Courier.

THE following wounded Massachusetts soldiers are in Baltimore now, but will soon be well and on duty: Captain Dike, of Stoneham; D. B. Tyler, John E. Ames, and Edward Coburn, of Lowell; H. W. Danforth, of Stoneham; and Michael Green, of Lawrence. They are all well attended.

It is stated that one of the Massachusetts soldiers, who was mortally wounded and bled to death, while in the last struggles stood erect, raised his right hand toward heaven, and exclaimed: "All hail to the Stars and Stripes!" and expired instantly.

THE HONORED DEAD. The remains of LUTHER C. LADD, who fell in the fight at Baltimore, who, with his dying breath, shouted, "ALL HAIL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES," were buried at Alexandria, N. H., on Wednesday of last week, with military honors. A vast concourse of people were in attendance. Flags were suspended at half-mast, trimmed with mourning; an appropriate sermon was preached. The Bristol Home Guard, commanded by Colonel Rollins, and the Alexandria Guards, commanded by Captain Sleeper, with arms reversed, and music playing with muffled drums, escorted the remains to the grave, while the citizens of the town generally, and adjacent places, marched in order, forming a procession three-fourths of a mile long. It was the most solemn, grand funeral cortege ever witnessed in the state.

Over his grave were fired three salutes, when the grand, imposing procession returned to the once cheerful home of Luther C. Ladd, and there bade farewell to the disconsolate parents and four bereaved sisters. So the young hero rests. He served his country well, and a grateful people will keep his name forever in remembrance.

THE DRUMS OF THE REVOLUTION AGAIN SOUNDING.—In the procession which yesterday accompanied the bodies of the Baltimore martyrs on their way to Lowell were the two drums which have long hung in the office of the adjutant-general in the State house, one of which was used at Lexington, and the other at Bunker hill. Then their martial beat urged on an infant colony to successful warfare against their oppressors, and now they are brought forth once more to lead the solemn cortege which honored those who fell in defense of the rights and principles which at Lexington and Bunker hill were vindicated and achieved.

GEORGE W. WHEELWRIGHT, ESQ., who has for many years supplied the paper on which the *Journal* is printed, has handed us the generous sum of forty dollars for the printers who have volunteered from this office.

*The blood-stained uniforms of Ladd and Whitney now (1888) hang in the G. A. R. hall of Post 42, Lowell.

"All Hail to the Stars and Stripes."

April 19, A. D. 1861.

BY MRS. L. A. MCGAFFEY.

[A thrilling scene is related of one of the Massachusetts men, who was mortally wounded by the Baltimore mob on the fatal Friday, laid upon the floor, where he soon bled to death, notwithstanding every effort was made to save him. An instant before he expired, he rose, struggling with death, and standing erect he fixed his glassy eyes upon every person in the room, and then, lifting them toward heaven and raising his right hand, he exclaimed, with a clear voice, "All hail to the Stars and Stripes!" Saying this, he fell back into the arms of his physician and expired. This patriotic declaration of the dying man so moved the lookers-on that all but his immediate attendants turned silently away, although many of them were stained with the blood of the deceased.]

O Massachusetts! noble heart! in thee we well may trust;
Our holy flag shall not be trail'd by traitors
in the dust
While thou hast heroes yet to give, like him
who fell to-day,
And when in midst of circling toes in death's
embrace he lay,
Could nerve his soul with such high strength
ere burst its prison bars,
And hurl defiance in the cry, "All hail the
Stripes and Stars!"

"All hail the Stars and stripes!" he cried,
though fast the death eclipse
Was stealing o'er his glazing eyes and on his
stiffening lips.
Oh, then a flash like lightning went through
all the old Northland,
And all shall say no battle-death could ever
be more grand—
That in the glory of the fight, not one of all
the slain
shall greener laurels wear than he who
missed its iron rain.

Search, History, all thy wide domain; more
royal sight than this
Thou shalt not see at Marathon or sea-washed
Salamis;
Nor where the famed three hundred kept the
Percie host at bay,
And won their high and deathless name at
old Thermopylae.
Write, thou, how with his outstretched arm he
held his conqueror, Death,
And hailed our sacred Stars and Stripes with
fast-expiring breath.

O Massachusetts! take him back to thy ma-
ternal breast;
Inurn'd within thy steadfast heart let him
forever rest.
Thou hast no tears for such as he—let joyful
peans roll;
Not often such a hero dies, nor passeth such a
soul.
Then welcome be to death and woe and all
war's ghastly fears,
When such as he shall lead the van and bear
the Stripes and Stars.
LOU DOX, O., 1861. — [Boston Journal.

BROUGHT BACK. The body of Luther C. Ladd, one of the soldiers slain at Baltimore on the 19th of April, has been brought back to this city from Alexandria, N. H., where his parents reside. It reached here in the noon train from the north, in charge of his brother-in-law, Mr. Jeremiah F. Dow, and was received at the depot by the members of the committee of the city council, and conveyed to the cemetery. The body of Mr. Ladd, with that of Addison O. Whitney, his companion in death, which has been in the receiving-tomb until now, will be temporarily buried in a grave in the lot at the foot of the hill, immediately north of the chapel, until such time as a monument shall be erected to their memory.

"All Hail to the Glorious Stars and Stripes."

"All hail to the glorious Stars and Stripes,"
That wave o'er the brave and the free,
The pride of all, who sweet liberty love;
We'll pledge o'er our life-blood to thee!

"All hail to the glorious Stars and Stripes,"
We will strike for our homes and our God,
We will not let thy prestige of glory be
dimmed,
Nor thy beauty to perish in gloom.

"All hail to the glorious Stars and Stripes"—
We will strike for our homes and our God,
Though death claim the mortal, the grave
be our bed,
Prayers of freemen shall be our reward.

"All hail to the glorious Stars and Stripes!"
May they cease not thus proudly to wave,
An emblem of freedom to all the oppressed,
A beacon of hope to the brave.

O. E.

— [Lowell Daily Courier, April, 1861.

The Murdered Massachusetts Soldiers!

Lawrence Receives Her Dead.

ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS OF CORPORAL NEEDHAM.

Preparations for the Funeral.

The remains of SUMNER H. NEEDHAM, late corporal of Co. I, Sixth regiment, M. V. M., who fell a victim to the brutality of an incensed mob in the streets of Baltimore, were conveyed from this city yesterday, to the home which he so recently left in response to the call of duty, in a special train over the Boston & Maine railroad. The casket was placed in a passenger car, which was also occupied by the brothers of the deceased, the mayor of Lawrence, the committee of arrangements for the obsequies, and several members of the press.

The train proceeded at express speed, stopping only at crossings, and arrived at Lawrence about 12:50 o'clock. The people along the route seemed to have learned that the relics were to pass over the road, as crowds were assembled at the several stations as the train flew by. It was the intention of the authorities to convey the body, without ceremony and in a quiet manner, to the home of Mr. E. O. Seaver, of Atlantic corporation, where deceased formerly boarded, and to this end no public notice was given of the arrival of the body. But the people of Lawrence instinctively gathered at the station, to pay their silent homage to the memory of one who has died in defense of his country. There was no outburst of sorrow, or manifestation of idle curiosity, but a profound sadness seemed to pervade the entire assembly.

The remains were removed to a hearse, and an impromptu procession was formed. The city authorities rode in carriages, and the people on foot fol-

lowed the body to its former home, which, in the uniform blocks which front the cotton factories, was designated by American flags draped in mourning. The casket was removed from the case which enclosed it, placed upon a simple table in the neat parlor, and, the lid being removed, the features were exposed to view.

The wife of the deceased was not present, having been overcome by grief, but the brothers and friends who were present were addressed by Mayor Barker. "We have," he said, "at your request, and under the orders of the city government, been to Boston and obtained the remains of your deceased brother. We now commit them to your care, to await such action as the committee having in charge the arrangements for the funeral may take." All present appeared deeply afflicted.

The flags in the city were hoisted at half-mast. The body was left in charge of the friends last night, and this forenoon it will be removed to the City hall, where it will lie in state until 1:30 o'clock, when the funeral services take place. Messrs. Lamprell & Marble, decorators from this city, were yesterday engaged in draping the hall in mourning and preparing it for the solemn ceremonies. The religious services will be conducted by Rev. G. E. Weaver, pastor of the Universalist church, of which deceased was a member. An invitation has been extended to the governor and council to attend the funeral, accompanied by his body-guard, the Independent Corps of Cadets.

The funeral cortege will be escorted by the past members of the two military companies, under command of Col. L. D. Sargent, and the fire department, accompanied by the two bands of music. The remains will be placed temporarily in a receiving tomb in the Lawrence cemetery.—[Boston Journal.]

Funeral Services of Sumner H. Needham at Lawrence.

BUSINESS SUSPENDED.

A Solemn and Impressive Scene.

Lawrence has to-day put on her mourning-weeds, and a universal sadness, equalled only by that deep gloom which threw its funeral pall over the city by the memorable calamity, shrouds the homes and hearts of her citizens, who with one accord have forsaken their accustomed pursuits and joined in paying the last honors to the remains of one of the first victims of the Rebellion.

The ceremonies connected with the obsequies of the late Corp. Sumner H. Needham commenced at an early hour this morning. The flags through the city are displayed at half-mast.

Funeral services of a private charac-

ter were held at the late residence of the deceased, No. 41 Atlantic corporation, Rev. G. S. Weaver officiating.

The corpse was then removed to the City hall, under a military escort composed of the past members of the two companies who have gone to the seat of war from this city. The escort was commanded by Col. L. D. Sargent, and was preceded by the Lawrence Brass band, who played a dirge as the cortege moved. The soldiers marched with arms reversed. The route from the house to the City hall was lined with spectators, who gazed in silence upon the sad spectacle.

Appearance of the City Hall.

The City hall was elaborately and tastefully decorated in a style peculiarly fitting the occasion, the ensign of the soldier blending with the sable drapery and symbolizing the national character of the event. At the head of the hall was elevated a golden eagle, on either side of which were suspended American flags. Pilasters of alternate black and white drapery were formed between the windows, and from the cornice depended festoons of black and white, associated.

From an American shield in the center of the ceiling radiated a canopy of pennants and streamers, alternating with eight festoons of dark and white drapery. The altar was shrouded in black, and upon the front of the dais was displayed a spread eagle, whose talons clutched an olive-branch, and upon either side of which was placed the national ensign. The face of the dais was draped in black, and the front of the gallery, at the opposite end of the hall, also bore the somber emblems of sorrow.—[Boston Journal.]

Sumner Henry Needham.

In regard to this brave Massachusetts volunteer, who was stricken down by the mob at Baltimore, the *Lawrence Journal* says:—

"Sumner Henry Needham, whose case has been watched and speculated upon from hour to hour, during the past week, died Saturday morning, at the Lombard-street infirmary, in Baltimore, from wounds received on the 19th in the cowardly attack upon the Massachusetts troops in that city. We are informed by telegraph to the city-council committee, this morning, that his remains are to be immediately forwarded to this city by Adams & Co.'s express.

"Mr. Needham was born in Bethel, Me., and was thirty-three years of age the 2d of March last. He came to Lawrence some twelve years ago, and of late years has been engaged in the lathing business in connection with his brothers, Charles M. and Otis S. Needham. He was a member of the Lawrence Light Infantry for four or five years, and at one time first-lieutenant. He resigned at one time, but joined the company again last summer, and was one of the corporals at the time of his death. He has a mother, two brothers, and a sister

living in Bethel, Me., and a young wife, residing at No. 41 Atlantic corporation, and brothers and sisters in this city, to mourn his untimely death."

Mr. Needham was a member of the Universalist church in Lawrence, which society, on hearing of his death, on Sunday, passed the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That the Universalist congregation of this city bear with heartfelt sorrow of the death of Brother S. Henry Needham, whose presence we shall miss from our worship, and whose excellent character and worthy life have endeared him to his brethren and friends.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathies to his afflicted wife, and be mourners with her as his brothers and sisters, pledging ourselves anew to the country for which he so nobly gave his life.

A committee was also appointed to make arrangements for appropriate funeral services.

The Massachusetts Dead.

We think few men read Governor Andrew's dispatch to the mayor of Baltimore, requesting him to care for the Massachusetts dead "tenderly" and to send on their remains for honored burial by the commonwealth, without tears. Yes, those bodies, battered and bruised by the brutal mob, are sacred. "Tenderly" is not too gentle a word to be used for the care of them. From the plow and the fishing-boat, those hardy men, bearing the names and the memories of Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker hill, came forth, as their fathers did of old, to offer their lives for Liberty's dear sake. Foremost in the second War of Independence, as their forefathers were in the first, the very day on which the men of Lexington stained the greensward with the first blood of this Revolution, saw the men of this generation stain the streets of Baltimore with the first blood of this greater struggle.

All honor, then, to those humble men of Massachusetts, the first victims in the new war of Liberty. Unlike their ancestors, they died far from home and native soil, but like them, they died for their country. The whole nation owns them. Their names shall be preserved in the country's roll of honor.

Yes, bear the battered bodies "tenderly"; they are more sacred than the relics of the saints. Wherever they pass, let the nation's flag, which they died to defend, wave over them; let cannon thunder the martial honor, and let women and children come to drop a tear over the Massachusetts dead, who died for Country and Liberty.—[N. Y. Times.]

"CASSIUS M. CLAY, Minister to Russia, to-day offered his services to Secretary Cameron, either as an officer to raise a regiment, or as a private in the ranks. Mr. Cameron said: 'Sir, this is the first instance I ever heard of where a foreign Minister volunteered in the ranks.' 'Then,' said Clay, 'let's make a little history.'" That's the true fire, and we are glad to see it breaking out in the right places.

Bear Them Very Tenderly Back.

"I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore to be immediately laid out and tenderly sent forward by express to me."—[Gov. Andrew's dispatch to the mayor of Baltimore.

Yes, bear them very tenderly back o'er that fatal way,
 Who left our midst so full of life, so strong but yesterday.
 Give them the soldier's meed, to them the patriot's honor yield;
 The holy cause their hearts espoused their martyr blood has sealed.
 And ye, who hailed them as they went, the last sad duties pay,
 Then gird your armor on; ye have no time to mourn to-day!
 From every drop of blood that fell an armed troop shall spring;
 From every moan that stirred their lips a thousand voices ring!
 Hark to the stirring words they speak, O Massachusetts men!
 The startling summons echoes back from mountain, hill, and glen!
 Fling every selfish fear aside; let every claim give way;
 Spring to the rescue! rally round our country's flag to-day!
 No stranger-hand has wounded us, as in the days of yore;
 Ah no, we had not then so long and patiently forbore.
 'Tis those to whom our arms, our hearts, were ever opened wide,
 Who in the life-blood of our sons their guilty hands have dyed;
 Who gloried in our country's power, drank from her thousand springs,
 And shared, as brothers share, the wealth the boon of freedom brings,—
 The cherished children of her love, these that have struck the blow!
 Our wrath will never slumber till each traitor's head lies low.
 With steadfast love that knew no change, patience that did not cease,
 A brother's loving hand held out the olive-branch of peace.
 No rash, vindictive act of ours has wrought this bitter woe;
 We left their coward hands to strike the first, the treacherous blow.
 The Rubicon is passed; and now we know no North nor South;
 They that have rights and homes to lose tear not the cannon's mouth!
 To us no brother's hand they give, no brother's love they claim;
 What'er betide, be theirs the gulf, and theirs alone the shame.
 Behold our flag! the Stripes and Stars, so long and proudly borne,
 Victorious o'er each foreign foe, by shameful traitors torn!
 To purchase it our fathers shed life's purple tide like rain.
 Sons of those fathers! rise, and say if they have bled in vain!
 Men of the North, the South, the West, our nation's hope and trust,
 Speak! Will ye see that banner torn and trampled in the dust?
 No! by those high and holy truths for which our fathers fought,
 By freedom's priceless heritage, for us so dearly bought;
 The seed, sowed by our patriot sires, watered by blood and tears,
 Whose glorious fruits are ours, the growth of long and toilsome years!
 Let every loyal heart respond! all other claims give way!
 On to the rescue! rally round our country's flag to-day!
 Brothers! press on, our glorious land from mad disunion save!
 Who that can die in such a cause would live to be a slave?
 Ye were very loth to draw the sword, yet sheathe it not again
 Till ye have proved the *People rule*, that *right and freedom* reign;
 Till proudly on each town and fort the Stars and Stripes shall wave,
 The safeguard of the weak, the pride and glory of the brave!

NASHUA, April, 1861.

M. G. H.

The Men Who Fell in Baltimore.

[Dedicated to the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment.]

BY JOHN W. FORNEY.

Our country's call awoke the land
 From mountain height to ocean strand.
 The Old Keystone, the Bay State, too,
 In all her direst dangers true,
 Resolved to answer to her cry,
 For her to bleed, for her to die;
 And so they marched, their flag before,
 For Washington, through Baltimore.

Our men from Berks and Schuylkill came—
 Lehigh and Mifflin in their train;
 First in the field they sought the way,
 Hearts beating high and spirits gay,
 Heard the wild yells of fiendish spite
 Of armed mobs on left and right;
 But on they marched, their flag before,
 For Washington, through Baltimore.

Next came the Massachusetts men,
 Gathered from city, glade, and glen;
 No hate for South, but love for all,
 They answered to their country's call.
 The path to them seemed broad and bright;
 They sought no foemen and no fight,
 As on they marched, their flag before,
 New England's braves, through Baltimore.

But when they showed their martial pride,
 And closed their glittering columns wide,
 They found their welcome in the fire
 Of maddened foes and demons dire,
 Who, like the fiends from hell sent forth,
 Attacked these heroes of the North,—
 These heroes bold, with travel sore,
 While on their way through Baltimore.

From every stifling den and street
 They rushed, the gallant band to meet—
 Forgot the cause they came to save—
 Forgot that those they struck were brave—
 Forgot the dearest ties of blood
 That bound them in one brotherhood—
 Forgot the flag that floated o'er
 Their countrymen in Baltimore.

And the great song their soul had penned,
 To rally freemen to defend
 The banner of the Stripes and Stars,
 That makes victorious all our wars,
 Was laughed to scorn, so madly then
 They greeted all the gallant men
 Who came from Massachusetts' shore
 To Washington, through Baltimore.

And when, with wildest grief, at last,
 They saw their comrades falling fast,
 Foul on the hell-hounds in their track
 They wheeled, and drove the cowards back.
 Then, with their hearts o'erwhelmed with woe,
 Measured their progress, stern and slow;
 Their wounded on their shoulders bore
 To Washington, through Baltimore.

Yet, while New England mourns her dead,
 The blood by Treason foully shed—
 Like that which flowed at Lexington,
 When Freedom's earliest fight began—
 Will make the day, the month, the year,
 To every patriot's memory dear.
 Sons of great fathers gone before,
 They tell for Right at Baltimore!

As at every honored grave,
 Where sleeps the "unreturning brave,"
 A mother sobs, a young wife moans,
 A father for his lost one groans,
 Oh! let the people ne'er forget
 Our deep, enduring, lasting debt
 To those who left their native shore
 And died for us in Baltimore.

TROOPS ORDERED.—The Richardson Light Infantry, Captain Davis, yesterday received a dispatch from General Butler, ordering them to Annapolis, and they leave at once. The Brigade band has also received orders, and will leave as soon as they can complete their arrangements. The Abbott Light Infantry has also received orders to proceed to Fort Warren, and will leave on Wednesday morning.

Letter from a Member of the Sixth Regiment.

The following is an extract from a letter received by Dr. Thos. A. Mathews from James Oscar Mathews, who was reported as having been killed on the march through Baltimore.* Whether the report is true or not the sentiments of patriotism of this young soldier are worthy of notice and by particular request have been copied for publication. Mr. Mathews is 22 years of age, a native of the West Indies, well known as of excellent character and habits. He was a member of the Washington Light Guard two or three years, but had resigned, and recently volunteered to protect the "Stars and Stripes":—

NEW YORK, April 18, 1861.

Dearest Brother:

You can imagine my feelings when I left Boston without even bidding you good-by; but forgive me, for I had no time. We arrived here at 8 o'clock this morning, amidst the greatest enthusiasm. There is a dispatch that the Capitol has been attacked. We are going determined to rout them out—I am, for one, you can depend.

I shall write home soon. Should you write and I should be shot, say to father and mother that I died in defense of the "Stars and Stripes."

God bless you. I am your brother through life.

OSCAR.

The Benediction.

Go! 'Tis thy country's cause,
 Who, to uphold her laws,
 Beckons each son;
 Loyal in treason's spite,
 Firm to maintain the right,
 Thus must be fought the fight,
 The victory won.

Go! And may the God above,
 Ruling the earth with love,
 Be now thy stay—
 Save thee from every sin,
 Send thee His peace within,
 E'en through the battle's din
 And the wild fray.

Stand where thy fathers stood,
 Mingle with theirs thy blood,
 Freedom's red wine;
 Calm be thy sleep and sweet,
 When, for thy winding-sheet,
 The flag to-day we greet
 Round thee shall twine.

Flag of our native land!
 Untorn by Treason's hand,
 Thy stripes shall wave;
 Undimmed thy stars shall shine,
 While Faith and Love combine,
 And at thy holy shrine,
 Offer the brave.

MILTON, April 21, 1861.

—[Boston Journal.

A GENTLEMAN of New York asked a Massachusetts volunteer how many were going from his state. "How many?" he replied. "We are all going."

THE letter of our regular Pensacola correspondent contains the very latest news from that important point. Matters look squally enough. The summons to surrender, it appears, comes from the other side this time.—[Savannah Republican.

*By reference to our telegraphic dispatches, it will be seen that the loss at Baltimore has fallen mainly on Co. C, Lowell, Captain Follansbee, and that therefore Mr. Mathews has not been killed as was reported.—[Ed. Journal.

The War News.

There has been nothing of startling interest in relation to the war since our last issue. Troops are being rapidly concentrated in Washington and vicinity. There were at last accounts from twenty to twenty-five thousand troops at Washington, and there have been new arrivals every day since; probably not less than thirty thousand men are at the command of General Scott at this time. It is stated that proflers have been made to the government of two hundred and fifty thousand men from the west of the Alleghanies.

The New York Zouave regiment, under command of Colonel Ellsworth, reached Washington last week, and are described as a very reckless set of fellows, being made up of the lower classes of the New York firemen, and they are reported to be "spilling" for a fight. If they meet Jeff. Davis's troops little mercy will be shown the latter.

The officers at Annapolis complain that they are mere emigrant runners and passenger agents, and that they can do nothing else but write passes for passengers. General Butler lately expressed their feelings in an extinguisher, which he put on a traveler who naturally enough asked where he should sleep. "My dear sir," said the General, "do you consider me the chamber-maid of this post?"

General Butler, whose head-quarters are at Annapolis, visited Washington last week, and dined with the veteran commander, General Scott. Previous to leaving Washington, General Butler addressed the Massachusetts troops assembled at the Capitol. He returned to Annapolis, and on Saturday received dispatches from General Scott placing the Sixth regiment, our own "glorious Sixth," and other troops at his command, and giving him three days to take possession of the Relay house, at the junction of the Baltimore & Ohio and Baltimore & Washington railroads; nine miles from Baltimore, and thirty from Washington. General Butler, who is always "up to the times," replied that he would hold religious services at the Relay house the following day. The Sixth regiment marched up early Sunday morning, in a drenching rain, and at noon Sunday, the Massachusetts Eighth and New York Fifty-eighth arrived at the Relay house, taking possession of that and the telegraph wires, and commanding all the railroads leading therefrom. It is thought that this movement is made to inaugurate a plan of recapturing Harper's Ferry, though the Virginia forces at the latter place are reported to be in a poor condition; and rumor has it, that Governor Letcher has ordered the Virginia forces to evacuate.

Regiments already formed are being sent forward with great rapidity, and new ones are being raised and equipped in all the Northern states, and in Missouri and Kentucky. The proposals of the government for loans are being promptly taken, showing the faith which capitalists have in the movements of the authorities.

THE SPIRIT AROUSED BY THE BALTIMORE FIGHT. Mr. Edward Taylor, a private in one of the Lowell companies, was severely wounded by being knocked down by a paving-stone while going through Baltimore with the Sixth regiment. As soon as he was able, he wrote to his father, Isaac Taylor, who was greatly aroused, and resolved to go himself, but being in feeble health, he could not get an opportunity. He consented to have his son William go and fill Edward's place. He, with eight others, go out with Colonel Cowdin's regiment to join the Sixth. We trust the good people of Lowell will remember the family of the first sufferers in this war.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE MINISTER TO FRANCE.—Our government has been advised that at the latest dates no commissioners from the Confederate States had presented themselves at the French court. The State department has instructed Minister Dayton to make known to the French government that there is no idea existing in this government of suffering a dissolution of the Union to take place in any way whatever. The closing paragraph of Mr. Seward's letter to Mr. Dayton is as follows:—

"You have seen on the eve of your departure the elasticity of the National spirit, the vigor of the National government, and the lavish devotion of the National treasures to this great cause. Tell M. Thouvenel, then, with the highest consideration and good feeling, that the thought of a dissolution of this Union, peaceably or by force, has never entered into the mind of any candid statesman, and it is high time that it be dismissed by statesmen in Europe."

JEFF. DAVIS' PIRATES AT WORK.—The steamer *Daniel Webster* arrived at New York on Saturday from New Orleans via Havana with her passengers and outward freight, having been ordered back by her agent at New Orleans. Steamer *W. W. Webb*, with two 32-pounders and a crew of seventy-five men, was at the bar with the intention of taking the *Daniel Webster*, but while the *W. W. Webb* was waiting orders from New Orleans, the *Daniel Webster* put to sea without landing her passengers and cargo and succeeded in making good her escape, arriving at Havana on the 28th ult. The schooner *Wanderer* was at Havana, and had been purchased for the Southern pirates for \$20,000. The *Havana* was fully armed at New Orleans. Letters of marque were issued by Jefferson Davis on the 28th ult., and steamers *Cathoun*, *Webb*, and *Matagorda* were ready for immediate service and probably cruising in the Gulf. It is reported that a stock company has been formed at New Orleans, with a capital of six millions, for privateering purposes.

The other day at Lodi, Ill., a woman cut off the two forefingers of her husband while he was asleep, to keep him from enlisting. This disables him by law.

The Spirit of a North-End Boy.

A well-known citizen of the North End, though confined to his house and unable to walk or stand, is anxious to do something for his country and its defenders. He thus writes:—

I can sit still no longer. My blood boils in my veins when I think of the condition of my beloved country. Born in the old North End, living near the spot where dwell the bold Revere, a mechanic, too, I feel I must do something—I know I can. Although crippled, being unable to walk or stand, I still have brains and hands, and will use them in the service of my country. Money or property I have none to offer in defense of the Stars and Stripes; but can not I do something? I can write, copy orders,—any thing in that way. I can sew plain sewing, or I can make myself useful in some way. Please help me to add my mite to aid those who are fighting for me and mine. Send me some work at my house, or send for me to come and help somewhere to assist the good cause. Yours, etc. EDWARD A. VOSE,
33 Charter street.

We hope that the wish of Mr. Vose may be granted.

My Country's Cause is Mine.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

Child of "the peaceful sect" though I was born,
Taught the brave warrior and his deeds to scorn,
Yet, if I must, that birthright I resign,
And henceforth own my country's cause is mine!

Fling out the banner on the morning air,
Let evening shadows find it floating there;
And when the midnight moon is rising high,
Still may it wave between the earth and sky!

By all the memories of Bunker hill,
Which hold their power to stir the spirit still,
By all the hopes of freedom for our race,
Be every man in his appointed place!

Round the fair standard of our country's cause,
And in defense of all her righteous laws,
Let brave hearts rally, from the East and West,
To save the country that we love the best.

Death to the traitor that would lower her flag,
To hoist, instead, the mean Palmetto rag!
O'er all our land the Stars and Stripes should wave,
For where they float not, there is Freedom's grave.

"God speed the right!" to-day each true man cries;
"God speed the right!" each woman's heart replies.
Be life and fortune laid on Freedom's shrine,
And all hearts cry, "My country's cause is mine!"

BEVERLY, April 21, 1861. — [Boston Journal.

A SOUTHERN merchant wrote lately to a large firm in this city, requesting a list of the names of those who supported and sympathized with the "Movement against the South." The New Yorker replied by sending through Adams & Co.'s express a copy of the "City Directory." Good for New York.— [N. Y. Leader.

THE Mattapan (Mass.) *Register* suggests to those dear women who are weeping over the absence of a husband or lover who has gone to defend the flag of his country from the insults of traitors, that the only tears appropriate at the present time are volun-teers.

From Ohio.

A leading citizen of Marietta, O., writes to his daughter, who is at school in this vicinity, under date of April 24th:—

"I came home from Columbus on Monday night. I returned with six companies of flying artillery, which are stationed here in Marietta for the present; not that there is the slightest apprehension of any trouble in this region, but because this is a good point from which to distribute troops, in case any hostile demonstration should at any time be made on the Ohio border. The very fact of their *being* here will make it quite unnecessary to demand their services. Besides, Western Virginia is nearly unanimous for the Union, and just as ready to fight for it as we are. The utmost use we shall have for arms will be to prevent boats from passing with ammunition and other supplies to the Rebels. This even we are not likely to have a chance to do, for all boats are examined before reaching here.

"Our company of one hundred and fifty men left here Monday morning. Since they left, the excitement has greatly subsided, and we shall soon settle down to our usual state of quiet. There is, however, such a stirring up of the community, that nine-tenths of our people are determined to know something about military drill, and many of them are forming into volunteer companies."

Another correspondent from Marietta says that President Andrews has dismissed three Southern students for talking Secession.

Patriot's Song.

BY J. H. WOODS.

Freemen, wake! your country calls you;
Hark! the loud and trumpet cry!
Treach'rous hands would fain destroy her;
Freemen, wake! to "do or die!"
Waken from your trustful slumbers;
Pour to Freedom's aid your numbers!

Lo! upon the Southern breezes,
Comes Secession's cannon boom;
But our Hero, from his stronghold,
Bravely utter'd Treason's doom.
Freemen, haste to give him glory!
Deeds like his should live in story.

Near the city of our rulers,
And our country's hallowed domes,
Sounds the tramp of hostile traitors,
Bringing dread to peaceful homes.
Rise! O rise, Columbia's lovers!
Danger round your mistress hovers.

Rally, then, around the standard,
Freedom's sons! a valiant band!
Save, O save, her soaring eagle
From the Foeman's ruthless hand!
Proudly now he shakes his pinions,
Scorning Tyrants and their minions.

Wake! ye sons of sires undaunted,
Sleeping now in glorious graves;
Safely guard that sacred birthright,
Bought by those who'd ne'er be slaves!
Undisturbed shall be their ashes,
While the sword of Freedom flashes.

Freemen, wake! your country calls you;
Treason's knell shall soon be tolled!
God shall be your righteous leader,
As he led your sires of old.
Wake, then, patriots, from your slumbers!
Pour to Freedom's aid your numbers!

FARMINGTON, ME., April 26, 1861.
—[Boston Journal.

The Massachusetts Volunteers.

BY WALTER SAVAGE NORTH.

To the sound of martial music,
And the war-drum's measured beat,
The sons of Massachusetts
File along the crowded street,
And a look of solemn meaning
Is on every face we meet.

And I see on every feature
The marks of honest toil—
The giant from the smithy,
And the tiller of the soil,
Who have left the quiet hearthstone
For the thunders of the broil.

And their nerves are knit by labor
At the furnace and the flume—
At the turning of the furrow,
And the avil and the loom;
'Mid the crash of whirling axes,
And the mill-wheel's sullen boom.

It was thus when Britain's tyrant,
In the folly of his wrath,
Coming with his high-born prowess,
Like the mighty men of Gath,
Found the simple son of Nature
Was the lion in his path.

Even so the heights of Bunker,
Like the field where David stood,
Have unto us taught a lesson
That the hand of toil is good;
And the nerves of work are better
Than the nerves of birth and blood.

And I feel it as they pass me,
These swartby sons of might,—
These men of iron purpose,
To battle for the Right,—
That the hands which swing the hammer
Will be dreadful in the fight.

And I know that God is with them,
When reposing on His grace,
They shall lit the scale of justice
In its long-deserted place,
And proclaim the law of heaven—
The Democracy of Peace.
—[New York Sunday Mercury.

"The Pilgrim Spirit is Not Dead."

BY MRS. A. M. BUTTERFIELD.

They deemed that our hearts were cold and dead,
That their altar-fires burned low;
They deemed that the soul of the past was fled,
That the pulse of the land beat slow.

Ah! list to the rush of the gathering band,
As it musters for coming fight,—
Giving the grasp of a parting hand,
As they turn from their homes' dear light.

And mark the flash of the streamers bright,
The red, the white, the blue!
Is it *night* in the North, that their flashing light
Streams up to our eager view?

Nay! but the bright and auroral gleam
Is the glory of Freedom's *day*—
Its rays and its stars unfading beam
In our country's sky alway.

List to the shouts from each field and hill,
Where the sacred emblem waves!
To the vows that are made with a steadfast will
O'er our fathers' honored graves!

Our fathers' souls from our eyes look out,
And it swells in our hearts to-day;
We know no fear, and we know no doubt,
But would die for our land, as they!

They are not dead!—for a mystic chain
Their spirit with ours interweaves,—
And it stirs in our hearts, and not in vain,
As the wind 'mid the summer leaves.
BOSTON, April 30.

THE *Ashtabula Sentinel*, in speaking of Captain Crane, of the Morgan volunteers, who is a Methodist minister, compliments him as being "a true Christian and a good shot."

Military Matters, Etc.—Review of the Military Movements of Last Week.

Nine days ago the Governor of this commonwealth received a telegraphic dispatch from the government at Washington, to send twenty-four companies of infantry immediately, by companies, for the protection of the city of Washington, the Capital of the United States of North America, from the violence and attacks of traitors. Orders were immediately issued by Governor Andrew for the Third, Fourth, Sixth, and Eighth regiments to report forthwith at headquarters for active service.

These regiments were located as follows, viz.: Third, Colonel Wardrop, chiefly in Plymouth and Bristol counties; Fourth, Colonel Packard, in part of Bristol and Norfolk counties; Sixth, Colonel Jones, in Middlesex county, and the Eighth, Colonel Munroe, in Essex county. The requisition was not expected, but the orders were immediately issued from the Adjutant-general's office to the respective colonels, one of whom, Wardrop, resides in New Bedford; another, Packard, in Quincy; another, Jones, in Lowell, and another, Munroe, in Lynn.

An easterly storm of intense severity prevailed at the time, and continued without abatement during the transmitting of the orders, by horse express in many of the towns, for the mustering of the troops—the wind blowing a gale all the while.

At 9 o'clock on the following morning, three companies from Marblehead arrived, fully armed, equipped, and uniformed, and were quartered in Faneuil hall. These were the first companies to reach this city.

During that day the Commander-in-chief received orders for two more regiments, for Fortress Monroe, Va., to go by water, and directing that the volunteers destined by the previous orders for Washington were not to go by companies, but by regiments, and that a brigadier-general was to be appointed to the command.

This caused considerable disarrangement, and new companies had to be detailed from distant regiments and battalions. Steamers had to be chartered and fitted out; additional arms had to be brought from the State arsenal, and the Commissary and Quartermaster's departments had to be very much increased.

Of the companies that were detailed, one was from Pittsfield—two hundred miles from Boston—under command of Capt. Henry S. Briggs, son of ex-Gov. George N. Briggs, he having notified Governor Andrew that he was ready with his command, and promising to meet any regiment to which he might be attached at Springfield.

Another company was that from Stoneham, under Captain Dike, and in regard to this corps it is proper to state that at 11 o'clock on the night of receiving the dispatch from Washington, and amidst the most pitiless storm, a mes-

senger was dispatched from the State house to notify Captain Dike (who now lies severely wounded at Baltimore) of the orders received, and to inform him that his command were wanted to report at the office of the Adjutant-general at as early an hour as possible in the morning. At 7 o'clock, A. M., only eight hours after leaving the State house, the messenger reported to the Adjutant-general that he found Captain Dike at his residence in Stoneham at 2 o'clock that morning; that he was in bed and asleep at the time, but that he arose and came to the door in his night-clothes, when the orders from head-quarters were handed to him. At 9.30 o'clock the same morning, Captain Dike reported himself at the Adjutant-general's office, thus:—

"*Sir*,—I received the orders of the Commander-in-chief at 2 o'clock this morning, to have my company ordered into active service, fully equipped, for the defense of Washington. I now report that I have my company here, uniformed, fully equipped, consisting of sixty-four privates, eight non-commissioned officers, and four lieutenants, all that the law permits. I could have had more. I now await further orders."

Captain Dike was at once directed to proceed to Faneuil hall and place himself under command of Colonel Jones of the Sixth regiment.

The same evening, at 5.30 o'clock, the Sixth regiment, Colonel Jones commanding, left the city, about eight hundred and fifty strong, by the land-route for Washington, with three days' provisions in their haversacks, twenty-five thousand ball cartridges, and thirty thousand percussion caps. Their reception in New York and all along the route is already known. Captain Dike commanded the company which was brutally and cowardly attacked at Baltimore. This was in less than forty-eight hours from the time he was aroused from his bed at his home in Stoneham.

Captain Briggs' company from Pittsfield were at Springfield promptly on time, and were there joined to the regiment as it passed through that city.

The same day on which the Sixth regiment, under Colonel Jones, left head-quarters, the Third Regiment, Colonel Wardrop, well supplied with provisions and ammunition, left for Fort Monroe.

Colonel Packard's Fourth regiment left by the Fall River route, every man averaging twenty-five ball cartridges and fifty percussion caps, with ample supply of provisions.

Thus it will be seen that in less than thirty-six hours' time from receiving the order that troops were wanted, Massachusetts sent forward three thousand five hundred men, and now Colonel Wardrop's regiment is at Fort Monroe, Va.; Colonel Packard's regiment is in Fort McHenry; Colonel Munroe's regiment, comprising ten full companies, left the third day after, fully provisioned and cared for, and at last accounts were at Annapolis, Md.

Next day (Sunday), followed companies from the Fifth and Seventh regi-

ments combined, under Colonel Lawrence, which were joined by the Rifle Battalion, of Worcester, two hundred and fifty strong, under command of Major Devens. The Boston Light Artillery, Major Cook, left in company with the foregoing, having with them sixty horses, ten tons of ball, cartridges, canister, and powder, and other necessaries, making in all, of artillery, rifles, and infantry, fully provisioned, armed and supplied for service, about four thousand two hundred men.

Old Massachusetts is a long distance from the national capital at Washington, and although she never made any tender of one hundred thousand men—when called upon she is the first to respond—the first in the fight, and her sons are the first to shed their blood in the cause of the country, and that, too, on the very anniversary of the memorable battle of Lexington, which opened the war of the Revolution.

We have no doubt that if a call for five thousand additional troops were made on Massachusetts in this crisis, they would be forthcoming in as short a space of time, "armed and equipped as the law directs."

In this connection it seems proper to state that the labors and responsibilities of the Executive, the Adjutant-general, and Quartermaster-general in this crisis ought to be considered seriously by our people. The Adjutant-general has the formation of five new regiments, and the filling up of those already in commission; the care and purchase of arms, ball cartridges, and other munitions of war, provisions, etc. The Quartermaster-general has equal responsibilities devolved upon him. They have contracts to make, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars; they have to take care of those of our brave sons who are fighting in the South, who are the center and the hope of thousands of friends here, and whose acts are watched with unspeakable interest.

At the head of all this is John A. Andrew, governor and commander-in-chief, who has been miring in his efforts to promote the comfort and efficiency of the troops. Under this state of facts it is but fair to suggest that no intrusion be made upon their time by persons presenting questions of comparative unimportance. Inquiries should be made as short and concise as possible. His Excellency the Governor, through his private secretary, spoke of this in the papers of last evening. We trust that all having business with the department will bear these suggestions in mind.

The Gun-boat and Coast Guard.

The rush for admission into the service of the government on the proposed Coast Guard exceeds the present demand for officers and men. A meeting of applicants will be held at the Corn exchange, No. 4, on Thursday afternoon, where the proper persons will be selected for the service.

Ammunition for the War.

On Monday night an order was re-

ceived at the Watertown arsenal, to send to Pennsylvania a quantity of ammunition. Teams were at once employed, and a large quantity was brought to this city during the night, and taken to the Worcester depot. Yesterday morning it was forwarded to Harrisburg, each box being directed to Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania. The amount sent was twenty tons, most of which was musket cartridges, numbering about four hundred thousand.

The Eighth Regiment.

The gallant Eighth regiment of Massachusetts, while stopping at Philadelphia on Sunday, made up their minds to fight their way through Baltimore, and to this end many of them made their wills at the Girard house, and a large number prepared cards containing their names and residences, and attached them to their under-clothing, so that their bodies might be identified if they should fall.

Patriotic Demonstrations.

The inhabitants of Attleboro' have resolved to raise two companies of infantry for the service of the country. A subscription-paper was opened, and Ira Richards, Esq., president of the Attleboro' bank, headed the list with a subscription of \$1000, and in half an hour's time the sum was made up to \$3250. It will be increased to \$5000. A muster-roll was then circulated, and fifty-nine names were enrolled the first day.

A large meeting was held in Plympton on Wednesday evening, Isaiah Churchill presiding. Appropriate resolutions were adopted, and speeches made. It was voted to raise \$750 for the benefit of Co. H, Third regiment, of the town, now stationed at Fort Monroe, and for the benefit of their families during their absence.

A letter from Middlebury, Vt., says the feeling there exhibits itself in deeds rather than in words. A fine company of sixty men has been raised, and is waiting orders from head-quarters to meet their regiment at the place of rendezvous. Those who can not enlist have pledged ample support to the families of those who go. The ladies are actively at work, and have fully equipped the Union Guard, who have been called into active service. The Stars and Stripes were raised on the college on Monday, amid much enthusiasm. The people are united as one man in the support of their country and its government.

The people of Tewksbury, Mass., held a large and enthusiastic meeting Monday night. Leonard Huntress presided. Appropriate resolutions were presented and passed, and remarks were made by the chairman, B. F. Spaulding, Esq., Hon. T. J. Marsh, Dr. Jonathan Brown, Dr. William Grey, George Lee, and J. I. Taylor, Esqs. It was unanimously voted to raise at a future town-meeting a sum of money sufficient to make up the pay to all who may enlist as volunteers in a company about to be raised in this town, to \$20 per month. The ladies of the town, who had been holding a

large meeting in the church to take measures to supply volunteers with clothing, visited the meeting, and were received with hearty cheers. An enrollment-list was opened, and the young men put their names upon it at once.

The "glorious Stars and Stripes" will be spread to the breeze in Union park to-day, at 6 o'clock, P. M., from a flag-staff one hundred and thirty-seven feet high.

A splendid flag was unfurled at the corner of Washington street and Chester park yesterday afternoon, in presence of a vast concourse of the citizens of the Eleventh ward. Gilmore's band were in attendance, and discoursed most excellently our national airs. A glee-club sang during the intervals. Mr. Hyde, the well-known insurance agent, was master of ceremonies. A prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Webb, of the Shawmut-avenue Congregational church, after which addresses were made by Hon. Alexander H. Rice, and Messrs. C. W. Slack, William Brigham, Oliver Stevens, and others.

Convocations of three and five thousand people are no unusual sights in this city, even upon occasions of such apparently trifling importance as the raising of the American flag. One of these vast assemblages was witnessed at the corner of Franklin and Washington streets yesterday afternoon, when a large—probably the largest in the city—flag was thrown across the street from Washington building, by the owner, William Sheafe, Esq. The Brigade band were present and discoursed national airs, hundreds of voices joined in singing "America," and a gentleman just returned from New York, where he saw the Massachusetts volunteers, made a soul-stirring speech, which was applauded by the multitude.

The women of Roxbury held a large and enthusiastic meeting at the City hall yesterday, and organized for the purpose of making underclothes for the volunteers.

A young lady has been heard to declare that she was sorry she could not fight in defense of her country's liberty, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and die an—*old maid!* When such sentiments are expressed, who can doubt that victory will be in favor of the North, aye, that in spite of Rebel Secessionists, Union will be ours, and as a reward, *hers!*

Geo. Draper, Esq., of the firm of E. G. & G. Draper, has enclosed to the Governor his check for \$500, requesting him to disburse it for the relief of the families of those Massachusetts soldiers who have fallen or may fall in obeying the call of their country.

Chelsea is now engaged in raising three companies of volunteers, and the citizens, both male and female, are prepared to provide for their every want.

Mr. Mason, the principal of the Eliot school, Boston, has raised \$150 among his pupils, to purchase a set of colors for the Irish regiment.

Several gentlemen of this city and vicinity are enrolling themselves as a cavalry corps for home duty. All persons

who are not liable to be drafted for more active duty can see the enrollment at the Conway insurance office, 70 State street.

Sunday was a day never to be forgotten by the citizens of Clinton, Mass. At noon word came to Captain Bowman that his command would probably be called out within forty-eight hours. Subscriptions were immediately started for the purpose of supplying them with every needful outfit. Ladies with their sewing machines immediately gathered at the Baptist vestry, and while the afternoon services were being held in the body of the church, fifty machines and hundreds of nimble fingers were busy preparing suitable flannel under clothing. A committee was dispatched to Worcester to procure a revolver for each member of the company—seventy-five were purchased. A meeting of the citizens was held Monday morning. H. N. Bigelow, Esq., was chosen chairman, and H. C. Greeley, secretary. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. M. Bowers. Enthusiastic and patriotic speeches were made by the chairman, and Revs. J. M. Heard, C. M. Brown, W. W. Winchester, C. H. Waters, Esq., and others. About \$2000 have been raised by subscription. The physicians volunteered to attend to any sickness that might occur in the families of the military free of charge.

At a regular meeting of the Douglas Democratic club of Topsfield, on the 22d inst., N. W. Brown, Esq., the president, and C. H. Holmes, Esq., delivered patriotic Union speeches, after which, resolutions endorsing the position of Senator Douglas in the present crisis, denouncing Secessionists as traitors, endorsing the present administration, and pledging life and fortune to sustain the Star-spangled banner, were adopted. The club then resolved itself into a National Union meeting, and indulged in patriotic speeches and songs.

A rousing meeting was held at the town-hall in Newport, N. H., on Monday, T. A. Gilmore, Esq., in the chair, and A. N. Hitchcock, secretary. Patriotic speeches were made by the chairman, who has been very active in obtaining recruits, Paul J. Wheeler, S. W. Barton, Hon. Edmund Burke, Rev. Paul S. Adams, S. L. Bowers, Dr. J. A. Reed, and Lemuel P. Cooper. It was voted that \$1500 be raised by the town to defray the expenses of fitting out volunteers. A large number of ladies were present, who evinced their patriotism by offering to make the articles of clothing for the volunteers. Thirty-two men enrolled their names during the first two days after the list was opened. James M. L. Barton is the recruiting officer.

Two companies are rapidly filling up at Keene, N. H. Fifty young men volunteered in one afternoon.

Nine young men at the City hotel, in this city, having volunteered, the landlord, Mr. Gay, contributed some handsome presents for their outfit, and the inmates of the house made up a purse sufficient to provide each one with a revolver. These useful weapons were formally presented to them in the din-

ing-hall, which was well filled with spectators, and remarks suitable to the occasion were made by Messrs. Mead, Stoop, and Crosby. An enthusiastic spirit pervaded the company, and the affair passed off with much spirit.

Measures have been taken at Kingston for the immediate formation of a military company. The movement was initiated by William A. Thomas, Esq., a great-grandson of Major-general Thomas, who commanded the American force upon Dorchester Heights, and died while serving as commander of the American army in Canada. The spirit of the patriot fathers still survives in their children.

The directors of the Waltham bank have voted to loan the state ten per cent. of their capital, to wit, \$20,000.

An enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of Templeton was held at the town-hall on Monday evening, Col. A. Lee in the chair. Resolutions were unanimously passed, pledging their hearty support to the government. Enlistment papers were opened, which were readily signed by the many citizens, and a company will soon be filled up. Speeches were made by many prominent citizens, of all political parties, and but one sentiment prevailed. The town voted to provide an outfit for all volunteers, and provide for their families while absent if called into service.

The old sea-girt isle of Nantucket is not behind the times in patriotism. The Stars and Stripes are floating from the shipping, and on all the prominent buildings in the place. The enthusiasm is unbounded, and there is strong talk of raising a company of volunteers. One old gentleman near seventy offers his services to the Governor. Secessionists find no quarter. One young man was discharged from a store for strong expressions made in favor of Southern traitors, and will be furnished with a coat of tar and feathers unless he uses less of his traitorous language.

One of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever held in Lancaster, Mass., was held on Monday. J. L. S. Thompson presided. Earnest and patriotic addresses were made by several gentlemen, and a series of resolutions, pledging "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor" for the preservation of the constitution and support of the laws were unanimously adopted, amid tumultuous applause. It was voted to hold a legal meeting at the earliest practicable day, one week hence, and a volunteer list was opened, and the names of thirty men enrolled on the spot, and an efficient committee appointed to obtain more names.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of Blackstone was held on Monday evening, for the purpose of organizing a military company. Committees were appointed to secure a charter for a company, to invite volunteers, to call a town-meeting to equip the troops, and to have the men under thorough drill and ready for marching as soon as possible. Four lawyers vol-

unteered on the spot, and one physician offered his services as surgeon, while a goodly number of others affixed their names to the list. The ladies of the town have already commenced their patriotic labors in behalf of the volunteers.

Andrew Carney, Esq., of this city, has given \$500 to Capt. Thomas Cass for the benefit of his company of Irish volunteers.

Some gallant volunteers and Union Democrats at Hampstead, N. H., raised the Stars and Stripes on the Democratic flag-staff in that town on Saturday last, in spite of the threatened forcible resistance of one of the Democratic magistrates of the place. The patriotic individuals had to resort to this flag-staff because the one owned by the Republicans had been damaged in a gale.

All goods for the benefit of the soldiers are carried free by Winchester & Co.'s express, between Boston and Gloucester. Office, 32 Court square.

Sentiments of the Colored People of Boston upon the War.

The colored people of Boston met last evening in the Twelfth Baptist church, Southac street, to express their sentiments upon the war. Rev. J. Sella Martin was chosen chairman, Dr. J. V. DeGrasse and G. W. Potter were chosen secretaries. Robert Morris, Esq., Thomas Williams, and M. R. DeMortie were chosen a committee on resolutions. J. J. Smith said that the dawn of day was not far distant for the colored race. An American flag was brought in and cheered most vociferously. Mr. Smith said he was ready to defend the flag to the last.

The resolutions reported state that the colored people are ready to defend the government and the flag of the country; and are ready to raise an army of fifty thousand men, if the laws can but be altered to allow them to enlist. It was resolved that companies be immediately formed for drill.

Robert Morris advocated the resolutions in an eloquent and stirring speech. He said that if government would only take away the disability, there was not a man who would not leap for his knapsack and musket, and they would make it intolerably hot for Old Virginia. [Great applause.]

William Wells Brown opposed the resolutions. The time had not come for the colored man to volunteer. He wanted the colored man to go into the battle field the equal of the white man. The only hope to-day for the colored man was in Jefferson Davis.

Mr. George T. Downing said he owed allegiance to this government. It protected him, and he wanted it known that in this crisis he stood for his country. [Tremendous applause.]

Dr. J. S. Rock supported the resolutions.

James Jefferson, of Providence, also addressed the meeting, advocating them.

The Enlistments.

The regiment of Major Clark is now nearly full, and the papers necessary to

complete their organization were obtained from the Governor yesterday, and the companies will probably choose their officers to-day. Last evening Major Clark received from a generous and patriotic lady a silver box containing \$100 in gold for the use of his troops. So far the officers of this regiment have paid a large part of the expense of feeding and taking care of the men from their own pockets, not liking to ask for aid that was not proffered to them. The cost of keeping nearly five hundred men is no small amount, and our citizens would do well to remember them in their contributions.

Meeting of Scotchmen.

A preliminary meeting of Scotchmen who desire to form a company of homeguards was held at Chapman hall last evening. Many patriotic sentiments were uttered, and all were ready to defend their adopted country. It was voted to form a company, but as most of them desired to enter at once on active service, they will probably join the meeting at the same place to-night to form a volunteer company.

A Slight Change.

"Observatory Maury," once, alas!
We called our nation's glory;
But now with pitying shrug the word we pass:
"Observe—a tory—Maury!"

CAPTAIN MAURY disappeared from Washington on Friday, and Captain Scott was placed in command of the observatory.

LIEUTENANT MAURY, the weather-cock, "disappeared" from Washington on Friday. He probably saw a storm coming. — [Albany Journal.]

THE MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS. — The following extract is from a private letter written by a gentleman in Philadelphia, a Pennsylvanian:—

"The Massachusetts men, as they passed through this city, won the highest opinions of our people. They looked like soldiers, and behaved like gentlemen. The Old Bay State never stood so high in the opinion of this public as now, and in some respects astonished folks in the neighborhood of Broad and Prime (the depot). They had to lie over for a while, waiting for the cars, and some of our boys, as a test of our appreciation, invited them to 'take a smile,' but they refused to a man to enter a tavern, but accepted, with thanks, coffee, etc., from the residents of the vicinity of the depot. A large number accepted an invitation to breakfast at the deaf and dumb asylum at Broad and Prime.

"The New York Seventh were also men of cultivated intellect, and most perfect in military precision and discipline. Both the Massachusetts and New York troops far surpassed ours, and caused a feeling of shame in our folks, mixed with admiration, for the action and appearance of our gallant Eastern friends."

FROM WASHINGTON.

The City Strongly Guarded.

SIXTH REGIMENT LOCATED IN THE CAPITOL.

THE WOUNDED DOING WELL.

ASSOCIATION FOR THEIR RELIEF AND OTHER PURPOSES.

The Washington Light Guard in Active Service.

WASHINGTON, April 21 — *Evening*, via PHILADELPHIA, April 23. There has been no communication with the North since Friday, by mail or telegraph, and passengers to the North are forced to go by way of Wheeling. This city is strongly guarded, and every precaution taken to prevent an attack.

The Massachusetts Sixth regiment are a part of the fifteen hundred men who are located in the Capitol. Colonel Jones has his head-quarters in the Senate chamber, where he occupies the Vice-president's chair. The men are rapidly becoming accustomed to soldiers' rations. Fire-places and ovens have been built in the basement for them to cook and bake. The wounded men are in the hospital, and are doing well.

The General's Mode of Life. — The City, etc.

From Friday to Thursday, with the mail cut off and the telegraph wires cut, the General-in-chief was intensely excited. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday he dispatched officer after officer to Annapolis, some of whom found it difficult to get through on foot or horse. Finally the government seized the road to the junction, and the New York and Massachusetts troops working their way at the other road, friends met in arms, and the road to the Federal capital was open. There were, however, few accommodations even then, as the Baltimore people had kept nearly all of their passenger cars and engines out of reach of the government.

General Scott has left his house, and taken up day and night quarters at his office. He is feeble in body, but very clear, comprehensive, and active in mind. Visiting him at near midnight, he was sitting up in a plain, hard bed, in a very plain room, with but two candles on a center table near, and two of his aids near him in waiting. Dispatches arrive almost every hour, night and day, borne by videttes from every quarter of the district, and by officers beyond the lines. He demands the fullest information from every body, and before the New York troops arrived, declared that he was prepared for an attack from ten thousand men by Virginia or Maryland, if they invaded the capital. His great anxiety, grief, and doubt have been the disaffected citizens in the District of Columbia, scores of whom have left, but many of whom, even now, remain; but all are known and watched with a lynx-eyed

vigilance. Indeed, there has been an extensive Secession feeling here, and there are troops of the personal friends of Jefferson Davis and A. H. Stephens, who, as Southern men, have been much respected. No Secession flag, however, floats here, and from the heights of Georgetown to the Capitol, nothing is seen but the Stars and Stripes, with loyalty increasing every hour.

Speaking of the Massachusetts Eighth and the New York Seventh regiments, an Annapolis letter to a New York paper says:—

"The Massachusetts troops undertook the repairs of the bridge and track, they being familiar with such work, and would not allow the Seventh to lay their hands to any work; 'for,' they said, 'you are not used to this kind of work, and we are. You can do the open field fighting, and we will do the hard work, and when it comes to a rough-and-tumble fight, you will find us there.'

"The warmest friendship has sprung up between these two regiments from the moment they met, and it was cemented by a little incident which was narrated to our reporter by an eye-witness. Some of the Massachusetts troops were passing a squad of the Seventh, who were seated by the roadside eating their rations of biscuit, and, of course, they stopped to speak to each other; and in the course of conversation, one of the Massachusetts boys chanced to remark that they had n't had their rations yet. Instantly every one of the Seventh sprang to his feet, and although each man had only one biscuit, that was halved with their friends, as well as their salt pork; and it was gladly accepted, for they had been out all day without a mouthful to eat or drink. It was not long before this incident became known in the Massachusetts regiment, and from that time forward the Seventh have almost been worshipped. Not a man in the Massachusetts regiment but would go through fire and water to serve the Seventh. Of the twenty who came home in the *Baltic*, eighteen were invalided at Annapolis, by reason of sickness or physical inability to perform the arduous duties required of them."

A naval recruiting station has been opened at New Bedford, and another is to be opened at Nantucket. Seamen receive \$18 per month, and ordinary seamen \$14 per month, each recruit receiving two months' pay in advance. If Jack foregoes his grog, he gets \$1.80 per month additional.

It is stated that ex-President Buchanan has subscribed the sum of \$5000 for the equipment of volunteers at Lancaster.

The Providence *Journal* states that Fort Adams, at Newport, is now garrisoned by a volunteer military force of seventy-four men, rank and file, named the "National Guard" of the First Brigade, Rhode Island militia.

In order to provide for the health and comfort of the Rhode Island volunteers now in the field, a corps of ten men will be formed, to be called the "Rhode Island Relief Corps to the Hospital Staff," to be attached to the First regi-

ment Rhode Island detached militia. They are to assist the surgeons, and follow the regiment into the field to look after the wounded.

The frigate *Cumberland* was at one time in a critical situation at Norfolk, as appears by the following extract from a letter written on board:—

"In consequence of repeated threats upon the navy yard, Flag Officer McAuley removed us to a position off the yard. We were now in the midst of the enemy's country, with but one escape through a narrow channel, of which a wind but from one quarter would be available, and surrounded by immense parks of cannon, which in one night could be turned against us. Troops were pouring in from the surrounding country, the whole of Norfolk and Portsmouth were in arms, and truly our position was a perilous one. Night after night did our officers and crew lie by their guns, in expectation of each being their last, but all prepared for a desperate conflict."

The Sixth Regiment Taking the Oath.

The Worcester *Transcript* of yesterday afternoon has the following:—

Capt. John B. Proctor, of Fitchburg, bearer of dispatches to Governor Andrews, passed through this city this morning at 4 o'clock. He left Washington Tuesday night, and brought a large package of letters. From one of these private letters we make the following extracts:—

"WASHINGTON, Monday Evening.—No new detachments of troops have yet arrived, though plenty are on their way. We are kept constantly armed, and it is rather hard to sleep with the scabbard sticking in one's side. We had a very hard march this afternoon. First, we were all sworn in. All the men in our regiment, except six or seven, took it. Such a hissing broke out when those few went forward and refused to take it. I would rather have been shot than to have borne what they did, or what they will have to bear. Not a man out of our ninety-seven but what cheered after they took it.

"We marched round the White House and had a good view of 'Uncle Abe,' and I must say that I think he is a good-looking man. The pictures of him are nothing like him. Then we marched back to the Capitol, and have just arrived. It was very warm, and our thick overcoats made us perspire freely. When we returned, we all had lame and sore feet. The only thing we fear is the warmth; it will be bad being acclimated. Illness has been very scarce thus far.

"On Monday noon the troops marched on the green, front of the White House, and formed a hollow square; with their left hand on their muskets and their right pointing toward heaven, every man took the oath anew. The Worcester Light Infantry was the largest company at parade, numbering ninety-four guns. The whole regiment was highly praised by General Scott.

"We do not undervalue Southern

pro prowess; neither can you sneer at Northern courage, without proclaiming yourself to be possessed of 'coward's blood'; and let me assure you that you shall have no reason to be ashamed of Massachusetts troops. As I have before told you, the time will come when you will be proud to say, 'I am a Boston boy.'

"The same blood that flowed in the veins of the men who fought at Lexington and Bunker hill, still flows in the veins of her sons, and to-day Massachusetts presents a spectacle that the world may gaze upon with admiration. From the workshop, the counting-room, the store, and the plow, her sons are pouring forth to defend that flag which their fathers unfurled, and it will be struck only when the last of her sons becomes a traitor or a coward."

Arrival of a Messenger from General Butler.

Mr. William Steffe, a resident of Philadelphia, arrived in this city on Monday evening, as bearer of dispatches from Brigadier-general Butler to the Commander-in-chief, having left Philadelphia at 6 o'clock Sunday evening. Mr. Steffe reports that General Butler has established his head-quarters in the Quaker city until the return of his messenger, from whence he had ready communication with a portion of his command (the Eighth regiment), which was stationed at Annapolis Junction. Maj. P. A. Ames, quartermaster of the first division M. V. M., was at Philadelphia, superintending the transportation of troops and supplies. The Massachusetts troops, who have passed through Philadelphia, are all in good spirits, and were well supplied with every thing they wanted by the good people of that city.

None of the Philadelphia companies had reached Washington at the time Mr. Steffe left for Boston, although they were all under marching orders. So intense is the desire to join the army, that some are offering heavy premiums to be allowed to go as substitutes. The Gerard house has been converted into a mammoth manufactory of clothing for the volunteers, and thousands of the staid but patriotic matrons of the City of Brotherly Love are following the example of their sisters in Massachusetts and other states in the North, in providing for the wants of the soldiers. This week the hospitals in Philadelphia will be prepared for the reception of the sick and wounded, who may be sent down from Washington.

THE "REIGN OF TERROR" IN BALTIMORE.—Two men, who came passengers from Philadelphia with Mr. Steffe, report that they were compelled to pay \$100 apiece before they could leave that city.

The Providence *Journal* says that in the Rhode Island regiment not ten men, if they were asked whether they were Republicans or Democrats, could tell without stopping to think.

Important from the South.

NO ATTACK ON FORT M'HENRY.

Sad State of Affairs at Baltimore.

NO VIRGINIA TROOPS NEAR WASHINGTON SUNDAY NIGHT.

Massachusetts and New York Troops at Annapolis.

14,000 TROOPS AT WASHINGTON.

LATER FROM NORFOLK.

Frigate Cumberland Towed to Fort Monroe.

Massachusetts Third Regiment Taken to Norfolk Navy Yard.

DEMOLITION OF THE NAVY YARD COMPLETE.

Particulars of the Destruction of the Government Property.

NEW YORK, April 23. The steamer *Yankee* reports arrived at Norfolk on the 17th, and finding a movement afloat to seize her, proceeded to the navy yard and placed her under the guns of the yard.

On the 18th, the Custom-house officers came to seize her, but the Commodore of the yard refused to yield her. The *Yankee* towed the *Cumberland* to Fort Monroe.

The *Pawnee*, under Commodore Paulding, on arrival at Fort Monroe, took aboard the Third Massachusetts regiment and proceeded to the navy yard, where the officers had commenced destroying the public property, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy.

They had scuttled all the ships, the *Cumberland* being the only one in commission; they cut down the shears, etc. Preparations were made to make demolition complete.

The *Pawnee*, with the *Cumberland* in tow, assisted by the *Yankee*, started, and, after sending up a signal rocket, a match was applied, and in an instant ships, the ship-houses, and store-houses were in flames, and so rapid were they that Commander Rogers of the navy, and Captain Wright of the engineers, were unable to reach the point of rendezvous, where a boat was waiting for them, and were left behind.

Among the most valuable property destroyed were the liners *Pennsylvania*, *Columbus*, *New York*, and *Delaware*; frigates *Merrimac* and *Potomac*; sloops *German town* and *Plymouth*, and brig *Dolphin*.

Large quantities of provisions, cordage, machinery, and buildings of great value were destroyed. It is not positively known that the dock is blown up.

The burning of the navy yard was done by Union men, who are in the majority, but comparatively unarmed.

When the *Pawnee* came up, the *Cumberland* and *Merrimac* lay broadside to, her guns loaded, thinking she was in the hands of the Rebels. Similar opinion prevailed on board the *Pawnee*, and she was ready for action.

The cheering aboard the vessels and on shore showed how satisfactory was the answer to our hail from the *Cumberland*, that she was the United States' *Pawnee*. The Union men employed in the navy yard cut down the flag-staff so that it could not be used by the rebels. The guns in the navy yard were spiked.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23. The *Baltimore American* of Monday confirms the scuttling of war-ships *Pennsylvania*, *Columbus*, *Delaware*, *Raritan*, and the *Merrimac*, at Norfolk, by order of Captain Pendergast, and the destruction of their arms only.

The vessels saved to carry away the government forces were the *Pocahontas* and *Cumberland*. The ship-houses were being torn down, and the factories leveled with the ground, with the intention of abandoning and firing them on Saturday night.

The mayors of Norfolk and Portsmouth had sent flags of truce to Pendergast, asking if he intended to fire on the towns. He replied he would act altogether on the defensive. If fired upon, or the navy yard attacked, it would be his duty to fire on the two cities.

It is not known whether the *Pawnee* entered the harbor or returned to Fort Monroe. The excitement at Norfolk and Portsmouth is intense. Women and children are flying, and males rallying to arms.

It is expected that the sloops and ships of the line at Norfolk on the stocks will be fired before the yard is abandoned. The leveling of buildings by the blowing of powder is going on, but it is thought there will be an effort to destroy all without fire, for fear that the conflagration might extend to the cities.

HARRISBURG, PA., April 23. A merchant of Baltimore arrived here via Frederick and Hagerstown, who left Baltimore yesterday afternoon. No Union flags were flying, and few Secession. There had been no attack on Fort McHenry. He thinks no more than two hundred Federal troops were there.

He believes that Federal troops can now pass through the city unassailed. In the city, military drilling and marching and the sound of music are alone heard. Business is entirely suspended. Will not be a solvent house in Baltimore at the end of the week. Virginia money was thirty per cent. discount yesterday.

The gentleman was at Washington on Sunday evening. No Virginia troops were on Arlington heights. [This is one day later than Caleb Cushing's report.] He says Baltimoreans will not attack Washington.

Reports the Eighth Massachusetts and the Seventh New York regiments at Annapolis. Some fighting, but unable to

give any particulars, save that they were able to protect themselves. Maryland money was refused entirely by the banks of Harrisburg yesterday, at any price. Brokers buy it at a heavy discount.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Sunday, April 21. Steamer *Maryland* arrived this morning with eight hundred Massachusetts troops under General Butler. Another steamer, with the Seventh New York regiment, also arrived. The frigate *Constitution* conveys them to Washington.

Governor Hicks is said to have protested to General Butler against landing his troops at Annapolis. They were consequently landed at the naval academy, over which the government has exclusive jurisdiction.

The above is on the authority of dispatches to the *Baltimore American*.

Mayor Brown, of Baltimore, went to Washington on Sunday, at the request of the President, and had a long interview with him in the presence of the Cabinet and General Scott. The President urged the necessity for the transit of troops through Baltimore.

General Scott's opinion was in favor of bringing troops through Maryland, avoiding Baltimore, if the people would permit it uninterruptedly; if not, the troops must select their own best route, and if need be, fight their way through Baltimore.

The President concurred heartily in the desire to avoid collision, if permitted to go by other routes without interruption. The Secretary of War agreed with the President.

The Mayor assured the President that the city authorities would use all lawful means to prevent citizens leaving Baltimore to attack the troops in passing the city at a distance, but was unable to promise more than his best efforts.

The President has assured the Mayor that no more troops would be sent through Baltimore, unless obstructed in transit by other routes, with the understanding that the city authorities use their best efforts to restrain their own people.

Information is being received of the presence of Pennsylvania troops at Cockeysville. They were ordered back to York or Harrisburg.

Steamer *S. R. Spaulding* arrived at Fort McHenry on Sunday, and remained several hours taking in coal. She left for some safe harbor. The Baltimore directors are determined that the ship shall not proceed to Boston, fearing she will be pressed into the government service.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23. Two hundred and thirty women, nearly all between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, have enrolled themselves in this city as nurses.

A splendid uniform for a major-general, in a case bound South, was seized yesterday.

Fort Mifflin has been garrisoned by the Richmond Artillery.

A piratical vessel is said to have been seen in the bay. It is alleged that she

is manned by fifty or sixty men. She is said to have stopped a tug off Chester, and compelled the captain to haul down the American flag.

Private information from Baltimore, to Monday morning, says the mob element is powerless to act with system. Arms were plenty, but no ammunition. It is believed, however, that the people and mob will unite to prevent the passage of troops through the city, and troops will be compelled to fight their way step by step.

The people of Norfolk seized the powder house at Craney island, and removed the powder to the city. They are making arrangements for a vigorous defense.

Commanders R. L. Page, Arthur C. Clapp, J. R. Tucker, Lieuts. C. F. M. Spottswood and Robert Pegrum, have received commissions as captains in the Virginia navy, having sent their resignations to the United States navy at Washington.

The railroad between Baltimore and Washington was destroyed yesterday. Some of the bridges are destroyed.

At noon yesterday there were over one thousand soldiers from Philadelphia at Havre de Grace, embarking on two boats for the Naval academy at Annapolis. The boats had just returned from a similar expedition, having safely landed a large body of men at the point designated. The people for some distance south of the Susquehanna are Union men, and will assist in the defense of Havre de Grace against the Secessionists.

NEW YORK, April 23. Steamer *Yankee* has arrived. Schooner *Hannah Martin*, from Boston to Baltimore, and the three-masted schooner *E. R. Bennett*, for Baltimore, with beef, pork, and whiskey, and clothing, have been seized by the government steamer *Mercury*. Steamer *Vixen* is on similar duty at the entrance of Long island sound.

Burning of the Norfolk Navy Yard.

The following extracts from a private letter received by E. C. Symonds, of this city, give some incidents connected with the burning of the Norfolk navy yard:—

FORT MONROE, VA., April 24.

We arrived here all right, last Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock; had dinner, etc.; was ordered on board the *Paucnee* steam sloop-of-war at 5 P. M., as news had come that the Norfolk navy yard had been seized. It is ninety-six miles above us, and we had heard that several batteries had been erected for our reception, so we loaded with ball cartridges and hid under the bulwarks. For miles not a word was allowed to be spoken above a whisper. Both batteries on the *Paucnee* were loaded with grape and shell. We arrived at last, but came very near being fired into at the last moment. We did not know who had possession of the yard. We did not sail until the very last moment; the *Cumberland*, a 44-gun frigate, had every gun shotted and trained on us, and was just giving the order to fire, when we hailed, and then if ever you heard a cheer there was one from the *Cumberland* and *Pennsylvania*. We then landed and commenced throwing shot and shell, chain cable, and every thing that could sink overboard; spiking all the cannon, scuttled and set on fire the *Merrimac*,

Gerardown, *Raritan*, and the *Pennsylvania*, put turpentine and powder under all the ship-houses, and all the buildings in the yard. While we were throwing the shot overboard, a man came rushing in and demanded the immediate surrender of the navy yard, in the name of Governor Letcher, of Virginia. He was told he could have it the next morning. There was a big crowd outside the gates all this time, saying that five thousand men were within three miles, who would be there soon, so a strong guard of marines was stationed there. They shot one man and took two prisoners, one of whom was unfortunately burnt to death in the guard-house, when the yard was fired. One prisoner was taken into the *Paucnee's* boat, and offered some resistance, when the first officer of the ship drew his revolver; he attempted to spring overboard, and the officer fired; just as he did, one of the sailors, leaning over to grasp him, caught the shot, killing him instantly. We then set every thing on fire at 5 A. M., and towed the *Cumberland* out. And talk about fire-works; this would beat any thing you ever saw—it was just description. When we got down opposite the batteries, we had every man stationed with his gun at full cock, and both batteries manned, but they did not dare to fire.

Governor Letcher came here in a steam-boat yesterday, with a flag of truce flying, and demanded the surrender of the fort before Friday, or he should take it all hazards. So we are expecting an attack every day.

Mother Goose and Jeff. Davis.

Davis is a traitor;

Davis is a thief;

Davis steals from "Uncle Sam,"

But soon he'll come to grief.

For "Abe" will send to Davis' house,

And if he has n't fled,

One of the Zouave butcher boys

Will chop off Davis' head.

— [Vanity Fair.

Reliable Statements of Matters at Washington.

A gentleman who left Washington on Tuesday noon arrived in this city this morning, and has kindly favored us with an account of matters there and at Baltimore.

There were not over five thousand men then in the capital, of which three thousand were district troops. A great deal of anxiety was manifested for the arrival of other troops. The trains were running between Baltimore and Washington. The track from Annapolis Junction to Annapolis was displaced. All the bridges from Baltimore to York, Pa., are burnt, eight or ten in number, some of them quite large. The bridges between Baltimore and Havre de Grace, as before stated, are all burnt. Our informant went from Baltimore to York, Pa.

On Tuesday night a large body of troops left York for Washington, intending to march to the Relay house and there take the cars. Five hundred United States troops had arrived at York from Texas and would proceed at once to Washington. The twenty-five hundred Pennsylvania troops which had been ordered back from Cockeysville were at York.

Great difficulty was experienced at Baltimore in obtaining conveyances from the city. Our informant paid sixty dollars for a hack to York. Every body who could leave the city

was hastening away, leaving every thing behind. The hackmen were reaping golden harvests.

It is reported that before Harper's Ferry was destroyed a large portion of the best arms were put on the cars for Washington, and that a large number of these were treacherously sent to Baltimore and are now in the hands of the mob.

Scouts are flying everywhere. Our informant was stopped thirty times by armed men, who inquired his business and destination. He was searched three times at Baltimore, but those who searched him found nothing which would justify his detention.

Great fears were expressed at Washington that the city would suffer for want of fresh provisions, and it was hoped that the authorities at the North would send on supplies at once.

Our informant had a conversation with General Scott just before he left. The old hero is much worn with incessant labor, and is much concerned in regard to the delay in the concentration of troops. He is awake to the imminent danger of the capital, more so than the government. It is reported that General Wool is to be summoned to Washington to aid him. General Scott said that the Northern troops, instead of going to Annapolis, should go up the Potomac and land below the White-house battery, as it is called, seven miles only below Washington, located on the Virginia side, and in possession of the Virginians. He thinks that they have not at the present time any means of stopping boats below that point.

The Massachusetts citizens resident in Washington have formed a Relief Supply association, of which George W. McClelland is treasurer. Our informant says that there is imperative need of money at the present time. The personal baggage of the Sixth, and a portion of the camp equipment, the medical chest, etc., was left at Baltimore, and is in possession of the mob. A portion of the funds raised in this city should at once be sent to Mr. McClelland, that troops may be made comfortable.

The Sixth regiment was received with great rejoicing. Capt. J. B. Proctor, of Fitchburg, who has spent the winter in Washington, gave all his time and energy, and advanced liberal sums of money to the Sixth. Others joined in the good work, and their necessities were in a measure relieved.

The Baltimore *American* of Tuesday states that Governor Dieks has taken command of two thousand Maryland troops, hastily assembled at Annapolis to dispute the passage of the Massachusetts and New York troops to Washington, for which place it was reputed they had taken up the line of march.

The New York *Post* publishes a letter from the New York Seventh regiment at Annapolis, which states that the steamer containing the Massachusetts troops was run aground on reaching Annapolis, by a Secessionist pilot, and

it is said that the captain of the boat is in irons, and that the pilot has been shot. The Secessionists made an attempt to seize the *Constitution* school-ship, but the midshipmen tore up the railroad tracks and prevented their reaching the place.

In regard to the reported scarcity of provisions at Annapolis, the evening *Post* says:—

"The stories about the shortness of supplies at Annapolis are undoubtedly exaggerated. The *Baltic*, which left here for that port on Sunday, is there by this time, and was loaded with bags of bread and boxes of preserved meats. In addition, she had on board all the supplies she took to re-inforce Sumter. Even the portion of her cargo which was taken out was put on board again. One other vessel certainly, and perhaps two, sailed from this port on Sunday for Annapolis with provisions."—[*Boston Journal*, April 25.]

Letters from the Massachusetts Troops.

We have received the following extracts of letters from the Massachusetts troops in Washington and others on the way there, which will be read with interest:—

Condition of Captain Dike.

A letter from Baltimore, dated the 30th, says that Captain Dike, of the Stoneham company, who was badly injured during the Baltimore fight, "is doing well, and is better than could have been expected. He is in good spirits, and thinks he will not be confined to his bed long. The best of care is taken of him. The wound is through the thick part of the thigh, by a minie-ball, which passed clean through."

Another Account of the Baltimore Fight by a Participant.

We have a letter from Lieutenant Rowe, of the Stoneham company, who was in the thickest of the fight. It is dated Washington, April 20th. He says:—

I have no doubt you will be glad to hear from us, to know whether we still live or not. We do, but no thanks to the Baltimoreans for it. They tried hard enough to kill us. We reached Baltimore at noon on Friday. As we arrived at the depot a large crowd collected, and asked the men where they came from and where they were bound. We instructed the men not to say any thing to them, and they came to the conclusion that we came from New York. It was intended to have the whole regiment march through the city instead of riding to the depot for Washington, but somehow we got separated, and all but four companies rode, while we were left to march through the city, the rails being torn up as soon as the first part of the train left.

Four companies are from Lawrence, two from Lowell, and the Stoneham Light Infantry left the cars and formed at the depot, and there waited for the band, with the intention of flanking it on both sides; but it did not come, and we began our march with the old Massachusetts flag flying over us. Such a set of roughs and dare-devils as beset us I never saw before. They raised the secession flag, which was torn down by L. S. Lynde, our first lieutenant, and stripped into shoe-strings. Let all Stoneham give him three rousing cheers.

We marched in close ranks, so as not to let them get into our company. They said we could never go through the city alive, and

called us every thing but honest men. We paid no attention to them until they began to press upon us. We then moved on double quick time, and they let the stones and bricks fly; still we did not return the fire, and they rushed for the bridge to tear it up, but we were too quick for them, and rushed across, driving them at the point of the bayonet. Then the pistols of the rowdies began to play upon our men. We could not stand that, although the order was not to fire upon them. They did not know we were loaded, but every gun was, and we began to let the cold lead fly and to lay them right and left. They were astonished, I can assure you. They seemed determined to have our colors, but they were disappointed in that, and the colors went through the city in spite of the ruffians. We had the hottest time as we crossed the bridge. They piled every thing in our way to stop us. I was near the colors at this time. The missiles flew like hail, and I ordered the company to fire, and they picked off six or eight of the Rebels, who scattered in all directions.

They killed two of our men,* James Keenan and Horace Danforth. Captain Dike was wounded, and was left in the city. We supposed he was in the cars until we were off. I was wounded in the head, but not much injured; C. L. Gill had a bullet put through his leg; S. L. Colley, injured on the head by a stone; Wm. H. Young, Warren Holden, Daniel Brown, Henry Dike, Wm. G. Butterfield, and John Fisher were wounded, and are at the hospital. Tell Old Massachusetts to arouse and give us more men!

Letter from a Member of the Eighth Regiment on Board Frigate Constitution.

A soldier of the Eighth regiment, on board frigate *Constitution*, off Annapolis, after giving an account of the passage on, says:—

ANAPOLIS, Monday, April 23—10 A. M. We arrived on Sunday. We were ordered on board the *Constitution*, and worked hard three hours getting some of the guns out to lighten her, so she could float over the bar. I thought of you all, as being at church on this beautiful morning, and I here dirty, and working like a dog for a good cause. At twelve, Sunday noon, we received re-inforcements, and worked hard till eight in the evening. It was the hardest day's work I ever did, and all I had to eat, besides our supper and breakfast, was two small crackers.

At 9 o'clock we were called to quarters and informed that there was a prospect of an attack. It was rumored that five thousand men were coming from Baltimore to attack us; that two steamers were coming down the bay. We were assigned our duties to work the guns; a portion of us were held as a reserve. I was armed with a cutlass and revolver. We were also directed to use the boarding-pikes. I must say, if it looks like bragging, that I felt not the slightest fear. In fact, *I felt full of fight!*"

The steamers proved to be a tow boat and the *Boston* with the New York Seventh regiment, so that our brave volunteer had no opportunity to show his pluck.

FORT PICKENS.—It is manifest, from the tenor of all the accounts, that the Secession programme for the reduction of Fort Pickens halts badly. General Bragg seems to think that "hold fast" is the better dog in this case, and is said to have declared for a defensive policy. The latest letter from that vicinity says:—

"Eight United States vessels were off Fort Pickens on the 21st inst., with their guns ready for immediate action. A United States land force of five thousand men is to co-operate with Fort Pickens. It is believed that the fleet would scatter the revolutionary army to

* Not killed; a mistake of the writer.

the four winds, and be able to retake the navy yard and forts near Warrington."

Why don't they do it, then? The moment the time arrives when the Federal officers deem their strength adequate for the enterprise, they should open upon the Rebels, drive them away, and retake the valuable property of the government. There should be decisive action some way, and not have the opposing forces sitting still and staring at each other all through the summer months. The avowed purpose of the President, and the plain duty of every officer in service at Fort Pickens, should lead to the quickest possible recovery of the government property at Pensacola from the hands of the defiant traitors, who have held it months too long already. We can not doubt that this course will be adopted, should reports like the above turn out to be correct.

Waifs from Washington.

A Prompt, Efficient President—Threats of Capture—The Massachusetts Men at Work—A Lawrence Bakery in the Capitol—General Good-nature and no such Word as "Back-down."

WASHINGTON, April 25, 1861.

To the Editor of the *Boston Journal*:

The Southern Confederacy is fortunate in having at its head a man of action rather than words, who serves the revolutionary Secession movement for itself, and who throws into every action the full impulse of his heart and the strength of his will. At a crisis, when nothing but the energy of enthusiasm or of despair can carry on a movement which is based on broken oaths and disobedience to recognized laws, we find Jefferson Davis in the van, a man "born to command." His powerful intellect and indomitable will are stamped upon every movement of his "presidential" career, and a knowledge of his avowed determination to capture this city has done much to increase the prevalent panic. Curiously enough, our boldest writers have found it necessary to leave for a colder climate, at this critical juncture, when every man counts.

Last night the troops were all under arms and concentrated toward the navy yard, where an attack was feared, but there was no cause for alarm. This came rather hard on the "Bloody Sixth," as they had had large drafts for fatigue duty all day. Parties of machinists for repairing the locomotives seized on the railroad, parties of masons, parties of men to pack away provisions, parties of men to aid in laying extra water-pipes, had all been furnished by Colonel Jones, while those not on fatigue duty or guard were drilled,—some.

The regimental bakery was finished last evening, and good judges pronounced the bread A No. 1. The "Chief Baker" is Lieut. Thomas J. Cole, of Lawrence; a rising man, not at all crusty, and an honor to the *(y)cast*. He has had four large ovens built in the committee rooms of the Capitol, and even your famous "mechanical" bread couldn't compare with his.

We "dinna hear the slogan" of Brigadier-general Ben. Butler, or the rattle of the Seventh's drums. But if an attack is made before the re-inforcements arrive, depend upon it old Massachusetts will face the music square. Wounded doing well and well cared for; but the Massachusetts' pockets are terribly empty. PERLEY.

WASHINGTON, April 26, 1861.

To the Editor of the *Boston Journal*:

Never was there a more welcome sound than the rolling of the New York Seventh's drums yesterday, to those who garrisoned this then beleaguered metropolis. It was well known, from the Virginia newspapers, that an attempt would have been made to take the city by a *coup de main*, had not Colonel Jones brought the Massachusetts Sixth to

the rescue, and while a few had *urgent calls*, which forced them to leave by private conveyances for places in Western Maryland in communication with the North, others remained here to "face the music." The Massachusetts Relief association took care that those soldiers in the infirmary from their state lacked no comforts, and they did what they could for the other members of the regiment, whose baggage had been stolen at Baltimore, taking care meanwhile to be ready for service in case of an attack, as volunteers in the ranks of the Massachusetts Sixth.

There was good reason to apprehend an attack; but the prompt arrival of General Butler at Annapolis, with the Massachusetts Eighth, secured re-inforcements before the army of S. C. A. was in proper condition. The Virginia papers urge all the companies of that state to hasten to Alexandria, and it is believed that quite an army has been encamped near that city since Saturday last.

General Butler, with the Massachusetts Eighth, went from Philadelphia to Havre de Grace, where he learned that the road to Baltimore had been obstructed by the burning of bridges, and promptly seized the large ferry boat *Maryland*, on which he took his command to Annapolis. He arrived there just in time, as the Secessionists had commenced a battery, on which guns from the navy yard were being mounted, which would have commanded the *Constitution*, and ensured her surrender!

The Massachusetts men lost no time in rescuing "Old Ironsides." Some of her guns were transferred to the steamer, and when sufficiently lightened, she was towed away to a safe anchorage. Three cheers for General Butler and the Essex regiment, for this well-timed rescue of New England's favorite ship!

Your correspondent learns that the citizens of Annapolis were at first disposed to be hostile, and made loud threats, but after the New York Seventh arrived, followed by other troops, they modified their tone. On Tuesday General Butler left the grounds of the Naval academy and took possession of the railroad station, which had been closed by order of the directors of the road, who had done all in their power to render travel impossible. The only locomotive there had been taken to pieces, and rails had been taken up.

Now the superiority of the citizen-soldiers of Massachusetts over the "poor white trash" of Jeff. Davis' forces was manifest, for no sooner did General Butler call for "Machinists, volunteer to the front!" than a goodly number of sons of Vulcan stepped from the ranks of the Massachusetts Eighth. One of them found, on examining the dismantled locomotive, that he had aided in building it, and under his direction it was soon put together.

Lieutenant-colonel Hinks (who is to drop off the "colonel" and become a lieutenant, U. S. A.), was sent ahead, in command of a detachment of "Sappers and Miners," and as he advanced he was supported, keeping up the control of the road. Numerous rails had to be replaced, after having been found in the neighborhood of the places from whence they had been torn up and secreted. All that night and all the next day did the gallant men of Essex toil, to prepare the road for those who followed them.

On Wednesday morning the New York Seventh started. The second company, Captain Clark, and the sixth company, Captain Nevers, were sent in advance, as skirmishers, with a howitzer on a platform-car, drawn by dragoons. Then came the main column, with scouting parties thrown out a half mile distant on either flank, and a second platform-car fitted up as a hospital, with a third platform-car on which a howitzer was placed for the use of the rear-guard.

Owing to the necessity for frequent reconstruction of the track, including a bridge near Millersville, twenty feet high and sixteen feet long, it was nearly daylight on Thursday morning before the head of the column arrived at the "Junction" and the line of the Baltimore & Washington railroad, twenty-one miles from here. All this time scouting parties of the enemy had hovered about the line of march, but they had not dared to make any demonstration.

The New York Seventh were brought from the "Junction" here yesterday, and marched down Pennsylvania avenue to the White

house, with their howitzers, engineers, drum corps, band, eight full companies, and squad of recruits, looking "tip-top." They wore their gray fatigue-caps and jackets, and were greeted with hearty cheers.

But after ranks were broken, they lost no opportunity of complimenting the Massachusetts boys, who had cleared their way. Modesty in speaking of one's self, and the award of good service where it belongs, are the test of a good soldier!

To-day—a beautiful spring-like day it is—we have witnessed a battalion drill of the Massachusetts Sixth, by Colonel Jones, at the Capitol, and the entry of the Massachusetts Eighth. The Essex boys looked sunburnt and weary, but they marched square to the front, and Colonel Tim, seated as spry as a lad of eighteen. The Newburyport company, raised so gallantly under adverse circumstances, moved like veterans, and those here who were disposed to relieve them if necessary, were fortunate enough to find no occasion for their services.

The Rhode Island regiment, in point of appearance, was even superior to the Seventh, as the men are admirably uniformed and equipped.

This has been hastily scribbled to send by J. S. Potter, Esq., who has come here through the enemy's country, bearing important dispatches, and who has been solicited by General Scott to take other dispatches Northward. He was welcome, and he can take back the gratifying intelligence that the Old Bay State's boys were first to reach here in condition for service, after having fought their way—that they were first to arrive at Annapolis, after the regular way was stopped—that they preserved the *Constitution* from capture—that they led the van in opening communication hither, and that they will sustain the "Stars and Stripes" in a manner worthy of their sires and of their home.

PERLEY.

WASHINGTON, April 27.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

The Capitol is safe, any how! Colonel Jones and the Massachusetts Sixth are quartered in the senate wing; Colonel Monroe and the Massachusetts Eighth are in the Rotunda and the old Representatives' hall, and Colonel Lefferts and the New York Seventh are in the new Representatives' hall. The Seventh, who look trim and jaunty, march to meals at the hotels; but the Bay State boys bake their bread, broil their bacon, and enjoy camp fare.

In a hurried telegraphic dispatch, sent from here on the arrival of the Massachusetts Sixth, some errors arose, as the members of the regiment did not know each other by name, and in many cases called persons by the names of others.

The colors of the regiment, bearing the armorial insignia of Massachusetts, were bravely borne by Timothy Crowley, of Lowell, who carried them in triumph through the fight, and they were nobly defended by Sergt. Ira Stickney, of the same place.

PERLEY.

A Compliment to the Color-bearer of the Sixth Regiment.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, writing from the camp at the Relay house (but on his way to Fortress Monroe) speaks of an incident connected with the passage of the Sixth regiment through Baltimore, on the 19th of April, as follows:—

"There is one man who carried himself so bravely while in the very midst of danger that something more than a passing notice should be taken of him. Two days before that Friday, the Sixth were gathered in front of the State house, Boston, to hear the parting words of Governor Andrew. At the end of his remarks the Governor presented the regiment with a standard, telling them to see to it that no foe should ever take it from them. They

received it with cheers and swore to die in its defense. Poor fellows, they little thought then how soon their mettle would be tested. Well, when they got out of the cars at Baltimore, to march across the city, the colors were given to the breeze, and borne aloft in defiance of every foe. The standard-bearer, as noble a fellow as ever wore the uniform of the old Bay State, was Timothy A. Crowley. His two aids were Sergeants Derrill and Marland. Unused, as indeed all our soldiers were, to the rough usage of actual warfare, it would not have been strange if Crowley had shown some signs of fear. Indeed he might have rolled up the colors which would inevitably call down upon him the hatred of the vast and murderous mob. But Crowley was not made of such stuff. He had sworn to stand by his standard, and with him it was either success or die in the attempt. Pistols were freely fired, but the company saw at their head that standard proudly leading them on. No one who has never been in the service can imagine how the colors of a regiment keep up its courage. So long as they are defiant, the company have light hearts; if they should be taken away a strange distrust runs through the whole force. Well, the troops had lost their band, they did not have even a fife and drum, and so they kept their eyes fixed upon this standard. Tramp, tramp, tramp, left, left, left, the music of their own steady, measured tread, this was all they had. Crowley was the target for many a missile, for the mob knew that to disgrace the regiment it was only necessary to down with the standard. Paving stones flew thick and fast, some grazing Crowley's head, and some hitting the standard itself, marks of which were shown us. And this shows the everlasting pluck of Crowley. One stone, my informant said it seemed as large as a hat, struck him just between the shoulders a terrible blow, and then rested on his knapsack. And yet Crowley did not budge. With a firm step, he went on, carrying the rock on his knapsack several yards, until one of the sergeants stepped up and knocked it off. And, said the chaplain, "Heaven only knows what our boys would have done if that standard had been taken: they never would have recovered from such a disgrace." Such a noble act, it seems to me, is worthy of record. Crowley showed himself a man. It was not that impulsive kind of action which we call brave; it was something better. The soldier who is simply brave stands only on the lowest round of the ladder of heroism. All men may be brave. Crowley was cool; he knew beforehand what the consequence might be; he reckoned all chances. He showed true courage—an element of character which is Godlike; it was not impulse, it was real manliness."

In this connection it may not be out of place to publish the letter received by the honorary members of the Watson Light Guard, who had sent to Mr. Crowley an elegant revolver, as a testi-

monial of their estimation of him as a soldier, and that he might not be entirely unarmed, should circumstances bring him into another place where the safety of his regiment's flag would be threatened. The letter is an earnest expression of the gratitude of the writer, eminently patriotic, and worthy of the gentleman who has worthily behaved since the Sixth were called into the service of their country:—

ELK RIDGE, Md., May 24, 1861.
To the Honorary Members of the Watson Light Guard, Co. H, Sixth regiment, M. V. M.

Gentlemen,—I have to acknowledge, with feelings of deepest gratitude and emotion, the receipt from you of a splendid "Col's revolver and necessary trimmings attached," with the very flattering inscription thereon.

Unexpectedly called upon to occupy the position of ensign of the Sixth regiment of the old Bay State, I have, since accepting it, endeavored to perform the duties attendant thereon to the best of my abilities, and to the approval of my officers and fellow-soldiers. How far I have succeeded in those trials through which we have thus far passed, you, gentlemen, together with those with whom I am associated, and the community from which I came, shall judge.

It is not for me to egotistically elevate my own courage or reputation; but, gentlemen, of one fact I may assure you, while the colors of the Sixth regiment are entrusted to my care and protection, I shall never be found recreant to that trust, and while I live and sufficient strength is at my command, courage shall be the last ingredient wanting in my composition to uphold the fight for the standard of the gallant Sixth.

Thus far I have done only what I deem to be my duty in this the hour of peril and treachery to our line-honored flag. In the hour of adversity and oppression that flag afforded a home and protection to those whom I hold dearer than life itself, and I trust that their descendant will not forget his duty, and help to strike an effectual blow in defense of the laws and institutions under and by which he has been nurtured into manhood. With many thanks for your kind consideration, I am your obedient servant,
TIMOTHY A. CROWLEY.

THE following letter, just received by a member of our city government, from a volunteer in the Massachusetts Sixth regiment at Washington, has been kindly furnished us for publication.

Mr. Whitney, the correspondent, is the young lawyer from Groton, spoken of in the dispatches as being killed by the mob in Baltimore. The letter, happily, contradicts the dispatches:—

SENATE CHAMBER, I
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 28, 1861.
Friend D.,—Your letter was received this day, and was read with an interest I never felt in a letter before.

You should see the smile that lights up the faces of the gallant Sixth when letters are received from friends far away in the loved old commonwealth. Our passage through the city of Baltimore has been made known to you by the press. The outrageous attack of the mob upon our regiment has justly excited the indignation of an aroused North. Through showers of stones, bricks, and bullets they pressed on with a cohesiveness and courage worthy of their sires who sleep at Concord and Lexington.

Our noble fellows who fell in the streets of Baltimore will be terribly revenged. The condition of the "Cities of the Plain" will be the fate of the "City of riots,"—too long a disgrace to this republic. Our regiment is quartered in the Senate chamber of the Capitol, and the committee rooms around it. In the seats where once sat corrupt and debauched senators, preaching disunion, now are seen the stern and bronzed faces of the Massachusetts volunteers; on divans and sofas, on

the cushions and tapestried carpets repose the stalwart forms of the sons of the Puritans; they are men who rushed from families and homes, impelled by a mighty principle, and who have sworn with their lives that the Union of their fathers shall be preserved, and that the flag of flags shall float on with not a stripe or star obscured. Secession is crushed out in Washington; the rapid advance of the Northern hosts has already produced a sensation in the Jeff. Davis Conteleracy.

To-day President Lincoln and Secretary Seward visited us, and the whole regiment went through a thorough hand-shaking operation with the dignitaries. They were enthusiastically cheered as they left the hall. In the afternoon the Clay and Frontier Guards, consisting of about two hundred men, under the command of Gen. Jim Lane, of Kansas, marched into our quarters in the Senate hall. They are a fine body of men from all parts of the country. Senators and representatives are in the ranks, and the whole company is composed of men noted for their determined courage. Speeches were made by General Lane and Colonel Vaughan, of Kansas. The "Star-spangled Banner" was sung amidst the wildest enthusiasm I ever witnessed.

Troops are pouring in every day by thousands from Pennsylvania, New York, and the Eastern States. Let them continue to come, so that when we strike the blow it will be a lesson that traitors will never forget. The government is secret in its operations, and we know but little of them except as we see the daily developments of a gigantic power. Rumor says that General Scott will soon move upon Virginia with a powerful army. There is much feeling in this city against that state, owing to their persecution of the Union men, crowds of whom are continually arriving here in a destitute condition, forced to fly from their homes to save their lives. From present appearance, Virginia and Maryland will be carefully looked after by the government.

Our soldiers who were wounded at Baltimore and brought to the hospitals here are all rapidly recovering. Captain Clark, of Co. B, of Groton, was slightly wounded in the arm while on parade a few days since by the accidental discharge of a musket. We are thankful that the injury was slight, as a braver or more high-souled man does not live. The renowned Seventh regiment of New York, and the Massachusetts Eighth will to-morrow take possession of Georgetown heights. There is one sentiment throughout the army, to wit: Secession must and shall be put down from Virginia to the Gulf. Our boys are ready for the fight, and seem anxious to get a sight off Jeff. Davis and his crowd. They probably will be gratified soon, when Southern blustersers will find to their sorrow that their estimate of Northern pluck was somewhat erroneous.

You will come to the conclusion on the receipt of this that I was not killed at Baltimore. I was struck on the left shoulder with a stone, but no damage done.

My health is good, but the fodder goes hard. Write often, as letters now are valuable. We shall probably soon leave these quarters, when I shall have no advantage for writing. Your friend truly,
S. W.
—[Boston Journal, April 27.]

Three Grand Mistakes.

It is palpable from all the evidence in hand that the leaders and the people of the South, in pushing their threatening course over the brink of disunion, have been laboring under a terrible three-fold delusion as to the effect at the North. In the first place, they have calculated upon

Starvation. By some unaccountable influence, no figure of speech has oftener flourished in Secession harangues than "bread riots" at the North.

How on earth "bread riots" were to rage through a population that holds the granary of North America and part of Europe, and has less pauperism than any other equal population on the globe, passes the stretch of common credulity. But Senators like Brown, of Mississippi, and Wigfall, of Texas, and intelligent gentlemen like "Vice-president" Stephens and Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, have dwelt upon this starvation bugbear as one of the first results of disunion. The common orator and editors of the South have, in their imaginations, turned us into cannibals. But the truth of the matter is, we have not only lived very comfortably, but have exported bread-stuffs to an extent never before approached in the history of the nation. But, secondly, the Secessionists most confidently counted upon throwing us into a fearful state of

Dissension. Accepting such lurid vaticinations as those of Caleb Cushing, about the necessity of our capitalists hoarding their money—as is done in India and elsewhere in the East—in view of "Guerilla bands" roving through our section of the separated Union, sensible Southern men have actually supposed their withdrawal would plunge us into bloody anarchy. At least, they calculated upon such an intensity of partisan feuds that military operations against their assaults would be effectually neutralized, even if any body should have the boldness to undertake them. But what do we see? A unanimity of sentiment pulsating through the entire community, like the blood through the heart of man. No wonder a leading Secession organ, struck aghast by the first signs of this development, cries out that an inexplicable mania possesses the people of the North! But, thirdly, the Secessionists have built deliberate calculations upon our

Cowardice. Only those who have mingled among all classes of Southern men can know the contemptible opinion which is universally entertained of Northern courage. As we do not fight duels and do various other things which they consider the criterion of courage, they set us down for cowards at once, and despise us accordingly. They remember that we have always backed down in political controversies with the South, and will of course tremble at the idea of an armed encounter. Per-

haps we shall—after the “bread riots” and the “Guerilla bands” in the rural districts, but not before. No, this delusion is greater than the others, and more woeful to those who cherish it. It does not become us to boast on this point—they can do that better elsewhere—but when it can be pointed out where and when the men of the free states ever failed in the least element of perfect bravery, on the land or sea, in peace or war, then we shall believe that those who are represented by a Baltimore mob can match those who are represented by the Massachusetts Sixth regiment; but not until then.

The Southern Press.

Journals printed south of Mason and Dixon's line would be very diverting reading at the present time, if the false and distorted information they furnish their readers was not working such unhappy results. We give a few specimens, that our readers may see for themselves. The following are copied from the special dispatches of the *Charleston Courier*:—

The Dictator in his Dotage.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., April 29, 1861. Lieut.-gen. Winfield Scott told a peaceful citizen of Washington that he must leave the city or be arrested. His only offense was having been a member of the “National volunteers,” and refusing to become a tool of butchery and military despotism.

Interesting to Southerners.

RICHMOND, April 29. The Lincoln satellites continue arresting in Washington all citizens or residents who are suspected of Southern preference. An odious, and vulgar, and inquisitorial despotism is established.

The Concentration of Hirelings.

RICHMOND, April 29. It is reported by a passenger who has reached here, that twenty-five thousand soldiers were in Washington, and about the same number on the way under orders for Washington, under Generals Patterson and Kerr, of Pennsylvania.

Gathering to the Sacrifice.

ALEXANDRIA, April 29. Troops from Rhode Island and New York, to the number of one thousand, have reached Washington to-day.

Martial law has been proclaimed in the city, and all citizens who can leave are departing hastily. Many are forced to leave for expressing sympathy for the South.

The Armies Approaching.

ALEXANDRIA, April 29. An express messenger reports that the long bridge over the Potomac, near Washington, is guarded on the north side by Lincolns, and on the south side by Virginians.

It is also reported that a Lincoln guard has been placed on Arlington heights,

and that steamers will be placed near Alexandria to seize all the fish that are caught, in anticipation of an interruption of provisions.

Washington News.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., April 29. The *Baltic* passed down to-day. The arrests of Southerners and of citizens suspected of Southern preferences continue vigorously.

Daniel Radcliffe, a prominent lawyer, and several persons lately employed in the navy yard, have been arrested.

General Scott is reported very infirm. The *Charleston Courier* of the 28th ult. had the following statement, which for downright lying, beats anything we have seen lately:—

“Passengers direct from New York represent the condition of things in that city as one of great confusion and tending to anarchy. Mob law is triumphant, and Southern men, or those known to sympathize with the South, are in constant danger of their lives. Vigilance committees visit the houses of the wealthy, and every man is heavily assessed for the support of the families of those who have volunteered their services to the administration. Assessments of \$5000, \$3000, and \$2000 on large houses are said to be very common.

Those merchants who refuse or make the slightest hesitation are threatened with the cleaning out of their stores, and several already have been emptied by the mob. At a Union meeting held in Union square, it was estimated that between two and three thousand people were present, standing around Washington's monument.

Three men were set upon in Florence hotel, New York, and two killed, for expressing sympathy with the South.

Merchants are packing off their clerks, and it is said that several large manufactories have been stopped, with a view of forcing the operatives into the ranks of volunteer soldiery, the proprietors promising to pay their regular salaries to their families until they return. Those who do not suspend the Stars and Stripes from their windows are visited by a committee and threatened with a mob if they do not comply with their demands.

Against this state of things there is a large class who, although at present unable to stem the current, are beginning to speak out, and are denouncing irresponsible and lawless bands who have assumed the arrogant and dictatorial powers.”

The same veracious sheet has the following cock-and-bull story:—

“We learn from a passenger from Philadelphia, that one day last week, at Havre de Grace, three of the Northern volunteers who were marched from the North refused to go any further, assigning as a reason that they did not volunteer to go into a war of invasion upon the South. An officer who was standing by instantly cut and hacked two of the men to pieces. A third, who took the same ground, gave vent to a similar

expression for the Union, and cut his own throat from ear to ear, rather than allow himself to be hacked in pieces.”

The *Natchez Courier* labors through a long article to make its readers believe that General Scott has resigned, and winds up with the assertion of its belief that “he is the guest of a friendly Governor, and the officer of a miserable trickster and despot.”

TREASON NIPPED IN THE BUD.

Government Accepts Troops for Three and Five Years.

Naval Academy Removed to Newport.

ARSENAL TO BE ESTABLISHED AT ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

WASHINGTON, April 29. Five employees at the navy yard were discovered yesterday filling shells with sand and sawdust. They were arrested and will be tried by court martial, and if convicted, shot.

Steamers *Blenville* and *Daylight* have arrived here with troops.

The government to-day formally decided to receive forty thousand of the seventy-five thousand volunteers recently called for by proclamation, for a term of three years, twenty-five thousand regulars for five years, and eighteen thousand for the same period. Orders to carry this measure into effect will be at once issued.

An armory in place of that at Harper's Ferry is to be established at Rock Island, Illinois.

There is good reason for stating that the Naval academy is to be removed, temporarily at least, from Annapolis to Newport, R. I.

It was ascertained at the department to-day that no more diplomatic consular appointments will be made, and no consideration given to the subject until the avenues leading to the capital are open for the passage of citizens and United States troops.

Colonel Mansfield of the United States engineers is now in command of the troops here, his predecessor, Colonel Smith, having been ordered to New York.

The Navy department has issued an order similar to that from the War department, that the amounts due to recent officers from seceded states, claiming to have seceded, be hereafter paid from the funds heretofore sent to or deposited in those states, except in cases where the department shall otherwise direct.

Arthur H. Grimshaw has been appointed postmaster at Wilmington, Del.

The *Montgomery Mail* of Thursday says a portion of the crew of the *Star of the West* has arrived at Montgomery for trial.

Arrival of Rhode Island Troops.

AFFAIRS AT ANNAPOLIS.

Arrival of a Passenger Train from Baltimore.

ACCIDENT TO ADJUTANT MERRIAM OF RHODE ISLAND.

WASHINGTON, April 29. The first Rhode Island regiment has just marched up Pennsylvania avenue, escorting the second regiment, which has just landed, the whole presenting an imposing appearance. The *Continental* flag, and the ladies who marched with the file closers, were loudly cheered. They are all quartered at the Patent office.

Colonel Parsons, of Lawrence, has arrived from Annapolis, and reports all well there. The people there are friendly, and along the line.

Every body is complimenting the Rhode Island troops. The Albany regiment also looks fine.

A passenger train arrived to-day from Baltimore.

Adjutant Merriam, of Rhode Island, was thrown from his horse on parade this afternoon, and somewhat injured; no bones broken.

A New York committee, asking for the re-opening of the direct mail route to Washington, waited on the President this evening.

Many volunteers are anxious to enlist in the increase to the army. — [Boston Journal.

THE REPORTED ARREST OF SENATOR MASON.

CONTRADICTORY REPORTS.

Letters of Marque Not to be Issued by the Southern Confederacy until the Declaration of War.

Secession Defunct in Baltimore.

UNION SENTIMENT TRIUMPHANT.

Departure of Colonel Ellsworth's Zouaves from New York.

PERRYVILLE, PA., April 29. Senator Mason has not been arrested. Some other parties have been arrested for examination merely.

NEW YORK, April 29. A special dispatch to the *Tribune* confirms the arrest of Senator Mason, by the authority of General Patterson. He expressed treasonable sentiments in the camp at Perryville. He is now on his way to Philadelphia.

The Montgomery correspondent of the

Charleston *Courier* says Attorney-general Benjamin authorizes him to state that the commissions for privateers being prepared, they will be issued as soon as Congress declares war, which it undoubtedly will do. The instructions will prohibit the seizure of cotton from Southern ports, whether in British or American bottoms.

A private dispatch from Baltimore says that Secession is defunct there, and the Union sentiment is again triumphant. Few men are willing to-day to announce themselves as Secessionists. One week's experience of the deadly contagion has overwhelmed the conspirators, and the Union sentiment is stronger and deeper than ever.

The day of recovery has come, and those who last week, sustained by the police, disgraced the city, almost shrink from the public gaze. The reaction is overwhelming in all parts of the state, and we are prepared to meet the issue at the ballot-box. Sad as were the doings of the past ten days, they have forever settled the question of Secession in Maryland. On Wednesday the custom house will be cleared of its traitors, and new appointees take their place. The American flag will immediately be hoisted over the custom house. Boys are selling miniature flags in the streets.

Colonel Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves left this afternoon in the *Baltic*. They were escorted to the *Baltic* by the fire department. An immense crowd witnessed the embarkation. Three stands of colors were presented to them previous to their departure. They looked finely.

The New York Seventh Regiment.

The following letter from a member of the New York Seventh regiment, although of a private and family character, is well worthy of perusal, as an evidence of the spirit which pervades that famed regiment:—

HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTH REG'T., N. Y. S. M. }
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
WASHINGTON, April 29, 1861. }

Dear Father, — When I saw you last I little thought I should be here now; but here I am, and you probably know why. I have been a member of this regiment for nearly three years. It is considered the finest volunteer regiment in the world. Left home, leaving Mary and the children not exactly penniless, but poor enough. But everybody said *go*; they will be taken care of.

We were five days reaching Washington. We made a march from Annapolis with the Eighth regiment of Massachusetts, and opened the road which the Maryland villains had torn up. They had the rails up in from twenty to twenty-five of the worst places. There was one place where there was an embankment of nearly seventy feet in height. They had taken up rails and sleepers on both sides.

There were three thousand Marylanders on the watch to attack us. We heard and saw signals from dark Wednesday night until Thursday morning at daylight. Spies were about on horseback everywhere. We threw out an advance guard of skirmishers of over two hundred men, who cleared the way and scattered all before them. Our regiment is composed principally of young men of great wealth. Some of the privates are worth *millions*; yet from the time we left Philadelphia we all suffered privations of all kinds — hunger, thirst, fatigue, every thing — and not a murmur was heard. I have not had my clothes off for ten days. We have all slept on

the floor, with our knapsacks for pillows. The fatigue has been so great that the men would throw themselves upon the floor, and in two minutes nearly all would be in a sound sleep.

God alone knows what the end will be; but I think and hope that the wonderful unanimity of feeling at the North, and the strength which they display, will teach these miserable traitors and Rebels that we have been trifled with too long, and that nothing but absolute ruin is before them if they persist in the course they have pursued with us for so long a time. It will give me great pleasure to hear from you as often as possible.

Mary may go to Boston to spend a little time with you. I leave her and my little ones with those at home. May God bless all who treat them kindly and lovingly! It is now impossible to tell when, if ever, I return.

Affectionately yours, HENRY.

MILITARY MATTERS IN VERMONT. — A correspondent writes as follows:—

Last Thursday the New England Guards, of Northfield, Vt., left that place for rendezvous at Rutland, expecting to be ordered to Washington on Saturday. The Guards were formerly commanded by Captain Nickols; but when the tocsin of war was sounded, he, with the first lieutenant, immediately resigned. After such an example by the officers it is not strange that the rank and file were demoralized. In this emergency W. H. Boynton, formerly orderly sergeant of Lowell Phalanx, who were in the thickest of the fight through 'Bloody Baltimore,' and who was also orderly sergeant of the New England Guards, but had been appointed major of the First regiment M. V. M., immediately took measures to save the reputation of his old company, and in two days the ranks were filled with sixty-four picked men. They chose him captain and commenced active preparations for service, drilling fourteen hours per day, and last Tuesday, by way of exercise, marched, fully equipped, to Montpelier, a distance of ten miles, in two and a half hours, being received by a company of recruits — one hundred and thirty strong — and a cavalcade of horse. They were put through company evolutions, eliciting the highest encomiums of all.

Captain Boynton is one of the best military men in the state, and is a man of the true stamp. Success to him and his noble company, say all the citizens of Northfield.

The following extract is from a letter received by a mercantile house in this city, from a correspondent in Virginia:—

"I am now ordered to hold myself in readiness to march, God knows where; but I am to go, and leave my wife and two small children, to go to fight my Northern brethren. I expect my store will be closed. Great God! what an awful time! If this reaches you, please inform me. Friend H., if I never meet you again in this world, it is my prayer that I may meet you in heaven. I shall make my will before I go to fight. I am a member of the — cavalry, and I may be called out at any moment. If I am called to the battle field, and it may please God I shall fall, I have made ample arrangements to pay off my debts. I have lived honest, and I will die honest."

Military Affairs, etc.**Parade of the First Regiment.**

The First regiment of Massachusetts volunteer militia, Col. Robert Cowdin, paraded yesterday afternoon with full numbers. The regimental line was formed in Pemberton square at 2:30 o'clock, when the following companies were present:—

Co. A, Captain Chandler; 68 guns.
Co. B, Captain Pearl; 74 guns.
Co. E, Captain Baldwin; 68 guns.
Co. F, Captain Adams; 67 guns.
Co. G, Captain Snow; 66 guns.
Co. I, Captain Rand, 72 guns.
North End True Blues, Captain Walker; 70 guns.
East Boston volunteers, Captain Barnes; 63 guns.
Chelsea volunteers, Captain Carruth; 72 guns.

The regiment was headed by Gilmore's band, and marched through several streets to the common, passing up State street at 3:30 o'clock. On the common they were joined by the Roxbury City Guard, Captain Stone, 68 guns, and an hour or more was spent in drilling, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The regiment appeared in the new uniform of gray jacket and pants, trimmed with red, and received much commendation for their very creditable appearance. Several of the companies made their first appearance in regimental ranks on this occasion, but all showed that they had been under good instruction. They left the common about 5 o'clock, and were received with hearty cheers at different places on the route.

The Webster Regiment at Fort Warren.

It has been frequently announced as the intention of the state authorities to send all the new recruits to the forts in the harbor for exercise and drill, and yesterday afternoon the first instalment, consisting of two companies of Fletcher Webster's regiment—Co. A, Captain Grover, and Co. B, Captain Mureh—went down to Fort Warren in a steamer. They will be joined to-day by the companies under Captains Shurtleff and Doane, and that of Captain Saltmarsh is expected to go either to-day or Monday. The companies will probably remain here until they are ordered into active service.

Contributions Received.

Yesterday afternoon Governor Andrew, as president of the Soldiers' Fund association, received \$2047.80 from the committee of Rev. Dr. Adams' church, to be used for the purposes of that fund. A sum of \$90 was also received from the pupils of the English High school, which will be disbursed under the general orders of the Governor for the present relief of the families of absent soldiers.

To Provision Dealers.

The Quincy market men propose to make a donation of meat and vegetables to the Massachusetts volunteers at Fort Monroe and Washington, to be shipped on board a vessel now loading with ice,

a gift from Messrs. Addison, Gage & Co.; and we write this to call the attention of the market men at the Boylston market and throughout the city, that they may join their brethren at Quincy market in this patriotic contribution. Messrs. Harrison Bird, Hiscock & Winslow, Robbins, Curtis, and others are moving in the matter.

Patriotic Demonstrations.

A town-meeting was held at Blackstone on the first day of May, which was largely attended. It was ably and eloquently addressed by Hon. Daniel Hill, who offered appropriate resolutions, which were passed. It was voted to pay each member of any volunteer company raised in the town, who should be called into service, a sum sufficient to make his entire pay \$20 per month, when such member has no family, and to those who have families, one dollar per week each to the wife and children under ten years of age; and also, to pay one dollar per day to each volunteer for time spent previous to such service in drilling under such officer as might be appointed by the state. The town also appropriated \$1000 to be applied at the discretion of the selectmen in outfits to such volunteers, if necessary. Rev. Mr. Bliss, Francis Kelly, and others made patriotic appeals to the meeting.

MR. ADAMS' ADDRESS.—The address of Hon. Charles Francis Adams to his late constituents of the third Congressional district, which we publish to-day, is worthy of careful perusal. He modestly refers to his services in congress, and says that his transfer to the English mission has been against his own inclinations. Turning to a brief but pregnant discussion of national events, he congratulates his fellow-citizens upon the escape which they made in the last presidential election, for in four years more under the old dynasty, "we should have been bound hand and foot by a military oligarchy." The distinctive features of the rebellious cause are analyzed with Mr. Adams' usual point and felicity. He finds that they all logically terminate in the old doctrine of force, against which the Declaration of Independence was the most signal protest. And most truly does he say that "the whole action of the Secessionists since November has been aggressive, insulting, treacherous, and violent." The closing remarks of Mr. Adams, respecting the superior influence of the people themselves over their agents abroad, are well worthy of consideration. But however true they may be, we are confident from Mr. Adams' splendid Congressional career that his diplomatic services at the important post to which he has been designated will be eminently useful to his country and honorable to himself.

MARYLAND.—It is evident that the reaction in Maryland, however strong it may be among the people, has not reached the members of the legislature.

They would be Secessionists if they dared, but not daring to pass a Secession ordinance, they have taken measures to thwart and harass the general government as far as it may be safe to do so without calling down upon the state its crushing power. The establishment of a "Committee of Safety" means simply this: Of the six members of the proposed committee, only one, Governor Hicks, is a Union man. Judge Chambers, though conservative, is suspected of Secession proclivities, and he has publicly announced that he shall go whichever way the state goes. The other four are avowed Secessionists of the most ultra school. The powers granted to the committee are equivalent to despotic sway over the entire state, against which only the Federal government or the rising of the people can prevail.

We are glad to see evidences that the government is inflexibly determined to reduce Maryland to submission to its authority immediately. The work of reconstructing the bridges and reopening the route to and "through Baltimore," is now going on under the protection of an adequate force, and there will soon be a broad highway through Maryland. Let the Secessionists obstruct it again if they dare.

A GREAT REGIMENT.—The Newburyport *Herald* relates the following anecdote of the gallant Eighth regiment, which has not heretofore been chronicled:—

"One exploit by members of the Newburyport company has not found its way into the papers. For two days they had nothing to eat but poor pork and a little hard bread. In their ranks are two butchers from this city—Messrs. Merrill and Gilley. They took a tramp into the pastures and were shortly seen driving an ox to a part of the railroad where the men were at work. A sturdy blow upon the head brought the animal down; the body was strung up to a tree and flayed, and in a little while the whole gang were feasting from the best cut of beef-steak. The manner in which the men of the Eighth regiment have turned their hands to all kinds of employment will render them famous throughout the world and for all time. Some of them could even keep a hotel, which every man can not do."

KENTUCKY.—The *Courier* of this morning says: "We have seen a letter to a merchant in this city, in which it is predicted that 'in ten days' time Kentucky will be shown to be unmistakably for the Union and the government. We have to contend against our Governor, and he has already been brought to change his tone. Virginia's conduct has not influenced us. We have been much more disturbed and mortified by the defection of John Bell.'"

The telegraphic report that the Governor has ordered an election of representatives to Congress on the 30th of June goes to confirm this view of matters in "old Kentuck." We hope it may prove true.

The Old Senate Chamber a Hospital—Let Massachusetts Contribute—New York Military.

WASHINGTON, May 2, 1861.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:

The old senate chamber, in which Webster crushed nullification in his reply to Hayne, and Charles Sumner was the recipient of the first cowardly blows struck by Secession, is now a hospital for the reception of Massachusetts volunteers, wounded or ill. Surgeons Smith and Creed are in attendance on the men belonging to the Sixth and the Eighth. William D. Bailey (late pastor of the Unitarian church here) is a most attentive manager, and Miss Lander, the artist, gives practical evidence of her good qualities as a nurse by preparing the little delicacies which she gives to those who are on beds of sickness and of pain away from their New England homes.

When Miss Lander entered upon her self-imposed duties she found a patient declining to take tea from a large tin-clipper, sweetened with brown sugar, with an iron spoon. It was not inviting to an invalid, but the Massachusetts Relief association were enabled, by the generosity of Bostonians, to place at her disposal many appliances for a sick-room, with gelatine, farina, white sugar, etc. Hon. George W. McLellan, the Treasurer of the association, will be pleased to acknowledge further donations, and they will be faithfully applied to the relief of the sick and wounded.

The seventh New York encamp to-day, on Doctor Stone's estate, opposite Columbia college, about a mile north of the White house. It is an admirable location, the parade-ground overlooking the city, and presenting a larger level area than "Kadorama." The Twelfth are to occupy barracks on Lafayette square, the Seventy-first are at the navy yard, and the Sixty-ninth in the old printing office on Pennsylvania avenue, near Willard's.

PERLEY.

FROM SAVANNAH.—The schooner *Fred Howell*, Captain Carter, which left Savannah 23d ult., arrived here to-day, and reports that rumors were current there that privateers were being fitted out in Northern ports for the Southern Confederacy. It is also stated that the schooner *Gallatin*, recently returned here from Savannah, was offered for sale at that port, but the price demanded by her owners was considered too high, and she was consequently withdrawn from the market.

AN instance of Yankee spunk occurred a few days since on the Grand Trunk railway. An engineer on one of the trains, conducted by a man named Latham, affixed the Stars and Stripes to his engine, which, being observed, was cut down by Latham. The engineer at once replaced the flag, and forbade Latham repeating the offense, or he would cut *him* down. Upon the arrival of the train at the head-quarters of the superintendent of the road, the facts were reported to that official, who at once presented the patriotic engineer with a beautiful silk American flag, told him to *naïl* it to his engine, and then promptly dismissed Latham. This action was approved by the directors, and now every car on that road carries the Stars and Stripes.

Brothers in Arms.

We are glad to see that the manliness of the entire North is reflected in the courtesy and good will which characterize its armed representatives at Washington. We are reminded of this by observing

that the officers of the Eighth Massachusetts regiment have passed resolutions of thanks to the gallant New York Seventh, for their acts of kindness and courtesy on the famed Annapolis march and subsequently. Well may they do so, for that march, on which the two regiments went forward as finely matched as Christian and Greatheart in "Pilgrim's Progress," brought out in bold relief some of the best characteristics of each, and illustrated that combination of qualities which, in the impending conflict, is to override all obstacles and break down all opposition. Without the mechanical skill of the Massachusetts men, neither regiment could have got on—without the generous supplies and co-operation of the New York Seventh, our men would have been brought to a stand after a few hours' labor, and neither regiment could have got on. Well, therefore, did our officers resolve to ever stand by the glorious Seventh, and if ever their colors go down before the hosts of the enemy, the Eighth of Massachusetts would be the first to avenge their fall with the heart's blood of every man.

We need not particularize the further kind offices at Washington by which our troops are indebted to the New York Seventh, for they are already written down in the hearts of our people, and will live in lasting gratitude. Nor are we insensible to the many kind words which the press has had for our troops. But we must not forget the justice which is due to all. While we are confident that the soldiers of Massachusetts will prove not unworthy of their origin, we know that they have been dispatched to the field in great hurry, and must disclose some grave deficiencies. It is not to be expected that they can approach the splendid drill of the New York Seventh, whose composition of the best blood of the Empire City, long training and professional ardor, have made them the very flower of the volunteer forces of America. Nor can we rival the admirable equipment of the Rhode Island regiments, who are mustered under the eye of their Governor, a devoted military man, whose accurate knowledge of their wants is matched by his zeal and pecuniary ability to supply them. And it is very likely that the solid armies of Pennsylvania will show those sterling qualities which have ever tested the mingling of German and Anglo-Saxon blood. Of the indomitable troops of the

Northwest, tried on every field from Lundy's Lane to the city of Mexico, no eulogium is needed. Wherever heroes are needed, in their own expressive dialect, they "are *thar!*"

In fact, as our cause is one, so is our army—no matter whether its legions are drawn from New England, from the thriving Middle states, or from the mighty West. They are all brothers in arms for the defense of a common government and the security of the same sacred rights. They open the campaign with affectionate co-operation and regard. Perish the hand that shall try to sow alienation and distrust in their ranks—to kindle petty jealousies or stir up any heart-burnings. Let the only rivalry be to see who shall serve their country best. There is room for all and reward for every kind of merit. It is in the power of every one—and immensely within the power of the press—to continue a state of feeling which is so happy, and which will have a transcendent influence on the vigorous and effectual prosecution of the war.—[Boston Journal, May 4, 1861.

Important Movement.—Capture of Alexandria and Death of Colonel Ellsworth.

The reported capture of Alexandria by the government troops, attended by the death of Colonel Ellsworth, of which we had a telegraphic dispatch yesterday, is confirmed.

At an early hour yesterday morning several regiments were sent into Virginia from Washington. The New York zouaves, Fourteenth and Sixty-ninth regiments, and New Jersey regiment, captured Alexandria, while Arlington heights were occupied by several other regiments. When the Federal troops reached Alexandria, the Virginia troops fired at them and fled.

A report says three hundred of the Rebel troops were captured on the Orange & Alexandria railroad, near Alexandria, by the New York Sixty-ninth.

The most painful circumstance attending the capture of Alexandria was the death of the young and brave Colonel Ellsworth, of the New York zouaves, which took place under the following circumstances:—

The zouaves crossed the river in boats and landed in good order, each company forming on the street facing the river. Co. E was the first to disembark, and was detailed to destroy the railroad track, which they promptly performed. Colonel Ellsworth then directed the adjutant to form the regiments, and with the aid of Colonel Wisner and a field of men, started to cut the telegraph wires.

They had proceeded about three blocks when the attention of Colonel Ellsworth

was attracted by a large Secession flag flying from the Marshall house. He entered the hotel, and meeting a man in the hall, asked him who put the flag up. The man answered that he did not know; he was a boarder in the house. Colonel Ellsworth, Lieutenant Wisner, the chaplain of the regiment, Mr. House, a volunteer aid, and four privates, went to the roof, when Colonel Ellsworth cut down the flag.

The party were returning down-stairs, headed by Private Brownell. As they left the attic, the man who said he was a boarder, but who proved to be the landlord, was met in the hall, having a double-barreled gun, which he leveled at Brownell. The latter struck up the gun with his musket, when Jackson pulled both triggers, the contents lodging in the body of Colonel Ellsworth. Brownell, with the quickness of lightning, leveled his musket at Jackson and fired. The ball struck him on the bridge of the nose and crushed him through the skull, killing him instantly. As he fell, Brownell thrust him through with his bayonet. Colonel Ellsworth's companions held guard some ten minutes until re-inforced by Co. A. The company made a litter of muskets, and placing the body upon it, returned to the boat, leaving a detachment to guard the hotel and make prisoners of all its occupants. The body of Colonel Ellsworth is at the navy yard in Washington, and after fitting ceremonies, will be taken to Mechanicsville, where his family reside, for interment.

The Colonel was shot between the third and fourth ribs, shattering the fourth rib, the slugs entering the left auricle of the heart, and destroying all the integuments with which it came in contact. The other charge of the gun, a double-barreled one, entered the waist-scoting near him. The Colonel fell on his face, only exclaiming, "My God!" The blood gushed from his wound in such profusion as to drench the entire passage. A few seconds afterward he uttered a low moan, but his eyes were instantly fixed, and he ceased to breathe. He was laid upon a bed in a room near at hand, and with the Rebel flag stained with his blood and now a trophy to his glory, about his feet.

Another account says that the murderer of Colonel Ellsworth was James W. Jackson, keeper of the Marshall house. He must have died suddenly, as he was shot through the head and afterward run through the body by a saber-bayonet of some private. His wife presently discovered the fatality, and approaching his body, uttered the most agonizing cries, and although treated with the utmost consideration that could be offered her in her misery, she remained a long time in the wildest state of frenzy. President Lincoln has visited the navy yard and viewed the body of his youthful friend, Colonel Ellsworth. — [Lowell Courier.

THE CHARITY FOR THE TIMES. — "Sell that ye have, and give ARMS."

— *Lake*, 12 : 33.

Colonel Ellsworth — Sketch of his Life.

The news of the murder of Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth, at Alexandria, is calculated to create a feeling of intense sadness and indignation throughout the loyal states, and reveals to us another phase of Southern treachery and fanaticism. In the death of Colonel Ellsworth, our volunteer army will lose one of its most efficient and enthusiastic officers in the French school of light-infantry tactics, popularly known as the zouave drill. For these duties he manifested a skill and proficiency that amounted to a positive genius, and augured a promising future as a military leader.

Colonel Ellsworth was born near Mechanicsville, in Saratoga county, N. Y., April 23, 1837, and was, therefore, at the time of his death, only twenty-three years of age. In his early youth he manifested strong military inclinations. He lived at home until twelve or thirteen years of age, during which time he received a good military education. He was always a close and diligent student. On leaving home he went to Troy, and was employed for a number of years as clerk in a store in that city. But the narrow limits of the counter were not sufficient for the development of his talents and ambition, and, leaving his business, he came to this city, where he remained about two years.

Some six years since he removed to Chicago, arriving there penniless and without a profession or certain means of support; but by his industry, perseverance, and energy, he soon achieved an honorable position in that city.

The exciting exploits of the French zouaves at Sebastopol led him to investigate this description of drill. Coming to the decision that the zouave tactics were the most efficient yet studied, he set to work to organize a company of this character in Chicago, by the title of "The Chicago Zouaves." Forty or fifty young men joined the company, and he devoted himself assiduously to drilling them to the highest perfection in every branch of tactics. After a practice of about a year, a tour to the East was projected. They arrived in this city on the 14th of July, 1860, after a triumphant progress through the Western states. The novelty of their drill, their fantastic dress, the precision of their evolutions, attracted universal attention, not only from military men, but from the general public. The exhibition at the Academy of Music was an immense success, and Colonel Ellsworth became known all over the country as the originator of the zouave drill in the United States. New zouave companies began to be organized in most of the large cities.

Colonel Ellsworth lately studied law with Mr. Lincoln, and was admitted to the bar last spring. After Mr. Lincoln's election to the presidency it was generally understood that Colonel Ellsworth would be attached to his person. He accompanied the President to Washing-

ton, and was one of the most active and attentive members of the party. It was expected that he would be placed in some important position in the War department; but it is not probable that such a position would have been in accordance with his desires.

Immediately upon the outbreak of the war he sought active service, and came forward to New York and commenced the organization of a zouave regiment from members of the fire department. The freedom and dash of the zouave drill exactly suited the spirit of the firemen, and in an incredibly short time a full regiment had been formed, and was on its way to Washington. The regiment has elicited universal admiration.

His parents are still living at his native place. His only brother died a year ago last spring. He had no sister. At the time of his departure from the city with his regiment, his parents were stopping at the Astor house. At his last interview with them before he left, his mother said, —

"I hope God will take care of you, Elmer."

"He will take care of me, mother," he replied. "He has led me in this work, and He will take care of me."

God has taken care of him; and the culmination of his life could not have been more glorious for himself or the cause for which he died.

Colonel Ellsworth was exceedingly beloved wherever he was intimately known. The impression was sometimes obtained by strangers that there was a degree of affectation in his deportment, but those who knew him best were his warmest and most devoted friends. At Chicago and Rockford he was a universal favorite. President Lincoln entertained for him a high personal regard.

It may not be amiss to mention at this time that Colonel Ellsworth has been engaged for the last two years to Miss Carrie Spafford, a young lady of seventeen, the daughter of Charles F. Spafford, a wealthy citizen of Rockford, Ill. Miss Spafford was recently a student in the Carroll institute, Brooklyn. The marriage would probably have taken place ere this, but for the breaking out of the war.

The death of Colonel Ellsworth will mark an era in the history of this war, and his name will hereafter stand by the side of Warren and others who fell among the first in the Revolution in defense of their country. The assassin who has deprived him of life has conferred upon him immortality. The effect of his murder will be to intensify the war feeling in the North, and to furnish a battle-cry in future conflicts.

In this city the news of his death was received with expressions of the most profound sorrow. Most of the flags on public and private buildings, and on the vessels in the harbor, were lowered at half-mast, in token of respect to his memory. A meeting of the fund committee of his regiment was held yesterday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, to take appropriate measures in regard to his death. — [New York World.

The Memory of Colonel Ellsworth.

The hero is sleeping—the young and the brave;
 How dear was the life to his country he gave!
 Oh! long in their sorrow the nation shall mourn
 O'er genius and worth to the dark valley borne!
 But death can not blight, nor time ever dim,
 The fame he has won—the wreaths twined for him.
 Enshrined in our hearts are his valor and truth—
 Immortal he lives in the brightness of youth.
 How shaded with grief was the gladness of May,
 When love, weeping sad in its sorrow that day,
 Had strewn with fair flowers, all fragrant and bright,
 The coffin that closed his loved form from our sight,
 And hung the bright folds of the Star-spangled blue
 Where silent in death lay the brave and the true,
 And wreathed folds of erape, their shading to blend
 With the flag that he loved—that he died to defend!

With tears and with prayers they bore him to rest;
 The soldiers he loved laid the turf on his breast.
 Oh! never such tears their eyes wept before
 As fell for their leader, who'll lead them no more!
 They looked on their banner—'t was bright through their tears—
 The memory of Ellsworth their banner endears!
 Must life such as *his* the sacrifice be
 To shield from the traitor the flag of the free?

Oh! why must the loved, the dearest of all,
 Be first in the field, and the soonest to fall?
 Though dark be the path where our footsteps may go,
 What we see not now we hereafter shall know;
 Why death hath been suffered to quench the young life,
 The strength that we needed in war's coming strife—
 Why we hear the sad words, "yield dust unto dust,"
 Said over the sleeper whose arm was our trust.

When morning shall dawn, and our freedom is won,
 When the soldier comes home, and the battle is done,
 When laurels we twine for the true and the brave—
 Our love shall look back to the hero who gave
 His life and his genius, all radiant with youth,
 To Freedom's dear cause—to his country and truth.
 And no name shall be wreathed in victory's song
 With honors more dear than to Ellsworth belong!
 LAUREL BROOK, June 3, 1861. JULIET.

—[Boston Journal.

ALL HAIL, CONNECTICUT!—The Hartford *Press* of last evening chronicles the following glorious evidence of public spirit and patriotism in the Connecticut legislature:—

"A bill was reported yesterday, appropriating \$2,000,000, and authorizing the governor to call out ten thousand men for the defense of the Union. It was passed unanimously this morning, by both houses. All parties joined in urging it through with a hearty good will."

By this bill the men are to receive \$10 a month in addition to the government allowance.

Letters from the Seat of War.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., May 1, 1861.

To the Editor of the Boston *Journal*.
 Cold and windy to-day; so cold that heavy overcoats are comfortable; so windy that it has been impossible to land Ellsworth's zouaves and the New York Fifth regiment, which are below. They will doubtless be landed and forwarded to Washington to-morrow. The affairs of this post have now become pretty well organized. Doctor Kimball, of Lowell, is surgeon-general; Gen. E. W. Peirce, of Massachusetts, is master of ordnance; Captain Turnley, of the regular service, is quartermaster; T. Bailey Myers, of New York, is assistant-quartermaster; Capt. J. E. Estabrook, of Worcester, is issuing commissary, and Captain DeForest, a volunteer from Philadelphia, is receiving commissary; Mr. Crane, of Lowell, is postmaster. The railroad business has been systematized, too. Heretofore every passenger going to or from Washington, via Annapolis, has been obliged to call at head-quarters to have his passport countersigned. The head-quarters of the department have appeared a good deal like an emigrant forwarding-office. Last night there were about one hundred and fifty passes examined and countersigned before 11 o'clock, when I went home, so to speak. After that I understand another crowd, quite as large, arrived and were put through the usual course. All this sort of thing is now to be stopped. Passengers are to take and leave the boat at the wharf in town, and two sets of trains are to be run over the railway—military and passenger.

Gentlemen who have got petitions to be appointed to office, and have an idea that by displaying the envelope thereof, addressed to "A. Lincoln, President," etc., they can pass themselves off as "bearers of dispatches," need not take much comfort from the above, however. The "United States Military route" is a "hard road to travel!" I assure you. Aside from the liability of being stopped by a gentleman in uniform, who doesn't like your appearance, there is the fact that the necessity of the public service will always override the pleasure of mere private travelers, there is the chance—and a right smart chance it is—that you will be turned loose, late at night, in the little town of Annapolis, with the privilege of sleeping wherever you can—in a stable, if fortunate, in the street if you are not.

Red tape rules in some quarters. In a camp like this there are a great many letters written home. Unfortunately not one man in a hundred has a postage-stamp. But they must be sent, nevertheless, under these circumstances. General Butler addressed a communication to the post-office department, proposing that stamps should be furnished, and here is the reply he got:—

"POST-OFFICE DEPT., May 1, 1861.

"Sir,—I am instructed by the postmaster-general to advise you that after full consideration of the subject of your dispatch of yesterday, he finds himself constrained to say that he has no authority to sanction the arrangement which you suggest for furnishing postage-stamps to the gallant men under your command. He can not disregard the law governing his action in this matter, much as it would grieve him to manifest by any means in his power his admiration of the stern patriotism which has brought so many of the sons of the Bay state hitherward so promptly.

"I am very respectfully, your obedient servant.
 THOMAS P. TROTT, Chief Clerk,
 "To Brig.-gen. B. E. Butler, Annapolis, Md."

It is pleasant to learn that in these lawless times there is one man who will not even dispose of a post stamp without the sanction of the statute. The postage-stamp business is settled, however. General Butler has written to the postmaster at Perryville, ordering him to stamp the camp letters, and agreeing to pay the expense himself, if the government will not.

The Third battalion and the Massachusetts Rifles, and the Tenth company, Eighth regiment, Captain Briggs, are ordered to be ready to march at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning. The men are all in high glee, but not one of them knows where he is to go.

This afternoon I took a drive of half a dozen miles into the country. Two fine estates

greeted the eye, but the greater portion of the territory is covered by the shanties of the poor whites. At the terminus of the trip I made a call upon a couple of guards of the Sixty-ninth. They are posted at distances not more than half a mile apart, the right resting on Bladensburg, and the left extending to the railway-station in this city. The men have built shanties, in which they say they live very comfortably. They find no trouble at all from the enemy—if there is any, which is becoming a matter of great doubt.

A cargo of ears and a locomotive arrived from Perryville this morning. In a few days they will be put upon the railway at the wharf.

There is a growing opinion here that there is to be no fight. Certainly there is to be none with Maryland, which was so warlike a week ago. There is no reliable evidence that there are five hundred men who want to fight between here and Montgomery. The Potomac is open. The roads of Maryland—of this part of it, at least—are safe for public travel. There is none of that "excitement" about which His Excellency Governor Hicks so much dreaded ten days ago. Troops can be moved, to any number, from New York to Washington, via Perryville and this port, in less than twenty-four hours, as safely as they can be moved from Boston to Worcester, and this place can be held against all the men in the "Confederacy" capable of bearing arms, for an unlimited time.

Interesting Correspondence — Re-pressing Slave Insurrections.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Council Chamber, Boston, April 25, 1861.
 General,—I have received through Major Ames a dispatch transmitted from Perryville, detailing the proceedings at Annapolis from the time of your arrival of that port until the hour when Major Ames left you to return to Philadelphia. I wish to repeat the assurance of my entire satisfaction with the action you have taken, with a single exception. If I rightly understood the telegraphic dispatch, I think that your action in tendering to Governor Hicks the assistance of our Massachusetts troops to suppress a threatened servile insurrection among the hostile people of Maryland, was unnecessary. I hope that the fuller dispatches, which are on their way from you, may show reasons why I should modify my opinion concerning that particular instance; but in general I think that the matter of servile insurrections among a community in arms against the Federal Union, is no longer to be regarded by our troops in a political, but solely in a military point of view, and is to be contemplated as one of the inherent weaknesses of the enemy, from the disastrous operations of which we are under no obligation of a military character to guard them, in order that they may be enabled to improve the security which our arms would afford, so as to prosecute with more energy their traitorous attacks upon the Federal government and capital. The mode in which such outbreaks are to be considered should depend entirely upon the loyalty or disloyalty of the community in which they occur, and in the vicinity of Annapolis I can, on this occasion, perceive no reason of military policy why a force summoned to the defense of the Federal government, at this moment of all others, should be offered to be diverted from its immediate duty, to help Rebels, who stand with arms in their hands, obstructing its progress toward the city of Washington. I entertain no doubt that whenever we shall have an opportunity to interchange our views personally on this subject, we shall arrive at entire concordance of opinion.
 Yours faithfully,
 (Signed,) JOHN A. ANDREW.

To Brigadier-general Butler.

DEPARTMENT OF ANNAPOLIS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ANNAPOLIS, May 9, 1861.
 To His Excellency JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor and Commander-in-chief.

Sir,—I have delayed replying to Your Excellency's dispatch of the April 25th, in my other dispatches, because as it involved only disapprobation of an act done, couched in the

kindest language, I supposed the interest of the country could not suffer from the delay; and incessant labor, up to the present moment, has prevented my giving full consideration to the topic. Temporary illness, which forbids bodily activity, gives me now a moment's pause.

The telegraph, with more than usual accuracy, had rightly informed Your Excellency that I had offered the services of the Massachusetts troops under my command to the authorities of Maryland in suppressing a threatened slave insurrection. Fortunately for us all, the rumor of such an outbreak was without substantial foundation. Assuming, as Your Excellency does in your dispatch, that I was carrying on military operations in an enemy's country, when a war *a l'entrance* was to be waged, my act might be a matter of discussion. And in that view, acting in the light of the Baltimore murders and the apparently hostile position of Maryland, Your Excellency might, without mature reflection, have come to the conclusion of disapprobation expressed in your dispatch. But the facts, especially as now aided by their results, will entirely justify my act, and reinstate me in Your Excellency's good opinion.

True, I landed on the soil of Maryland against the formal protest of its governor and of the corporate authorities of Annapolis, but without any armed opposition on their part, and expecting opposition only from insurgents assembled in riotous contempt of the laws of this state. Before, by letter, and at the time of landing, by personal interview, I had informed Governor Hicks that soldiers of the Union, under my command, were armed only against the insurgents and disturbers of the peace of Maryland and of the United States. I received from Governor Hicks assurances of the loyalty of the state to the Union—assurances which subsequent events have fully justified. The mayor of Annapolis also informed me that the city authorities would in no wise oppose me, but that I was in great danger from the excited and riotous mobs of Baltimore pouring down upon me, and in numbers beyond the control of his police. I assured both the governor and the mayor that I had no fear of a Baltimore or other mob, and that, supported by the authorities of the state and city, I should suppress all hostile demonstrations against the laws of Maryland and the United States, and that I would protect both myself and the city of Annapolis from any disorderly persons whatsoever. On the morning following my landing, I was informed that the city of Annapolis and environs were in danger from an insurrection of the slave population, in defiance of the laws of the state. What was I to do? I had promised to put down a white mob and to preserve and enforce laws against that. Ought I to allow a black one any preference in a breach of the laws? I understood that I was armed against all infractions of the laws, whether by white or black, and upon that understanding I acted, certainly with promptness and efficiency. And Your Excellency's shadow of disapprobation, arising from a misunderstanding of the facts, has caused all the regret I have for that action. The question seemed to me to be neither military nor political, and was not to be so treated. It was simply a question of good faith and honesty of purpose. The benign effect of my course was instantly seen. The good but timid people of Annapolis, who had fled from their houses at our approach, immediately returned; business resumed its accustomed channels; quiet and order prevailed in the city; confidence took the place of distrust, friendship of enmity, brotherly kindness of sectional hate, and I believe to-day there is no city in the Union more loyal than the city of Annapolis. I think, therefore, I may safely point to the results for my justification. The vote of the neighboring county of Washington, a few days since, for its delegate to the legislature, wherein four thousand out of five thousand votes were thrown for a delegate favorable to the Union, is among the many happy fruits of firmness of purpose, efficiency of action, and integrity of mission. I believe, indeed, that it will not require a personal interchange of views, as suggested in your dispatch, to bring our minds in accordance; a simple statement of the facts will suffice.

But I am to act hereafter, it may be, in an enemy's country, among a servile population, when the question may arise, as it has

not yet arisen, as well in a moral and Christian, as in a political and military, point of view. What shall I then do? Will Your Excellency bear with me a moment while this question is discussed?

I appreciate fully Your Excellency's suggestion as to the inherent weakness of the Rebels, arising from the preponderance of their servile population. The question, then, is, in what manner shall we take advantage of that weakness? By allowing, and of course arming, that population, to rise upon the defenseless women and children of the country, carrying rapine, arson, and murder—all the horrors of San Domingo, a million times magnified, among those whom we hope to remite with us as brethren, many of whom are already so, and all who are worth preserving will be, when this horrible madness shall have passed away or be threshed out of them? Would Your Excellency advise the troops under my command to make war in person upon the defenseless women and children of any part of the Union, accompanied with brutalities too horrible to be named? You will say, "God forbid!" If we may not do so in person, shall we arm others so to do, over whom we can have no restraint, exercise no control, and who, when once they have tasted blood, may turn the very arms we put in their hands against ourselves, as a part of the oppressing white race? The reading of history so familiar to Your Excellency will tell you the bitterest cause of complaint which our fathers had against Great Britain, in the war of the Revolution, was the arming by the British ministry of the red man with the tomahawk and the scalping-knife against the women and children of the colonies, so that the phrase, "May we not use all the means which God and nature have put in our power to subjugate the colonies?" has passed into a legend of infamy against the leader of that ministry who used it in parliament. Shall history teach us in vain? Could we justify ourselves to ourselves? Although with arms in our hands amid the savage wildness of camp and field, we may have blunted many of the finer moral sensibilities in letting loose four millions of worse than savages upon the homes and hearths of the South, can we be justified to the Christian community of Massachusetts? Would such a course be consonant with the teachings of our holy religion? I have a very decided opinion upon the subject, and if any one desires, as I know Your Excellency does not, this unhappy contest to be prosecuted in that manner, some instrument other than myself must be found to carry it on. I may not discuss the political bearings of this topic. When I went from under the shadow of my root-tree, I left all politics behind me to be resumed only when every part of the Union is loyal to the flag, and the potency of the government through the ballot-box is established.

Passing the moral and Christian view, let us examine the subject as a military question. Is not that state already subjugated which requires the bayonets of those armed in opposition to its rulers, to preserve it from the horrors of a servile war? As the least experienced of military men, I would have no doubt of the entire subjugation of a state brought to that condition. When, therefore—unless I am better advised—any community in the United States who have met me in honorable warfare, or even in the prosecution of a rebellious war in an honorable manner, shall call upon me for protection against the nameless horrors of a servile insurrection, they shall have it, and from the moment that call is obeyed, I have no doubt we shall be friends and not enemies.

The possibilities that dishonorable means of defense are to be taken by the Rebels against the government I do not now contemplate. If, as has been done in a single instance, my men are to be attacked by poison, or as in another, stricken down by the assassin's knife, and thus murdered, the community using such weapons may be required to be taught that it holds within its own border a more potent means for deadly purposes and indiscriminate slaughter than any which it can administer to us.

Trusting that these views may meet Your Excellency's approval, I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
BENJ. F. BUTLER.

Letter from Wiscasset.

WISCASSET, Me., May 9, 1861.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal.

The Stars and Stripes were displayed from the Custom house to-day by Mr. Foote, the newly-appointed collector, with very interesting ceremonies. A large crowd of ladies and gentlemen were in attendance, together with the company of volunteers under command of Capt. E. M. Smith. After some remarks appropriate to the occasion, by the collector, the halliards of the flag were given into the hands of the company, through their captain, who received them with a beautiful and eloquent response, and raised the flag to the truck amidst the most enthusiastic cheers of his company and the crowd, and the firing of cannon. His Honor Judge Kent, of the Supreme court, who is now holding a term at this place, then addressed the assemblage in a speech abounding in sentiments of touching interest and sterling patriotism. Speeches were also made by A. P. Gould, Esq., of Thomaston, and Wales Hubbard, Esq., of Wiscasset. A short address was then made to the volunteers by the collector, who thanked them for their services in the ceremonies, and the crowd dispersed amid hearty cheers for the flag. The company of volunteers is one of the finest in Maine, and is highly spoken of by good judges as a splendid body of men, their average weight being one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, and all having true grit. Captain Smith, who is a son of the late ex-Governor Smith, of Maine, has reason to be proud of his company, and he has won much applause by his unremitting exertions in bringing his soldiers to a good degree of perfection in drill. Our patriotic ladies are busily engaged with the needle in making extra garments, etc., for the troops, and our town is resolved that we will do as much in furnishing men and money as any town of equal size in Maine.

Yours,

P. B. P.

MORE REFUGEES FROM THE SOUTH.—On Wednesday evening four gentlemen, accompanied by their wives and little ones, reached this place from the "Old Dominion," having been driven from their homes on Friday last by a party of Southern Rebels, who notified them that they must swear allegiance to the Southern Confederacy within the space of four hours, or else leave the state; or, if they did not comply with the order given, they would be put to death, and their property destroyed.

They reached this place in their country wagons, bringing with them only a portion of their clothing, as they were compelled to leave behind their furniture, together with their bedding, property, farms, etc. They state that the Secessionists were taking forcible possession of oxen, cattle, horses, etc., together with whatever else they could lay their hands on. They are all from New York state, but for the last sixteen years have resided in Virginia, engaged in farming.—[Philadelphia Press.]

Military Matters, Etc.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[OFFICIAL.]

HEAD-QUARTERS, BOSTON, May 13, 1861.
GENERAL ORDER NO. 11.

WHEREAS, It appears by a proclamation of the President, and by orders issued from the War department of the United States, that no more volunteers will be accepted for a less term than three years, unless sooner discharged:

It is, therefore, ordered, that no more companies be organized except such as shall be enlisted under an agreement with the following terms:

"We, the undersigned, by our signatures

hereto annexed, do hereby severally agree to serve as members of the Massachusetts volunteer militia in the army of the United States, as volunteers, for the term of three years, unless sooner discharged, from the date of our being mustered into said service, in accordance with the terms of the proclamation of the President of the United States, issued May 3, A. D. 1861. Dated at —."

Inasmuch as numerous contributions have been made and proposed for the several volunteer companies, it is earnestly recommended that hereafter such funds shall be reserved for the benefit of such volunteers as shall enlist for the three years' term.

The Commander-in-chief takes this opportunity of rendering his thanks for the prompt and patriotic response to General Order No. 8, and for the cordial interest universally manifested by the militia of Massachusetts in the cause of their country.

Major-generals Sutton, Morse, and Andrews will promulgate this order throughout their respective divisions.

By order of His Excellency,

JOHN. A. ANDREW,

Governor and Commander-in-chief.
WM. SCHOLLER, Adjutant-general.

Return of Colonel Cowdin of the First and Lieutenant-colonel Blaisdell of the Eleventh Regiments—Interesting Account of Their Mission.

Col. Robert Cowdin, of the First regiment, returned home last evening from Washington, whither he went on Wednesday last to tender to the government the services of his command for three years, or the war. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-colonel Perkins and Adjutant Beach, who remained in Washington. They arrived at the national capital at 10 o'clock on Thursday night, via Perryville and Annapolis. Along the entire route through Delaware Union flags were flying in every direction, and the utmost enthusiasm was manifested by all classes. The first troops were met at Edgerton, in Maryland, from which point to Washington every village appeared to be a military camp,—soldiers parading and drums beating.

On the morning after his arrival Colonel Cowdin met Senator Wilson, who introduced him to General Scott, whom he represents as being extremely feeble. The General, in reply to the offer of Colonel Cowdin, said that he was glad to see Boston so prompt to respond to the call of the President, and that he should be pleased to have her troops in the service. He, however, referred Colonel Cowdin to Secretary Cameron, to whom he formally offered the services of his regiment. He laid before Mr. Cameron a petition to the President to be accepted as a part of the quota from Massachusetts, and Senator Wilson urged the claims of the First regiment, promising that they would go into the field fully armed and equipped. Colonel Cowdin had an interview with Brevet Brigadier-general Mansfield, formerly of this state, who served in the Mexican war, and informed him of his object in visiting Washington. General Mansfield said that the government needed the First regiment and must have it, and went with Colonel Cowdin on Saturday morning to see the Secretary of War at his own house. Mr. Cameron was favor-

ably impressed with the representations which were made respecting the regiment, which he should be glad to receive, but as there had been four times the number of troops offered that could be accepted, the matter of designating what regiments should be sent would be left with the governors of the different states. If Governor Andrew thought proper to send the First regiment, he would be highly gratified.

Colonel Cowdin immediately telegraphed to Governor Andrew the result of his interview, and requested an answer; but no response was received by him or Lieutenant-colonel Perkins, who remained in Washington, while Colonel Cowdin started for the camp at the Relay house. He found Captain Sampson, of the Washington Light Infantry, in command of four companies of the Sixth regiment, stationed at a point about half a mile from the headquarters of General Butler, who was himself at Annapolis, but returned the same evening. Major Cook's command of light artillery was somewhat divided. Two pieces were posted on the brow of an elevation commanding the railroad bridge of the Baltimore & Washington railroad, which crosses the ravine, and two others were stationed so as to command the railroad from Harper's Ferry.

The steam-gun, accounts of the seizure of which have reached us by telegraph, was not taken from the cars, but from a wagon drawn by a mule over an obscure road. Information of its passage was communicated to Captain Sampson by a gentleman from Baltimore, and by him made known to Colonel Jones, who sent a detachment to seize it. All but one of the men who were arrested with the gun have been discharged by General Butler, it appearing that they were merely hired to transport it. The gun was then in the hands of machinists, who were putting it in order. Colonel Cowdin secured one of the balls captured with the gun, as a trophy of the seizure. He found Col. E. G. Parker at the head-quarters of General Butler, and was kindly received.

The troops, both at the Relay house and those of the Eighth regiment in Washington, are represented as having worn out the uniforms which they wore from home. The troops are objects of great curiosity to the Baltimoreans, who visit the camp daily to the number of five hundred. After dining with Captain Sampson Colonel Cowdin started for Annapolis, and on the way passed a train with three thousand troops on board.

A meeting of the officers of the First regiment was held last evening, at which Colonel Cowdin gave an account of his adventures. All honorable means will be employed to induce the governor to order the regiment to Washington, and as this was the first regiment of volunteers tendered the general government for the term of three years, it seems eminently proper that they should be sent.

Lieutenant-colonel Blaisdell, of the Eleventh regiment, also returned to

this city yesterday from Washington, where he has been to offer the services of his regiment for the war. He found the whole length of the military route recently opened from the Delaware line to Havre de Grace, and from Annapolis to Washington, closely guarded by sentinels, who stand in sight of each other for the whole distance. An attack was daily expected on the head-quarters of General Butler at the Relay house, but no doubt was entertained that it would be repulsed.

In Washington the desire was expressed that the expenses of the military should be kept at as low a figure as possible, as it was universally anticipated that the war would be a long one and draw heavily upon the resources of the country.

He says that the thin clothing which it has been proposed to send on for the use of the troops, would be good for nothing when on a campaign, no matter what the climate might be. Only the strongest cloths should be used in the manufacture of uniforms, as nothing else will stand the wear and tear of active service.

The Colonel brought dispatches from the government to Governor Andrew, and the regiment with which he is connected (Colonel Clark's) will probably be called upon as one of the three new ones which are to be taken from Massachusetts.

The War News.

On Saturday General Scott forwarded dispatches to General Butler, at Annapolis, placing the Massachusetts Sixth regiment and other troops at his command, and giving him three days to take possession of the Relay house at the junction of the Baltimore & Ohio and the Baltimore & Washington railroads, nine miles from Baltimore and thirty from Washington. General Butler responded that he would hold religious services there yesterday. The Sixth regiment went up early Sunday morning. This movement was made to co-operate with the Pennsylvania troops now advancing upon Baltimore from the other side.

At noon yesterday the Massachusetts Eighth and the New York Fifty-second train arrived at the Relay house. They took possession of the telegraph wires, planted eight howitzers on the viaduct, and invested the entire neighborhood. They have encamped on the grounds on the west side of Patapsco river. This point gives full command of the road to and from the West.

The bridges burned by the Baltimore rioters are all being rebuilt, and communication will soon be reopened.

A special Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald* says that Governor Andrew has notified the Secretary of the Navy of the purchase of the steamships *Massachusetts* and *South Carolina*, and asks authority to commission commanders, if not employed by the government. They will be used to protect

Massachusetts' commerce from Jefferson Davis' pirates.

The Rhode Island Artillery, with Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves, are ordered to Alexandria to-day. The citizens of that place have pledged themselves that steamers or vessels passing there shall not be molested, and the *Pawnee*, which was stationed there, will be removed.

The War department has issued an order creating a military department at Annapolis, under General Butler, embracing Annapolis and the railroad from Annapolis to Badensburg, with twenty-one miles each side of the track, and including Baltimore.

The new steamer *Minnesota* sailed from the Charlestown navy yard on Saturday, and the *Niagara* from New York yesterday, both with sealed orders.

It is reported that all Secessionists have been ordered to leave Washington at once.

General Patterson has proposed a flying railroad battery of artillery, probably to be used on the road from Annapolis to Washington. The guns are mounted on a railroad freight car, and will be put in position for instant service in case of emergency.

A million percussion caps were seized at New York on Friday, which had been shipped for Charleston. A case of revolvers were also seized at the American express office.

A corps of telegraph operators are being organized to be attached to the army.

Letters from Boston, received in Washington, indicate that \$5,000,000 of the new loan (\$18,000,000) will be taken in that city.

The Massachusetts Rifles, from Worcester, have re-infreced Fort Mifflin, — the famous point, which, while being attacked by the English, suggested the grand song of the "Star-spangled Banner."

Telegraphic communication with Harper's Ferry is cut off, and it was rumored in Maryland yesterday that no more trains west would be allowed to leave; and it was understood that the movement was the basis of operations to retake Harper's Ferry.

The report that Pennsylvania troops had passed through Baltimore on Friday is not fully credited.

On Saturday there were thirty thousand troops in and around Washington.

Cairo, Ill., to be Attacked. A dispatch from Cairo, at which some days ago three thousand Western troops had assembled, says:—

"General Pillow, General Ely, and other prominent officers of the Confederate army, with a large number from Mississippi and Arkansas, are at Memphis, and heavy guns are arriving there daily. Colonel Prentiss, commanding officer at Cairo, has just received the following dispatch from three of the most prominent citizens of Cincinnati: 'General Pillow has several steamers ready at Memphis. He meditates an immediate attack on Cairo, Ill.' Colonel Prentiss replied: 'Let him come. He will learn to dig his ditch on the right side. I am ready.'"

A dispatch to the *New York News*, dated Saturday, says:—

"It is the intention of General Scott to open the campaign against the South by retaking Harper's Ferry, at every hazard, as soon as troops shall have been marched through Baltimore, and the Secession movement has been suppressed in Maryland. You may rely upon this intelligence. Harper's Ferry will be again in the hands of the Federal government before the 12th inst. Meanwhile, Pennsylvania troops, under the protection of batteries on the heights and around Baltimore, will force a passage through that city."

A Letter from Home.

BY C. HENRY ST. JOHN.

Some were sitting — some were standing —
Some were fishing in the lake;
Some were sound asleep and dreaming;
Some were dreaming wide awake;
Some were patching up their tatters;
Some were polishing their guns;
Some were reading ragged letters;
Some were popping sorry puns;

Each was using his endeavor
Thus to pass the time away;
All were anxious, all were ready,
All were sighing for the "fray."
When soon there came a murmur,
Like the rising of a gale —
"Corporal Jones has got a letter
From his sister, by the mail!"

"A letter, boys! a letter!"
And each man was on his feet;
"Corporal Jones has got a letter!"
How we scampered up the "street!"
A letter from New England!
"T was an angel from the skies,
Some came with eager questions,
Not a few with tearful eyes.

"Now please to read it, Corporal,
Let us hear it — every word."
Yet nothing but the crackle
Of the paper could be heard;
But that alone was music,
And no sweeter seemed to be —
For it brought the leafy rustle
Of our dear old trysting tree!

With frequent interruption
Does he read it line by line —
How the corn-crop is progressing,
And how flourishes the vine;
Then all that father's doing,
And something mother said;
How Sally Brown is wedded,
And Mary Smith is dead.

Too soon the sheet is ended;
How very brief it seems!
But it sets us all a-talking,
And it lengthens out our dreams.
For our feet in fancy wander
O'er the hills we know so well,
And we linger 'neath the root-tree
Where our hearts' affections dwell!

Oh, ye who may not shoulder
A musket in the strife —
Each mother, daughter, sister,
Each matron, maiden, wife —
Let every gale come laden
With the perfume of your love,
And spirits faint and drooping
"T will to deeds of valor move!"

AN ACT OF JUSTICE. — We are glad that Governor Andrew has issued an order that the numbers of the new regiments raised for service shall be changed, so as not to be confounded with the regiments already in service. This is but simple justice, as each regiment will be responsible for its own acts; and any glory that may have been won by the Sixth regiment, or any other, will not be given to those that enter the service

later; and any disgrace (we pray there may be none) that may fall upon any body of men, will fall where it belongs, and not hereafter rest upon those who should not share it. It will also excite each regiment to strive for distinction, having the example of those who have acquitted themselves nobly to prompt them to greater exertions, knowing that what they win can not be shared with others. We think the act which has settled this matter eminently wise and proper.

The six new regiments will be numbered as follows: Colonel Cowdin's, First; Colonel Gordon's, Second; Colonel Couch's, Seventh; Colonel Cass', Ninth; Colonel Briggs', Tenth; Colonel Clark's, Eleventh. It is probable that the Webster regiment will retain its present designation as the Twelfth.

Extra Session of the Legislature — Governor's Proclamation.

WHEREAS, It is provided by the constitution of the commonwealth that the governor, with the consent of the council, shall have full power and authority during the recess of the General Court, to call it together sooner than the time to which it was adjourned, if the welfare of the state shall require the same. And, whereas, the welfare of the commonwealth does in my judgment require that the General Court should be called together to deliberate upon the present condition of public affairs, I do, therefore, with the advice and consent of the council, issue this, my proclamation, to the members of the General Court, to assemble at the State house, on Tuesday, the 14th day of May instant, at 12 o'clock, noon.

Given in the council chamber, etc.
(Signed,) JOHN A. ANDREW,
OLIVER WARREN, Sec'y of State.

PRACTICAL MEN IN THE ARMY. — The *New York Tribune*, a few days ago, in describing the reconstruction of the railroad at Annapolis, by the New York Seventh and Massachusetts Eighth regiments, relates the following striking incident:—

"All know how the willing hearts and skilful hands of the two regiments did that duty; how the man who made the engine repaired his own work; how engineers and artisans of all necessary crafts were found among that efficient and hardy band of Eastern men, till at length the whole road was complete save a single rail. It was sought for in vain. Every nook and corner was scanned, but still that one remaining link was wanting, without which the work was incomplete. It was a Massachusetts man who rose to the emergency. With eyes and faculties sharpened by use, and the habit of overcoming obstacles, he surveyed the ground, considered probabilities, and weighed the chances. Then, with an instinct as unerring as that of an Indian, who reads in the turning of a leaf the passage of a foe, he made his way to a deep stream, at some distance, examined its banks, and stripped. Three times he plunged to the bottom, and the third time brought up the missing rail! 'I am working for my country, and not for pay,' he said, when, amid the cheers of the Seventh's men, one of them offered him a piece of gold."

The Soldier's Wife.

[A soldier, whose wife was in a decline and evidently had but a few weeks longer to live, had received notice that his regiment was to proceed at once to the defense of our national capital.]

He was devotedly attached to his wife, and taking her hand tenderly in his, he told her that his country had summoned him to her defense, adding that he left it to her to decide whether he should go or stay.

With a heroism which finds a parallel only in those times which tried the souls of men and the hearts of women, she bade him go, though well she knew, as he drew her fondly to his heart, that she should never more behold him until they met in that home of peace and love into which the tumult of war never enters.]

Said a stately form upspringing,
While his stirring accents, ringing,
Sounded like some martial strain,
"Lo, I hear my country calling!
I've avenged her sons are falling!
By their treacherous brothers slain!

"Shall I hear that call unheeding?
Shall I see her wronged and bleeding?
And my righteous wrath restrain?
By the flag that waves above me!
By the cherished hearts that love me!
Neither doubt nor fear shall move me!
I will Freedom's cause maintain!"

Gentler, softer thought came o'er him,
As a slight form rose before him;
Mournful was the look she gave.
Like a broken lily lying,
Well he knew that she was dying,
That each wing'd moment flying,
Bore her swiftly to the grave.

Fondly on her pale cheek gazing,
To his lips her thin hand raising,
Tender grew his voice, and low;
"Well I know how much 't will grieve thee,
Speak, dear love, 't is hard to leave thee!
Shall the patriot's ranks receive me?
Tell me, shall I stay, or go?"

On his face her dark eyes turning,
All her soul within her burning,
Stilling every tender yearning
That would keep him by her side;
"Shall my woman's tears restrain thee?
Shall my clasping arms detain thee?
When thy country calls?" she cried.

"Dearer than the dearest brother,
Loving sire or tender mother,
To my heart there is no other!
Naught have I on earth beside!
What am I that thou should'st heed me?
Go! the God of Freedom speed thee!
As of yore, His hand shall lead thee
Safely o'er the stormy tide.

"Freely to thy country giving
Health and strength, and life, while living,
Live, our land to guard and save!
All her traitorous foes defying,
Never wavering, never flying,
In her cause, if wounded, dying!
Die, as die the true and brave!"

Thus she spoke, his grief beguiling,
Yet, though brightly, softly smiling,
Heavy grew her heart with pain,
As she felt his arm entold her
Knowing that he ne'er would hold her
Warmly to his heart again.

Where seraphic strains are breathing,
There the angels' hands are weaving
For her head the martyr's crown;
Who, with steps that did not falter,
Upon Freedom's holy altar,
Laid the best beloved down. M. G. H.
NASHUA, N. H., May, 1861.

War Letters.

The New Bedford *Standard* publishes a letter from a lady in Washington, in which she speaks at length of the respect and esteem felt for each other by the New York Seventh and the Massa-

chusetts Eighth regiments. She relates the following interesting incident:—

"There is a story told by one of the Seventh that no one can listen to without tears and a glow of pride in our New England soldiers. He says, 'While encamped in Maryland, I wandered off one day and came to a farm-house, where I saw a party of those Massachusetts fellows—well, no, they were Rhode Island boys—talking with a woman who was greatly frightened. They tried in vain to quiet her apprehensions. They asked for food, and she cried, 'Oh, take all I have; take every thing, but spare my sick husband!' 'Oh, darn it!' said one of the men, 'we ain't goin' to hurt you; we want something to eat.' But the woman persisted in being frightened in spite of all efforts to reassure her, and hurried whatever food she had on the table. But," said the lieutenant, 'when she saw this company stand about the table with bared heads, and a tall, gaunt man raise his hand and invoke God's blessing on the bounties spread before them, the poor woman broke down with a fit of sobbing and crying. She had no longer any fears, but bid them wait, and in a few moments had made them hot coffee in abundance. She then emptied their canteens of the muddy water they contained, and filled them with coffee. Her astonishment increased when they insisted upon paying her.' The lieutenant tells this with great expression. Said he, 'Their asking a blessing took me by surprise; and when I saw this, I felt that our country was safe with such men to fight for it.'

Nearly every letter from Washington refers to the regiments above mentioned.

A letter published in the Worcester *Transcript* contains the following:—

"The Eighth Massachusetts regiment came here much worn out. Night before last we gave them our supper, and yesterday the New York Seventh immortalized itself by sending them about twenty casks of lager, several barrels of boiled eggs, bread, oranges, and lemons in abundance. I never witnessed such another noble act of kindness, and the Eighth were completely overwhelmed. They were absolutely starving, as no facilities had then been provided for cooking their rations; and this kind provision of the New York Seventh towards our own brethren of Massachusetts ought to call forth the eternal gratitude of every son of Massachusetts. One of the officers of the Eighth, in a few brief remarks to the Seventh, said, 'The New York Seventh are our preservers, for how could we have lived, were it not for your bounty?' An officer of the Seventh jumped to his feet, and replied: 'Good God! comrades-in-arms, don't talk that! We never could have reached Washington were it not for the aid of the Massachusetts Eighth. You found mechanics to repair the locomotives, to lay the track, and to run the locomotives from Annapolis to the Junction. Without that aid we could never have come through.' The boys of both regiments actually cried, so deep was the feeling. That

Seventh regiment has a big heart—God bless them!"

Governor Sprague can not accept the position of brigadier-general in the army without yielding his official position at home, and telegraphs officially to the people of Rhode Island that he desires to remain where he can best serve his country. He will shortly return home.

The gallant little state is ready to respond literally to the parting injunction of her governor, who, as he bade farewell to his friends on the pier, said, "For every man that falls, send ten, and don't spare the money."

The Rhode Island Regiment.

"Perley" says: "The Rhode Island regiment, in point of appearance, was even superior to the Seventh New York, as the men are admirably uniformed and equipped." We are indebted to a friend for the following facts, which will account for this manifest superiority:—

When Governor Sprague issued his call for volunteers, about three times the number required presented themselves. To choose from these the number wanted, in the first place every man was subjected, as in the United States regular army, to a careful examination by surgeons, the man being stripped entirely naked, and a variety of tests applied. If any defect or infirmity was discovered, the man was set aside.

In one instance, a stout-built, well-made man, weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds, who told the surgeon he could throw him out of the window, was told, "You can't pass, sir; one of your lungs is diseased." Another, who supposed himself all right, after a little hesitation was set aside by the surgeon. "What's the matter with me," he said, "Ain't I healthy?" "Y-es-s!" was the reply. "Then why can't I go?" Turning down a chair the surgeon replied, "If you will jump over that chair you may." The recruit made a resolute dash at the chair, but landed on his back. His legs were not equal to it, so he couldn't go.

One of the tests employed was a vigorous blow in the loins from the surgeon's fist.

After this rigorous examination had thrown aside all the unsound men there still remained one-half more than were wanted, and military officers made a second selection, leaving out one-third of the number.

Governor Sprague, who goes in command, though a civilian, has been for years a diligent student of military science, and also had opportunity for personal observation of military operations in the late Italian war, so that he is well versed in the theoretical knowledge.

Among the officers of the Rhode Island regiment are Colonel Burnside and Major Slocumb, who have both seen service and attained a high reputation in the United States regular army. They have employed their experience and indefatigable personal attention to perfect the equipment and discipline of the Rhode Island troops.

Red, White, and Blue.

CAMP SONG.

Come, brothers, come join in the chorus;
Let it ring on this soft summer air;
Our hunting floats jauntily o'er us—
All its stripes and its stars are still there.
Here 's a health to our friends left behind us—
To those we have bidden adieu;
"Where duty may call, there you 'll find us,"
Proudly bearing the red, white, and blue.
Proudly bearing, etc.

The laws and our beloved constitution
Secession may vainly defy,
But there 's coming a just retribution—
Jeff. Davis will dare but to die.
Companions have passed on before us,
Where bricks, stones, and bullets thick flew;
Yet Ladd sounded Freedom's grand chorus—
"All hail to the red, white, and blue."
All hail, etc.

All hail, brightest flag of our nation!
May thy peerless luster ne'er dim;
May thy folds from its foes' desecration
Be preserved in our National hymn.
Wave on in thy pride, till oppression
Shall sink from our sight out of view,
And we 're free from its mighty transgression.
Hurrah for the red, white, and blue.
Hurrah for the red, etc.

And when the loud cannon are crashing
And death missiles scatter like hail,
And our skirmishers onward are dashing,
May ne'er a cheek blanch or turn pale;
But trusting in God and our banner,
Ever fight for our colors so true,
And give them a Cromwell hosanna,
And shout for the red, white, and blue.
And shout for, etc. B. C. HILL.

Another Fugitive from the South.

We conversed last evening with a young man who escaped from Yazoo, Miss., on the 24th ult., and succeeded in making his way through Tennessee and Kentucky. His name is Goodman, a native of Maine, a carpenter by trade, and has lived three years and a half in the South. He was at work on a plantation, and coming into town he found he was looked upon with suspicion. He was finally told that he must join the volunteers. This he declined on account of pressing business, but his private reason was that he had received information which led him to believe that a cousin, who was working on a plantation some twenty miles distant, had been murdered, and he began to think the South was too warm a climate for him. Mr. Goodman's partner advised him that the people of Yazoo were much excited, and bound to lynch him unless he joined the company. He had the alternative offered him, however, of joining a home organization for the protection of the country from insurrection. But Mr. Goodman thought he could not assist in the protection of a people which had murdered a relative for no reason whatever, and he accordingly took the stage elandestinely, and escaped in safety. Mr. Goodman confirms the reports of the frenzy of the people of the South. They are bound to whip the North, and firmly believe that one of their men is fully equal to three Yankees. They don't think there will be much fighting, for they believe the North is divided into two parties, one of which is on their side, and the other will back down shortly. Mr. Goodman of course lost all his property, and was glad to get away at any sacrifice.

Look on Our Flag.

BY J. HAL ELLIOTT.

Look on our flag, ye freemen of the North,
Gaze with hush'd reverence, and then go forth,
With earnest, patriotic hearts aglow,
To wrestle with our country's dastard foe.
That foe has taunted you with being weak,
Has called you craven souls, afraid to speak;
Now rise in all your strong, resistless might,
And teach them how ye battle for the right!

Look on our flag, ye mothers and ye wives,
And offer up your sons and husbands' lives;
Pray the good God to make them firm and brave,
And keep unharmed the precious lives He gave.
Ay! see our banner, flaunting in the sky,
Ye daughters and ye sisters; not one sigh
Must greet your fathers', brothers', lovers' ears
To turn them back; give them bright smiles,
—not tears.

Look on our flag! ye traitors, everywhere—
Trample those glorious colors if ye dare!
For every speck of dust from off your feet
A shower of balls shall rain like blasting sleet,
And drink your poisoned hearts' blood, while you cry
For mercy, with repentant agony.
Hold, traitors! madmen! once more gaze on high,
And swear to love that starry flag— or die!

Look on our flag, all nations of the world,
Where'er its matchless colors are unfurled,
With reverence and awe. Oh! gaze and see
That God's hand holds the banner of the free!
*Forever shall those rainbow colors wave—
Forever drape our heroes for the grave;
Forever shall thy float o'er land and sea,
Those Stars and Stripes—that emblem of the free!*
BLACKSTONE, MASS., May, 1861.

From Georgia.

An intelligent lady, writing from one of the larger towns in the northern part of Georgia, to a friend in this vicinity, says, under date of April 22d:—

"I have been intending to write for several days, but I am so excited and troubled that I have not much heart for anything. The war is the all-absorbing topic now. Enlisting, drilling, etc., are the employment of the men. Four companies are fitting out from here. Even the cultivated and wealthy citizens are joining the army. Most of the lawyers are going. One of our clergymen preached to the soldiers yesterday. A collection was taken up last Sabbath, to aid in fitting out the companies. There is much prayer for the Confederate States and army, and they confidently expect to be victorious. They abuse Lincoln as weak, treacherous, and villainous. Many here appear to think the Northern soldiers cowardly and contemptible. To hear the Northern people called all kinds of abusive names is trying enough, but to have friends whom I love, fighting other near and dear friends, is torturing. These men will fight to the death, and what will be gained in the end?"

"Did not you admire the chivalry of the Carolinians, in liberating the prisoners at Sumter, and their kindness to Major Anderson? Our people verily think he will join the South now. I hope not; I should have less respect for him if he should. I was sorry General Scott resigned.

"A system of privateering will soon

be commenced, and piracy and murder will follow in the train. President Davis says he has letters from Northern men, begging him to issue letters of marque and reprisal, that they may enter upon the business of privateering.

"There is intense excitement here as mail time draws nigh. Great rejoicings were manifested at the secession of Virginia. The rest of the Slave states are expected soon to follow her example."

Discourse Before the Richardson Light Infantry at the First Unitarian Church.

By invitation, the Richardson Light Infantry marched from their encampment, at North Billerica, yesterday morning, to attend service at this church in the forenoon. The front center pews were occupied by them, and the other parts of the house were crowded by the regular worshippers at this church, and many others. The front of the pulpit was tastefully canopied with American flags. After the preliminary exercises, Rev. F. Hinckley, pastor of the society, preached an appropriate and able discourse, of which we present a sketch.

The text was from Ephesians vi: 13—
"Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

In an age of force, when the instincts of barbarism were not subjugated to the powers of civilization, the words of the text were spoken. The gospel of Jesus, with its high purposes, has entered into a long contest with selfishness and corruption. The world has been its battle-field; its soldiers of the cross. War has become more infrequent with the progress of civilization, but so long as impurity, injustice, slavery, and despotism prevail, so long must Christians be engaged in an eternal warfare. So long as these continue must Christians fight.

He proposed first to speak of the Christian soldier. We deal not to-day with the spiritual, but with the earthly welfare as now illustrated. It may seem paradoxical to speak of loving enmity and divine falsehood, but there have been times when words so connected seemed natural. Such a time is now upon us, and we are now passing through it. It is a time when practical Christianity should aid the soldier. It makes the garb you wear in harmony with the place you now occupy. It is a time when the flag of our nationality may hang consistently from the pulpit. The flowers of New England may properly be used to decorate those who go forth to defend the soil on which they grew.

He might appropriately speak to them of the position which to-day they occupy. The thoughts which the speaker would present might not only be applied to those who go, but to those who remain behind. The purpose for which you go forth is to uphold law and order, for the maintenance and preservation of

the government and the protection of liberty, life, and property. You go to maintain that government which is the leader of progress in the world. Of the necessity of all bearing our proportion of the work, I need not speak, as other speakers and the press have sufficiently reminded you of that duty.

There is a necessity of preparing external equipments, of drill, of clothing proper to meet all exigencies. The soldier should be armed to meet all requirements, and should be careful to preserve his health and keep himself from all needless exposures. Your friends and the commonwealth have sufficiently provided you with clothing and arms. The physical part depends upon yourselves.

The importance of this war is greater than that regarding questions of boundary or the ordinary controversies of nations. There are two kinds of soldiers in the world—machine-soldiers and men-soldiers. If you want to pit men against each other, merely for a trial of strength, the machine soldier—the hireling, who will go where and do what he is bid—will answer every purpose. But if it is to build up nations, put down revolutionary minorities, or defend liberty, and you want wisdom with firmness; if you wish to guarantee freedom; if either of these be your object, you must have the men, and not machines. The individual characteristics of men-soldiers were tersely set forth by Kossuth when he said, "The bayonet thinks." He must not sink the man in the soldier. If ever there was a time when men of thought were needed, now is that time. If ever there was a cause which demanded *men* to grasp the musket, the cause in which you are about to engage is the one. It is the grand gathering of the North and West from the field and workshop that is needed. Good soldiers, while they must make up their minds to endure many privations, must have a personal interest in the result, which will only make them more zealous to secure a triumph. Paul's summary of the wants of the spiritual soldier—"Having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness"—will serve also to strengthen us as a guide in the contest of loyalty against revolt, freedom against slavery.

Our soldier of to-day must have a reason for becoming such,—why he leaves his peaceful home, friends, and calling. The reason is not that war is his occupation: it is not altogether to obey the call of those in authority, much as he may respect them;—it is the necessity which calls him forth; it is the memory of the things that have passed, causing the troubles of the day, of which he has read. Conscious of the disappointment of those who have lost power, and witnessing their acts, he goes forth to oppose the fratricidal purpose of the upholders of slavery and despotism, with the intended object of putting them down. He goes to save our country from anarchy at home, and contempt abroad. His is the firm purpose of the manly soldier.

But there is a higher object. The government is not to be upheld for itself alone, but for a divine purpose as well,—to maintain freedom of thought, speech, and religious belief; that our land may be the home of the free and the refuge of the oppressed of other lands; for the extinction of that dark spot, slavery. Such are a few of the purposes of the Christian soldier. It is to re-establish the government on the side of justice and humanity, on a firm basis.

The soldier should love peace and harmony. He should never lose sight of these objects, even in the midst of strife. The uprising of the present hour goes to show that they who are the slowest in action, upon an injury, are most likely, when aroused, to be in earnest. We might rush into the contest with rashless haste; draw the sword, and throw away the scabbard. But do not be hasty; draw no needless blood, and show no spirit of revenge. If your comrades who have gone before you were cruelly treated,—some of them murdered,—breathe no spirit of revenge, but bury them, and go to win the victory which will establish the power of liberty. When the slave-power is humbled, your work is done. With the sword, seek peace rather than war, and we will welcome you back with honor.

You should have faith, which will enable you to enter into the contest with an ardor that never tires and a zeal that never wearies. This faith gives you power to oppose your enemies, and with it, seeming defeats are turned into assurances of future victories. Your faith shall be rewarded, and lead you to certain victory.

You should also possess the spirit of piety. It lifts you up to Him who controls all things; and, as upon Him depends victory in this contest, we should lift ourselves up to Him. It was fitting that the first regiment which responded to the call of the country should take their chaplain with them—one who for thirty years had labored in the ministry; and the last thing before they left this, the city where many of them had their homes, they listened to the voice of prayer from a minister of the gospel. It was a beautiful thing at the capital of a Western state, that previous to departing, the soldiers should have converted the whole capitol into a house of prayer; and the instance of the Rhode Island soldiers, at a farm-house in Maryland, is another beautiful instance of the efficacy of prayer. Carry this spirit of devotion with you, and you will then have acquired the highest preparation of the Christian soldier and the Christian man. Go forth doubly armed, soldiers of your country, and may God keep you from all harm amid the battle's din.—[Lowell Courier.]

ARMORY OF RICHARDSON LIGHT INFANTRY,
May 21, 1861.

The members of the Richardson Light Infantry, on leaving the city, take this method of returning their sincere thanks to the citizens of Lowell—ladies and gentlemen—for very many acts of kindness and attention to

them during the past month. They trust that in whatever position of duty they may be placed they will bring no discredit upon the city from which they hail.

On behalf of the company,

P. A. DAVIS, Commander.

Departure of the Richardson Light Infantry.

This company has at last left Lowell. Captain Davis yesterday received written orders from the governor for his company to start at noon to-day for Boston, there to embark on the steamer *Pembroke* for the seat of war. Last evening and this forenoon the company were busy in getting ready, and shortly after 10 o'clock this morning they left their armory and marched to Park Garden, where a photograph of the company was taken by Mr. George K. Warren. They then started for Huntington hall, under escort of the Hill Cadets, Lieutenant Donovan, and Butler Rifles, Captain James. The three companies filed into the hall, and formed a hollow square in front of the rostrum, which was occupied by the mayor, some seven or eight clergymen of the city, and other prominent citizens. The back part of the hall was crowded with citizens, the ladies occupying the galleries.

Mayor Sargeant called to order the vast assembly, and introduced Rev. Mr. Hinckley, who read selections of Scripture from Psalm 91 and Isaiah 58. Prayer was next offered by Rev. Chester Field. Mayor Sargeant then made some introductory remarks, as follows:—

Remarks of Mayor Sargeant.

"Mr. Commander of the Richardson Light Infantry: We have met here for the purpose of giving you a parting farewell, and there are present quite a large number of gentlemen who would be very much pleased to address you on this occasion, did time permit. Allow me, in behalf of myself and those who will not have an opportunity to speak to you, in a very few words, to say that the spectacle that is presented before us, throughout the entire North, throughout the entire loyal states, is one of which we ought to speak with pride and glory. The whole country is aroused, and all I have to say here in presence of the citizen-soldiers of Lowell is, that Lowell has not been behind in any part of it. [Applause.] I say, then, to you, citizen-soldiers, you have the heart of the people of Lowell with you, and you shall have the prayers of the whole community going up night and morning to the God of battles to preserve you in the hour of trial."

Rev. Mr. Hubbard was introduced and said that he had been a soldier in the Aroostook war, not being called away from home, however. His remarks were peculiarly happy and felicitous.

Rev. Dr. Cleveland was introduced, and among other things said that he had some notion of raising a company of old, gray-headed men, but they would want a place assigned them in the rear ranks. His remarks were hardly reportable, but were received with unmistakable evi-

dences of appreciation by those who heard him.

Doctor Huntington being introduced by the Mayor, made the following brief address:—

Remarks of Doctor Huntington.

“Captain Davis, Officers and Soldiers of the Richardson Light Infantry: After the animating speeches that have been delivered here this morning, I feel that it is altogether out of place for me to speak at all. But in view of the scene that is around me and before me, I can not but be convinced how true the sons are to the memories of the fathers. The events of the Revolutionary war to us are matters of history, but we do know that throughout that contest our people always looked to a higher than a human arm for their protection and success. And you have met here on the eve of your departure, to mix together with your fellow-citizens, and that these ministers of the gospel may mingle their prayers for your success in the glorious cause that you are privileged to engage in. For next to the duty you owe your God is the duty you owe your country; and I rejoice to see so many young men,—so many noble men,—ready to lay down their lives when, as now, that country is invaded by a desperate foe, led on by the most unhallowed ambition. ‘I am a Roman citizen’ were potent words throughout the old Roman empire, and ‘I am an American citizen’ are talismanic words that were a protection in any corner of the civilized globe [cheers]; and yet the glorious country is now assailed. We can not go with you, my friends, in person, but we will accompany you with our hearts, with our souls, with our suppliant prayers to Almighty God for your safety and protection; and now I bid you farewell.”

The next speaker announced was the Rev. Mr. Twiss, whose remarks we present in full:—

Remarks of Rev. J. J. Twiss.

“Mr. Commander and Fellow-soldiers: I address you with peculiar feelings this morning. I have stood where you stand to-day. I have been a member of the volunteer militia; I feel to-day all the enthusiasm I felt fifteen years ago. I am happy to congratulate you to-day upon the glory which I think awaits you, and the laurel which I think will be bound about your brows. You go to-day, not merely to fight for an abstract idea, but to uphold the flag of our country and sustain the constitution which guarantees to us all liberty in our civil, social, and domestic relations. Be assured, fellow-soldiers, you are right; be animated by the great idea that God is with you. You go not from us to ravage, to burn towns, or to sack cities, but you go to preserve the country from the wicked aspersions of those who are traitors against their country,—to save it from the insane schemes of those who are led on by wicked leaders. Be assured you go not to divest any body of any legal or moral right; you go to deliver those who, I believe, will welcome you as the deliverers of their homes, of our

common country. Let this great thought animate all your hearts then, that you are fighting for the right, that you are not fighting to exterminate any body, only to exterminate rebellion, and although your martial tread, I trust, will be victorious only, however, to exterminate rebellion, I trust your hands will ever be extended to relieve the defenseless, and restore that liberty and that order that has blessed all our days until this moment. May God speed the right. My heart, my prayers will go with you.” [Applause.]

Rev. Mr. Jenkins next addressed the companies, and referring to the remarks of Doctor Cleveland in reference to the company of gray heads, said if he enlisted he should not want to be placed in the rear ranks, but would insist on a place in the foremost ranks, etc.

After a blessing by Rev. Mr. Hinckley the company marched out of the hall down the stairs into the depot, and at about 12:20 o'clock the train left with them, amid the cheering of the crowd and the God-speeds of all our citizens.

Below we present the muster-roll of the company as made up this morning:—

Roll of the Richardson Light Infantry, Co. G, Sixth Regiment, M. V. M.

P. A. Davis, captain.	Franklin J. Hersey.
L. N. Wilson, 1st lieutenant.	Emmons B. Sargent.
Wm. E. Farrar, 2d lieutenant.	Harvey B. Chase.
E. S. Hunt, 3d lieutenant.	Henry M. Hand.
W. A. Fifield, sergeant.	Thomas B. Mills.
W. H. Worcester, “	George F. Critchett.
C. L. Bartwell, “	P. Dillingham.
Richard Ingham, “	George E. Pray.
Wm. M. Young, corp.	C. H. Williams.
A. J. Devoll, “	Richard M. Rollins.
Chas. E. Brazer, “	William H. Luskomb.
Chas. W. Brigham, “	W. Frank Louger.
Elias O. Blake, “	Charles Tolman.
Chas. A. Thissell, “	William G. Powers.
Charles Bowers, “	B. F. Wing.
N. W. Storer, “	George H. Porter.
W. H. Bradley, surg.	W. E. Hubbard.
Harlan P. Goodell.	N. C. Farnham.
Clement McCausland.	M. S. Smith.
Charles H. Filisetti.	Charles C. Whitcomb.
D. A. Waters.	C. S. Whitcomb.
Andrew P. Cole.	John Hayes.
James Schofield.	G. J. Carvel.
M. V. Mills.	Isaac Willey.
George A. Hayden.	John J. Young.
John C. Farmer.	James W. Bean.
J. L. Fiske.	H. Warren Howe.
W. G. McCurdy.	A. McMeekin.
Augustus D. Ayling.	Charles H. Frost.
D. H. Holbrook.	Rinaldo Page.
Silas Cowdry.	S. M. Richardson.
Charles B. Cadwell.	George N. Thissell.
John McVee.	Daniel D. Caverly.
William M. Green.	J. L. Collins.
George W. Seaver.	Charles W. Haskell.
Charles C. Ring.	Thomas F. Pratt.
Frank P. Boynton.	Alonzo B. Stevens.
George C. Edwards.	A. N. Coburn.
Charles W. Sleeper.	Simeon Briggs.
Henry L. Gardner.	Morton N. Peabody.
H. W. Richardson.	John Lawson.
Thomas S. Jones.	Q. B. Stewart.
William Jenness.	Gancelo Leighton.
Franklin French.	Francis T. Wilson.
E. P. Holmes.	Henry N. Fletcher.
Thomas Emmett.	S. C. Amnden.
Alonzo D. Marshall.	O. M. Caulfield.
Albert Parsons.	George S. Preston.
Charles K. Page.	Samuel W. Benson.
A. J. Weston and O. T. Wilkins, drummers.	
Charles H. Fitzgerald, wagoner.	
George W. Fairbanks, captain's boy.	
Charles Fitts, first lieutenant's boy.	
John Sullivan, surgeon's boy.	

A GENEROUS EXCHANGE.—When it was known that the Richardson Light Infantry was to be increased to one hun-

dred and one members, and that uniforms were wanted. Mrs. Frederick Holton, who has charge of making shirts for the Butler Rifles, came forward and offered shirts enough to supply the new recruits, provided the city would give cloth enough to make new ones. The generous offer was gladly accepted. The uniforms for the members are ready, and the whole company will be in marching trim to-morrow.

The Richardson Light Infantry.

This company, on arriving in Boston, were received at the depot by a battalion of the First regiment, under command of Captain Snow. It was escorted to the State house, and there drawn up in line, while the ceremony of mustering the members into Uncle Sam's service was being performed. The officers and men, one hundred and one in number, first answered to their names, and then, with heads uncovered, took the solemn oath of allegiance to their country. The ceremony was witnessed by a large crowd of people. By request of the company, the oath of allegiance was administered by George F. Richardson, Esq., of this city.

This company is deservedly complimented in Boston. To Mr. Richardson, it is well known in Lowell, more than to any one else, does the credit of getting it up belong. His interest in it from the start has been unflagging, and he has spent his time and his money liberally in advancing its prosperity. It goes into service, we believe, with every advantage that thorough preparation and equipment can give; and we shall undoubtedly hear of gallant behavior on its part when the “tug of war” between our troops and those in rebellion actually comes, in the character of a conflict of arms.—[Lowell Courier.]

Departure of Troops for Fort Monroe—Sailing of the Steamer Pembroke.

The steam transport *Pembroke* sailed from this port at half-past 11 o'clock this forenoon, with two companies of soldiers for Fort Monroe, viz.: the Wightman Rifles, of Boston, Captain Clarke, and the Richardson Light Guard, of Lowell, Captain Davis.

Both companies were, in point of numbers, fully up to the requisition of the new orders of the government,—one hundred and one men, including officers,—and a more efficient or intelligent body of troops have not left this state.

The Richardson Light Guard were escorted from their quarters at the Hancock house to the steamer at Commercial wharf by the Independent Fusiliers, Capt. Henry A. Snow, and the Schouler Volunteers, Capt. C. E. Rand.

The troops were in heavy marching order, with knapsacks, canteens, and dippers, and wore the gray state overcoat. After they had embarked, the escort was drawn up near the steamer, and exchanged parting cheers with those with whom they will probably soon be

reunited on the parade-ground at Fortress Monroe, or the fields of Virginia. The scene at the departure was one of great enthusiasm.

The wharves were thronged with people—friends and acquaintances of the troops and hundreds who were attracted through curiosity, or who came to cheer the departing soldiers on their patriotic mission. Hundreds were seen clinging to the shrouds and rigging of the shipping, and every shed and storehouse in the neighborhood contained its battlement of spectators.

While the baggage was going on board, the friends of the soldiers amused themselves and slaked the thirst of the troops by showering them with apples and oranges, and the basket of many a lucky fruit vender was speedily exhausted by the generous spectators.

As the steamer got under headway the cheering broke out anew, and from a thousand swelling hearts came benedictions of affection, friendship, hope, and courage.

A large number of ladies were on board the ships, and with fluttering signals waved adieu to husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers. A parting salute was fired from the open-mouthed sentinel which stands guard on the fore-castle deck of the steamer, and the soldiers hoarsely returned the farewell cheers of those they left behind.

The steamer carries one thousand four hundred uniforms, manufactured for the state by Messrs. Haughton & Sawyer, to be distributed among the troops in the Third and Fourth regiments of Massachusetts volunteers in Fort Monroe; also a lot of cooking utensils and numerous remembrances of friends to their loved ones far away.

The Massachusetts Eighth and the New York Seventh Regiments.

The following extract, from a letter written by a private in the Eighth regiment of Massachusetts volunteers, shows in what light the attentions of the New York Seventh regiment to our boys are held by them:—

"We arrived safely at the Naval academy at Annapolis on Sunday morning, and hauled alongside the old *Constitution*. After a while we took her in tow and steamed off into the bay, where we grounded and remained twenty-four hours, receiving hard fare,—only two biscuits and a slice of raw salt pork for rations, and not much water. Some of the men offered fifty cents and one dollar for a drink of water. We were finally relieved by the steamer *Boston*, of New York, bringing the Seventh regiment. After landing her troops, she returned and took us ashore, in an almost famished condition, from want of proper food, water, and the effects of the burning sun.

"When we got on shore the Seventh regiment flocked about us, greeted us with hearty cheers, and supplied us with such provisions as they had. There was not a single man of them but freely emptied his sack of such provisions as

it contained, and expressed his regret that he could not do more. It was a perfect godsend to the Eighth regiment, and we all unite in saying, 'God bless them.' A more magnanimous set of fellows I never met in my life. After leaving Annapolis they proceeded to Washington, and there they gave us the praise of building the engine and bridge on the road, not taking any of the credit themselves, when in fact they built the bridge and laid nearly half the track."

The writer goes on to describe an interview between the President and the Eighth regiment, and speaks of the arrival at Washington of Doctor Bolles, of North Carolina, he having been taken from his family by the Rebel mob and sent North, while his family were compelled to return to their home in North Carolina. The *Taunton Gazette* says:—

"It seems that the armed Yankee, whose universal genius wrought such miracles in mechanics and seamanship before the astonished Maryland Secessionists, found the first field for his 'missionary' labors under the walls of Fort Monroe. The government machinship of the fort, which is outside its walls, was closed, as we learn by a letter from an officer of the Light Guard, previous to the arrival of the Fourth regiment, by the 'secession' of the foreman and most of the workmen, greatly to the embarrassment of Colonel Dimmick, who needed mechanical assistance in mounting the guns. Massachusetts, of course, supplied the need, and a dozen or more of our brave and ingenious mechanics soon set all things in order, and much to the chagrin of the Virginians, things went on again much faster than ever. Mr. John C. Briggs, who was prompted by loss of employment at the Taunton Locomotive Works to volunteer in Co. G, is installed as foreman of the establishment, and his Yankee skill is appreciated as it ought to be. The Light Guard furnishes several of the corps of fighting workmen under him."

The *Littleton (N. H.) Journal* says that as soon as tidings of the threatened attack on Washington reached that town, Mr. Benjamin W. Kilburn took down his rifle and started for the nation's capital, to aid in its defense. He is said to be an excellent marksman, and anxious to cover a fighting Secessionist with the sights of his gun. He bears his own expenses in the service of his country. Such promptitude equals that of John Stark of Revolutionary memory.

JUSTICE TO THIEVES IN THE ARMY.
—Two soldiers, volunteers, having been convicted of stealing, were each sentenced as follows: "To be drummed out of the regiment, and through the entire brigade, stripped of his uniform, with a rope about his neck, and a placard, with the word "Thief," on his back; further, that he forfeit all pay and allowance now due him, or to become due him at the time of the promulgation of his sentence, and to be dishonorably discharged from the service of the United States. General Butler approved the sentence.

The Soldier's Fate.

To the Editor of the Boston *Journal*:

I send you the following lines—the recital of the sufferings and premature death of a Massachusetts volunteer, caused by his struggles to get into an army shirt. May the sad tale induce those noble but deluded women, known as the "enters," to cut their cloth according to the pattern of the men for whom they are designed. One might suppose, from their size, that these shirts were intended for "infants-in-arms," rather than for "men-in-arms." A SISTER OF A SOLDIER.

"Farewell! and take this shirt," she said,
"Tis blue, and so am I;
But when the blue is mixed with red,
I shall turn white and die."

"I take the shirt, my love," he said,
"But if this shirt I wear,
'Tis not the foe who'll strike me dead,
But sullen, fierce Despair!"

"For never, never can I hope
To take it off again;
With wristbands such—I can not cope!
I writhe in dreadful pain!"

"This collar never will unite!
'Tis like a Rebel state;
But that I have the heart to fight,
Whilst here I yield to fate!"

"Sweet love, I thank you for your toil;
You've aided me," he said,
"To shuffle off this mortal coil"—
He choked! he was stone dead!

Boston, May 20, 1861.

THE PHALANX RECRUITS.—Lieut. H. H. Wilder received a letter from Captain Follansbee this morning, asking him to send on the recruits raised for the Mechanic Phalanx without delay. He says to send them without uniform, as the general government will provide for that. A number of the recruits have gone into the ranks of the Richardson Light Infantry.

"All We Ask is to be Let Alone."

As once I walked by a dismal swamp,
There sat an Old Cove in the dark and damp,
And at every body that passed that road
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throw'd.
And whenever he flung his stick or his stone,
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to passhy
These bits of things at the passers by—
Let me alone, for I've got your tin
And lots of other traps snugly in—
Let me alone, I'm riggin' a boat
To grab whatever you've got afloat—
In a veek or so I expects to come
And turn you out of your ouse and ome—
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he with a groan—
"All Taxes is—Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same vey,
Another Old Cove, and began for to say—
"Let ye alone! That's coming it strong!—
You've ben let alone—a darned sight too long—
Of all the sarce that ever I heerd!—
Put down that stiek! (You may well look skeered.)

Let go that stone! If you once show fight,
I'll knock you higher than any kite.
You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shyng them stones and sticks,
And I'll have my hardware back and my cash,
And knock your scow into tarna! smash,
And if ever I catches you 'round my ranch,
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.
The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head;
For I reckon, before you and I are done,
You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and the t'other Old Cove
He sot quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stiek, revolvin' slow
Vether 't were sate to shy it or no—
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
"All that I axed vos—let me alone."

—[Hartford Courant.

Scott and the Veteran.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

An old and crippled veteran to the War department came.
He sought the Chief who led him on many a field of fame—
The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten," said the Chief, "my brave old soldier, No!
And here 's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so:
But you have done your share, my friend, you are crippled, old, and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, General!" cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow;
"The very men who fought with us, they say are traitors now;
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white, and blue;
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true."

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, but I've a good old gun
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them one by one.
Your minie rifles and such arms it ain't worth while to try;
I could n't get the hang of them, but I'll keep my powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief—"God bless your loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field and claim to have their part.
They'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried:
"I'm young enough to follow so long as you're my guide;
And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that at least can I;
So, give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!"

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the Colonel in command
Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-staff in my hand:
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shells may fly,
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!"

"I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be given,
Where Washington can see me, as he looks from highest Heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, maybe, General Wayne:
'There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane!'

"And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly;
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should hit me and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's, place!"
May 13, 1861. —[The Independent.

THE New Orleans *Delta* says: "The three greatest villains and traitors which the present war has produced are, beyond all doubt, Hicks, Scott, and Harney."—Beauregard, Twiggs, and Hardee, we infer, are angels by this time.

Song of Freedom.

Let Freedom's pæan ring,
Let hill and forest sing
Loud the glad song;
Let every vale and glen
Trill o'er its notes again,
And wide the glorious strain
Echo prolong.

Let bird and brook and rill
The earth with music fill,
Creation's song;
Let prairie, glade, and dell
Unite the theme to tell,
Columbia's anthem swell
Loud, clear, and long.

Let every sunny grove
Gush forth its notes of love,
With silvery chime;
Each mine of golden ore,
From far Pacific's shore,
Pour forth her richest store
At Freedom's shrine.

Let each Atlantic wave
With grand, exultant stave,
Lave Freedom's shore;
Each rock and cave around,
With every ocean bound,
Columbia's praise resound
Forevermore.

Each home and templed shrine,
Inspired with love Divine,
Our land unite;
Let the wild pæan ring
To God, our heavenly King,
To Him our offering bring
For Freedom's might.

North, South, and East and West
Shall echo from each breast
A nation's love;
Long shall our sons unite,
Long shall our banner bright
Wave o'er this land of light,
And our strength prove.

LOWELL.

K. F. L.

—[Boston Journal.

Richardson Light Infantry.

Their Voyage to Fort Monroe—Their Companions—What They Did—Their Location—What is Thought of Them—What They Do, etc.

FORT MONROE, June 1, 1861.

We left Boston, as you know, on the 22d ult., in the steamer *Pembroke*, in company with the Wightman Rifles, of Boston, Capt. T. S. Clark, "as good a set of fighters and as hard a set of men as it has been my fortune to meet." Captains Clark and Davis being both of same rank, and commissions bearing same date, they drew lots to see which should command the detachment, and the lot fell on Captain Clark.

The *Pembroke* is not arranged so as to accommodate the number of men aboard of her, but by having system in our arrangements, we got along very well. One of the lieutenants was detailed each morning as officer of the day, and ten men under a sergeant from each company as guard, whose duty it was to watch the baggage, the gangways, and other points of the vessel, which were exposed; a permanent guard of eight men was also detailed, whose duty it was to take charge of the boats, and hold them against any rush of men in case of accident; the signal was to be three calls of the bugle; the second day out the call was given to try the men, and I am happy to state that the boats assigned to the Richardson Light Infantry were manned first, under the charge of Corp. Charles W. Brigham and William M. Young, they being in position in forty-five seconds after the call was given.

We had splendid weather all the way out, which contributed greatly to our comfort. Capt. Rufus Coffin of the *Pembroke*, a noble son of old Neptune, did all in his power to make us comfortable. We run down to several suspicious-looking vessels, but the pennant at mast-head always brought out the Stars and Stripes on their part, so we did not have the pleasure of taking any prizes into port with us.

On Saturday we entered Hampton Roads

about 8.30 A. M. The *Quaker City* was about three miles ahead of us, towing a bark she had captured, and at 11.30 o'clock we reached Fortress Monroe, and at once reported to Major-general Butler, who met us in a very cordial manner. We were assigned quarters in the Hygeia hotel, the celebrated "Old Point Comfort hotel," where we took possession of twenty-four rooms for company's quarters. We got nothing to eat until about 7 o'clock, P. M., being unable to get our rations from the Quartermaster and get them cooked sooner, and as we had eaten nothing since 6 o'clock, A. M., we had good appetites. Since that time we have had our regular meals, and the fare has been of good quality.

On Tuesday last General Butler paid us a visit at our quarters, and laying aside all military etiquette and rules, addressed us as townsmen and friends, giving us some good advice and counsel, in the pleasant and pithy style which is so characteristic of him. On Monday we were temporarily attached to the Third regiment, Colonel Wardrop's, and that afternoon we made our first parade. On Tuesday we went on as picket guard, and were highly complimented by Major Williams, the officer of the day, for our promptness, etc. Yesterday (Thursday) we were detached from Colonel Wardrop's regiment and placed under the command of Colonel Dimmick, of the United States army, and put in good quarters in the barracks, each man being furnished with a mattress to sleep on, and having good facilities for cooking, and more on hand in the provision line than we can eat.

We have got to be known as the "pet company" of the garrison; and if any of the officers want any thing done right, belonging to our duties, they want "those Lowell boys." We are getting compliments "right and left," from the officers, from General Butler down, and are said to be the finest volunteer company yet sent to this place.

Some of the boys have been troubled with the dysentery, from drinking too much of the water here, which is not very good, and I have two in the hospital now, but nothing serious occurring, they will be all right in a day or two. The company is getting thinned out some, owing to its members being so well qualified to fill various posts. A. P. Cole has been appointed apothecary at the hospital; H. P. Goodell, clerk at the same place; Simeon Briggs is to take charge of the garrison stables, and there are five machinists at work in the shop here, on gun carriages.

We have been mounting cannon to-day, and although it is hard work, all like it, as it seems like fight. There are about seven thousand troops here now, mostly from New York, all under command of General Butler—part are at Newport News, and part encamped outside the fortress.

We miss the Lowell papers, but hope to receive them as soon as it is known we are established here. The Sixth is expected here daily, and we are all impatient to meet them. P. A. D.

PARSON BROWNLOW ON HIS NERVE.
—Parson Brownlow, of the Jonesboro' (Tenn.) *Whig*, in a late number of his paper, thus speaks of the Union, and of his determination to fight its battles in Tennessee, although he may be compelled to stand single-handed and alone:—

"That all may understand us, we take occasion to say, free from all excitement, that to destroy our office or stop our windpipe is the only way in which we can be prevented from denouncing Secession, and advocating the Union. There are now but three Union papers in Tennessee, as we consider, and unless we are assassinated, or our office is destroyed, we shall soon have the honor of standing alone. And there we shall stand—neither the gates of hell, nor the pressure of Secession riots, being able to prevail against our conviction of right."

The Southern President Condemned by Jeff. Davis.

Some of the papers have been looking up their files in search of the patriotic speeches which Jeff. Davis made during his visit to New England in the summer of 1858. His words sound strangely enough now. No stronger condemnation of his course could be found than is given in his patriotic addresses. At Portland he said:—

"No one more than myself recognizes the binding force of the allegiance which the citizen owes to the state of his citizenship, but that state being a party to our compact, a member of our Union, fealty to the federal constitution is not in opposition to, but flows from, the allegiance due to one of the United States."

Hear his words at Augusta, Me.:—

"The whole confederacy is my country, and to the innermost fibers of my heart I love it all and every part. I could not if I would, and would not if I could, dwarf myself to mere sectionalism. My first allegiance is to the state of which I am a citizen, and to which by affection and association I am personally bound; but this does not obstruct the perception of your greatness, or admiration for much which I have found admirable among you. . . ."

"If shadows float over your disc and threaten an eclipse; if there be those who would not avert, but desire to precipitate catastrophe to the Union, these are not the sentiments of the American heart:—they are rather the exceptions, and should not disturb our confidence in the deep-seated sentiment of nationality, which aided our fathers when they entered into the compact of Union, and which has preserved it to us."

But see how his eloquence warms into the most patriotic fervor as he stands in Faneuil hall. Listen to his condemnation of the men who violate their oath of allegiance:—

"But if those voices which breathed the first instincts into the colony of Massachusetts and into those colonies which formed the United States, to proclaim community independence, and assert it against the powerful mother country—if those voices live here still, how must they feel who come here to preach treason to the constitution, and assail the Union it ordained and established? It would seem that their criminal hearts should fear that those voices, so long slumbering, would break their silence; that the forms which look down from these walls, behind and around me, would walk forth, and that their sabers would once more be drawn from their scabbards, to drive from this sacred temple fanatical men who desecrate it more than did the changers of money and those who sold doves, the temple of the living God. . . ."

"Among culprits, there is none more odious to my mind than a public officer who takes an oath to support the constitution—the compact between the states binding each other for the common defense and general welfare of the other—

yet retains to himself a mental reservation that he will war upon the principles he has sworn to maintain, and upon the property rights, the protection of which are part of the compact of the Union. [Applause.]

"It is a crime too low to be named before this assembly. It is one which no man with self-respect would ever commit. To swear that he will support the constitution—to take an office which belongs in many of its relations to all the states, and to use it as a means of injuring a portion of the states of whom he is thus the representative, is treason to every thing honorable in man. It is the base and cowardly attack of him who gains the confidence of another, in order that he may wound him."

Was ever a man more signally condemned out of his own mouth? In a speech at Portland he also said:—

"If, at some future time, when I am mingled with the dust, and the arm of my infant son has been nerved for deeds of manhood, the storm of war should burst upon your city, I feel that, relying upon the instincts of his ancestors and mine, I may pledge him in that perilous hour to stand by your side in the defense of your hearthstones and in maintaining the honor of a flag whose constellation, though torn and smoked in many a battle by sea and land, has never been stained with dishonor, and will, I trust, forever fly as free as the breeze that unfolds it."

A SOLDIER'S DEATH.—A writer tells this incident of the Great Bethel fight. Orderly Sergeant Goodfellow, of Colonel Allen's regiment, was mortally wounded in the breast. He handed his musket to a comrade, and several flocked around him. "Oh," said he, "I guess I've got to go," and he placed his hand upon the wound. "Oh, don't mind me, boys," he continued; "go on with the fight; don't stop for me; don't stop for me!" and pressing away those who attempted to support him, he sank down upon the ground. Just at that instant his colonel passed, and looking up to him he gasped, "Good-bye, Colonel!" and died. Colonel Allen turned ghastly white as he observed it. He bit his lips, too much moved to speak, and rushed on to avenge his death.

SPECIAL dispatch from Boston to the *Courier*:—

A reported battle near Boonville, Missouri, is true. General Lyon began by opening a heavy cannonade against the Rebels, who retreated into an adjoining wood, where they opened a brisk fire upon our troops, which induced Lyon to order a hasty retreat, when the Rebels rallied and followed the troops into an adjoining wheat field.

General Lyon halted, turned, brought the force of his artillery to bear, and opened a murderous fire on the Rebels. Three hundred were killed. The balance fled in all directions, leaving their arms on the field. Governor Jackson visited the battle, but fled after his defeat.

The Stars and Stripes Raised on Andover Seminary.

ANDOVER, June 5, 1861.

To the Editor of the *Boston Journal*:

The good people of Andover witnessed an event of unusual interest last night in the flag-raising at the Theological seminary. The Phillips Guard, Captain Thompson, from the academy, and the Havelock Grays, Capt. E. L. Clark, of the seminary, and many of the townspeople, participated in the exercises.

After Doctor Holmes' army hymn had been sung, prayer was offered by Professor Park, who presided on the occasion.

Professor Phelps then presented the flag with appropriate remarks. He thought it fitting that the flag should float on Phillips hall, the oldest of the seminary buildings, where had roomed Adoniram Judson, Gordon Hall, and other missionary heroes. It was the right thing in the right place.

The flag was now raised and greeted with cheers and the song, "Star-spangled Banner."

Professor Stowe then made an address. The flag, he said, was the symbol of an ideal. In such a contest as this we need an ideal; and idealism is sometimes the highest form of utilitarianism. The fall of Sumter's flag had stirred the nation as nothing else could have done. The speaker then spoke of the present contest as one which would task all our powers and be worthy of our highest efforts.

The following hymn, written for the occasion by Mrs. H. E. Stowe, was then sung to the tune of America:—

Here where our fathers came,
Bearing the holy flame
To light our days—
Here where with faith and prayer
They reared these walls in air,
Now to the heavens so fair
Their flag we raise.

Look ye, where free it waves
Over their hallowed graves!
Blessing their sleep;
Now pledge your heart and hand,
Sons of a noble land,
Round this bright flag to stand,
Till death to keep.

God of our fathers! now
To Thee we raise our vow—
Judge and defend;
Let Freedom's banner wave
Till there be not a slave—
show Thyself strong to save,
Unto the end.

After a parade by the military companies, including the Andover Volunteers, Capt. H. Holl, who came on the ground just after the flag-raising, the Havelock Grays marched to Professor Stowe's, where they spent a pleasant evening and were formally named by Mrs. Stowe. X.

A Parody.

Jefferson Davis (may his tribe decrease!)
Awoke one night with ague in his knees;
Seeing within the moonlight of his room
A female form, resplendent as the moon,
Columbia writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding brass had made the Davis bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its
head,
And with a look all dignity and calm,
Answered, "The names of those who love our
"Uncle Sam."
"And is mine one?" said Davis. "Nay, not
so,"
Replied Columbia. Davis spoke more low,
But clearly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me the names of those who hate their
fellow-men."
Columbia wrote and vanished. The next
night
She came again, with her new list all right,
And showed the names humanity detest,
And lo! Jeff. Davis' name led all the rest.

—[Home Journal.

DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST REGIMENT FOR WASHINGTON.

Enthusiastic Ovation to the Troops!

Flag Presented to the Regiment.

TOUCHING SCENES ON THE COMMON.

One of the Troops Killed.

OTHER INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

Whatever may betide the troops composing the First regiment of Massachusetts volunteers in the perilous expedition upon which they have finally set forth, they have accomplished their first victory over a series of moral obstacles, which were enough to break the back of Secession itself; and if their courage and bravery on the field of battle equal the patience and forbearance with which they have borne their disappointments and troubles, their future career will be as bright and glorious as their past history has been cloudy and uncertain. Being the First regiment of M. V. M., they claimed the privilege of heading the column that moved from this state to the defense of the national capital. This was denied them, but an equally honorable position has finally been assigned them in leading the van of the battalions which Massachusetts sends forth for the restoration of the Union. They are the first of the three years' volunteers from the commonwealth, and the generous and enthusiastic farewell which they received on Saturday at the hands of their friends and fellow-citizens, shows how much this greater sacrifice of theirs is felt and appreciated by the community.

Leaving Camp.

Saturday was a day of commotion in Camp Cameron, at North Cambridge; preparations for the departure of the troops leaving began at an early hour. The tents, baggage, and all the camp equipage, save what the men carried on their shoulders, was packed, and the baggage train, consisting of fifteen wagons, each drawn by four horses, set out in advance for the steamer upon which the regiment embarked. The wagons were placed on platform-cars, and the horses in box-cars, on the Boston & Providence railroad, and conveyed to Groton, the terminus of the Providence & Stonington railroad, whence the steamers on this route sail for New York.

Horse Killed.

A series of accidents which attended the departure of the troops began with the killing of a horse, the most valuable belonging to the regiment, and one attached to the wagon of the Fusileers. The train had not proceeded far from this city, when the wagoner in charge of one of the cars, thinking to furnish

the horses more air, opened one of the doors, whereupon this horse became frightened, and forcing against a temporary barrier broke it down and plunged headlong from the car. He was instantly killed. The train returned to the depot, when the clerk of Quartermaster Lee, a young man named E. R. Hutchins, who had superintended the leading of the horses, promptly set about obtaining another horse. Not finding the Quartermaster-general or other officials of whom to obtain authority to proceed, he very properly took the responsibility of going to Roxbury and purchasing a horse, which was soon loaded, and the train set off again, each wagoner accompanying his own team.

A Wagoner Killed.

The train arrived safely at Groton, opposite New London, but here a second and melancholy casualty occurred. While the cars were being switched from one track to another, the wagoner of the Roxbury City Guards, a young man named Daniel Miller, who was seated on his wagon, was jostled from his place and fell between the cars upon the track. Twenty-four cars passed over his legs, cutting them off above the knees and mangling them in a shocking manner. The unfortunate man was removed to a dwelling-house near the depot. Doctor Francis, of New London, was summoned, and every thing was done which could be to alleviate his sufferings and prolong his life. He sank rapidly and expired in the arms of Atwell Richardson, the armorer of the regiment, about three hours after the accident occurred.

In the meantime the troops at Camp Cameron were busy with final preparations for their departure. Through the exertions of Major Chandler the sum of \$9000 was obtained and distributed among the troops, that being the amount due them from the United States for fourteen days' service. The troops provided themselves with four days' rations, consisting of excellent hard bread, boiled ham and beef, and their canteens with water. They marched by companies to the commissary's quarters, and each in turn filled his haversack. The preference was given for bread, entire companies taking nothing else.

At 4:30 o'clock the drum beat the "Assembly," and the troops marched out of their quarters to the regimental line. Brigadier-general Bullock and staff were received and escorted in a barouche to Boston. The guard being taken off, the lines were kept by the Cambridge police, until Captain Tripp of the Sixth (Colonel Clark's) regiment, who took possession of the camp, posted his sentinels.

Halt on the Common.

The regiment made a brief halt in Charles street, and as the clock struck 7 they resumed their march and entered the common. A large portion of the parade ground was cleared, and three sides enclosed with ropes, while a

strong police force kept the line on the Charles street mall. The regiment made a detour of the parade ground, amid the shouts of welcome, the fluttering of a shower of handkerchiefs, and the clapping of hands by at least twenty thousand people, who were assembled on the hillside and all along the lines, who had waited since 5 o'clock to see the troops. The regiment had no sooner halted, than the mass of humanity on the back side of the common was observed to sway against the constabulary outposts, and pressing by the police officers the crowd rushed in overwhelming numbers to the embrace of husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers. A thousand men in arms was literally true of the brave boys of the Massachusetts First, who were soon lost in the mass of civilians who swarmed about them, with last words of comfort and blessing. Touching scenes, the remembrance of which years will not efface from the memory of the participators, were witnessed, contradicting by their stern reality the burden of the song, "A soldier's life is always gay," calling for the exercise of the loftiest patriotism, which gives up home, friends, and life itself for country, and testing the strength of the tenderest affection.

But the day was fast waning, and the halt was brief. The order was given "Forward," and the regiment disengaged itself from these endearing entanglements, and marched to the long wooden freight depot of the Providence railroad, followed by hosts of friends, reluctant to lose sight of the soldiers.

Presentation of a Banner.

Arrangements had been made by a committee of the city council to present a flag to the regiment, which gift was intended as a compliment to Colonel Cowdin, who is a member of the common council. Mayor Wightman and many state and municipal officers, including Adjutant-general Schouler, Quartermaster-general Reed, Colonel Stone, Master of Ordnance, and several aldermen and councilmen, were on the common, and endeavored to perform the ceremony at that point, but the confusion which followed the halt of the troops prevented, and after a series of strategic movements, the gentlemen followed the troops to the depot, escorted through the crowd by the old Fusileers. A platform was improvised from a pile of railway sleepers, and a space being cleared, Colonel Cowdin rode into it, and the ceremony took place.

Remarks of Alderman Pray.

John F. Pray, Esq., alderman and chairman of the committee, stepped forward and addressed Colonel Cowdin, as follows:—

Mr. Commander: The city council of Boston made an appropriation, and appointed a committee, to procure a set of colors to be presented to your regiment, as a token of their appreciation of the prompt and efficient manner in which you discharged your duties as a member of that body.

You are also entitled to the respect of the citizens of Boston, for the deep interest you have manifested in our volunteer militia for many years of peace, prosperity, and loyalty.

Circumstances beyond our control oblige our chosen men now to take up arms for the preservation of the Union. It is your duty in this hour of peril to aid in the protection of our common country, the maintenance of government and nationality, the support of law and liberty. This duty you have promptly accepted.

I now present you, in behalf of the city council, the flag, the emblem of that Union which *must be preserved*. Let it teach that lesson to your command until you return victorious to peaceful homes in a happy and united country.

Colonel Cowdin responded as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Mayor, and Gentlemen of the City Council: From the bottom of my heart I thank you. The fatigues of the day and the ovation that we have received on Boston Common have left me in such a condition that I am hardly able to express myself in your presence. I did suppose that the police of Boston could keep guard wherever they were placed, but I have altered my mind this evening. The arms of our wives and sweethearts have proved too much for you.

I am very grateful to the city of my adoption of which I have been a citizen for thirty years, and I assure you that, as far as may lie in my power, nothing shall be left undone that can be done to sustain our noble country. This flag shall never be disgraced by me or my command, as far as my power extends, and I have no doubt of the disposition of my whole command to support me unto death itself.

I thank you again from the bottom of my heart. May the city of Boston rest assured that we go forth as patriots to fight the battles of our common country, and that we shall ever hold to the sentiment that it is better to be buried in the deepest depths of the earth than to come home dishonored!

Three cheers were immediately given for Colonel Cowdin, three for the First regiment, and three for the old Artillery (which Colonel Cowdin commanded).

The Departure.

Meanwhile the regiment had embarked, in a train made up of seventeen passenger and four baggage cars, drawn by two powerful locomotives, and in the midst of hurried farewells, the cheers of the crowd who followed after it, and the answering shouts of "good-bye" from the soldiers, the train moved slowly away. The regiment was accompanied by General Stone, who was detailed to proceed as far as Jersey City, to superintend the embarkation of the troops. Previous to their departure, General Stone presented them with a silk American flag, which they have taken along with them, the first that has yet been presented to a Massachusetts

regiment. Each regiment will hereafter be furnished with one by the state. There was no ceremony attending its presentation.

By reference to the telegraphic columns it will be seen that the regiment arrived in New York at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and after refreshment left for Philadelphia at 7 o'clock in the evening.

It was a curious coincidence, that the First regiment of Massachusetts volunteers passed through Baltimore on June 17th, as the first regiment of militia passed through on April 19th.

A Rebel's Proclamation.

Proclamations are fashionable nowadays, in both the Federal and Rebel armies. But the last is the most remarkable thing we have ever seen. As a specimen of the honesty and candor, of the Christian spirit, that pervade the breasts of those who fight in the "holy cause of the South" we subjoin General Beauregard's proclamation to the Virginians. It is hardly possible for an honest man to believe it true that a person assuming to be a gentleman could put his name to an instrument so utterly and totally devoid of truth. We quote only a part of the proclamation, as follows:—

"A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints, has thrown his Abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing other acts of violence and outrage, too shocking and revolting to humanity to be enumerated. All rules of civilized warfare are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war-cry is 'BEAUTY AND BOOBY.' All that is dear to man—your honor and that of your wives and daughters—your fortunes and your lives, are involved in this momentous contest."

The "Father of Lies" has a dangerous rival in Beauregard, if it can be believed the two are not really in partnership.

THE *Louisville Journal* is guilty of the following:—

Epitaph discovered on an old tombstone in the church-yard of Weismich-two:—

Here lies Tontant de Beauregard,
Who for the truth had no regard;
When seized by Satan he will cry,
"I've caught old Satan! Victory!"

FLOYD.—Capt. William Brown Eskerrie, in the *New York Mercury*, thus brings "alliteration's artful aid" to the immortality of Floyd in verse:—

Felonius Floyd, far-famed for falsifying,
Forever first from Federal forces flying,
From fabrications fanning Fortune's fame,
Finds foul Fugacity factitious fame.

Fool! facile Fabler! Fugitive flagitious!
Fear for Futurity, Filcher fictitious!
Fame forced from Folly, finding fawners fled,
Feeds final failure—failure fungus-fed.

Theodore Winthrop and the Battle at Great Bethel.

Mr. Theodore Winthrop, whose name is included among the missing after the fight at Great Bethel, was a member of the New York Seventh regiment artillery corps. He left New York for the seat of war with the most eager promptness, as soon as the requisition of the President was announced, and distinguished himself among the most enthusiastic in the dragging of howitzers and all the heavy work of the Seventh's march. When the regiment returned from Washington, he remained to become General Butler's military secretary, and expected to enter the Regular army with the rank of first lieutenant.

Mr. Winthrop was a resident of Staten island. He was a young man of fine talents, shrewd and active mind, and possessed unbounded military enthusiasm. His versatility will be acknowledged by those who have read the paper from his pen, descriptive of the march of the Seventh, published in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It has attracted much attention, not only from the intrinsic interest of the subject, but the brilliancy of its style and the evident fitness of its author for the service which he had originally entered as an amateur. If we shall be compelled to believe the worst of this young soldier's fate, he will be regretted not only by the many warm personal friends who loved him, but by the people at large, who can ill spare one who promised to be so excellent an ornament both to our arms and our literature.—[*New York Evening Post*, 12th.

A Letter from Mrs. Lincoln.

It has been published in the Southern papers that the sympathies of the President's wife are with the Secessionists. The following very handsome letter received by one of our fellow-Kentuckians, says the *Louisville Journal*, does not indicate it:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 20, 1861.

Col John Fry—My Dear Sir: It gives me very great pleasure to be the medium of transmission of these weapons to be used in the defense of national sovereignty upon the soil of Kentucky.

Though some years have passed since I left my native state, I have never ceased to contemplate her progress in happiness and prosperity with sentiments of fond and filial pride. In every effort of industrial energy, in every enterprise of honor and valor, my heart has been with her. And I rejoice in the consciousness that, at this time, when the institutions to whose fostering care we owe all that we have of happiness, and glory, are rudely assailed by ungrateful and parrioidal hands, the state of Kentucky, ever true and loyal, furnishes to the insulted flag of the Union a guard of her best and bravest sons. On every field the prowess of Kentuckians has been manifested. In the holy cause of national defense, they must be invincible.

Please accept, Sir, these weapons as a token of the love I shall never cease to cherish for my mother state, of the pride with which I have always regarded the exploits of her sons, and of the confidence which I feel in the ultimate loyalty of her people, who, while never forgetting the homage which their beloved state may justly claim, still remember the higher and grander allegiance due to our common country. Yours very sincerely,

MARY LINCOLN.

The Right Talk.

The Norwich (Conn.) *Bulletin*, in considering the peace resolutions lately offered in the legislature of that state, expresses the right sentiments in unmistakable terms. "We say we are in favor of peace," proceeded the *Bulletin*: "our desire for peace is second only to our desire that this government shall be sustained, this constitution of ours vindicated, and the Union preserved. Show us that these objects have been attained; that treason has been punished; that armed Rebellion has been put down; that government is in possession of all the places and property of which it has been wrongly despoiled; that the honor of our flag has been vindicated; that the murderers of our citizens have paid the penalty of the law; that the thirty-four states recognize one government, one constitution, and one executive; and that the Montgomery usurpation has been crushed out of existence; show us this, and we will go as far to secure peace as any peace man in the legislature. Till this is done, the cry of peace is the cry of a coward or a traitor."

From the Sixth Regiment.

RELAY CAMP, June 16, 1861.

Mr. Editor: Nothing of any note has transpired near us within a few days, except the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, and indeed we can hardly believe that the report of the evacuation is wholly true; for if the Rebels make no stand at that place, where they had two months to fortify themselves, where, I ask, will they make a stand? Their force has been variously stated at from ten to twenty thousand; but whether it is either of the numbers, or half of either, it shows another "dread Scott case," to say the least. It is the opinion of some, that they intend to fall back on Manassas Junction, and there meet the Federal forces, and fight for the mastery. This seems to be the only thing they can do at present; for if the Federal force has got possession of Manassas Junction, Harper's Ferry would have been at the mercy of the government. But let me prophesy that there will be no battle at Manassas, for Scott will set the same trap for them at that place that came so near capturing them at Harper's Ferry.

It is rumored here that the entire forces at Washington are under marching orders, and if that be so, you may look out for a demonstration in some direction without delay.

The Boston Light Artillery, which has been stationed at this point, left this morning. Their destination I have not learned, but hear that Baltimore has been put under martial law, and that they have gone to that place.

The Sixth regiment visited Baltimore last Thursday, to see that no riotous demonstrations were made on election day, and I am glad to say that nothing occurred to call for our interference. We have been at Baltimore so often lately, that we have gained the name of the "Baltimore Guard." We were accompanied by the artillery company, which, by the way, is a most efficient body of men, and we are sorry to have them leave, for an almost brotherly feeling exists between them and our "boys;" but such is life, especially in times like these.

We were the recipients of a parcel of letter-paper and envelopes this morning, from the Belvidere ladies, and it was a very desirable present, it being what we were most in need of. The Sixth will remember all such presents, and will testify their gratitude to the donors by doing their duty at all times.

We are very much gratified to have another Massachusetts man appointed to the major-generalship in this department, and more so to have our own commander-in-chief, Banks. We have been expecting him up to see us, but as yet he has not made an appearance;

but when he does come, he will meet with a very cordial reception.

The Adjutant's call is sounding for us to fall in, to attend divine services, and I must bid you adieu. SENTINEL.

—[Lowell Courier.

The Sixth Regiment in Baltimore Again.

It appears that the hasty leave of the Sixth regiment last week, was that it might be in Baltimore at the election, serious trouble having been anticipated. The following extract of a letter which we find in the Boston *Transcript* of last evening, gives a vivid description of their experience and behavior in the "Monumental City" on the occasion of their visit. The Baltimore rebels know that the consequences would be awful if they should be again interfered with. But to the letter:—

"The train which was to convey us to Baltimore not being on hand, we seized three trains, but they did not have cars enough for us; but while waiting for another, the train intended for us came up, and in twenty minutes our whole battery, horses and men, were loaded on the cars, officers and men all taking hold and helping. We then started, and stopped within half a mile of the city, and went on a hill with the Sixth Massachusetts regiment. The New York Thirteenth, with a drum corps of twenty drums, soon after arrived (3 P. M.) from Annapolis, 1260 strong. They joined us on the hill, where we waited until 6 o'clock, our whole force amounting to 2500 men, when news came that the Union candidate was defeated. We were then formed into line, with half of the Sixth in advance for our right flank, and the remainder in our rear for our left. The order was then, 'Forward, double quick, march!' and away we went on a dead run into the city, into Pratt street, where our soldiers were fired upon on the 19th of April last, the same that were with us. The New York Thirteenth remained on the hill as a reserve. We were all under command of Colonel Jones. General Banks lay back in Fort McHenry, waiting for the mob to fire on the Massachusetts boys again.

"We rushed through the streets at full gallop, with the gallant Sixth in our front and rear at double quick time. We went through the maneuvers of street firing and charging bayonets, firing down cross streets, advancing, firing again, and again charging bayonets, the whole length of Pratt and East Baltimore streets, and it was all done by us on the gallop, and by the infantry on the run. Such an exciting scene I never saw before. The people were silent, and many very much frightened; some of the women fainted, thinking we were intending to attack the city.

"About dark we returned to the hill, and bivouacked for the night, and at 9 o'clock the next morning returned to our old quarters at the Relay house, feeling much better for our trip, and leaving more Union men in Baltimore than we found there, I think."

Condition of our Troops in Western Virginia.

Some at least of the gallant fellows who are fighting so bravely and successfully for the cause of the Union in Western Virginia are submitting to hardships for which there ought to be a speedy remedy. We are glad to learn, however, by a letter in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, from the camp at Cheat mountain, that the men are in good spirits and cheerfully bear the privations to which they are subjected. We quote:—

"Our friends at home have no idea of the condition of the Ohio and Indiana boys in this benighted region. I state by personal investigation, when I say there is not a regiment in this command that can muster over twenty-five pairs of pantaloons, twenty shirts, or thirty blankets. A portion of the troops have just received their overcoats, however, which will afford slight relief. All the men are without socks, and many barefooted. Yet, strange to relate, there is no complaint. They would rather go out and scout the enemy in the pelting storm any time than partake of rations and soldiers' quarters. I have seen men who have lain out in the laurel six and eight days at a stretch, bagging the Secesh and subsisting on green blackberries and fox grapes.

"Three of the Indiana boys, belonging to Knibball's Fourteenth Indiana, recently surrounded and captured a party of nine of the enemy in a shanty on the mountains, who, after surrendering, had the impudence to inquire if all our men were so valorous. Our boys removed the locks from their guns, and then permitted them to depart in peace, not being able to take the wounded prisoners into our camp."

It appears that the army is badly off for transportation, which may account for the destitute condition of the soldiers, as large quantities of clothing for them were reported to be stored at Wheeling, Bell Air, Parkersburg, and other places, whence it may be difficult to transport supplies.

EVERY day develops some new evidence of the systematic manner in which the government was defrauded and plundered under the late administration by the officers whose special duty it was to protect the public interests and provide for the public defense. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* relates the following exploit of Governor Floyd:—

"On Governor's island there were twenty large guns, some of which were of extraordinary size and weight, which the secretary, being, it is supposed, rather 'hard up,' sold to a prominent New Jersey machine shop as old iron, for the moderate sum of \$20 per ton. So well made were the guns that it was found a physical impossibility to break them in the ordinary manner, and it was only by the use of the lathe that they were destroyed. Several

of them weighed 7000 lbs. each. Six of them remain unbroken, and the department has ordered an examination of them, so that they may again be taken into the service of the country."

The Red, White, and Blue.

BY JOSIE S. HUNT.

Oh, dearer than life is the badge that I wear,
With its star knit of gold from my lady-love's hair;
Close over my heart like a blossom it grows,
Tri-colored, inodorous, gold-hearted rose.

When the bells of our village tolled out their alarms,
And the drums beat the music that called us to arms,
My darling, with steady white hands pinned it there,
While she said in a voice that was tender as prayer,

(Its silver unjarred by a shiver of fear,
"I give you to God and to Liberty, dear!
In the pride of your years, in the strength of your youth,
My heart gives you up to do battle for truth.")

To test her, I said, "When I go to my grave,
I'd rather my sweetheart were loving than brave;
Leave courage for men, but for women are fears,
The duty of prayers, and the weakness of tears.

"True love never dooms, with so tranquil a pride,
Its object to danger"; she clung to my side,
All the patriot blood to her face leaped like flame—
"True love, O, my life! can not clasp hands with shame.

"Our star-spangled flag shall not trail in the dust,
Live for me if you can—die for that if you must!
God make me a widow before I am wife,
If I prize not your honor as more than your life."

Still further to try her, I took from its place
Her gift; the proud glow faded out of her face.
"Excuse me, my dear, if your love's so divine
That it climbs quite beyond the discernment of mine.

"For your gift, many thanks! tie it there at your waist;
I have seen the same colors, much more to my taste,
In a different shape." Oh! her scorn, her surprise,
Oh! the lightning that glowed in her beautiful eyes.

And after the lightning flashed, torrents of rain,
And her voice smote my heart, silver-sharp with its pain.
"O traitor!" she cried, "may the Father above
Cast you out from His presence as I from my love!

May the land you desert never yield you a grave,
Or heaven claim the soul of so craven a slave!
False to Freedom"—I caught the fierce words from her lips,
And kissed the wet eyes into sudden eclipse.

"Say, listen, dear love, to my plea," I replied,
"And spare me the rest of your anger and pride;
May God deal by me, as in purpose and deed
By my country I deal in this hour of her need!

"But the mouth that touched mine just a moment ago,
These little, soft hands, that are colder than snow,
These eyes, rayed like stars, that my kisses have pressed,
Are the red, white, and blue in the shape I love best."

Oh, dearer than life is the badge that I wear,
With its stars knit of gold from my lady-love's hair!
No traitor shall gather my tri-colored rose,
Except through my heart—the red soil where it grows.

God bless my dear country, and save her from spoil,
From the greedy home vultures that blacken her soil;
In the name of these colors, all colors above,
The lips, hands, and eyes of the woman I love!

The Capitol Bakery.

We clip from the *Washington Republican* the following description of the bakery in the Capitol. It will be seen that the principal men connected with it are from Massachusetts:—

"Yesterday morning we paid a visit to the government bakery, in the basement of the Capitol building, and were much surprised at the sights that we there saw. On entering the lower door, immediately behind the fountain, we found ourselves in the presence of the indefatigable superintendent, Lieut. T. J. Cate, formerly of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment, but now of the Sixteenth regiment United States infantry, who was busily employed, as well as his two able clerks and assistants, Messrs. W. H. Mitchell and C. G. Merrill, of Lawrence, Mass. We, however, secured the services of a friend, and commenced our tour of inspection.

"We first visited the vault under the rotunda, which is used as a storeroom for the immense quantity of flour which is daily being received. The wagons are constantly kept busy delivering their loads under the eastern portico, from whence the barrels are rolled into the vault. Whenever the flour is needed, it is slid down to the floor below. The amount of flour constantly in this room is between four and eight thousand barrels.

"Retracing our steps, we came again to the vicinity of the fountain, where we found eight ovens in full operation, turning out twenty thousand loaves of bread every twenty-four hours. The bread is of the best quality, and each loaf weighs twenty-two ounces. There are forty bakers employed at these ovens, who have on one or two occasions, when pressed, run out twenty-four thousand loaves per day.

"Adjacent to these ovens are two rooms,—one on each side of the entrance,—from which the bread is delivered. It may not be uninteresting to know the form in use. When the requisition is sent by a quartermaster to the Subsistence department at the post-office, for the rations for his regiment, an order is drawn for the bread on Lieutenant Cate, to whom the driver of the wagon presents it, and is furnished with a

ticket, which is handed in at the delivery window, and the bread is forthwith passed out on smooth boards to the wagon.

"The mess-room and the kitchen are also on this floor, and the hands, to the number of one hundred and sixty, here take their meals. This department is superintended by Mr. Levi M. Pierce, formerly of the Eighth Massachusetts regiment; and the cleanly appearance observable; as well as the well-eatered meals set out, give indisputable evidence that he can keep a hotel."

"Outside of the building, in the vaults heretofore used for the stowing of fuel, we find six double-sized ovens built, employing ten bakers each, and capable of turning out forty thousand loaves per day, but at present averaging thirty thousand. Near by are two other rooms, in which eight men are constantly employed in making yeast, of which about fourteen hundred and fifty gallons are made per day.

"The bakers are all under the formanship of Mr. John H. Sowersby, a baker of seventeen years' experience, and formerly of Bond's celebrated bakery at Wilmington, Mass.

"The total number of persons about the establishment is one hundred and sixty, of which about one hundred are employed in baking bread, thirteen delivering it, eight making yeast, six in the cook-room, six splitting wood, four in the storeroom, three watchmen, twelve teamsters, and the others as clerks, runners, and extra hands. Of the whole number employed, about fifty are from the North, the balance being our own citizens.

"The pay-roll for the last month amounted to over \$6000. The hands are divided into four classes, the best of which get \$42 per month, with rations, and inferior ones \$35, \$38, and \$40 each.

"Too much praise can not be awarded to Lieutenant Cate, to whose judgment and experience much of the success of the bakery is due.

"The establishment is attached to the Subsistence department, of which Major Beckwith, assisted by Lieut. S. C. Green, A. A. C. S., has charge.

"The depot, to which the bakery is attached, is in the post-office building, from whence the troops now on this side of the river receive all their supplies, excepting bread, which is procured from here or one of the other minor bakeries, of which there are some eight or ten in the city."

At the raising of a liberty-pole and national flag in Salisbury, Conn., a few days ago, the great crowd of people took the following solemn oath: "With uplifted hands and solemn brow, in the presence of Almighty God, we swear eternal fidelity to that flag. We pledge ourselves to God and to each other to protect and defend it against all enemies, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, with the last dollar of our money and the last drop of our blood."

BULL RUN!

THE LATE BATTLE.

Facts, Incidents, etc.

The war correspondents furnish a great variety of interesting facts and incidents concerning the great battle on Sunday, from which we make a selection. The following are from the *New York Commercial*—

Brave Runaways.

The scenes of yesterday will long be remembered here. Amid a drenching rain our troops came into the city, some shoeless, hatless, coatless, and apparently in the most wretched condition. They all had wonderful stories to relate, some of them modestly claiming to have shot at least seven Confederate troops. Most of those who arrived in the city in the early part of yesterday, excepting the wounded, were, according to their own story, the last to leave the field of battle; but by some process known only to themselves they were the first to arrive in this city.

A Western Colonel.

A colonel of a Western regiment, it is currently reported, left his men on the field, jumped into a private carriage, drew his revolver upon the driver, and commanded him to drive on, leaving behind those who had hired the coach. Upon being interrogated at Fairfax as to where his regiment was, the brave colonel informed his friend that he supposed they had "all gone to h—." General Scott is pained beyond description at the conduct of the officers in command of our forces.

The men fought nobly, as did also most of the subordinate officers.

Bravery of the New York Fire Zouaves and Sixty-ninth Regiment.

The conduct of the regiments from the city of New York engaged in the battle of Bull Run was exceedingly fine. The Fire zouaves and Sixty-ninth had hand-to-hand combats with the enemy. The zouaves rushed in upon the enemy like wild men running to a fire. They slew in every direction, paying their respects to the Louisiana zouaves, who were "badly used up." A regiment of cavalry then attacked the zouaves, when a frightful scene ensued. An eye-witness informs me it was the most terrible conflict imaginable. The zouaves killed nearly all the two hundred and eighty. Their horses were taken, and were sold for from 25 cents to \$1 each.

The Sixty-ninth regiment, Colonel Corcoran, were so eager for the fray that they divested themselves of all superfluous wearing apparel, and bare-footed and with bare arms, went into battle. They charged upon a battery and were repulsed. They tried it a second time, and met with the same fate. The third endeavor, on their part, marked

the undaunted determination of the regiment as they pressed forward and with yells and shouts of defiance planted the Stars and Stripes on the battery, which they held for upwards of half an hour. But, worn out, hungry, thirsty, and over-powered by five to one, the gallant Sixty-ninth were forced to abandon the battery, taking good care, however, to retain their banner.

Exploit of a New Hampshire Wagon Master.

I met a teamster going toward Centreville, who said he was wagon master of the New Hampshire regiments, riding towards his teams at full gallop from the battle-field. He carried in his hand two cavalry sabers and pistols. I asked him where he came from, and he said, exultingly, "Hang them, I've killed two of the cusses already, and now my horse is worn out. I am going to get a fresh horse and go back to fight them with their own cheese-knives, after my boys bring their wagons in a safer place." He went back, and the way he slashed about with what he termed a "cheese-knife" was fearful. This one man must have killed five or six men, or at least terribly wounded them.

A Fire Zouave Playing Tossum.

The Fire zouaves have demonstrated that they are composed of the best material, and that their prowess has not been underrated. One of them feigned to be dead, lying flat on his face. From a distance, through my field glass, I could notice him occasionally moving his head sideways. All at once a secession cavalry officer, riding a splendid gray horse, came up and contemptuously passed the supposed slain zouave, when the latter raised his head and then his rifle and brought the officer to the ground like a squirrel. The zouave coolly turned about and resumed his former position.

Activity of the Surgeons.

Surgeons were on the ground from all parts of the country. Doctor Hall, of Cincinnati, Doctor Mayer, of Chicago, Doctor Mundy, of Staten island, and Doctors Slocum and King, of Boston, were particularly active among the wounded in the thickest of the fight. One surgeon, while dressing the wounded leg of a soldier on the field, had his arm dreadfully shattered.

The West Point Battery.

The report that the West Point battery, consisting of eight 32-pounders, were captured by the Rebels at the battle of Bull Run, is unfounded. An officer who participated in the battle assures us that the battery above mentioned was not in the action at all. Lieutenant Haynes' "Long Tom" is also safe, having been taken from the field by its efficient commander. We are informed that a teamster was engaged in cutting the traces of the leading team to run away, when Lieutenant Haynes killed the coward on the spot.

Negroes in the Rebel Army.

The *New York Post's* correspondent says:—

Hon. Kenedy Marshall, of Pittsburgh, who was in the forest near Bull Run in the conflict, saw six slaves, who said they escaped from a Rebel battery. They declared that the Rebels have very large numbers of Negroes at Manassas Junction, who were compelled to work upon the fortifications and worked some of the batteries. They fell trees and acted as the waiters upon the better class of white soldiers in the Rebel army. They assured Mr. Marshall that these slaves knew very well the cause of the war, and were seeking an opportunity to escape to the Federal lines. It requires, they say, an equal number of white men to watch the Negroes.

The Scene in Congress—Mr. Crittenden.

The scene presented by the Senate and House of Representatives is indescribable. The gloom hung like a pall over both houses, and no one seemed to have the heart to transact the public business. No one seemed to feel this more than Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky. When he rose on Monday morning he asked, "Well, what further news?" He had gone to bed under the delusion that the Federal army had triumphed. "We are routed—utterly routed," was the reply to his question. The old man started back in astonishment, and when the facts were brought before him he went back, sat down, and putting his head down upon his hands burst into tears. I saw him that night, and there is no longer room for doubt on which side Mr. Crittenden's feelings are enlisted.

Beauregard's Plans.

The correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* makes the following statements:—

From the hints dropped by several prisoners, and from the disposition of Beauregard's forces, it seems to have been a part of his plan on Sunday to have Johnston come down with a part of his column as far as the Bull Run mountain; and with another part down the turnpike from Winchester to Aldie; and then, while Beauregard was engaging McDowell's whole army at Bull Run, Johnston to make a forced march on the right flank of McDowell by way of Fairfax, Vienna, Ball's Cross-roads, and then fall upon his rear from Fairfax and Centreville.

Between these two fires Beauregard hoped to annihilate McDowell, and then to march on to Washington. It has not yet transpired what it was that prevented Johnston from fulfilling his part of the programme. Had he done so, the Rebels would have been in Washington to-day, and our army would have been cut to pieces. If it is owing to General Patterson's manoeuvres that Johnston did not effect what Beauregard intended him to do, what honors shall not be paid to that officer?

Coolness of Massachusetts Soldiers.

During the heat of the engagement the men of one of the Massachusetts regiments were observed to fire whenever they could see an object at which to aim, reload their pieces, and then, rest-

ing a moment, eat a cracker, and then blaze away again. One of them said he had had no breakfast and felt hungry; "but," said he, "I guess I'd fire whenever I can see a darned Secesh — there's one now." Just as he spoke, the sun glanced on a bright gun-barrel that seemed to come up out of the ground. It was a rifleman, in a rifle pit. Instantly a blaze of light shot from the rifle, and a man near the extreme left of the regiment fell. The cracker-eater fired at the rifleman almost simultaneously, and evidently hit him, for he leaped up out of his pit, but immediately dropped back into it, throwing his rifle on the grass.

The Rhode Island Troops.

The Providence *Journal* states that the regiments from that state began their march at 1 o'clock Sunday morning, before breakfast, went thirteen miles to the field, fought five hours, and marched back thirty-eight miles to Washington without rest or food. When the First regiment went into the fight, the Rebels raised a United States flag, which caused the Rhode Islanders to slacken their fire for a while, on the supposition that they were firing on friends.

The Panic.

The Philadelphia *North American* says:—

"A gentleman who left Washington on Monday afternoon, informs us of some particulars of the retreat from Manassas, and the origin of the disaster. In publishing his narrative we give some facts which are already familiar, but the connection of events requires the repetition. Our informant is clear-headed, not panic-stricken, and is fully competent to analyze, compare, and arrange the reports, and what he gives us he received from eye-witnesses, some civilians and some soldiers.

It appears that when the weight of the Secession force made it necessary to fall back, the army wagoners, too confident of victory, had so closely followed the advance that it was apprehended that they would embarrass the movements of the troops. Soldiers not then in action, fatigued with their long march and subsequent share in the engagement, were resting in and under the wagons and among the trees. Orders came for the wagoners to fall back for a mile; the intention being only that they should give place for the movements of the troops. Reserves were ready near Centreville, at that point, and at other places. Indeed the whole column would have been brought into action, but for the sudden and most unhappy retreat.

The wagoners mistook the order for a confession of defeat, and save himself who can, became the feeling. The fatigued soldiers, who were out of their ranks and scattered, as above stated, shared the panic, and, being under no control, acted each for himself. The civilians helped the confusion, and the rest is known, though our informant contends, and clearly shows, more than happened, and a rout much more disastrous than the real event was carried to Washington, and thence sent over the

whole country by the first fugitives, who were of course most alarmed.

At this point of affairs occurred that incident of the battle which will carry grief to hundreds of firesides in Virginia. This part of the battle was described to our informant by a gentleman, a civilian, who was an unwilling and horrified witness of the slaughter. The Black Rangers, a company of a hundred, formed of Virginia gentlemen riding their own horses, came from the cover of the Rebel batteries with the shout, "Kill the d—d red caps!" The zouaves, who were on the point of retreating, faced about and received the charge with a volley which swept many from their saddles. The scattered soldiers at the wayside turned and fired on the rangers. The zouaves, their pieces being discharged, pulled others of the riders from their horses, and finished the work of death with the bayonet. The gentleman who witnessed this, all unused to such scenes, describes the fall of these riders as a spectacle most awful. He saw seven only escape, and counted them twice." — [Boston Journal.

A Rebel Song.

The following, which was sent to this office by a gentleman in Lowell who received it from a soldier in McClellan's army, was found on the person of a Rebel soldier captured by our men in Virginia not long ago. It is "Secesh" all through, and is much more amusing than patriotic or poetic:—

Bull Run.

Oh, be easy — don't you tease me —
While I sing a bit of fun;
Soldiers dying, niggers crying
See them push for Washington.

Off they scamper — oh, what a damper
To their tender, humane hearts:
Muskets dropping, hearts a-throbbing,
Bodies left behind in carts.

Lee 's a-coming! Hark, the drumming;
Fly, you hireling, Hessian knaves;
He will scourge you, he will purge you;
Run, you dirty Lincoln slaves.

Johnston's mettle will make you settle
Down into just and upright men,
If you promise for the future
Not to take up arms again.

Oh, what sorrow on the morrow
When you find your knapsack gone,
Bread and water — what you fought for —
You 'll not find in Washington.

Despised as traitors, brother-haters,
You shall bear the mark of Cain;
Foolish gunners, first-rate runners;
Shed your brother's blood for gain.

Shame will crown you, tears will drown you
Of the misery you have made;
Peace will leave you, conscience grieve you,
Dupes of Abram Lincoln's raid.

Oh, be easy — do n't you tease me,
I have sung you all the joke;
See them coming — see them running!
Heavens! — see the awful smoke!
— [Lowell Courier.

The Dying Soldier.

[A subscriber sends us the following adaptation of the metre of Mrs. Norton's "Bingen the Rhine" to a theme of to-day — descriptive, very nearly, so the one who contributes it tells us, of the fate of a young New York

volunteer, "as brave a fellow as the war has produced":—]

A soldier of the army lay dying at Bull Run,
Oh, the feast of death was dreadful in that hot
and burning sun.

No mother's fond devotion, and no sister's
earnest prayer,

Betokened that a mother's or a sister's hand
was there;

But a comrade knelt beside him, with his
bowed head full low —

'Tis ever thus the bravest will feel compas-
sion's flow —

And he listen'd to the murmur, as the blood
gush'd from his side,

"My home is by the Hudson, the Hudson's
rolling tide."

"To my brothers and companions, when they
crowd around, my mate,

Speak lightly of my agony, precisely of my
fate;

'T is not the fear of dying, but I can not all
control

This dizziness and weakness, this faintness
of the soul;

Still, never must they know it — I would that
they should feel

In death, as in my life, my heart was temper'd
like my steel,

The steel my brothers gave me and hung
upon my side,

As we parted on the Hudson, the Hudson's
swelling tide.

"Tell my father when you see him, with his
sad and tearful eye,
I died the death he pray'd for me, the death I
long'd to die.

With my gaze upon our standard, my weapon
to the foe,

And a wild hurrah of ecstasy, I met the wel-
come blow;

Oh, mitigate his sorrow, it will give his an-
guish rest

To know my foe's endeavor fell squarely on
my breast —

Where else could traitors strike me? for I
was nurs'd beside

The memories of Hudson, of Hudson's storied
tide.

"Should he ask you for mementos of the
ghastly field of dread,

Look on the corpse beside me, and tell him
that I said

The hand that pressed me sorely, and the
hand that wrought my doom,

Lies colder than the stones that flag the por-
tals to the tomb;

We closed, with breath suspended, and with
eye to eye on fire.

I know not what were in his thoughts, but
mine were on my sire,

My sire, whose father battled, and who bravely
fell, beside

The waters of the Hudson, the Hudson's crim-
son'd tide.

"Break gently to my mother these tidings of
her boy:

Great God! that he should ever break her
heart, who was her joy!

She little thought, when tears ran o'er upon
my wayward head,

How sterner were the griefs in store for me,
her early dead;

Tell her the last words on my lip, the last tear
in my eye,

Were all for her, my mother's grief, my
mother's agony.

Were all for her, whose sighs will break, as
years shall onward glide,

Like the waters of the Hudson, the Hudson's
mournful tide.

"And one is there, a maiden, God bless her
trusting heart!

'T is bitter thus to leave her, 't is bitter thus to
part;

Long, long ago we plighted our hands for
evermore.

In the early days of sunshine, in those happy
days of yore;

With my sword from out its scabbard cut this
lock above my brow

As a token to my loved one — 't is all that 's
left her now;

God save her darling image, I can see it still
beside

The waters of the Hudson, the Hudson's
glassy tide.

"One moment more, my comrade; have you heard the words I've said? Unclasp this sword around me, and lay back my aching head. My blade is for your valor, and my purse is for your need. I would the blow that laid me low had spared my faithful steed; But fly, before the vultures of the camp are o'er the dead, Fly, with the words I give you, the words that I have said, And hasten to my loved ones, who watch and pray beside The waters of the Hudson, the Hudson's solemn tide."

His comrade listen'd breathless, but no murmur caught he more. Naught broke the solemn stillness but the cannon's sullen roar; One faint and childlike tremor, one convulsion of his hand, And the brave youth had departed to the distant spirit-land. No monument above him, and no marble's page to bear To the dim and distant future that a noble boy lies there, But the winds shall breathe his requiem, the same that oft have sigh'd A dirge for the departed, o'er Hudson's changeless tide.

General Butler's Letter.

A wish has been expressed that we publish Gen. B. F. Butler's letter to the Secretary of War, and we do so, that his words may go on record in our columns. It is an important document, and will undoubtedly be many times referred to hereafter:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA, }
FORTRESS MONROE, July 30, 1861. }

Hon. SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War:

Sir,—By an order received on the morning of the 26th of July from Major-general Dix, by a telegraphic order from Lieutenant-general Scott, I am commanded to forward, of the troops of this department, four regiments and a half, including Colonel Baker's California regiment, to Washington, via Baltimore. This order reached me at 2 o'clock, A. M., by special boat from Baltimore. Believing that it emanated because of some pressing exigency for the defense of Washington, I issued my orders before daybreak for the embarkation of the troops, sending those who were among the very best regiments I had. In the course of the following day they were all embarked for Baltimore, with the exception of some four hundred for whom I had not transportation, although I had all the transport force in the hands of the Quartermaster here, by the order from the Lieutenant-general, was directed to furnish transportation. Up to and at the time of the order I had been preparing for an advance movement by which I hoped to cripple the resources of the enemy at Yorktown, and especially by seizing a large quantity of Negroes who were being pressed into their service in building the intrenchments there. I had five days previously been enabled to mount for the first time, the first company of light artillery, which I had been empowered to raise, and they had but a single rifled cannon, an iron 6-pounder. Of course every thing must and did yield to the supposed exigency and orders. This ordering away the troops from this department, while it weakened the posts at Newport News, necessitated the withdrawal of the troops from Hampton, where I was then throwing up intrenched works to enable me to hold the town with a small force, while I had advanced up the York or James river. In the village of Hampton there were a large number of Negroes, composed in a great measure of women and children of the men who had fled thither within my lines for protection, who had escaped from marauding parties of the Rebels, who had been gathering up able-bodied blacks to help them in constructing their batteries on the James and York rivers. I had employed the men in Hampton in throwing up intrenchments, and they were working zeal-

ously and efficiently at that duty, saving our soldiers from that labor under the gleam of a mid-day sun. The women were earning substantially their own subsistence in washing, marketing, and taking care of the clothes of the soldiers, and rations were being served out to the men who worked for the support of the children. But by the evacuation of Hampton, rendered necessary by the withdrawal of troops, leaving me scarcely five thousand men outside the fort, including the force at Newport News, all these black people were obliged to break up their homes at Hampton, fleeing across the creek within my lines for protection and support.

Indeed it was a most distressing sight to see these poor creatures, who had trusted to the protection of the arms of the United States, and who aided the troops of the United States in their enterprise, to be thus obliged to flee from their homes, the homes of their masters, who had deserted them and become now fugitives from fear of the return of the Rebel soldiery, who had threatened to shoot the men who had wrought for us, and to carry off the women who had served us to a worse than Egyptian bondage. I have, therefore, now within the Peninsula, this side of Hampton creek, 900 Negroes, 300 of whom are able-bodied men, 30 of whom are men substantially past hard labor, 175 women, 25 children under the age of ten years, and 170 between ten and eighteen, and many more coming in. The questions which this state of facts presents are very embarrassing.

First, What shall be done with them? and second, What is their state and condition?

Upon these questions I desire the instructions of the Department.

The first question, however, may perhaps be answered by considering the last, Are these men, women, and children slaves? Are they free? Is their condition that of men, women, and children, or of property, or is it a mixed relation? What their *status* was under the constitution and laws, we all know. What has been the effect of rebellion and a state of war upon that *status*? When I adopted the theory of treating the able-bodied Negro fit to work in the trenches, as property liable to be used in aid of rebellion, and so contraband of war, that condition of things was in so far met as I then and still believe, on a legal and constitutional basis. But now a new series of questions arise. Passing by women, the children certainly can not be treated on that basis; if property, they must be considered the incumbrance, rather than the auxiliary, of an army, and, of course, in no possible legal relation, could be treated as contraband. Are they property? If they were so, they have been left by their masters and owners, deserted, thrown away, abandoned, like the wrecked vessels upon the ocean. Their former possessors and owners have carelessly, traitorously, rebelliously, and to curry out the figure, practically, abandoned them to be swallowed up by the winter storm of starvation. If property, do they not become the property of the salvors? But we, their salvors, do not need and will not hold such property and will assume no such ownership; has not, therefore, all proprietary relation ceased? Have they not become there-upon men, women, and children? No longer under ownership of any kind, the fearful relics of fugitive masters, have they not by their masters' acts and the state of war, assumed the condition which we hold to be the normal one, of those made in God's image? Is not every constitutional, legal, and moral requirement, as well as to the runaway master as their relinquished slaves, thus answered? I confess that my own mind is compelled by this reasoning to look upon them as men and women. If not free-born, yet free, manumitted, sent forth from the band that held them, never to be reclaimed.

Of course, if this reasoning thus imperfectly set forth is correct, my duty as a humane man is very plain. I should take the same care of these men, women, and children, homeless, homeless, and unprovided for, as I would of the same number of men, women, and children, who for their attachment to the Union had been driven or allowed to flee from the Confederate States. I should have no doubt on this question, had I not seen it stated that an order had been issued by General McDowell in his department, substantially forbidding all fugitive slaves from coming within his lines, or being harbored there. Is that order

to be enforced in all military departments? If so, who are to be considered fugitive slaves? Is a slave to be considered fugitive, whose master runs away and leaves him? Is it for bidden to the troops to aid or harbor within their lines the Negro children who are found therein, or is the soldier, when his march has destroyed their means of subsistence, to allow them to starve because he has driven off the Rebel master? Now shall the commander of a regiment or battalion sit in judgment upon the question, whether any given black man has fled from his master, or his master fled from him? Indeed, how are the free-born to be distinguished? Is one any more or less a fugitive slave because he has labored upon the Rebel intrenchments? If he has labored, if I understand it, he is to be harbored. By the reception of which, are the Rebels most to be distressed, by taking those who have wrought all their Rebel masters desired, masked their batteries, or those who have refused to labor and left the battery unmasked?

I have very decided opinions upon the subject of this order. It does not become me to criticise it, and I wrote in no spirit of criticism, but simply to explain the full difficulties that surround the enforcing it. If the enforcement of that order becomes the policy of the government, I, as a soldier, shall be bound to enforce it steadfastly, if not cheerfully. But if left to my own discretion, as you may have gathered from my reasoning, I should take a widely different course from that which it indicates.

In a loyal state I would put down a servile insurrection. In a state of rebellion I would confiscate that which was used to oppose my arms, and take all that property which constituted the wealth of that state and furnished the means by which the war is prosecuted, besides being the cause of the war; and if in so doing it should be objected that human beings were brought to the free enjoyment of their life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, such objection ought not to require much consideration.

Pardon me for addressing the Secretary of War directly upon this question, as it involves some political considerations as well as propriety of military action.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

—[Lowell Daily Courier.

The Land of the Free.

BY JOHN HOLLAND.

When the eagle ascends on his cloud-cleaving pinions,
He sweeps from the gaze through the ether so blue;
When the meteor descends from its starry dominions;
Like a dream of the night it departs from the view;
But the star of Columbia, in glory ascending,
Shall between the nations unborn in their gleam,
And the anthems of freedom, melodiously blending,
Shall be like the winds o'er the land of the free.

How glorious the nation has waked from its dreaming,
In splendor arrayed that ne'er crowned it before,
And the Star-spangled Banner in majesty streaming,
By millions is echoed from mountain to shore;
It rides like the tempest, majestically sweeping;
It glides like the starlight that silvers the sea;
It surges and swells, like the wild billows leaping,
And hovers like bliss o'er the land of the free.

Our leaders are swayed by the accents of glory—
The memories of ages are waked by a sound—
New buoyancy leaps in the heart of the hoary,
And youth with the wisdom of ages is crowned.
The voice of a nation may languish in slumbers,
Like a heart that reclines on oblivion's tree,

Yet, a moment may call forth the depths of its numbers,
And scatter its sweets o'er the land of the free.

Like streams from the mountains our heroes assemble,
With gaze that is fixed upon Liberty's star;
On the breezes of freedom their proud streamers tremble,
Their standard emblazoned with Union afar;
And woe to the traitors shall meet them in motion,
When, fierce as the tempest that scourges the sea,
They pour forth their vengeance, their wrath, and devotion,
And victory presides o'er the land of the free. —[Boston Journal.

Army Hymn.

TUNE—"Old Hundred."

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart!

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
Thy holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high,
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!
OLIVER W. HOLMES.

The Volunteer's Mother.

He is my boy, my only boy;
His father died long years gone by;
And little have I known of joy
But gazing on his dark brown eye—
'T is lighted now with higher glow—
His country calls him! let him go!

He never grieved me; tender, kind,
Strong, loving; full of hope and grace;
My life was in his own entwined,
My heart but mirrored back his face.
With stern resolve he seeks the foe;—
His country calls him! let him go!

How often have I sat beside
Him sleeping; clustering round his head,
Those rich brown locks, my praise, my pride,
And now the earth must be his bed.
'T is wrong to grieve for this, I know,
His country calls him! let him go!

Ah, in how many hearts this strife
Is waged by prayer, by prayer is won;
There is the wood, the fire, the knife,
And for the sacrifice—our son!
'T would kill me if he fell; but, no!
His country calls him! let him go!

For God, who gave our land so blest,
Would have us guard it—heart and home
Give up their best at such behest;
The gulf was closed in heathen Rome
With *one* young warrior—well or woe,
His country calls him! let him go!
—[New York Evening Post.

TENNESSEE.—In Tennessee, Senator Johnson still denounces Secession. Parson Brownlow says in the Knoxville *Whig*: "We are for the Union as it is, first; for a border-state Confederacy next; and for the Southern Confederacy never, in any contingency or under any circumstances that may arise."

The Young Volunteer's Good-bye.

BY HAL. J. ELLIOT.

Come up to my little chamber, mother,
Come and bless me before I sleep,
'T is the last night I'll be here, you know,
And it will do me good to weep.

I have said good-bye to the rest, mother,
I have parted with all but you,
And the great, hot tears fell thick and fast,
But the words that we spoke were few.

And my heart aches with the parting, mother,
"God bless you!" was all that they said,
With quivering lips, and wistful eyes,
As tho' I were already dead.

So come to my little chamber, mother,
As you used to come long ago,
When the twilight shades were gathering,
And the West was all aglow.

You remember those hallowed times, mother,
When we used to kneel side by side,
While you prayed to God so earnestly,
That your little boy sobbed and cried.

I want you to pray with me now, mother,
With your arms wound around me tight,
Pray God to protect and keep me safe,
And to make me brave in the fight.

This war is a horrible thing, mother,
I shudder to think of it so,
The visions of blood swept past my brain,
Till my soul seems flooded with woe.

But my country calls for me now, mother,
It calls for me almost by name,
And I can not stay at home in peace,
When her flag is trampled in shame.

I shall fight to the very death, mother,
For our cause is righteous, I know,
I shall fight till the Stars and Stripes once more
Float as pure and spotless as snow.

So pray to God with your whole soul, mother,
As you used in days gone by—
And it will not shame my manhood now,
If I lean on your breast and cry.

If I come back to you again, mother,
You'll be glad I went to the fight,
For a victor's crown upon my brow
Will answer your prayer to-night.

If I fall on the field of battle, mother,
You will know I died for the Right,
And your heart will be glad while you weep,
When you think of our good-bye, to-night.

Now here in my little chamber, mother,
With my head pillowed on your breast,
I'll whisper my last good-bye to you,
And prayerfully go to my rest.

I'm off with the early sunrise, mother,
I shall leave you all asleep—
There are stirring times ahead for us all,
I have no more time to weep.

BLACKSTONE, MASS., July, 1861.
—[Boston Journal.

THE EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.—The services of General Butler and this regiment are deserving of special recognition. General Butler seems to have fully comprehended his position, and to have assumed the responsibility of taking prompt and energetic measures to "hold, possess, and occupy" the route from Annapolis to the Junction. The hardy and ingenious fellows who compose the regiment were equally well fitted for the work which fell to them. No other regiment probably could have been so admirably suited to the emergency. Those sturdy and ready mechanics were not to be nonplussed by such obstacles as the tearing up of rails and the un gearing of the machinery of a locomotive. The curing of such troubles

was but a diversion to them on their way to Washington. The Pittsfield company showed themselves equally ready in cutting out the receiving ship in Baltimore harbor. Two companies of the regiment also guarded the *Constitution* on her way to New York from Annapolis with the midshipmen of the naval school on board. The first week's service of the Eighth Massachusetts regiment has been of the highest value.—[Providence Journal.

Mustering Out of the Eighth Regiment—Touching Scene in the Hollow Square.

Just before the time arrived for the regiment to be mustered out of the service, Colonel Hinks formed his command into a hollow square, and made a very affecting speech to his men, which was repeatedly applauded and cheered.

He said he had asked them to go to no place where he was not willing to lead them. ["That 's so," said the men, with a will.] He was particularly complimentary to the Salem zouaves, who had done, as he said, the most efficient service. He gave his right hand to Captain Deveraux, and addressed him personally, with much feeling, and did the same to Captain Richardson. The last words of Colonel Hinks, in the hollow square, were, "Richard 's himself again."

As he finished his remarks to his command, he dismounted, and the whole regiment gave him three rousing cheers.

The regiment was then brought into line, when the commissioned officers surrounded the group, and he said a few words to them, bade them good-bye, and shook each one by the hand. His last words were "God bless you." There were few dry eyes among the group.

Prior to the above, Colonel Hinks suggested that some one be appointed to write the history of the regiment during its three months of campaign. The name of Ben: Perley Poore was suggested, and he was unanimously appointed.

Mayor Wightman made a brief address to the officers in which he alluded in eloquent language to the services of the Eighth, and said Boston would ever remember them.

The companies were then mustered out of the service and dismissed. They will be paid off as soon as the necessary papers can be made out. The parting scenes on the common will ever be fresh in the minds of all the command of Colonel Hinks.

The following letter was addressed to the Colonel by Governor Andrew, his excellency not being able, on account of ill health, to be present on the common:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, Aug. 1, 1861.

TO COLONEL HINKS, Commander of the Eighth regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia: Colonel,—I regret exceedingly that the condition of my health prohibits me absolutely from meeting you and your gallant regiment personally to-day, and expressing to you and them congratulations upon their return after a period of such efficient service. I can only beg you in my behalf to express

how highly I appreciate their invariable good conduct, their varied capacity, and the honor they have done to the commonwealth.

I look to the return of such of them as may again proceed to the field for a longer term of service, as one of the surest means of promoting the efficiency of our volunteer regiments, and of maintaining the military reputation of Massachusetts, which they have already done so much to establish.

I am faithfully and sincerely yours,
JOHN A. ANDREW.

MILITARY MATTERS, ETC.

RETURN OF THE SIXTH MASS. REGIMENT.

Grand Reception at Worcester.

ARRIVAL IN BOSTON.

An Enthusiastic Greeting.

The Sixth regiment of Massachusetts Militia, Colonel Jones, who have earned for themselves the praise and best wishes of all loyal citizens of the United States for their promptness at the commencement of the national troubles, and their ever-memorable passage through Baltimore, arrived in this city yesterday afternoon, and received a most cordial greeting from tens of thousands of people. The regiment left the Relay house at 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, arriving in Philadelphia at a late hour the same day, after a long and tedious journey.

The Reception at Worcester.

The train which took the regiment from Groton, Conn., to Worcester, reached the latter city soon after 11 o'clock. There were thousands of people on the common in Worcester, waiting for several hours previous to the arrival of the train, and upon its approach being announced, the enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch. As the train stopped near the common a salute was fired from pieces of cannon near by, which was continued for a considerable time afterward, during the presence of the regiment.

As the soldiers disembarked from the cars, they were received by an overjoyed crowd, who instantly rushed up and grasping many of the soldiers by hand received them as old acquaintances, though perhaps they had never met before. It was a most exciting scene. The intermingling of the bronzed and hardy-looking soldiers with the gathering of ladies and gentlemen, shaking hands, and the thousand questions were continued for a few moments, when the escort arrived, and soon after the regiment was formed in column and marched through several streets to the city hall, where a collation was prepared.

Departure from Worcester.

After a short delay on the common the soldiers again entered the cars, and

at 2:30 o'clock the train moved out of Worcester amid the deafening cheers of the multitude gathered about the common. The members of the regiment were much pleased with the warm reception given them at Worcester.

At Framingham the train stopped for a few moments, and a large gathering of people were enthusiastic in their attention to the soldiers. A salute was fired at this place.

Arrival and Reception in Boston.

On arriving at the Worcester railroad depot the regiment was received by a very large crowd — assembled inside and outside the building — who cheered them to the echo. For a time friendly meetings and congratulations of friends assumed the control of affairs. After about half an hour the line was formed in Lincoln and Summer streets — the Second battalion, under command of Major Newton, furnishing the escort. Gilmore's and the regimental band furnished the music, and a drum corps of nineteen persons attached to the regiment gave the time.

The Daughter of the Regiment.

The great center of popular observation as the column came in view was the "Daughter of the Regiment," as she rode along in her fine uniform of red, white, and blue, with her silver canteen slung by her side. Cheers arose everywhere along the crowded streets as this beautiful child passed at the head of the column. She rode a white steed procured for the purpose, and, young as she is, exhibited a considerable proficiency in horsemanship. She is the daughter of Colonel Jones, and was adopted by the regiment in the armory of the Second battalion on the day the regiment left for Washington. The colonel has every reason to be proud of his daughter, and gratified at the interest taken in her by his command.

On the Common.

The arrangements on the common for the convenience of the regiment were very complete. Nearly the whole of the parade ground was roped in, and a large number of policemen, under charge of Sergeant Dunn, were stationed around the entire enclosure to prevent a too great crowd of interested spectators. At the time of the arrival of the regiment, there was an extraordinarily large number of people assembled outside the enclosure, but few gained admittance inside, as it was thought desirable to have as little impediment to the comfort of the soldiers as possible.

The column arrived inside the enclosure at about 6 o'clock, and took up its position adjoining the Charles-street mall.

The Collation.

The regiment then stacked their muskets and were marched across the common to the place where the edibles were in waiting for them. These were prepared on ten tables on the Beacon-street mall, by J. B. Smith, under the direction of the city government, and all that could be desired in quantity and quality.

A Sociable Time.

After refreshing themselves at the tables, the soldiers for about three-quarters of an hour were allowed to act their own pleasure without leaving the enclosure, and many of their friends were admitted inside. They were soon scattered about the parade ground, and collected in knots, recounting their varied experience to the eager listeners. The Baltimore troubles, with which the name of the Sixth is so closely allied, was the principal topic of interest. They generally spoke of the Baltimoreans as having treated them with respect since their first trouble. The prompt action of General Banks had done much to awe those who were ill-disposed toward the Federal cause. On their return through Baltimore on Tuesday they were generally well treated, and they had no hesitation in freely visiting any portion of the city during their delay of several hours there. One instance was noted where a Secession flag was displayed during their march through the city, and that was by a lady who thrust a small emblem of "Secesh," about a foot square, out of a window in the upper story of a building, but she took the precaution of closing the blinds so that she would not be recognized. The regiment speak of General Butler in commendatory terms.

Negroes with the Regiment.

Some of the officers of the regiment after their arrival at the Relay house, and also while in Baltimore, employed several free-born Negro boys as servants, and about half-a-dozen of them were brought on with them. Most of them are quite intelligent and full of fun, and seemed pleased with their change of locality.

A great deal of amusement was derived from one of the contrabands, yekept George, alias the "Commissary," whose ability to mock the mocking-bird was extraordinary. George lay down on his face in the grass, and sent forth such a volley of mellifluousness such as we never heard only in the case of the original mocking-bird. Showers of coppers discounted the commissary's notes, which were as plenty as Western shipplasters; and what did not appear at all strange to George, was the great and overpowering (sometimes) desire of a little brother Ethiope to act as treasurer on his own hook. Unless we are very much wrong, the "Commissary" will be able to wag through the world without leading strings.

Juvenile Zouaves.

We should not be justified in neglecting mention of the youthful Ellsworth zouaves, Captain Coleman, who did guard duty all day over the commissariat department. Their devotion to duty — the strict propriety of their conduct — and above all, the rigid impartiality with which they repulsed friends and strangers when an attempt was made to attack a water jug, aggregated in such credit as few corps similarly situated would have earned. That the boys can be trusted where duty is required, is

creditably proved by the conduct of Captain Coleman's command. They were greatly admired by every looker on.

The Reception in Lowell.

The regiment will arrive in Lowell at about 11 o'clock this forenoon, and they will be received by the ringing of bells, and a salute of nineteen guns, in commemoration of the 19th of April, 1861. The public buildings will be decorated with flags displayed from the various public and many private buildings on the route they will march through. A procession under the direction of Wm. H. Clemence, chief marshal, will act as an escort to the regiment to the South common, where they will be addressed by his honor, Mayor Sargeant. A collation will be provided in Huntington hall. In the procession will be the members of the city government, officers and members of the several associations in the city, members of the schools, members of the city government of Lawrence and Worcester, officers of the several towns where the companies belong, the fire department, and several military organizations. It will be a grand affair.—[Boston Journal, Aug. 2.

The Reception of the Davis Guards at Acton.

The good old town of Acton was on Saturday the center of great interest to all its people, and to those of the neighboring towns, the occasion being the reception of the Davis Guards, Co. E, Capt. Daniel Tuttle, of that town, after an absence of more than three months with the Sixth Massachusetts regiment in the service of the Federal government. We think it is a fact that this company was the first one in arms in response to the president's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. The orders for the captain to report his command in Lowell on Tuesday morning, April 16th, were not sent to Acton till a late hour in the evening; the members were notified and collected from seven different towns, and although twelve miles from Lowell, we believe they were in the city at 7:30 o'clock on Tuesday morning. We remember the fact that they passed our office in a drenching rain, about that time. How many hours before this time they were in arms, we do not know, but it is quite probable that it was some time before any of our Lowell companies left their armories. It was fitting, then, that this company, which was the first to start for the capital, then threatened by the Rebels, should be welcomed—enthusiastically welcomed—on their return to the homes they had left in so much haste and under circumstances any thing but encouraging.

The Davis Guards, after having been dismissed by Colonel Jones in Huntington hall, repaired to the armory of the City Guards, where they remained all night.

Amid the booming of cannon, ringing of bells, hand-shakings, exclamations of surprise at the appearance of the hardy, sun-burnt, and oddly uniformed men,

the company came into line, and after briefly marching a short distance took up a position on the left of the road leading to Acton, opposite Exchange hall.

Across the street were suspended neatly-wrought mottoes, appropriate to the occasion. "First to go," was the first one we noticed. "Safely Returned," "Welcome Home," and "Honor to the Brave," were also passed before arriving opposite the monument, which had upon it the word "Union" on two sides, and the names of Davis, Hayward, and Hosmer. On a store to the right of the monument were the words, "Through Baltimore"; and on a dwelling house, "Welcome home again." On the front of the old church, to the left of the monument, were the words (the sentiment of those uttered by Davis previous to the Concord fight), "The Davis Guards not afraid to go." On the dwelling house next the church some true-hearted person had expressed his love for our country in one word, "Union." The firing of cannon and ringing of bells, as the procession entered the village, lent additional inspiration to the occasion. In various places the American flag floated gaily on the breeze, and the scene was one of unusual interest to those who witnessed as well as those who took part in the ceremonies.

The procession having halted, the several companies formed around the rostrum.

Colonel Faulkner, when the speakers were seated, stepped forward and called to order, and announced Rev. Mr. Morton, of Acton, who invoked divine blessing in a most touching and appropriate prayer.

Dr. John M. Miles, of Acton, was next introduced, and made the address welcoming home the command of Captain Tuttle.

To the address of Doctor Miles a brief response was made by Doctor Cowdry on behalf of Captain Tuttle, who from hoarseness was hardly able to speak a loud word. He said the Davis Guards were proud of the reception that had been given them; they had endeavored to do their duty; they were ready to go again if the country required their services, and even the prospect of a fight like that at Bull Run would not intimidate them.

During the whole day we saw no jarring, quarreling or intoxication; every thing was done "decently and in order," and a most fitting welcome did the people of Acton give the brave little body of men who went forth from their homes and friends, on a dark and stormy morning on the 16th of April last, to battle, as did those from whom they sprung, for their country and its glorious institutions. We saw and heard enough to prove to us that Acton will never fail to do her duty, and we have no doubt that her part in the war against Rebellion is not yet fully performed, for she has men who can not quietly remain at home while the Stars and Stripes are in peril. The spirit of those whose remains rest beneath the granite shaft in the public square, must continually remind

the men of Acton that if the Rebels triumph, then Davis, Hayward, and Hosmer forfeited their lives to no purpose, and the government they sought to establish has proved a failure.—[Lowell Daily Courier, Aug. 6, 1861.

Welcome Home of the Sixth Regiment.

We noticed yesterday the reception of this regiment in New York. The regiment reached Worcester yesterday forenoon, about 11 o'clock, and was the recipient of a most gratifying welcome from the warm-hearted people of the "heart of the Commonwealth."

This forenoon, after having been mustered out of service by Captain Amory, the regiment took the cars for this city, reaching here about 1:30 o'clock. The four companies belonging here, the two Lawrence companies, the Groton and the Acton companies, left this city about noon on Tuesday, the 16th of April, and have been absent fifteen weeks and three days.

The terrible reception which several of the companies met with at Baltimore on the 19th of April, is fresh in the minds of all. The bravery the men displayed on that occasion gave the regiment a character which was acknowledged at once by the country, and their arrival at Washington on the same day, being the first armed body that arrived at the capital, was welcomed as a deliverance by all Union men then residing there. Although the regiment has not been in any regular engagement, yet its presence in and about Baltimore to preserve peace and good order, has done much for the country and has been acknowledged in various ways by the loyal citizens of Baltimore and Maryland.

On the day of the departure of the regiment from our city we expressed the wish that it might soon return with honor and unbroken ranks. One wish is gratified, but alas! two of its members who left our city in good health, soon were in a few days brought back—Whitney and Ladd to this city, and Needham to Lawrence, having fallen martyrs to the fury of the mob in its passage through Baltimore. We believe that all its other members who left here are alive, though some have come back in consequence of wounds received at Baltimore, or from ill-health.

Our streets are gaily decked with bunting, the "red, white, and blue" everywhere predominating. Appropriate mottoes are to be seen all along on the route of march, such as "Welcome Sixth," "19th of April, 1861," "All Honor to the Brave," etc. It would be impossible to give the names of those who decorate, without publishing a large portion of the names in the directory, for nearly all endeavor to do their best.—[Lowell Courier.

Arrival of the Fifth Regiment!

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

Military and Civic Escort.

HOME WELCOMES IN CHARLESTOWN, MEDFORD, SOMERVILLE, ETC.

The Fifth regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, which was one of the first regiments to respond to the call of the President in April last, and which left this city for Washington on the 21st of that month, returned home yesterday and met with a most enthusiastic welcome. The friends of the members of the different companies came in large numbers from the towns in which they reside to join in the welcome to the troops, and at an early hour wended their way to the Providence depot, at which the regiment was to arrive. It was generally rumored that the troops would arrive about 8 o'clock, and from before that time to the time of their actual arrival at 1 o'clock, the depot and its surroundings were thronged with anxious and joyous friends.

Scenes on the Common.

People began to flock to the common at an early hour, and on the arrival of the escort, an hour previous to the arrival of the regiment, the crowd had become very large. After several hours of anxious waiting, the commotion in the neighborhood of the Providence railway station plainly indicated the arrival of the train, and hundreds bent their steps in that direction. Most, however, remained on the common, supposing, of course, that the troops, who had had nothing whatever to eat since their departure from New York on Monday evening, would first partake of the collation which had been spread for some hours on the Beacon-street mall. The regiment, however, proceeded through the streets of the city before arriving on the common. Their approach was the signal for a grand rush. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends seized the hands or clung about the necks of the soldiers as they came upon the parade ground. The strict order not to "meddle with the boys on the march" was only partially heeded, and the detour of the parade ground was accomplished by the troops at the sound of familiar music, with their glorious colors still flying, and with numerous acclamations to their ranks. No sooner had the regimental line been formed in line with the Charles-street mall, than from all quarters of the parade ground rushed throngs of people to greet them. The orders to stack arms, etc., were obeyed under great disadvantages, as at this time the ranks were completely broken by the influx of innumerable friends. Then followed the greetings. The colonel rode up and down the parade ground on his splendid horse, receiving

the hearty congratulations of his friends on all sides. The civil and military authorities present, including several United States officers, repaired to the marquee at the North end of the ground, where a repast was laid, and where many friends had been gathered. In the scenes of welcome and heartfelt congratulation the repast was at first well nigh neglected.

Many an affecting incident occurred, and many tears of welcome were shed within the tent and all along the ranks. The troops were conducted to their collation, and were for a couple of hours allowed the full enjoyment of the meeting. One never failed of interest in walking among them. Here a hardy young soldier was exhibiting a shattered musket or a few clean bullet holes in his garments; another was the center of an eager crowd, who were listening intently to the last authentic account of the battle of Bull Run from an "eyewitness." Outside the lines little knots of people listened to new incidents of the fight, and none enjoyed the scene better than the returned volunteers.

To drink from a soldier's canteen that had been often filled from the puddles of Fairfax and Centreville, was the especial delight of many, while trophies of the field were liberally dispersed on all hands. In scenes like these two happy hours of the afternoon passed away, and we heard it from the lips of many of the regiment that it was a source of especial delight that their first reception at home was beneath the green trees of Boston common.

The office of the *Bunker Hill Aurora*, on Chelsea street, was draped with the American flag, and the rooms of the Bunker Hill Drill club, adjoining, were splendidly decorated with flags and lines of streamers, mottoes and inscriptions. They displayed the words, "Welcome," and on a scroll, held in the beak of a spread eagle, appeared the motto: "Liberty and Union, 1776." The bank building, corner of Warren street and City square, was profusely adorned. Over the entrance appeared in golden letters, on a scarlet velvet ground, the cheering words, "Welcome the Brave," and on either side festoons of streamers radiating from the cornice were shields inscribed: "Patriots of '76 and '61" and "The Union Forever." Some very fine displays of flags and bunting, chief among which was the decoration of the bank building of the Warren Savings Institution, which looked finely. On Winthrop street the lady of Lieut. Caleb Drew, of the City Guard, decorated her house in beautiful style, and in conjunction with Mr. J. Smith, an opposite neighbor, made a fine display, including a tablet suspended across the street, inscribed: "Honor to the Gallant Defenders of the Stars and Stripes," and on the reverse: "All Hail the Stars and Stripes."

For some time the whereabouts of ex-Governor Wise, of Virginia, has been a matter of conjecture. The *Wheeling Intelligencer* of the 15th inst. enlightens us as follows:—

"We are at last able to give what is unquestionably the truth in regard to the killing or wounding of the old arch-traitor, Henry A. Wise. He is still in the land of the living. Mr. John Woods, son of A. P. Woods, of this city, arrived here from Ravenswood, on Saturday morning, by steamer. He left Charlottesville, where he was a student at the university, about three weeks ago. He reached Charlestown after a great deal of trouble, and left that place on the 4th of July, arriving at Ripley on the evening of the 5th. Old Henry A. and his son, O. Jennings Wise, were both at Ripley. On the 8th, a report reached Ripley that a thousand Union troops were marching upon that place from the Ohio river. The Wises, with their seven hundred followers, retreated back upon Charlestown. The report of the killing of Wise and his body-guard reached us on Sunday evening, the 7th, so that it will be seen that he could not have been very badly injured, as he was knocking around Ripley pretty tolerably spry for an old man. From other circumstances we are induced to believe that the whole story about the attack on Wise's party is a sheer fabrication. It is scarcely possible that he could have been at Sissonville at all.

Our readers may rest assured that Henry A. Wise still lives, and is doubtless this minute 'firing the Southern heart' somewhere along the Kanawha lines."

Letter from General Butler.

The following letter from General Butler to F. A. Hildreth, Esq., of this city, we have no doubt will be read with the liveliest interest by every one, whether friendly to its author or otherwise. The letter is dated "United States Steam Frigate *Minnesota*, off Cape Hatteras, August 27, 1861." Some portions of it will, we doubt not, afford much satisfaction to many of our citizens, while the facts it gives respecting the causes of trouble we have received from the South, will find an endorsement in every intelligent mind, although they have not previously, we think, been acknowledged on the side from which this comes. But the letter is distinct and speaks for itself. We have no room for comments to-day. The letter appeared in the *Advertiser* of last evening:—

I have received your note, as well as those of many others of my true friends in Massachusetts, asking my opinion about political questions, and some kindly suggesting my name as a candidate for governor at the ensuing election. I reply to you as representing them all, because our intimacy will permit more frankness than would seem meet toward those less closely connected. As I have stated to you, and as I have publicly repeated, when I left home I left all politics, in a party sense of the term, behind me, and I know no politics in any sense, save as represented by the question—How best to preserve the Union and restore the country in its integrity. Peace is desirable to all, and to none more so than the soldier who has left his friend and his home to do his duty to his country. But however desirable, it is not to be purchased upon any terms, save the recognition of the authority of the Federal government over every inch of territory which ever belonged to it. Upon no condition whatever,

other than this, would I consent to peace. A peace involving the disintegration of the Union, or until the supremacy of the government is forever established, would be simply a declaration of perpetual war of sections.

Were the Southern Confederacy to-day acknowledged in the fullness of good faith, two months would not elapse before causes of war would arise, sufficient not only to justify, but to demand a renewal of the conflict. No two months have passed, in the last ten years at least, in which outrages have not been committed upon Northern men in the South, which, had they been perpetrated by a foreign nation, would have demanded a redress of grievances, under pain of a suspension of diplomatic relations. But we have borne these outrages because there was no tribunal to the arbitration of which we could submit them, and it was against the genius of our people to appeal to arms. Therefore I see with pain, upon the part of some of those with whom I have acted in political organizations, a disposition to advocate peaceful settlements wherein there can be no peace. Therefore this war must go on, not for the purpose of subjugation,—but if those who commenced it bring upon themselves that condition as an incident, it will only be another illustration of the fruit of sowing the wind. Besides these, there are no other politics.

On the matter of the nomination—I can not consent that my name shall be used by any party. While on some things, as you are aware, I do not agree with the principles upon which the state and the national administrations were inaugurated, yet we are a long way past that. The Republican party, having won a political victory, both in the state and in the nation, is entitled to the patriotic endeavor of every man to give it a fair trial in the administration of the government, and in that, it should, as it does, take the lead in official positions. And now there is left nothing for us to contend against, save any corruption, inefficiency or impropriety of administration, which I doubt not would at once be rebuked as well by Republicans as by Democrats. But as far as regards the *personnel* of the administration in the state, I believe Governor Andrew has endeavored faithfully, zealously, and efficiently to put our commonwealth on the side of the nation, and to sustain the Union. I therefore, for one, would not desire to see a change in the executive, although, I doubt not, the people will demand changes in some of the minor offices. I do not say that I would vote for Governor Andrew, but were I at home I would not vote against him. Let it be understood that without distinction of party, and without party issues, all men who love the Union are determined to stand by it and the country until this Rebellion shall be quelled, and then we may hereafter divide as we please upon the minor differences of administration of government.

To you, my dear friend, I need urge no justification of this course. You will appreciate it, for you are aware of the sacrifice, both of feeling and of position, I made a year ago in the earnest endeavor to save the country from this calamity, which I then partly foresaw, and acting in the best light I had, endeavored to prevent. And I am ready to make a like sacrifice now to repel that which I then sought to avert. I need to thank you and others of my friends for this, among other kindnesses you have shown me.

Very truly yours, BENJ. F. BUTLER.

Knowledge is Power.

The Baltimore *American* says, in an account of matters at the Relay house:—

"Gentlemen who conversed with General Butler state that the knowledge he possessed of the doings in Baltimore previous and since the deeds of the 19th ult. astonished them, and led to the conviction that the government had its agents here to watch the progress of events. Even the names of participators and sympathizers, and all that was done or left undone by the authorities is known to him. Every man who took an

active part in the riot has his name and his doings and sayings on record in Washington, and in fact it is evident that more is known there than here with regard to the details of the whole transaction."

We believe this is a correct tribute to the vigilance of the government, which not only keeps Maryland and Baltimore under its eye, but Virginia, and in short the whole movement of the Secession conspiracy. The organization of this "intelligence" force was one of the first duties which occupied the new administration, as the difficulty of keeping up communication with Fort Sumter had established its absolute necessity. Knowledge is power ordinarily, but tenfold so in war. We believe it impossible for the government now to be entrapped by any sudden movement of the Rebel leaders. There is far more danger of the indiscreet disclosure of military intelligence at the North, than of the non-receipt of all that is material from the South. As to General Butler, who seems to have astonished the Maryland gentlemen by his intimate acquaintance with their affairs, it must be remembered that he is a "detective" by profession. For several years he has been in the eager "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," by direct questioning, cross-questioning, bluffing, coaxing, and all other means. And it may be safely assumed that when he takes a case in hand, legal or military, what he does not know about it is not worth knowing.

Lyon.

[The following, from the Philadelphia Saturday *Post*, is one of the most beautiful tributes that the heroic death of General Lyon has called forth:—]

Sing, bird, on green Missouri's plain,
The saddest song of sorrow;
Drop tears, O clouds, in gentlest rain
Ye from the winds can borrow;
Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh,
Weep, flowers, in dewy splendor,
For him who knew well how to die,
But never to surrender.

Up rose serene the August sun
Upon that day of glory;
Up curled from musket and from gun
The war-cloud gray and hoary;
It gathered like a funeral pall,
Now broken and now blended,
Where rang the bugle's angry call,
And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men, as brave and true
As e'er went forth in daring,
Upon the foe that morning threw
The strength of their despairing.
They feared not death—men bless the field
That patriot soldiers die on—
Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield,
And at the head was Lyon!

Their leader's troubled soul looked forth
From eyes of troubled brightness;
Sad soul! the burden of the North
Had pressed out all its lightness.
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
His ranks all rent and gory
And felt the shadows close like night
Round his career of glory.

"General, come lead us!" loud the cry
From a brave band was ringing—
"Lead us, and we will stop, or die,
That battery's awful singing."
He spurred to where his heroes stood,
Twice wounded—no wound knowing—
The fire of battle in his blood
And on his forehead glowing.

Oh, cursed for aye that traitor's hand,
And cursed that aim so deadly,
Which smote the bravest of the land,
And dyed his bosom redly!
Serene he lay while past him pressed
The battle's furious billow,
As calmly as a babe may rest
Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died! and well may flowers
His place of burial cover,
For never had this land of ours
A more devoted lover.
Lying, his country was his bride,
His life he gave her dying,
Life, fortune, love—he naught denied
To her and to her sighing.

Rest, Patriot, in the hillside grave,
Beside her form who bore thee?
Long may the land thou died'st to save
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!
Upon her history's brightest page,
And on Fame's glowing portal,
She'll write thy grand, historic page,
And grave thy name immortal. H. P.

In the Camp.

BY MARY A. HARLOW.

By our dim camp-fire, in the gloom of the
night,
When sleep comes gently, like a welcome
guest,
Visions gleam round me in the flickering light,
Wearing the forms of those I love the best.

She comes, my angel! and with beckoning
hand
Points toward the Eden that was ours so
late,
Where tower the mountains and the forests
grand,
And flash the waters of our native state.

And Eve, young darling of a soldier's pride,
Shines in the twilight like a golden beam;
Never did fairer form of beauty glide
Through the wild mazes of a poet's dream.

They drew me from these scenes with them to
meet
Where ran the current of our peaceful life;
But soon the bugle and the drum's quick beat
Breaks the fond charm and calls me to the
strife.

Oh, to behold those faces dear once more!
To feel the thrilling pressure of the hand!
When every glorious star, bright as before,
Shines on the ensign of our stricken land.

The storm of war is raging dark and wild,
And fiercer yet the storm may become;
Can one rejoice in love of wife and child
Without a peaceful country and a home.

Burn then upon the altar of my heart
Naught but the incense of a patriot's love!
This dauntless breast may win the fatal dart;
But union sweet awaits us "up above."
—[Boston Journal.

"I Fights Mit Siegel."

BY GRANT T. ROBINSON.

I met him again, he was trudging along,
His knapsack with chickens was swelling,
He'd "blenkered" these dainties, and
thought it no wrong,
From some Secessionist's dwelling.
"What regiment's yours, and under whose
flag
Do you fight?" said I, touching his shoulder;
Turning slowly around he smiling said,
For the thought made him stronger and
bolder,
"I fights mit Siegel!"

The next time I saw him his knapsack was
gone,
His cap and canteen were missing,
Shell, serapnel, and grape, and the swift rifle
ball,
Around him and o'er him were hissing.
How are you, my friend, and where have you
been,
And for what and for whom are you fighting?

He said, as a shot from the enemy's gun
Sent his arm and his musket a "kiting,"
"I fights mit Sigel."

And once more I saw him and knelt by his
side,
His life-blood was rapidly flowing;
I whispered of home, wife, children, and
friends,
The bright land to which he was going,
And have you word for the dear ones at home,
The "wee one," the father or mother?
Yaw! yaw! said he, tell them, oh! tell them,
I fights —
Poor fellow! he thought of no other —
"I fights mit Sigel."

We scraped out a grave and he dreamlessly
sleeps
On the banks of the Shenandoah river;
His home or his kindred are alike unknown;
His reward in the hands of the Giver.
We placed a rough board at the head of his
grave,
"And we left him alone in his glory,"
But on it we marked, ere we turned from the
spot,
The little we knew of his story:
"I fights mit Sigel."

JEFF. DAVIS' DOMESTIC LIFE.—Jeff. Davis' negro coachman, Jackson, who is now with General McDowell, reports that the president lives very plainly and is reduced to drinking sassafras in the morning as a substitute for tea. He has four children — Maggie, a daughter aged seven; Jeff. Davis, Jr., about five years old; Joe, a truculent little fellow of three, and a baby Rebel, a month old last Christmas. None of the children are allowed to eat butter, as that commodity involves too great an expense. Jeff. rises between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning and comforts himself with a mint julep, sitting down to breakfast and sassafras tea at 10. At 4 he takes a light lunch of crackers and cheese, varied with an occasional herring, dining magnificently at 7. His dinner usually consists of St. Julian soup, roast beef, ash cake — Jeff. is very fond of cake, Jackson says — claret and sherry. Over his dinner Jeff. grows very confidential and converses with his family.

The Fathers.

Over the mountain wave, see where they
come;
Storm-cloud and wintry wind welcome them
home;
Yet where the sounding gale howls to the sea,
There their song peals along, deep-toned and
free!
"Pilgrims and wanderers, hither we
come,
Where the free dare to be, this is our
home!"

England hath sunny dales, dearly they bloom.
Scotia hath heather-hills, sweet their perfume,
Yet thro' the wilderness cheerful we stray —
Native land, native land, home far away.
"Pilgrims and wanderers," etc.

Dim grew the forest-path — onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting in God,
Gray men and blooming maids, high rose their
song,
Hear it sweep, clear and deep, ever along.
"Pilgrims and wanderers," etc.

Not theirs the glory wreath torn by the blast;
Heavenward their holy step, heavenward
they past,
Green be their mossy graves! ours be their
fame,
While their song peals along, ever the same.
"Pilgrims and wanderers," etc.
GEORGE LUNT.

Mother, Can I Go?

I am writing to you, mother, knowing well
what you will say,
When you read with fearful fondness all I
write to you to-day,
Knowing well the flame of ardor on a loyal
mother's part,
That will kindle with each impulse, with each
throbbing of your heart.
I have heard my country calling for her sons
that still are true —
I have loved that country, mother, only next
to God and you;
And my soul is springing forward to resist
her bitter foe.
Can I go my dearest mother? tell me, mother,
Can I go?

From the battered walls of Sumter, from the
wilds waves of the sea,
I have heard her cry for succor, as the voice
of God to me.
In prosperity I loved her, in her days of dark
distress,
With your spirit in me, mother, could I love
that country less?
They have pierced her heart with treason,
they have caused her sons to bleed,
They have robbed in her kindness, they have
triumphed in her need;
They have trampled on her standard, and she
calls me in her woe —
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother,
can I go?

I am young and slender, mother — they would
call me yet a boy,
But I know the land I live in, and the bless-
ings I enjoy;
I am old enough, my mother, to be loyal,
proud and true
To the faithful sense of duty I have ever
learned from you.
We must conquer this Rebellion; let the doubt-
ing heart be still;
We must conquer it, or perish. We must con-
quer and will!
But the faithful must not falter, and shall I be
wanting? No!
Bid me go, my dearest mother! tell me,
mother, can I go?

He who led his chosen people, in their efforts
to be free,
From the tyranny of Egypt, will be merciful
to me;
Will protect me by His power, whatso'er I
undertake;
Will return me home in safety, dearest
mother, for your sake.
Or should this my bleeding country need a
victim such as me,
I am nothing more than others who have
perished to be free.
On her bosom let me slumber, on her altar
let me lie;
I am not afraid, dear mother, in so good a
cause to die.

There will come a day of gladness, when the
people of the Lord
Shall look proudly on their banner, which His
mercy has restored;
When the stars, in perfect number, on their
azure field of blue,
Shall be clustered in a Union, then and ever
firm and true.
I may live to see it, mother, when the patriot's
work is done,
And your heart, so full of kindness, will beat
proudly for your son;
Or through tears your eyes may see it with a
sadly thoughtful view.
And may love it still more dearly for the cost
it won from you.

I have written to you, mother, with the con-
sciousness of right —
I am thinking of you, fondly, with a loyal
heart, to-night;
When I have your noble bidding, which tells
me to press on,
I will come and see you, mother — come and
kiss you and be gone.
In the sacred name of Freedom, and my coun-
try, as her due —
In the name of Law and Justice, I have writ-
ten this to you.
I am eager, anxious, longing, to resist my
country's foe;
Shall I go, my dearest mother? — tell me,
mother, shall I go?

— [Boston Journal, Aug. 12.

The Mother's Reply.

Go, my boy, and heaven bless you! I have
read each precious line
Of your heart's responsive throbbings to a
higher call than mine.
God hath spoken — you have heard him — and
though tears these eyes bedim,
Your affection for your mother shall not mar
your love for Him.
Could I bid you stay from fondness, when the
ever-ruling Hand
Marks your path to duty clearly for the safety
of the land?
No! 'Tis yours to be a patriot, and 'tis mine
to prove as true;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my
heart will follow you!

Go in faith, and feel protection in a Power su-
preme, divine,
Should a bullet pierce your body, it will also
enter mine.
Do I think of this in sorrow? Does my love
sad fears renew?
Do I tremble at the prospect? No, my son; no
more than you.
Dear to me is every pathway where your
precious feet have trod;
But I give you fondly, freely, to my country
and my God.
You and I shall never falter in the work we
have to do;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my
heart shall follow you!

I shall pray for you — how often — with the
waking hours of morn,
Through the labors of my household, and
when night is coming on,
If a mother's prayers can keep you from the
dangers you incur,
God will surely bring you back again to hap-
piness and her.
I will never doubt the goodness that has kept
you until now,
That has kept the evil from your heart, the
shadow from your brow,
And I know that it shall keep you in the path
you must pursue;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my
heart shall follow you!

If my boy were less a hero, less the man in
thought and deed,
I had less to give my country in its trying
hour of need;
And I feel a pride in knowing that to serve
the cause divine,
From the hearth-stone goes no braver heart
than that which goes from mine.
I have loved you from the hour that my lips
first pressed your brow,
Ever tenderly, but never quite as tenderly as
now;
All I have is His who gave it, whatso'er he
bids me do;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my
heart shall follow you!

I shall miss you through the spring-time,
when the orchard is in bloom,
When the smiling face of Nature bathes its
beauty in perfume;
When the birds are sweetly singing by the
door and on the wing,
I shall think of you who always loved to pause
and hear them sing.
Long will seem the waning hours through
the drowsy summer day,
With my boy exposed to dangers on a soil so
far away,
But my spirit shall not murmur, though a
tear bedim my view;
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my
heart shall follow you!

You will come and see your mother, come
and kiss her, as you say,
From her lips receive the blessing that shall
cheer you on your way;
From her fond embrace go forward to resist
your country's foe,
With the comforting assurance that your
mother bade you go.
Heaven protect, and bless, and keep you;
holy angels guard your way;
Keep your spirit from temptation, and your
feet from going astray.
To your mother ever faithful, to your country
ever true —
Go, my boy, where duty calls you, and my
heart shall follow you!

Patriot's Hymn.

AIR—"O'er the lake where drooped the willows."

On our hill-tops, fortress crested,
Long time ago,
Freedom's battles were contested,
With a stern foe.

There the flag of Freedom flying,
Like heaven's bow,
Nerved the living, cheered the dying,
Long time ago.

Sons of freemen, do the fires
In your hearts glow,
That sustained your gallant sires,
Long time ago.

Then arouse, a band of brothers!
To a world show
Tyrant's chains may rest on others,
On you, never! no! B. F. COPELAND.

God Save the Flag!

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming,
snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it—millions defend it—
Emblem of justice and mercy to all.

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the saber and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas;
This was the rainbow of hope to the nations,
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its sponsor,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave! —[Atlantic Monthly.]

Secretary Cameron's Reply to General Butler Respecting the Treatment of Fugitive Slaves.

The following reply to General Butler's letter was dispatched from Washington by the Secretary of War on Saturday. It will be read with interest:—

General.—The important question of the proper disposition to be made of fugitives from the states in insurrection against the Federal government, to which you have again directed my attention in your letter of July 20th, has received my most careful consideration. It is the desire of the President that all existing rights in the states be fully respected and maintained. The war now prosecuted on the part of the Federal government is a war for the Union, for the preservation of all the constitutional rights of the states and the citizens of the states in the Union, hence no question can arise as to fugitives from service within the states and territories in which the authority of the Union is fully acknowledged. The ordinary forms of judicial proceedings must be respected by the military and civil authorities alike for the enforcement of legal forms. But in the states wholly or in part under insurrectionary control, where the laws of the United States are so opposed and resisted that they can not be effectually enforced, it is obvious that the rights dependent upon the extension of these laws must temporarily fail, and it is equally obvious that the rights dependent on the laws of the states within which military operations are conducted must necessarily

be subordinate to the military exigencies created by the insurrection, if not wholly forfeited by the treasonable conduct of the parties claiming them. To this the general rule of the right of service forms an exception. The act of Congress, approved Aug. 6, 1861, declares that if persons held to service shall be employed in hostility to the United States, the right to their services shall be discharged therefrom. It follows of necessity that no claim can be recognized by the military authority of the Union to the services of such persons when fugitives.

A more difficult question is presented in respect to persons escaping from the service of loyal masters. It is quite apparent that the laws of the state under which only the service of such fugitives can be claimed must be wholly, or almost wholly suspended, as the remedies by the insurrection and the military measures necessitated by it; and it is equally apparent that the substitution of military for judicial measures for the enforcement of such claims must be attended by great inconvenience, embarrassment, and injury. Under these circumstances it seems quite clear that the substantial rights of local masters are still best protected by receiving such fugitives, as well as fugitives from disloyal masters, into the service of the United States, and employing them under such organizations and in such occupations as circumstances may suggest or require. Of course a record should be kept, showing the names and descriptions of the fugitives, the names and characters, as loyal or disloyal, of the masters, and such facts as may be necessary to a correct understanding of the circumstances of each case. After tranquility shall have been restored upon the return of peace, Congress will doubtless provide for all the persons thus received into the service of the Union and for a just compensation to loyal masters. In this way only, it would seem, can the duty and safety of the government, and just rights of all, be fully reconciled and harmonized. You will, therefore, consider yourself instructed to govern your future action in respect to fugitives from service by the premises herein stated, and will report from time to time, and at least twice in each month, your action in the premises to this department. You will, however, neither authorize or permit any interference by the troops under your command with the servants of peaceable citizens in a house or field, nor will you in any manner encourage such citizens to leave the lawful service of their masters, nor will you, except in cases where the public good may seem to require it, prevent the voluntary return of any fugitive to the service from which he may have escaped.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

FOR THE

STAR-FLAG OF THE NORTH!

Enlist.—More Recruits Wanted.—Enlist.

ENCAMPMENTS

May be found at

LOWELL—READYVILLE (Dedham)—WOR-
CSTER—SPRINGFIELD—LYNNFIELD.

Choose from these Commanders:

STEVENSON—GREENE—JONES—LEE—UP-
TON—THOS. S. MURPHY—MATTHEW
MURPHY.

Which Arm of the Service Suits You?

INFANTRY! CAVALRY! RIFLEMEN!
ARTILLERY! SHARPSHOOTERS!

You can Enlist in any one of them.

INFANTRY REGIMENTS.—The Twenty-third (raised by Hon. Henry Wilson)—the Twenty-fourth (Colonel Stevenson), otherwise known as the New England Guards regiment and the Fourth Battalion regiment—the Twenty-fifth (Colonel Upton)—the Twenty-sixth (the gallant Colonel Jones, of the Old Sixth)—the Twenty-seventh (Col. H. C. Lee.)

LIGHT BATTERY.

A new one encamped at Lynnfield. Men

desiring to become practical artillerists are invited to join.

CAVALRY! DRAGOONS! LANCERS!

A NEW CAVALRY REGIMENT forming. Good horsemen should lose no time in applying.

"Up to the saddle!
The foemen await you!
Cavalry, dash
On the traitors who hate you!
Will you submit
To cowardly loans?
Spur horse, and draw saber!
'Upon 'em, dragoons!"

IRISHMEN OF MASSACHUSETTS!

Your native-born brethren will greet you with a

CEAD MILE FEALTHÉ.

RALLY! RALLY FOR

ERIN, SLANTHAGAL GO BRAGH!

"In going forth to battle for the American Union, let the Irish soldier take with him the assurance that, should he fall, neither his wife nor little ones will be forgotten."—*Thos. Francis Meagher.*

UP FOR THE GREEN, BOYS!

UP FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES!

Remember the words of your own "MEAGHER OF THE SWORD."—"The Irish soldier from beneficence and forever shall proudly stand by the side of the native-born."

Take the Field at Once, Irishmen!

"Plunge deep the fiery rowels
In a thousand reeking flanks;
Down, chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the southern ranks!
Now shall their serried columns
Beneath our sabers reel!
Through their ranks, then, with the war
horse!
Through their bosoms with the steel!"

A Massachusetts Regiment.

The Twenty-eighth.—COL. THOMAS S. MURPHY, the veteran commander of the New York Montgomery Guard.

A New York Regiment,
BUT PROVIDED FOR BY MASSACHUSETTS.

The Twenty-ninth.—COL. MATTHEW MURPHY,—Will join the Irish brigade commanded by the famed General Shields. But Massachusetts considers those who enlist in it as Massachusetts soldiers, and provides for their wives and families.

The Quickest Way to Enlist:

GO AT ONCE TO THE

GENERAL RECRUITING STATION,
14 PITTS STREET, BOSTON,

Say whether you wish to enlist in Infantry, Cavalry, Sharpshooters, or Light Artillery. If in the Infantry, name the Regiment you would like to join. You will at once be given a new, well-made, comfortable, and serviceable uniform, sent into camp immediately, and that very day you draw pay and rations, and become entitled to a bounty.

WILLIAM W. BULLOCK,

Brigadier-general First brigade, First division, M. V. M., and

Recruiting Officer-in-chief for the State of Massachusetts.

A WRITER for the New Orleans *Picayune* ventilates his ire upon General Butler and the Massachusetts soldiers as follows:—"All the Massachusetts troops now in Washington are Negroes, with the exception of two or three drummer-boys. General Butler, in command, is a native of Liberia. Our readers may recollect Old Ben, the barber, who kept a shop in Poydras street, and emigrated to Liberia with a small competence. General Butler is his son."

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[OFFICIAL.]

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
BOSTON, Oct. 7, 1861. }

To the People of Massachusetts:

By a recent circular from the Quartermaster-general of the United States, it has been made known that our troops need blankets, for men spring to arms faster than mills can manufacture, and the supplies ordered from abroad are not yet received.

To relieve this necessity, the circular of General Meigs invites contributions from the surplus stores of families and states that the regulation army blanket weighs five pounds, but the good, sound woolen blankets, weighing not less than four pounds, will be gladly received and applied to the use of the troops; and although it invites gifts from every source, announces also that to such persons as have blankets to spare, but can not give them, the full market value of such blankets will be paid if they are delivered at the offices of the Federal quartermasters in the loyal States.

The energetic patriotism of the people of Massachusetts will, of course, respond promptly to this appeal.

With a view therefore to organize gifts of this description in an efficient manner, I hereby request all citizens of the commonwealth who may be disposed to make gratuitous contributions of blankets, to cause them to be prepared immediately and addressed to Brig.-gen. John H. Reed, Quartermaster-general of Massachusetts, Military Store-house, No. 132 Congress street, Boston. I suggest also that committees be forthwith organized in the various towns and cities to collect and forward contributions, and I respectfully request that a list of the names of the generous donors may accompany each bale or bundle, for the purpose of publication.

Several of the principal railroad corporations of the commonwealth (including the Boston & Maine, the Boston & Worcester, the Boston & Providence, and the Boston & Lowell roads) have, with characteristic liberality, arranged with General Reed to transport to Boston free of charge all such contributions of blankets as may, during the next two weeks, be forwarded to his address. Other corporations will undoubtedly display the same liberality, and the various newspapers of the commonwealth will give free circulation to this appeal.

JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, }
Quartermaster-general's Office, }
BOSTON, Oct. 4, 1861. }To the Presidents or Superintendents of the
Massachusetts Railroads:

Gentlemen.—In response to the pressing call of Quartermaster-general Meigs, United States Army, for patriotic contributions of blankets for the use of volunteers now in the field, an appeal is about to be issued by the state authorities, urging the citizens of the commonwealth to forward to Boston without delay such blankets as their means will admit of.

I respectfully ask of you that such contributions may pass over your road without charge during the two weeks following the date of said appeal, and that you will indicate your pleasure in the matter by signing this paper.

Very truly yours,

JOHN H. REED,

Quartermaster-general of Massachusetts.

Agreed to by the Boston & Maine railroad.
F. COGSWELL, President.

Blankets contributed and directed to quartermaster-general, Boston, will be transported over the Boston & Worcester railroad, for two weeks, without charge.

G. TWICHELL, President.

And by the Boston & Providence railroad.
G. H. WARREN, President.And by the Boston & Lowell railroad.
GEORGE STARK, Manager.

Hymn for the National Fast.

[Of all the poetical effusions elicited by the recent national fast, which we have seen, the following suits best our taste. It may have originated near us, but we find it in the *Baltimore American*, without either credit or pretensions to originality:—]

With humbled hearts, great God, this day,
Before Thy throne we sorrowing stand;
Oh, hear our prayer, forgive our sins,
And turn Thy judgments from the land.

Our fathers placed their trust in Thee,
And Thou didst lead them like a flock;
Through Thee they stemm'd the wintry
waves,
Through Thee they braved the battle's
shock.

Be to the sons once more, O God,
As to their sires Thou wert so long;
Revive our faith, rebuke our fears,
And let us in Thy might be strong.

The cloud which thickens o'er our path,
'Tis Thine alone to chase away;
Oh! show the brightness of Thy face,
And turn our darkness into day.

Pour forth Thy spirit, gracious Lord,
To keep us in this hour of need;
Appease the rage which rends our land,
And bid its wounds no longer bleed.

In vain we burnish sword or shield,
Without a blessing from on high;
It radiant with no smile from Thee,
In vain our banners sweep the sky.

Give counsel to our chosen chiefs,
Give courage to our martial bands;
Let prayer, and faith, and trust in God
Inflame their hearts and nerve their hands.

In no resentment let them strike,
No hatred stain their holy cause;
But consecrated be each arm
To "Union, Freedom, and the Laws."

And oh, in Thine own time, restore
Good will and peace from sea to sea;
And in each brother's breast revive
The love that springs from love to Thee.

So may our land, from danger freed,
With one consent Thy mercy own;
And every knee and heart be bent
In grateful homage at Thy throne.

"Not unto us — not unto us,"
In joyful chorus we will sing,
"But all the glory, all the praise,
Be unto Thee, our God and King."

"THEY CAN'T DRAFT ME NOW." — An instance wherein was depicted the foolish fear some persons are apt to indulge, respecting the possibility of being drafted into actual military service, and the extremity to which this fear carries them, has come under our notice. A gentleman, who shall be nameless, called upon Doctor S — a few days since, and inquired what would disqualify him for military service and prevent his being drafted. He was informed, among other things, that the loss of the forefinger of his right hand would have the effect. Taking his leave of the Doctor, the apprehensive individual was lost sight of for about an hour, when he again made his appearance, wishing the stump of his finger dressed, the same having been accidentally "amputated" while cutting wood! Proper liniments, etc., having been applied, the patriot, as he was emerging from the door, exclaimed, in an exultant voice, "They can't draft me, now!" — [New Haven Journal.]

One of Our Braves.

The *Worcester Spy* has a touching tribute, from the pen of Henry S. Washburn, to the memory of Lieut. J. William Grout, who was killed at Ball's Bluff. This young and promising officer was only eighteen years old. He was the son of wealthy parents, and early evinced a fondness for military pursuits. When war was declared he expressed a wish at once to enter the army; but his parents withheld their consent, chiefly on account of his youth. When, however, they yielded to his importunities, his joy knew no bounds, and with all the ardor of his nature, he engaged in the work of preparation for his new calling. He had received a military education at the Highland institute, and obtained a commission as second lieutenant in Co. D of the Massachusetts Fifteenth, an honor rarely bestowed upon so young a person. Of his services at Ball's Bluff the following account is given:

"He was there, and nobly did he discharge his duty. It was observed that he displayed great coolness and bravery; and in one instance, at least, his right arm did signal execution. When all hope had fled, and the day was evidently lost, and the order to retreat given, he knew that he and his associates had done all that men could do, and that Massachusetts had reason to be proud of the conduct of her sons, on that dreadful field of blood and carnage. Alas, that even then his work was done, and his warfare finished!

"He had gained the middle of the stream, and would soon have reached the opposite bank, when a fatal shot pierced him, and he exclaimed, 'Tell Co. D I could have reached the shore, but I am shot, I must sink!' and as the waters closed over him, the spirit took its flight, to be forever free from the throes and conflicts of earth.

"When his death was announced, Colonel Devens remarked, with deep motion 'Dear little fellow, he came to me at the close of the battle and said, 'Colonel, is there any thing more that I can do for you?' I replied, 'Nothing, but take care of yourself.' Similar testimony of his bravery and fidelity has been received from numerous sources."

Mr. Washburn concludes his touching tribute to the memory of his young friend, with the following striking and eloquent remarks:—

"The records of that sad conflict at Ball's Bluff tell the story of the fall of one of the oldest and one of the youngest officers of the Union forces. One, high in political position, and the pride of our western domain, let the tear of charity forever erase the remembrance of his mistakes, if any he made, for he was a peerless man, and a tower of strength to the nation; the other, a fitting representative of the unconquerable pluck and the chivalrous daring of the young men of the oldest Commonwealth in the Union. Thus were united upon the same altar of patriotism and love of country, the Atlantic and the Pacific—the blossoms of youth and the

frosts of age! Oh, who, in view of such pledges and such consecrations, can despair, whatever may be the reverses of the moment, of the final triumph of the republic?"

LEVELING FIFTEEN ACRES OF FOREST TREES AT A SINGLE STROKE.—Referring to the formidable nature of the defenses of Washington, and their constant augmentation, a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger* remarks that two weeks ago Alexandria was sheltered by fifteen acres of wood; but three thousand men in a short time removed this green bandage from the eyes in a novel way. The axe-men cut the trees only on one side, leaving them with just enough of the body to keep them upright; when the utmost verge was reached, the largest trees were cut, and falling, swept the entire fifteen acres with one stroke. These laps are all sharpened, and present a most formidable appearance.

A REBEL COLONEL WEEPS.—Colonel Bratton, of South Carolina, was brought down on the *Vanderbilt* yesterday, a wounded prisoner. During the trip down he saw a wounded South Carolinian and a Massachusetts boy suffering side by side, engaged in an animated conversation. "My God!" exclaimed the Rebel colonel, bursting into tears as he witnessed the scene: "do you call this war? But a few hours ago," continued he, "these two brave lads were engaged in mortal conflict together, and now they are the best of friends!" Such scenes are not uncommon, the Rebels being always surprised to observe that their wounded are so well taken care of.

FATHER TAYLOR, the noted seamen's preacher of Boston, recently prayed for the President in this way—"O Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham, the friend of God, like old Abraham. Save him from those wriggling, intriguing, politic, piercing, slimy, boring keel-worms: don't let them go through the sheathing of his integrity."

The Heroes of Ball's Bluff.

Above them, dark and stormy clouds;
Before them, forests thick with foes;
Behind them, yon steep precipice;
Beneath, a rapid river flows.

Thus compassed is our gallant band;
"Tis not for them to question why;
Though ten to one the foe advance,
'Tis theirs to charge, to fight, and die!

Come, ye who deem that valor's fled,
That ancient knight-hood's gone for aye,
And weep with us who mourn our dead,
As on the battle-field they lie.

With pale, cold faces upward turned,
See the strong man and stender youth,
Who nobly fought and nobly fell
For God, for country, and for truth.

Their mission done, their work fulfilled,
They've gone with God in peace to dwell,
And now, perchance, are watching o'er
The country they have served so well.

O country! to thy sons so dear,
That their life-blood they gladly give,
Enshrine these heroes in thy heart,
And let their names forever live. A. A. H.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

By His Excellency John A. Andrew, Governor, a Proclamation for a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

The example of the fathers, and the dictates of piety and gratitude, summon the people of Massachusetts at this, the harvest season, crowning the year with the rich proofs of the wisdom and love of God, to join in a solemn and joyful act of united praise and thanksgiving to the Bountiful Giver of every good and perfect gift.

I do, therefore, with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint **THURSDAY**, the twenty-first day of November next, the same being the anniversary of that day, in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and twenty, on which the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, on board the *Mayflower*, united themselves in a solemn and written compact of government, to be observed by the people of Massachusetts as a day of public thanksgiving and praise. And I invoke its observance by all the people with devout and religious joy.

"Sing aloud unto God, our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob. Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psalter. Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast-day. For this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob."—*Psalms* lxxxi, v. 1-4.

"O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of His praise to be heard; Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved. For thou, O God, hath proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried."—*Psalms* lxxvi, v. 8-10.

Let us rejoice in God and be thankful; for the fullness with which he has blessed us in our basket, and in our store, giving large reward to the toil of the husbandman, so that "our paths drop fatness."

For the many and gentle alleviations of the hardships, which in the present time of public disorder, have affected the various pursuits of industry.

For the early evidences of the reviving energies of the business of the people.

For the measure of success which has attended the enterprise of those who go down to the sea in ships, of those who search the depths of the ocean to add to the food of men, and of those whose busy skill and handiwork combine to prepare for various use the crops of the earth and the sea.

For the advantages of sound learning, placed within the reach of all the children of the people, and the freedom and alacrity with which these advantages are embraced and improved.

For the opportunities of religious instruction and worship, universally enjoyed by consciences unrestrained by any human authority.

For "the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ, for the means of grace, and the hope of glory."

And with one accord let us bless and praise God for the oneness of heart, mind, and purpose, in which He has united the people of this ancient commonwealth, for the defense of the rights, liberties, and honor of our beloved country.

May we stand forever in the same mind, remembering the devoted lives of our fathers, the precious inheritance of freedom received at their hands, the weight of glory which awaits the faithful, and the infinity of blessing which it is our privilege, if we will, to transmit to the countless generations of the future.

And, while our tears flow in a stream of cordial sympathy with the daughters of our people, just now bereft, by the violence of the wicked and rebellions, of the fathers and brothers and husbands and sons, whose heroic blood has made verily sacred the soil of Virginia, and mingling with the waters of the Potomac, has made the river now and forever ours; let our souls arise to God on the wings of praise, in thanksgiving that He has again granted to us the privilege of living usefully and of dying nobly, in a grand and righteous cause.

For the precious and rare possession of so much devoted valor and manly heroism.

For the sentiment of pious duty which distinguished our fallen in the camp and in the field.

And for the blessed and sweet consolation which accompany the memories of those dear sons of Massachusetts on to immortality.

Let us in our praise let us also be penitent. Let us "seek the truth and ensue it," and prepare our minds for whatever duty shall be manifested hereafter.

May the controversy in which we stand be found worthy in its consummation of the heroic sacrifices of the people and the precious blood of their sons, of the doctrine and faith of the fathers, and consistent with the honor of God, and with justice to all men.

And, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee before Him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away."—*Psalms*, lxxviii, 1 and 2.

"Scatter them by thy power, and bring them down, O Lord, our shield."—*Psalms*, lix, 11.

Given at the council-chamber, this thirty-first day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and the eighty-sixth of the independence of the United States of America.

JOHN A. ANDREW,

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the council.

OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.
God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Vacant Chair—Thanksgiving, '61.

[We copy from the *Worcester Spy* the following touching and beautiful lines, which, we infer from the initials, are the production of Henry S. Washburn, Esq. Mr. Washburn is actively engaged in manufacturing pursuits, but occasionally hunches a waif upon the sea of literature, which has a felicity of style and expression that makes it a treasure in many a scrap-book.

These lines were written in memory of Lieut. Wm. Grant of the Massachusetts Fiftieth, who was killed at Ball's Bluff, a young friend whose memory Mr. Washburn recently embalmed in a touching obituary notice. They are not less applicable to other fire-sides which, owing to the casualties of this mournful war, have their vacant chairs:—]

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening-prayer.

When a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye,
But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell,
At remembrance of the story,
How our noble Willie fell.

How he strove to bear our banner,
Through the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our country's honor,
With the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only,
SwEEPING o'er our heart-strings now.

Sleep to-day, O early fallen!
In thy green and narrow bed;
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening-prayer.

WORCESTER, Nov. 16, 1861.

H. S. W.

A DARING EXPLOIT.—We hear a curious story of daring on the part of Lieut. Joseph C. Hill, Co. A, Maine Cavalry, who is probably remembered by many of our citizens. Lieutenant Hill was

acting quartermaster of the five companies of cavalry in Banks's division. During the retreat, while getting his teams together, he was captured by a squad of Rebel cavalry, placed in one of his own teams and guarded by a mounted soldier was driven off, having been previously disarmed. With true Yankee curiosity, he was anxious to know what there was in the wagon. After some searching he dug out a loaded revolver, after which, jumping from the team he shot his guard, took his horse and recapturing his own and some other teams, he drove back to the Federal lines.— [Kennebec Journal.]

Retirement of General Scott!

HIS LETTER TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

SPECIAL CABINET COUNCIL.

General Scott Placed Upon the Retired List.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL SCOTT TO THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET.

Letter from the Secretary of War.

GENERAL McCLELLAN ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

News from the Rebel Camps.

NAVAL COURT OF INQUIRY IN COMMANDER SCOTT'S CASE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1. The following letter from General Scott was received by the President on Thursday afternoon:—

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 31, 1861. }

The Hon. S. Cameron, Secretary of War:

Sir,—For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse, or to walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities, dropsy and vertigo, admonish me that repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man. It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so lately prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service. As this request is founded on an absolute right, granted by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say that it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself in these momentous times from the orders of a President who has treated me with much distinguished kindness and courtesy, whom I know, upon much personal intercourse, to be patriotic without sectional prejudices; to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and unrivaled in activity and perseverance. And to you, Mr. Secretary, whom I officially address for the last time, I beg to acknowledge my many ob-

ligations for the uniform high consideration I have received at your hands, and have the honor to remain, sir, with the highest respect,
Your obedient servant,
WINFIELD SCOTT.

A special Cabinet council was convened this morning at 9 o'clock, to take the subject into consideration. It was decided that General Scott's request, under the circumstances of his advanced age and infirmities, could not be declined. General McClellan was, therefore, with the unanimous agreement of the Cabinet, notified that the command of the army would be devolved upon him.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Cabinet again waited upon the President, and attended him to the residence of General Scott. Being seated, the President read to the General the following order:—

On the first day of November, A. D. 1861, upon his own application to the President of the United States, Brevet Lieutenant-general Winfield Scott is ordered to be placed, and hereby is placed, upon the list of retired officers of the army of the United States, without reduction in his current pay, subsistence, or allowances. The American people will hear with sadness and deep emotion that General Scott has withdrawn from the active control of the army, while the President and unanimous Cabinet express their own and the nation's sympathy in his personal affliction, and their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to his country during his long and brilliant career, among which will ever be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union, and the flag when assailed by particle rebellion.

(Signed.) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

General Scott thereupon arose and addressed the President and Cabinet, who had also arisen, as follows:—

"President: This honor overwhelms me. It over-pays all the services I have attempted to render to my country. If I had any claims before, they are all obliterated by this expression of approval by the President with the remaining support of his Cabinet. I know the President and this Cabinet well; I know that the country has placed its interests in this trying crisis in safe keeping. Their counsels are wise, their labors as unremitting as they are loyal, and their course is the right one.

"President, you must excuse me; I am unable to stand longer to give utterance to the feelings of gratitude which oppress me. In my retirement I shall offer up my prayers to God for this administration and for my country. I shall pray for it with confidence in its success over all enemies, and that speedily."

The President then took leave of General Scott, giving him his hand, and saying that he hoped soon to write him a private letter, expressive of his gratitude and affection. The President then added:—

"General, you will naturally feel a solicitude about the gentlemen of your staff, who have rendered you and their country such faithful service. I have taken that subject into consideration. I understand that they go with you to New York. I shall desire them, at their earliest convenience after their return, to make their wishes known to me. I desire you now, however, to be satisfied that, except the unavoidable privation

of your counsel and society, which they have so long enjoyed, the provision which will be made for them will be such as to render their situation as agreeable hereafter as it has been heretofore."

Each member of the administration then gave his hand to the veteran, and retired in profound silence.

The Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of War accompany General Scott to New York to-morrow by the early train.

The following is the response of the Secretary of War to the letter of General Scott:—

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 1, 1861. }

General,—It was my duty to lay before the President your letter of yesterday, asking to be relieved on the recent act of Congress. In separating from you I can not refrain from expressing my deep regret that your health, shattered by long service and repeated wounds received in your country's defense, should render it necessary for you to retire from your high position at this momentous period of our history. Although you are not to remain in active service, I yet hope that while I continue in charge of the department over which I now preside, I shall at times be permitted to avail myself of the benefits of your wise counsels and sage experience.

It has been my good fortune to enjoy a personal acquaintance with you for over thirty years, and the pleasant relations of that long time have been greatly strengthened by your cordial and entire co-operation in all the great questions which have occupied the department and convulsed the country for the last six months. In parting from you, I can only express the hope that a merciful Providence, that has protected you amid so many trials, will improve your health, and continue your life long after the people of the country shall have been restored to their former happiness and prosperity.

I am, General, very sincerely, your friend and servant,
SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

LIEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT, present.

Major-general McClellan, to-night, issued the following order:—

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 1, 1861. }

GENERAL ORDER No. 19.

In accordance with General Order No. 94 from the War department, I hereby assume command of the armies of the United States. In the midst of difficulties which encompass and divide the nation, hesitation and self-distrust may well accompany the assumption of so vast a responsibility; but confiding, as I do, in the loyalty, discipline, and courage of the troops, and believing, as I do, that Providence will favor ours as the just cause, I can not doubt that success will crown our efforts and sacrifices. The army will unite with me in the feeling of regret, that the weight of many years and the effect of increasing infirmities contracted and intensified in his country's service, should just now remove from our head the great soldier of our nation; the hero, who, in his youth, raised high the reputation of his country in the fields of Canada, which he sanctified with his blood; who, in more mature years, proved to the world that American skill and valor would repeat, if not eclipse, the exploits of Cortez in the land of the Montezumas; whose whole life has been devoted to the service of his country; whose whole efforts have been directed to uphold our honor at the smallest sacrifice of life; a warrior who scorned the selfish glories of the battle-field, when his great qualities as a statesman could be employed more profitably for his country; a citizen, who, in his declining years, has given to the world the most shining instance of loyalty, disregarding all the ties of birth, and clinging still to the cause of truth and honor. Such has been the career and character of Winfield Scott, whom it has long been the

delight of the nation to honor, both as a man and a soldier.

While we regret his loss, there is one thing we can not regret—the bright example he has left for our emulation. Let us all hope and pray that his declining years may be passed in peace and happiness, and that they may be cheered by the success of the country and the cause he has fought for and loved so well. Beyond all that, let us do nothing that will cause him to blush for us. Let no defeat of the army he has so long commanded embitter his last years, but let our victories illuminate the close of a life so grand.

(signed.) GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding U. S. Army.

Doctor Lloyd, of Vienna, who has for some time been acting as a volunteer guide for the Federal troops in that vicinity, was arrested yesterday by order of General Hancock, and conveyed to Washington. He is accused of giving information to the Rebels.

A "contraband" who came within the lines of General Hancock to-day reports that he left Manassas Junction on Wednesday; that the Rebels have extensive fortifications at Centreville, and an army of fifty thousand; and that their camp extends to within two miles of Fairfax court-house. At Manassas they have about ten thousand troops.

The outer pickets of General McCall's division were driven in last night, indicating an advance of the Rebel army. A large party was sent out to meet them, when they retreated. Their object evidently was to capture the men on the outposts.

Signal lights were plainly visible last night in the direction of Leesburg, and also towards Centreville.

A naval court of inquiry, to consist of Commodores Shubrick, Stribbling, and Sands, has been ordered to convene in this city on Monday, the 4th inst., to inquire into the cause of the failure of Com. Gustavus H. Scott, as the commanding officer of the *Keystone State*, to obey the orders given him July 19th, to proceed to sea for the purpose of pursuing the *Sumter* until some definite information of her could be obtained, and if such information could not be obtained, to proceed to Jamaica to coal, thence to St. Thomas, and return to Havana and Key West, thence to report for the Gulf squadron.

AN ACT WORTHY OF RECORD.—A correspondent, writing from a division of the army of General McClellan, on the banks of the Chickahominy, says:—

"General Sedgwick's command is camped opposite here, i. e., opposite Porter's division. This morning, it being necessary to communicate to Sedgwick, General Martindale, commanding our forces at New Bridge, tried in several regiments of his own brigade to find somebody to cross the stream. Nobody offered. Finally he came to the Massachusetts Ninth. Matthew Lim, of Co. E, and O'Hearn, of Co. B, volunteered, and succeeded in carrying the message across in face of the enemy's pickets, and returned in safety. Lim is therefore restored to his rank of sergeant, and both men are excused from all duty except fighting for two months."

Song of the Massachusetts Twenty-fifth Regiment.

[Respectfully Dedicated to Colonel Upton and his Command.]

BY HENRY S. WASHINGTON.

The Hunter's moon is shining
On our fields of ripened grain,
And our garnerers wait the coming
Of the reaper from the plain;
While in serried ranks we gather,
With a purpose firm and high,
Our country shall be rescued,
Or the Worcester boys will die.
*We are Massachusetts soldiers,
And won't give up the ship,
Is the vow that quivers sternly,
On every brother's lip.*

We love our State dearly,
But prize our Union more,
With its mighty sweep of acres,
Stretching on from shore to shore;
And the record, it is written,
With a purpose firm and high,
Our country shall be rescued,
Or the Worcester boys will die.
We are Massachusetts soldiers, etc.

Then here's a song for Freedom,
Whose mandates we obey,
With our banner streaming o'er us,
We march along our way;
And the Stars and Stripes shall never
Be humbled to the foe,
Till our strong right arm is shattered,
And our blood shall cease to flow.
We are Massachusetts soldiers, etc.

And here's a parting blessing,
As we strike our tents to-day,
For the loved who linger around us,
And cheer us on our way;
For our hills, and smiling valleys,
For the cot where we were born,
For the school-house standing near it,
And the cattle on the lawn,
While in serried ranks we gather,
With a purpose firm and high,
Our country shall be rescued,
Or the Worcester boys will die.
We are Massachusetts soldiers, etc.

WORCESTER, Oct. 21, 1861.

When Parson Brownlow will Join the Democrats.

An Arkansas correspondent, who probably wanted to "wake up" Rev. Mr. Brownlow of the Knoxville (*Tenn.*) *Whig*, wrote to the latter, stating that he had learned with pleasure, upon what "he considered reliable authority," that Mr. Brownlow was about to join the Democrats, and asking for the probable date of that interesting occurrence. Mr. Brownlow gave the date, or at least data for the date, as follows:—

KNOXVILLE, Aug. 6, 1860.

Mr. Jordan Clark,—I have your letter of the 30th ult., and hasten to let you know the precise time when I expect to come out and formally announce that I have joined the Democratic party. When the sun shines at midnight and the moon at midday—when man forgets to be selfish, or Democrats lose their inclinations to steal—when Nature stops her onward march to rest, or all the water courses in America flow up stream—when flowers lose their odor, and trees shed no leaves—when birds talk and beasts of burden laugh—when damned spirits swap hell for heaven, with the angels of light, and pay them the boot in mean whiskey—when impossibilities are in fashion, and no proposition is too absurd to be believed, you may credit the report that I have joined the Democrats!

I join the Democrats? Never, so long as there are sects in churches—weeds in gardens—fleas in hog pens—dirt in victuals—disputes in families—wars with nations—water in the ocean—bad men in America, or bad women in France! No, Jordan Clark, you may hope—you may congratulate—you

may reason—you may sneer—but that can not be. The thrones of the Old World—the Court of the Universe—the governments of the world, may all fall and crumble into ruin—the New World may commit the national suicide of dissolving this Union, but all this must occur before I join the Democracy.

I join the Democracy? Jordan Clark, you know not what you say. When I join Democracy, the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist Church—when Jordan Clark of Arkansas is President of the Republic of Great Britain, by universal suffrage of a contented people—when Queen Victoria consents to be divorced from Prince Albert, by a county court in Kansas—when Congress obliges by law James Buchanan to marry a European Princess—when the Pope leases the Capitol at Washington for his city residence—when Alexander of Russia and Napoleon of France are elected senators in Congress from New Mexico—when good men cease to go to Heaven or bad men to hell—when this world is turned upside down—when proof is afforded, both clear and unquestionable, that there is no God—when men turn to ants, and ants to elephants, I will change my political faith, and come out on the side of Democracy!

Supposing that this full and frank letter will enable you to fix upon the period when I will come out a full-grown Democrat, and to communicate the same to all whom it may concern in Arkansas,

I have the honor to be, etc.,
W. G. BROWNLOW.

Daring Feat.

The following particulars of a feat of great daring, in which some of the men of the Connecticut Ninth regiment shared, have been furnished to one of the New York papers:—

"It appears that on the 5th instant, after three companies of the Ninth Connecticut regiment had landed at Pass Christian, it was discovered that the Mayor of that town had hastily decamped to Shieldsboro' (a town on the mainland, Mississippi, on the westerly side of the Bay St. Louis, which puts inland from the Gulf), and from there was sending dispatches over the telegraph, a portion of which is submarine, across the Bay St. Louis, to New Orleans and Mobile, informing the Rebel authorities there of the action of the Union forces, and asking for immediate reinforcements. To destroy this means of communication became a matter of necessity, and was soon determined on. Mr. Hazlett and John O. Ormond, master's mates of the *Hatteras*, were placed in command of an expedition, consisting of seven sailors from the *Hatteras* and six men and an orderly sergeant from the Ninth Connecticut, charged with the accomplishment of the desired object.

"They immediately seized a Rebel schooner near Pass Christian and sailed on their perilous adventure, having first built up on her decks a fortification of cordwood, designed to protect the party from the shots of the Rebel soldiery who had repaired to Shieldsboro', three hundred and fifty strong, armed with rifles and twelve 6-pounder cannon, to protect the telegraph. The Bay St. Louis, at the point opposite Shieldsboro', where the cable is submerged, is a mile and three-quarters in width. At a distance of three-quarters of a mile from the Shieldsboro' shore is an old hulk, which



FIGURE 10. Envelope used during the Rebellion

had been sunk for the purpose of supporting the cable, and over the deck of which it crosses. Here it was the little party determined to sever the line. Having arrived within a short distance of this hulk, the Union fleet being sixteen miles in the rear, they came to anchor, lowered the boat they had provided for the purpose, and, armed each with a rifle, cutlass, and revolver, pulled for the hulk. The Rebels on shore, noticing this manoeuvre, now opened on them, firing very wildly with their cannon, but making some excellent shots with their rifles, completely riddling the small boat, but, fortunately, injuring none of the party.

"Having reached the hulk, they at once commenced their endeavors to sever the cable, but found the job a remarkably tough one, as the insulated cable had an outer covering of five coils of five-eighths iron, of so hard a character that their axes were almost worthless after having been used on it for a short time. At last, however, they succeeded, and, as if in defiance of the Rebel shot, which were all the while playing round them, they then ascended to the quarter-deck of the hulk, raised the Stars and Stripes, fired a volley at the Seesh, and gave three hearty cheers for the Union. This was responded to by a perfect shower of bullets from the Rebels, but none of our party were hurt. Having accomplished the object of their expedition, they fastened the severed cable to the stern sheets of their small boat and towed it into the middle of the bay, where they sunk it, thus most effectually breaking the telegraphic communication between the two principal cities of Rebellion on the Gulf coast.

"Commander Emmens of the *Hutters*, in a communication to the Navy department at Washington, says of this small but gallant expedition, that it most gloriously succeeded, in spite of a heavy fire of musketry and 6-pound shot, in cutting the telegraphic communication between Mobile and New Orleans."

Artemus Ward's Show Confiscated.

You hev perhaps wondered whereabouts I was for these many dase gone and past. Perhaps you sposed I'd gone to the Toons of the Cappylets, tho I do n't know what those is. It's a poplar noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seseshers a earnin my dully peck by my legitimit perfeshun, and have n't had no time to weeld my facle quill for "the Great Komitek paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your troothful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrow scape of my life. If what I've been threw is "Southern hospitallity," 'bout which we have hearn so much, then I feel bound to observe that they made too much of me. They was altogether too lavish with their attentions.

I went among the Seseshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfeshunal capacity. I was accotated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Boozum, viz.:—to giv the people their money's worth, by showin them Sagashus Beasts, and Wax Statoots which I venifer to say are onspurated by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots are humbags a licr and

hoss thief but bring him be 4 me and I'll wither him with one of my skornful frowns.

But to proceed with my tail. In my travels (threw the Sonny South I heared a heap of talk about Seseshun and bustin up the Union, but I did n't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prabayrie flower) should n't never be noggerated. They also made fools of themselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I did n't let it worry very much, and the Stars and Stripes continered for to wave over my little tent.—Moor over, I was a son of Malty and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawster of Malty, and I sposed these fax would seeor me the infooz and perfection of all the fast famerlies. Alas! I was disappointed.—State arter state seseshed and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersinet.—Things come to a climbnacks in a small town in Alabama, where I was precautionally ordered to haul down the Stars and Strips. A deppytashun of red faced men cum up to the door of my tent where I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had commenst, an my Italian or-ganist war jerkin his sole-stirrin elimes)

"We air eum, Sir," said a millingitary man in a cockt hat, "upon a hi and holey mishun. The Southern Eagle is seecamin threowout this sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, 'Sir!'"

"What's the matter with him," sez I, "do n't his vittles sit well on his stummick?"

"That Eagle, Sir, will continer to screamin all over this Britte and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him screem. If your Eagle can amuse himself by screamin, let him went!" The men annoyed me, for I was busy makin change.

"We are eum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty—"

"You're right, Captin. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air eum—"

"And that's the reason you are here!" sez I, larting one of my silvery larfs. I thaw'd if he wanted to goak I'd give him some of my sparkling eppygrams.

"Sir, you're inserient. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-spangled Banner, and hist the Southern flag?"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax works and beasts is then confiscated, and you air arrested as a spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern elime and blooming daffodills, what's the price of whisky in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive flood can you individually hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figures was confiscated. I axed them if that was generally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a spy, and must go to Montgomery in luns. They was by this time joined by a large crowd of other Southern patriots, who commenst hollerin,

"Hang the bald-headed aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amusement had been so muchly combined, at 15cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty-faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massive brow, & takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily observed.

The Seseshers confiscated my statoots by breaking them to attums. They then went to my money box and confiscated all the loose change therein contained.—They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animals loose, a small but helthy tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to pieces, and I allers sposed from his ginerel conduct that he'd have no hesitashun in servin human beings in the same way if he could get at them. Excuse me if I was erooil, but I larted boysterrusly when I saw that tiger spring in among the peple.

"Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed. "I forgive you for bitin off my left thumb with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Larc has been invaded by Seseshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly

injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after sun miles distant, with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd been having sun vident exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will theretore percieve that they did n't confiscate him much.

I was carried to Montgomery in luns and placed in durans vial. The jail was ornery editiss, but the table was librally supplied with Bakin and Cabbidge. This was a good variety, for when I did n't hanker after Bakin, I could help myself to the Cabbidge.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothin to talk about, however, I was very lonely specially on the first day; so when the jailor parst my lonely cell, I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but there was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevild a state as possible, and rollin my eyes like a manyyuck, I cried: "Stay, jailer, stay! I am not mad but soon shall be if you do n't bring me suthin to Talk!" He bring me some noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At last I got a interview with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Conthievery. He was quite perlitte and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larted and said his gallant men had been a little 2 enthusiastic in confiscatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confiscated me too muchly. I had some hosses confiscated in the same way onct, but the confiscaters air now poundin stun in the states Prison at In-jinnyplius."

"Wall, wall, Mister Ward, you are at liberty to depart; you air friendly to the South, I know. Even now we have many frens in the North, who sympathise with us, and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistak.—Many of us was your sincere friends, and thought certain parties among us was fussin about you and meddlin with your concerns intirely too much. But J. Davis, the mint you fire a gun at the piece of drygoods called the Star-spangled Banner, the North gits up and rises en massy, in defense of that banner. Not agin you as individuals—not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, un-sound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and sott in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorus Govymnt smashed to pieces either by furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-hearted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you do n't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wallup you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin a egregus mutton-hed of herself!"

"Go on, sir, you're safe enuff. You're too small powder for me!" sed the President of the Southern Conthievery.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldin-ville Mounted Boss Cavalry! I'm Captin of that Corps, and J. Davis, beware! Jefferson D., I now leave you!—Farewell my gay Saler Boy! Good bye, my bold buccaner! Print of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthievery on my way home was thrillen enuff for yaller covers. It will form the subject of my next. Betsy Jane and the progeny air well

Yours, respectively,

A. WARD.

— From Vanity Fair.

FEMALE SECESSIONISTS.—The female Secessionists of Washington are still impudent and presumptuous. Two of them who waved their handkerchiefs in token of sympathy with the Rebellion while a lot of Rebel prisoners captured at Port Royal were passing through Pennsylvania avenue on Tuesday, were arrested by the provost guard and taken to the guard-house, where they are held in custody.

Parting Interview of Generals Scott and McClellan—An Affecting Occasion.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4. The *Herald's* Washington dispatch says the parting scene between General Scott and General McClellan was a most impressive and affecting affair. General McClellan and staff proceeded to the depot in the storm and darkness of the night, to bid farewell to the veteran soldier who has just withdrawn from active service, and as General Scott pressed the hand of his young successor, he besought him, not to be controlled by the advice of any parties who might counsel him to act contrary to his own judgment, if he would succeed in vindicating the honor of his country he was called upon to serve in so high and responsible capacity.

General McClellan's reply was: "I thank you, General, and will not forget your counsel. May you be restored to health, and live to see your prophecy fulfilled. God be with you. Farewell."

General Scott and his Movements.

The journey from Washington to New York is said to have fatigued General Scott less than was anticipated. He is quite feeble, however, and unable to receive but few persons besides his relatives. His present physical disability proceeds from a wound he received at Lundy's Lane, and two or three accidental injuries since. His medical advisers prescribe a voyage to Europe and the climate of France for some time, and it is expected that he will take his departure in the steamer *Africa* on Wednesday of this week. The Union Defense Committee of New York propose a grand military escort to attend the old hero on his departure.

The Washington *Star* states that shortly before his retirement, General Scott obtained positive information that his entire estate, all of which is situated in Virginia, had been seized and sequestered for the benefit of the so-called Confederate Government. The relations existing between Generals Scott and McClellan are thus spoken of by the Washington correspondent of the *New York Post*:—

"The parting scene between General Scott and General McClellan was very affecting, and put to flight the numberless rumors respecting an unpleasant state of feeling between the two generals. Tears were shed freely by both, and the advice given by the old hero to his successor was discreet as it was touching.

"It is asserted by those intimately acquainted with both Scott and McClellan that there never has been a difference between them which in the slightest degree affected their friendship for each other. The relations were pleasant and harmonious, and it was General Scott's suggestion which brought McClellan here. During McClellan's campaign in western Virginia he was repeatedly complimented in private dispatches by General Scott, and after his greatest triumph

there it was intimated to him that he might soon be wanted in a higher sphere to use his talents in defense of the Union. Just before the unfortunate battle of Manassas, General McClellan was upon the point of advancing to Stanton, Virginia, with his small but victorious army, but the Stone Bridge disaster and the inefficiency of General Patterson put an end to the advance of the Federal troops in that part of Virginia, and McClellan was drawn away to Washington very suddenly. The utmost confidence is reposed in him by the government and the troops."

General Scott is reported to have remarked to a gentleman from Baltimore, that in all probability he would never visit Washington again. He went there at the request of Mr. Buchanan, on the 10th of December, nearly a year ago. During the whole period he was not off duty a single hour; and those who have been connected with the service and have resided since that time in Washington, attribute wholly to his presence and foresight the safety of the Capital.

The Youngest Major-general.

If large native talents, joined to thorough education, and an added opportunity, with years for the play of all, give assurance of the growth and distinction of a man, Gen. George B. McClellan has the proudest future before him of any man now upon the field of active life in America. He is the youngest of the major-generals of the Federal army, being only 35, and ranks next to General Scott, who is twice his age, and perhaps is the youngest man who ever obtained so high a position in our history. His father was of Connecticut birth, a graduate of Yale college and an eminent physician in Philadelphia. The son graduated at West Point in 1846, at the age of 20, and came out of the Mexican war four years after a captain. He served in the engineers' corps, and afterward in the cavalry, and rose to the rank of major by 1855. Then he went to Europe and visited the Crimea, by order of the government, and prepared on his return a valuable report on the European war of that time, the Crimean campaign, and the organization of foreign armies. Life in the army was too dull for his active, ambitious mind, and he resigned in 1857, and became vice-president and active manager of the Illinois Central railroad, residing at Chicago. This post he held till last summer, when he resigned it to accept the presidency and general superintendency of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad (Cincinnati and St. Louis), where the civil war found him a ready volunteer; and he returned to the army, which he left a major, after an absence of four years, springing into a major-generalship. His choice personal and military accomplishments only forbid his old comrades looking with envy upon his rapid promotion. Whatever feeling of this sort the events of his career may suggest are overborne by pride in his growth, and confidence in his ability to

serve his country in a manner commensurate with his advanced position. General McClellan was married last summer to a daughter of Captain Marcy of the regular army, and granddaughter of the late Laban Marcy, of Greenwich, in Hampshire county. So that Massachusetts, as well as Connecticut and Pennsylvania (his birthplace), and Ohio (his residence), holds a personal interest and feels a personal pride in the man and his future. — [Springfield Republican.]

A Touching Episode.

The *New Orleans Crescent*, of the 25th ult., narrates an incident of the Southern war more affecting than any thing heretofore recorded in romance or fable — more inspiring than the oldest whist-key that ever fired a Southern heart. It appears that two chivalric seions of a wealthy cotton-planter on Lake Jackson, near Tallahassee, had screwed their courage up to the point of marching forth to join Bragg's ten thousand, now beleaguering Fort Pickens. The day of leaving the plantation of their wealthy parent had dawned, and equipped in all the bloody toggery of Mars, and burning with irrepressible fire for a chance to pit themselves, single-handed, against old Lincoln and Scott, the two Tallahasseans might have been seen striding toward a dilapidated shanty in the Negro quarters of the plantation. Presently appears emerging from the hovel an African with a yellow bandanna wrapped around her head, and gifted with vast rotundity of waist. It is the black "ma-ma" (*maw-maw* is the chivalric pronunciation) of the two Tallahassee bloods. They leaned upon their blades when they saw her, and lifted up their voices and wept—in the words of the *Crescent* chronicler, "were overwhelmed with tears"—at the thought of parting. She wept, and they wept, until at last, fearing, perhaps, that their courage was oozing out preliminary to their backing out, she addressed them thus: "Now, young masters," cried she, "stop dis weeping; go, fight for your country like men; and, mind" (her eye flashing as she spoke), "do n't disgrace me!" Their souls were touched as with an electric shock, and they went.

GENERAL VIELE.—A Norfolk correspondent tells the following anecdote of General Viele, showing one of his many means of taming Secession:— "A lady came into his office to consult him or demand some favor. He received her with his usual politeness, but suddenly noticing that she wore the Confederate colors prominently, in the shape of a brooch, mildly suggested that it would, perhaps, have been in better taste to come to his office without such a decoration. 'I have a right, sir, to consult my own wishes as to what I shall wear.' 'Then, madam,' replied the General, 'permit me to claim an equal right in choosing with whom I shall converse'; and the dignified lady had to withdraw from his presence."

Military Matters, etc.

The Expedition from New England—General Butler's Division—Camp Chase—Arrival of the Steamship Constitution.

The great local military sensation of the present week promises to be the departure of the main body of the troops recruited in New England for the division to be commanded by Major General Butler, who are expected to embark at this port on the new ocean steamship *Constitution*, which has just been completed for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and which arrived here last night, from New York Saturday afternoon. The precise time fixed upon for the departure of the troops is not known, and the destination of the expedition is still more a matter of conjecture. General Butler informed the Twenty-sixth regiment, after inspection on Sunday, that they would leave camp on Tuesday next, under his own immediate command, but further information as to their destination he was not at liberty to give.

The principal portion of the troops raised by General Butler are at present encamped at Camp Chase, Lowell. These include the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts regiment, Colonel Jones, the Ninth Connecticut regiment, Colonel Cahill, and an unorganized regiment of Massachusetts companies under command of Col. Jonas H. French. A regiment of Maine troops are also included in General Butler's division.

The Ninth Connecticut regiment has been at this camp less than two weeks. The lieutenant-colonel, major, and many of the privates were among the three months' men in service, and in the battle of Bull Run were in the division that brought up the rear in the retreat. An excellent band was recruited for the regiment, which is under the leadership of George Brooks, of Lowell. A portion of the Enfield rifles designed for General Butler's division have been sent to Portland to arm the regiment from Maine, and twenty-five cases were sent to Lowell on Saturday for the Connecticut troops.

The *Constitution* left New York on Saturday afternoon for this port, and passed Highland Light at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Her great draft of water would prevent her from coming up the harbor until high water, and she was probably compelled to remain below until midnight. This morning she will haul in to Long Wharf, which has been prepared and strengthened for her reception by driving additional piles. A large quantity of provisions, in the shape of barrels of pork, etc., has already been placed upon the wharf in readiness to be put on board when the steamship shall arrive.

The *New York Times*, in alluding to the departure of the *Constitution* for this port, says:—

"Her great capacity, and at the same time her moderate draft of water when loaded, render her one of the most desirable steamers afloat for transport service. She will probably accommodate comfortably more passengers than

any ship of equal tonnage which has ever been constructed in this country.

"We understand that the charter is for three thousand dollars per day."

The Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment.

An officer in the Massachusetts regiment, writing from Camp Benton, Poolesville, Md., under date Nov. 12th, says: "Our wounded are getting on well, and several are to leave for home on furlough soon. Sergeant Riddle, of Co. I, had his arm amputated yesterday, and is doing well. Lowell will leave for home soon. The regiment has been paid off, and quite a sum sent home. We are to celebrate Thanksgiving Day here by a monster concert with artillery accompaniment. An original hymn is being composed, and all the bands in the brigade are going to join in one. There is a talk of Colonel Lee being exchanged soon, and possibly the members of the staff. It is supposed the body of Lieutenant Wesselhoft was found yesterday. It was difficult to identify it. I trust Captain Tremlett is doing well in recruiting, and will soon fill up to the standard. There is a rumor of his joining some other regiment, but we all of us trust that he will not leave us, and we hope the friends of the Twentieth will use their influence to retain him with us. He is a fine fellow, and although not much has been said of his conduct in the late battle, he behaved most nobly, and all here consider him one of the heroes of the day."

The Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry.

Colonel Hinks has made his usual monthly report to the adjutant-general of this state of the condition of his regiment at the close of October. His aggregate is eight hundred and forty. The colonel was at that time acting commander of the First Brigade.

The troops enlisted for duty at Fort Warren are liable to the same orders as the other volunteers, and may be sent to any part of the country if wanted.

An Incident of Life at the Fort.

A company enlisted for permanent service arrived at one of the forts in the harbor a day or two since. The captain had told his men that they would probably find broadcloth soldiers, and of course need not look for any especial favors; but nevertheless, they should, in any event, treat every one respectfully, make the best of circumstances, and strive to have every thing kept in as quiet and comfortable a state as possible. The new company were met by the "broadcloth" soldiers at the landing in regular military array, escorted to the fort with all due ceremony, and stacked their arms. Thereupon the "broadcloth" disappeared, somewhat to the wonderment of the new arrivals. The mystery was soon explained by the appearance of their baggage in its multifarious varieties of trunks, boxes, barrels of flour, beds, etc. (as once the "wood of Dunsinane"), bestowed on the heads, should-

ers, and backs of the "broadcloth" into their quarters. Judge W—— marched in among the foremost, "arms reversed," he being *under* a nice, large bed. Thus the baggage and effects of the new-comers were, to the smallest item, deposited within their quarters, almost before they had fully ceased inquiry for the absence of the "broadcloth." The captain, a veteran of the Mexican war, burst into tears.

A Thrilling Scene.

The Davis Guards, Milford, is one of the finest companies in Cass' regiment, which went into quarters at Faneuil hall this morning. On last Wednesday, as the Guards were leaving Milford for this city, a little boy, eight years old, named James O'Donnell, hid beneath one of the car seats and was not discovered until the company reached Boston. His uncle took him back on last Saturday. This morning, to the utter astonishment of every body, the little hero made his appearance in Faneuil hall, having walked the whole distance, thirty-one miles, from Milford to Boston on the railroad track. Cheer after cheer welcomed him as he declared that he was bound to follow the Davis Guards wherever they went. Major Pearl at once took the little fellow on the platform and presented him as the pet of the regiment. He was adopted amid the wildest enthusiasm, and will be known in the regiment as the "Shanghraun," that being an Irish term for "the Wanderer." It was a wild, thrilling scene in old Faneuil hall, and those who were present will not readily forget it. — [Boston Journal, Nov. 18, 1861.]

THE *Camp Kettle* is a small sheet published every opportunity by the Field and Staff of the Roundhead regiment, Colonel Leasure commanding, at Hilton Head. One of the Beaufort Negroes advertises his runaway master in the following clever travesty:—

\$500 REWARD.—Rund away from me on the 7th of this month, my massa, Julian Rhett, Massa Rhett am five feet seven inches high, big shoulders, brack har, curly, shaggy whiskers, low forehead, an' dark face. He make big fuss when he go 'mong de gemmen; he talk ver big, and use de name ob de Lord all ob de time. Calls heself "Sadde'n gemmen," but I s'pose will try now to parse heself off as a brack man or mulatter. Massa Rhett has a deep scar on his shoulder from a fight, scratch 'cross de left eye, made by my Dinah when he tried to whip her. He neber look people in de face. I mor dan spec he will make track for Bergen county, in de furrin land of Jersey, whar I 'nagin he hab a few friends.

I will gib \$400 for him if alive, an' \$500 if any body will show him dead. If he cum back to his kind niggers without much trouble, dis chite will receive him lubingly.

SAMRO RHETT.

BEAUFORT, S. C., NOV. 9, 1861.

LOOKING INTO THE FRANKING SYSTEM.—The attention of the Postmaster-general has been called to the fact that an enormous amount of mail-matter is passing through the post-office bearing the frank of M. C.'s, but evidently not signed by them. He orders postmasters to "arrest" this and other abuses of the franking system.

DOWN WITH THE STARS AND BARS!
UP WITH THE
STARS AND STRIPES!

"Then up with our flag! let it stream on the air!
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike, they had
souls that could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves!

"Up, up with that banner! where'er it may
eall
Our millions shall rally around!
A nation of freemen that moment shall fall
When its stars shall be trailed on the
ground."

NOW IS THE TIME TO ENLIST

"Northmen, come out!
Forth to battle with storm and shout!
Freedom calls you once again
To flag, and fort, and tented plain;
Then come with drum, and trumpet, and song,
And raise the war-cry wild and strong,—
Northmen, come out!"

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS' BOUNTY—AN
EXCELLENT UNIFORM—PAY AND RA-
TIONS COMMENCE AT ONCE—YOU
WILL BE SENT INTO CAMP IN-
STANTLY FOOD, CLOTHING,
AND LODGING AT ONCE
GIVEN TO YOU!

"Let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought
upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings."

GERMANS OF MASSACHUSETTS

"The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately."

IRISHMEN OF MASSACHUSETTS!

"Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

The Twenty-eighth, the "Fangh a Ballagh regiment," raised in concert by Patrick Donahoe, Esq., editor of the *Boston Pilot*, and Dr. Walter M. Walsh, who gave his time and means so freely to the formation of the Irish regiments raised heretofore in this state. Its colonel is Thos. S. Murphy, a Fort Hill boy and the gallant commander of the New York Montgomery Guard. The lieutenant-colonel is the heroic Colonel Monteith, of New York. A Roman Catholic Priest goes with this regiment.

The Quickest Way to Enlist:

GO AT ONCE TO THE
GENERAL RECRUITING STATION,
14 PITTS STREET, BOSTON,

Say whether you wish to enlist in Infantry, Cavalry, Sharpshooters, or Light Artillery. If in the Infantry, name the Regiment you would like to join. You will at once be given a new, well-made, comfortable, and serviceable uniform, sent into camp immediately, and that very day you draw pay and rations, and become entitled to a bounty.

WILLIAM W. BULLOCK,

Brigadier-general First brigade, First division, M. V. M., and

Recruiting Officer-in-chief for the State of Massachusetts.

At Port Royal, 1861.

BY JOHN G. WHITIER.

The tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea;
The night-wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outside,
Our good boats forward swing;
And while we ride the land-looked tide,
Our Negroes row and sing.

For dear the boatman holds his gifts
Of music and of song:
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sand of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre,
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast;
From hand to hand, from gate to gate,
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles;
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss,
That fire you blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The paths of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days,—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
The joy of unaged birds:
Softening with Africa's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

Song of the Negro Boatman.

Oh, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come
To set de people free;
And massa tink it day of doom,
An' we ob jubilee,
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves,
He jus' as 'troug as den;
He say de word; we has 'nigh' slaves;
To-day, de Lord's freemen;
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We 'll hab de rice and corn;
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbels gone;
He leab de land behind;
De Lord's bress blow him fudder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind,
We own de hoe, we own de plow,
We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But never chile be sold.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We 'll hab de rice and corn;
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord; he gib us sigs
Dat some day we be free;
De Norl-wind tell it to de pines,
De wild-duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church bell ring,
We dream it in de dream;
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We 'll hab de rice an' corn;
Oh, nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail,
An' nebber lie de word;
So, like de 'postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord;
An' now he openen ebry door,
An' trow away de key;
He tink we lub him so be-fore,
We lub him better free.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow
He 'll give de rice an' corn;
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn!

so sing our dusty gondoliers,
And with a secret pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the Negro's trust,
Nor yet his hope deny;
We only know that God is just,
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy face
Flame-lighted ruder still;
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And, close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
Our sight of blight or bloom—
The Yala song of Liberty,
Or death-tune of our doom!

—[Atlantic Monthly for February.]

Massachusetts Bravery.

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* gives the following statistics and anecdote in evidence of the bravery of Massachusetts troops in battle:—

"Hooker's division, as was expected of them, 'fought like brave men, long and well, and heaped the ground with Rebel slain.' This division is known here as the fighting division, and as an evidence of their work it may be proper to state that they came on to the Peninsula eleven thousand strong, and now number less than five thousand effective men. Among the regiments of this division which suffered most severely, were the Massachusetts First, Eleventh, and Sixteenth. Of the latter regiment about eighty were either killed or seriously wounded.

"A little incident will show the spirit of the Massachusetts Sixteenth. When the Massachusetts First were ordered to charge, the men of the Sixteenth, addressing the colonel of the First, said: 'May we not charge with you? You are not strong enough to charge that solid column of Rebels alone. We have no officers left. Our colonel is dead, and our lieutenant-colonel and adjutant wounded. So, if you will lead us, we would like to charge with you.' They did charge, with an effect that the Rebels will be likely to remember for some time. I would say more about the splendid fighting of the Massachusetts troops on this occasion, only for the fact that the Old Bay state has a history which the world knows by heart, and to tell our readers that Massachusetts soldiers are brave, and that they do their duty, is to tell them what they do instinctively know. 'God bless the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.'"

The same authority pays the following deserved compliment to a gentleman whose patriotic and professional devotion are not surpassed by any of his brotherhood connected with the army:

"Prominent among those who are active in relieving the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers, I notice the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, chaplain of the Sixteenth Massachusetts regiment. Mr. Fuller has been busy at the hospital from morning till night, administering

medicines and words of comfort to such as were in need. Chaplain Fuller will probably go to his regiment (whom he calls his 'boys') to-morrow. He became separated from it by going from the camp before Richmond, on Friday last, to the White House, and before he could return communication was cut off by the Rebels, so he remained and skedaddled with the rest of us on Saturday, and sought his regiment via Fortress Monroe and James river."

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S SOUTHERN EXPEDITION.

Offensive Operations on the Gulf Coast!

VOYAGE OF THE TRANSPORT STEAMER "CONSTITUTION."

Occupation of Ship Island, Miss., by the New England Division.

LANDING OF THE MIDDLESEX BRIGADE.

Proclamation of General Phelps to the People of the South-west—Description of Ship Island—The Operations of the Blockading Squadron in the Gulf—Naval Engagements—Prizes Captured—The Mosquito Fleet in Mississippi Sound—The Defenses of Mobile.

ON BOARD U. S. TRANSPORT STEAMER,
Constitution, STRAITS OF FLORIDA,
Dec. 1, 1861. }

The Federal government, having some three months since determined upon a policy which involved the commencement of offensive operations against the rebellious states bordering upon the gulf of Mexico, took possession, about the 17th of September, of Ship Island, situated near the mouth of the Mississippi river, upon which a fortification had previously been commenced, with the view of making that point the basis of future operations for the reduction of the positions on the gulf coast in the possession of the enemy. The design being to establish a depot for military stores, a camp of instruction for troops, and a rendezvous for a naval fleet with which the land forces will co-operate, a council of war was held at Washington, at which the best talent of the navy was present. Opinion was at first divided upon the proper point to be chosen, some favoring the occupation of Cat island, others Mississippi City, on the main land, from which the Union forces would have been liable to immediate attack and repulsion, while the majority inclined to Ship Island, as affording the greatest facilities for the projected movements.

Preliminaries of the Southern Campaign.

The government having selected Major-General Benj. F. Butler to command this

important campaign, about seventy days since, General Butler was called to Washington to confer with the administration upon the preliminaries of the expedition. There being no available forces in the field, which could be withdrawn from the North, General Butler was authorized by the War department to raise a division of six thousand troops in New England for this "special service," which has been the theme of speculation, puzzling the brains of the public, and leading to all manner of speculations as to the destination of the forces. Through his individual influence and personal conference with the governors of the several New England states, whose hearty co-operation, with the single exception of the governor of Massachusetts, he received, General Butler obtained permission to recruit troops in all the states east of New York. The result of his labors has been the organization and equipment of two regiments of infantry and a battery of light artillery in Massachusetts; two regiments of infantry in Connecticut; one regiment of infantry in Vermont; one regiment of infantry and a battery in Maine, and one regiment of infantry in New Hampshire, beside other troops to which it is impolitic at the present time to allude. The forces thus raised constitute, however, but a small portion of the *corps d'armée* of which General Butler will ultimately have the command.

A Prompt Departure.

The vanguard of the expedition, consisting of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts regiment, Col. E. F. Jones, formerly of the celebrated "Sixth regiment"; the Ninth Connecticut regiment, Colonel Cahill, and the Fifth Massachusetts battery, Captain Manning, the whole being under command of Colonel Jones, the senior officer on board, embarked on the steam transport *Constitution* at Boston, which sailed from that port on the 21st of November, within three days of the time at which General Butler promised the administration he would start the first three thousand troops of his division. The steamer proceeded to Portland to take on board the Twelfth Maine regiment, Colonel Shepley, but finding on the run across Massachusetts bay, that from improper stowage, or some other cause, the steamer was crank, Captain Fletcher, the commander, protested against taking the Maine troops and their baggage on board. This being the first trip of the steamer in which her capacity was to be tested, and two thousand souls being already on board, the course pursued by Captain Fletcher is to be approved rather than condemned. Experience has shown, however, that with a proper disposition of the freight taken on board at Boston, the Maine regiment could also have been transported with perfect safety, the voyage having been one of unexampled tranquility.

The "Constitution" at Hampton Roads.

The *Constitution* proceeded southward from Portland on the morning of Satur-

day, Nov. 23d, telegraphic orders having previously been received from General Butler for the steamer to touch at Fortress Monroe, to take on board Brigadier-general Phelps of Vermont, who has been assigned to the expedition as brigadier-general. This stoppage caused a detention of about a day and a half. While at Old Point, many of the officers, and the ladies accompanying the expedition, went on shore and were cordially received and entertained by their friends among the Massachusetts troops stationed at the Fortress and in Camp Hamilton.

General Phelps in Command.

At noon, on Wednesday, the 27th, General Phelps, who had been in command at Newport News, and who had so successfully held that important place at the mouth of the James river, came on board, when Colonel Jones formally surrendered the command to his superior officer. General Phelps was unaccompanied by a staff, but having made application to the war department for two aides-de-camp—lieutenants in the army of Potomac—they are expected to come forward with General Butler, and join him at the seat of hostilities.

General Phelps is an uncompromising opponent of slavery, and his views upon the great source of our national evils being fully known to the administration, it is fair to presume that in the selection of such men as Generals Butler and Phelps to command operations in the cotton-growing states, a policy has been adopted which will strike at the very vitals of rebellion. General Phelps is a quiet, unostentatious man, who, by his modest and retiring manner, his strict regard for discipline, and withal his free and cordial intercourse, has rendered himself eminently popular with both officers and men. Indeed, in looking at his tall, commanding form, he appears a thorough type of those stern old Covenanters of Cromwell's time. Immediately after assuming command he secured a diagram of the steamer, showing the position of the quarters of the officers and men, with the view of preparing for any emergency that might arise. For the double purpose of guarding against dangers from within and without, he issued a general order to the captains of companies, providing that in case of fire breaking out on board, or an attack from the privateers of the enemy, the troops should all remain below, as the best security against an indiscriminate loss of life.

Departure of the Expedition.

After coaling and taking on board a few supplies, the *Constitution* got under way on Wednesday afternoon, and stood out between the capes. When the pilot steps on board, the other officers usually bow gracefully and retire from the helm. Not so in our case. There was too weighty a responsibility resting upon Captain Fletcher, and Mr. Clark, the first officer, and Mr. Vanderbilt, the chief engineer, to permit them to relinquish the ship to the control of any one

man, though that man might be their superior in all that pertained to his particular calling. If, however, they had been disposed to commit the great ship and her precious freight to other hands, the charge could not have fallen into more experienced hands than those of Mr. James Jackson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the pilot chosen for the Southern coast. The steamer was taken out of Hampton Roads in charge of Purser Chas. H. Dennison of the United States gun-boat *Daylight*, who was discharged off Cape Henry, and went on board our old favorite, the gun-boat *Cambridge*, which, under Capt. William Parker and a crew of Massachusetts boys, has been keeping watch over the Rebels on the Rappahannock and York rivers. Captain Jackson is a fine specimen of the brave class of seamen which he represents, and his doughty figure and rubeund face have become familiar from the conspicuous position which he occupied on the hurricane deck. He piloted the steamer *Boltie* to the mouth of Charleston harbor last spring, when that vessel, under command of Captain Fletcher of the *Constitution*, undertook to furnish supplies to the beleaguered garrison of Fort Sumter. An experience of thirty years in cruising up and down the coast between New York and New Orleans, enabled him to defy the traitorous Southrons who have extinguished every light on the coast from Cape Henry to the reefs of Florida.

Our Destination.—The Problem Solved.

The expedition went to sea under sealed orders, and conjecture was exhausted as to its destination. All were wise in their own conceit, and in the exercise of their Yankee prerogative guessed they knew where they were going. On leaving Boston they were to be landed at Fortress Monroe, and then re-embarked on a great fleet to reduce Norfolk. After leaving Old Point bets were freely offered that the troops, sadly disappointed in not landing at Old Point, were going to reinforce General Sherman at Port Royal; but the odds were changed in favor of Fort Pickens, as the report from the Norfolk Rebels of an attack upon that point gained currency on board. A few learned the secret on the first night out, but it was not until 11 o'clock on the following day, when the official orders were broached, that the mystery which had shrouded the enterprise was dispelled, and Ship island was announced as the basis of future operations.

Looking Ahead.

Examination and inquiry have satisfied me of the great importance of Ship island as a strategical point. Regarding the cotton states as the seat of the mischief which has thrown the country into its present deplorable condition, the Slidells and Soulés of New Orleans being the chiefs of the prospective Southern empire, no point could have been selected from which to spread terror to the Rebels of the gulf states, which affords greater facilities than Ship island. The slave population of

the cotton-growing states is at once the most intelligent and dangerous in the whole South, owing to the system which has long been practiced by the slaveholders of the border tier of slave states, of selling their fractious Negroes to the cotton and rice planters, as a means of punishment, and of removing the evidences of their own shame through the same channel. From this cause the slaves on the plantations soon to be menaced by the Union forces, bringing with them from the Carolinas and Virginia the blood of their former masters, have become more independent and are imbued with a stronger desire to obtain their freedom, than the full-blooded African; and the supposition is, that upon the advance of the Federal forces the Negroes will become their allies and take up arms against their masters, if allowed to do so.

—
STEAMER *Constitution*,
SHIP ISLAND HARBOR, MISS.,
Tuesday Evening, Dec. 3, 1861.

The noble ship has reached her destination in safety and to-night lies within sight of the Rebel shore of Mississippi, with a friendly island under her lee.

Retrospect of the Voyage.

Looking back over a period of six days, since the steamer left Hampton Roads, the voyage now ended, seems one long summer-day, broken only by the few hours of partial forgetfulness, snatched from the hum and bustle of this restless company. The voyage has been one of unprecedented serenity, and the quietude of the elements has only been equaled by the concord which has prevailed on board. The weather has been uniformly pleasant; the ocean, till last night, has been as smooth as a mill-pond, and as kindly disposed to the great ship as mother ever was to child. The most perfect harmony has marked the intercourse of the troops, only one man having been placed under arrest; while the saloon has appeared like the reading-room of a literary club, with the additional attraction of a concert-room.

The steamer struck the current of the gulf stream about 9 o'clock on the day after leaving Old Point, and stood along its western edge, avoiding the force of the current and the coast, without being in sight of the latter. At 1 o'clock Friday morning a bright reflection on the horizon indicated a conflagration in the neighborhood of Georgetown, N. C. Four hours later the steamer passed Charleston, at mention of which a general desire was expressed to make a morning call at Fort Sumter. The steamer passed within twenty-two miles of Port Royal, but saw no signs of the fleet. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon a sail hove in sight off the starboard bow, about sixty miles south of Savannah, which, from her appearance, was a United States sloop-of-war. When first seen she had her lower sails clewed up, but, upon our heaving in sight, she spread all her canvas and stood out to intercept us, which she failed to do. About 11 o'clock Saturday the welcome

cry of "Here's land, boys!" brought all hands on deck, and the coast of Florida continued to be the study of all eyes henceforward. On Sunday morning we passed in full view of the lighthouse on Carysfort reef, which takes its name from an English frigate which was wrecked there many years ago. It is in possession of the Federal government, as was proved by the national banner which the keeper hung out as we passed.

A boat put off from the light at our approach and joined a government-tender anchored near the shore. Sombbrero light, which was passed in the afternoon, also displayed the Stars and Stripes. At 7 o'clock Sunday evening the steamer passed Key West, though not near enough to see the town; we made out a large vessel, apparently a Federal war-ship, standing out to sea. The light at the entrance of the harbor was the first which had been seen leaving the Chesapeake, and was followed by the splendid reflector on the Sand Key, and at midnight by the light on the Tortugas, which we passed at that hour. In twenty-four hours after passing Fortress Monroe, when overcoats were considered a luxury, the indications of a renewal of the summer solstice rapidly increased, till on the second day, many of the men appeared on deck in their shirtsleeves and barefooted. Blankets and overcoats were considered entirely out of season, and regrets were freely expressed that they had not been left at home to protect the shivering soldiers in the army of the Potomac. But after entering the Gulf of Mexico the steamer encountered a "norther," which closed the pores and called into requisition the overcoats, which to-night, in the latitude of New Orleans, sixty miles distant, are not uncomfortable. The voyage has been a monotonous one, a transport affording but limited means for either recreation or amusement.

The stock of reading in the expedition is not large, and a branch of "Loring's South End Circulating Library" would be hailed as the greatest blessing by the troops, whose friends can not render them a greater service than by sending books and papers to Ship island. Letter-writing, the daily record of the incidents of the voyage, and games at cards, chess, checkers, and dominoes, have constituted the chief occupation of officers and men, and the heavy mailbags which the *Constitution* takes back to New England attest the industry of the troops in the first-mentioned particular. The excellent band of the Twenty-sixth regiment has alternated with that of the Connecticut Ninth in furnishing a source of enjoyment, by playing several times each day on the hurricane deck for the benefit of the men, and in the saloon evenings, where the officers and ladies were assembled. This refining feature of the voyage, added to the presence of the ladies of several of the officers, who shed a halo of happiness on all about them, kept green the memory of home and friends, and exerted a salutary influence over the masculine

community. Strictly military duties on board have been limited to the regular roll-calls and guard-mounting, about eighty men having been detailed daily, who mounted guard with side-arms only, to preserve order.

It has been a subject of general surprise that we have not encountered any of the vessels of the blockading squadrons of either the South Atlantic or Gulf divisions during the voyage. Few vessels of any kind were seen in the Atlantic, and not one in crossing the Gulf, which appeared as gloomy and unfrequented as it was in the days of Cortez.

Arrival at Ship Island.—Entering Port.

About 1 o'clock this afternoon, land was discovered directly ahead, and in the mirage arose suddenly in full view the Chandeleur islands—a chain of long, low sand hills—at the northern extremity of which a light-house, with the Stars and Stripes floating from the top, indicated the welcome fact that it is in the possession of loyal men.

At sight of land joy pervaded the ship's company, who, having been fourteen days on board the steamer, hailed even the desolate beach as an indication of a speedy deliverance. A few minutes later, a high, wooded bluff at the eastern end of Ship island hove in sight, and gradually the outline of the destination of the expedition was defined. At the western extremity of a long sand-spit appeared a port and a light-house, and around the point a fleet of steamers and sailing craft lay at anchor. One of these—the United States gun-boat *R. R. Cuyler*—got under way at the approach of the *Constitution*, and ran out to offer assistance in entering the harbor. Lieut. James Parker of the *Cuyler* came on board and piloted the steamer to a safe anchorage.

The crew of the *Cuyler* greeted the expedition with rousing cheers, which were responded to by two thousand joyful hearts. The guns of the *Constitution* poured forth a salute, and at 4 o'clock she dropped anchor almost within hailing distance of the shore. Captain Smith, of the United States gun-boat *Massachusetts*, the senior officer of the flotilla here, came on board, and orders having been brought from the Navy department for Flag-officer McKean, commanding the Gulf division of the blockading squadron, Captain Smith immediately dispatched the *R. R. Cuyler* to Pensacola to deliver the same. Captain Smith tendered the services of his steamer to General Phelps to make a reconnaissance of the eastern end of the island, where it was supposed the troops would encamp, and Colonel Jones having been detailed for that duty, he went, accompanied by Captain Butler and the representatives of the press, on board the *Massachusetts*. It being late and difficult to make a thorough examination of the position, the steamer went but a short distance up the island, and returned to her anchorage near the *Constitution*, and in a position to afford assistance in case of an attack from the

enemy. In the mean time no person belonging to the expedition has yet been on shore.

The expedition is ended, to the delight of all. A few trifling accidents and several mild cases of fever occurred, and were successfully treated by the surgeons. Though Ship island as seen from the shore presents no very attractive features, it will nevertheless offer a habitation, which, in the words of the lamented Winthrop, "does not lurch and wallow," and a couch which will not fall from under you.

Before taking leave of the *Constitution*, I desire to record my acknowledgments of the uniform courtesy which I have received from Captain Fletcher, her skillful commander, and the other officers of the steamer, and to add my testimony to the universal opinion that the ship is a credit to her constructors and owners. And now for a description of

Ship Island Harbor.

It is situated north of the western end of the island, and at ordinary tides vessels drawing twenty feet of water can enter from the Gulf by a channel between Ship and Cat islands, which is the inside passage by which vessels of light draft leave and depart for New Orleans. There is no entrance at the east end of the island for vessels of more than six or eight feet draft, and the water near the shore is very shallow. While the mouth of the Mississippi has been blockaded by the Federal fleet, no inconsiderable number of small vessels have slipped out from New Orleans, through Mississippi sound, and out into the Gulf, between Ship and Horn islands, and run to the West Indies: none but gun-boats of light draft, and guns of long range, can be of any service in preventing this contraband trade, and the sooner the government sends such vessels here the sooner the blockade of New Orleans will be made effectual. The anchorage, with water equal to the depth on the bar, is five miles long, and averages a quarter of a mile wide.

The great advantage of the harbor, now little understood, is that it affords facilities for the protection of our navy against foreign interference, and for striking offensive blows at all points in Secessia on the Gulf coast. The importance of the harbor to the commercial marine of the country can not be over-rated, as immense quantities of timber, cotton, sugar, and other productions of Louisiana and Mississippi could be shipped through this channel to all parts of the world, at less cost than they can be dispatched from New Orleans, down the Mississippi. Looking forward to the re-opening of Southern ports, Mississippi City might be made an important cotton-depot, and Ship island harbor a rival port of New Orleans.

Collision between Federal Gun-Boats.

The steamer *R. R. Cuyler*, which left here this evening for Fort Pickens, when just outside the harbor, came in collision with the United States gun-boat *New London*, from Pensacola, with an armed

United States schooner in tow. The cutwater of the *Cuyler* was stove badly, and, though she continued on her course, she will probably proceed to Key West for repairs. The *New London* had her rail carried away, but sustained no serious damage.

FORT MASSACHUSETTS,
SHIP ISLAND, Dec. 7, 1861.

Debarcation of the Troops.

At an early hour Wednesday morning preparations were made to land the troops. The steamers *Henry Lewis* and *Anna*, captured from the Rebels, came alongside the *Constitution*, and at 8 o'clock the men began to march off, Co. B, of the Twenty-sixth regiment, Captain Clark, being the first to go on board the lighters. A strong breeze blew from the north-west, and a swift current with a chop sea was setting out. The small steamers, after their decks were filled with soldiers, steamed over to the island and lay alongside a temporary pier, where the men landed with ease and safety. Not an accident occurred, and the troops were all landed before noon.

The scene presented by the debarkation of the troops was the most animating of the whole voyage. To the soldiers, long cooped-up on shipboard, the island in all its barrenness possessed attractions which dissipated the dull monotony of sea-life, and leaping on shore the men huzzaed, and scampered about like so many colts let loose. Two days have scarcely elapsed since their landing, and yet they have explored the whole island; dined on fresh pork and 'coons, which they have killed, and discovered a fertile oyster-bed, four miles away, upon which they are now luxuriating.

While Colonel Jones superintended the departure of the troops from the vessel, Lieutenant-colonel Farr, of the Twenty-sixth, Colonel Cahill and Major Frye, of the Connecticut Ninth, were on shore and gave directions for laying out the encampments and pitching the tents. Captain Smith and the officers of the steamer *Massachusetts*, and the officers of the fort, rendered valuable assistance in the work of debarkation, Commander Smith placing men, steamers, and boats at the disposal of the officers of the expedition, while Lieutenant Buchanan, commanding at the fort, personally directed matters on shore. The capture of the two Rebel steamers used in landing the troops and stores was most opportune, as without them the debarkation would have been a slow and tedious process, with the facilities at hand. With all the joy which marked the appearance of the troops on reaching *terra firma*, there was no disguising the fact that their dreams had not been realized, and disappointment was depicted on the faces of all. On leaving Boston they had expressed a wish in song to be "Away down South in Dixie," and now that they were in reality there, the visions of orange groves and mocking birds vanished, and nothing but sand-hills and water met the view.

While the officers were staking out the ground for the encampments, the men seated themselves in squads, and while some sat contemplating the discouraging prospect, others true to home and to friends, with knapsack for writing-desk, recorded "first impressions" for the edification of their friends. But work had to be done, and the boys soon rallied and were at it in earnest. Wheelbarrows and shovels were brought into requisition; the hills were laid low; the rough places made smooth; one by one the conical dwellings, which can with difficulty be distinguished in the distance from the white sand on which they are pitched, were erected, and before sundown two canvas villages on the outposts of Rebeldom were tenanted by the loyal sons of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Both regiments encamped on the beach about half a mile from the port, each camp being backed by a range of sand-hillocks, which command a view of the sound, and from which the approach of the enemy can readily be discovered.

The camp of the Twenty-sixth extends east, parallel with the line of the beach, while the Ninth Connecticut are encamped just back of the light-house, on which Major Frye hoisted the Stars and Stripes. Tents will be exposed to strong winds which prevail here, but with long tent-pins they can be secured to the drifting foundation. Good fresh water can be had almost for the asking. The men have only to sink a barrel anywhere in the sand, and a well of pure water supplies their necessities. The island furnishes excellent facilities for bathing, and the climate being temperate, the health of the troops will of necessity be preserved. Manning's battery is now encamped under the walls of the fort, but will probably relieve the garrison soon and take up their quarters inside. The two brass rifled 12-pounders of the *Constitution* have been transferred to the steamer *Lewis*, where they will be likely to render important service.

Ship Island and Its Fortification.

The island is about seven miles long, and extends in a curve north-east and south-west. The eastern end of the island is about a mile wide, and covered with a grove of live oak and cedar, abounding in raccoons, which furnish rich sport to the soldiers, as you have only to shake the tree, and like the poor victim of Colonel Crockett, they will "come down," when they are easily killed. The surface is intersected with ravines and ditches filled with water. A bayou extends almost across the island at this point from Mississippi sound. This part of the island, previous to a severe storm which occurred in October, 1860, was occupied by several families, in rearing cattle, many of which still remain on the island. Wild hogs also live in the woods, and a brace of blood-hounds inhabit the grove.

The western end of the island is a low sand-spit, about four miles long and a quarter of a mile wide, entirely destitute of trees, a few palms and a sparse

growth of long beach-grass only finding nourishment. The surface is broken by ridges apparently washed up by the heavy seas which "northerners" roll in on the beach. This peninsula is connected with the head by an isthmus, across which the tide flows. At the extreme western end of the island is a fort, commanding the only channel by which the harbor can be entered, and just to the eastward of this is a light-house. The fortification forms nearly a complete circle and is built of brick, with several tiers of sand-bags piled against and protecting the exterior wall. It is divided into twelve bomb-proof casemates, and on the land-side are two flanking forts. The fortification was commenced by the Federal government before the war broke out, at which time mechanics were at work here. The guns which the traitor Floyd ordered from Pittsburgh, but which were stopped *in transitu*, were intended for this fort.

The officer superintending the construction of the fortifications lived at Biloxi, and when hostilities commenced he abandoned the work and removed with his workmen to that place, leaving bricks enough to complete the fortification. The Secessionists, fearing the place would be occupied by the Union forces, came over and burned every thing combustible in the fortification, which outrage they charged upon the Federalists.

The steamer *Massachusetts*, Captain Smith, which has since done such good service in these waters, arrived here on the 28th of June and stopped to blockade the sound. One day she captured five schooners and drove back one of the ten steamers which at that time plied between New Orleans and Mobile via Mississippi sound.

The *Massachusetts* stopped here till news of the escape of the *Sumter* from New Orleans was received, when she was ordered to Pensacola with dispatches for the flag-officer. On the 3d of July, in the absence of the *Massachusetts*, the Rebels came over with their engineers and mechanics and laid their plans to occupy and rebuild the fort. The *Massachusetts* returned on the 4th of July, and found the light extinguished, the keeper saying that he had been ordered by an officer from the *Brooklyn* not to light it. Captain Smith left again on the 5th for the passes, and arrived back on the 8th. A Rebel steamer was then discovered at anchor inside the point, and lights on the shore. Suspecting all was not right, she ran up to the island and fired a salute into the fort, but received no reply.

That night the Rebels were engaged in throwing up entrenchments and mounting guns on the point, and on the morning of the 9th they opened fire on the *Massachusetts* from a large rifled cannon, and two 9-inch sea-coast guns. The *Massachusetts* replied, keeping up the fight for two hours before breakfast, and at one time silenced the guns of the enemy. After breakfast the Rebels opened again on the steamer. Several of their rifled shells passed over

her, but so near to the heads of the men that they fell on the deck. No one was injured, however, on the *Massachusetts*, but the Rebels had one man seriously injured. After keeping up the engagement for two hours, the *Massachusetts*, running short of powder, and finding her shot did not reach the shore, retired and anchored out of range. The Rebels remained in possession until the 16th of September, when—under the impression that a naval and military force were detailed to attack the place, and supposing that they could not hold it—they evacuated.

The fort was garrisoned by five companies of the 4th Mississippi regiment, Lieutenant-colonel Allen commanding. The Rebel armament of the fort consisted of thirteen guns—32's, 42's, 64's, and 96's—mounted in the casemates inside, and in four sand-batteries at different points outside. On leaving the island the Rebels set fire to the buildings and the light-house, and embarked on board six steamers, carrying away all their guns and other property, with the exception of much valuable lumber and thirty-five head of cattle.

On the night of the evacuation, the *Massachusetts*, *Preble*, and *Marion* were standing over the island, but on account of high winds and head currents the sailing vessels could not reach the point. The *Massachusetts* ran over and fired shell at the retreating Rebels, but received no reply, the shot evidently hurrying their departure. The fort, which the Rebels called Fort Twigg's, was taken possession of the next morning by the officers of the *Massachusetts*.

The work of fortifying the place was at once commenced, and at the present time the fort mounts four 9-inch shell-guns, three in bomb-proof casemates, bearing on the channel and sound; one 9-inch pivot-gun, having a range of two and a half miles, in a sand-battery commanding the sound; and two howitzers on top of the casemates, commanding the approaches on the land-side, from which shrapnel and canister can be thrown twelve hundred yards up the island. The crews from the flotilla have erected two casemates and rendered bomb-proof two others, besides doing a large amount of other work, incidental to occupying their new position. The garrison at present consists of one hundred and fifty-eight sailors and marines, and six officers. The following is a list of the officers attached to the fort:—

Lieutenant commanding—Thomas McKean Buchanan, of the *Mississippi*.

Lieut. Philip H. W. Frazier, of the *Mississippi*, commanding the Marine corps.

Acting Masters—George Wiggen, of the *Potomac*; S. N. Freeman, detached from the *Santee*, and Frank B. Merriam, of the *Massachusetts*, on temporary service as paymaster.

Acting Midshipman—E. T. Woodward, of the *Mississippi*.

The Naval Force in Port.

The Federal flotilla at present stationed in Ship Island harbor consists of

the steamers *Massachusetts*, 7 guns; *R. R. Cuyler*, 9 guns; *New London*, 5 guns; the light-draft schooner, *Rachel Seaman*, just arrived from Philadelphia, with ammunition for the steamer *Massachusetts* and the fort, and the prize steamers *Levis* and *Anna*, and several small craft. The ward-room of the *Massachusetts* shows the effect of the recent engagement with the Rebel gun-boat *Florida*, on which the redoubtable "Commodore" Hollins, of the Musquito fleet, came out into the sound one day, and firing a gun to leeward, challenged the *Massachusetts*. Captain Smith took up the glove, and running in as far as the depth of water would allow, engaged and drove off the enemy. The rifled gun of the *Florida* was disabled, her stern-post and top-works shot away, her paddle-box badly stove, and four men killed, and leaking badly, being half full of water when she arrived at Pass Christian, as was learned from prisoners recently taken.

With the prizes which have been captured much valuable property has been taken. On the shore near the landing are piled up twelve hundred barrels of molasses, four hundred barrels spirits of turpentine, and other merchandise. The schooner *Olive*, captured by the *New London*, was loaded with yellow-pine lumber, originally intended for this fortification, but which, after its evacuation by the Rebels, was ordered to Fort Pike. Through the vigilance of the Federal officers it will be appropriated to its original purpose.

The blockading squadron off the mouth of the Mississippi have recently earned fresh laurels, the *Mississippi* and *Vincennes* having captured an English barque endeavoring to run the blockade with \$20,000 in specie and \$200,000 worth of coffee on board. The *Santee*, blockading Galveston, a short time since captured and burned a privateer which attempted to leave that port, killing three men, wounding several, and taking a number of prisoners, including the owner. The fight was a desperate one, resulting in the loss of two men on the *Santee*, and the wounding of several others seriously.

The Musquito Fleet in Mississippi Sound.

The Rebels have a fleet of war-steamers which run out from New Orleans and cruise in Mississippi sound, consisting of the *Florida*, 6 guns; *Pamlico*, 2; *Oregon*, 2; *Arrow*, 2—all heavy rifled cannon—and the *Grey Eagle*, which carries a 9-inch shell-gun and some rifled cannon. Some of these steamers appear in sight every day, reconnoitering the Union forces. The officers of the Federal flotilla are constantly on the watch for the enemy, and allow no opportunity to pass which offers a chance for a fight. The *New London* is of light draft, and, with an extra crew from the fort, nightly leaves the harbor on expeditions against the Rebels, who have been carrying on an extensive commerce between New Orleans and Mobile. On Tuesday last a fleet of ten steamers passed through the sound to Mobile under con-

voy of four Rebel war steamers. None of these freight and passenger boats have since been seen, however. The prize steamer *Levis* was one of this class, and the *California*, formerly of New York, is engaged in the same line of business.

On Wednesday morning the Federal steamer *Montgomery*, blockading Grant's pass, about thirty miles from Ship island in the direction of Mobile, was attacked by five Rebel war steamers, with long-range guns, and driven from her position. The Rebel gunboat *Oregon* subsequently started for the westward, and the *Montgomery* came up to Ship island to put the officers of the flotilla on the alert. The Rebel steamer lay off this point, and appeared to be making a reconnoissance. Apprehensions were felt of an attack Wednesday night, and the *Constitution* being in no condition to repel the enemy, the chains were unshackled, steam raised, the guns double-shotted, and every preparation made to slip out in case of an attack. Ammunition was sent on shore for the troops, and General Phelps took up his quarters on the island in order to be near his command. The night passed, however, without any demonstration from the enemy.

Rebel Submarine Telegraph Destroyed.

Immediately after the occupation of Ship island by the Federal forces, Captain Smith, of the *Massachusetts*, sent an expedition, consisting of two launches manned by thirty-four sailors from the *Massachusetts* and *Preble*, under command of Messrs. Ryder and Merriam of the *Massachusetts*, for the purpose of underrunning a submarine telegraphic cable which connected the line between New Orleans and Mobile. After a severe pull of twenty-three miles, which occupied nine hours, the expedition arrived at its destination, and landing cut the cable on shore, took the end in the boats and underran about seventy-five feet of it, cutting it off with axes and destroying the efficacy of the cable. More would have been secured, but daylight coming on, they left. On their return they were chased by a Rebel steamer, which gave up the pursuit as soon as they discovered that the boats were armed.

The Rebels have a powder-mill about twelve miles from Mississippi City, where they are manufacturing eighteen hundred pounds of powder daily. This establishment may receive the attention of the forces at this point ere long.

A Hard Task.

The encampment of the troops is about a mile from the point at which they landed on the island, and there being an entire lack of any means of transportation, other than wheelbarrows, nearly all the tents, arms, stores, and camp equipage had to be carried up on the shoulders of the men, or rolled over the light sand. It was a tedious and laborious operation, and one which taxed the energies of the men to their fullest extent. Fortunately the weather

has not been uncomfortably hot, and the troops have sustained their arduous task nobly. The work of transportation has been materially lessened by the construction of a plank walk, which Major Frye and the men of the Connecticut regiment have improvised from the timber found on the beach.

The United States ordnance steamer *De Soto*, Captain Walker, arrived here on Friday from Pensacola, with rifled cannon, with which she is supplying all the vessels of the blockading squadron in the Gulf. She is bound to Barstaria bay to blockade.

The officers and men of the navy at this point are deserving of the highest praise for their indefatigable labors toward the suppression of the Rebellion. They had not only been obliged, since taking possession of the island, to keep up a regular military establishment on shore, but have been compelled to perform a vast amount of labor in raising prize vessels sunk in a "norther"; landing their cargoes; building a wharf, and completing the fortification. Their services are deserving of recognition by the government, especially those of Acting Masters Ryder of the *Massachusetts* and Freeman of the fort. The former is the party who, when the gallant Anderson and his command in Fort Sumter were being reduced by starvation, offered to provision the garrison in whale boats at all hazards; while the latter has been knighted by the Queen of Spain, for gallant services rendered in rescuing the officers and crew of a wrecked Spanish man-of-war. Mr. Ryder has superintended the erection of the casemates of the fort and the building of the wharf. Mr. Freeman has raised several sunken vessels, and in landing the troops and supplies his services as commander of the *Levis* have been invaluable.

Acting Master Wiggin, from the *Potomac*, one of the most valuable officers of the fort, has been detailed as pilot of the gun-boat *New London*, where, on account of his acquaintance with all parts of the Sound, he will render valuable service. Acting Midshipman Woodward, a young and promising officer, has also shown commendable zeal in the performance of his duty.

Future Operations.

In the absence of all positive knowledge respecting the policy of the government and the plans of the leaders of this expedition, it is utterly impossible to predict—what the future only can determine—where the first blow will be struck in the campaign here commenced. Speculation points to New Orleans and Mobile as the points to be attacked. Presuming that one or both of these places are to become the objects of especial attention from General Butler, it is well to estimate the chances of success. Regarding the natural facilities for reaching the two cities, Mobile offers the greatest inducements for an attack. The city is about forty miles distant, and troops can be conveyed in light-draught steamers from Ship island,

through Mississippi sound and Grant's pass, into Mobile bay.

I have learned from a prisoner now on board the steamer *Massachusetts* that the Rebels have planted a battery of three guns commanding the pass, and that at the head of the bay, at the junction of Spanish river and Choctaw bayou, a foundation, 200 feet square, built of piles, filled in solid with stone and earth, has been sunk in six feet of water, and upon this a fort is in process of erection which will mount fifty guns. All vessels, before entering the city, will be compelled to pass this formidable battery. The entrances to Mobile bay from the Gulf are protected by Forts Morgan and Gaines. In an expedition from this point against New Orleans, the course is by water through lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain to within three miles of New Orleans, thence by railroad or canal to the city. Fort Pike defends the passage into Lake Pontchartrain, and I learn from the same source quoted above that the Rebels have erected batteries along the line of the Pontchartrain railroad, and have also planted one hundred heavy guns in front of the custom house at New Orleans.

The arrival of General Butler is anxiously awaited, when something more definite may be learned. In the meantime, General Phelps is busy in reconnoitering the island, and with plans and specifications preparing to complete this fort.

I am indebted to Acting Paymaster Merriam, whose acquaintance with the fort extends back to the first occupation of the island by the Union forces, for much valuable information respecting affairs here.

A Brush with the Enemy.

This afternoon, a Rebel gun-boat hove in sight across the sound, when the Federal gun-boat got under way, and followed by the *De Soto*, run over and engaged her. The *New London* and Rebel steamer exchanged several shot, when a second and a smaller Secesh steamer came to the aid of the first, and fired at the *New London*. The *De Soto* did not participate. The combatants were about four miles apart, and though the Federal steamers have not returned as I close my letter, it is thought that neither party sustained damage.

The camp of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts and Ninth Connecticut regiments have been named "Camp Constitution" in honor of the steamer, Captain Fletcher having presented Colonel Jones the ship's barge.

NEW YORK, NOV. 30. The *Tribune's* special Washington dispatch says that government received intelligence yesterday that the leaders of the Rebellion in Richmond and in the Rebel camps across the Potomac at last are satisfied that they are to be beaten in the issue of arms which they have made, and that the cause of Secession is a hopeless one.

On Thursday, while the pickets of the New York Twenty-eighth regiment were in the neighborhood of Burns's house, on the road leading to Fairfax Court-house, five foraging wagons, accompanied by about twenty-five Rebel cavalry, made their appearance at that point, doubtless with the design of drawing our men into an ambush. After the arrival of General Wadsworth with an increased force from his brigade, the pretended foraging party disappeared.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 1861. An important conference was held this evening, to reconcile, if possible, the conflicting views in the Cabinet and in Congress on the treatment of the slaves of Rebels. All agree that the war must be vigorously prosecuted, and the navy increased.

RECEPTION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS TWENTY-FIFTH IN NEW YORK. — New York, Nov. 1. — Colonel Upton's Massachusetts Twenty-fifth Regiment received a hearty welcome to-day from the Sons of Massachusetts. They arrived at about noon at the Norwich depot, foot of Vestry street, and were escorted to the Park barracks by the Sons, where the men were amply provided with a hot and substantial meal. The officers dined at the Astor house, where there was an elegant table set by Mr. Stetson, the occasion being presided over by Col. Frank E. Howe.

A Soldier's Valentine.

BY H. ALGER, JR.

Just from the sentry's tramp,
(I must take it again at ten)
I have laid my musket down,
And seized instead my pen;
For pacing my lonely round
In the chilly twilight gray,
The thought, dear Mary, came
That this is Valentine's Day.

And with the thought there came
A glimpse of the happy time,
When a schoolboy's first attempt
I sent you, in borrowed rhyme,
On a gilt-edged sheet, embossed
With many a quaint design,
And signed in schoolboy hand,
"Your loving Valentine."

The years have come and gone —
Have flown, I know not where —
And the schoolboy's merry face
Is grave with manhood's care;
But the heart of man still beats
At the well-remembered name,
And on this St. Valentine's Day
His choice is still the same.

There was a time — ah! well;
Think not that I repine —
When I dreamed this happy day
Would smile on you as mine;
But I heard my country's call;
I knew her need was sore;
Thank God, no selfish thought
Withheld me from the war.

But when the dear old flag
Shall float in its ancient pride —
When the twain shall be made one,
And feuds no more divide —
I will lay my musket down,
My martial garb resign,
And turn my joyous feet
Toward home and Valentine.

Captain Read's Mounted Rifle Rangers.

The squadron of Rangers was mustered into the United States service at Camp Chase last Friday. The selections for this corps have been carefully made from first-class men, about eight hundred applicants having been rejected during its enlistment, and it is the finest body of men that has yet been sent to the war from New England. The appearance of the men in line was imposing, and the oath was taken without a single dissenting voice.

Captain Read then wheeled the line into hollow square and announced to his men that although appointed to the command of the squadron, he did not desire to accept the honor unless he had some assurance on their part that the appointment met with their approval. The announcement was followed by an election of a most enthusiastic and unanimous character. A brief and earnest speech was then made by their captain, the Rangers cheering heartily. He then introduced to them Lieutenants J. E. Cowen, of Fairhaven, and B. Pickman, of Salem, who were unanimously elected to lieutenants in the First division of the squadron, each responding in an appropriate speech. The lieutenants of the second division have not yet been appointed. The corps, to which Captain Read has authority to add fifty-eight more men, is splendidly equipped by the government, and will very soon go South. The rifles being manufactured for it are of an entirely new pattern, and without being revolvers, discharge eight shots in rapid succession, and at extensive range, without reloading. The corps will number about one hundred and seventy-five, and when fully armed with rifles and pistols, can fire rapidly over three thousand shots without reloading their pieces — more than three full regiments of infantry. They can then reload or rely upon their sabers. Such a body of men can not but prove of the most effective character.

Lieut. Henry P. Fox, of Capt. Marsh A. Ferris's company of sharpshooters, now in camp at Lowell, and connected with General Butler's division, was the recipient last Friday evening of an elegant sword, sash, belt, and pistol, from his friends in this city.

The occasion was made the opportunity of a pleasant reunion of his friends at the Quincy house, who listened with pleasure to an appropriate presentation speech by J. Walbridge Field, Esq., and the grateful and feeling reply of Lieutenant Fox.

By order of Major-general Butler, blank copies for allotment of pay have been given to each company in the Twenty-sixth regiment, to sign before leaving home. The advantages of this allotment for their families or friends are numerous, and it does not, as many persons have supposed, prevent the payment of the State bounty, but is in addition.

Boston and Vicinity.

MATTERS AT FORT WARREN.—The news of the action taken by Congress in requesting the President to confine Messrs. Mason and Slidell similarly to Colonels Corcoran and Wood, was received at the fort yesterday, and caused much excitement among the political prisoners there, and aroused special indignation from the two individuals above referred to, who have taken up their winter quarters in Boston harbor.

The Secretary of State has granted to Mayor Brown of Baltimore, now confined at the fort, leave of absence for thirty days, on parole, and he will come up from the fort this afternoon in the steamer which carries daily supplies to the garrison. He is not to leave the state under the terms of his parole.

FORTRESS MONROE, Dec. 3. A sharp engagement between the United States gun-boats *Hetzel*, *Seymour*, *Whitehall*, and *Shawnee*, and a Rebel steamer, supposed to be the *Yorktown*, took place yesterday about five miles above Newport News.

The bombardment lasted about two hours, commencing at 5 o'clock in the morning. The Rebel steamer kept close to the shore, where a powerful battery assisted it materially, but never ventured within range of our guns. The engagement was kept up with great vigor and the roar of artillery was plainly heard at Old Point.

A flag of truce, in charge of Provost Marshal Davis, went from here this morning to convey Mr. Pangborn, Consul for Saxony at New Orleans, to Norfolk. By that means we learn that the Rebel vessel engaged in the action yesterday was the steamer *Patrick Henry*. The rebels claim that no damage was done to them.

To-day about half an inch of snow fell, and a strong north-east wind prevailed, but the storm abated toward noon.

APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT.—A young lady who, like all our Northern young ladies, bless them! is religiously devoted to the Union cause, during a discussion as to what would constitute the surest and, at the same time, the most humane, punishment of the Secessionist women who talk treason openly and spit in the faces of loyal people in Baltimore, St. Louis, and elsewhere, gave her verdict as follows: "Cut off their hair!" Shaving the head might have a cooling effect.

A FALSE REPORT.—A report is in circulation that Lieutenant Babo, of the Twentieth regiment, who has been missing since the disastrous affair at Ball's Bluff, has been heard from, and that having been but slightly wounded, he was rapidly recovering. On inquiry as to the origin of this statement, our reporters find it to be entirely without authority. No tidings have been heard of the lieutenant, and there is nothing to warrant such a belief.

A Terrible Story of the Rebellion.

A correspondent of the *New York Times*, who dates from Springfield, Mo., tells the following sad tale of the consequences of rebellion:—

"The tender mercies of Secession are cruel. I have just heard the sad story of a widow who has buried two sons and a daughter since the outbreak of the Rebellion. Her three children all fell by the hand of violence.

"She lived in the White River country—a land of hills and of ignorance. In that country she and her family stood almost alone upon the side of the national Union. Her neighbors were all advocates of Rebellion, and even before the arrival of our army in Springfield all loyal citizens were warned that they must leave their homes or die. It was little that the poor widow had to leave—a miserable log-cabin and a small patch of hill-side—but such as it was, she was preparing to abandon it, when her son Harvey left her, in search of employment. She packed his bundle with a heavy heart, took a silk handkerchief from her neck, gave to him, and kissed him good-bye, never expecting to see him again.

"He had not been gone many days when her persecution began. Her little boy was one evening bringing in wood for the fire, when a shot was heard—a bullet struck the log under his arm, and he dropped it with a scream. The ball had just missed his heart. Joy at his escape from death was henceforth mingled with gloomy apprehension.

"Next, she heard of the death of Harvey. He had found a home, and fancying himself secure, was alone at work in a field. The family with whom he lived were absent. When they returned at noon they found his dead body in the house, pierced by a bullet. His torn cap and other signs witnessed to the severity of his struggle before he yielded to his murderer.

"From this time the family of Mrs. Willis lived in constant fear. One day a gun was fired at them as they sat at dinner. One man was bold enough to come into the cabin in search of them. At night they all hid in the woods and slept. The poor woman was one day gathering corn in the garden and William was sitting upon the fence.

"'Don't sit there, William,' said his mother, 'you are too fair a mark for a shot.'

"William went to the door and sat upon the step.

"'William,' said his sister, 'you are not safe there. Come into the house.'

"He obeyed. He was sitting between two beds, when suddenly another shot rang upon the air, and the widow's second son, Samuel, whom she had not noticed sitting by another door, rose to his feet, staggered a few steps toward his mother, and fell a corpse before her.

"'I never wished any one in torment before,' she said, 'but I did wish the man that killed him was there.'

"Her three oldest sons at once left the cabin and fled over the hills. They

are all in the national army to-day. Samuel's sister washed the cold clay and dressed it for the grave. After two days the Secession neighbors came to bury him. At first the frantic mother refused to let them touch his body. At last she consented. The clouds were falling upon the coffin, each sound awakening an echo in her aching heart, when a whip-poor-will fluttered down, with its wild, melancholy cry, and settled in the open grave. The note so terrified the conscience-stricken, superstitious wretches, that for a moment they fled in dismay.

"Two of her children were now in the tomb. Three had escaped for their lives. The unhappy woman was left with her two daughters and three small children, helpless and alone. She was obliged to go thirty miles upon horse-back to the mill for food, and afterward to return on foot, leading her horse by the bridle, with the sack upon his back. On her return she met her children about a mile and a half from her own house. In her neighbor's yard her two boys, aged ten and twelve years, were digging another grave—the grave of an old man, murdered in her absence, for the crime of loyalty to the Union. Together with a white-headed patriot, who tottered with age, they placed the corpse upon a board, rolled it, unprepared for burial and uncoffined, into the shallow pit, and then covered it with earth. Such are the trials of loyal citizens in the border slave-states, and wherever rebellion has been in power.

"The widow now escaped for refuge to this city. And here, to crown her sorrows, in the absence of her three oldest remaining sons, a drunken soldier of the Fifth Kansas regiment shot her daughter Mary, as she was standing in the door of her house. Is it any wonder that this woman's hair is gray, her forehead full of wrinkles, or that she should say, with tremulous tones, 'I feel that I shall not live long. The only thing which sustains me is the love of Christ.' Northern people know nothing of the horrors of war."

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.—For some six weeks past a young girl named Maggie Wilson has been missing from her home at Brooklyn, N. Y., and all attempts to ascertain her whereabouts have proven unsuccessful. On Thursday, however, a letter was received from a member of Colonel Townsend's New York regiment, that the missing girl, under the name of Charlie Marshall, and dressed in male apparel, had enlisted in that regiment, and had proceeded with it to the scene of the war. She was assiduous in the performance of her duties, and remarkable for her quiet reserve and disinclination to participate in the carousals of her companions. How a discovery of her sex was made is not stated, but by the unanimous voice of the regiment, she was appointed to the office of *vivandiere*, and dressed in more appropriate clothing for a woman. She has commenced the performance of her new duties.

No Half-way Loyalists.

The members of the Memphis (Tenn.) Typographical union having petitioned Brigadier-general Hovey, in command of the United States forces at that place, to relieve them from the necessity of taking the oath of allegiance to the Federal government, as they had always remained neutral, were no politicians, and did not wish their names mixed up in civil strife. General Hovey denies the request, prefacing his denial by the following communication:—

"You ask me to modify Order No. 1 so as to relieve the members of your association from taking the oath of allegiance. Now, what is the substance of that order? Briefly answered—it gives you the right to leave the city without imposing any conditions, and take up arms against our country if you wish. It throws the gauntlet down and dares you to the conflict, or simply requires you to swear to support the constitution your fathers made. Surely this is no hard rule in times of war. Let us for one moment contrast it with the course adopted by the so styled Southern Confederacy. Where they have power, men who have dared whisper words in favor of the Union have by brutal (chivalric?) force been hung—decrepitude and years could not shield them. Even in sight of this city, an old, gray-haired man of sixty, lone, friendless, was hung by a chivalric mob because he dared to adhere to the government that gave him birth and was the pride of his declining years. Aye, even in this city (if report be true), the ball and chain in the 'Vigilance committee' room was used to intimidate the fearful, and shackle the limbs of freemen who would not bow down to the Southern idol. The barber-shop, too, is hard by, where they administered a clean shave to all who would not shout for the 'chivalry' and Davis.

"You didn't do it? Hundreds of your 'high-toned gentlemen' didn't do it? No—but you stood by, raised not a hand to shield the helpless, and dared not even whisper one kind word to console the victims of the mob. *This was neutrality, and this was taking no part!* Look to Missouri, Virginia, Maryland, and East Tennessee, and the robberies perpetrated under the color of the Confederacy's act of confiscation, and humanity will shudder and blush. No one, with my permission, shall serve two masters. You are for us or against us, and a manly course is to choose your side. Ten secret foes and spies are worse than one hundred open enemies. If you ask the protection of the broad wings of our old eagle, you must help to feed and support the bird. The day of kind words, good desires, much talk, and no sincerity has passed. Officers will be compelled to pull off their long, silken gauntlets and return the salutation of pretended friends with the stern grip of war.

"The city is now filled with treason and traitors, and that officer is surely unnaturally kind who will permit them

to remain and hatch their unholy schemes within his camp.

"No class of men exercise such a vast influence over the public mind as the craft to which you belong, and you owe it to yourselves and posterity to advocate and aid the right. The printer, philosopher, and statesman, Franklin, is your pride. He was no neutral. Follow his example, support the cause that he supported, and uphold the constitution that he labored to construct, and your children and children's children may be proud of you in future days."

THE CHARLESTON FIRE!

Appalling Conflagration.

Thousands of Families Deserting their Homes.

**BUILDINGS BLOWN UP TO STOP
THE FIRE!**

**Loss from Five to Seven
Millions of Dollars!**

**APPROPRIATION FOR THE SUFFERERS,
BY THE REBEL CONGRESS.**

576 Buildings Destroyed!

FORTRESS MONROE, Dec. 16. Captain Millward went to Craney island to-day with a flag of truce, and was met by Lieutenant Smith off the island. No passengers came down from Norfolk.

Norfolk and Richmond papers give full particulars of the extensive conflagration in Charleston. The fire broke out at about 9 o'clock in the evening of the 11th, in Russell & Old's sash and blind factory at the foot of Hazel street, extending to the machine shop of Cameron & Co. Before midnight the fire had assumed an appalling magnitude, and Meeting street, from Market to Queen, was one mass of flames. As tenement after tenement was enveloped in flames, the panic became awful, and thousands of families evacuated their houses and filled the streets.

Rebel Emissaries.

Capt. Charles Wilkes, in command of the *San Jacinto*, while searching in the West Indies for the *Sumter*, received information that James M. Mason and John Slidell, disloyal citizens and leading conspirators, were with their suite to embark from Havana in the English steamer *Trent*, on their way to Europe to promote the cause of the insurgents. Cruising in the Bahama channel, he intercepted the *Trent* on the 8th of November, and took from her these dangerous men, whom he brought to the United States. His vessel having been ordered

to refit for service at Charlestown, the prisoners were retained on board and conveyed to Fort Warren, where they were committed to the custody of Colonel Dimmick, in command of that fortress.

The prompt and decisive action of Captain Wilkes on this occasion merited and received the emphatic approval of the department, and if a too generous forbearance was exhibited by him in not capturing the vessel, which had these Rebel emissaries on board, it may, in view of the special circumstances, and of its patriotic motives, be excused: *but it must by no means be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter for the treatment of any case of similar infraction of neutral obligations by foreign vessels engaged in commerce or the carrying trade.*

Rival Maryland Regiments.

The sight at Port Royal when the First Rebel Maryland regiment surrounded the First loyal, is said to have been perfectly ludicrous. Looking at each other a moment in the face, they rushed together, hugged each other, shook hands, and ran around perfectly delighted, as if five minutes before they had not been in deadly enmity shooting at each other. Colonel Kenly and his regiment are true grit. For five hours they kept back the whole Rebel column, and then surrendered only when surrounded.

Another instance of their pluck is worth recording. They were brought into Winchester in the evening, when the Rebel band was serenading General Jackson at the Taylor house. The general and his staff and all the officers were out on the piazza of the hotel, the windows were filled with ladies dressed in their best, and the band was playing that favorite Secesh tune, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," when the five hundred First Maryland prisoners came down the street. No sooner had they heard the first notes of the Rebel band when, as with one accord, they all burst out with "The Star-spangled Banner," and with their clear voices sounding loud above the squeaking of the miserable band, with a firm and regular step they marched through the street, singing undauntedly and drowning in their melody the noise of the serenade.

Whether because the strains of the old national tune awoke some lingering feelings of patriotism, some smothered love for the old flag which they would not willingly banish, or because they admired the men who had the courage to sing such a song under such circumstances, the Rebels did not interfere, and the men marched singing through the whole street.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOTILLA.—An extract from a private letter of Commodore Foote, dated at Cleveland, is published, in which he remarks:—

"The most difficult and arduous work of my life has been the improvising of the flotilla which, under God, has been so efficient in repressing rebellion, and in protecting loyal interests upon the

magnificent rivers of the West. My other acts are more than appreciated—this probably never will be. I feel very sad at being obliged to be here while my brave comrades are still on such arduous duty, but I hope to be able soon to rejoin them."

Impromptu.

[Suggested by seeing a Christmas box for some of our gallant soldiers on the Potomac.]

Here comes the express!
Hurrah, my boys!
With a box for Co. A;
Now three times three
For the friends so kind
And the fun we'll have to-day.

With fingers nubile
And faces glad,
With hearts beating fast with delight,
We drew out the nails,
And pulled off the lid,
And all gather'd round for a sight.

Here are one-finger'd mittens
And blankets so warm,
And slippers, drawers, books, all so nice,
And stockings with stripes
Of red, white, and blue,
Who knit them, we guessed in a trice.

Ah, Fannie and Susie,
Ah, Carrie and Nell,
And Mary, oh, yes, it was she,
Who put in the stripes,
We quickly can tell,
And sweet Lily's brisk fingers we see.

And we pause, as comes up
A bright vision to mind
Of a dear, sunny home, far away,
Where a circle of loved ones
Are gather'd to wind
This bright wreath of pleasure—but stay!

A push at our elbow
Quite rudely suggests
That 'tis no time for day-dreams just now,
For such boxes from home,
And such hours of rest,
Are not every-day pleasures, I trow.

You may dream when off
Picketing, Harry, my boy,
Of warm hearts, and dark eyes beaming
bright,
But now our hands tremble,
And hearts thrill with joy,
As each treasure comes up to our sight.

Here are herrings and pickles,
Marmalade and sardines,
Oties, and jellies, and lemons, and honey,
And a package of cake,
Our good Auntie put in,
I'd be willing to bet any money.

And what have we here?
Cigars! a choice brand—
Ah, Charlie, "good fellow," that 's you;
And a plug of tobacco—
Ah, Willie, your hand—
You're the chap to know who 's who.

Here are nuts, too, and candies,
From dear Hattie K—,
—she remembers our taste for all sweets—
And here, snugly stow'd
Underneath this great jar,
Are dear, precious letters—full sheets.

Now, comrades, join hands—
Three cheers with a will!
To sweet matrons, fair maids, and boys
true!
Who so earnestly labored
This big box to fill
With home comforts—and luxuries, too.

With our right hand uplifted
We earnestly pledge
That our lives, and the love to us given,
Are henceforth devoted
To Liberty's cause—
Our watchword—Our country and Heaven.

LOWELL. K. F. L.
—[Boston Journal.

A Sad Story.

The following touching reunion we extract from a private letter of Lieutenant-colonel Hawley, dated Tybee island, Dec. —.

Poor Dolph! Do you know the Dolphs that live near you? Well, their son, who belongs to Co. D, got news that his wife, two children, and sister had all died of diphtheria. How he cried! Poor fellow. We comforted him all we could. I spoke pleasantly to him when we met, and hoped he was getting well. I believe he heard, the other day, that his mother was sick, too. Somebody came to the supper-table last night and called for the doctor to see a crazy man, and soon after a man said that Dolph wanted to see me. I went to his tent. There were a half a dozen of his comrades there. One dim candle, stuck in a bottle, showed me the rifles stacked around the center pole, the cartridge boxes, bayonets, and knapsacks. The ground was covered with the splendid long moss they had pulled from the live oaks. Dolph sat squat upon the ground, his face and hands very dirty, his fingers constantly picking some thing, his body moving, his head turning wildly from one side to the other, his eyes dreadfully swelled with weeping. "Hallo, Dolph, how are you?" And he peered upward into my face. "Colonel Hawley," said somebody. "Yes," said he, "that is Colonel Hawley," and he took my hand with a tight grip. "Colonel Hawley, look at my baby—my poor sick baby." He had a little pile of moss, and on it lay his *cartridge box*, carefully covered, all but one edge of it, with his blanket. This was his baby! And he turned the blanket down as tenderly as if the cartridge box were a delicate little baby. He spoke sadly, and at intervals, and with a quick but tearful voice: "Poor baby—both babies sick"—and he pointed to where he supposed they lay,—"poor baby—very sick. Give baby some water." And he leaned on one elbow and affectionately held a leaf up to the cartridge box, as if the baby would drink. He seemed to consider himself in his own home, and the family sick, but living, and then he would say, "Won't let me go home—no, no—(waiting a few seconds) no—no—won't let me go home";—his hand constantly fidgeting over some thing. Then he would consider them all dead, and himself standing by their graves. "Sister," and he laid his hand down on one side; "baby," hands down again to mark each grave; "baby—wife—mother. Oh, yes, mother is dead—won't let me go home." I kept his hand ten minutes, and sat down by him, and put my hand on his shoulder, and tried to compel him to listen. I told him his babies were happy and his mother was not dead—(is she?) and if he would be a good boy, and sleep and get well, he should go home. "Mother's home and says she didn't get the money. You didn't send it to her." "Oh, yes, I did, Dolph—here's the receipt of the express

company. She's got it now. You told me to send it to my wife, right here at Colonel F—'s, you know. She has got it before this time." "Well—poor baby"—and he put "trees" over their graves, etc., etc.—I had to work some time to get him to take some medicine—an opiate—but it had little effect. "I've built six forts," said he, "and mounted six cannon. I'm going to take down that fort to-morrow—that one over there—Pulaski, I mean." Four men were going to watch with him—(the tears came into all our eyes, sometimes, I think,)—and I told them to move out the rifles and bayonets. He caught them at it and shouted, "Let my rifle alone! Give me my rifle." And I let him take it, seeing it was not loaded, and he went furiously to work cleaning it. Finally he passed it to me to "inspect," and I slipped it away.

I think it is the most affecting case of insanity I ever saw. I couldn't make him believe that we would send him home, but we shall. I don't know whether to have you tell his folks or not. The men take as good care of him as they can. He has slept but an hour out of the last twenty-four, and is as ceaselessly active as a canary bird hopping about his cage. He sent for me again to-day, but he could not confine his attention to anything. "Poor baby!" is his principal remark, and he still tends his cartridge box. "A soldier's life is always gay," the song says. A sad story, is n't it? Call again on Dolph's mother. Tell her he will be well treated. We hope his insanity is caused partly by fever, and if we can get him quietly sick with that, perhaps he will come out all right. If not, I'll see that he goes straight to the Insane Retreat at Hartford, and with him money enough to keep him awhile.

It was his comrades and friends who contributed the \$32 he sent his mother to pay the funeral expenses of his whole family.

The Bloody Flag of Fort Pillow— Touching Scene at Fort Pickering.

The *Memphis Bulletin* of last Thursday gives an account of a striking scene at Fort Pickering, below this city, as follows:—

"The widow of Major Booth, late commander at Fort Pillow, and who was killed there, having arrived at Fort Pickering, Colonel Jackson of the Sixth United States heavy artillery had his regiment formed into line for her reception. In front of its center stood fourteen men, as fine brave fellows as tread the earth. They were the remnant of the First battalion of the regiment now drawn up—all who had escaped the fiendish scenes of Fort Pillow, scenes that have stamped yet deeper blackness on the infamous brow of treason.

"Mrs. Booth came forward. In her hand she bore a flag, red and clotted with human blood. She took a position in front of the fourteen heroes, so lately under her deceased husband's command. The ranks before her observed a silence

that was full of solemnity. Many a hardy face showed by twitching lips and humid eyes how the sight of the bereaved lady touched bosoms that could meet steel almost unmoved, and drew on the fountain of tears that had remained dry even amid the piteous sights seen on the battle-field after a fierce action. Turning to the men before her she said: 'Boys, I have just come from a visit to the hospital at Mound City. There I saw your comrades wounded at the bloody struggle in Fort Pillow. There I found this flag—you recognize it! One of your comrades saved it from the insulting touch of traitors. I have given to my country all I had to give—my husband—such a gift! Yet I have freely given him for freedom and my country. Next to my husband's cold remains, the dearest object left me in this world is this flag—the flag that waved in proud defiance over the works of Fort Pillow! Soldiers! this flag I give to you, knowing that you will ever remember the last words of my noble husband, 'Never surrender the flag to traitors.'

"Colonel Jackson then received from her hand, on behalf of his command, the blood-stained flag. He called upon the regiment to receive it as such a gift ought to be received. At that call he and every man of the regiment fell upon their knees, and solemnly appealing to the God of battles, each one swore to avenge their brave and fallen comrades, and never, never to surrender the flag to traitors!

"The scene was one never surpassed in emotional incident. Within the enclosure that bristled with the death-dealing cannon knelt these rough soldiers, whose bosoms were heaving with emotion, and on many of whose cheeks quivered a tear they tried to hide, though it did honor to their manly nature. Beside them stood, in her grief, the widow of the officer they had lost—and above them waved the flag, that eloquent record of crime, which capped the climax of rebellion, and which will bring a reckoning so fearful.

"In a few but pointed and incisive words Colonel Alexander pledged himself and his command to discharge to the uttermost the solemn obligation of justice they had that day taken. Colonel Kappan followed him, expressing himself in favor of such retaliatory acts as justice and the laws of warfare require in a case of such fiendish and wicked cruelty.

"Voe to the unlucky Reb. who falls into the hands of any of the commands represented at this solemn declaration! The determination of the officers of the Sixth United States Heavy Artillery is incontestable, their bravery has been tried, and they have never been found wanting."

 IMPRISONED.—Samuel P. Skinner of New Bedford, who was convicted at the recent term of the United States Circuit Court of fitting out the ship *Margaret Scott* as a slaver, was yesterday con-

victed by Officer Bicknell to Taunton jail, where, according to the sentence of the court, he is to be confined for five years. The fine of one thousand dollars, which was a part of the penalty of his crime, has not been paid, and probably will not be. Skinner has no property, and his coadjutors in New York have now deserted him, or are themselves in too much danger to think of the tools they have thrown away.

The *Margaret Scott*, which by his conviction is forfeited to the United States, will be sold by order of the marshal, with all her appurtenances.

Chronology of the War.

[From Dec. 20, 1860, to Jan. 19, 1862.]

1860. Dec. 20. Secession of South Carolina.

Dec. 21. Withdrawal of South Carolina delegation from Congress.

Dec. 26. Evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson.

Dec. 27. The Palmetto flag raised in Charleston; Forts Pinckney and Moultrie occupied by state troops.

Dec. 30. Mr. Floyd tenders his resignation as Secretary of War; President Buchanan accepts it.

Dec. 30. Arsenals in South Carolina seized by state troops.

1861. Jan. 1. The frigate *Brooklyn* and another war vessel ordered to Charleston.

Jan. 2. Fort Pulaski, at Savannah, taken by order of the Governor of Georgia.

Jan. 3. The President sent back the last communication of the South Carolina commissioners unopened.

Jan. 4. National Fast; the United States arsenal at Mobile taken by the local troops.

Jan. 5. The *Star of the West* leaves New York with reinforcements for Fort Sumter.

Jan. 8. Resignation of Secretary Thompson; North Carolina forts seized by the state government.

Jan. 9. The *Star of the West*, endeavoring to enter Charleston harbor, was fired upon from Morris island and Fort Moultrie, and compelled to return.

Jan. 10. Arsenals and forts seized by the state government; secession of Mississippi; secession of Florida.

Jan. 11. Secession of Alabama; resignation of Secretary Thomas; appointment of General Dix as Secretary of the Treasury.

Jan. 13. Pensacola navy yard seized by Secessionists.

Jan. 15. Secession meeting in New York.

Jan. 17. Mr. Holt nominated Secretary of War.

Jan. 19. Secession of Georgia.

Jan. 21. Withdrawal of the Alabama, Mississippi, and Florida delegations from Washington.

Jan. 22. Arms destined for Alabama seized in New York.

Jan. 25. Ex-Secretary Floyd presented by the grand jury for malfeasance in office; secession of Louisiana.

Jan. 28. Withdrawal of the Georgia delegation from Congress; the Legislature of South Carolina resolve to demand the surrender of Fort Sumter.

Feb. 1. Warlike preparations at Charleston; secession of Texas.

Feb. 2. The cutter *Lewis Cass* surrendered to the state of Alabama.

Feb. 4. Assembling of the Peace convention at Washington; organization of the Southern convention at Montgomery.

Feb. 5. Withdrawal of the Louisiana delegation from Congress.

Feb. 9. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, elected President, and A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, by a unanimous vote; Arkansas arsenals seized by the state government.

Feb. 11. Mr. Lincoln, President-elect, leaves Springfield, Ill., for Washington.

Feb. 18. Inauguration of the President of the Confederate States at Montgomery; defeat of Secession in Missouri.

Feb. 23. The President-elect passes through Baltimore secretly, and arrives in Washington.

Feb. 25. Information received of the treason of General Twiggs, in Texas, of the surrender of forts in Texas to the state government, and also of a large body of United States troops.

March 2. Revenue cutter *Dodge* seized by the Texan authorities.

March 6. Inauguration of President Lincoln.

March 16. Adjournment of the Southern Congress.

March 20. Secession of Arkansas.

March 21. A vessel with supplies for the United States fleet seized by Rebels off Pensacola.

April 3. Great preparations commenced in the Northern navy yards.

April 5. Preparations of Beauregard to bombard Fort Sumter.

April 9. Jefferson Davis makes a requisition for troops.

April 11. Demand made by Beauregard for the unconditional surrender of Fort Sumter.

April 12. The Charleston batteries open on Sumter.

April 13. Surrender of Sumter.

April 15. The President issues his proclamation for 75,000 volunteers.

April 16. The Confederate government call for 32,000 more troops; Fort Pickens reinforced by Colonel Brown's command.

April 17. Governor Letcher of Virginia issues a proclamation hostile to the national government.

April 18. Arrival in New York of the Massachusetts Sixth regiment *en route* to Washington; fears begin to prevail for the safety of the capital.

April 19. The Massachusetts Sixth regiment attacked in Baltimore by a mob, and several of its members killed; the Seventh New York regiment leave for Washington.

April 20. Immense Union demonstration in New York; burning of the Gosport navy yard, including three ships of the line, three frigates, two sloops, and a brig, mounting over 400 guns.

April 25. Virginia joins the Confederate States.

April 27. Twenty-one thousand national troops in Washington.

May 3. President issues a proclamation, calling for more troops to serve for three years, and directing the increase of the regular army and the enlistment of additional seamen.

May 13. Resumption of the interrupted communication with Washington via Baltimore; Baltimore occupied by Federal troops; Anti-secession convention in western Virginia.

May 17. Union triumph in Kentucky; Confederate Congress authorize the issue of \$50,000,000 in bonds, payable in twenty years.

May 21. Seizure of telegrams by the government.

May 22. The seat of the Rebel government transferred to Richmond.

May 24. Advance of the Union army into Virginia; assassination of Colonel Ellsworth.

May 27. Occupation of Newport News by General Butler.

May 28. Banks and Frémont appointed major-generals.

May 31. Cavalry skirmish at Fairfax Court House.

June 2. Union victory at Phillippa, western Virginia.

June 3. Beauregard arrives at Manassas Junction and takes command of the Confederate army; Border state convention meet at Frankfort, Kentucky.

June 10. Affair at Big Bethel.

June 11. Skirmish at Romney, western Virginia.

June 13. Evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the Rebels.

June 17. Successful engagement with the Rebels at Booneville, Mo.

June 28. Arrest of Marshal Kane in Baltimore.

July 1. Arrest of the Baltimore board of police commissioners.

July 2. Successful engagement of General Patterson's column, near Martinsburg.

July 5. Successful engagement at Brier Forks, Mo., between the troops under Sigel, and the Rebels under Governor Jackson and Rains.

July 11. Defeat of Pegram by McClellan at Rich Mountain, Va. Surrender of the entire Rebel force.

July 13. Engagement at Carrick's Ford. Defeat and death of the Rebel General Garnett.

July 16. Advance of the army of the Potomac.

July 21. Battle of Bull Run.

July 25. Arrival of General McClellan in Washington, to take command of the army of the Potomac. Governor Morgan, of New York, calls for 25,000 more troops from that state.

July 28. The command under General Banks, at Harper's Ferry, is withdrawn to the Maryland side of the Potomac.

Aug. 7. Hampton burnt by Rebels.

Aug. 10. Battle at Wilson's creek, near Springfield. General Lyon killed.

Aug. 12. Arrest of Hon. C. J. Faulkner, late United States Minister to France.

Aug. 16. Proclamation of the President, declaring the states of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas in insurrection.

Aug. 24. The transmission of Secession journals through the mails prohibited.

Aug. 26. Skirmish at Summersville.

Aug. 28. Capture of the Hatteras inlet forts by the expedition under Commodore Stringham and General Butler.

Aug. 30. General Frémont issues a proclamation, confiscating the slaves of Rebels.

Sept. 6. General Grant, with national troops, takes possession of Paducah, Ky.

Sept. 10. Defeat of Floyd near Gauley river.

Sept. 11. The Kentucky legislature pass a resolution, ordering the Rebel troops to leave the state.

Sept. 16. Wholesale arrest of members of the Maryland regiment.

Sept. 20. Surrender of Colonel Mulligan at Lexington.

Sept. 25. Occupation of Romney, western Virginia, by national troops.

Sept. 28. Occupation of Munson's hill by national troops.

Oct. 5. Unsuccessful effort of Rebels to retake the Hatteras inlet forts.

Oct. 7. General Frémont and his army leave Jefferson City in pursuit of Price.

Oct. 8. Attack of Rebels on Santa Rosa island, and repulse by regulars and Wilson's zouaves.

Oct. 11. Naval collision between Rebel gun-boats and national vessels at the head of the Mississippi passes. Unsuccessful attempt of the steam-ran *Turtle* to sink one of the national ships.

Oct. 16. Successful skirmish near Harper's Ferry. Capture of a Rebel cannon by troops under Colonel Geary.

Oct. 20. Partial blockade of Potomac by Rebel batteries.

Oct. 21. Part of General Stone's division cross the Potomac at Bail's Bluff, and after severe fighting are driven back, with great loss, by the enemy. On this occasion General Baker fell.

—Engagement near Frederickstown, Mo., and defeat of Rebels under Jeff. Thompson.

Oct. 25. Gallant charge of the Frémont Guard, under Major Zagonyi, against a superior body of Rebels at Springfield.

Oct. 26. Brilliant success of national troops under General Kelley at Romney.

Oct. 31. Retirement of General Scott.

Nov. 1. General McClellan appointed commander-in-chief.

Nov. 2. Removal of General Frémont from command in the West.

Nov. 7. Engagement at Belmont, Mo. Bombardment and capture of the forts at Port Royal entrance by United States squadron.

Nov. 8. Capture of the Rebel commissioners, Slidell and Mason, on the British mail-steamer *Trent*, by the United States war-sloop *San Jacinto*.

Nov. 20. Disbanding of Rebel troops

in Accomac and Northampton counties, Va. Return of the population to their allegiance.

Nov. 23. Bombardment of the Rebel batteries by Fort Pickens and the ships-of-war *Niagara* and *Richmond*.

Dec. 4. Occupation of Ship island by national troops.

Dec. 6. Occupation of Beaufort, S. C., by the national troops.

Dec. 11. Great fire in Charleston — loss estimated at \$7,000,000.

Dec. 12. Occupation of Tybee island by national troops.

Dec. 13. Engagement at Alleghany camp, Pocahontas county, Va.

Dec. 16. Threatened war between the United States and Great Britain.

Dec. 18. Large bodies of Rebels dispersed by General Pope in Missouri — capture of a Rebel camp with 1300 prisoners. Gallant affair at Drainsville — retreat of the enemy.

Dec. 20. Sixteen old whalers sunk by the national forces at the mouth of Charleston harbor.

Dec. 22. Skirmish near Fortress Monroe.

Dec. 25. Retreat of the Rebel General Price to Arkansas.

Dec. 28. Adjustment of the Mason-Slidell difficulty.

Dec. 30. Delivery of the Rebel commissioners, Mason and Slidell, to the British.

1862. Jan. 1. Mason and Slidell released from Fort Warren.

Jan. 4. Arrival at Baltimore of Federal prisoners released from Richmond. Rebels driven from Huntersville.

Jan. 6. Disbanding of Humphrey Marshall's forces in Kentucky.

Jan. 11. Departure of Burnside's expedition.

Jan. 13. Resignation of Secretary Cameron; Edwin M. Stanton appointed his successor.

Jan. 17. Arrival of 150 released prisoners at Fortress Monroe.

Jan. 19. Battle at Somerset (Mill Spring), victory of the Federal troops, and death of Zollicoffer.

DRIVEN FROM NEW ORLEANS.—On Saturday evening Benjamin Martin, with his wife and two young children, arrived here after a tedious journey from New Orleans, whence they had been driven by a Vigilance committee. Mr. Martin states that he has lived there three or four years, and has been engaged in the boot and shoe business. A few days ago a discussion arose at his boarding-house about the comparative valor of Missourians and Kansas men, and he expressed the opinion that the latter were the best in a fight, as was indeed pretty well proved in the border wars. Soon after he was visited by the Vigilance committee, and was warned to leave the city in ten minutes. He was obliged to come away. The next day his wife and children left and joined him. Of course he had to leave his property. We believe Mr. Martin was originally from Boston.—[Providence Journal.]

Pay of Troops.

A table of salaries attached to the different grades in the army is going the rounds, which is likely to mislead the reader. It is stated that the pay of a colonel is \$218 per month, and that of a private \$20, the intermediate grades being in proportion. The above sums include, besides the regular pay, the allowance for rations (when commuted), horses, servants, etc., which ought not to be reckoned as pay. The actual stipend per month of the officers and men, in the different branches of the service, is as follows:—

Mounted Dragoons, Cavalry, Riflemen, and Light Artillery.

Colonel.....	\$110 00
Lieutenant-colonel.....	25 00
Major.....	80 00
Captain.....	70 00
First Lieutenant.....	53 33
Second Lieutenant (Brevet the same).....	53 33
Adjutant and Regiment Quartermaster, besides pay of Lieutenant.....	10 00
Sergeant Major.....	21 00
Quartermaster Sergeant.....	21 00
Chief Bugler.....	21 00
First Sergeant.....	20 00
Sergeant.....	17 00
Corporal.....	14 00
Bugler.....	13 00
Farrier and Blacksmith.....	15 00
Private.....	12 00

Artillery and Infantry.

Colonel.....	\$95 00
Lieutenant-colonel.....	80 00
Major.....	70 00
Captain.....	60 00
First Lieutenant.....	50 00
Second Lieutenant (Brevet the same).....	45 00
Adjutant and Regiment Quartermaster, besides pay of Lieutenant.....	10 00
Sergeant Major.....	21 00
Quartermaster Sergeant.....	21 00
Principal Musician.....	21 00
First Sergeant.....	20 00
Sergeant.....	17 00
Ordnance Sergeant.....	22 00
Corporal.....	15 00
Artificer of Artillery.....	15 00
Musician.....	12 00
Private.....	12 00

The money value of a ration is thirty cents. Privates are entitled to one ration per day, and the officers from one to six per day, according to rank.

The following from the army regulations is interesting in this connection:—

"The commissioned officers are obliged to clothe, equip, and arm themselves (with a sword) at their own expense, the pay received by them being intended to cover all outlays. It is a matter of personal choice with the officer whether to carry any arms (pistols, etc.) beyond the regulation sword.

"When it is necessary to employ the army at work on fortifications, in surveys, in cutting roads, and other constant labor of not less than ten days, the non-commissioned officers and soldiers so employed are enrolled as extra duty men, and are allowed twenty-five cents a day when employed as laborers and teamsters, and forty cents a day when employed as mechanics, at all stations east of the Rocky mountains; and thirty-five and fifty cents per day, respectively, at all stations west of those mountains.

"Enlisted men of the Ordnance and Engineer departments, and artificers of artillery, are not entitled to this allow-

ance when employed in their appropriate work.

"A day's work shall not exceed ten hours in summer, and eight in winter. Soldiers are paid in proportion for any greater number of hours they are employed each day. Summer is supposed to commence on the 1st of April, and winter on the 1st of October.

"The ration is $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of pork or bacon, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of fresh or salt beef; 18 ounces of bread or flour, or 12 ounces of hard bread, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of corn meal; and at the rate, to 100 rations, of 8 quarts of peas or beans, or in lieu thereof, of 10 pounds of rice; 6 pounds of coffee; 12 pounds of sugar; 4 quarts of vinegar; $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of tallow, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of adamantine, or 1 pound of sperm candles; 4 pounds of soap, and 2 quarts of salt.

"On a campaign, or on marches, or on board of transports, the ration of hard bread (sea-biscuit) is one pound. Soldiers are expected to preserve, distribute, and cook their own subsistence. All enlisted men are entitled to one ration a day.

"No provision is made for the pay of chaplains. If they are sent with the regiments from this state, the State Military commission will have to fix their rate of compensation and make provision for their payment by the state. The general government recognizes no such officers except under the following regulations:—

"The posts at which chaplains may be employed will be announced by the War department.

"The council of administration of the post will report to the adjutant-general, for the approval of the Secretary of War, the rate of pay allowed the person they select to officiate as chaplain, and perform the duties of schoolmaster; the decision of the secretary will be notified to the commanding officer of the post by the adjutant-general.

"Whenever the garrison is withdrawn from any post at which a chaplain is authorized to be employed, his pay and emoluments shall cease on the last day of the month next ensuing after the withdrawal of the troops. The paymaster-general will be duly informed from the adjutant-general's office whenever the appointment and pay of the post-chaplain will cease under this regulation."

IN ONE of the towns in the southern part of Virginia, as a regiment of Rebel volunteers were about leaving for the seat of war, a neighboring parson in addressing the Rebels on their duties as soldiers, etc., told them that "having put their hands to the plough, that they must never look back. Remember," said he, "the fate of Lot's wife, who for looking back was turned into a pillar of salt." At this juncture a bold "Secesh," who did not exactly see the application, and had just been luxuriating on a piece of fresh calf without seasoning, suddenly started up, threw his cap in the air, and sung out lustily: "Hooray for salt — bully for Lot's wife!"

THE following characteristic song tells its own story in its title. At the writer's request, we have taken a few verbal liberties with it, but have been careful when it was practicable to retain the racy flavor of the original production.

The Roxbury Volunteers.

Dedicated to Co. E., Twenty-second regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. Composed by JOHN LEAHY, of Worcester, a smart young lad, aged 15 years, now serving his time with Captain Cogswell, as a servant.

'Tis out amid Camp Wilson, 'tis there I sit me down,
The soldiers and the ladies are ranged all around;
The fiddle and the banjo, and every thing appears,
To glad the heart and please the eye of the Roxbury Volunteers.

When we were out in Lynnfield, we had every thing so nice,
With ham and eggs and good sweet bread,
And puddings made of rice,
For Captain Tuck he cooked the grub so well that it drew tears
Of envy from the gazers at the Roxbury Volunteers.

When we got to Philadelphia, the ladies used us well:
Hot coffee and hot biscuits,— on them we love to dwell;
And when we were departing, the same ladies gave us cheers,
Saying, "I hope the Lord will ever bless the Roxbury Volunteers."

And when we got to Baltimore the boys they made one rush,
A thinking every minute they were going to have a muss;
But they saw so many pretty girls it soon expelled their fears,
While the ladies waved the Stars and Stripes to the Roxbury Volunteers.

From Baltimore to Washington,—it's there we pitched our camp;
The boys were tired and hungry, and foot-sore from their tramp.
We had no rations furnished us, and therefore had some fears—
We thought we all would starve to death, poor Roxbury Volunteers.

Next we were marched to Hall's Hill, five hundred miles from home;
We had nothing given us to eat but one cracker and one bone.
We gnawed at the old cracker—it had been baked for years—
Till Captain Tuck brought meat to eat for the Roxbury Volunteers.

Then we marched down to Martindale's to form in our brigade;
The general he inspected us while we were on parade,
And all he saw did please him, and the boys they gave him cheers;
He said, "There's none in my brigade like the Roxbury Volunteers."

It's now we have good camping ground, and get good rations too;
And o'er our head floats the Stars and Stripes, and to them we'll prove true,
Our boys they have good courage, and the enemy he fears,
And swears by darn he will not fight the Roxbury Volunteers.

A Notable Regiment.

After the Thirteenth regiment of Massachusetts had arrived at the Park barracks on Tuesday, and before the command to break ranks had been given, several gentlemen, who have witnessed the evil effects produced on some of the regiments that have arrived here, by permitting the members of them to sep-

arate during the interim of their stay, suggested to Colonel Leonard, who was in command of the Thirteenth, that he had better cause a guard to be posted to prevent his men from leaving the ground, lest they might indulge to excess. Colonel Leonard, however, peremptorily declined to comply with the suggestion, and said:—

"I will let my men go where they please. Not one of them will be missing from his place at roll-call. Not one of my men will get drunk—no, not one."

Shortly after the ranks were broken, and for four hours the men wandered about town at will; and yet, notwithstanding that they had marched over a long route, in the very heat of mid-day, after being under arms for several hours, and the temptation to indulgence, whether of their own volition, or at the invitation of good-natured citizens who liked the boys, was very great, still every member of the regiment was in his place at the hour fixed for departure, and their strong, clear voices ringing out the music of their song of battle, and their firm and steady step as they marched down Broadway "South to Dixie," evidenced that the confidence reposed in them by Colonel Leonard was not misplaced, but was in the highest degree deserved.

It is pleasant to write of a colonel who has acquired such an influence over his men, and it is doubly pleasant to look upon men who so readily and willingly second the efforts of their commander, made to promote their best interests, for we see in them men upon whom the country can safely rely in its great emergency. Colonel Leonard is assisted by an efficient and able body of officers, and under such efficient leaders the Thirteenth will give a good account of itself.

As apropos to this subject, let us say that Massachusetts men everywhere are incurring a large debt of gratitude to Frank Howe, Jr., for his untiring and persistent efforts, frequently involving whole days and nights of labor, to secure and increase every necessary comfort and refreshment for our Massachusetts troops during their stay in New York.—[New York Tribune.

THE melancholy shooting of young Herbert S. Barlow, of the National Guard, First Massachusetts regiment, has cast a gloom over the whole regiment. Corporal Swallow was examining his piece and found a cap upon it, somebody having loaded it without his knowledge. It should not have been loaded—Corporal Swallow supposed it was not loaded, but he lifted the hammer to remove the cap, and some one behind happened to hit his arm in such a manner that the hammer came down, the gun was fired, and the ball entered the breast of young Barlow, standing three rods distant, killing him instantly. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Many tears were shed at the funeral services in the camp,

and the company have behaved nobly in sending a donation of fifty dollars to the bereaved mother, and voting to continue to her his pay while they remain in the service. The body was brought to the city by Quartermaster Cowle, and placed in an elegant coffin to be forwarded to Brookline by Adams' express.

The Occupation of Bird's Point.

A correspondent who dates his letter from Camp Hooker, at Budd's Ferry, on the Lower Potomac, on the 12th instant, says that the batteries at Bird's Point were evacuated by the Rebels on the previous Sunday, and occupied by the First Massachusetts regiment on the following day. He says, referring to the appearance of the place:—

"What a sight! Every thing left as if a plague had carried off the occupants. Guns standing, all loaded just as they were left; the tents intact; the tables spread for the meal there was no time to eat—every thing looked as if the evacuator had been completely panic-stricken. Shot and shell to the value of \$300,000, besides ten heavy guns, all of which have been destroyed but two—one, a 125-pound rifled English gun, made in 1858, at the Low Moor works, which will be taken to Washington.

"The mortality among Confederates has been truly awful. We noted no fewer than 150 to 200 graves; and from the surgeon's report we found that the prevalent causes of death were measles, and chills and fever.

"We are all on the tiptoe of expectation that a demand will be immediately made for our more active service; and you may inform all the friends of the Massachusetts First that the boys are ready for whatever duty men have done or can do."

General Butler's Passage to Ship Island.

A correspondent of the Portland *Transcript*, who was on board the *Mississippi* on her passage from Fortress Monroe to Hilton Head, writes a letter descriptive of what occurred after General Butler came on board. We do not remember to have seen any description of the scene so full, and apparently so correct, and presume all our readers will be interested in the details given. The writer dates from Seabrook's Landing, Hilton Head Landing. We quote as follows:

Tuesday, February 25th, while the *Mississippi* was lying in Hampton Roads, General Butler and staff came on board, and after watering up and taking on board a large amount of shot and shell, and General Butler's lady and maid, we went to sea again. Had pleasant weather till Wednesday noon, when the wind came out ahead and began to blow from the south-east. Passed Hatteras at noon and made for the Inlet, with the intention of calling for Brigadier-general Williams; night found us near the shore—the wind blowing a gale, and the sea too rough to go in. When the

ship was headed off shore, the sea was very high, the wind kept hauling to the east, and as we were heading for the south-east, we were soon on a lee shore.

The ship was then headed on the other tack, but such was the power of the winds and waves that it was not until we were within half a mile of the breakers, that the ship began to "crawl off" on the other tack. The power of the propeller was tested to its utmost, the ship laboring heavily, the sea pouring in over her bows, and the decks flooded with water, which soon began to find its way down the hatches, and round the engine and masts, and soon there was some two or three feet of water under the boilers; men were formed in line, and buckets passed through between the decks to the cabin, and up the cabin stairs to the saloon on deck, and the water thrown out of the windows on the lee side. For some time no gain was made on the water, but when the hatchways were secured, ports fastened, and skylights made tight, the water began to lessen, the ship rolled and pitched her bows under almost all night. Some "old salts" who were on board say that at one time they were fearful the ship would not live through it long enough for us to gain an offing. Your correspondent stood at the saloon window passing the buckets from 3 o'clock till daylight, and he will never forget the feeling of relief that came over us all, when a bucket was passed in from the window with the remark that it was half full of sand, for we knew then that we had control of the water, and that there could not be much water under the boilers, else the buckets would not dip up the sand.

The officers and men who were not seasick behaved nobly—not a word was said to cause needless alarm. During the whole night the voice of Colonel Dow could be heard clear and calm, encouraging the men by word and deed, and it is not saying too much to say that the safety of the ship, and the lives of the fifteen hundred and fifty men on board of her, were the result of the labors of the sailors among the soldiers of the Thirteenth Maine. Daylight found us well off the land, in the Gulf Stream, with the ship's head to the wind, north-east, with a tremendous sea running in. During the forenoon the wind and sea went down, and the ship was again headed south-west. At night, clear and pleasant. Friday again was a clear, bright day—at 7 o'clock land was seen, and soon after a light-house, and at 9 o'clock of this beautiful, clear, calm day, with the coast and light in full view from the deck, the staunch, costly steam-ship *Mississippi*, with a valuable cargo of government stores and munitions of war, and the precious freight of some seventy commissioned officers and fifteen hundred men, was run ashore on Frying-pan shoals, off Cape Fear, on the coast of North Carolina.

Perhaps it does not become me to pass judgment on the conduct of the captain at this time. I will only mention one fact, and leave you to form your own

opinion. With the ship only just moving in the sand, and thumping at every swell of the sea (which fortunately was very calm) the order was given to "clear away and let go the anchor"; the result was that the ship was forced on to the anchor, and one fluke went through the ship's bottom, holding her hard and fast. The ship's small boats were now lowered, when it was found that there were not oars enough to man all the boats. Soundings were made in every direction from the ship, and it was found that twice the ship's length to the south-east, would have cleared the ship, as we were near the passage between the two shoals. Shot and shell and heavy articles were got up from the hold and carried aft, to be in readiness to be thrown overboard when the tide rose. As we struck when the tide was one-quarter ebb, of course we could not get off until the tide made again. About 11 o'clock a steamer was made out in the direction of Cape Fear light-house, heading for us, and for some time it was quite an important item to know what colors the steamer carried. She might be a Rebel steamer, coming out from under the guns of Fort Caswell, for all that we knew to the contrary. Accordingly General Butler had the big gun got ready (the ship carries a large Sawyer rifled cannon, which will make its mark at four miles). The men were ordered below, all but one company, and they supplied with their guns and ball cartridges, and extensive preparations made for a fight. When the ship first struck, the colors were hoisted at the mast-head, union down, but they were soon taken down. General Butler now ordered the Stars and Stripes to be hoisted at the mizzen peak, and the question was asked him if it should be hoisted "union down"? "No," he replied, "Union up and Union forever. No Rebel takes this ship!"

The steamer, after showing her flag and signals, came down to within a mile of us and came to anchor, a boat with Major Strong was sent to the steamer and returned with one from her, with Sailing-master Sturgiss on board. She was the *Mount Vernon* gun-boat, formerly of the New York and Portland line—an old acquaintance. After sounding the way, the *Mount Vernon* hoisted anchor and came down to us—a line was made fast to her, and a hawser carried on board, and an effort made to haul her bows round, but all in vain—and at 1 o'clock the order was given to disembark the men in small boats and put them on board the gun-boat. Six boats only could be used, holding from eight to ten men each, and it was a slow and laborious process, so that at dark only some two hundred and fifty men had been put on board of her. General Butler's lady and our Chaplain Moore were sent on board before dark. As the tide made, steam was got up, and they commenced throwing overboard some of the cargo. Men were stationed on the two bows and chains to sound. The ship began to roll and thump again, striking sometimes so hard that we were

fearful the topmasts would break off and come down upon us. At length, a few minutes before 7 o'clock, we felt the ship move, and now the excitement was intense, as the men began to give the soundings "½ less 3," then "3," "3½," and when "by the mark 4" was given, the whole ship's company were fairly beside themselves; cheer after cheer was given, and we slowly worked our way up to the *Mount Vernon* and passed into deep water off the shoals, where we stopped and picked up our boats, and let the *Mount Vernon* go ahead. We followed her late at night to an anchorage at the entrance of Cape Fear river, only some four miles from the Rebel Fort Caswell.

The bow compartment of the steamer was full of water over the hatches. A large gang of hands were set to work, pumping and bailing, but not one inch could be gained on the water; in the morning the men were taken on board again, and we started for Port Royal—had a smooth sea all the way and arrived there on Sunday afternoon. Monday morning went up the bay some six miles to this place. The troops disembarked and pitched tents. Part of the cargo was discharged, and the leak was got at, and after two or three failures they said that she was safe to go on with the cargo and men.

On the 9th of March, according to this writer, after the *Mississippi* had been repaired, she started at high water, but got ashore in the mud, and could not be moved until high water again. The next night, in again starting the steamer parted one of her rudder chains, and having no steering gear, she again run into the mud. The sailors called her a "Friday ship." The end was that Captain Fulton, of the *Mississippi*, was put under arrest and carried to Ship Island a prisoner. What the result of this arrest was we have not seen stated.

Little Eddie, the Drummer.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from Benton barracks, St. Louis, gives a very touching story of a drummer-boy.

A few days before our regiment received orders to join General Lyon, on his march to Wilson's creek, the drummer of our company was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day that we were to march, a Negro was arrested within the camp, and brought before the captain, who asked him:—

"What business have you within the lines?"

He replied, "I know a drummer that would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it." He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that, if he would enlist for our short term of service, he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this he must be upon the ground early in the morning. The Negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there ap-

peared before the captain's quarters, during the beating of the reveille, a good-looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly-looking boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen years old. Her story was soon told. She was from East Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the Rebels, and all their property destroyed. She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, but not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought if she could procure a situation for her boy as a drummer, for the short time we had to remain in the service, she could find employment for herself and perhaps find her sister by the time he was discharged.

During her rehearsal of the story the little fellow kept his eye intently fixed upon the countenance of the captain, who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out, saying:—

"Don't be afraid, Captain, I can drum."

This was spoken with so much confidence, that the captain immediately observed, with a smile, "Well, well, Sergeant, bring a drum, and order our fifer to come forward." In a few minutes the drum was produced, and our fifer made his appearance—a tall, round-shouldered, good-natured fellow from the Dubuque mines, who stood, when erect, something over six feet in height.

Upon being introduced to his new comrade, he stooped downward with his hands resting upon his knees that were thrown forward into an acute angle, and after peering into the little fellow's face, he observed, "My little man, can you drum?" "Yes, sir; I drummed for Captain Hill in Tennessee." Our fifer immediately commenced straightening himself upward until all the angles in his person had disappeared, when he placed his life to his mouth and played the "Flowers of Edinburgh," one of the most difficult tunes to follow with a drum that could have been selected, but nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing him to be master of the drum. When the music ceased, our captain turned to the mother and observed, "Madam, I will take your boy. What is his name?" "Edward Lee," she replied; then placing her hand upon the captain's arm, she continued, "Captain, if he is not killed,"—here her maternal feeling overcame her utterance, and she bent down over her boy and kissed him on the forehead. As she arose, she observed, "Captain, you will bring him back with you, won't you?" "Yes," he replied, "we will be certain to bring him back with us. We will be discharged in six weeks."

In an hour after our company led the Iowa First out of camp, our drum and fife playing "The girl I left behind me." Eddie, as we called him, soon became a great favorite with all the men in the company. When any of the boys had returned from a horticultural excursion, Eddie's share of the peaches and melons were first apportioned out. During our heavy and fatiguing march

from Rolla to Springfield, it was often amusing to see our long-legged fifer wading through the mud with our little drummer mounted on his back—and always in that position when fording streams.

The night after the fight at Wilson's creek, where Lyon fell, I was detailed for guard duty. The hours passed slowly away, when at length the morning light began to streak along the eastern sky, making surrounding objects more plainly visible. Presently I heard a drum beat up the morning call. At first I thought it came from the camp of the enemy across the creek; for a few minutes it was silent, and then as it became more light I heard it again. I listened; the sound of the drum was familiar to me; I knew that it was

Our drummer boy from Tennessee,
Beating for help the reveille.

I was about to desert my post to go to his assistance, when I discovered the officer of the guard approaching with two men. We all listened to the sound, and were satisfied that it was Eddie's drum. I asked permission to go to his assistance. The officer hesitated, saying that the orders were to march in twenty minutes. I promised to be back in that time, when he consented. I immediately started down the hill through the thick undergrowth, and upon reaching the valley I followed the sound of the drum, and soon found him seated upon the ground, with his back leaning against the trunk of a fallen tree, while his drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered me he dropped his drumsticks and exclaimed, "Oh, corporal, I am so glad to see you! Give me a drink," reaching out his hand for my canteen, which was empty.

I immediately turned to bring him some water from the brook that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by, when thinking that I was about to leave him, he commenced crying, saying, "Don't leave me, corporal—I can't walk." I was soon back with the water, when I discovered that both his feet had been shot away by a cannon ball. After satisfying his thirst, he looked up into my face and said, "You don't think I will die, corporal, do you? This man said I would not—he said the surgeon could cure my feet."

I now discovered a man lying in the grass near him, dead. By his dress I recognized him as belonging to the enemy. It appeared that he had been shot through the bowels, and had fallen near where Eddie lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he crawled to him, took off his buckskin suspenders, and corded the little fellow's legs below the knees, and then lay down and died. While he was telling me these particulars, I heard the tramp of cavalry coming down the ravine, and in a moment a scout of the enemy was upon us, and I was taken a prisoner. I requested the officer to take Eddie up in front of him; he did so,

carrying him with great tenderness and care. When we reached the camp of the enemy, the little fellow was dead. It is now about two weeks since I made my escape from McCulloch's grasp.

The Drummer Boy of Tennessee.

When called the fife and drum at morn
The soldier from his rest,
And those to higher honors born
With softer couches blest,
There came, a captain brave to seek,
Deep in her mourning clad,
By loss made sad, and journeying weak,
A mother and a lad—
And they had come from Tennessee,
Waiting the beat of reveille.

But, penniless and widowed,
Her story soon she told;
The hand of traitor had not spared
Her husband's life nor gold;
And now she brought her only son
To fill the drummer's place;
Thus young his daily bread to earn,
His country's foes to face:
For he had learned in Tennessee
To beat the call of reveille.

The boy upturned his eager gaze,
And, with a beating heart,
He read upon the captain's face
Both kindness and doubt;
For he had marked his tender years,
His little, fragile form—
"Do n't be afraid," he boldly cried,
"For, captain, I can drum!
And I have come from Tennessee,
To sound for you the reveille."

"Well, call the fife!—bring the drum,
To test this noble youth!"
And well his part he did perform,
A "Drummer Boy," in truth!
"Yes, madam, I will take your boy,"
The captain kindly said.
"Oh! bring him back," her quick reply,
"Unnumbered with the dead!
And EDDIE LEE, of Tennessee,
Shall play for you the reveille."

'Twas many a weary march was made,
To sound of drum and fife,
And well the "Drummer Boy" essayed
To play the "march of life";
Each soldier loved and sought to share
His part of good with him;
The fife on his back did bear
Across each swollen stream
This "Drummer Boy" from Tennessee,
Who beat with him the reveille.

But came the battle-shock, and doom
Of one great "LYOX" heart,
The victor's shout—the victim's groan,
Fulfilled their fearful part!
And on the blood-stained field of woe
The darkness threw its pall!
The morning dawned on flying foe;
When, list! the "morning call!"
Our Drummer Boy from Tennessee,
Beating for help the reveille!

Upon the valley sod he lay,
Beside a lifeless foe,
Whose dying hand had sought to stay
The life-blood's ebbing flow;
The quivering drum yet echoing
The beating of his heart—
The encamping angel beckoning
From drum and fife to part!
And Eddie Lee, of Tennessee,
Awaits the final reveille.

—[New York Home Journal.

Naval Engagement in Hampton Roads, as Described by an Eye-witness.

An Exciting Week.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., March 15, 1862. The past week has indeed been an exciting one here. The dullness and monotony of camp-life have been ex-

changed for the sounds of the stirring drums, of men marching in battle array to meet any land force which might second the naval armament arrayed against us, and for the flash and roar of the cannon upon our shores. I have been a witness to the entire naval contest; our signal defeat at first, our splendid triumph at the last. Never have I known such alternations of feeling as this last week has brought to me. I have seen the proud American flag struck and humbled, and over it the white signal of surrender to a Rebel steamer waving, and my heart sank within me for shame, and then came emotions of stern resentment, and longing to see the affront avenged. I have seen that exultant Rebel steamer humbled in her turn before the little *Monitor*, and the fierce, flame-breathing monster towed disabled away to his den, and then came a feeling of exultation, say rather of gratitude to God, whose Providence alone sent that deliverance, which no language is adequate to express. Let me now briefly recount events for the *Journal* readers, avoiding the trite details already before the public, and narrating things as I saw them. The like of this naval engagement, in many respects, the world never saw before; the tremendous interests which hang upon the issue have never been exceeded; each witness is bound to give his testimony, and give it impartially, also.

The Beginning.

Never has a brighter day smiled upon Old Virginia than last Saturday. The hours crept lazily along, and sea and shore in this region saw nothing to vary the monotony of the scene. Now and then a soldier might be heard complaining that his detachment of the loyal army was having no part in the glorious victories which everywhere else are crowning American valor with such brilliant success; or a sailor might be noted on shipboard, telling how much he hoped the *Merrimac* would show herself, and how certainly she would be sunk by our war vessels or land guns, if she dared make her appearance. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the scene changed. Two strangely-clad steamers appeared above Newport News, coming down the river, and a mysterious monster—half ship, half house—came slowly steaming from Norfolk. We did not know, but we all felt, that the latter was the *Merrimac*. Your correspondent at once went to the large Seminary building on the shore, about two miles from the fortress and so much nearer Newport News, and with an excellent spy-glass could see distinctly every movement made. The engagement was a brief one, and as terrible and disastrous as brief. The *Merrimac* is a slow sailer, but she steamed steadily toward Newport News and at once attacked the *Cumberland*. There can never be a braver defense than the officers and sailors of that frigate made. They fought long after resistance was hopeless; they never surrendered, even when the water was filled with drowning men, and the fast-disappearing decks were slippery with blood; but all was

in vain. With terrible and resistless force the *Merrimac* steamed at the doomed vessel and pierced her side with her immense iron beak; at the same time firing her heavy guns directly through her antagonist. The noble *Cumberland* soon sunk, and her sailors who were yet alive sought safety in the masts yet above water, or by swimming to the shore.

Meanwhile the *Congress* had been fired upon by the Rebel steamers *Yorktown* and *Jamestown*, and also the tug-boats which accompanied the *Merrimac*. She had got as near to the shore as possible, but when the iron monster turned his attention to her she was obliged soon to surrender. Oh, how bitterly we all felt the humiliation of seeing the white flag rising to the mast-head above the Stars and Stripes! I am afraid I felt hardly like a Christian for the moment, if indeed a longing for vengeance upon my country's enemies be unchristian. I would have given all I possessed to see that accursed tyrant of the seas, with the Rebel pennant defiantly flying, sunk beside her victim, the noble *Cumberland*. But it was not so to be. We looked for the *Minnesota* and *Roanoke*, our helpers in the strife, the first our main dependence, and lo, both were aground and helpless in that fearful hour. It was well, for sure as they had floated, and the *Merrimac* could have come at them, they too must have been sunk or captured. The *Merrimac* draws more water than either of them. It did seem strange, though, that such a mishap should have chanced to both these steam frigates, whose pilots ought to have been so familiar with the channel; but the *Roanoke* for six months had lain in these waters with a broken shaft, which renders her helpless, and the former pilot of the *Minnesota* had just given way to another and less experienced man. It was all overruled for good.

The *Merrimac* now threw her balls thick and fast and heavy upon the camp at Newport News. Strange to say, none of these shot or shell did any material damage, though one of them passed directly through General Mansfield's quarters, made wild work with his room, covered the general with splinters of wood, and had it exploded must have killed him. I saw the shell next day, and conversed with the general with reference to it. He had it in his apartment. It weighed forty-two pounds; another by its side, also sent from the *Merrimac*, weighed ninety-two. The shells were rather badly aimed, and most of them went into the woods, cutting off tops of trees as they fell, but fortunately, may, providentially, harming no one of the soldiery or the fleeing women and children and contrabands. A little tug had been sent meanwhile from the *Merrimac* to the *Congress* to take off the prisoners, but this tug was a mark for the sharpshooters from the shore and from the land batteries, which had been admirably served under General Mansfield's skillful direction, and frightened the *Yorktown* and *Jamestown* and the little Rebel gun-boats from landing their forces. The officers of the *Congress* and most of

the sailors who were not killed, all save twenty-three, escaped to the shore; and the *Merrimac*, damaged but not disabled by the *Cumberland's* broadsides, with her commander wounded and several men killed, retired from the conflict, giving a few passing shots to the *Minnesota*, but reserving her case till the morrow, and slowly steaming up to Norfolk, accompanied by the *Jamestown*, *Yorktown*, and the smaller Rebel craft.

Saturday Evening.

That morrow! How anxiously we waited for it! How much we feared its results! How anxious our Saturday eve of preparation! At sundown there was nothing to dispute the empire of the seas with the *Merrimac*, and had a land attack been made by Magruder then, God only knows what our fate would have been. The *St. Lawrence* and the *Minnesota* aground and helpless! The *Roanoke* with a broken shaft—these were our defenses by sea! while on land we were doing all possible to resist a night invasion; but who could hope that would have much efficiency? Oh, what a night that was! That night I never can forget. There was no fear during its long hours—danger, I find, does not bring that—but there was a longing for some interposition of God and waiting upon Him, from whom we felt our help must come, in earnest, fervent prayer, while not neglecting all the means of martial defense He had placed in our hands. Fugitives from Newport News kept arriving; ladies and children had walked the long ten miles from Newport News, feeling that their presence only embarrassed their brave husbands. Sailors from the *Congress* and *Cumberland* came, one of them with his ship's flag bound about his waist as he had swam with it ashore, determined that the enemy should never trail it in dishonor as a trophy. Dusky fugitives, the contrabands, came mournfully fleeing from a fate worse than death—slavery. These entered my cabin hungry and weary, or passed it in long, sad procession. The heavens were ablaze with the burning *Congress*. The hotel was crowded with fugitives, and private hospitality was taxed to the utmost. But there were no soldiers among the flying host; all in our camps at Newport News and Camp Hamilton were at the post of duty, undismayed, and ready to do all and dare all for their country. The sailors came only to seek another chance at the enemy, since the bold *Cumberland* had gone down in the deep waters, and the *Congress* had gone upward, as if a chariot of fire, to convey the manly souls whose bodies had perished in that conflict upward to heaven. I had lost several friends there; yet not lost, for they are saved who do their duty to their country and their God as these had done.

A Providential Interposition.

We did not pray in vain.

"The heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,"

but the night was not half so heavy as our hearts, nor so dark as our prospects.

All at once a speck of light gleamed on the distant wave; it moved; it came nearer and nearer, and at 10 o'clock at night the *Monitor* appeared. "When the tale of brick is doubled, Moses comes." I never more firmly believed in special providences than at that hour. Even sceptics for the moment were converted, and said: "God has sent her!" But how insignificant she looked! She was but a speck on the dark blue sea at night, almost a laughable object by day. The enemy called her a "cheese box on a raft," and the comparison is a good one. Could she meet the *Merrimac*? The morrow must determine, for under God, the *Monitor* is our only hope.

David and Goliath.

The morrow came, and with it came the inevitable battle between those strange combatants, the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*. What a lovely Sabbath morning it was; how peaceful and balmy that Southern spring morning! Smiling Nature whispered only "peace," but fierce Treason breathed out threatenings and slaughter, and would have war. Nor would the Rebels respect the Sabbath; they knew no doctrine but slavery, no duty but obedience to her bloody behests. War let it be, then, since wicked men so determine, and we have no alternative but shameful surrender of truth and eternal justice. The guilt of violating God's Sabbath be upon the heads of those who will do it—we may not, indeed, can not, shrink from the terrible ordeal of battle. And soon it comes. At 9 o'clock, A. M., the *Merrimac*, accompanied by her consorts, the war-steamers *Jamestown* and *Yorktown*, and a fleet of little tug-boats, crowded with ladies and gentlemen from Norfolk who were desirous of seeing the *Minnesota* captured, and perhaps, even, Fortress Monroe taken, certainly all its outlying vessels and the houses in its environs burnt.

The little *Monitor* lay concealed in the shadow of the *Minnesota*. The *Merrimac* opens the conflict, and her gums shake the sea and air as they breathe out shot and flame. Sewall's Point sends from its mortars shells which burst in the air above the doomed *Minnesota*. The *Minnesota*, still aground, replies with a bold but ineffectual broadside. All promises an easy victory to the *Merrimac*, when lo! the little *Monitor* steams gently out and offers the monster *Merrimac* battle. How puny, how contemptible she seemed; nothing but that little round tub appearing above the water, and yet flinging down the gage of defiance to the gigantic *Merrimac*. 'Twas little David challenging the giant Goliath once again—the little one the hope of Israel, the giant the pride of the heathen Philistines. Truly our hopes were dim and our hearts almost faint for the moment. The few men on the *Monitor* are sea- and storm-worn and weary enough, and their little craft is an experiment, with only two guns with which to answer the *Merrimac's* many. Who can doubt the issue? Who believe the *Monitor* can fail to be defeated? And if she

is, what is to hinder the victorious and unopposed and unopposable *Merrimac* from opening the blockade of the coast, or shelling Washington, New York, and Boston, after first devastating our camp and destroying its soldiery? That was the issue; such might have been the result, smile now who will. Believe me, there were prayers offered, many and fervent, that Sabbath, along the shore and from the fortress walls, as our regiment watched the battle, and sailors must have prayed, too, as never before.

The *Merrimac*, after a few minutes of astounded silence, opened the contest. She tried to sink her puny foe at once by a broadside, and be no longer delayed from the *Minnesota*, whose capture she had determined upon. After the smoke of the cannonade had cleared away, we looked fearing, and the crew of the *Merrimac* looked hoping, that the *Monitor* had sunk to rise no more. But she still lived. There she was, with the white wreaths of smoke crowning her tower, as if a coronet of glory. And valiantly she returned the fire, too, and for five hours such a lively cannonading as was heard, shaking earth and sea, was never heard before. Literally, I believe that never have ships carrying such heavy guns met till that Sabbath morning. Every manœuvre was exhausted by the enemy. The *Yorktown* approached to mingle in the fray. One shot was enough to send her back, a lame duck upon the waters, though she, too, is iron-clad. The *Merrimac* tried to run the *Monitor* down, and thus sink her; she only got fiercer shots by the opportunity she thus gave her little antagonist. And so it went on till the proud *Merrimac*, disabled, was glad to retire, and making signals of distress, was towed away by her sorrowing consorts. David had conquered Goliath with his smooth stones or wrought iron balls from his little sling or shot-tower. Israel rejoiced in her deliverance, through the power of God, who had sent that little champion of his cause, in our direst extremity, to the battle. Since then the *Merrimac* has not shown herself, and the enemy confess her disabled, and her commander, Buchanan, ominous name, severely wounded, four of her crew killed, and seventeen wounded. They admit, too, the valor of our seamen, futile though it was. "The *Cumberland's* officers and crew," says the *Norfolk Day Book*, "fought worthy of a better cause." Say, rather, worthy of the best cause in the world, and we who witnessed the fight will agree with them.

A Night Scene.

All that night, as well as the previous and several succeeding, our regiments were under arms. I will not detail the precautions taken to prevent a defeat by land as, through the providence of God, an ultimate defeat by sea had been averted. Few of us slept that night, and had we done so most of us would have been awakened at midnight by the fearful cries which came to us from the water: "Ship ahoy! O God, save us!

Fire! fire! fire!" and occasionally a heavy cannon mingling its roar with those fearful cries. I rushed to the shore with many others, and then a little distance from me beheld the gun-boat *Whitehall* burning, and apparently her crew perishing in the fire or drowning in the waters near. It was terrible, all the more so as we could do nothing to aid, no boat being near our camp. The balls from her shotted guns made even looking on dangerous; one shell struck the United States hospital at the fort and caused great terror among the inmates, all of whom believed, for a while, that the *Merrimac* had come down again and was shelling the fort. Only four of those poor seamen perished in the flames or water, through the mercy of God. The fire came from a shot from the *Merrimac*, which had the day before passed through the *Whitehall* and left a little spark smouldering unknown within.

Result.

Amid all these events, disastrous or merciful, our soldiers still live, the fortress yet remains unscathed, and the *Minnesota* and *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence*, though the first two need repairs, yet fly the old flag at their mainmasts. Above all the little *Monitor* floats in triumph, a sentinel on the waters, and a strict "monitor" over the Rebels. But for the wounding of her noble commander, Lieutenant Worden, she would have pursued and sunk the *Merrimac*, and will probably do so if another encounter occurs. She has now another noble commander, Lieut. T. A. Selfridge, of Charlestown, whom I have known from his boyhood and know to be brave and worthy of the proud old Bay state. I have visited Newport News and mourned there the death of the worthy Chaplain Lenhart, and the heroic Captain Moore, whom I saw but a few days before, and talked with about his intended visit home to Boston. But while I have mourned I have also rejoiced over our camps, in which none were killed, and our officers and sailors, so many of whom were rescued. America will never forget that battle. It will mark an era in the history of the navy. It has taught us a useful lesson, and henceforth we have no more wooden walls as our reliance, but first our God, and then plates of steel, and iron-clad frigates and *Monitors*.

General McClellan's Address to his Army.

The following admirable address has just been published, and is said to meet with an ardent response from the troops:—

HEAD-QUARTERS OF ARMY OF POTOMAC,
FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA., March 14. }

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed, and instructed. The formidable artillery you now have, had to be created. Other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back that you might give the death blow to the Rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have

shown and your confidence in your general are worthy a dozen victories. These preliminary results are accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit. The Army of the Potomac is now a real army, magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, and excellently equipped and armed. Your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country.

As I ride through your ranks I see in your faces the sure prestige of victory. I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the Rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right. In whatever direction you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you where I know you wish to be, on the decisive battle field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent over his children, and you know that your general loves you from the depths of his heart. It shall be my care, it has ever been, to gain success with the least possible loss, but I know that if it is necessary you will willingly follow me to our graves for our righteous cause. God smiles upon us. Victory attends us, yet I would not have you think that our aim is to be obtained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you that you have brave foes to encounter—men well worthy of the steel that you will use so well. I shall demand of you great and heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats, and privations perhaps. We will share all these together, and when this sad war is over we will all return to our homes and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-general Commanding.

A Thrilling Occurrence at Island No. 10.

It will be remembered by those who closely watched the progress of the operations at Island No. 10, that Colonel Bissell managed, after much engineering and labor, to get a passage for transports around through the swamps and bayous, on the south side of the island, by which the Rebel guns were entirely avoided. The enemy, however, were so fortified that transports could not safely again enter the river below the island, and the passage was not deep enough for the gun-boats, the presence of which was necessary for their protection, as well as for the transportation of troops across the river, and to silence Rebel batteries on the banks. It was therefore resolved to run gun-boats past the formidable batteries. The *Carondelet*, Captain Walke, was selected for the first hazardous work. A correspondent of the *New York Times* describes the enterprise as follows:—

"The preparations made were few. On the port side a flat boat was lashed, loaded with bales of pressed hay, and calculated to afford considerable protection against batteries located on the Kentucky shore. If they got through safely she would need fuel, and to supply this a barge laden with coal was lashed to the opposite side, and by balancing the breast work of hay, enabled her to be more easily handled. During the day (Friday) two of her bow guns were removed, and their places supplied with rifled Dahlgren pieces of 50- and 42-pounds caliber respectively.

"This was all the preparation made, and, thus accoutered, she waited for night, whose black mantle would, to some extent, lessen the danger of the attempt.

"At 10 o'clock she cast loose and started slowly down the stream. At the same time heavy clouds had overspread the sky, and a genuine tropical (in size) thunder-storm came howling up the river. It did not rain in the ordinary meaning of the term, but whole gulfs of water came pouring down in masses. Nor did it thunder and lighten in the usual meaning given to those words, but it roared at us as if all the electric batteries of north, south, east and west had concentrated their forces and were bellowing at us in unison, while the lightning in each broad flash was so vast and so vivid, that it seemed as if the gates of some hell like that described by Milton were opened and shut every instant, suffering the whole fierce reflection of the infernal lake to flash across the sky.

"At such a time the *Carondelet* lifted her anchor, and slowly swung into the stream, watched, through the almost blinding flashes, by thousands of eager eyes, whose owners, regardless of the driving storm, crowded the decks of the other gun-boats and transports, to watch the heroic undertaking.

"Slowly she swung round till hauled down stream, and then she pushed straight ahead, keeping well over toward the island. We could see her almost every second—every brace, port, and outline could be seen with startling distinctness enshrouded by a bluish-white glare of light, and then her black form, for the next instant, would become merged in the dense blackness that lay upon the river like a pall.

"With beating hearts, we saw her arrive opposite to and pass the first battery on the Kentucky shore, without a demonstration from the enemy! But just below was another battery, whose guns had often pitched their immense balls a clear distance of four miles; and with hearts whose beating could almost, it seemed, be heard beneath our jackets, we watched her slowly approaching, in checkers of darkness and flame, the dreaded works.

"A crashing peal of thunder—a blinding flash of light, which scarcely had disappeared when a broad blaze of flame burst from the fortifications, followed almost instantly by a second and a third. A few instants later, and the reports came up to us dulled by the roar of the storm.

"No reply from the *Carondelet*. Slowly she steamed ahead, the sky all ablaze about her, the Kentucky shore vomiting fierce flames; the thunders of the storm and the roar of the Rebel artillery commingling, as if heaven and earth had joined to crush the audacious intruder.

"In about twenty minutes the *Carondelet* had passed below the island, chased all the way by the outbursting flames along the shore, roared at by the thunders above, beset by the rain, and buffeted by the savage winds. Then the

flashes along the shore ceased, and then came a few moments of terrible suspense. Had she gone down, or was she drifting helpless in the swift current? Just then the roar of a gun came up faintly from below, then another, and another. It was the signal that she had passed through safely; and then there went up such thunders of cheers and hurrahs of shouts from the watching crowds, that even the storm itself was out-roared, and the voice of our jubilation sent down to the Rebels, who were gnashing their teeth in baffled rage behind their fortifications.

"To conclude, I will add, that forty-seven shots were fired at the *Carondelet*, not one of which struck her! She lay off last night a short distance above New Madrid, and this morning early steamed up to the landing.

"Such another scene of rejoicing at her arrival was probably never witnessed. Men hurrahed, cried, laughed—they fired cannon, tossed up their hats; and finally their excitement culminated in seizing the crew of the boat that came ashore from the *Carondelet*, and carrying them on their shoulders in triumph all over the town."

Two Heroes.

In our exchanges are notices of Captain Farragut and of Commander Boggs of the *Varuna*, giving some anecdotes which, if not true, are at any rate characteristic, and we accordingly print them.

Captain Farragut is a native of Tennessee. The *Louisville Journal* gives the following notice of his career:

"In childhood he was adopted by the late Commodore David Porter, receiving his baptismal name, and is thus the brother adoptive of Capt. J. D. Porter, of the *Essex*, in our flotilla, and of Lieutenant Porter, in command of the mortar fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi. Though only twelve years of age, he was on the *Essex* at Valparaiso in 1814, in that most gallant naval fight, and was specially commended to the department for his brave deportment. An anecdote, told of him, though trifling, indicates his character. After the surrender, a pig which he claimed was carried off by a midshipman of the British frigate *Phebe*. Young Farragut appealed to the British captain for restitution, and received for reply that he could do nothing about it, but that he might go and whip the middy. 'Is that all?' said the lad, and, acting on the leave given, instantly whipped the aggressor and carried off his pig.

"He has been almost constantly in active service. During the years 1821-23-4 he was employed in cruising after pirates in the Caribbean sea, and distinguished himself by most efficient service and gallantry. He was for some time in command of the *Brooklyn*, at the Vera Cruz station, at the time of the mission of Mr. McLean to Mexico. He was twice married in Norfolk, Va., and is the owner of a large property in

that Rebel city. But before the outbreak, and to avoid entanglements, he removed his family from Norfolk to a cottage on the Hudson, whence he was called to active duty in putting down the Rebellion. He is a most accomplished officer, versed in every point of his profession, and most energetic in all naval duties. He speaks with fluency five or six modern languages, and sailor as he is, is a gentleman of fine scholarly taste and acquirements."

Commander Boggs is thus described by the *New York Evening Post*:—

"Commander Charles S. Boggs, of the United States gun-boat *Varuna*, which was sunk in the recent engagement with the enemy at New Orleans, where he attacked thirteen gun-boats of the Rebels and sunk six of them, and his last shot, fired when his deck was under water, sunk a gun-boat of the Rebels, is a native of New Brunswick, N. J. When a lad he told his father he wished to go into the navy. His father said to him—'You are too clumsy; you would fall into the water from the deck.' The next morning his father saw him on the roof of the house; he had climbed the lightning rod, going up hand over hand. His mother was a sister of the gallant Lawrence, of the *Chesapeake*."

It will be observed that both of these officers have had ancestors which might account for their fighting qualities,—one being a member of the family of the elder Porter; and the other a relative of the heroic Lawrence.

CHARLESTON.—An extract from a letter from a lady in Charleston, dated April 1st, says: "Tea \$7 per pound. What do you think of calico \$1 per yard? Prices are incredible, yet persons are not discouraged. I bought braid, to bind my dress, for 37c. a piece. Shirting is firm at 50c. to 75c., and very scarce. Prices are rising daily. The fortifications around the city have become a fashionable promenade; they are splendidly built and a great ornament. Do tell me what the fashions are."

That Old Broadsword.

The *Chicago Tribune* recalls the following incident:—

"Once upon a time, when the since very warlike and terrifically redoubtable Brigadier-general Shields challenged the then modest lawyer, Abraham Lincoln, to fight a duel with him, whereby his wounded honor, bleeding like a highly vascular stump after an amputation, might be scabbed over, Mr. Lincoln quite unexpectedly accepted the belligerent proposition of his adversary, and being unlearned in the use of the pistol with which Shields was familiar, sought, as Potter of Wisconsin did twenty years later, to put himself on a footing of equality with the man of war, by choosing the weapons with which neither could boast any skill. He named broadswords. The place of meeting agreed upon was an uninhabited island in the Mississippi, near Alton. The general and his party were, as they

supposed, early on the ground; but Mr. Lincoln was there before them, and with coat off and broadsword in hand, was chopping down and clearing off the noxious weeds and troublesome underbrush with which the spot was overgrown, to the end that the fight might go fairly on. This coolness and the timely interposition of friends put stop to further proceedings, and peace was restored."

In "improving" this incident, the *Tribune* says of the President:—

"The veil which has hidden his movements from the public is lifted at last, and we see, joyfully enough, that during the whole of the last two months, with ax in hand and shirt sleeves tucked up, he has been engaged in laying low the foul growth with which the rich corruption of the Buchanan administration has filled all the places in the government, and that he is now ready, with the fire and courage of true patriotism in his eye, to accept the alternative which the traitors and Rebels have forced upon him.

Bravery of the Massachusetts Boys.

Harpers' Weekly, the ablest and best conducted of our illustrated journals, is doing a world of good in keeping alive the patriotism of all sections of the country, and in fostering the true Union feeling, which hesitates not to render "honor to whom honor is due." In a late leader on the progress of the war, it says of the old Bay state, "Glorious Massachusetts,—the home of all that is truly noble in our American spirit,—is doing better than any other state." And the same journal, for the present week, thus eloquently and patriotically discourses in an article entitled:

New England Never Runs.

Through the tears with which friends and lovers read the story of Edwards Ferry they can still smile upon the steadfast bravery of the Massachusetts boys. In the front of a fearful fire, with no means of retreat, with every chance against them, those young men stood serene; each man a hero, each man showing the quality of which invincible armies are made. Colonel Lee refuses retreat and is made prisoner. Major Revere and Lieutenant Perry share his fate; Lieutenant Putnam falls mortally wounded; Captain Dreher falls by his side; Captain Putnam loses his right arm; Captain Schmidt is dangerously wounded; Lieutenant Lowell is disabled. Lieutenant Holmes, said the first dispatch, "wounded in the breast,"—not in the back; no, not in the back; in the breast is Massachusetts wounded, if she is struck. Forward she falls, if she falls dead. Of twenty-two officers of the Massachusetts Twentieth who went into the battle nine only returned.

And all New England boys are the bright peers of the Massachusetts. Rhode Island at Bull Run stood fast and steady through the whole; retired, when the word came, to rest upon their arms as they supposed, and then renew the battle. "But when the order came

to retreat," said one of them, "we were confounded, cursed McDowell, and wanted him hung."

At Edwards Ferry the Rhode Island battery was said to have been deserted by its men. They were not there, it was reported, and Baker came to serve a piece. No, they were not by the gun; they were under it. They were at their posts still, but the brave hearts should beat and the strong hand serve no more forever.

Not less ready, not less steady are the other sons of New England. From the pines of Maine, the granite hills of New Hampshire, the green hills of Vermont, and soft valleys of the Connecticut, they have marched to the battle field, and every rifle in their hands is loaded and rammed down with an idea. They are not machine soldiers; they are men soldiers. And on the field their hosts are swelled with brothers from California, from New York, from Michigan, from Indiana. They all stand there embattled, and of stuff so tried and true that the sea might as hopelessly dash against Gibraltar as rebellion against their ranks.

From the day Edwards Ferry, which to so many loving hearts will be forever a day of sacred sorrow, there is an inspiration and cheer which break joyfully upon every patriotic heart. Disaster, casualty, death, are inevitable. Brave hearts that weep, you know it well! But the heroism of your darlings plucks the sting from sorrow, conquers disaster. They fall—but they fall prophesies. They die—but, though dead, they speak, they smile. It is they who teach us that the same old heart that has won all the victories of history still beats. This time it is New England that points the truth. All are brave, thank God! New York and the West do not falter; California stands where Baker stood; the men of Pennsylvania bring arms of iron and nerves of steel. And the men of New England never run.

A Draft at Savannah—Georgia Patriotism at a Low Ebb—Ludicrous Scenes.

A Savannah correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* furnishes an amusing description of the scene which ensued on the occasion of a draft for four hundred men in Savannah, to complete a requisition for troops, the requisite number not having volunteered. Fifteen hundred of the business men and mechanics of the city were drawn up in a hollow square on the parade ground, all in a high state of excitement, when the following proceedings took place:—

"The colonel now takes his place in the center, and from the back of a magnificent horse, in a few well-timed remarks calls for volunteers. He said it was a shame that a Georgian should submit to be drafted, and dishonorable to a citizen of Savannah to be forced into the service of his country. He appealed to their patriotism, their pluck, and their—pelf. He told them of good clothes,

good living, and fifty dollars bounty; and on the strength of these considerations invited every body to walk three spaces in front. Nobody did it. An ugly pause ensued, worse than a dead silence between the ticking of a conversation. The colonel thought he might not have been heard or understood, and repeated his catalogue of persuasions. At this point one of the sides of the square opened, and in marched a company of about forty stalwart Irishmen, whom their captain, in a loud and exultant tone, announced as 'The Mitchell Guards; we volunteer, colonel, in a body.' The colonel was delighted. He proposed 'three cheers for the Mitchell Guards,' and the crowd indulged not inordinately in the pulmonary exercise. The requisite number did not seem to be forthcoming, however, and the colonel made another little speech, winding up with an invitation to the black drummer and fifer to perambulate the quadrangle and play Dixie, which they did, but they came as they went—solitary and alone; not the ghost of a volunteer being anywhere visible in the Ethiopian wake. The colonel looked as blank as if he was getting desperate, and a draft seemed indispensable.

"As a dernier resort the colonel directed all who had excuses to advance to the center and submit them for examination. Did you ever see a crowd run away from a falling building at a fire, or toward a dog fight, or a street show? If you have you can form some idea of the tempestuous nature of the wave that swept toward the little table in the center of the square, around which were gathered the four grave gentlemen who were to examine the documents. It was a scene which, as an uninterested outsider, one could only hold his sides and laugh at. Hats were crushed, ribs punched, corns smashed, and clothes torn. Every hand held its magical bit of paper, from the begrimed digits of the individual just from a stable or a foundry, to the dainty gloved extremity of a dry goods clerk, just from his counter. Young and old, rich and poor, neat and nasty. Americans, English-Irishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Israelites, and Gentiles, all went to make up the motley mass. What a pretty lot of sick and disabled individuals there were to be sure. Swelled arms, limping legs, spine diseases, bad eyes, corns, toothaches, constitutional debility in the bread basket, eruptive diseases, deafness, rheumatism, not well generally—these and a thousand other complaints were represented as variously and heterogeneously as by any procession of pilgrims that ever visited the Holy Land.

"And so the day progressed, nearly ten hours being consumed in the endeavor to secure a draft. This afternoon the absentees were gathered together, and the efforts renewed, when, strange to say, every man who found the liability imminent of his being forced to enlist, protested that he was just on the point of doing so, and willingly put his name to the roll."

War Notes.

The *Courier* has the following story of the patriotism in the family of a Brooklyn blacksmith:—

"Before the departure of the Fourteenth regiment, a man who carried on a blacksmith shop in connection with his two sons, went to the head-quarters and concluded to enlist. He said he could leave the blacksmith business in the hands of the boys—'he could n't stand it any longer, and go he must.' He was enlisted. Next day down comes the oldest of the boys. The blacksmith business 'wasn't very drivin', and he guessed John could take care of it.' 'Well,' said the old man, 'go it.' And the oldest son went it. But the following day John made his appearance. He felt lonesome, and had shut up the shop. The father remonstrated, but the boy would enlist, and enlist he did. Now, the old gentleman had two more sons who 'worked' the farm near Flushing. The military fever seems to have run in the family, for no sooner had the father and two older brothers enlisted, than the younger sons came in for a like purpose. The *paterfamilias* was a man of few words, but he said he 'wouldn't stand this anyhow.' The blacksmith business might go to—some other place, but the farm must be looked after. So the boys were sent home. Presently one of them reappeared. They had concluded that one could manage the farm, and had tossed up who should go with the Fourteenth, and he had won the chance. This arrangement was finally agreed to. But on the day of the departure the last boy of the family was on hand to join, and on foot for marching. The old man was somewhat puzzled to know what arrangements could have been made which would allow all the family to go, but the explanation of the boy solved the difficulty. 'Father,' said he, with a confidential chuckle in the old man's ear, 'I've let the farm on shares!' The whole family, father and four sons, went with the Fourteenth regiment."

The correspondent of the *Evening Post* shows that the Connecticut Yankees have not forgotten how to invent contrivances for comfort in camp:—

"I have just returned from a visit to the two regiments of Connecticut troops. They are encamped out on Seventh street, on the right of the Park house, a mile and a half north of the avenue. They occupy a very fine position on a slight eminence, which completely overlooks Washington, the Potomac, and Alexandria. Both regiments are in camp, and under strict discipline. No troops have yet arrived here so splendidly equipped as these two regiments. The first regiment brought on seventy horses, and baggage wagons to match. The second brought forty horses and wagons. The camp equipage of both regiments is in admirable order. The cooking-stoves are made of thick sheet iron, and when not in use boilers and utensils can all be packed inside the stove in small space. The canteens are

so made (invented for the troops by a Connecticut Yankee, by the way), that a soldier can carry coffee, water, and meat in one of them, and drink his two kinds of liquids from the same case. In short, there is nothing wanting. These troops are equipped for instant march into an enemy's country, and this can not be said of any other troops here, unless we except the regulars, and none of them are so handsomely equipped as the Connecticut boys."

Prenticeana.

Last week they had sleighing in the North, and slaying in the South.

The Union soldiers will be able to stand the summer better than the Rebels, for they have a greater talent at keeping cool.

The Rebels, wherever they go, seem to have a passion for burning every thing under heaven except gunpowder.

A Southern paper says the people of that region can use rye coffee if they can't Java and Rio. It is a very strong kind of "coffee" that the Rebels distil from their rye.

We do n't suppose that the Southern lands will produce much of a crop of any thing this season, but we have no doubt that the Rebel armies will yield handsomely.

Floyd said some time ago that he would give his last drop of blood to cement the South. The *LaCrosse Democrat* thinks he concluded to save his cement when he found that Foote had so much mortar.

Pillow is reported to have said that he will shoot Floyd at sight. May the two take dead aim at each other's heads, and shoot at the same instant.

It appears that there are nine hundred and forty-seven horse thieves in confinement throughout the country—exclusive of those in Fort Warren.

It is said that Humphrey Marshall, thinking probably that he has n't soldiers enough, is resorting twenty times a day to heavy drafts.

There is a great deal of cotton in the Rebel states, but it is n't baled. Like almost every thing else there, it is lying about loose.

The two armies of the Potomac have at different times run from Bull Run. But the Union army didn't, like the Rebels, run without a fight.

The Rebel women have n't yet, in obedience to the call of the men, volunteered for the public service. We suppose they want to be pressed.

As there is no salt in the South, we suppose that Floyd and Pillow think they have done their Rebel brethren an important service by teaching them how to save their bacon without it.

General McClellan has entered into an engagement with his troops to lead them at once where they can give the Rebellion its death blow. His next engagement should be with the enemy.

We have sent our old friend, Roger Hanson, a five-gallon demijohn of whiskey. Roger is still a zealous Rebel, and he will soon be recruiting in Fort Warren. — [Louisville Journal.

A Soldier's Letter and a Woman's Answer.

HOSPITAL, April, 1862.

I write with a great deal of pain, dear girl; I've not been able before since the fight, And my brain is still so much in a whirl, That I can tell you but little to-night. I'm wounded—don't start—'tis not very bad, Or, at least, it might be worse; so I said, When I thought of you, "I'm sure she'll be glad To know that I'm only wounded—not dead."

I've lost my left arm—there, now you know all!

A Minie-ball shattered it, and I fell! The last that I heard was our captain's call, 'Till—the rest is too painful to tell. I've had throughout the most excellent care, And I'm doing finely, the surgeon says; so well, indeed, that the prospect is fair For a homeward trip before many days.

But I've something else, dear Mary, to say, And I'd say it if it cost me my life; I've thought of it well—there's no other way—

You're released from your promise to be my wife. You'll think me foolish at first; then you'll think Of the loose, armless coat-sleeve at my side; And your proud and sensitive heart will shrink From the thought of being a cripple's bride.

'Tis a bitter struggle to give you up, For I've loved you more than ever of late; But down to its dregs I've drained the cup, And I'm calm, though my heart is desolate. I'm coming home, and of course we must meet; My darling, this one, one boon I implore— Let us still be friends—for that will be sweet, since now, alas! we can be nothing more.

SWEET HOME, April, 1862.

My Robert, how brave and noble you are! Too brave and too noble, I know, for me; But you've too little faith in me by far, If you believe I want to be free. I'm not released from my promise—no, no! 'T was never so sacred to me before; If you could but know how I've longed to go And watch by your side, you'd doubt me no more.

I read your name in the terrible list, But the tears froze back that sprang to my eye; And a fearful pain that I could not resist, Brushed my heart till I only longed to die. The blessed tears by-and-by came again, And I felt, as you in your letter said, A feeling of gladness 'mid all my pain, That Robert was only wounded—not dead.

O darling! to think you have suffered so, And all these long, weary miles away; You've needed me very often, I know, While I could do nothing but hope and pray. But hardest of all is the bitter thought That you have been suffering so much for me; Poor Robert! your manly letter has brought A strange mixture of joy and misery.

But you're coming home to my arms and heart; You're right—I am proud and sensitive, too; But I'm only so when we are apart, And now I shall only be proud of you! You're coming home to be happy and rest, And I wait the moment of blissful calm, When I shall be held to a soldier's breast By a patriot-hero's one strong arm!

LAST MOMENTS OF GENERAL JOHNSTON.—Maj. D. M. Hayden, one of General Johnston's aids at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, publishes an account of the last moments of that noted Rebel

chieftain, in the Natchez (Miss.) *Courier*, as follows:—

“General Johnston, elated with the entire success of the whole day, took the position before the brigades of Bowen and Breckinridge, and gave the order ‘fix bayonets.’ The last moment I saw him before his fall he was haranguing his troops. The charge was made with a shout, and the enemy fled in confusion. I was by the side of Bowen, and the Minie-balls flew so close that they clipped his hair. I started to the right to see what had become of Chalmers, when I met Captain O’Hara, who announced that General Johnston was wounded. We followed him down into the ravine, where we found him reclining in the lap of Governor Harris, who had gently lifted him from his horse.

“I was told that the only and last words he ever spoke were, some minutes after he was shot, ‘Governor, I believe I am seriously wounded.’ Preston, in an agony of grief, threw his arms around him, and called aloud and asked if he knew him.

“I caught hold of his hand and saw that he was still breathing. We administered a little stimulant, but he was totally unconscious, and quietly breathed his last.”

A TRICK THAT WAS UNSUCCESSFUL.—The *Fortress Monroe* correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, under the date of the 23d, says:—

A number of flour barrels, marked “Eggs—handle with care,” came from Baltimore this morning on the steamer. They were addressed to private parties, but some army official smelt an animal of the rodent species, and opened said barrels, when the eggs were found to be made of glass, with long necks, and their contents were found to consist of the oil of corn. They contained whiskey, and of good quality. It was immediately confiscated.

OWNERSHIP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—The *Louisville Democrat* says Kentucky and her neighboring states would have separated from the East and North before they would have given up free navigation of the Mississippi. The attempt to close it up, or allow its free navigation by the gracious permission of any body, was preposterous. It was as injurious to the contemptible faction that undertook to monopolize the river as it was to those upon its branches and its upper waters. The *Democrat* adds:

“We can assure Missouri, Louisiana, Arkansas, etc., that all their region belongs to us who live in the great valley. If any people down that way are not satisfied with their landlords, they can pull up stakes and leave, but all the land and franchises of that region are ours. They can’t take away a single right we have on a foot of that soil. As long as they behave themselves they can live there and enjoy the blessings of a better government than they can make. If they will not behave themselves, we shall be compelled to make them do so—that is all.”

Good-night! Who Wouldn't Be a Soldier?

[Words of farewell written on the eve of the battle of Shiloh, by the gallant Adjutant John B. Thompson, of the Twentieth Illinois infantry (formerly of New Hampshire), who fell while bravely fighting for the Stars and Stripes.]

Good-night, dear brothers, I will sleep
On Tennessee’s green shore;
Good-night, sweet sisters, do not weep
If I come home no more.

Who would not be a soldier brave
When his dear country calls?
’Tis sweet to fill a soldier’s grave,
For him who nobly falls—

If I should fall upon the field,
My country’s flag to save,
I pray that its bright folds may shield
My lonely soldier grave.

The morning dawns, the foe is here!
We conquer, boys, or die!
Fight for the flag we hold so dear,
The fairest ’neath the sky.

The fearful strife, terrific dread,
With horror fills the air;
The earth is strewn with mangled dead;
Each breath a curse or prayer.

I fall! and life ebbs fast away;
I never more may see,
But oh! the Stars and Stripes, they say,
Still wave on Tennessee.

Brave boys, farewell! go leave me now,
Your work is not yet done,
When twilight dews fall on my brow,
My spirit will be gone.

Dear home, farewell! I hoped to see
Thy hills and streams again,
But wildwood flowers will bloom o’er me
When falls the summer-rain.

Dear country, best beloved, farewell!
May heaven’s smiles be thine,
And all the Stars we love so well,
On thy dear banner shine.

PRINCETON, ILL., April 20, 1862.

A RICH JOKE ON A SENTIMENTALIST.—Not long since, a lot of us—I am an H. P. “high private,” now—were quartered in several wooden tenements, and in the inner room of one lay the *corpus* of a young Secesh officer, awaiting burial. The news soon spread to a village not far off. Down came a sentimental, and not bad-looking, Virginia dame.

“Let me kiss him for his mother!” she cried, as I interrupted her progress. “Do let me kiss him for his mother!”

“Kiss whom?”

“The dear little lieutenant; the one who lies dead within. Point him out to me, sir, if you please. I never saw him, but—oh!”

I led her through a room in which Lieutenant —, of Philadelphia, lay stretched out on an up-turned trough, fast asleep. Supposing him to be the “article” sought for, she rushed up, and exclaiming, “Let me kiss him for his mother,” approached her lips to his forehead. What was her amazement when the “*corpus*,” ardently clasping its arms around her, returned the salute vigorously, and exclaimed:—

“Never mind the old lady, miss; go it on your own account. I haven’t the slightest objection!”

Sentiment is a fine thing, Mr. Editor, but it should be handled as one handles

the spiked guns which the Rebels leave behind, loaded with percussion caps—very carefully.—[*Continental Monthly*.]

Religious Interest in the Navy.

The *Sailors’ Magazine* for January contains an interesting letter from the chaplain of U. S. ship *Niagara*, of the blockading squadron, giving an account of the religious interest on board that ship. The *Niagara* was ordered to duty on the coast immediately on her return from Japan, and, as was to be expected, the religious interest which then prevailed on board, and which had resulted in the conversion of fifty of her officers and crew, suffered a check. The interest was, however, revived, and within two months previous to the date of the letter, Nov. 2, twelve more had been added to the number of professed disciples. Among these are three young officers, graduates of the Naval academy, of special interest and promise—one the son of a distinguished general officer in the army, now in active service, another, grandson of one of the most celebrated divines and theologians of the present century in our country; and the third, a descendant of the well-known and honored presidents of the College of New Jersey, Dr. Stanhope Smith and Doctor Witherspoon. These three complete the number of twelve officers of the *Niagara*, who within the year past have publicly cast their lot, in this regard, with the Christian sailors on board.

After alluding to the devotion of the crew to their commander, Commander McKean, the letter alludes to the promotion of the officer as follows:—

“His promotion as admiral,—for such truly is his rank, though our democratic legislators very fastidiously object to the style, and choose, in its stead, the awkward and somewhat unmeaning epithet, “Flag-officer,”—was a matter of great satisfaction to all hands, much more so than to himself; and the cheer upon cheer, which spontaneously burst forth, when, without any previous notice, and without form or the customary salute—a fact indicative of the most untutored character of the commodore—the blue flag was seen to float from our mast-head, told the feelings of the heart towards him whose command it proclaims.

“As you well know, he is a man of prayer, and during our whole cruise has been found night after night at our prayer and conference meetings on the forward deck, occupying the same plank for a seat with the common sailor, uniting in the songs of praise, and in the prayers of the humblest of them, and himself often leading us to the feet of Jesus at the throne of grace, or addressing words of encouragement to the professor, and of exhortation and persuasion to the careless and unconcerned. His promotion as chief has produced no change in this respect. He was in his accustomed place the first night after securing it, and I know not when I have been more touched than when, at the close of the meeting, he motioned to

me to withhold the usual benediction for a moment, that he might, as I soon discovered, solicit the prayers of his brother sailors and fellow Christians, lowly as their position in comparison with his is, that he might have grace and strength from the Hearer of prayer to discharge the responsibilities newly devolved upon him, to the glory of God and the best interests and honor of his country. Such proofs of independence of character and just indifference to the views or opinions of men of the world in Christian profession, are evidence of true nobility of mind and heart. I could not but be reminded by this incident of a similar instance of Christian decision and piety recorded of the gallant soldier and devoted Christian—Havelock."

All Quiet Along the Potomac.

[A printed copy of the following beautiful lines was found in the pocket of one of our volunteers who died in camp upon the Potomac:]

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac at night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the pale autumn moon,
Or the light of the watchfire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain;
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother, may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low-murmured vows
Were pledged, to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes the tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light
Towards the shades of a forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac at night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
The picket's off duty, forever.

Those Mechanics Again!

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* has the following in its "Sharp-shooters" column:—

"The regiments of the Northern army, it is well known, contain practical mechanics of every branch of trade, as well as artists, merchants, clerks, and men from every walk of business; so that when a commander wants a bridge built, a locomotive repaired, or a pair of boots mended, he finds a ready response to his order of 'Carpenters, step to the front!' 'Machinists, two paces forward, march!' 'Shoemakers, to the front and center, march!'

"In an army composed of such material, the branch of trade from which such companies have been drawn will be indicated to the shrewd observer by their style of expression toward the enemy. For instance:—

"Carpenters—At him 'full chisel'! Shave him down.

"Printers—Knock him into 'pi'! Smash his 'form'! 'Lead' him well! At him with a 'dash'!

"Tailors—Sew him up! Give him a good 'basting'!

"Sailors—Smash his 'top-lights'! 'Run foul of him!' Sink him!

"Shoemakers—Give him a welting! Peg away at him! Close him up!

"Fishermen—Split and 'sault him! Hook him in the 'gills'!

"Blacksmiths—Let him have it red hot? Hammer it into him!

"Painters—A little more lead! Lay it on to him! We're just the 'size' for him!

"Barbers—Our 'dander' is up! Now for a good 'brush'! Give him a good 'lathering'!

"Cutlers—Polish him down! Give him a keen edge!

"Bakers—He (k)neads working over! Let's do him brown, boys!

"Glaziers—Smash the awful 'set'! Let's do our 'puttiest'!

"Lawyers—Be brief with him! Get his head 'in Chancery'! Stick him with—the costs!

"Machinists—Set his running gear in motion! We'll start the driving wheel, and he sha'n't break the connection again!

"Bill-posters—Stick him to the wall!

"Musical Instrument-makers—His notes are all spoiled! String him up!

"Jewelers—Chase him well! Show him your mettle, boys!

"Stage-drivers—Whip him into the traces! Touch up his leaders with a string!"

General Nelson.

Every report of the conduct of General Nelson,—who a year ago was a bluff lieutenant in the navy, is now interesting. A correspondent of the *Louisville Journal*, giving an account of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, speaks as follows of this sailor on horseback:—

"General Nelson—God bless him! a nobler and more patriotic gentleman never lived—commanded our division with consummate skill. Riding into the

thickest of the fight—his commanding person and large staff seemed to attract the fire of their batteries; but he was cool, collected, and perfectly fearless. The general is a strict disciplinarian, sometimes rough in his expression; but now you can hear officers and men saying, "The 'old man' (this is an epithet of fondness) can say what he pleases to me after the way he fought us Monday." He knew that he had saved Grant from a defeat worse than Bull Run in its consequences, and his men relied on his ability and courageous daring with implicit confidence, and they were not disappointed. After General Buell, Nelson is the hero of Shiloh. Once during the day, when things looked rather squally, he remarked to Colonel Bruce: "They are trying their best to turn my flank. Now, by G—d, there are two sides to every question; and if they persist I'll charge bayonets!" And he would have done it if it had become necessary.

About 11.20 o'clock, A. M., their right had been tremendously reinforced, and they succeeded in making us retire for several hundred yards; but Nelson was equal to the crisis, and gathering almost superhuman energy and courage, which he imparted to his troops, he beat them back, whole platoons of their men strewing our road as we advanced. "Honor to whom honor is due"; and this day's fight has crowned William Nelson with imperishable glory and renown."

Northern Courage.

A letter from an officer in the Pittsfield company, under Capt. H. S. Briggs, mentions an incident which illustrates the spirit and courage which animate the members of that company. Speaking of the duty assigned to this company of taking possession of the ferry-boat, which it was supposed was in the hands of the Secessionists at Havre de Grace, he says:—

"We in fact had a pretty fair test of our pluck, in the opportunity we had of coolly contemplating all the dangers of an assault with the bayonet. There never was a more enthusiastic response than in the shout of assent which the men gave, when after fully stating to them the nature and danger of the undertaking, Captain Briggs asked them if they would stand by and follow him. One incident I must detail. Before reaching the place, Captain Briggs told the men that he proposed to lead them, bayonet in hand, as did Lieutenant Richardson also, and that it would be necessary for them to take two of the muskets from the privates, of course relieving the privates thus disarmed from any participation in the enterprise. Captain Briggs asked some one to hand him a gun—not one was offered. He turned to a fair-faced youth of nineteen and told him he would take his gun as it was left for him to select. He withdrew his gun as the Captain reached for it, and burst into tears, clinging to it with the devotion of a veteran, and pleaded with his superior officer not to

deprive him of participating in the service. His conduct was as noble and heroic as though the enterprise had been carried into execution, and he had met the fate of a forlorn hope. His name is Richard Powers.

"We were agreeably disappointed in being allowed to take peaceable possession of the steamer, the rebels having retreated."

**The Merrimac and her Exploits—
An Inside View of the Rebel
Monster—Statements of her
Crew.**

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* has the subjoined account of the exploits of the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads. It is derived from the statements of two of the crew of that vessel, who escaped with forty others at the time of the explosion, and having made their way to Fortress Monroe, were sent thence to Philadelphia. One of these fugitives is from Piscataquis, Me., and the other from Louisville, Ky.:—

"Preparing for Action.

"After leaving the dry dock at Norfolk, the *Merrimac* laid nine days under the shears at the navy yard; before she left she was slushed all over with grease; this was done every time afterward whenever she expected to go into an engagement. When the vessel left the navy yard at Norfolk, previous to the fight with the *Monitor*, Commodore Buchanan made the following speech to the men, the crew being called to quarters: 'Soldiers and Sailors—The Secretary of the Navy has placed me in command of the squadron of Virginia; all eyes are turned upon you to-day; the people of the South expect every man to do his duty, and more than his duty.' Calling the attention of the men to the Federal vessels blockading the river, he said: 'Those two vessels, the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, are worth over a million dollars apiece; we are going down to destroy or capture them. Many of you have families and firesides at home; there may be others who have not these inducements; but, recollect, whether we sink or capture those vessels, your prize money will be the same. No matter whether you capture or destroy them, your compensation from the government will be sufficient to maintain you comfortably for life. Every man to his post. In a few minutes more you will be in action.'

"The Attack on the Cumberland.

"Decks were then cleared for action, and the guns hauled in and loaded. She then proceeded down the stream, the decks in perfect silence, and every man in his place. As she passed on to the *Cumberland*, the shore battery opened on her with much vigor, but elicited no reply from the *Merrimac*. Soon after her bow gun was discharged at the *Cumberland*, when within a few hundred yards; then the commodore shouted, 'Stand by the starboard battery,' and his words were repeated by

the first lieutenant, C. C. Jones. The *Cumberland* returned the fire. The whole broadside of the *Cumberland* was fired at once, which somewhat staggered the *Merrimac*, without doing any material damage.

"At this moment the Commodore gave the command, 'Fire as soon as your guns are brought to bear.' The first lieutenant ran along the deck, saying, 'Depress your guns?' 'Aim at the water line!' 'Heave the mainmast!' She then continued to fire her bow gun as she passed the *Cumberland*, and wore round to port. But three shots were fired by the bow gun up to the time she ran into the *Cumberland*. The *Cumberland* was then sinking, when the *Merrimac* poured her broadside into her and left her. The order was then passed to 'cease firing.' The Commodore then said, 'We've destroyed the hated *Cumberland*; she is fast settling?' During this time there was no noise or excitement on board the *Merrimac*, but each man kept his position, the guns being admirably worked.

"Effect of the Cumberland's Fire.

"At the time the *Merrimac* backed out, after striking the *Cumberland*, a shell from the latter struck gun No. 2 on the *Merrimac*, breaking about two feet off the muzzle of the gun, and killed the first loader and wounded two others. At the commencement of the action with the *Cumberland* the broadside from the latter carried away two boats hauled up on the side of the *Merrimac*. Directly after the loader was killed at gun No. 2, the first sponger of the bow gun was killed by the sharpshooters of the *Cumberland*, who were on the rigging. During the action a shell from the *Cumberland* struck the chain cable directly in the hawse-pipe, cutting it in two and dropping the anchor. Pieces of the chain struck by the shell wounded two of the men on the *Merrimac*, the shock knocking down and stunning every man standing near. Lieutenant Jones remarked during the action: 'Boys, they're giving our smoke-stack hell!'

"The Attack on the Congress.

"No attempt was made by Commodore Buchanan to save any portion of the crew of the *Cumberland*. After leaving the *Cumberland* the Commodore of the *Merrimac* came down from the spar deck and said, 'Boys, we have finished one of them, and now bring your guns to bear on the *Congress*.' She then proceeded in the direction of the *Congress*, and commenced firing at her. The *Congress* was then aground. Lieutenant Jones kept running along the deck, repeating, 'Depress your guns!' 'Depress your guns!' 'Load with white cross shell'; and passed the word to the men having charge of the hot shot guns 'to load with hot shot for the *Congress*.' During the firing on either vessel the Commodore would scold the commanders of guns that did not fire to suit him, and would come down from his position and give words of praise to those who fired accurately.

"The *Merrimac* took a position about one hundred yards from the *Congress*, and continued to pour in broadsides on the devoted vessel until she struck her colors. The Commodore then came down and directed the men to cease firing on the *Congress*, and direct their guns to the batteries on shore, saying, 'The *Congress* has surrendered; cease firing.' At this time one of the men proposed three cheers, which were about to be given, when the Commodore stopped them, and the first lieutenant shouted, 'No noise; stand by your guns.' As the *Merrimac* was hauling off from the batteries on shore, which were playing on her, the Commodore said, 'The *Congress* is hard and fast aground. We can not get her off. I have sent Lieutenant Minor, the flag-officer, with orders to burn her.' At this time the *Beaufort*, a Rebel gun-boat, was signaled for, to go on board and secure the prisoners.

"Captain Buchanan Wounded.

"As the *Beaufort* was approaching the *Congress*, the rifle-men on shore opened fire on her, and also on a small boat belonging to the *Merrimac* containing the flag-officer, the result of which was that Lieutenant Minor was badly wounded, and another had his eye shot out. The Commodore then became very much excited, ran down among the men and said, 'The —— scoundrels have surrendered, and are firing on our boats; direct your batteries on the *Congress* again.' She then steamed up close to the *Congress* and fired a terrific broadside, a white flag being displayed all the time from the *Congress*, and an officer waving a white handkerchief from the deck of the vessel. The command was then given, 'Sharpshooters, away,' when they ran up on the spar deck to return the fire of the sharpshooters on shore. It was just then that Commodore Buchanan got wounded in the left thigh by a rifle-man from the shore; he was then carried below without making any remark. Before being wounded, he is reported to have said, 'I have a brother on the *Congress*, and would like to get him in my power.'

"At this time the *Minnesota* and *St. Lawrence* were seen approaching, and commenced firing on the gun-boats *Patrick Henry* and *Jamestown*. Just then Lieutenant Jones came on deck and said: 'Boys, I am sorry to say the brave old Commodore is wounded, but the doctor says not mortally; and he says continue fighting, as he hopes to be with you before the fight is over yet.' The *Merrimac* then advanced to meet the approaching vessels—*Minnesota* and *St. Lawrence*—and all three vessels opened fire. At this time the firing was very general and terrific from all directions. She received the broadsides of all these vessels, and passed on to her destination at Sewall's Point.

"The Night After the Fight.

"On arriving at Sewall's Point the Commodore expressed a desire to be carried on deck, to see the burning of the *Congress*, which vessel was then on

fire, but the doctor refused. By this time night was fast setting in. During that night all the Rebel gun-boats anchored around the *Merrimac*, and a continued traveling backward and forward took place. Much jollification, drinking, etc., was kept up all night. All the officers and many of the crew were drunk. Grog was set out for the men, and every license given for them to do as they pleased, and get as drunk as they liked. The next morning the dead and wounded, including the Commodore, were taken ashore. The Commodore sent word to the men to behave that day as they had the day before.

"The Merrimac Discovers the Monitor."

"About 10 o'clock the signal was given to all the gun-boats to weigh anchor, and the deck was cleared for action. The *Merrimac*, followed by all the other vessels, proceeded to the scene of the previous day's fight. About the first thing she observed, the *Monitor* was approaching her. No one on board had any knowledge of the character of the *Monitor*, but after a few shots had been fired some of the gunners remarked that the turret on the opposing vessel was iron. The order then came not to fire at the *Monitor* when they could get a shot at the *Minnesota*. While trying to take a position near the *Minnesota*, the *Merrimac* got aground. The *Monitor* then came up and sailed around the *Merrimac*, both vessels firing at each other, the *Merrimac* endeavoring to get afloat and the officers becoming greatly dejected.

"After she got off she ran out to the *Monitor* and commenced leaking, her bows becoming shivered. Shots from the *Monitor* nearly went through her. The engineer told the lieutenant in command that the two last shots she had received had injured her, and if she received one more in the same place it would come into the engine room. Lieutenant Jones then concluded to return. She was badly dented, and, though not placed *hors de combat*, sustained enough injury to take a long time to repair.

"New Preparations to Attack the Monitor."

"After this fight she was taken to the navy yard, and next morning went into the dock for repairs, remaining about one month. Her bows were protected with wrought iron casing—the guns injured were replaced. Great preparations were made to board the *Monitor*, in case of another engagement with her. Sealing ladders, iron and wooden wedges, to wedge the turret of the *Monitor*, so that her guns could not be brought to bear; chopping axes, to destroy gutta percha pipe that supplies the *Monitor* with air; balls saturated with turpentine and oil, to throw into the turret; bottles with the same ingredients; chloroform in bottles—were placed on board, to throw down the turret of the *Monitor*, and three other boats were furnished with like ingredients.

"The tug *White* was furnished with chains to run around the turret of the

Monitor, to fasten her to the *Merrimac*, and wet blankets and boiler-iron plate to cover grating supposed to be on the *Monitor*, in order to prevent the men from firing up at them, and also to smother the men on board the *Monitor*. The boarding party was to be led by Lieutenant Davidson."

On Board the Cumberland, March 7, 1862.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

"Stand to your guns, men!" Morris cried.
Small need to pass the word;
Our men at quarters ranged themselves
Before the drum was heard.

And then began the sailors' jests;
"What thing is that, I say?"
"A long-shore meeting-house adrift
Is standing down the bay."

A frown came over Morris' face,
The strange, dark craft he knew;
"That is the iron *Merrimac*,
Manned by a Rebel crew."

"So shot your guns, and point them straight;
Before this day goes by,
We'll try of what her metal's made."
A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours
Has seldom left its place,
And where it falls, the deck it strikes
Is covered with disgrace.

"I ask but this: or sink or swim,
Or live or nobly die,
My last night upon earth may be
To see that ensign fly!"

Meanwhile the shapeless iron mass
Came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse,
As silent as the grave.

Her ports were closed; from stem to stern
No sign of life appeared;
We wondered, questioned, strained our eyes,
Joked—every thing but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadside rang,
Our heavy pivots roared;
And shot and shell, a fire of hell,
Against her sides we poured.

God's mercy! from her sloping roof
The iron tempest glanced,
As hail bounds from a cottage thatch,
And round her leaped and danced;

Or when against her dusky hull
We struck a fair, full blow,
The mighty, solid iron globes,
Were crumbled up like snow.

On, on, with fast increasing speed
The silent monster came;
Though all our starboard battery
Was one long line of flame.

She heeded not—no gun she fired,
Straight on our bow she bore;
Through riving plank and crashing frame
Her furious way she tore.

Alas! our beautiful keen bow
That in the fiercest blast
So gently folded back the seas,
They hardly knew we passed.

Alas! alas! my *Cumberland*,
That ne'er knew grief before,
To be so gored, to feel so deep
The tusk of that sea-board.

Once more she backward drew a space,
Once more our side she rent;
Then, in the wantonness of hate,
Her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay,
But our foe's bay abeam;
Her open port-holes maddened us,
We fired with shout and scream.

We felt our vessel settling fast,
We knew our time was brief,

"The pumps! the pumps!" But they who
pumped,
And fought not, wept with grief.

"O keep us but an hour afloat!
O give us only time
To be the instruments of heaven
Against the traitor's crime!"

From captain down to powder-boy,
No hand was idle then;
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard,
Fought on like sailor-men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand,
Some bold marine stepped out,
And jerked his braided jacket off,
And hauled the gun about.

Our forward magazine was drowned,
And up from the sick bay
Crawled out the wounded, red with blood,
And round us gasping lay.

Yes, cheering, calling us by name,
Struggling with failing breath,
To keep their shipmates at the post
Where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat, and powder gone,
The last broadside we gave
From the guns' heated iron-lips
Burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers, and handspikes—
As men-of-war's men should—
We placed within their proper racks,
And at our quarters stood.

"Up to the spar-deck! Save yourselves!"
Cried Selfridge. "Up, my men!
God grant that some of us may live
To fight you ship again."

We turned—we did not like to go,
Yet staying seemed but vain,
Knee-deep in water; so we left,
Some swore, some groaned with pain.

We reached the deck. There Randall stood;
"Another turn men—so!"
Calmly he aimed his pivot-gun,
"Now, Tenney, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear
The song our pivot sang,
As rushing on from wave to wave,
The whirling bomb-shell sprang.

Brave Randall sprang upon the gun
And waved his cap in sport;
"Well done! well aimed! I saw that shell
Go through an open port."

It was our last, our deadliest shot;
The deck was overflowed;
The poor ship staggered, lurched to port,
And gave a lively groan.

Down, down, as headlong through the waves
Our gallant vessel rushed,
A thousand gurgling, watery sounds
Around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more,
One look to heaven I gave,
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw
Our spotless ensign wave.

I tried to cheer. I can not say
Whether I swam or sank;
A blue mist closed around my eyes,
And every thing was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad,
All dripping from the sea,
With two great tears upon his cheeks,
Was bending over me.

I tried to speak. He understood
The wish I could not speak,
He turned me. There, thank God! the flag
Still fluttering at the peak!

And there, while thread shall hang to thread
O let that ensign fly!
The noblest constellation set
Against our northern sky.

A sign that we who live may claim
The peerage of the brave;
A monument that needs no scroll,
For those beneath the wave.

— [Philadelphia North American.

SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS

Capture of all the Forts Between
Memphis and the Gulf.

GENERAL STAMPEDE OF THE REBELS!

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

WASHINGTON, May 9. The Navy department has received the following interesting official details of the capture of New Orleans:—

U. S. FLAG-SHIP *Hartford*,
At anchor off the City of New Orleans,
April 29, 1862. }
Sir,—I am happy to announce to you that our flag waves over both Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and at New Orleans, over the Custom House. I am taking every means to secure the occupation by General Butler of all the forts along the coast. Berwick Bay and Fort Pike have been abandoned. In fact, there is a general stampede. I shall endeavor to follow it up. I am bringing up the troops as fast as possible. We have destroyed all the forts above the city—four in number—which are understood to be all the impediments between this and Memphis.
I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. G. FARRAGUT,
Flag-officer Gulf Blockading Squadron.
To Hon. GIDEON WELLES.

SHIP *Harriet Lane*, April 29, 1862.
Sir,—The morning after the ships passed the forts I sent a demand to Colonel Higgins for a surrender of the forts, which was declined. On the 27th I sent Lieutenant-colonel Higgins a communication, herewith enclosed, asking for the surrender. His answer is enclosed. On the 28th I received a communication from him, stating that he would surrender the forts, and I came up and took possession, drew up articles of capitulation, and hoisted the American flag over the forts. These men have defended these forts with a bravery worthy of a better cause. I treated them with all the consideration that circumstances would admit.

The three steamers remaining were under the command of Commander J. K. Mitchell. The officer of the fort acknowledges no connection with them, and wished in no way to be considered responsible for their acts.

While I had a flag of truce up they were employed in towing the iron battery of sixteen guns—a most formidable affair—to a place above the forts, and while drawing up the articles of capitulation in the cabin of the *Harriet Lane*, it was reported to me they had set fire to the battery and turned it adrift upon us. I asked the general if it had powder on board, or guns loaded. He replied that he would not undertake to say what the navy officers would do. He seemed to have a great contempt for them. I told him we could stand the fire and blow up if he could, and went on with the conference, after directing the officers to look out for their ships. While drifting on us the guns, getting heated, exploded, throwing the shot about the river.

A few minutes after, the floating battery exploded with a terrific noise, throwing the fragments all over the river, and wounding one of their own men in Fort St. Philip, and immediately disappeared under water. Had she blown up near the vessels she would have destroyed the whole of them.

When I had finished taking possession of the forts I got under way in the *Harriet Lane* and started for the steamers, one of which was still flying the Confederate flag. I fired a shot over her, and they surrendered. There was on board of her a number of naval officers, and two companies of marine artillery. I made the surrender unconditional, and for their infamous conduct in trying to blow us up while under a flag of truce, I conveyed them to close confinement as prisoners of

war, and think they should be sent to the North, and kept in close confinement there until the war is over, or they should be tried for their infamous conduct. I have a great deal to do here, and will send you all the papers when I am able to arrange them. I turned over the forts to General Phelps.

Fort Jackson is a perfect ruin. I am told that over eighteen hundred shells fell in and burst over the center of the fort. The practice was beautiful. The next fort we go at we will settle sooner, as this has been hard to get at.

The naval officers sunk one gun-boat while the capitulation was going on, but I have one of the others (a steamer) at work, and we are soon to have the other.

I find that we are to be the "hewers of wood and drawers of water"; but as the soldiers have nothing here in the shape of motive power, we will do all we can.

I should have demanded an unconditional surrender, but with such a force in our rear it was desirable to get possession of the forts as soon as possible. The officers turned over every thing in good order, except the walls and building, which were terribly shattered by the mortars. Very respectfully,

D. D. PORTER, Commanding Flotilla.
To Flag-officer D. G. FARRAGUT.

U. S. STEAMER *Harriet Lane*,
Mississippi River, April 30, 1862. }
Sir,—I enclose herewith the capitulation of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which surrendered to the mortar flotilla on the 28th day of April, 1862. I also enclose in a box, forwarded on this occasion, all the flags taken in the two forts, with the original flag hoisted on Fort St. Philip when the State of Louisiana seceded.

Fort Jackson is a perfect wreck. Every thing in the shape of a building in and about it was burned up by the mortar shells, over fourteen hundred of which fell in the fort proper, to say nothing of those which burst over and around it.

I devoted but little attention to Fort St. Philip, knowing that when Fort Jackson fell, St. Philip would follow.

The mortar flotilla is still fresh. Truly the backbone of the Rebellion is broken.

On the 26th of the month I sent six of the mortar schooners to the back of Fort Jackson to block up the bayous and prevent supplies getting in. Three of them drifted over to Fort Livingston, and when they anchored the fort hung out a white flag and surrendered. The *Kittatinny*, which had been blockading there for some time, sent a boat in advance of the mortar vessels, and reaching the shore first deprived them of the pleasure of hoisting our flag over what had surrendered to the mortar flotilla. Still the fort is ours, and we are satisfied.

I am happy to state that officers and crew are all well and full of spirits.

I have the honor to remain, your obedient servant,
DAVID D. PORTER,
To Hon. GIDEON WELLES.

U. S. SHIP *Harriet Lane*,
Forts Jackson and St. Philip, Mississippi
River, April 28, 1862. }

By articles of capitulation entered into this 28th day of April, 1862, between David D. Porter, commander United States Navy, commanding United States Mortar Flotilla, of the one part, and Brigadier-general J. R. Duncan, commanding the coast defenses, and Lieutenant-colonel Higgins, commanding Forts Jackson and St. Philip, of the other part, it is mutually agreed.

1st. That Brigadier-general Duncan and Colonel Higgins shall surrender to the mortar flotilla Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the arms, munitions of war, and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, together with all the public property that may be under their charge.

2d. That Brigadier-general Duncan and Lieutenant-colonel Higgins, with the officers under their command, shall be permitted to retain their side arms, and that all private property shall be respected. Furthermore, that they shall give their parole of honor not to serve in arms against the United States until they are regularly exchanged.

3d. It is furthermore agreed by Commander David D. Porter, commanding the

mortar flotilla, on the part of the United States government, that the non-commissioned officers, privates, and musicians shall be permitted to retire on parole, their commanding and other officers becoming responsible for them, and that they shall deliver up their arms and accoutrements in their present condition, provided that the expenses of the transportation of the men shall be defrayed by the government of the United States.

4th. On the signing of these articles by the contracting parties, the forts shall be formally taken possession of by the United States forces comprising the mortar fleet; the Confederate flag shall be lowered and the flag of the United States hoisted on the flag-staffs of Fort Jackson and St. Philip."

The following is an extract from the report of Commodore Farragut, dated "U. S. Flag-ship *Hartford*, off the city of New Orleans, April 25":—

"I had two Union men on board who had been forced into the Confederate service at Fort Jackson as laborers. They informed me that there were two forts near the city, and as we approached the locality I tried to concentrate the vessels, but we soon saw that we must take a raking fire for two miles, so we did not mince the matter, but dashed directly ahead.

"They permitted us to approach within a mile and a quarter before they opened on us. The *Cayuga*, Lieutenant-commanding Harrison, was in advance and received the most of the first fire. But, although the shooting was good, they did not damage his little vessel.

"The *Cayuga* then fell back and the *Hartford* took her place. We had only two guns, which I had placed on the top-gallant fore-castle, that could bear on them, until we got within half a mile. We then steamed off and gave them such a fire as they never dreamed of in their philosophy.

"The *Pensacola* ran up after a while and took the starboard battery off our hands, and in a few minutes the *Brooklyn* ranged and took a chance at my friends on the left bank. But they were silenced in I should say twenty minutes or half an hour; but I can not keep a note of time on such occasions. I only know that half of the vessels did not get a chance at them.

"The river was too narrow for more than two or three vessels to act to advantage. But all were so anxious that my greatest fear was that we would fire into each other; and Captain Wainwright and myself were hallooing ourselves hoarse at the men not to fire into our ships.

"This last affair is what I call one of the little elegancies of the profession—a dash and a victory."

The report of Commodore Boggs of the *Varuna* states that fifty of the crew of the Rebel steamer *Morgan* were killed and wounded, and she was set on fire by the commander, who burned his wounded with the vessel.

The following is an extract of the report from Captain Bailey:—

"On the 26th I went with the flag-officer some seven miles above the city, where we found the defenses abandoned, the guns spiked, and gun-carriages burning. These defenses were erected to prevent

the downward passage of Captain Foote. On the 27th, a large boom, situated above the defenses, was destroyed by Capt. J. Phillips Lee.

"On the 28th, General Butler landed above Fort St. Philip, under the guns of the *Mississippi* and *Kineo*. This landing of the army above, together with the passage of the fleet, appears to have put the finishing touch to the demoralization of their garrison. Both forts surrendered to Commander Porter, who was near at hand with the vessels of his flotilla. As I left the river, General Butler had garrisoned Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and his transport with troops on board was on the way to occupy New Orleans."

THE HEROIC MORRIS.—All honor to our brave men, who are now resting in their old beloved ship, with the waves of the James river singing a plaintive death song over them. They stuck to their ship and their flag to the last. They preferred death to surrender, and as long as there is an American heart that beats warmly for our holy cause, their heroism and self-sacrificing patriotism shall not be forgotten. When asked to surrender, Lieutenant Morris, who commanded the *Cumberland*, answered: "No, I will not strike my flag!" Then, turning to his men he said: "Would you do it?" "No!" was the firm reply, and they did not do it! When the ship was sinking the old flag was still waving over her in proud defiance of the mysterious and terrible adversary.

THIRST FOR GLORY IN NEW YORK.—An incident occurred in New York on the day of the departure of the Sixty-seventh regiment for the seat of war, which goes to show that the desire of the young men of that city is not less than that displayed by the Boston boys. While the regiment was resting on Bond street a private soldier fainted, and fell backward into the arms of a stranger among the crowd. A sergeant came along, when the stranger asked to see the captain, who, coming up, was accosted by the stranger with "See here captain, this man isn't fit to fight; let me have his uniform, and I'll take his place," and almost before the captain had time to answer, the enthusiastic recruit threw off his coat and cap, and exchanging them for the uniform of the invalid, he seized his musket, fell into the ranks, and was soon marching off for the war. That is the kind of stuff the northern army is made up of.

HENRY O'CONNOR, of Muscatine, Ia., district attorney, and reputed to be one of the best lawyers in the State, joined the first company that was raised in that place after the war broke out, as a private. He was with the First Iowa at the battle of Wilson's Creek, and fought like a Turk. On returning he was offered a commission, any he might choose in a regiment. But the reply was, "Hang your commission; all I want is a gun." That's the kind of man.

An Affecting Scene.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, writing from Yorktown, gives a detailed description of the severe fighting near Yorktown, on Thursday of last week. Introducing one scene he relates a circumstance that took place on the Potomac, last summer, and with which undoubtedly many of our readers are familiar. The correspondent says:—

"It will be recollected that last summer a private was court-martialed for sleeping on his post, out near Chain Bridge on the Upper Potomac. He was convicted; his sentence was death; the finding was approved of by the general, and the day fixed for his execution. He was a youth of more than ordinary intelligence; he did not beg for pardon, but was willing to meet his fate. The time drew near; the stern necessity of war required that an example should be made of some one; his was an aggravated case. But the case reached the ears of the President; he resolved to save him; he signed a pardon and sent it out; the day came. "Suppose," thought the President, "my pardon has not reached him." The telegraph was called into requisition; an answer did not come promptly. "Bring up my carriage," he ordered. It came, and soon the important state papers were dropped, and through the hot broiling sun and dusty roads he rode to the camp, about ten miles, and saw that the soldier was saved! He has doubtless forgotten the incident, but the soldier did not. When the Third Vermont charged upon the rifle pits, the enemy poured a volley upon them. The first man who fell, with six bullets in his body, was William Scott, of Co. K. His comrades caught him up, and as his life ebbed away, he raised to heaven, amid the din of war cries of the dying, and the shouts of the enemy, a prayer for the President, and as he died he remarked to his comrade that he had shown he was no coward and not afraid to die."

The Brilliant Action of the Varuna— Captain Boggs's Own Account.

The following is an extract from a letter of Captain Boggs, addressed to his family in New Jersey. It was, of course, not intended for the public eye; but, having been shown us by a friend, we took the liberty of printing it; though without the knowledge or permission of the person to whom it was written in great haste and after much fatigue. Sailor-like, the gallant captain identifies himself with his ship, and writes with as much directness and force as he fights:—

MISSISSIPPI RIVER, U. S. STEAMER
Harriet Lane, April 25, 1862.

As Captain Porter is about to dispatch a vessel for Havana with communications for our government, I have only a few moments to say that, thanks to a good Providence, I am safe, and without even a scratch. Yesterday our great battle was fought. The squadron passed the forts under its severe fire as any fleet probably ever endured. The ships were much cut up, and there were many killed and wounded. I can only give you a

hasty narrative of what occurred on board the *Varuna*, as in that you will take a special interest.

We started at 2 o'clock, A. M., and received the first fire at 3.30, just as the moon was rising. My vessel was terribly bruised, but we returned the fire with interest. On passing the forts I found myself the leading ship, and surrounded by a squadron of Rebel steamers, who annoyed me much by their fire; so that I steered as close to them as possible, giving to each a broadside in succession as I passed; driving one on shore, and leaving four others in flames.

During this time the firing of guns, whistling of shot and bursting of shells, was terrible; the smoke dense. As this cleared off, finding more steamers ahead, I stopped to look for the rest of the squadron. The ship was leaking badly; but thus far none were hurt. Astern, I saw the *Oncida* engaged with a Rebel steamer. The latter shortly after came up the river, when I engaged him, but found my shot of no avail, as he was iron-clad about the bow. He tried to run me down; and I to avoid him and reach his vulnerable parts. During these movements he raked me, killing three and wounding seven, and attempted to board; but we repulsed him. Driving against me he battered me severely; but in these efforts exposed his vulnerable side, and I succeeded in planting a couple of broadsides into him, that crippled his engine and set him on fire. He then dropped off, and as he moved slowly up the river and passed me I gave him another and parting broadside.

I now found my ship on fire from his shells, and it was with great difficulty that it was put out. Just then another iron-clad steamer bore down and struck heavily on my port quarter, and backed off for a second blow. This second blow crushed in my side; but at the same instant I gave him a full complement of shot and shell that drove him on shore and in flames. Finding myself in a sinking condition, I ran my bow into the bank and landed my wounded, still keeping up a fire on my first opponent, who at last hauled down his flag. My last gun was fired as the decks went under water. No time to say any thing; the officers and crew escaping with the clothes they had on their backs.

We were taken off by boats from the squadron, which had now come up—the crews cheering as the *Varuna* went down with her flag flying—victorious in defeat, and covered with glory.

I think we have done well. Eleven steamers destroyed by the squadron.* The old ram *Manassas* sunk by the *Mississippi*.

This has been a gallant fight—no less than one hundred and seventy guns playing on us. The forts are cut off from succor, and must soon surrender. The way to New Orleans is open, and the city is probably ours at this moment—for the fleet immediately passed up the river.

How to Write to Soldiers.

The following article from a recent number of the *Newbern Progress* contains advice which should not be overlooked by those who have friends in the army:—

"Write cheerfully. Do not enter into long discussions about the miseries of soldiering. We know what the hardships are, and far better than you do. I would not check the expression of a proper sympathy, but we are disposed to whine too much any how, and when you start the tune at home we are sure to join in full chorus.

"Write long letters, and don't leave any cold blank spots on the sheet, like little patches of snow. Interline and cross-line it as much as you please, so that when you get through the regular course

*Captain Boggs is too modest to say that he destroyed six out of the eleven.—[Eds. N. Y. Evening Post.]

of the sheet you will have some nice tid-bits for dessert.

"Write about particulars; we have enough *generals* here. Tell us how many kittens tumble over the floor; tell us how many calves bawl at the barn; whether Towser's sore foot is well yet or not; what kind of a dress little Mary has got; who took sister Ann sleighing last snow; and, above all, who goes home from singing school with —, of course, we won't mention her name; but you ought to do so, just as if you didn't know any thing about it. And do n't forget to speak of church and Sabbath-schools, prayer-meeting, and what you talk about Sabbath evenings, and what new hymns you sing.

"And thus, having furnished the colors, our imagination takes the brush and goes to painting, and her finishing stroke is always a returning soldier-boy all covered with scars and glory, and when she has laid away her brush, sleeps, unpins the curtain, and covers up the picture of the dear old home."

The Williamsburg Battle.

This was a fearlessly contested battle, and probably exhibited more desperate fighting than any battle of the war. We have given a meager account of it, as it came in detached pieces from different sources, and so perhaps there is less need to give a detailed account of the whole. We annex the following from the correspondent of the *New York Times*, giving an account of one part of the field. A great deal of censure is bestowed upon General Sumner for not sending up reinforcements.

"The enemy were found to be in heavy numbers against us in the woods—probably four to one—and when the Eleventh Massachusetts, under Colonel Blaisdell, engaged them in the center, they found themselves subjected to a galling fire from every bush and tree, but with unbroken ranks his brave men followed him, loading, firing, and charging with a cool and deliberate calmness. On, on, step by step, this seemingly invincible regiment pressed its way in unshattered phalanx, through ditch, and swamp, and mire, mounting the enemy's vast barricade, and driving before them the skulking foe, with a force which completely overcame all opposition. It was the first of a like series of exploits consummated by this regiment during the day, and the general commanding took occasion to applaud it on the battlefield.

"Suddenly a regiment filed out in front of the Eleventh, bearing a flag of truce. All firing instantly ceased, and the enemy was allowed to approach within speaking distance, when the inquiry was made by them, 'What regiment are you?' Without answering the inquiry, the same requisition was made upon the enemy, who replied, 'We're the Eighth Alabama.' 'And we're the Eleventh Massachusetts,' was the rejoinder. 'Then you are the d—d sons of — and we want!' and the white flag was instantly thrown down, and a volley of

musketry poured into them along their whole line, killing and wounding several of our men. The Eleventh with renewed impulse, immediately charged on the treacherous horde, and sent them flying into the woods, where they were shot down and bayoneted at our mercy. The Eleventh was soon relieved, and at 9:30 o'clock the cheering and shouting of the men in the rear told us our artillery were coming up.

"It proved to be Co. H, of the regulars, with a battery of six pieces, who immediately advanced to the front, near the open plain, while Sickles' Excelsior brigade, coming up, deployed into the woods on the left, where they found a numerous enemy endeavoring to turn our left flank. The enemy at the same time were constantly throwing new troops into the field, and were pressing heavily on the First brigade at the right—so heavily, indeed, that symptoms of faltering were apparently manifest in one or two regiments; and one, which I will not mention, was retreating rapidly to the rear, when the Eleventh Massachusetts again took position among them, and stayed the tide which was swelling against it, and threatening seriously the fortunes of the day. The Second New Hampshire and the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania had done fearful execution, and suffered severely, especially the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania.

"For four hours had this brigade now held in check the enemy, and the bravery displayed has but little rivalry. The odds against them was fearful, and was swelling alarmingly every moment. Colonel Blaisdell was sent with a detachment of seven companies of his regiment to request General Sumner, who with a large force was lying about three miles from the scene of action, to scour the woods in the rear.

"The firing was now becoming hotter and hotter, and the New Jersey brigade, which had arrived and engaged the enemy on the left of the road, began to fall back foot by foot, but with faces to the front, and firing desperately as they retreated. The woods were swarming with Rebels. Still no sounds of reinforcements broke on our ears. The Eleventh Massachusetts was again called upon to support our left, which was giving way before the superior force opposed to them. The officers soon, however, restored confidence—a confidence in which they had but little faith beyond sustaining good order until they could withdraw or be reinforced. The Eleventh at last struggled up to the scene of the doubtful conflict on the left, and with a charge and shout they rushed upon the foe, who in turn broke and ran in disordered masses. But they, too, quickly rallied, and surged back upon us. It was now 4:30, and the chances were everywhere against us, and our dead and wounded were swelling in numbers rapidly. General Sumner had sent up no reinforcements, though hours had passed since word had been forwarded him, and he lay within cannon shot of the battle; and to add to our darkening prospects, it was discovered that the enemy was

stealing silently and cautiously around our left flank, and had nearly accomplished that purpose when the Eleventh Massachusetts, which was stationed at the extreme left, by a quick, unexpected, and skillful maneuver, threw themselves bravely against the head of the strong column, which recoiled, suffering terribly from the unexpected shock. Twice had this gallant regiment, headed by its cool, keen-sighted, and vigilant colonel, preserved the fortune of our arms during this bloody affray."

A Soldier's Tribute to his Mother.

Among those that fell mortally wounded at the late battle at Williamsburg, May 5, was a young man named Edward K. Gazet, of Company A, Eleventh Massachusetts regiment. While gallantly struggling against the vastly superior numbers of the enemy, he received a wound from a musket-ball in the shoulder, and in falling back to the rear to have the wound dressed, he came upon a squad of Rebels, when he received a second wound in the spine, which brought him to the ground, and while in an insensible condition he received a third wound—a thrust of a bayonet in the thigh. He was removed to Fortress Monroe, where he died, aged twenty-three years. He was beloved by all his comrades for his goodness of heart and cool daring on the field of battle. The following lines were written by him to his mother a short time before the battle:—

To My Mother,

I think of thee when night shades fall,
And our camp is hushed in sleep,
I think of thee when the bugle call
Rouses me from my slumbers deep—

Those slumbers cheered by dreams of thee,
And of the happy hours we've past,
And by thy side I seemed to be;
Ah! happiness that can not last.

I think of thee in the midnight hour,
When I pace the sentry's lonely beat,
And swiftly pass the gloomy hours
While I enjoy those memories sweet.

And when I join the wild affray,
And messengers of death fall fast,
And thro' our ranks death cuts his way
While wildly rings the bugle blast;

I'll think of thee—and thy dear name
Shall nerve my arm and steel my heart;
And for the sake of thy loved name
I'll bravely try to do my part.

And if I fall amid the slain,
The thought of thee shall make me feel
Less keen the agonizing pain,
And death shall softly o'er me steal.

PERSEVERANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

—Lieut. Samuel O. Burnham, of the Second New Hampshire regiment, was severely wounded in the battle of Williamsburg. He was manfully doing his duty, in the thick of the enemy's fire, when he was accosted by the major of the regiment with, "How are you getting along lieutenant?" "Right well! See my boys give them a volley"; was the reply. Just then Burnham was struck by a rifle-ball in the leg, and, taking a ligature from his pocket, he asked

the major to assist him in tying up the limb. At the hospital the surgeon decided upon immediate amputation, but Burnham would hear to nothing of that sort. He was carried to Fortress Monroe, and the surgeon there decided that to save his life the leg must be taken off. "It can not be done," insisted the lieutenant. "If you live, your leg will be good for nothing as an infantry leg," urged the surgeon. "I will keep it, and call it an artillery leg," said Burnham. So much for courage and resolution; and, fortunately for their possessor, he was at last accounts rapidly improving, and in a fair way to rejoin his command with as good a leg as the average of those useful limbs. — [N. H. Statesman.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN.—When Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the American army at Yorktown, a young ensign was appointed to receive the colors of the British regiments. The ensign upon whom this honor was conferred was Robert Wilson, eighteen years of age, and the youngest commissioned-officer in the army. His grandson, Robert Wilson, is now adjutant of the Sixteenth New York regiment, in Heintzelman's division of General McClellan's army. It is not a little remarkable that the grandson should be engaged in a campaign on the very spot where his ancestor met the enemies of his country, and, like him, a witness of their discomfiture. Ensign Wilson was a member of the Cincinnati. The certificate of membership on parchment, with General Washington's signature, is now in possession of his grandson.

Roxbury—Funeral of Sergeant Brazier.

The funeral services over the remains of Charles A. Brazier, late sergeant of Co. D, First regiment Massachusetts volunteers, who was killed during the battle of Williamsburg, took place yesterday afternoon in Rev. Dr. Putnam's church. Flags were at half-mast in different parts of the city. The Roxbury City Guard, Captain Beach, with arms reversed, and marching left in front (nine of the corps acting as pall-bearers), escorted the remains from the late residence of the deceased to the church, accompanied by members of the city government, the Boston Brigade band playing a dirge. The church was completely filled with sympathizing friends, among whom was a large delegation of the operatives of the Metropolitan railroad, with whom the deceased was a much-loved associate.

In the absence of Rev. Dr. Putnam, Rev. J. G. Bartholomew and Rev. J. C. Means officiated, the services consisting of a chant by the choir, prayer and reading the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Bartholomew, address by Rev. Mr. Means, prayer by Rev. Mr. Bartholomew, singing by the choir, and benediction by Rev. Mr. Means.

During his remarks, which were quite

affecting, and caused the eyes of many to moisten freely, Mr. Means paid a high tribute to the moral and religious, as well as patriotic character, of the lamented dead, and closed by reading extracts from two or three of the last letters received from him, in which he said he was about engaging in battle with the enemies of his country, and that he put his trust in God to safely deliver him from harm; but if it was otherwise ordered, he commended his wife and young son to the care of their Heavenly Father; and that he felt prepared, and was willing to die for his country.

During the services, the coffin containing the remains of the patriotic dead rested on the altar in front of the pulpit, and was neatly enshrouded with the American flag, the top being covered with flowers, kindly contributed by friends of the family. The funeral cortege, after re-forming, proceeded with slow and measured tread, to solemn music, to Forest Hills cemetery, where the remains were deposited in their final resting place.

Newton Corner—Funeral of a Soldier.

The remains of Private William Rogers Benson, of Co. I, First regiment Massachusetts volunteers, who was killed at the battle of Williamsburg, were interred with befitting ceremonies by his fellow-men, yesterday afternoon. The religious services took place at the Elliot Congregational church, in this section of Newton, and on no previous occasion have so large a number of persons been assembled there.

The body had been brought home in charge of Rev. Mr. Wellman, the pastor of the church of which young Benson was a member, and had been deposited in Elliot hall, where a guard of honor of the Newton Home Guard had kept watch over it until its removal to-day. The body was contained in a metallic burial-case, which was enclosed in a wooden casket, bearing the following inscription:—

WILLIAM R. BENSON,
1st Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers,
Killed at Williamsburg, Va.,
May 5, 1862,
Aged 19 years, 9 months.

The hour for the funeral services was fixed at 2 o'clock; but long before that time all the unreserved seats in the church were filled, and every available standing place taken possession of, while several hundred were deprived of the opportunity of hearing any portion of the services.

The corpse, borne in a hearse covered with the American ensign, arrived promptly at the hour assigned, at the church. It was escorted by a guard of honor of the Home guard, and the pall was supported by members of the Laners, Light Dragoons, Cadets, and the Second and Fourth battalions of infantry of Boston, all in full uniform, and was followed by the immediate relatives of the deceased. It was at once carried to a bier in front of the pulpit, on which it

was deposited, being covered with the American flag.

The seats in the body of the church were reserved for the family of the deceased, the children of the schools of the town, the fire department, the town government, His Excellency the Governor, and staff, and other invited guests, and these were entirely filled, although the edifice is quite large.

The services commenced with a voluntary and chant by a very finely-trained choir, of which the deceased was formerly a member; an invocation was then made by Rev. Mr. Stearns of the Baptist church, Newton Center; selections of Scripture were read by Rev. Mr. Young of the Unitarian church; and thereafter Rev. J. W. Wellman, the pastor of the church, delivered a brief address to those present.

He said that the assemblage had come together to do honor to a young, brave, and Christian soldier, who was the representative of their town on the bloody field of Williamsburg; and although he was only a private in the army, he had done all a general could do—he had laid down his life for his country. The reverend gentleman then gave a short sketch of the life of the deceased, showing him to have been a good son, a good brother, and a good citizen, as well as a young man of strong religious principles; and he read extracts of letters written to his parents shortly before he died, intimating that should he survive to return home he intended to prepare himself for the ministry. Mr. Wellman also spoke of the high estimation in which young Benson was held by his comrades and officers in the regiment, and closed his remarks (which we regret want of space prevents our giving more fully) by repeating several appropriate and beautiful verses.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Furber of the Orthodox church, Newton Center; an original hymn was sung by the choir, and the services in the church were closed with the benediction.

A procession was then formed in the following order:—

Chief Marshal Wm. H. Richards, with Assistants.
Detachment of eight Home Guards, under command of Corporal John Kendrick.
Flagg's Boston Brass Band.
Hearse, with the Body.
Nonantum Engine Company No. 5.
West Newton Brass Band.
Eagle Engine Company No. 6.
Triton Engine Company No. 3.
Relatives in carriages.
His Excellency the Governor and Staff.
Selectmen and other officers of the town.
The Clergy.
Committee of Arrangements.
Invited Guests and Friends.

When the procession moved, the children of the public schools were formed in lines on each side of the street, and were dismissed as soon as the long line had passed, the distance being too great for them to march.

A feeling of solemnity was universal among those who witnessed the proceedings, and many were moved to tears.

Mr. William H. Richards, the chief marshal, and his aids, are entitled to

much credit for the admirable manner in which their arrangements were carried out, as there was no confusion; every thing and every body seemed to be attended to, and this promptly.

Military Funeral.

The remains of Private James Redding, of Co. B, First Massachusetts volunteers, were consigned to their last resting place, after imposing public solemnities, yesterday.

After it was found that young Redding was killed in the battle of Williamsburg, it was decided by his friends to have the body forwarded home, and it arrived at East Boston last week, and was carried to Mr. Brown's, on Bennington street, where it was prepared for the ceremonies of yesterday. A committee of citizens took charge of the arrangements, and a very large number of ladies and gentlemen were present to witness the proceedings.

It having been decided to have the public funeral ceremonies in the Maverick church, the body was escorted from Bennington street by a guard of honor of the Union Guards, under command of the first sergeant of the company, to the church, where it was placed on a bier in front of the pulpit. It was contained in a rose-wood coffin, with silver mountings, and was covered with the American flag, bouquets and wreaths of flowers being placed on this.

The church was crowded by ladies some time before the services commenced, and when the mourners and the members of the associations with which the deceased had been connected, together with the military and a few invited guests, had been seated in pews reserved for them, the edifice was full to repletion.

There were private services at the house of the mother of the deceased, on Paris street, prior to the public one at the church, at which Rev. S. W. Foljambe officiated, and he also conducted the services at the church.

These were commenced by a voluntary on the organ, with a dirge by Flagg's Boston Brass band, and a chant by the choir; a selection of the Scriptures was then read, a prayer offered, hymn sung, when Mr. Foljambe read a portion of the Ninety-seventh Psalm, from which he preached an eloquent sermon on the Sovereignty of God and the palpable presence of His hand in the present Rebellion. He thought this would be eventually beneficial to our country, as it would tend to make us more thoughtful of the Divine power.

In referring to the deceased, he stated that he had been in the employ of the North American Insurance company for twelve years before joining the army, and was also a member of the Sabbath-school of the church, in which the obsequies were being held, and was a young man of more than ordinary promise. He closed his remarks by a beautiful tribute to the memory of the departed, and words of condolence to his sorrowing relatives.

After the close of the services the body was taken from the church and placed in the hearse, over which were the Stars and Stripes, six soldiers from the different companies of the Second regiment, M. V. M., acting as pall-bearers, and a procession was formed in the following order, under the marshalship of John P. Averill:—

Poince.
Detachment of twelve men of the Union Guards with reversed arms.
Flagg's Boston Brass Band.
The Hearse.
The Union Guards (Capt. B. F. Russell) with side arms, marching by the flank.
Officers of the Army and the Militia.
Torrent Engine Company, No. 1, of Chelsea, of which deceased was a member.
Delegations from the Maverick Sabbath School and the Lyman school.
Relatives and friends in carriages.

The procession moved through Sumner, London, Maverick, Paris, and Sumner streets, to Maverick square, thence through Meridian street over the new bridge to Woodlawn cemetery, where the body was interred with the usual military salute.

Among the congregation present at the services were His Excellency Governor Andrew, Mayor Fay, of Chelsea, Mayor Gaston, of Roxbury, with several members of the councils from each city, Colonel Burrill, Lieutenant-colonel Perkins, and several officers of the Massachusetts volunteers.

The services were exceedingly impressive, and a general feeling of sadness was manifest through the entire route of the cortege.

Notes of the War.

The following speech was made by General McClellan to the Seventh Maine regiment, after the battle of Williamsburg:—

"Soldiers: I have come to thank you for your good conduct and gallantry. On that little plain you saved our army from a disgraceful defeat. You would have deserved equal praise had you been overwhelmed by the masses that were hurled against you. You deserve the highest thanks of your country, and your state should be justly proud of you. Bear on your colors the inscription, 'Williamsburg,' in token of your bravery, and as the highest honor that I can confer upon you.

"Soldiers, my words are feeble, but from the bottom of my heart I thank you."

General Butler.

The following account of an interesting interview between General Butler and the Common Council of New Orleans, we find in a New Orleans letter dated May 4th:—

"This evening General Butler received the Mayor and Common Council in the large parlor of the St. Charles. Hon. Pierre Soulé was present, on invitation of the Council, and was, in fact, the chief spokesman for the municipal authorities.

"It was a scene that would make an

elegant picture in *Harper's Weekly* or *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*. At one angle of the richly furnished and lofty room were gathered the staff of the commanding general, in full dress uniform, and in front of them sat the General himself, his face and form all alive with expressive emotions, as in terms courteous but scathing, he bitterly denounced the miserable rabble that had insulted his officers and men. Ranged around the opposite sides of the room were the members of the city council, with Soulé in the center, and the Mayor in a chair near General Butler. They were mostly fine looking, intelligent gentlemen, and quite a number were evidently French. General Butler read to them the proclamation, and explained to them his intentions in regard to the government of the city. He wished to leave the Mayor and council in full possession of all powers strictly municipal: would not interfere with the collection of moneys for the purposes of paying the police, lighting the streets, keeping the same in order, or promoting the health and sanitary condition of the city, but would, if necessary, assist in collecting a tax for the above objects. He did not wish to interfere with the ordinary tribunals of justice, and would not try by court martial any offense that had no bearing on the present relations between the United States government and the city of New Orleans. Mr. Soulé answered, in effect, that, as his only desire was for the tranquility of the city, he must earnestly urge General Butler to remove his army to the environs of the city, for, he said, 'I know the feelings of the people so well that I am sure your soldiers can have no peace while they remain in our midst.' This implied threat fired the general in a moment, and drew from him a forcible expression of his utter disdain for threats from any quarter. Mr. Soulé immediately disclaimed having threatened our force. General Butler then went on to say that he would gladly take every man of his army out of the city, the very day and hour that it was demonstrated that the city fathers could protect him from insult or danger if he chose to ride from one end of the city to the other alone, or with one gentleman of his staff; but he said, your inability to govern the insulting, irreligious, unwashed mob in your midst has been clearly proven by the insults of your rowdies towards my officers and men this very afternoon, and by the fact that General Lovell was obliged to proclaim martial law while his army occupied your city, to protect the law abiding citizens from the rowdies. I do not proclaim martial law against the respectable citizens of this place, but against the same class that obliged General Wilkinson, General Jackson, and General Lovell to declare it. I have means of knowing more about your city, continued the General, than you think of; and I am aware that at this hour there is an organization here established for the purpose of assassinating my men by detail; but I warn you that if a shot is fired from any

house that house will never again cover a mortal's head; and if I can discover the perpetrator of the deed, the place that now knows him shall know him no more forever. I have the power to suppress this unruly element in your midst, and I mean so to use it that, in a very short period, I shall be able to ride through the entire city free from insult and danger, or else this metropolis of the South shall be a desert from the Plains of Chalmette to the outskirts of Carrollton. To this unmistakable language Mr. Soulé replied in an argument, beautifully rhetorical, but thoroughly unsonant, asserting that the proportion of the mob element was less in New Orleans than in any other place in the country, and that General Lovell's proclamation of martial law was aimed not at the rabble, but at the Union sympathizers and traitors in their midst."

Burying the Dead.

A visitor to the battle-field of Fair Oaks, near Richmond, describes what he saw the day after the fight:—

"Our forces are now engaged in burying the dead, and many a sad scene the eye witnesses. Lying in the woods, in front of a small house temporarily used as a hospital, the dead body of one of our lieutenants lay. His death must have occurred instantly, for just below his eye a Minie-ball entered, taking off in its flight a portion of the back part of his head.

"The Rebels had turned his pockets inside out, much in the style of the ancient highwayman; not the least scrap of paper could be found about his person, affording the slightest clue to his identity. He was a young man, quite handsome, with black hair hanging in curls over his pallid forehead. I thought what a priceless treasure one of these curls would be to those who loved him.

"A fifer and drummer were found close together. The fifer was in a sitting posture, leaning against a tree; a ball had passed through his heart, his life was clasped in his fingers. The drummer-boy seems to have been his companion, and was probably in the act of supporting the expiring fifer in his arms, when he himself was killed by a ball going through his head; his drum lay at his feet, both heads knocked out.

"Some of the dead Rebels were found with pieces of paper pinned on their clothing, giving their name, with a request that they might be properly buried, and their graves marked, so that when the war was over their remains could be found by relatives and friends, if they should wish to remove them to rest by the side of their kindred."

The Sixteenth Regiment in Virginia.

The following letter received by Governor Andrew from Col. Powell T. Wyman, of the Massachusetts Sixteenth, gives an interesting statement of their progress in Virginia. The two flags mentioned in the letter have been received at the State house:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, SUFFOLK, Va.,
May 22, 1862.

Governor.—I have to report that the Sixteenth Massachusetts regiment, under my command, had the honor of being assigned the advance in the movement on Norfolk, recently successfully made, and that after a most fatiguing march, under a torrid sun, the regiment entered the city (General Wool having been previously met by a flag of truce, surrendering it), the first of the national regiments.

Leaving Lieutenant-colonel Meacham with the left wing in Norfolk, I crossed the river immediately and occupied Portsmouth, detaching one company under Captain Wiley to hold the magnificent naval hospital, while with the other four I took possession of the navy yard. After remaining thus garrisoned for nearly a week, I received orders again to take the advance, and with some artillery and cavalry to occupy Suffolk, where we are at present. I send herewith two Secession flags, taken by Private Sibley of Company C on our march to Suffolk, which were waving defiantly.

Lieutenant Brown, the acting quartermaster of the regiment, has already forwarded a silken one seized by my order on a house in Suffolk.

It gives me pleasure to bear witness to the cheerful alacrity of the officers and men of the Sixteenth in these, their first long marches, in oppressive weather well calculated to tell upon their hardihood.

My officers all show great vigilance and interest in their duties, and it will be gratifying to you to know that there was a very general feeling of regret in Portsmouth when we were again ordered to take up the line of march, so orderly and courteous had been the deportment of the Sixteenth in the occupied town.

There is no serious case of sickness in the regiment, and but few of any kind.

Very respectfully,
P. T. WYMAN,
Colonel 16th Mass., Commanding at Suffolk,
Va.

His Excellency JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor
of Massachusetts.

The Second New Hampshire at Williamsburg.

ARMY BEFORE RICHMOND, May 31.

To the Editor of the Boston *Journal*:

After the evacuation of Yorktown, on the 4th of May, this regiment being in the advance under Hooker pushed on in hot pursuit of the enemy's retreating columns, and on the morning of the 5th encountered their rear guard strongly entrenched at a distance of about one mile from Williamsburg. Companies E and B were at once deployed as skirmishers, and advancing through fallen timber to the open field took a position at but five hundred yards from the enemy's earthworks and opened the battle, picking off with their rifles the men who were endeavoring to serve the enemy's guns. The remainder of the regiment, with the Massachusetts First on our left, formed line of battle in the timber, and with the residue of Grover's brigade lay for more than two hours under a murderous fire, unsupported by a single piece of artillery. At the expiration of that time our artillery made its appearance on the field, took its position in front, and opened fire. The firing now became general along the line, and a constant cannonade interspersed with the rattling of small arms was kept up until 1 p. m., when the enemy, being strongly reinforced, made a sortie upon our left. They were met with a fierce, stubborn resistance, but in vain. We were outnumbered, and fighting their way step by step our men fell back. At 3 o'clock our left flank was fairly turned. The Massachusetts First, with others, fruitlessly endeavored to make a stand and were obliged to fall back. The first were the sworn friends of the New Hampshire Second and had a firm reliance on them. "Never mind," said one of the officers of the First, as he sullenly retired, "the New Hampshire boys are in that chapparal; let Johnny Rebel go in there, and if he don't catch it I miss my guess!" The event proved whether he was right. On they came, pouring in a perfect storm of lead, while the shell from Fort Magruder burst in our midst

with unerring precision. The New Hampshire Second rallied on their colors, retired and rallied again, when the order was given for each man to take cover and pick his man. The squirrel hunters of New Hampshire were now at home. From behind trees and logs the crack of their unerring rifles rang forth the death knell of many a traitor. Charge after charge was made by the Rebels to dislodge them from their position, but forming line of battle with the Excelsior brigade and a remnant of Grover's, they drove back the enemy across the road, but he was constantly receiving fresh accessions to his ranks, and the fate of the day looked dubious. At this juncture occurred an incident which proved that Heintzelman's knowledge of military tactics, if not surpassed, was at least equaled by his knowledge of human nature. Riding up, he shouted (as only he can shout), "Hurrah! Richmond is in our hands, only win this battle and the war is ended. Music to the front, bands strike up 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Dixie.' Now, boys, cheer and go in!" And they did go in.

The strains of "Yankee Doodle," which no traitor ever stood before, sounded above the din of arms. Our reinforcements, under Kearney, came gallantly up on the double quick, and the day was ours. The shattered remnant of the New Hampshire Second, sadly thinned in its ranks, fell back, formed on its colors, and lay down for the night in the mud and ruin. For thirteen hours they had been under the enemy's fire, and at least one out of every five was gone—a larger proportion than the loss of Napoleon at Wagram. And here, in this connection, allow me to offer a few brief remarks. Hancock deserved every word of commendation he received. His was a brilliant dash of thirty minutes' duration. But if he deserved commendation, what need of praise shall be awarded to the veterans, Heintzelman and Hooker, who, with their troops, for thirteen hours gallantly withstood the enemy's fire? The question may not be answered officially, but I fully believe it will be answered by the nation.

A statement is made in one of the Boston papers, which tends to throw discredit upon the behavior of the Massachusetts First during the engagement. Such attacks are as foolish as they are puerile and offensive. The Bay State may well be proud of her First regiment, for a truer, nobler set were never rocked in the Cradle of Liberty, or o'er-shadowed by the granite of Bunker Hill. Again the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* states that upon the field of battle all the doctors, save Dr. Minter, of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, and one other, stood upon their dignity as majors, and would not care for the wounded. This is a wrong, a willful diatribe against every doctor on the field. For Drs. Morrow, Salter, and Foy I can personally answer, and I believe every doctor upon the field endeavored to do his duty. On the day succeeding the battle quite an unintentional compliment was paid to the Second by a captive member of the Virginia Twenty-fourth. "As long as the Pennsylvania and Massachusetts boys faced us so steadily," he remarked, "we thought we were all right, but the moment that cursed New Hampshire regiment took to the trees and began picking us off as though we were wild beasts, we knew it was all day with us." We are now before Richmond, and in a few days the New Hampshire Second may again mark its name on the soil of Virginia. NEMO.

Southern Items.

The Rebel press are very severe and blood-thirsty towards General Butler. A writer in the *Mississippian* proposes that a purse of \$10,000 be made up for the head of "the modern Nero, the brutal, beastly, and sanguinary savage, Gen. Benj. F. Butler." The Charleston *Mercury* says that "No quarter to Picayune Butler should be the sworn resolve of every Southern man." The Richmond *Examiner* exclaims, "If there is a human being in the city of New Orleans who does not weep tears of

bitter agony that the city was not laid in dust and ashes rather than surrendered, he is an outcast from his race." All these objurgations are called out by General Butler's famous order in regard to the women.

"Stonewall Jackson" is just now the Southern hero. The papers have magnified his recent exploits to most magnificent proportions. The following from the Richmond *Whig* is a specimen:—

"Stonewall Jackson has marched two hundred and fifty miles and won three victories in three weeks. This man must be suppressed. His mind is evidently impaired. He has forgotten the art of war entirely. He has taken it into his head that war means fighting, action, movement, not trench-digging, then squalling for reinforcements, then falling back. We shall hear presently that he believes it would not be altogether improper to wound the feelings of the Yankees.

"Down with him, or else he will establish the independence of the Southern Confederacy."

A Mississippi paper, quoted by the Memphis journals, says:—

"It is reported and confidently believed that Beauregard has obstructed the Tennessee river at Duck-river Suck, about one hundred and twenty-five miles below Eastport, Miss., by blasting the cliffs, thereby filling the channel with masses of stone and forest trees. If this be true, the enemy's transports and gun-boats are, or will in a few days be, at our mercy, and any attempt at retreat by the Federal army will insure us a complete success."

Brig.-gen. Jubal A. Early has addressed a note to the Richmond *Whig*, denying that his brigade was repulsed at the battle of Williamsburg by a bayonet charge by General Hancock's brigade, as stated in General McClellan's dispatch. He says Hancock's brigade did not charge bayonets, or make any pretense of so doing.

A Mother's Story.

Amid the throng that gathers where
The mail dispenses joy and care,
I saw a woeful woman stand, —
A letter falling from her hand;
She spoke no word, she breathed no sigh;
Her bloodless cheek, her sad, fixed eye,
And pallid, quivering lips apart,
Showed hopeless grief had seized her heart
I spoke; — a word of kindness cheers
The heavy heart, and heaven-sent tears
Refresh the eye dry sorrow sears.

"Ah, sir, my boy! my brave, bright boy!"
In broken voice she said;
"My only son! my only joy!
My brave, bright boy is dead!"

"Sorrow is sacred!" and the eye
That looks on grief is seldom dry;
I listened to her piteous moan,
Then followed to her dwelling lone,
Where, sheltered from the biting cold,
She thus her simple story told! —

"My grandsire, sir, for freedom died,
On Entaw's bloody plain;
My father left his youthful bride,
And fell at Lundy's Lane.

"And when my boy, with burning brow,
Told of the nation's shame, —

How Sumter fell! — Oh, how, sir, how
Could blood like mine be tame!

"I blessed him; and I bade him go, —
Bade him our honor keep;
He proudly went to meet the foe;
Let me to pray and weep.

"In camp — on march — of picket round —
He did his equal share;
And still the call to battle found
My brave boy always there.

"And when the fleet was all prepared
To sail upon the main,
He all his comrades' feelings shared,
But *fever scorched his brain!*"

"He told the general he would ne'er
From toil or danger shrink,
But, though the waves he did not fear,
It chilled his heart to think

"How drear the flowerless grave must be
Beneath the ocean's foam,
And that he knew 't would comfort me
To have him die at home.

"They tell me that the general's eye
With tears did overflow;
God bless the brave man! — with a sigh,
He gave him leave to go.

"Quick down the vessel's side came he;
Joy seemed to kill his pain;
'Comrades!' he cried, 'I yet shall see
My mother's face again!'"

"The boat came bounding o'er the tide;
He sprang upon the strand;
God's will be done! — *my bright boy died,*
His furrow in his hand!"

Ye who this artless story read,
If pity in your bosoms plead, —
And "Heaven has blessed your store," —
If broken-hearted woman, meek,
Can win your sympathy, — Go, seek
That childless widow's door.

Senator Sumner and the President.

We are permitted to publish the following private letter from Hon. Charles Sumner, in reply to a letter addressed to him by a personal friend. Senator Sumner's hearty endorsement will not be without its influence upon those who are impatient at what they term the pro-slavery policy of the President. At the same time there is nothing in this endorsement which should shake the confidence of conservative men in his wisdom and prudence. The responsibility resting upon the President is momentous, and he does well to take no steps in advance of public sentiment. Making the constitution his guide, and with a single eye to the suppression of the Rebellion and the restoration of the Union, he must disappoint many who would hasten the dawn of universal freedom by every appliance of legislation, and by the utmost stretch of the war power. It is something to obtain from one who may be regarded as a representative of this class, so handsome a tribute to the purity of the President's motives and so hearty an endorsement of the correctness of his convictions and sympathies:—

SENATE CHAMBER, June 5, 1862.
My Dear Sir, — Your criticism of the President is hasty. I am confident that if you knew him as I do, you would not make it. Of course the President can not be held responsible for the misfeasances of subordinates unless adopted or at least tolerated by him. And I am sure that nothing unjust or ungenerous will be tolerated, much less adopted by him.

I am bappy to let you know that he has no sympathy with Stanley in his absurd wickedness, closing the schools, nor again in his other act of turning our camps into a hunting ground for slaves. He repudiates both — positively. The latter point has occupied much of his thought, and the newspapers have not gone too far in recording his repeated declarations, which I have often heard from his own lips, that slaves finding their way within the national lines are never to be re-enslaved. This is his conviction, expressed without reserve.

Could you have seen the President — as it was my privilege often — while he was considering the great questions on which he has already acted — the invitation to emancipation in the states, emancipation in the District of Columbia, and the acknowledgment of the independence of Hayti and Liberia, even your zeal would have been satisfied, for you would have felt the sincerity of his purpose to do what he could to carry forward the principles of the Declaration of Independence. His whole soul was occupied, especially by the first proposition, which was peculiarly his own. In familiar intercourse with him, I remember nothing more touching than the earnestness and completeness with which he embraced this idea. To his mind it was just and beneficent, while it promised the sure end of slavery. Of course, to me, who had already proposed a bridge of gold for the retreating fiend, it was most welcome. Proceeding from the President, it must take its place among the great events of history.

If you are disposed to be impatient at any seeming shortcomings, think, I pray you, of what has been done in a brief period, and from the past discern the sure promise of the future. Knowing something of my convictions, and of the ardor with which I maintain them, you may, perhaps, derive some assurance from my confidence. I say to you, therefore, stand by the administration. If need be, help it by word and act, but stand by it and have faith in it.

I wish that you really knew the President, and had heard the artless expression of his convictions on those questions which concern you so deeply. You might, perhaps, wish that he were less cautious, but you would be grateful that he is so true to all that you have at heart. Believe me, therefore, you are wrong, and I regret it the more because of my desire to see all of our friends stand firm together.

If I write strongly, it is because I feel strongly, for my constant and intimate intercourse with the President, beginning with the 4th of March, not only binds me peculiarly to his administration, but gives me a personal as well as a political interest in seeing that justice is done him.

Believe me, my dear sir, with much regard,
ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Correspondence of the Journal.

SUFFOLK, June 9, 1862.
To the Editor of the Boston *Journal*:
We are here, for a time, encamped on the "Fair Grounds," less than a half mile from the center of the town, ambitiously styled Suffolk City. In the whole town, or city, if you will, are sixteen hundred inhabitants, two hundred of whom are free Negroes. The slaves have mostly disappeared, such Southern riches taking to themselves not wings, but legs, in times like these, and disappearing rapidly "between two days." Many more have been sold into further and more hopeless Southern bondage, to save them from the misfortune their masters assure us freedom is to the black race.

Warm Generosity Shown in a Cool Way.

Speaking of the health and comfort of the men, I must not omit to mention that Mayor Wightman, on his recent visit here, ordered the quartermaster at Portsmouth to forward to the hospital of this regiment fifty pounds of ice daily at the mayor's own expense. This was a noble and judicious gift, and will afford our sick "cold comfort" during the summer, but will be welcomed by warm hearts as it was given by one. God bless every man who remembers the absent soldiers and does aught for their welfare! God

forgive any man or woman at home who does not!

Beside her fruit and flowers, candor requires me to say that Virginia produces reptiles in abundance. "As true as there are snakes in Virginia," is a proverb here, as the phrase, "As true as the gospel," in Massachusetts, the inhabitants of each state referring in each case to the thing with which they are most familiar. Among other snakes the serpent Secession has made this else paradise of fruit and flowers almost a wilderness. Beside snakes, mosquitoes abound, particularly in this neighborhood of the Dismal swamp; also flies, lizards, toads, frogs, and Secession women, the latter being the most venomous and deadly of all these reptiles, if the bite of such serpents be half as poisonous as their rattle would indicate. I am sorry to speak so ungallantly of any in the guise of women, but live among these Secesh women of Norfolk and Suffolk a fortnight, and see whether any of my courteous readers would be any more gentle. They still show their refinement by spitting at officers and men, and pursue them with insults and epithets, any thing but amiable, and this comes from the richest and most aristocratic of the whole crowd.

I really must tell, as an offset for the description which truth compelled in my last paragraph, of a noble Southern family I met in Portsmouth yesterday, whose hearts beat as responsive to the music of the Union as any in Boston. This family are named Tyler, and were driven from their own home in Huntsville, Ala., because of their outspoken Unionism. They were put into the house of a Mrs. B., in Portsmouth, when that city was about to be occupied by our soldiery, in order to "keep the house from Yankee occupation," while its owners went over to Secession. This common trick proved of no avail in this case. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler at once invited our Union officers to make headquarters with them in this habitation, and they have done so. I passed yesterday there, and was most kindly entertained, the family sparing no pains to aid any who are seeking to restore the Union in the only way it can be restored — by force of arms. Immediately on the city being evacuated, Mr. Tyler took a Union flag, which he had kept concealed, and went through the streets, showing it there, where so long it had been a stranger, even before our troops entered. It was hailed with much enthusiasm. Then Mrs. Tyler placed it in the front window of the house, that it might greet our soldiery on their entrance to the city. This provoked the ire of Mrs. B.'s brother, a prominent citizen of Portsmouth, who went to the house and ordered the flag taken down, saying it was "a disgrace to his sister's house." His request was refused by the intrepid woman, and it appears yet. "Long may it wave," Mrs. B. has four sons in the Rebel service. One is a colonel, another was lieutenant on board the *Merrimac* ere that Rebel steamer committed suicide, another was provost marshal in Portsmouth during the Confederate "reign of terror," another is a surgeon in some Virginia regiment. I have been thus minute and definite, as the facts are so notorious in Portsmouth, and this heroic and persecuted family deserve special and grateful mention.

Secession Flag.

At a meeting of the board of aldermen of Lowell on Monday evening, the following letter was received from Major-general Butler, presenting a Secession flag, which was brought from New Orleans by Colonel Jones of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts regiment:—

HEAD QUARTERS,
DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, June 5, 1862.

Mr. Mayor, — I send enclosed to your order the flag of Fort Livingston, Louisiana. The fort is said to have surrendered to the navy, but I have the flag, and I assure you I did not borrow it. The truth is, the fort surrendered to a heroic Union girl, who has brought me the flag, which I send you that our people may see for the first, and I hope only instance, what kind of a rag Secession and Re-

billion proposes instead of the glorious flag of our fathers. Please have it hoisted under the Stars and Stripes on the city hall on the Fourth of July, and give one thought to your fellow-citizen whom duty calls to be far away from the city of his home.

I remain, very truly, your friend,
BENJ. F. BUTLER.

The Board passed an order to the effect that the flag be displayed under the Stars and Stripes on the flag-staff of the City Government building, during Fourth of July, and that it be preserved as a trophy and placed with the other collections relating to Secession, in the City library.

Operations Before Richmond.

The correspondent of the New York *Express*, with the "advance lines of the army of the Potomac," writes on June 14th, as follows:—

"Last night we heard the Rebel drums beating 'tattoo,' and thus concluded that the distance between the two advance lines could not be very great. Our men are now resting on their arms, as the enemy are moving immense masses of troops from the center toward our left. This movement became known to McClellan almost as soon as it was made, and in a moment frowning batteries, with whole acres of steel, rose about the Union works. Would that I were privileged to describe those works; for never have soldiers earned more credit than ours in their construction. When the Rebels see them, they can not indulge in the illusive hope of catching Kearney as they caught Casey.

"The left is now thought to be in good order, and sufficiently strong to hold its position. In fact, that is the only order: 'hold your position at all hazards.' As to numbers we must keep silent, but they are sufficient, at least, to trouble the Rebels for a time. I can not say, as many writers do, 'Look out for an immediate advance,' because I see no evidence of it, or rather see no evidence of an advance on Richmond."

According to a correspondent, the Federal lines in front of Richmond form almost a complete semi-circle everywhere—some five miles distant from Richmond, extending from north north-west to south. Ten miles is the extent of the Federal front, and along this whole line are pickets and cannon before and camps behind.

The President.

On Monday morning, after a call with Senator Clark upon Secretary Stanton, who showed us the military dispatches from our generals whose glad tidings are now ringing through the country, we proceeded to the President's mansion, and were so fortunate as to find the President at home and not specially engaged. He was in high good humor, as a result of the glad intelligence of our military success, for which no man has labored more efficiently in cabinet or in council than himself. He told two or three capital stories. Speaking of those good people who wish freedom

and intelligence to spread through the benighted South, but deplore war as an instrument, and groan over the din and clash of arms, and are appalled by the thunder of the cannon and the crash of battle, he said it reminded him of a prayer by a very polite and gentle minister of somewhat sensitive and timid nerves during a terrific thunder storm at night. The good man was delighted with the occasional flashes of light but shocked by the tumult made by the artillery of heaven. "O Lord," prayed our worthy divine, "if it is perfectly convenient, give us a little more light without quite so much noise about it." Said the President, "The Lord don't answer such prayers, the air will not be pacified without the storm, and the lightning won't come without the thunder." I told Mr. Lincoln how much my soldier boys thought of him since his visit among us, and the sick whom I visited in the hospitals and whom he too had visited at the fortress. "They would have sent their love to Uncle Abe," I said, "had they known I was going to see you. They all call you 'Uncle Abe,' the best proof of their regard." "They don't love me more than I do them," he answered. "Be sure and give my best love to them, and tell them I won't forget them."

After this interview, which had been prolonged by the President's desire to make every minute inquiry about the condition of the army, and also of the hospitals, I left him, feeling more than ever that he is our Providential man, the man of kindly heart, genial spirit, and a patriotic mind, full of wise plans for his country's service. He has firmness, too, equal to the exigency, and will advance the interests of freedom as fast, not as impatient spirits may desire, but as fast as can be done wisely, and so as to secure the necessary support of the nation, so that no reaction may come afterward.

The Rebel Atrocity at Fort Charles.

In the accounts given of the attack on Fort Charles, White river, Ark., it will be recollected that, after the boiler of the steamer *Mound City* had been burst by a cannon shot, and several of those on board had jumped into the water, Colonel Fry, who commanded the Rebel troops in the fort, ordered his men to fire on those who were swimming for their lives. Colonel Fitch, of the Union army, who captured the fort by making an attack on the land side, a St. Louis paper says, was so exasperated at the murderous fire that had been poured upon the scalded men who were struggling in the water, that when he came on board the *Conestoga*, where Colonel Fry was a prisoner, he reproached him bitterly for his inhuman conduct in giving the order, and asked him to compare his own conduct with our course toward them only ten days before at Memphis, when all of the small boats belonging to the nearest of our gun-boats were sent out to help save the drowning crew of their gun-boat *General Lovell*.

He told him that being a prisoner was now his protection, but if justice were done him he would be hanging to the nearest tree before night. Fry at first denied that he had given the order, but on being confronted with some of his men, who persisted in saying that he had given the order, he became silent.

The Massachusetts First.

The following is the report of Colonel Cowdin, of the Massachusetts First, of the flight of June 25th:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, FIRST REG. MASS. VOLS. }
Camp at Fair Oaks, Va., June 25. }
WILLIAM SCHOULER, Adjutant-general of Massachusetts:

General.—In accordance with orders from the brigadier-general commanding the First brigade, I left my camp at Fair Oaks yesterday morning, and proceeded with my command to the front into the fallen timber, where I deployed the regiment as skirmishers, throwing out advanced pickets in front of my line, and supported by the remainder of the brigade, advanced for the purpose of driving in the enemy's pickets and advancing our line of main pickets through a swamp into an open field, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile.

After advancing about one-third of the distance, our advanced pickets became engaged and drove the enemy's pickets back on their reserve, where they made a determined stand. I now sent for support, as had been previously agreed, and was promptly joined by the Second New Hampshire regiment, than which a more reliable one can not be found in the service. Our right at this time rested in the direction of the Richmond and Williamsburg turnpike, and our left toward General Kearney's division.

Moving forward my regiment, we became engaged with the enemy's reserve picket in considerable force, and drove them back step by step. At this time we met with a severe loss by the wounding of Second Lieutenant Joseph H. Dalton, immediately followed by that of Captains Wild, Carruth, and Chamberland, and Second Lieutenants Thomas and Parkinson, who were carried to the rear, besides quite a number of non-commissioned officers, leaving two companies under the command of corporals.

After a brisk encounter of about an hour I ordered my whole line to move forward; which they did with a shout, the enemy giving way before us, bearing with them most of their killed and wounded. We drove them through the open fields and swamp, wading in many places nearly to our waists in mud and water, and establishing our line of pickets as previously indicated by the commanding general, but not without quite a serious loss.

The officers and men under my command deserve the highest praise for their attention to and prompt obedience of orders.

I have the honor to remain,

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

ROBERT COWDIN,

Colonel commanding First Regt. Massachusetts Volunteers.

A letter in the *Transcript*, written since the last battle on James river, states that the regiment has been reduced to about one hundred and seventy-five men.

Major Chandler is missing, Colonel Cowdin is sick, and Captain Baldwin is acting in command. Co. A has about fourteen men.

Major Chandler was last seen as Hooker's division was making the celebrated charge which it is believed saved our army.

STEAMER *Vanderbilt*, June 29, 1862. It is Sunday morning, and we are floating calmly down the river toward Fortress Monroe on this splendid steamer.

This is a hospital ship, under the special charge of Dr. F. C. Greene, of Northampton, assisted by Doctors Hill, Chamberlain, Lee, Eastman, Preece, and Goodell. There are about one hundred and seventy-five sick soldiers on board, who receive the best of care. Two died last night; two more will inevitably to-day. The Catholic Sisters of Mercy are here, and faithful to their duty. As we go sailing on, the fact that this is the Sabbath is not forgotten. Religious services have been held in various parts of the ship, both last evening and this morning, so that all the sick on their beds of pain, and all those who attend upon them may be reached by the counsels and consolations of religion. Services have been held by Rev. Mr. Whittaker, chaplain of the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, Rev. Professor Little, of Philadelphia, Rev. Mr. Fuller, chaplain of the Sixteenth Massachusetts regiment, and by an Episcopal clergyman, so that one could choose the service he would hear, and his own accustomed form of religious teachings, almost as well as in our own villages or cities. I have before spoken of the hospitality, and the kindness and devotion to their duty, and the excellent physicians of this army hospital, now afloat on these waters. I can only repeat the well-deserved commendation I uttered then. May their country appreciate and God reward their care of the sick and wounded, and dying, in this hour of our nation's peril.

Response to the President's Call.

The general response of the loyal country to the President's call for more troops, so far as it is reflected in the press, is all that could be wished. Even those papers which have been least in sympathy with the past political tone of the administration, are hearty and emphatic in their approval of this measure. The *New York Journal of Commerce* says:—

"In no other country in the world could such an army be called into existence by a mere stroke of the pen. Yet here we know that twice and thrice that number are impatient to aid in putting down the Rebellion, and the mighty force will noiselessly appear, almost as if by enchantment. This recommendation of the governors is based upon the desire they have—speaking for the people they represent—to see the end of the struggle which now hampers our national progress. The suggestion they make is, of course, not a novel idea to the President; but the manner in which it is made can but show him, in a way to signally cheer his soul, how surely he can rely on the country, at the head of whose affairs he is placed. The promptness of our Chief Magistrate in making this call, and the quiet confidence it evinces in the patriotism of the people, will also cause the countenances of all to brighten as they see the dawn coming steadily on."

The *Boston Post* says:—

"The loyal people will heartily, unconditionally, respond to the new call of the President, and make a new rally around the standard of the law. Well may the governors say that the object is to preserve for the civilized world this great and good government.

"It is for each state—Massachusetts and Rhode Island will not be behind the other states—to respond with promptness which the same trial hour demands. Let the ranks be filled. Let the citizen soldier again rally round the Flag of the Fathers. The trial may be severe, but the end will be glorious; the authority of the constitution will be recognized, and the world will see the Union, as it was—a proud exhibition of the capacity of man for self-government."

We regret to record a solitary exception to this noble spirit. The *Boston Courier* comments upon the letter of the governors and the President's call in terms which must have a dispiriting and injurious effect upon all who are affected by its counsels. It thinks that this is not the way to preserve the government, but rather the reverse. It adds:—

"What we need to bring about, therefore, in order to effect the restoration in question, is the voluntary, not the compulsory obedience of the citizens in the several parts of the country. The idea of holding, by armed occupation, the numerous cities and military positions captured by our armies for an indefinite period, is one calculated to lead to much reflection. The immediate consequences to the country at large would be an enormous expenditure of life and treasure—the final advantage at least doubtful. But while we shall trust that every man who is needed will be found ready, we shall also trust that, through other means, the necessity itself will pass away."

What does this kind of talk mean at an hour like this?

The President at West Point!

FIVE HOURS' CONSULTATION WITH GENERAL SCOTT.

INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY.

Speech of the President at Jersey City.

The *New York Express* has a lengthy narrative of President Lincoln's visit to West Point, from which we condense the following particulars. The reader will, of course, exercise his own judgment about believing the guesses of the reporter relative to the President's plans:

"At 3 A. M., on Tuesday, the train reached Garrison's, and a few minutes after, President Lincoln came on board the ferry-boat. He looked somewhat anxious and care-worn, but on seeing General Scott, his face was lit up with a

smile of gladness, and seizing his hand he grasped it eagerly, saying: 'General I'm glad to see you looking so well; I have come to see you.' The two then retired to the cabin, where they were engaged in earnest conversation till they arrived at the point, where a carriage was in waiting to carry them to Cozzens' hotel. The President immediately went to bed, but arose about 7 o'clock, and took breakfast. Directly after breakfast the President and General Scott retired to a private parlor, where, with maps and charts, and locked doors, and a waiter on the outside to prevent intrusion, they were in earnest conversation for five hours. The full purport of that consultation is not known. Sufficient information was, however, gleaned as to the motive which brought the President to the general. He consulted with him as to the present state of the campaign, and the best policy to bring the war to a speedy end. The advice of General Scott was sought and obtained as to the necessity for immediate reorganization of the army, and what changes would be necessary in the several military departments.

The President arose about 7 o'clock this morning and took breakfast with General Scott and Mr. Sloan. About 8 o'clock an open barouche drove up to the hotel, and in it Mr. Lincoln, General Scott, Mr. Sloan, and William, proceeded to the ferry-boat.

The train, which consisted of a locomotive and one handsomely furnished ladies' car, then left Garrison's at 9 o'clock. Prior to starting the morning papers were purchased for Mr. Lincoln, and an elderly lady threw in a freshly plucked bouquet of 'Sweet Williams.' The bouquet was caught by Mr. Sloan, who handed it to the President, who, on receiving it, remarked 'There is an abundance if not variety.' Mr. Sloan observed that it was an offering of the heart, to which Mr. Lincoln replied, 'I know it, and accept it as such.'

As the train passed the stations a conjecture was made as to the object of the train, and cheers were given at almost every point of the road.

After reading the papers Mr. Lincoln engaged in earnest conversation with General Scott. This consultation led to a slight change in the programme, and it was settled that General Scott should return to West Point to-night and there await the missive which will probably soon summon him to Washington. When the train reached Tarrytown an immense concourse was assembled, who cheered lustily for President Lincoln and General Scott, to which the 'cheerers' responded, bowing. The train was carefully run, scarcely any fear being felt, though the run was made from Tarrytown in twenty minutes.

When nearing the depot General Scott was asked his opinion of Mr. Lincoln. 'Sir,' said the old hero to the querist, addressing him with emphasis, 'he is

an honest, upright man, very conscientious, and tries to do right with all parties: that's what I believe, and I hope you are satisfied.'

"Arrival at Jersey City—The President Makes a Speech."

The party arrived at Jersey City at 11:08. The time of the anticipated arrival of the President was known to but very few persons in Jersey City, so that no unusually large crowd awaited his coming. About one hundred persons were on hand at the depot, however, including about a dozen ladies.

President Lincoln got upon the train at the rear platform of the back car, and when he reached this elevation he was cheered enthusiastically. He acknowledged the favor with a bow to the excited crowd, who renewed the cheers and called for a 'speech.' The President smiled at these demands, and shook his head discouragingly; but the crowd persevered in the call so strongly that the President removed his hat as a preparatory act toward granting their desire. This movement elated the spectators to the highest degree. They showed their appreciation of it by a round of cheers, and then quieted down to hear the 'speech.'

"The President spoke substantially as follows:—

"When birds and animals are looked at through a fog, they are seen to disadvantage, and so it might be with you if I were to attempt to tell you why I went to see General Scott. I can only say that my visit to West Point did not have the importance which has been attached to it; but it concerned matters that you understand quite as well as if I were to tell you all about them. Now, I can only remark that it had nothing whatever to do with making or unmaking any general in the country. [Laughter and applause.] The Secretary of War, you know, holds a pretty tight rein to the Press, so that they shall not tell more than they ought to; and I am afraid that if I blab too much, he might draw a tight rein on me.' [Roars of laughter and loud applause, during which the President retired within the car.]

"The train slowly moved off a moment afterward, in charge of Mr. Woodruff, who stood upon the front platform of the back car and called for 'three cheers for the President, of the United States.' The call was vigorously responded to, and the compliment was acknowledged by the President, by standing up and removing his hat. By this time the train was rapidly moving away, and the crowd dispersed."—[Boston Journal, June 26, 1862.

General McClellan's Address to His Soldiers.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF ARMY OF POTOMAC, }
Camp near Harrison's Landing, }
July 1, 1862. }

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—
Your achievements of the last ten days have illuminated the valor and endurance of the American soldier. Attacked by superior forces, and without the hope of reinforcements, you have succeeded in changing your

base of operations by a flank movement—always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients.

You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking in return guns and colors from the enemy.

Upon your march you have been assailed day after day with desperate fury by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of number, and necessity of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter.

Your conduct places you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, "I belonged to the army of the Potomac." You have reached the new base complete in organization and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you—we are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines; let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat.

Your government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people.

On this our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes who are Rebels against the best interest of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so-called Confederacy; that our national constitution shall prevail and that the Union, which can alone ensure internal peace and external security to each state, must and shall be preserved, cost what it may in time, treasure, and blood.

[Signed] GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

A Parody.

Jeff. Davis! Jeff. Davis! beware of the day
When McClellan shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of the Traitor are scattered in flight!
We rally and charge for our Union and laws,
Woe! woe to the dastard who would injure our cause!
Proud Beauregard comes with a toss of disdain
'Gainst our hosts of brave Yankees o'er valley and plain.

But hark! thro' the fast flashing lightnings of war,
What steed is this, flying so frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O base Traitor! whose hordes shall await
In vain for thy coming—unheeding thy fate!
Weep, miscreants, weep! for thy leader's laid low!
Ay, weep! but thy tears can not number thy foe.
Yet a merciful sword o'er thy country shall wave,
And thy people shall shout for Columbia the brave.
LOWELL, June, 1862. L.

Speech by Commodore Foote—Letter from Commodore Gregory.

A glorious and enthusiastic meeting to promote the raising of troops was held at the Music hall in New Haven, on Tuesday evening. Commodore Foote, who presided on the occasion, came hobbling into the hall on his crutches, and for several minutes a scene of the wildest applause followed, almost the whole audience rising and greeting him with tremendous and long-continued cheers. The *Palladium* gives the following sketch of his remarks, in which he introduced a spirited letter from Commodore Gregory:—

"Commodore Foote addressed the audience, complimenting the ladies who were present, hoping that every true woman would throw her influence in favor of the country, for he had found

that the influence of the ladies was all potent. He thanked the people for the honor they had conferred upon him, but in attempting to speak to them he found himself outside his vocation.

"His business had always been action, action, ACTION! and not speaking. [Great applause.] He spoke highly of the brave men who are fighting our battles, and paid a high compliment to the governors of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Indiana for the energetic part they had taken in this war. [Cheers.]

"He did not know but some expected him to make some statement of his agency in the affairs on the waters of the West, but he nor his audience had not come together for any such purpose, but rather to confer on what can be done to assist in raising troops to defend the national banner, from which he hoped not a single star would ever be obliterated. [Applause.] He paid a deserved tribute to Secretary Welles, under whose able administration of the Navy department we have seen our naval power so wonderfully developed. He now feared no foreign intervention. [Tremendous applause.] Our distinguished Commodore Gregory is now superintending the construction of such a number of *Monitors* as will give the English and French a suggestive admonition if they dare to meddle in our domestic affairs. [Great cheering.]

"Above all he trusted in God and believed that HE would deliver the nation from this trial. He then read the following note from Commodore Gregory, who was expected to have been present, but was suddenly ordered away on duty:—

JULY 8, 1862.

Excuse me to my patriotic friends, as I am obliged to go. Tell them that I am just now making up some pills (*Monitors*), especially intended as a preventive, or cure, for one of John Bull's (cheers) chronic diseases—hostility to Republican institutions. The "old gentleman" may find them too big to swallow, and too hard to bite. His cure will be certain if he ever takes them. I shall sustain the government, right or wrong, in crushing this Rebellion. My keel was laid on Union blocks, and my course will be true to the Union always. GREGORY.

"Commodore Foote then paid a high compliment to Generals McClellan and Halleck, for generalship."

"List of the Killed."

Mothers who sit in dumb terror and dread,
Holding that terrible list,
Fearing to look lest you see 'mid the dead
The name of the boy you have kissed—

Kissed e'en as those who in anguish and pain,
Kiss precious faces of clay,
E'en as you would had you shudderingly laid
That dear one in grave robes away—

I pity you, sitting with faces so white,
Striving to parry the blow;
I know how that name will torture the sight,
Can fathom the depth of your woe.

By the pang that rent my desolate heart,
By the crushing weight of despair,
I know how you too will shudder and start,
Reading that dear loved name there.

I know you'll hush that passionate cry,
Thinking of him as he lies,
With beautiful face upturned to the sky,
Death veiling the glorious eyes.

"Fighting he fell!" Does a feeling of pride
Lighten your griefs as you think
How brave was the boy that went from your
side,

How he would not falter or shrink?
The mother's love triumphs. Men call women
weak—

Ah, well, perhaps it is so!
I know there are tears e'en now on my cheek
For the boy that's lying so low.

I know that I start at each step on the stair,
With wistful glance turn toward the door,
Thinking, perchance, that my darling is
there—

Peace, heart; he can come nevermore!
But still there's a thought that softens my
woe—

Above there's a glorious list;
And one day I'll hear with rapturous glow
The name of the boy I have kissed.

The Success of the War.

How much has been achieved during the past year of war caused by this unholy and needless rebellion? Is this the darkest day of the Republic? What are the prospects for the future?

We have nineteen free and fifteen slave states. In no one of the former has the foot of a Rebel soldier pressed the soil, save either as a spy or as a prisoner. In four of the latter, viz: Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, no Rebel flag flies to-day, save that borne by guerilla parties, shunning the light of day and fleeing before regular forces. In Tennessee, also, that flag has substantially disappeared.

In each of the remaining ten of the thirty-four states we have not only our flag and a foothold, but an army, victorious almost everywhere. The spot of every great battle we have lost is now held by our forces. Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Springfield, Lexington, and the Shenandoah valley comprise the list of our great casualties. And the Union flag floats over them all to-day.

The Rebels have never captured a solitary city or town of ours. We have captured some fifty or sixty of theirs, of considerable size and note, and with a single exception now hold them all.

Since the bombardment of Fort Sumter the traitors have never bombarded and captured a single fort of ours. We have recaptured all, save five only, that treachery had temporarily granted them. There is nothing worthy the name of a city left uncaptured by our forces, save four only: Richmond, Charleston, Mobile, and Savannah.

On the water our success is more universal even than on land. On every navigable stream throughout the entire Confederacy there is nothing left afloat that openly bears the Rebel flag. Even the "Father of Waters" has this last week

been thoroughly cleared for commerce and navigation.

On the ocean, also, there is nothing left with any pretense of power for harm, except the *Sumter* only, barricaded across the Atlantic by the *Tuscarora* and other steamers.

The result, then, is only a question of a few weeks, or, perhaps, even a few days. Any man of intelligence, looking at this subject in its broad aspect, must see that our final victory is sure and close at hand.

Nothing can be more indicative of the unnoticed general belief in our final triumph than the great progress of confidence in the government evinced by the position of our public securities. A year and a half ago we had just been borrowing money at twelve per cent., and found it difficult to obtain enough at that rate to pay the interest on the public debt. Our six per cent. securities fell as low as eighty-two per cent. They have advanced nineteen per cent. in time of war. The world may be challenged to show its parallel. So much for relying on the people.

The Delusions of One Year Ago.

As a specimen of the absurd calculations upon which the Secessionists one year ago initiated the present deplorable war, we republish the following article from the *Mobile Evening News* of that period, copied from that paper into the *Columbia (S. C.) Guardian*. No comment is necessary:—

"There are now, as nearly as can be estimated, upward of one hundred thousand organized and armed men in the seven Confederate States, under orders or anxiously awaiting them to spring to the post of danger at the word of Jefferson Davis. Within eight or ten days' time at the furthest he can concentrate sixty thousand of these men,—the best soldiers in the world,—at any point on the northern border, and hurl this splendid army like an avalanche upon the foe. If the battle-ground be in Virginia or Maryland, as it probably will, the grand army of the Confederacy will be doubled or trebled by the rallying hosts of those states. We have reason to believe that hundreds of companies are now on the move, or will be within twenty-four hours, all bound somewhere. Such is our immediate war-power.

"Should we move on Washington, does the enemy expect to hold it against us? To hold it against an army of a hundred thousand men and a hostile local population? Large as the telegraphic reports from the hand of the enemy read, it will be at least a month before Lincoln can muster into service, and concentrate into an army, a hundred thousand men. We are ready; he is not. Our people, naturally so inclined, have

been making soldiers of themselves for months. His people have been doing nothing of the sort, and are not naturally so inclined. Our ordinances of secession were really the notes of our war-like preparation. Their first note of preparation was the cannonade of Charleston. We have had three months the start of them, and are ready—they are not.

Months ago the minds of our people had settled resolutely to meet an issue. Now the people of the North are in all the wild panic and confusion of war's first alarms. We confront them, a cool, collected foe, that will never give them time to recover from their surprise. We are ready for action—they are getting ready to prepare to act. They may raise plenty of men—men who prefer enlisting to starvation, scurvy; fellows from the back slums of cities, whom Falstaff would not have marched through Coventry with: but these recruits are not soldiers, least of all the soldiers to meet the hot-blooded, thoroughbred, impetuous men of the South. Trencher soldiers, who enlisted to make war on their rations, not on men, they are fellows who do not know the breech of a musket from its muzzle, and had rather fitch a handkerchief than fight an enemy in manly, open combat. These are the levied forces whom Lincoln suddenly arrays as candidates for the honor of being slaughtered by gentlemen, such as Mobile sent to battle yesterday. Let them come South, and we will put our Negroes to the dirty work of killing them. But they will not come South. Not a wretch of them will live on this side of the border longer than it will take us to reach the ground and drive them over.

Mobile is sending forth to wage this war of independence the noblest and bravest of her sons. It is expensive, extravagant, to put such material against the rif-ruff of mercenaries whom the abolition power has called out to war upon us. We could almost hope that a better class of men would fall into the Northern ranks, that our gentlemen might find foemen worthy of their steel, whom it would be more difficult to conquer, and whose conquering would be more honorable. For the present, however, we need not expect to find any foe worth fighting, with the exception of a few regiments, for the North is just getting ready, and will likely be whipped before it is ready."

From the Southern Papers.

The Knoxville *Register* says that two vessels arrived at a Confederate port on Saturday, the 31st ult., with 7500 stand of arms on board, and one more on the following day with arms and ammunition in large quantities. The Nashville acted as their convoy, and is now, with a fourth vessel, hovering on the coast, waiting opportunity to run the blockade.

The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 6th instant has discovered that the only hope of the Confederacy is to get the North to understand that it is an impos-

sibility for them to conquer the South; and that, even were it otherwise, the accomplishment would not be a desirable one; but it confesses that this hope is a baseless one unless the foreign powers recognize the Confederacy; and the foreign powers have more "gumption" than to compromise themselves by such a foolish proceeding.

The Richmond *Enquirer* is very wroth because of the conduct of some of the Northern generals. It dishes them up in this fashion:

"Hunter, in South Carolina, issued his proclamation, designed to plunge three states in the horrors of servile war. He devoted women and children to savage slaughter. Butler, in New Orleans, eclipsed his compeer by an infamy unexampled before. Roman heroes were accorded titles to designate their choicest achievement. Butler has won his. To history he will go down as Butler, the beast.

"Wool has now made his vow and put in his claim. He has thrown a large army into the undefended city of Norfolk. The transcendent hero has now put in his bid for infamy. He refuses to allow the citizens of Norfolk to obtain food from their own people. He refuses to allow any thing to be imported from his own side of the line. He tells them that unless they take the oath of allegiance, they shall have nothing to eat beyond their present scanty stores. To every cry of distress, to every appeal for the observance of the ordinary humanities, to every demand for the usages of civilized war, this old man, with one foot in the grave and the other on the brink, has but one answer: 'Take the oath of allegiance or starve!'"

The above partienars are recommended to the Secession soldiery as incentives to strike especially hard, so that the oppressed may be delivered.

The Petersburg *Express* pokes fun at the North because of the recent uprising of the people in response to the alarm of the Secretary of War, which it calls an "eructative paroxysm" of very little account, for the South, it says, "has looked upon it not only without alarm, but with serene emotions."

The following from the Atlanta *Intelligencer* forcibly reminds us of the fable of the fox and the grapes:—

"As for all Europe, especially England and France, we care not how long they remain dupes to Yankee duplicity and Yankee lies."

It will delight such of the friends of Jeff. Davis as we have here in the North to know that the stock, furniture, provisions, cattle (human and otherwise), owned by him at his farm near Vicksburg, have been saved. The Vicksburg *Citizen* of the 8th inst. says:—

"Circumstances needless to mention brought to our wharf yesterday a lot of stock, furniture, provisions, and contrabands. When the latter were asked where they came from, they replied, with an air of self-importance, 'I belongs to Jeff. Davis.'

"As the Federal gun-boats will pass close by Jeff. Davis' farm, it is expected

that they will not show much mercy to any thing found in that neighborhood. We are happy to state that Uncle Jeff.'s household goods are all in a safe place."

"Massachusetts to the Rescue."

Drafting in Massachusetts!
Ne'er let such words be heard,
That a son of Massachusetts
Was e'er asked to wield a sword
In defense of Freedom's rights
And our Union's sacred name!
Never would Massachusetts' sons
Consent to such a shame!

"Massachusetts to the rescue!"
And every heart will thrill
With eager, earnest effort,
And the indomitable will
Of every Massachusetts man
Will urge him to leave all
That makes home sacred and life dear
To answer such a call!

"Massachusetts to the rescue!"
Let such a cry be heard,
And men will come in countless throngs
By noblest impulse stirr'd—
From counting-room and work-shop,
From factory and from field,
Determined that for Liberty
All else in life they'll yield.

"Massachusetts to the rescue!"
Nor shall woman's voice be still,
For mothers, daughters, sisters, wives,
With earnest heart and will,
Shall bid the loved ones all, God-speed
With faith and courage strong,
Nor falter in their purpose,
For right shall vanquish wrong.

"New England to the rescue!"
And such myriads shall come forth
To crowd our camps and fill our ranks
As shall startle all the earth!
Then, "to the rescue, Massachusetts!"
Men of New England, come!
Strike for the Union one strong blow,
And seal Secession's doom!
LOWELL, July 14. K. F. L.
— [Lowell Courier.

Andy Johnson and the Armed Exiles from East Tennessee.

The Hon. Andrew Johnson, of East Tennessee, said in his speech, at Columbus last week, referring to a visit to Camp Dick Robinson:

"The other day, when I stood in the presence of two thousand Tennesseans, exiled like myself from their homes of comfort and the families of their love, I found that my manhood and sternness of mind were all nothing, and that I was only a child. There they were, my friends and fellow-citizens of my beloved state, gathered upon the friendly soil of Kentucky, from the tender stripling of sixteen to the gray-haired fathers of sixty, all mourning the evil that has befallen our land and our homes, but all seeking for arms wherewith to go back and drive the invaders from our fields and hearthstones. I essayed to speak to them words of counsel and encouragement, but speech was denied me. I stood before them as one who is dumb. If it be true that out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, it is also true that the heart may be too full for the utterance of speech. And such were ours—two thousand of us exiled Tennesseans, and all silent! Silent as a city of the dead! But there was no torpor there. There were the bounding heart and

throbbing brain; there were the burning cheek and the blazing eye, all more eloquent than ever were the utterances of human speech. Each of that throng of exiles, who had wandered among the mountains and hid in their caverns, who had slept in the forest and squeezed themselves, one by one, through the pickets of the invader, each was now offering comfort and pledging fidelity to the other. Youth and age were banding together in a holy alliance that will never yield till our country and our flag, our government and our institutions, are bathed in the sunlight of peace, and consecrated by the baptism of patriotic blood.

“There were their homes, and there, too, is mine — right over there. And yet we were homeless, exiled! And why? Was it for crime? Had we violated any law? Had we offended the majesty of our government, or done wrong to any human being? Nay, none of these. Our fault, and our only fault, was loving our country too well to permit its betrayal. And for that the remorseless agents of that ‘sum of all villainies,’ Secession, drove us from our families and firesides, and made us exiles and wanderers. But the time shall soon come when we wanderers *will go home!* Depend upon it, my friends, this monstrous iniquity can not long subsist. Some bolt of Heaven’s righteous vengeance, ‘red with uncommon wrath,’ will blast the traitors in their high estate. But whatever they may do — though they may ravage our state and make desolate our homes, though they convert the caves of our mountains into sepulchres and turn our valleys and plains into graveyards, there is still one thing they *can not do* — they never can, while God reigns, *make East Tennessee a land of slaves!*”

Our Country’s Call.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the ax; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman’s crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-streak blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand covert — see!
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors’ back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your wood-craft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the ax must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
In grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defense;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye whose homes are by her grand,
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land,
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long, murmuring margin of sand,
Come, like that deep, when o’er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barques that swim
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell,
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.
— [New York Ledger.]

The Response.

“WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRA’AM.”

We are coming, Father Abra’am, three hun-
dred thousand more,
From Mississippi’s winding stream and from
New England’s shore;
We leave our plows and work-shops, our
wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a
silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly
before —
We are coming, Father Abra’am — three hun-
dred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the
northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision
may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the
cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory
and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and
bands brave music pour —
We are coming, Father Abra’am — three hun-
dred thousand more!

If you look up all our valleys, where the
growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer-boys fast
forming into line;
And children from their mothers’ knees are
pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against
their country’s needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at
every cottage door —
We are coming, Father Abra’am — three hun-
dred thousand more!

You have called us, and we’re coming by
Richmond’s bloody tide
To lay us down for Freedom’s sake, our
brothers’ bones beside;
Or from foul Treason’s savage grasp to
wrench the murderous blade
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments
to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true
have gone before —
We are coming, Father Abra’am — three hun-
dred thousand more!

The Draft.

We’ve stirring times in every place
Since drafting is the go;
Such sudden changes on each face
Our town did never show.

Some men with whiskers black as ink
Have walked our streets each day;
Good Lord! what will the ladies think?
They turned so soon to gray!

Before, we thought them all so young,
So hearty, and so quick;
But now their nerves are quite unstrung,
They’re old, infirm, and sick!

The youngsters, too, throughout the place,
All trying to be men,
Have scraped the hair from off their face —
Are now small boys again.

The doctors, too, have many calls
They never had before,
To certify that bumps or falls
May lame their patients more.

Some claim their backs are very weak;
Some claim rheumatic pain,
And half-declaring when they speak
They’ll ne’er be well again.

Such a crippled, sickly set of men
Was never seen alive;
And all are under eighteen years,
Or over forty-five.

And then to see the daily rush
To Canada’s barren shore,
The whites are letting Nature gush
As the darkeys did of yore.

There let them mix and have a time —
The cowards and the blacks —
And let us pray, through coming time,
That neither will come back.

Correspondence of the Traveller.

CAMP OF MASSACHUSETTS FIRST,
HARRISON’S LANDING, July 28.

Since my last, supplies in the greatest abundance have been forwarded to this point, and are rapidly being appropriated for the food, clothing, and equipment of the various corps. In a few weeks the army will be as well provided with every thing needful to carry on war, offensive or defensive, as when the peninsular campaign began.

It looks now as though the Rebels were going to blockade James river. Large numbers of them have gone down on either side below McClellan’s position, and reports constantly reach camp of boats being fired into by light artillery, and of batteries armed with heavy guns being hastened forward to completion.

At the same time, however, the river is filled with our gun-boats, and any battery which attempts to establish a blockade will be resisted in the most energetic manner.

Generals Halleck and Burnside have been here on a visit to McClellan, staying one night. It portends something, but exactly what I should not be permitted to divulge if I knew, and am frank to confess I do not know. That something is to be done is very evident.

Troops have been reviewed, batteries supplied with horses, men, and material, and drills kept up every day. And it is high time something was done. Never before have the Rebels displayed so much energy and activity. They fully appreciate the fact that now is their time to strike, or their cause is ruined forever.

And those at the North who are hanging back from the recruiting office, or using only tongue and purse when they ought to be handling sword and gun, had better believe this fact and act accordingly, or Washington will soon become the marble quarry Jefferson Davis has threatened to make it, Baltimore in the possession of, and Philadelphia threatened by, a Seceß army one hundred thousand strong.

Some may smile at this, and some would, until their smile changed to a shriek of terror or a sob of sorrow. Well, it may be God’s will that the North should smile and sleep until by bitter suffering it has expiated its criminal complicity with the perjured, treacherous slaveholders, whose accursed ambition originated this cruel war, until northern men and southern men who think, and feel, and believe in a just God arise in the might of a common impulse, and declare that in all parts of the Union, now and forever, *the slave shall be free!* To this end matters are hastening, at any rate, and we shall see how it will terminate.

In the large field just above Harrison’s Landing we have had some grand reviews, — among others one of Heintzelman’s corps, comprising Hooker’s and Kearney’s divisions. There were some twelve thousand men in line, well dressed, well drilled, with

glittering weapons, veterans in march and bearing, presenting quite a formidable appearance. Be it remembered by the country that Hooker and Kearney, though in the thickest of many a desperate fight, have never yet been beaten.

Other men who have been beaten have been promoted through the pressure of political influences. Now if politicians do not wish to prolong this bloody war and drive their best officers from the field, they had better confine themselves to their legitimate business and let military matters alone.

It is so easy for them and thousands of other men sitting in their easy chairs at home to take Richmond, on paper, steam up the James river with a rush, and scatter Jeff. Davis's army to the four winds of heaven. Put such men in the track of a 64 pound shell, or within aim of a Rebel sharp-shooter from the top of a tall tree, and their fine-spun theories would speedily precipitate themselves into something like common sense. Richmond is not to be taken in Yankee arm-chairs, or over iced sherry-cobblers.

It is with sorrow we record the death of another of our men, Edwin A. Derby, of Co. F, who died of typhoid fever and was buried in this camp on the 22d inst. He was a good soldier, a quiet unassuming man, twenty-eight years of age, and leaves parents and sisters to mourn his departure. He was buried in camp with military honors, and his grave has been carefully marked.

One of our own men named David L. Messer, who was shot through both legs at Williamsburg, has just returned to his company, notwithstanding his furlough extended into August, and he could have staid at home without blame till it was out. His heart was in his work, and although still feeble, he is back in the regiment, and out to-day with them on picket two miles from camp.

Let the hale and hearty skulkers at the North, who shamelessly strut about the streets in blue and brass while their brethren in the field are bearing the heat and burden of the day, take this to heart. Such men as they ought to lose their commissions, and such men as Messer ought to have them.

We have just been lucky enough to get hold of a sutler again, a man who in every regiment is very much needed. James L. Jones, of Chelsea, is acting in this capacity, and thus far has given great satisfaction by his moderate prices and straightforward, bonesty of dealing with the men.

It ought also to be stated that, unlike many men who come to the war, he is not ashamed out here of the Christianity which he professed at home. Not an article can the well soldiers have from his stores on Sunday, and when a man is sick, if he is without money, Mr. J. is ready to prove himself an imitator of the good Samaritan.

Hon. Frank B. Fay, mayor of Chelsea, returns this morning to Chelsea, having stopped with the regiment for nearly a fortnight, dispensing to the sick various delicacies provided by the generosity of his townspeople. He carries with him the confidence and affection of all our men. Accompanying him is a young lady of Chelsea, who has been assiduous in her attention to sick and wounded soldiers connected with various regiments during the past six months, and who has brought comfort and content to many a marred and suffering patriot by her gentle and soothing ministrations. W. H. C.

BATTLE OF BATON ROUGE.

Destruction of the Ram "Arkansas."

BRIG.-GEN. THOS. WILLIAMS KILLED.

We are in receipt of New Orleans and Baton Rouge papers, the former to the 10th and the latter to the 7th inst., from which we take the following interesting accounts of the battle fought at Baton

Rouge between our force under Gen. Thomas Williams and the Rebels commanded by Gen. John C. Breckinridge, on Tuesday, the 5th of the current month, and also an incidental description of the fight between the Union ram *Essex* and the Rebel ram *Arkansas* which resulted in the destruction of the latter, after "a fair, stand-up, knock-down, scratch-gravel encounter," as it is described below.

Death of General Williams—Official Announcement.

The following is a copy of General Butler's general order, announcing the death of General Williams to the Department of the Gulf:—

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 7, 1862.

The Commanding General announces to the army of the Gulf the sad event of the death of Brig.-gen. Thomas Williams, commanding Second brigade, in camp at Baton Rouge.

The victorious achievement—the repulse of the division of Major-general Breckinridge by the troops led by General Williams, and the destruction of the mail-clad *Arkansas*, by Captain Porter of the Navy—is made sorrowful by the fall of our brave, gallant, and successful fellow-soldier.

General Williams graduated from West Point in 1837; at once joined the Fourth artillery in Florida, where he served with distinction; was thrice breveted for gallant and meritorious services in Mexico, as a member of General Scott's staff. His life was that of a soldier devoted to his country's services. His country mourns in sympathy with his wife and children, now that country's care and precious charge.

We, his companions in arms, who had learned to love him, weep the true friend, the gallant gentleman, the brave soldier, the accomplished officer, the pure patriot, the victorious hero, and the devoted Christian.

All and more went out when Williams died. By a singular felicity the manner of his death illustrated each of these generous qualities.

The chivalric American gentleman, he gave up the vantage of the cover of the houses of the city—forming his lines in the open field—lest the women and children of his enemies should be hurt in the fight.

A good General, he had made his dispositions and prepared for battle at the break of day, when he met his foe!

A brave soldier, he received the death-shot leading his men!

A patriot hero, he was fighting the battle of his country, and died as went up the cheer of victory!

A Christian, he sleeps in the hope of the blessed Redeemer!

His virtues we can not exceed—his example we may emulate—and mourning his death, we pray, "May our last end be like his!"

The customary tribute of mourning will be worn by the officers in the department.

By command of
MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER, Commanding.

The Late Colonel Roberts of the Vermont Seventh.

We find in the *Delta* of the 10th the following tribute to the late Colonel Roberts of the Vermont Seventh regiment, who fell at Baton Rouge:—

"The Vermont Seventh regiment of 'Green Mountain Boys,' which had just returned from severe service near Vicksburg, participated in the battle at Baton Rouge. It is sufficient evidence that they were at their post, discharging faithfully the trust reposed in them, that their gallant colonel, George Roberts, fell mortally wounded in the thickest of the fight. He was a good officer, a true patriot, and an honorable, high-minded man. He first went into

the service as lieutenant in Co. A of the First regiment (three months' men), Vermont Volunteers. When the Seventh regiment was called for he was tendered the colonelcy, and in every particular has proved the selection a good one; and, though dying in a glorious cause, his loss will be severely felt both by his regiment and his many friends in his native state, where he was so well and favorably known. His remains were brought to this city (New Orleans) on Friday, whence they will be sent home, there to sleep the honored sleep of those who die fighting for the maintenance of government and law against treason and traitors."

Funeral of General Williams.

The funeral of this gallant and lamented soldier took place at New Orleans on the 8th instant. We quote from the *Delta*:—

"The body was embalmed and placed in an iron coffin, hermetically sealed. This again was inclosed in a rich rose-wood case, covered with the American flag. The remains lay in state in the mayor's parlor at the City hall, and were visited by the military and numerous citizens. A little before 10 o'clock Major-general Butler and staff, mounted on horseback, assembled before the City hall. Among the staff we noticed Capt. R. S. Davis, Provost-marshal French, Maj. Joseph M. Bell, Provost-judge Colonel Shaeffer, and Colonel Turner, Capt. Geo. A. Kense, Capt. John Clark, Commissary of Subsistence, Lieutenant Weigel, Lieut. A. F. Puffer, Colonel Thomas, and Lieutenant-colonel Brown of the 8th Vermont, and Lieutenant-colonel Whelden and Major Bache of the Thirty-first Massachusetts regiment. The navy was most fully represented. Captain Morris, Captain Palmer, and Captain Crosby, with some twenty other of the heroes of Forts Jackson and St. Philip and Vicksburg; Lieutenant Buchanan of the *New London*, and a delegation of marine officers, attended in full uniform.

"A little after 10 o'clock the body was borne from the City hall. The procession was led by the magnificent brass band of the Thirteenth Connecticut regiment, playing an appropriate air; next came the Thirteenth Connecticut regiment, Colonel Birge, consisting of ten companies well filled up, with colors draped in mourning and arms reversed. Afterward came the Massachusetts cavalry, Lieutenant Perkins commanding, and next Thompson's full battery, with the cannoniers on horseback. Immediately after was the coffin, borne on an artillery caisson, wrapped in the American flag, and attended by six orderlies sitting by the side of the remains.

"Following the caisson came the magnificent iron-gray charger of the deceased general, attended by his colored groom and led by an orderly.

"Next were some thirty carriages containing prominent citizens—then, officers of the navy, and lastly, members of the general staff and Major-

general Butler, as chief mourners. The general and staff officers wore badges of mourning and carried their arms reversed.

"An immense crowd of citizens assembled in front of the City hall, and all along the line of the procession the galleries were lined with numerous spectators.

"Arrived in front of Christ church, the procession halted, and the body was borne in front of the altar, where the ministering chaplain read the solemn services for the dead.

"The ceremonies being concluded, the procession again took up the line of march, and the remains were conducted to the Steamer *North Star*, for the purpose of being borne to the home of the deceased general, in the far-off North." — [Boston Journal, Aug. 19, 1862.

Captain Kelty of the Thirtieth.

Our correspondent "Burnie," who was for several weeks with this brave officer during the winter, writes to us that —

"He was beloved and honored by all with whom he came in contact. With those immediately under his command his popularity amounted to enthusiasm; by his superiors in rank he was held in high esteem and assigned posts of honor. Young, daring, singularly agile and athletic, patriotic and brave, he possessed all the qualities requisite for a good soldier, and secured in an unusual degree admiration and esteem. While with him for several weeks on board the transport *Constitution*, I learned to love and respect him, and often did Colonel Shepley (now military governor of Louisiana, and then commanding the troops on that splendid ship), and Colonel French express to me in terms of the highest praise, their approval of and esteem for Captain Kelty, and I know that they considered him one of the best officers on board. He leaves a young wife and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. Well do I remember how, in those pleasant Southern evenings, he would converse of home and kindred themes, how he talked lovingly and with emotion of the dear ones left behind. I can not say less, and could write much more of him whom we mourn, while at the same time we rejoice in that glorious victory in which he lost his life."

The Battle of Cedar Mountain — Interesting Particulars.

The New York Evening *Post* publishes the following extracts of a private letter from a member of the Second Massachusetts regiment (General Gorman's brigade), giving interesting details of the battle at Cedar Mountain:—

NEAR CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE, }
Aug. 12, 1862.

We have had a hard time. We marched from Little Washington, the 7th inst.; on the 9th we left Culpepper, and after a march of four or five miles, Banks' corps was formed in line of battle, Gordon's brigade on the extreme right. The fight hadn't fairly begun

until 4 o'clock, though there was some artillery firing all day.

The infantry went forward on our left and center first. We were posted on an eminence, and had a good view of every thing. I do not know how the troops on the left behaved. Crawford's brigade, in our division, stationed in the center, fought like tigers, and were dreadfully used up. They advanced through a wood, emerged from it, and crossed an immense field under a very heavy fire from forces far superior in numbers. After they were cut to pieces our brigade was ordered up. We went through the same wood, but more to the right, and came into the same broad field. The first thing I noticed on coming out of the wood was the immense number of bodies lying about the field, and then I saw a long line of Rebel battalions, drawn up opposite, almost concealed by the fire from their pieces. The Second Massachusetts, the Third Wisconsin, and the Twenty-seventh Indiana were placed in the edge of the wood, behind a snake fence. I couldn't see what went on in other regiments. Our men were ordered to lie down until the enemy came nearer; almost all the officers kept on their feet, though.

After a while the Rebels got us under a cross-fire, and our brigade had to retreat. The Rebels advanced so close to the Second Massachusetts, before the latter gave way, that it was easy to distinguish all their features. We lost most at this time, but also inflicted a heavy loss on the regiments opposed to us. Four hundred and seventy-four enlisted men were taken into action in the Second. Of these, one hundred and twenty were killed and wounded, and thirty-seven missing. We were not under fire more than thirty minutes. Twenty-two officers went in, and eight came out—five were killed, five wounded, and four captured, three of whom are thought to be wounded. It is supposed that Captain Russell staid to take care of Major Savage, who was wounded and taken prisoner.

All our officers behaved nobly. Those who ought to have staid away wouldn't. Goodwin, Cary, Choate, and Stephen Perkins were all quite ill, but would not stay away from the fight. Goodwin could not keep up with the regiment, but I saw him toiling up the hill some distance behind, with the assistance of his servant. He had hardly reached the front when he was killed. It was splendid to see those sick fellows walk right up into that shower of bullets, as if it was so much rain.

Yesterday I went over the battle field with the General. The first man I recognized was Cary. He was lying on his back, with his head on a piece of wood. He looked calm and peaceful, as if he were merely asleep. His face was beautiful, and I could have stood and looked at it a long while. Next we found Captain Williams, then Goodwin, Abbott, and Perkins. They had probably been killed almost instantly, while Cary lived until 2 P. M. of the day after the fight. His first sergeant was shot in the leg, and lay by him all the time. He says he was very quiet, spoke little, and did not seem to suffer. We found a dipper of water, which some Rebel soldier had brought. They took every thing from him after he died, but returned a ring and locket with his wife's miniature to the sergeant.

All these five were superior men. Every one in the regiment was their friend. It was a sad day to us when they were brought in dead, and they can not be replaced. It is hard to believe that we shall never see them again, after having been continually together for more than a year. I do not remember a single quarrel of any importance among our officers during that time. Gordon's brigade was kept together, and remained in position all night and the next day. Troops have been coming in pretty fast since the fight, and we have a strong position. There is a growing confidence in Pope.

The following extract from a letter from a member of the Massachusetts Twelfth regiment, we find in the New York *Times* of Saturday:—

"At sundown we started, and it was a busy scene along the road—ambulances driving back wounded, and crowds with bandaged arms, faces, and

legs, and, I am sorry to say, a good many that had left the field without a scratch.

"Finally the order came for us to advance, and throwing our knapsacks into a corn field, about a mile from the battle field, and thus lightened of our loads, and at the double-quick, we had hardly time to breathe before the shells began to buzz around us. I could not but laugh to see our fellows dodge and fall down when they heard the balls and shells whiz over our heads—though, at the same time I felt as nervous as any of them. By the time we got here it was dark, except what light the moon gave us, and we were immediately ordered to support a battery, and the first thing we knew we received a volley from the enemy's rifles, and a battery opened on us within a distance of two hundred yards, before we were aware of its existence.

"They threw their shells over us into a piece of woods to the right, thinking we had taken shelter in them. We fell flat, and their balls passed over us, with the exception of spent grape, which fell thick among us. We had one captain (Shurtleff, Co. D.) killed, and three or four wounded, none mortally. Immediately two of our batteries opened on the Rebels, and, we have good reason to believe, made great havoc among them. The fight was kept up till near 12 o'clock, when the enemy retired, and we laid down on our arms till morning. We are still in position, not knowing when the ball will open again. During Saturday Sigel came in with twenty-five or thirty thousand men, and it is said that Burnside is near us on the left; so we have a pretty good crowd now, but at the battle the Rebels had five to one.

"There was a cessation of hostilities to-day, to bury the dead. We use a large private house for a hospital, and it is a sickening sight to see our poor soldiers waiting for their turn to have a leg or an arm less. An officer was brought in to-day who had lain on the field since Saturday, with three balls through his body."

Funeral of Capt. E. G. Abbott.

The funeral services over the body of Capt. E. G. Abbott, another of the patriot dead who gloriously fell at Cedar Mountain, took place yesterday. Captain Abbott was no ordinary man. Cut off at the early age of twenty-one, he had yet lived long enough to foreshadow a brilliant future. In his early school life at Lowell, in his subsequent career at Harvard, and later while pursuing the study of law, he everywhere, and at all times, manifested a simplicity and openness of heart, a high sense of honor, a kindness and gentleness of disposition, and withal a generous ambition to excel, that won him hosts of friends and marked him one of Nature's noblemen. Mental, moral, and physical qualities were well and harmoniously developed in him. Springing with alac-

rity at his country's call, he raised a company and marched with eager heart to the conflict, alas! to be cut down in the bloom of youth, a sacrifice on the altar of Liberty.

His name is inscribed among the heroic martyrs of the war, and his memory will long be cherished in the hearts of his sorrowing countrymen.

The body arrived at 6:30 o'clock yesterday morning, in care of Philo Shelton, Jr. Captain Abbott was killed at the head of his company, while bravely leading them into the fight, by a ball which struck him in the neck, causing instantaneous death. The body remained on the field that night and the following day, during the rain-storm which followed the battle, and a part of the following day under a broiling sun, and was therefore not in a proper condition to be seen. The funeral services took place at 1:15 o'clock at the church of Rev. Dr. Huntington, Newbury street. The epaulets of the gallant soldier were placed upon the burial casket, which was covered with myrtle wreaths, and a profusion of flowers. The lid of the casket bore the following inscription on a silver plate:—

CAPT. EDWARD G. ABBOTT,
Co. A, Second Regiment Mass. Vols.,
Aged 21 years.
Killed in battle at Cedar Mountain,
near Culpepper, Va.
Aug. 9, 1862.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

The pall-bearers were college classmates of the deceased as follows: Capt. C. R. Mudge, of the Second regiment; Lieut. H. J. Hayden, of the Third Artillery; W. E. Perkins, R. Willard, J. W. Hunnewell, E. C. Johnson, and Lieuts. J. H. Lombard, C. Storrow, C. Hunt, and H. D. Sullivan, of the Fourth battalion.

The exercises at the church consisted of the usual Episcopal burial service, conducted by Rev. Dr. Edson, of Lowell, and Rev. Charles Grafton, of Baltimore, with a few touching remarks on the virtues of the deceased by his old pastor, Dr. Edson.

A delegation of the City government of Lowell, consisting of Mayor Hosford, Aldermen Francis and Alger, Albert Mallard, Esq., and others, were present, having arrived by a special train from Lowell at 12 o'clock.

At the request of many friends, the parents of the deceased consented to have the remains buried at Lowell, where his company was raised, and where he passed his early years.

A special train took the funeral procession to Lowell, where a military escort of the four Lowell companies of the Sixth regiment, under command of Colonel Follansbee, was provided, and the remaining services were performed at the cemetery.

Captain Abbott's Monument.

The grave-lot containing the remains of the lamented Captain Abbott has been surrounded with elegant and massive granite edge-stones, and with gran-

ite posts forming at the top like cannon. In the center of the lot, upon a granite base, stands a superb monument of Italian marble.

On the face of the monument, under an oak wreath, is inscribed the following epitaph:—

Here lies the body of
EDWARD GARDNER ABBOTT,
Eldest son of J. G. and Caroline Abbott,
and First Captain in the
Second Regiment Mass. Volunteers.
He was born in Lowell, Sept. 29, A. D. 1840,
graduated at Harvard University, A. D. 1860,
and was killed at the battle
of Cedar Mountain, Va.,
at the head of his Company,
Aug. 9, A. D. 1862.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

On the right side of the monument, very appropriately, are engraved the names of those members of his company who fell in the same battle with the Captain. The inscription runs thus:

At the battle of Cedar Mountain, beside Captain Abbott, the following brave men and good soldiers of his company from Lowell fell with him.

First Sergt. E. B. WHITTEN,
Corp. JOSEPH RASSETT,
Private HENRY BRIGHT,
" L. H. DYAR,
" JAMES FLEMING,
" OSCAR SPAULDING,
" N. S. LIVINGSTON,
" NEWELL G. GILMAN.

On the left side of the monument is told the story of the lamented Captain's life:—

CAPTAIN ABBOTT,

at the breaking out of the Great Rebellion was studying law. He left his studies, raised a Company in his native City, of which he was chosen Captain, and in May, A. D. 1862 (1861) went into Camp at West Roxbury, the first Company of the Twenty-first regiment Massachusetts Volunteers for three years. He was among the very first officers sworn into the National service for three years in the United States. On the 8th of July following he left with his Regiment for Virginia, where he remained in active service till his death. On the 24th and 25th of May, A. D. 1862, the Twenty-fourth regiment formed the rear guard of General Banks' Corps on his retreat from the valley of Virginia. Captain Abbott was in command of the two rear companies and took part in the many engagements of those two days, making in good order sixty-two miles in thirty-two hours. At the battle of Cedar Mountain, more than half his Company were killed and wounded in less than an hour. He was a thorough soldier, and no officer was ever more beloved by his men; though he was strict in his discipline. Under him his Company attained to the highest degree of efficiency and discipline.

He was a good, dutiful, and loving Son and Brother. With the brightest future before him, he offered up his life for the good of his Country.

This monument, with the edgestones which surround it, adds new, tender, and patriotic interest to the Lowell Cemetery. Hither, in future years, will the scarred veterans of the present war often repair, to refresh themselves in contemplation on the scenes through which they are now passing. With many of them, it will be a proud boast, "I was in the battle in which Captain Abbott fell"; or, "I fought in the same war with him." God hasten the day when these scarred heroes may return to their homes in honor, bringing with them, when they come, victory, peace, and thanksgiving.

FUNERAL OF A SOLDIER. The funeral of Louis A. DeRibas, of Co. D, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, who died at the residence of his father in this city on Saturday last, from a wound received in the head at the battle of Newbern, took place yesterday afternoon. The body was borne from the home of the deceased in Common street, to the church of the Messiah, Florence street, where the service of the Episcopal church was read by Rev. E. M. P. Wells. The Germania band were in attendance and played a dirge as the funeral cortege moved up the aisle to the altar. Solemn music was also performed while the congregation, which was large, viewed the features of the deceased. The remains were deposited beneath St. Paul's church.

Funeral of Capt. Richard Cary.

The obsequies of the late Capt. Richard Cary, of the Second regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, who fell in the service of his country at the battle of Cedar Mountain, Va., took place at eleven o'clock this forenoon at Trinity church, Summer street.

The body, which was hermetically sealed in a metallic coffin, enclosed in a casket richly mounted in silver, was borne to the church from the residence of Mr. Quincy Shaw, No. 26 Mt. Vernon street. The casket was draped with the American flag, and bore a plate on which was inscribed the name and age of the deceased, with the date and place of his death. The customary token of affection, in the form of a floral wreath, was placed upon the casket.

At the entrance to the church a procession was formed, headed by the Rev. A. G. Mercer, who was followed by the corpse and the mourners. The pall-bearers were Surgeon-general Dale, Lieutenant-colonel Holmes, of the cadets, Major Stevenson, of the Twenty-fourth regiment, Captain Mudge and Lieutenant Sawyer, of the Second regiment.

The burial service of the Episcopal church was read, after which the minister made a brief address, in which he said that the treasure laid up for the deceased on earth was the gratitude of his country. The close of his life was noble, and the flag which enveloped the form of the martyred hero, consecrated by his blood and that of his companions, would hereafter be more sacred to those who knew and loved him. The minister supplicated the Divine mercy for the bereaved friends of the deceased, and invoked the blessing of God upon the country.

At the close of the service the funeral cortege was reformed, and moved to Mt. Auburn, where the remains were interred.

FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN GOODWIN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SECOND.—The funeral of the late Capt. Richard C. Goodwin, Co. K., took place yesterday at 12 o'clock from the residence of his father on Mt. Vernon street, and was

of a private character. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Bartol, and the remains were deposited at Mount Auburn.

Jamaica Plain—Funeral of Captain Williams, of the Second Massachusetts Regiment.

The funeral services of this brave and popular officer, who fell at the battle of Cedar Mountain, were observed in the Unitarian church at Jamaica Plain yesterday afternoon. The other churches were closed, out of respect to the deceased, and that all might by their presence manifest their sympathy with the large circle of friends who mourn the loss of a good man and brave soldier. The church was crowded in every part. The casket, draped with the American flag and covered with the most exquisite flowers, rested upon a table in front of the pulpit. Over the casket was placed Capt. Williams' sword, on which was a beautiful cross of white flowers, with the hilt just visible at the top. The pulpit was draped with the national flag. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Thompson, the pastor, and consisted of appropriate music by the quartette choir of the church and beautifully rendered voluntaries from the grand organ; prayer, reading the Scripture, and a discourse in which the character, life, and death of Captain Williams were dwelt upon, and appreciative consideration given to the cause, objects, and results of the war in which so many brave lives are sacrificed.

After the services the remains were borne to Forest Hills Cemetery, the staff officers of the Independent Cadets officiating as pall bearers.

LOWELL SOLDIERS IN THE HOSPITAL AT ALEXANDRIA.—We were shown a letter received by Mayor Hosford this morning, from Gardner Tufts, Esq., agent at that place for the relief of Massachusetts soldiers, in which mention is made of the Lowell soldiers. It was through the instrumentality of Mr. Tufts that the body of young Spaulding was returned to his friends. In his letter to the Mayor he says:—"Your city was largely represented at the battle of Cedar Mountain, and the number of citizens now in the hospitals in this vicinity suffering from wounds, shows their valor. They are all getting along as comfortably as can be expected, and my last visit to them led me to believe that there are no other cases that will terminate fatally."

MILITARY FUNERAL.—The remains of Q.-M.-sergt. Alfred A. Swallow, late of the First regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, were interred with military honors from the Bowdoin-square Baptist church yesterday afternoon. The religious services, which were performed by Rev. J. N. Murdock, were attended by a large number of relatives and friends, and by the National Guard, Captain Russ, of the Second regiment

Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, six sergeants of that regiment acting as pall-bearers. After the services were concluded, the body was escorted to Mount Auburn by the military with Flagg's Boston Brass band, and there deposited in its last resting-place. The deceased went out with the First regiment as a private in Co. F, and by his good conduct and attention to duty he was soon made a corporal, and not long afterward his fitness for the position he held at the time of his death caused him to receive the appointment.

Resolutions Adopted by Co. F, of Massachusetts First.

HEAD-QUARTERS CO. F, FIRST MASS. INFY. }
CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, }
JAMES RIVER, Aug. 14, 1862. }

WHEREAS, Our friends and fellow-soldiers Q.-M.-sergt. Alfred A. Swallow, formerly of Co. F, and Private Edwin A. Derby, of Co. F, First regiment Massachusetts infantry, died of typhoid fever at Harrison's Landing, James River, Virginia; therefore,

Resolved, That in the deaths of Q.-M.-sergt. Alfred A. Swallow and Private Edwin A. Derby, we have lost true and faithful friends, and the service brave and deserving soldiers.

Resolved, That in this hour of bereavement we tender to the relatives and friends of those deceased our sincere condolence and sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the friends of those deceased.

GEORGE E. HENRY,
First Lieutenant commanding, in behalf of the Company.

Funeral of Colonel Webster.

The funeral of Col. Fletcher Webster will take place to-day, the public services to be held at the church on Church Green, Summer street, at 11 o'clock, Rev. Dr. Chandler Robbins officiating. The galleries of the church will be open for the reception of ladies at 10 o'clock.

The remains were taken to Faneuil hall yesterday, where thousands of persons viewed them during the afternoon. The hall was appropriately decorated for the occasion, and the Brigade band performed suitable dirges. Further opportunity may be had for viewing them until 10 o'clock to-day.

The appearance of the corpse presented little change from that of life. It is deposited in a casket, the inscription upon which is as follows:—

COL. FLETCHER WEBSTER,
Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers,
Born in Portsmouth, N. H., 23d July, 1813.
Fell at the head of his regiment in
the battle of Bull Run, Va.,
30th Aug. 1862.

The order of the procession, as announced by the chief marshal, Leverett Saltonstall, Esq., may be found in an advertisement in another column.

Our Colonel.

FLETCHER WEBSTER.

To-day we follow him, for the last time, with hearts full of benedictions. When this evening's sun shall linger over the streams and fields of Marshfield, and the shadows creep eastward along the lawn and up to the study win-

dows he loved so much, the saddest march will be finished. No tramping of feet, no sound of command, no challenge of the frightened sentry, shall disturb him; but at peace with all the world, he shall lie beside the mighty dead, gathered home to the sepulchre of his fathers, to wait a louder trump than the old bugle-call of the Twelfth startling him from his slumbers. He was in every gesture and tone an officer, and we respect him; he was a soldier, and we praise him; but after all, and in it all, he was a friend, and we love him. How often, after the long march, when the camp-fires flickered in mockery of the stars, — and his praise at home was but a torch compared with the thrice-told tales amid these constellations of his goodness, — did the story of some new kindness end with the fond, familiar words, "Our Colonel"!

Who does not remember him in all the struggles of the new regiment, — whose shouts were the first to answer the defiance which shook the walls of Sumter, — in the graceful pride, as he led his thousand through the thronged streets, as Boston shouted her good-bye, — in the brief respites of war, when his kind, hearty word for all, and his good wishes, full and perennial as a spring, — his manly form, his clear, sweet voice, passed through our streets, and the merchant stood watching, and the mother held up her child to see him who was to all "Our Colonel"?

And he has come back to us, not as of old, to make all joyful, but to make us all, save himself, heavy of heart. Yesterday we saw him. The people thronged the streets, and went away to remember how calmly a brave man may die for his country. Where was the old flash of intelligence, the old recognition, speaking a welcome in every feature? Out from the canvas looked the father, as if to the silent country he would offer the sacrifice gladly. Why should not the workman and the old friend gaze sadly? When the world loses a true man, his memory belongs not to his friends, nor to his family, but to the nation. He was brave, and he fell. He was manly, and he shall not be forgotten. No one spoke unkindly of him. He had no enemy; but with a winning way, which drew our hearts to him, he became, as he shall always remain, *our* Colonel.

He had an understanding too wide to be lost in party jealousies — a heart too big to be filled with a single ambition. His country called him forth from his retirement — his friends thrust the sword into his hands, and he did not disappoint them. The constitution was his ever-present, overshadowing obligation, and his father's words his solemn admonition to offer even life itself. With a mind far too sensitive and delicate to be ambitious, with an education too generous to be dependent on his native country, with accomplishments too varied and fascinating to need seeking after new friendships, with an experience which had weighed the value of popularity in the scales of history,

Fletcher Webster sought nothing save his duty when he became — our colonel. If he found death, immortality shall follow after it. Few men ever sounded the depth of his genius, but many a heavy heart to-day will bear their eloquent testimony to that love which led him to be — our colonel.

Scenes among the Wounded in the Late Battles.

One mortally wounded soldier asks, "Doctor, what do you think of my case — is it dangerous?" With a feeling which brings tears to the eyes of men of the stoutest hearts, the doctor replies, both for the surgeon and the spiritual adviser, that there is little or no hope, and the soldier closes his eyes for a few moments in despair, then rising, he looks earnestly for a sympathizing friend, and earnestly makes the same inquiry.

Major Barnum of the Twelfth New York was mortally wounded, and while lying breathing his last, a friend asked him if he had any message, to which he replied: "Tell my wife that in my last thoughts were blended my wife, my boy, and my flag." He asked of the physician how the battle went, and when told that it was favorable to us he said, "God bless the old fla —," and expired with the prayer finishing inaudibly with his closing lips. A braver officer never urged his men to gallantry.

I met one soldier with a ball through his leg and bleeding to death surely and rapidly.

"Oh," said he, "what will Mrs. Ellis and Jennie do? Poor William is dead — how his mother and sister loved him! And he would not have enlisted if I had not. Oh, dear, Oh, dear!"

And beseeching me to take a message to them, he said: "Poor Mrs. Ellis; poor me, I have no mother and sister to weep for me; I might as well fight those wicked Rebels as not."

Another, shot through the lungs, clasped a locket to his breast and moved his lips till I put down my ear and listened for his last breath:

"You'll tell her, won't you?"

Tell who or where I could not ask, but the locket was the picture of one who might be wife, sweetheart or sister.

By the following order from the adjutant-general it will be seen that the regiment is ordered to leave for Washington a week from next Monday, which will give them little more than one week to make their preparations for leaving: —
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
BOSTON, Aug. 21, 1862. }

COLONEL FOLLANSBEE, Sixth Regt., M. V. M.:

Colonel, — I am directed by His Excellency, the Commander-in-chief, to inform you that the regiment which you command is ordered to leave camp at Lowell on Monday, the first day of September, for the city of Washington, there to report to the adjutant-general of the United States, or to such other officer as may be designated in subsequent orders. You will therefore make preparations as speedily as possible for your departure.

The Sixth regiment was the first to leave the soil of Massachusetts in April, 1861, to march to the defense of the Capital and to maintain the authority of the United States. It furnished the first martyrs for Constitutional liberty in this Rebellion. It went forth from us with the blessings of a free people; it came back to us honored and beloved with its laurel wreath and martyr's crown. It is the historic Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and it is the wish of His Excellency that it shall remain so, and therefore he accords to it the honor of again leading the column of the militia of the United States to the seat of war, to help finish the work of crushing this Rebellion which they began in Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861.

Respectfully yours,
WM. SCHOTLER, Adjt.-General.

Parson Brownlow's Daughter.

A gentleman just arrived in this city from Knoxville, Tenn., brings intelligence of affairs in that city. He informs us that 2500 Secession troops are stationed there for the express purpose of overawing the Union men.

The house of the celebrated, bold-hearted, and out-spoken Parson Brownlow is the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes are floating. A few days ago two armed Secessionists went, at 6 o'clock in the morning, to haul down the Stars and Stripes. Miss Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of twenty-three, saw them on the piazza, and stepped out and demanded their business. They replied they had come to "take down them d—n Stars and Stripes." She instantly drew a revolver from her side, and presenting it, said, "Go on! I am good for one of you, and I think for both!"

"By the looks of that girl's eye, she'll shoot," one remarked. "I think we had better not try it; we'll go back and get more men," said the other.

"Go and get more men," said the noble lady; "get more men and come and take it down, if you dare!"

They returned with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down. But on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, armed to the teeth, who would rather die as dearly as possible than see their country's flag dishonored, the Secessionists retired.

When our informant left Knoxville, the Stars and Stripes still floated to the breeze over Parson Brownlow's house. Long may they wave! — [Chicago Journal.

GENEROUS AND NOBLE. — A few nights ago one of the ladies of our city, a passenger on the *Metropolis*, while coming from New York with some sick and wounded prisoners, seeing that they were not cared for as her generous nature would dictate, and learning from them that the want of the inner man was the strongest, called the steward of the boat to her, and said: "Can these men have supper?" "No, marm, there has been no provision made of that kind by the government, and we can not provide these unless we provide all." "Can you get them supper if I will pay for it?" "Yes." "Very well, do so." The supper was accordingly got, with all the

delicacies on hand. No stint — but the best — for which the sum of \$150 was paid. No one was informed of the act — no herald or newspaper reporter was there to proclaim it. One of the recipients of her noble bounty is the author of the above. — [Fall River Press.

Missing.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

Not among the suffering wounded;
Not among the peaceful dead;
Not among the prisoners. "MISSING."
That was all the message said.

Yet his mother reads it over,
Until, through her painful tears,
Fades the dear name she has called him
For these two-and-twenty years.

Round her all is peace and plenty;
Bright and clean the yellow floor;
While the morning-glories cluster
All around the kitchen door.

Soberly the sleek old house-cat
Drowns in his patch of sun;
Neatly shines the oaken dresser;
All the morning work is done.

Through the window comes the fragrance
Of a sunny harvest morn,
Fragments — songs from distant reapers,
And the rustling of the corn;

And the rich breath of the garden —
Where the golden melons lie;
Where the blushing plums are turning
All their red cheeks to the sky.

Sitting there within the sunshine —
Leaning in her easy-chair,
With the soft lines on her forehead,
And the silver in her hair;

Blind to sunshine — dead to fragrance —
On that royal harvest morn;
Thinking, while her heart is weeping,
Of her noble-browed first-born.

How he left her in the spring-time,
With his young heart full of flame,
With his clear and ringing footstep,
With his lithe and supple frame.

How with tears his eyes were brimming,
As he kissed a last "Good-bye,"
Yet she heard him whistling gayly
As he went across the rye.

MISSING. Why should he be missing?
He would fight until he fell;
And if wounded, killed or prisoner,
Some one there would be to tell.

MISSING. Still a hope to cheer her!
Safe, triumphant, he may come,
With the victor-army shouting,
With the clamor of the drum!

So through all the days of autumn —
In the eve and in the morn,
She will hear his quickening footsteps
In the rustling of the corn.

Or she will hush the household,
While her heart goes leaping high,
Thinking that she hears him whistling
In the pathway through the rye.

Far away, through all the autumn,
In a lonely, lonely glade —
In the dreary desolation
That the battle storm has made.

With the rust upon his musket —
In the eve and in the morn —
In the rank gloom of the fern leaves
Lies her noble-browed first-born.

LA CROSSE, Wis.

Emancipation of the Slaves of Rebels.

By the President of the United States. A Proclamation:—

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-chief of the army and navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof, in which states that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose at the next meeting of congress to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave states, so-called, the people whereof may not then be in Rebellion against the United States, and which state may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits, and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent with their consent upon this continent, or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the government existing there, will be continued; that upon the 1st day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state, or any designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in Rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free, and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to oppress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the acts and sections above recited; and the executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States, who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the Rebellion, shall, upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective states and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed, be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President, WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

A COINCIDENCE.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* relates the following incident which happened at Lexington the other day:—

“Anxious to pay all possible respect to the memory of the ‘Great Commoner,’ whose fame Ohio yet guards as jealously as his own Kentucky, Colonel Stedman marched his regiment out to the tomb of Henry Clay. They formed silently around the grave, and at the very moment that these loyal troops from another state, on their way to defend Kentucky from invasion, reverently presented arms at the tomb of Kentucky’s greatest statesman, the degenerate son, James B. Clay, was brought into the railroad depot a prisoner in the hands of other loyal troops, arrested on the charge of treason.”

ON the occasion of a review, a few days since, the President and Secretary Cameron had occasion to pass through one of the gates of Fort Runyon. To avoid confusion the rule is to keep to the right; but the road was so blocked up that the President’s coach tried to go through the left gate. This the guard resisted, when he was told it was the President’s carriage; but he shouted, “That dodge has been tried before: it won’t do this time.” “Old Abe” thought it a good joke, and ordered his coachman to wait and take his turn to the right, like common folks.

A Loyal Slaveholder’s Opinion of the Proclamation.

Rev. Mr. Carter, of East Tennessee, a slaveholder, made an admirable speech at a meeting in New York, Saturday evening. In respect to the proclamation of emancipation he said:—

“We hear in these days much about what lies at the base of this abominable Rebellion. I do not believe that it is slavery. Mark you, I am a slaveholder, and it is nobody’s business. I believe in what Andrew Jackson wrote to the Rev. Mr. Crawford in his celebrated letter, that slavery would be made the pretext for the overthrow of the government. Yet I never had any hesitation in saying, at home as well as here, that I regard the Union of these states as of infinitely more value than all the Negroes in America, and Africa, and Europe. Therefore I have uniformly said, that if in the progress of this war it should become absolutely necessary (understand me) in order to save this government that slavery should die, in the name of my insulted and injured country, let it perish. [Great applause. ‘The time has come.’ Renewed applause.] I say, like a law-abiding citizen, I leave that to the authorities of this government. Better, far better that that institution, and all our commerce, and all these vast cities perish in one common ruin, than that the flag of our country cease to float in triumph from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. Better, far better, that every house in the land be filled with mourning than that the government of our fathers should die in our day. But though I say I am a slaveholder, did you suppose in looking at me—did you do me the great injustice to believe that I loved a woolly head more than a father’s hands? Did you suppose when yonder mother gave her son a sacrifice for her country, that I could not sacrifice the worth of my Negroes to save my country? Why, I had rather give them all away than to have lost for fifteen months the blessings of a wife’s smiles and a child’s caresses. And yet not only have I suffered this for fifteen long months, not only have I stood month after month, upon the Cumberland mountains, looking towards my native hills in the distance, but I am willing to abide my exile for five long years, for life itself, rather than bow to treason. I also beg leave

to remark that I have no prejudice against the President of the United States. He is my president as well as your president. He is my servant as well as your servant, and I promise both you and him that the obedience which I always rendered him shall be continued unto the bitter end, and if, in the providence of God, Abraham Lincoln shall be able to bring our country through the fiery and bloody ordeal, no man will unite more cheerfully than I will in crowning him the second father of his country.”

Another Good Thing by Ben. Butler

It has been understood that Reverdy Johnson, since his return from New Orleans, has been trying to get General Butler removed. The following story, told by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, explains Johnson’s hostility to Butler:—

“A staff officer from New Orleans, now in Washington, asserts that when the Hon. Reverdy Johnson was there, ostensibly for the purpose of arranging matters between General Butler and the foreign consuls, he made himself very obnoxious to the soldiers and Union citizens there by his intimacy with the Secession aristocrats, and the freedom with which he became their guest. Mr. Johnson occupied much of his time in mollifying the punishment and remitting the fines of Rebels. On one occasion the value in gold of half a cargo of cotton, the other half of which was exchanged for munitions of war which General Butler had seized and was sending to Secretary Chase, was ordered by Mr. Johnson to be returned to the Rebel firm. General Butler summoned the mercantile Rebels to his presence. They came, and Mr. Johnson with them. The General exhibited the order, and then handed them a check for the amount, at the same time requesting them to remain in custody. They exhibited astonishment at this, inquiring if they were to be punished. ‘Certainly,’ replied the General; ‘of course you are. Do you suppose two such d—d traitors are going to evade justice and violate with impunity the laws of the republic? Yes, I will show you that you shall be punished.’ ‘How?’ they asked in terror; ‘what will you do with us?’ ‘Don’t know: possibly only send you to Fort Pickens, with a ball and chain—probably hang you.’—‘Well, but,’ interposed Mr. Johnson, ‘if I am going to make matters worse than they were before, I think I had better go home.’ ‘I think so, too,’ said General Butler emphatically. Mr. Johnson has been since his return, using every possible means to procure the removal of General Butler.”

GENERAL BUTLER ON DAVIS’ PROCLAMATION.—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* tells this story:—

“General Butler has told friends here the course which he should have pur-

sued with reference to the proclamation of Jeff Davis against him, had it reached New Orleans while he was still in command. He would have sent a Rebel general and several officers then in his hands to Ship Island, with orders that upon receipt of authentic intelligence by the officer in command there, that a hair of Butler's head or any of his officers had been touched, these Rebel prisoners should all be hanged at once. 'And,' adds Butler, 'Jeff Davis knows me well enough to believe that what I promised I should perform. He knows that a Massachusetts man who dared to vote sixty-four times for him at the Charleston convention, would dare do any thing.'

WHAT MAINE SOLDIERS ARE.—The Bangor *Whig* says that during a drill of Captain Burton's six-footers at Oldtown, a few days ago, while marching upon a platform toward the river, where the platform ended, no order to halt being given, they kept on until ten had jumped into the river and commenced swimming. Had not the order been given the whole company would have followed them.

Funeral of General Reno.

The funeral services over the body of the late Maj.-gen. Jesse L. Reno, of the United States army, who was killed at the storming of the pass at South Mountain, Md., on Sunday, Sept. 11th, took place at the Trinity (Episcopal) church, Summer street, at 11:30 o'clock to-day.

Since its arrival in this city, night before last, the body has been at the residence of T. C. A. Dexter, 52 Chester Square, where Mrs. Reno has been living for some months. We understand that she and Mrs. Dexter are sisters. The estate of the General being in Virginia, rendered it unsafe for her to remain at home.

By special request, no military parade was made on the occasion, but General Schouler, General Andrews, Colonel Davis, Colonel Burrill, Major Chambers, and some forty other officers of the regiments in camp and in field were present in full uniform. Governor Andrew and staff were present in citizens' dress.

The body was brought to the church in a hearse, followed by carriages containing the families of the Messrs. Dexter, the widow, and several friends, and also by the officers of General Reno's staff, viz: Captain Reno, Captain Neill, Lieutenant Morris, Lieutenant Marsh, and Lieutenant Hutton.

The church was crowded. The front seat, near where the coffin was placed, was occupied by the General's staff. The coffin had upon it two crosses of white flowers, and was studded with silver nails. The body was attired in major-general's uniform, with the double-starred shoulder straps.

The face was a handsome one, with high, broad forehead, slightly bald over it, black hair, moustache, and beard, and was in an excellent state of keeping.

The elegant satin lining on the inside of the coffin-lid was fastened in the center beneath the silver plate, which bore the name and date of death. He was about thirty-eight years old.

The services opened with a chant, "Lord, let me know my end," by the choir, consisting of Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Long, Mr. Ryder, and Mr. Hazlewood. The regular Episcopal service for the dead was given, Right Rev. Bishop Eastburn officiating, assisted by his rector, Rev. Dr. Mercer. The usual chants were sung, including the 124th hymn—

"Hear what the voice from heaven declares,
To those in Christ who die."

At the close of the service, all present were permitted to view the body, and subsequently the coffin was deposited in the tomb beneath the church, where it will remain till a permanent place of sepulture shall be obtained for it.

General Reno was a regular army officer, born in Virginia. He was appointed from Pennsylvania, brevet second lieutenant July 1, 1861, and received his appointment as captain in the ordnance department of the United States army, July 1, 1862, whence he rose to be brigadier-general of volunteers, and for his services at Newbern and Roanoke was made major-general.

It is not unlikely that his final place of rest will be in Virginia, when quiet shall be restored to the land so far as to render it possible.

The Sixth in Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia papers of Thursday contain two columns describing the reception of the Sixth regiment in that city the evening before. The *North American* says:—

"The Sixth Massachusetts infantry will live in history. Like the Sixty-ninth of New York, and the Second regiment of the Reserves of Pennsylvania, they have made their ineffaceable mark in the record of this struggle. Their adventures in the earlier stages of the war are known to every school child among us. How they were fired upon by the rabble of Baltimore when first marching to the defense of the capital, even the most illiterate among us is fully informed, and will forget only when the power of memory has ceased. It was the first Massachusetts regiment to leave the old Bay state for the defense of Washington. It is again the first regiment to leave Massachusetts under the last call for the quota of the state. There are yet three regiments to come from the first call."

The field officers were conducted to the Union saloons, the others to the cooper's shop, the gentlemen above referred to acting as escort, and Birgfeld's band discoursing the while its best music. The rank and file marched to the refreshment saloons, and as they entered an immense crowd cheered them loudly. The table was spread not only with the best substantial of the markets, but with choice fruit also, and

delicate bouquets were placed beside the plates of the officers. Upon the plate of each soldier was a little book entitled the "Soldier's Prayer Book," a devotional manual, printed for the purpose by the publication society of the Episcopal church. Also to each soldier was presented the following address, printed suitably for preservation, upon cardboard, with a view of the Volunteer refreshment saloons and hospital upon the other side:—

Union Saloons' Welcome!
Hail to the Massachusetts Sixth!

WEDNESDAY Evening, Sept. 10, 1862.

Hail to you, noble old Sixth of the old Bay state! The Keystone state clasps hands with you. We have fought with you. Our blood has mingled with yours. Our sons have fallen with you. Our honors are united forever.

Hail to you! Welcome!

Again you are going forward to do battle for our common country. It is the highest honor any man can seek in this life. You have won it—may you proudly wear it.

Hail to you! Thrice welcome!

We follow fast. You will find many of our state's children already in the field, and they will pour down after you in such overwhelming numbers that your combined powers will instantly sweep away all traces of infamous Rebellion. This fresh and mighty northern wind will blow into annihilation the insidious pestilence that is seeking to rot the heart of our land, and vigorous health will once more course in the veins of our old UNION made new.

Hail to you! Our welcomes as you come, our blessings as you go!

We will not say, Be strong; you have proved your strength. We will not say, Be patient; you have endured insults as well as blows. But we do say that the 19th of April, 1861, can never fade from our minds till life itself fades. We have faith in you—an unswerving faith.

GOD BLESS YOU, AS WE SAY FAREWELL.

Among those present, taking great interest in the proceedings, was the mother of General McClellan. We have as yet no intelligence as to how the regiment went "through Baltimore," but we doubt not this march was uninterrupted.

We understand, since the above was written, that a dispatch has been received in this city from a prominent member of the Sixth, stating that the regiment has been ordered to Fortress Monroe.

The Last Words of a Dying Hero.

The following letter of Colonel Brodhead, killed in one of Pope's battles, to his wife, written in his dying moments, has been published at the request of friends who believed it belonged to the nation as well as to his family. Its touching pathos and high-toned patriotism will awaken fresh regrets for the death of this noble soldier and true man. He was a colonel, we believe, of one of the Pennsylvania regiments:—

My Dearest Wife: I write to you, mortally wounded, from the battle-field. We are again defeated, and ere this reaches you your children will be fatherless.

Before I die let me implore that, in some way, it may be stated that General — has been outwitted and that — is a traitor. Had they done their duty as I did mine, and had led as I did, the dear old flag had waved in triumph.

I wrote to you yesterday morning. To-day is Sunday, and to-day I sink to the green couch of our final rest.

I have fought well, my darling, and I was

shot in the endeavor to rally our broken battalions. I could have escaped, but would not until all hope was gone, and was shot—about the only one of our forces left on the field. Our cause is just, and our generals, not the enemy's, have defeated us. In God's good time he will give us victory.

And now good-bye, wife and children. Bring them up, I know you will, in the fear of God and love for the Saviour. But for you and the dear ones dependent, I should die happy. I know the blow will fall with crushing weight on you. Trust in Him who gave manna in the wilderness.

Doctor Nash is with me. It is now after midnight, and I have spent most the night in sending messages to you.

Two bullets have gone through my chest, and directly through the lungs. I suffer but little now, but at first the pain was acute. I have won the soldier's name, and am ready to meet now, as I must, the soldier's fate. I hope that from heaven I may see the glorious old flag wave again over the undivided Union I have loved so well.

Farewell, wife and babes, and friends. We shall meet again. Your loving
THORNTON.

AN EXCITING DAY IN BOSTON.

Reception and Departure of Four Massachusetts Regiments.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS.

Eloquent and Patriotic Addresses by Governor Andrew and Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

OVATION TO MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

Yesterday was noteworthy in the military annals of Boston. Four regiments of Massachusetts troops passed through the city on their way to distant fields of glory. The Forty-third (Tiger) regiment, Colonel Holbrook; the Forty-fifth (Cadet), Colonel Codman, and the Forty-sixth, Colonel Bowler, embarked on the steamers *Merrimac* and *Mississippi* for Newbern, N. C.; the Forty-first, Colonel Chickering, left for New York, to join the *corps d'armée* organizing by Major-general Banks, who was escorted to his head-quarters in New York by the regiment.

At an early hour in the morning the friends of the members of the several regiments began to crowd the streets to witness their departure. Many of the streets through which the regiments were to pass were gayly decorated with the Stars and Stripes, and in some instances buildings were tastily decorated. The building of the Mechanic association, on Chauncy street, was covered with flags and streamers. Chickering's building on Washington street was tastefully ornamented, having a profusion of flags and the mottoes—"Welcome to the Forty-first regiment—On to Victory," arranged with gold letters on an arch of blue. Flags and streamers were also displayed in great profusion. The public buildings all displayed the American flag, and taking it all in all the city presented a holiday appearance.

Our reporters furnish the following account of the arrival, reception, and departure of the regiments:—

The Forty-fifth (Cadet) Regiment—Presentation of Colors by Governor Andrew—Reply of Colonel Codman.

"May it please your Excellency:—in the name of this regiment, which, as your Excellency has well said, is truly and entirely a Massachusetts regiment, recruited from all parts of the Commonwealth, I thank the Governor of Massachusetts for the kindness and consideration which he has always shown to the officers and members of this corps.

"We receive from your hands these emblems—we could not have received them from hands more grateful to us—with the greatest pride and pleasure. The future will tell how much we deserve the enconiums you have passed upon us."

The regiment was then formed in column and the line of march was at once taken to Battery wharf, where they embarked for their destination. All along the route the streets were lined with people who extended to the regiment the most hearty and enthusiastic cheers. The regiment passed down State street about five minutes after the Forty-first, Colonel Chickering, passed up, and the scenes of enthusiasm which marked the advent of the latter regiment were renewed. It was a most enthusiastic reception and greeting.

Reception of the Forty-first Regiment—Escort and Ovation to Major-general Banks.

The demonstration and procession in honor of the Forty-first regiment, Colonel Chickering, in its passing through Boston, was a grand affair.

The procession formed on the corner of Chauncy and Bedford streets and proceeded to the Parker house on School street, where they received Major-general Banks and escorted him to Haymarket square to await the arrival of the regiment, which had tendered him an escort to his head-quarters in New York. On his appearance General Banks was received with most hearty cheers by the assembled multitude. He took his seat in an open barouche, which was drawn by four splendid gray horses. Mayor Wightman and Captain Hatfield, of General Banks' staff, also occupied seats in the carriage with him.

General Banks was greeted on his arrival by the most enthusiastic cheers of the multitude. On arriving at the depot the regiment immediately disembarked and formed in Canal street, and, under the escort before described, proceeded through Blackstone, Commercial, State, and Washington streets, to the common.

The scene as the procession moved along the streets, and especially up State street, must have been seen to be realized. No description can convey an idea of it. As Colonel Chickering came in view, sitting on his magnificent charger and looking every inch a soldier, the multitude who lined the streets testified their esteem for the man

by the most enthusiastic cheers. Company after company received the greetings of their friends, and when the carriage containing General Banks came in sight it seemed as though the crowd could not contain themselves. The men cheered and swung their hats and canes. The ladies, who crowded every balcony and window, waved their handkerchiefs, clapped their gloved hands, and showered bouquets upon Massachusetts' able and gallant son. General Banks was evidently deeply affected by the earnestness and depth of the affection of the people for him, as expressed in their greetings, and acknowledged the honor paid him by frequently rising and bowing to the multitude. On arriving at the common General Banks was received with a major-general's salute of thirteen guns.

The colors of the regiment were borne by the Roxbury company, Captain Swift.

Reception of the Forty-third (Tiger) Regiment—Presentation of Colors—Address by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop—Reply of Colonel Holbrook.

The Forty-third regiment, Colonel Holbrook, was expected to arrive from Camp Meigs, Readville, at 11 o'clock, in anticipation of which the members of the Boston Light Infantry association and the Germania band assembled at Boylston hall and awaited the arrival of the regiment. The delay in the arrival of the Cadet regiment prevented the Forty-third from coming, the cars being sent back to bring the Tigers.

After waiting at the armory until past 12 o'clock the members of the association were dismissed until 1 o'clock, when they re-assembled and waited for the regiment.

At a quarter before two o'clock the column was formed under direction of Maj. Charles O. Rogers, president of the association, aided by an efficient corps of assistant marshals. About one hundred and twenty-five men fell into line in citizen's dress, wearing badges appropriately inscribed.

Preceded by the Germania band the association marched through Washington, Winter, Tremont, and Boylston streets, and halting in front of the public garden waited the arrival of the regiment, which arrived in the city about a quarter before three.

The regimental colors are mounted on a black walnut standard, the butt of which is elaborately carved, the shaft fluted, and the whole surmounted by a tiger's head resting in a Union shield, bearing the inscription "Forty-third regiment Massachusetts Volunteers." From the head of the standard depends a set of rich tri-colored tassels. The colors are inscribed with the number of the regiment and the Massachusetts coat-of-arms.

Reply of Colonel Holbrook.

"Mr. Winthrop and Gentlemen of the Boston Light Infantry Association: The fatigues of the camp this morning have completely unfitted me for making any

remarks, and beside your own I feel that there is nothing for me to say further than that, without making any promises or pledges of what we shall accomplish, we shall endeavor to do our duty to the best of our ability. And, sir, from the knowledge I have of the men and the officers under my command, I have no hesitation in saying that whatever I call upon them to do, and whatever dangers they may be called upon to brave, they will nobly sustain their part with honor to themselves and members of the Boston Light Infantry association.

"I thank you, sir, and through you the members of the Boston Light Infantry for this beautiful flag. It will not only serve to remind us of the present moment and of friends at home, but it will ever remind us of the motto of our noble corps:—

"Death or an Honorable Life."

The flag was then taken by Sergt. J. Horace Kent, of Co. A, color-bearer of the regiment. After partaking of a collation on the common, the regiment marched to the steamer *Merrimac*, at Battery wharf.

All along the line of march, although it was quite dark, the streets were crowded and the same hearty and enthusiastic reception was given to it which was given to the regiment which had preceded it.

The Forty-sixth Regiment.

The Forty-sixth regiment, under command of Col. George Bowler, of Westfield, arrived in the city from Camp Banks, at Springfield—which place they left about 10 o'clock yesterday morning—soon after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and were received at the Worcester depot by Captain McKim, who accompanied them to Battery wharf, to the music of their drums, which sounded gloriously to martial ears. Although it was somewhat late when they passed down State street, taking the most direct route to the point of embarkation, they arrived at the wharf about 5 o'clock, and soon after marched on board the transports, the right wing finding quarters on the *Mississippi* and the left wing on the *Merrimac*.

Although the members of this regiment were not much acquainted in Boston, they were not only the recipients of the encouraging cheers of the crowded streets through which they marched, but scores of the men received bouquets and other indications that their patriotism was appreciated by those whose homes they are going to defend. The men composing the regiment are younger than the average of our troops, but it would be difficult to find a finer or more muscular set of men than is found in the Forty-sixth regiments.

The following order from General McClellan, congratulating the army on the late victories, has been promulgated:—

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Near SHARPSBURG, MD., Oct. 3, 1864.

The Commanding General extends his congratulations to the army under his command, for the victories achieved and their bravery at the passes of the South mountain and upon the Antietam creek. The brilliant conduct of General Reno's and Hooker's troops, under General Burnside, at Turner's Gap, and of General Franklin's corps at Crampton's pass, in which, in face of the enemy, strong in position and resisting with obstinacy, they carried the mountain and prepared the way for the army, won for them the admiration of their brethren in arms.

In the memorable battle of Antietam we defeated a numerous and powerful army of the enemy, in an action desperately fought, and remarkable for its duration and the destruction of life which attended it, the obstinate bravery of the troops of Generals Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner, the dashing gallantry of those of General Franklin on the right, the steady valor of those of General Burnside on the left, and the vigorous support of those of Generals Porter and Pleasanton, present a brilliant spectacle to our country, which will swell their hearts with pride and exultation.

Fourteen guns, thirty-nine colors, fifteen thousand five hundred stand of arms, and nearly six thousand prisoners taken from the enemy, are evidence of the completeness of our triumph.

A grateful country will thank this noble army for achievements which have rescued loyal states of the East from the ravages of the invader, and have driven him from their borders.

The Removal of General McClellan—The Event and its Impressions.

We collate from our exchanges the following statements, opinions, and incidents connected with the removal of General McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac.

In respect to the feeling expressed by the army, we find the following statements:—

The Feeling of the Army.

"There could, in fact, have been no higher test of the living patriotism of our citizen-soldiers than their behavior on this occasion. Without going back over the retrospect of causes that have produced this feeling, there is no doubt whatever that the Army of the Potomac has felt in General McClellan an amount of confidence such as it has felt in no other commander, and which any other than the man named for the high office would have found it hard indeed to inspire. And yet when this idol is, without a syllable of explanation, removed by a mandate from Washington, not a symptom of mutiny or rebellious spirit appears. General Burnside, I can assure you, takes command of no demoralized or discontented army.

"Any attempt of the disaffected partisan or mischievous among the officers or men to stir up mutiny in the army will recoil upon his own head. The heart of the army is sound. They fight for no man, but for the country, and wish to see the end of the war. If the Rebel chiefs count upon surprising the Union army in a disorganized state, on account of the change in commanders, they will find their mistake.

"Though the storm subsides, the ocean will work a long while; and

this great army still rocks and rolls under the tumult of conflicting feeling caused by the event. You may, however, now make sure of one thing—all its effect will be purely of the nature of feeling. It will diminish the Army of the Potomac by only one man and his personal staff. There will be no resignations on account of the removal of General McClellan. Already that acquiescence which follows an accomplished fact is rapidly merging the old order in the new. It is that same prompt, intelligent, self-sacrificing obedience to the will of the constituted authority that has already been our salvation in many a dark and trying hour."

General McClellan's Farewell to his Late Army.

On Saturday and Sunday General McClellan was busy both days arranging matters with General Burnside, and giving every information and suggestion within his power to ensure the success of our army under its new leader. His parting with the army furnishes great scope for descriptive writing, to the newspaper correspondents at head-quarters, from whose accounts we take the following extracts:—

"On Saturday, when he had given General Burnside his views and plans, General McClellan signified his intention of leaving the field immediately to report at Trenton, in compliance with the order. Burnside, reluctant to part with him so soon, urged him to remain a little longer—the interest of the country demanded that he should. 'Well,' said McClellan to some officers around him, 'I'll remain just as long as Burnside wants me.' 'No, you won't,' replied Burnside, 'for if you do you will remain with us altogether.'

"Monday morning it was arranged that he should visit the troops, and proceed to Washington by special train in the evening. A splendid photograph of the General and his personal staff officers, forming a handsome group, in front of his tent, and another of the General on horseback, were taken before starting. When just about to go he said, 'I can hardly bear to see my soldiers again.' Then, accompanied by his officers and escort, he rode off to take a last farewell of his troops. The infantry and cavalry attached to his head-quarters were tastefully disposed on an adjacent hill. They presented a very soldierly appearance. McClellan rode along the lines, and as he passed, enthusiastic cheers spontaneously arose from the ranks. The soldiers could not restrain their controlling admiration for their general. After he had passed along the lines, and was returning toward the hill, General Patrick, commanding the provost guard at head-quarters, dashed up the crest, and, with cap in hand, led the whole command in three tumultuous cheers for General McClellan.

"He then passed through the camps of the reserve artillery. The batteries

were all arranged in convenient positions, the cannoneers standing by their guns. The men presented sabers, while the music mingled with their cheers as he passed.

"It was while riding from here that Burnside, accompanied by a brilliant staff, came dashing across the field and joined him. They shook each other cordially by the hand, and rode together during the remainder of the day.

"It is claimed, and to the honor of General McClellan, that he has urgently pressed the corps commanders and chiefs to strain every energy to aid Burnside, and do, if possible, more for the new commander than they did for him. It is also said that General McClellan has posted General Burnside up in his plan of the campaign; and it is claimed by some of the former's friends that Burnside will limit himself to carrying out this plan. One may be permitted to doubt this. This would be a fatal weakness to begin with. It needs no argument to show that, while the plan itself might be the best in the world, yet having no organic root in his mind, he must necessarily work at second hand, and at incalculable disadvantage. It is quite certain that General Burnside will be largely influenced by General McClellan's professional views; but those who think he will not have a plan of his own, mistake the man. McClellan's farewell address to his soldiers was read to them just before he passed to personally bid them farewell. As he rode along the turnpike, with head uncovered, between the lines of troops, and followed by the glittering array of officers, fifty thousand of his devoted soldiers, with hearts and voices in perfect unison, and all with one accord, burst forth into the most tumultuous cheering.

"Whilst he rode along, the batteries fired salutes, the bands played, and the soldiers cheered. The smoke from the artillery floated in among the perforated banners, and the acclamations of the troops mingled with the martial music of the bands and the guns. I can not recall from my experience any occasion on which the enthusiasm manifested by these soldiers has been surpassed."

General Burnside and his Duties.

We find a great many "inconsiderate trifles" among the incidents consequent on the removal of General McClellan, and the assumption of his duties by General Burnside. The most of these demonstrate the great esteem in which "Little Mac" was held by his soldiers.

"It is no secret that to the general on whose shoulders is thrust the heavy burden of the conduct of the army in this crisis, the great responsibility came most undesired. Cherishing a high respect for General McClellan's strategic, mathematical, and engineering talent, and bound to him by the ties of a long personal affection, General Burnside shrunk from superseding a man who, while a friend, he also unfeignedly regards as

his superior in ability. Congratulated on his elevation by an acquaintance, Burnside firmly replied, 'That, sir, is the last thing on which I wish to be congratulated.' When, on Friday at midnight, the order assigning him to the command was brought from Washington, he was deeply moved, and going over immediately to General McClellan's head-quarters, they sat up together in consultation during the whole night. This morning (10th inst.), early, I saw him walking up and down the balcony of the hotel which he makes his head-quarters, in an absorbed, distraught condition, seemingly overwhelmed by the weight of responsibility resting upon him."

The following order was issued by General Burnside, on taking command of the army:—

In accordance with General Orders, No. 182, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. Patriotism and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of this army, aided by the full and hearty co-operation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, insure its success. Having been a sharer of the privations and a witness of the bravery of the old Army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified with them in their feelings of respect and esteem for General McClellan, entertained through him, I feel that it is not as a stranger I assume command. To the Ninth army corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing. Our histories are identical. With diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now entrusted to my care, I accept its control with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail.

A. E. BURNSIDE,

Major-general Commanding.

GENERAL McCLELLAN ON THE WAY EASTWARD.

His Brief but Noble Speech to the Soldiers at Warrenton Junction.

DEMONSTRATIONS ALONG THE ROUTE.

His Farewell to the Army of the Potomac.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11, 1862. General McClellan arrived this afternoon just in time to have his ear attached to the mail train, and departed eastward amid cheering from those accidentally assembled at the depot at the time.

General Banks went to New York on the same train, accompanied by Lieutenant Gardner Banks, his brother.

SECOND DISPATCH.

General McClellan was introduced to those at the depot by Colonel Blaisdell of the Eleventh Massachusetts regiment. "Good-bye," said the General. "I want

you to do just the same for General Burnside, or, if possible, better than you have done for me."

Generals Andrews and Auger will accompany General Banks.

It is understood that General Burnside will carry out the programme of President Lincoln to the letter.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11. Major-general McClellan and personal staff left Warrenton at 11 o'clock to-day. On reaching Warrenton Junction a salute was fired. The troops, who had been drawn up in line, afterward broke ranks, when the soldiers crowded around him, and many eagerly called for a few parting words. He said, in response, while on the platform of the railroad depot:

"I wish you would stand by General Burnside as you have stood by me, and all will be well. Good-bye."

To this there was a spontaneous and enthusiastic response.

The troops were also drawn up in line at Bristow Station and Manassas Junction, where salutes were fired, and where McClellan was complimented with enthusiastic cheers.

The party arrived here this afternoon, just in time to take the 5 o'clock train for Trenton. The cars being detained, owing to some impediment on the track, General McClellan was recognized by the many soldiers quartered in that vicinity, when he was greeted with oft-repeated cheers.

BALTIMORE, MD., Nov. 11, 8:20 P. M. General McClellan has just arrived. He goes through to Philadelphia immediately.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11. A band of music is in attendance at the Baltimore depot to receive General McClellan. He will reach here about midnight, and, it is believed, he will proceed immediately by special train to Trenton, N. J.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 11. General McClellan will arrive here at 2 A. M. tomorrow. Preparations have been made to extend to him a proper reception.

Onward to Richmond.

WARRENTON JUNCTION, Nov. 17, 1862. We are under marching orders again to-day, and a "change of base" is to be made which involves no retreat, but an advance toward, the Rebel capital.

Union and Rebel Hospitals.

I visited some five hospitals during the day. Three of these were occupied by our sick and wounded Union soldiers. These were to be vacated during the day. I saw five sick men, however, who could never leave those hospitals except for the grave. They were calm and resigned, though conscious of their approaching end. Two of the hospitals were occupied by the Rebel wounded. They were chiefly from Georgia and South Carolina. Through the humanity of our government these soldiers, who received their wounds in fighting for that government's overthrow, were furnished with food and all medical supplies. That is humane, and more, it is Christian. War and hostility cease at the doors of our hospitals. There love

to enemies has place, and it is a duty to feed and clothe and bless those whom it was equally a duty to smite down, when on the battle-field they struck at our common mother's heart—that mother our country. I talked with many of those Rebel wounded, though, of course, refraining from all argument and confining myself chiefly to religious topics, or inquiring as to their physical condition. Several cold and inanimate forms showed that death had been busy with those who had been borne there wounded from the battle-fields of Manassas and Antietam, fighting against the flag and country which had protected and blessed and never wronged them. Father, forgive those misled and misguided men, they knew not what they did.

Confederate Prisoners.

While speaking of that side of the great question of the day, I may mention riding in the cars from Manassas to Alexandria with a large number of Confederate surgeons and paroled Rebel officers, who had been taken prisoners by our army, but were now being forwarded home by way of Fortress Monroe. They praise General McClellan very highly as a man, and thought his removal would be very disastrous to us; yet in reply to questions, they declared that he had always been defeated by them, even at Antietam, and would never assault Richmond successfully. It was easy to see that they regretted his deposition and the appointment of Burnside, whose North Carolina campaign was so glorious for us and injurious to them. One claim astonished me, and was promptly repelled. "You must admit, sir," said a Rebel surgeon from Louisiana, "that the Southerners are more religious than the Northerners." "Indeed," I replied, "I never heard such a statement as that made before; upon what do you ground the assertion?" "Oh, our rulers appoint more public religious days than yours; we have more days of fasting, humiliation, and prayer than you." "Of course you do," I answered, not waiting for him to complete his enumeration. "Why of course?" he asked. "Because you have more sins as a people and an army to pray over and humble yourselves for, especially for the sin of rebellion against a noble and good government, which was only too lenient toward your section of country, and is only too lenient to-day. And as to fasting, if the stories of destitution in your region be only half true, every day must be a day of fasting, if not prayer, throughout the whole South." They laughed pleasantly at this frank reply, which was made in no discourteous manner or spirit, for at the outset of the conversation we had mutually agreed to chat frankly and freely about our diversities, without either side taking offense. "Well," said my Southron, "we have also many thanksgiving days, too, and expect many more before the war ends." "Are they feast days?" I inquired. "Oh, yes," he said, fearing I doubted Rebel ability to make a feast in their present straitened circumstances. "Then you

remember what Isaiah says in his first chapter, 'Your appointed feasts my soul hateth,' and he goes on to give the reason why all observances, such as 'calling of assemblies' and 'solemn meetings' are 'iniquity' in His sight. 'Your hands are full of blood.' No rites and ceremonies can constitute religion, but only right acts from right motives, 'ceasing from evil, learning to do well, letting the oppressed go free, loving mercy and walking humbly with our God.'" The conversation was throughout earnest and pleasant, though entirely frank. They seemed really anxious to know what we thought and felt, and I certainly was as anxious to know on what grounds they justified their course. They gave amusing accounts of their various captures. Provost-marshal Blunt, of General Longstreet's staff, was captured while visiting his pickets and being a little too neighborly in visiting ours. One fell an easy victim to misplaced confidence by going up to a squad of our men. "I saw they were dressed like Federals," he said, "but so many of our men had, not stolen, but 'conveyed' your uniforms away and were dressed in them, that I did not believe those soldiers were your men, as I had left a squad of ours similarly dressed near that place. I walked among them; they gave me a most pressing invitation to stay, and here I am." While most of these officers were gentlemanly and appeared well, I was sorry to find from their conversation that profanity and hard drinking, together with gambling, were as great curses in the Rebel army as in any part of our own. Upon the whole, however, these Confederate officers and soldiers impressed me more favorably than any I have fallen in with before. Would that they were enlisted in a better cause!—[Boston Journal.

General Hooker.

This brave soldier and skillful commander has again returned to the army. It was my good fortune to enjoy a conversation with him on the day of his return, and to witness his reception by the army. He told me that he was a native of Hadley, Mass., and remembered among his early acquaintance Rev. Dr. Huntington and Rev. Sylvester Judd. Of the latter he particularly spoke as a man of marked originality and genius. He spoke with much enthusiasm of the part Massachusetts has taken in this war, and of her recent noble stand in sustaining the administration, when so many other states faltered. All along the route General Hooker was received with much cheering. At this point, where the officers and soldiers had just parted with General McClellan with much emotion, General Hooker was nevertheless received with unbounded enthusiasm. General Hooker made a short speech to the Eleventh and Sixteenth Massachusetts regiments, encamped here, and who surrounded the car in which he rode. He told them he "felt home-sick

to be among his old division again, who had fought so bravely, so successfully, and so well, and should ask to have them again as part of his present command." His request has since been granted, and Sickles' division and Heintzelman's corps, in which are the First, Eleventh, and Sixteenth Massachusetts and the Second New Hampshire regiments, are, once again, under the command of glorious "fighting Joe Hooker," and this corps, with Porter's former corps, are now the "Center Grand Corps of the Army of the Potomac." May General Hooker lead them on to fresh triumphs! His former veteran division are proud of and love him, and though they know they must see hard fighting under such a commander, yet feel an honorable pride in his attachment to them and the position assigned them in the present onward movement.

The First Day's Fight.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 15, 1862.

We look upon Saturday's fight at Fredericksburgh as rather a reconnoissance in force than a battle intended for decisive results, though there was evidently very hard fighting. The position of the enemy was probably understood in part, but the details of the ground and of the distribution of forces remained to be discovered, before our strength should be laid out in earnest. Hence it was that the center of the army, Hooker's grand division, was not called into action at all. The right and left divisions were pushed forward to gain certain positions and feel the enemy's strength, preparatory to the final contest. We should judge that Sumner's division encountered unexpected resistance, and but little more than held its own—although the experience of the day on that wing may be of the utmost value. Franklin, on the left, carried all before him, probably to the extent designed. The Rebels were manifestly shown, by the general result, to be in strong force and strongly posted. The gallantry and heroism requisite to face such odds and wrest away the victory, are apparent to all. Never did the sons of liberty on any of the great battle-fields of history more surely deserve success than this Army of the Potomac. Let us trust, by all the sacred obligations of their cause, that they will win it.

Our Losses.

The sympathy of every true heart will be extended to those households that may have been stricken by the fate of battle within the last few days. It

can not but be that the recovery of our national blessings must be purchased with the life-blood of many a brave son, who knows not how to turn aside or to hold back when his country calls him to the cannon's mouth. All these martyrs are equally dear to their kindred and friends, and the memory of all alike shall be dear to the patriotic of this and of all future generations. But while the sad tidings of losses are coming thick and fast, we would impress upon the community the duty of great caution in giving heed to all first reports. These are made up hastily always, and incorrectly very often. Already, in several instances, the wires have reported the deaths of soldiers who have since been authentically ascertained to be entirely unharmed. It is always so after every battle—and it would save a great deal of trouble if the fact could be generally kept in mind.

Rev. Arthur B. Fuller.

Among the killed at Fredericksburgh on Friday last was the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, chaplain of the Massachusetts Sixteenth regiment. Through his death the Union cause has met with no common loss, for few chaplains in the army have been so active, energetic, and devoted to the interests of their charge, or more fully inspired by a patriotic love of country. He left a flourishing society in Watertown to devote himself to the spiritual interests of the Massachusetts Sixteenth, whose hardships he shared during the peninsular campaign, aiding and administering consolation to the wounded and dying, in more than one hard-fought battle. He returned to his home last summer with health prostrated by hardship and exposure, but remained only for a brief period. His heart was in the work which he had undertaken, and ere he had recovered his strength he set out to rejoin his regiment. But he was taken sick on the route, and although he kept on to Washington, he was reluctantly compelled to relinquish the idea of active service with his regiment, and to resign his commission, but not to leave the work entirely. He expected an appointment as chaplain of the convalescent camp at Alexandria, where he could still labor for the soldiers with less exposure to his health.

General Butler's Farewell Address to his Command.

We copy the following address by General Butler to his command on surrendering the department of the Gulf to General Banks, from the New Orleans *Delta* of the 17th inst. We know our readers will be especially interested in its perusal:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, (NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 15, 1862.)

Soldiers of the Army of the Gulf:—Relieved from further duties in this department by direction of the President, under date of Nov. 9, 1862, I take leave of you by this final order, it being impossible to visit your scattered outposts, covering hundreds of miles of the frontier of a larger territory than some of the kingdoms of Europe.

I greet you, my brave comrades, and say farewell! This word—endeared as you are by a community of privations, hardships, dangers, victories, successes, military and civil—is the only sorrowful thought I have. You have deserved well of your country. Without a murmur, you sustained an encampment on a sand-bar so desolate that banishment to it with every care and comfort possible has been the most dreaded punishment inflicted upon your bitterest and most insulting enemies.

You had so little transportation that but a handful could advance to compel submission by the Queen city of the Rebellion, whilst others waded breast-deep in the marshes which surround St. Philip, and forced the surrender of a fort deemed impregnable to land attack by the most skillful engineers of your country and her enemy. At your occupation, order, law, quiet, and peace sprang to this city, filled with the braves of all nations, where, for a score of years, during the profoundest peace, human life was scarcely safe at noon-day. By your discipline you illustrated the best traits of the American soldier, and enchaind the admiration of those that came to scoff. Landing with a military chest containing but \$75, from the hoards of a Rebel government, you have given to your country's treasury nearly a half million of dollars, and so supplied yourselves with the needs of your service that your expedition has cost your government less by *four-fifths than any other.*

You have fed the starving poor, the wives and children of your enemies, so converting enemies into friends that they have sent their representatives to your congress by a vote greater than your entire numbers from districts in which when you entered you were tauntingly told that there was "no one to raise your flag."

By your practical philanthropy, you have won the confidence of the "oppressed race" and the slave. Hailing you as deliverers, they are ready to aid you as willing servants, faithful laborers, or using the tactics taught them by your enemies, to fight with you in the field.

By steady attention to the laws of health you have stayed the pestilence, and humble instruments in the hand of God, you have demonstrated the necessity that His creatures should obey His laws, and reaping His blessing in this most unhealthy climate, you have preserved your ranks fuller than those of any other battalions of the same length of service.

You have met double numbers of the enemy and defeated him in the open field, but I need not further enlarge upon this topic. You were sent here to do that.

I commend you to your commander. You are worthy of his love. Farewell, my comrades—again, farewell.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,
Major-general Commanding.

A SAD STORY.—Dr. Alvin Flint, of East Hartford, well known for his speech-making power herabouts, died about a week ago on board a transport coming from Aquia creek to Washington. He was a private in the Twenty-first regiment in Captain Martin's company. His oldest son Alvin was a member of the Sixteenth regiment, and was killed at Antietam. The patriotic old man was fired with a determination to avenge his death. His youngest boy, scarcely 14 years old, had just enlisted in Captain Martin's company, and his father, in order to be with him, joined the same company, and, though over 60 years old, was accepted. We

hear that the young boy recently died at Fredericksburgh, and now the old soldier has gone to meet his boys. Of the family only a daughter survives.—*Hartford Post.*

The Oath.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

[The following stirring lyric was inspired by the death, in battle, of a brother of the gifted author. It was read by Mr. Murdock in the Senate Chamber, last winter, with great effect, and at a subsequent reading, President Lincoln requested that it might be repeated. Mr. Murdock said he was unable to do so, as he then had no copy of it, whereupon Mr. Lincoln took from his pocket book a copy which he had cut from a Cincinnati paper, and the reading was given by Mr. Murdock in his usual spirited manner.]

Hamlet—Swear on my sword.
Ghost (below)—Swear! [SHAKESPEARE]

Ye freemen, how long will ye stifle
The vengeance that justice inspires?
With treason how long will ye tifle,
And shame the proud name of your sires?
Out, out, with the sword and the rifle,
In defense of your homes and your fires!
The flag of the old Revolution
Swear firmly to serve and uphold—
That no traitorous breath of pollution
Shall tarnish one star on its fold.

Swear!
And hark! the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying:
"Swear! oh, swear!"

In this moment who hesitates, barter
The rights which his forefathers won;
He forfeits all claim to the charters
Transmitted from sire to son.
Kneel, kneel, at the graves of our martyrs,
And swear on your sword and your gun;
Lay up your great oath on an altar
As huge and as strong as Stonehenge,
And then, with sword, fire, and halber,
Sweep down to the field of revenge.

Swear!
And hark! the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying:
"Swear! oh, swear!"

By the tombs of your sires and brothers,
The hosts which the traitors have slain;
By the tears of your sisters and mothers,
In secret concealing their pain;
The grief which the heroine smothered,
Consuming the heart and the brain;
By the sigh of the penniless widow,
By the sob of her orphans' despair,
Where they sit in their sorrowful shadow,
Kneel, kneel, every freeman, and swear!

Swear!
And hark! the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying:
"Swear! oh, swear!"

On mounds which are wet with the weeping,
Where a nation has bowed to the sod—
Where the noblest of martyrs are sleeping,
Let the winds bear your vengeance abroad;
And your firm oaths be held in the keeping
Of your patriot hearts and your God!
O'er ELLSWORTH, for whom the first tear
rose,

While to BAKER and LYON you look;
By WINTHROP, a star among heroes,
By the blood of our murdered McCook,
Swear!

And hark! the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying:
"Swear! oh, swear!"

Proclamation of Freedom.

With mingled feelings of gratitude to Almighty God, of hope for our nation, and of joy for the event, we give place to the promised proclamation of the President of the United States. It is emphatically the great event of the age—the initial step to the establishment of freedom throughout the land:—

By the President of the United States
of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, on the 22d of September, in the year of our Lord 1862, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:—

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in Rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforth, and forever free, and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to oppress such persons or any of them in any effort they may make for their actual freedom; that the executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the states and parts of states, if any, in which the people therein respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any state or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the congress of the United States by members chosen thereat elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such state shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such state and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested, as Commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the states and parts of states wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans; Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated states and parts of states, are and henceforth shall be free, and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons; and I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence unless in necessary self-defense. And I recommend to them in all cases when allowed to labor faithfully for reasonable wages, and I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service. And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

By the President.

Wm. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Proclamation by General Saxton—A Happy New Year's Greeting to the Colored People in the Department of the South.

In accordance, as I believe, with the will of our Heavenly Father, and by direction of your great and good friend, whose name you are all familiar with, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, on the First day of January, 1863, you will be declared "forever free."

When in the course of human events there comes a day which is destined to be an everlasting beacon-light, making a joyful era in the progress of a nation and the hopes of a people, it seems to be fitting that the occasion should not pass unnoticed by those whose hopes it comes to brighten and to bless. Such a day to you is Jan. 1, 1863.

I therefore call upon all the colored people in this department to assemble on that day at headquarters of the First regiment of South Carolina volunteers, there to hear the President's proclamation read, and to indulge in such other manifestations of joy as may be called forth by the occasion. It is your duty to carry this good news to your brethren who are still in slavery. Let all your voices, like merry bells, join loud and clear in the grand chorus of liberty—"We are free," "We are free,"—until, listening, you shall hear its echoes coming back from every cabin in the land,— "We are free," "We are free!"

R. SAXTON,

Brigadier-general and Military Governor.

Gently! Gently!

Among the wounded lately brought to one of our wharves was a young soldier whose limbs were fearfully shattered. Though evidently in intense pain, he uttered no cry, but as the carriers raised the "stretcher" he was on, he whispered, "Gently! gently!"

Though he neither sighs nor groans,
Death is busy with his bones;
Bear him o'er the jutting stones
Gently! gently!

Sisters, faithful to your vow,
Swathe his limbs and cool his brow.
Peace! his soul is passing now
Gently! gently!

He has fallen in the strife!
Tell it to his widowed wife,
And to her who gave him life,
Gently! gently!

Loudly praise the brave who gem
With their blood our diadem;
And their faults—oh, speak of them
Gently! gently!

General Butler's Address.

We are glad to be able to gratify "A reader" by publishing the farewell address of General Butler to the Louisianians. We should have published it some days ago, had not our columns been crowded with matter that would not admit of delay. It is a document that deserves to be put on record, since, in some respects, it is the most striking production from the pen of General Butler that has appeared since the war began.—

Citizens of New Orleans.—It may not be inappropriate, as it is not inopportune in occasion, that there should be addressed to you a few words at parting, by one whose name is to be hereafter indissolubly connected with your city.

I shall not speak in bitterness, because I am not conscious of a single personal animosity. Commanding the Army of the Gulf, I found you captured, but not surrendered; conquered, but not orderly; relieved from the presence of an army, but incapable of taking care of yourselves. So far from it, you had called upon a foreign legion to protect you from yourselves. I restored order, punished

crime, opened commerce, brought provisions to your starving people, reformed your currency, and gave you quiet protection, such as you had not enjoyed for many years.

While doing this, my soldiers were subjected to obloquy, reproach, and insult.

And now, speaking to you, who know the truth, I here declare that whoever has gone quietly about his business, affording neither aid nor comfort to the enemies of the United States, has never been interfered with by the soldiers of the United States.

The men who had assumed to govern you and to defend your city in arms having fled, some of your women flouted at the presence of those who came to protect them. By a simple order (No. 28) I called upon every soldier of this army to treat the women of New Orleans as gentlemen should deal with the sex, with such effect that I now call upon the just-minded ladies of New Orleans to say whether they have ever enjoyed so complete protection and calm quiet for themselves and families as since the advent of the United States troops.

The enemies of my country, unrepentant and implacable, I have treated with merited severity. I hold that rebellion is treason, and that treason persisted in is death, and any punishment short of that due a traitor gives so much clear gain to him from clemency of the government. Upon this thesis have I administered the authority of the United States, because of which I am not unconscious of complaint. I do not feel that I have erred in too much harshness, for that harshness has ever been exhibited to disloyal enemies of my country and not to loyal friends. To be sure, I might have regaled you with the amenities of British civilization, and yet been within the supposed rules of civilized warfare.

You might have been smoked to death in caverns, as were the Covenanters of Scotland by the command of a general of the royal house of England; or roasted, like the inhabitants of Algiers during the French campaign; your wives and daughters might have been given over to the ravishers, as were the unfortunate dames of Spain in the Peninsular war; or you might have been scolded and tomahawked, as our mothers were at Wyoming by savage allies of Great Britain in our own Revolution; your property could have been turned over to indiscriminate "loot," like the palace of the Emperor of China; works of art which adorned your buildings might have been sent away, like the paintings of the Vatican; your sons might have been blown from the mounds of cannon, like the Sepoys at Delhi; and yet all this would have been within the rules of civilized warfare as practised by the most polished and the most hypocritical nations in Europe. For such acts the records of the doings of some of the inhabitants of your city toward the friends of the Union, before my coming, were a sufficient provocation and justification.

But I have not so conducted. On the contrary, the worst punishment inflicted, except by criminal acts punishable by every law, has been banishment with labor to a barren island, where I encamped my soldiers before marching here.

It is true, I have levied upon the wealthy Rebels and paid out nearly half a million of dollars to feed forty thousand of the starving poor of all nations assembled here, made so by this war.

I saw that this Rebellion was a war of the aristocrats against the middling men; of the rich against the poor; a war of the land-owner against the laborer; that it was a struggle for the retention of power in the hands of the few against the many; and I found no conclusion to it save in the subjugation of the few and the disenfranchisement of the many. Therefore I felt no hesitation in taking the substance of the wealthy, who had caused the war, to feed the innocent poor, who had suffered by the war. And I shall now leave you with the proud consciousness that I carry with me the blessings of the humble and loyal under the roof of the cottage and in the cabin of the slave, and so am quite content to incur the sneers of the *salon*, or the enreses of the rich.

I found you trembling at the terrors of servile insurrection. All danger of this I have prevented by so treating the slave that he had no cause to rebel.

I found the dungeon, the chain, and the lash your only means of enforcing obedience in

your servants. I leave them peaceful, laborious, controlled by the laws of kindness and justice.

I have demonstrated that the pestilence can be kept from your borders.

I have added a million of dollars to your wealth in the form of new land from the bottom of the Mississippi.

I have cleansed and improved your streets, canals, and public squares and opened new avenues to unoccupied land.

I have given you freedom of elections, greater than you have enjoyed before.

I have caused justice to be administered so impartially, that your own advocates have unanimously complimented the judges of my appointment.

You have seen, therefore, the benefit of the laws and justice of the government against which you have rebelled.

Why, then, will you not all return to your allegiance to that government—not with lip-service, but with the heart?

I conjure you, if you desire ever to see renewed prosperity giving business to your streets and your wharves—if you hope to see your city become again the mart of the western world, fed by its rivers for more than three thousand miles, draining the commerce of a country greater than the mind of man hath ever conceived—return to your allegiance.

If you desire to leave your children the inheritance you received of your fathers—a stable constitutional government—if you desire that they should in the future be a portion of the greatest empire that the sun ever shone upon—return to your allegiance.

There is but one thing that stands in the way.

There is but one thing at this hour stands between you and the government, and that is slavery.

The institution, cursed of God, which has taken its last refuge here, in His providence will be rooted out as the tares from the wheat, although the wheat be torn up with it.

I have given much thought to the subject.

I came among you, by teachings, by habit of mind, by political position, by social affinity, inclined to sustain your domestic laws, if by possibility they might be with safety to the Union.

Months of experience and observation have forced the conviction that the existence of slavery is incompatible with the safety either of yourselves or of the Union. As the system has gradually grown to its present huge dimensions, it were best if it could be gradually removed; but it is better, far better, it should be taken out at once than that it should longer vitiate the social, political, and family relations of our country. I am speaking with no philanthropic views as regards the slaves, but simply of the effect of slavery upon the master. See for yourselves.

Look around you and say whether this sad-denning, deadening influence has not all but destroyed the very framework of your society.

I am speaking the farewell words of one who has shown his devotion to his country at the peril of his life and fortune, who in these words can have neither hope nor interest; save the good of those whom he addresses; and let me here repeat, with all the solemnity of an appeal to Heaven to bear me witness, that such are the views forced upon me by experience.

Come, then, to the unconditional support of the government. Take into your own hands your institutions; remodel them according to the laws of God, and thus attain the prosperity assured to you by geographical position, only a portion of which was heretofore yours.

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

Reception of Major-general Butler.— His Speech in Faneuil Hall.

We gave in our early editions yesterday a partial account of the arrival and reception of General Butler in this city. Below we continue and complete our narrative of the proceedings:—

The procession arrived at Faneuil hall about 1 o'clock, where the principal exercises of the day were to take place.

The interior of the old "Cradle of Liberty" had been handsomely and specially decorated for the occasion. In the front gallery a beautiful stack of small American flags, with the shield of the Union, surrounded the American eagle. Across the front of the gallery was the motto, 'A cordial welcome to General Butler.' Four small flags depended from the center of the ceiling, and strips of bunting also radiated from the point, connecting with the side galleries. These were festooned with the American ensign, and wore mottoes referring to the scenes of General Butler's triumphs—Baltimore, New Orleans, etc. The platform was adorned with the seal of the city of Boston, the shield of the United States, and a copious display of flags.

Underneath the eagle was the motto: "Come, then, to the unconditional support of the government. There is but one thing that stands in the way between you and the government, and that is Slavery." [From General Butler's farewell address to the people of New Orleans.] At the right of the platform was the motto: "I do not feel that I have erred in too much harshness, for that harshness has ever been exhibited to disloyal citizens of my country and not to loyal friends."

At the back of the platform was the motto: "There is no middle ground between Loyalty and Treason"; at the right, "We of Louisiana know that you have always been a friend of Southern rights." True—but, mark me, I have always been equally an enemy of Southern wrongs.

The galleries were crowded almost to suffocation with ladies—the elite and refined society of Boston, who had waited for hours to join in welcoming their illustrious countryman.

The band stationed in the gallery played "The Star-spangled Banner," as General Butler entered with the procession, followed by "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "Yankee Doodle," and many national airs.

As soon as the doors were thrown open the hall was almost instantly filled with a dense crowd of people, occupying every available inch of room, and the enthusiastic greeting was of the most intense and exciting character.

When the noise consequent upon the greeting of the gallant General had somewhat subsided, General Tyler took the platform and said:

Fellow-citizens: This is not an occasion when any formal organization is necessary. The heart of Boston has spoken, and its head, our honored Mayor, will present to you our distinguished guest.

At the call of Carlos Pierce, Esq., nine deafening cheers were given for General Butler, the band playing "The Star-spangled Banner."

Speech of Mayor Lincoln.

We have assembled, fellow-citizens, in old Faneuil hall, to welcome a distinguished son of Massachusetts. Many of us have been long acquainted with him, from his interest in the local affairs

of our beloved commonwealth. For nearly two years he has been away from us, and has achieved a reputation and fame, and come back to us crowned with the laurels of a successful soldier. [Loud applause.]

One of the first to offer his services to the governor of the commonwealth at the commencement of the Rebellion, he led our gallant volunteers to the South, and his services at Baltimore, at Annapolis, at Hatteras, and at New Orleans are known to the world, and will make one of the most important pages in the history and annals of these times. [Applause.] The proof of his patriotism is shown in the fact that he has periled his life in the service of his country; and when we remember that for months \$50,000 have been offered for his head, we know how the Rebels appreciate him. [Cries of "Good" and loud applause.]

But, gentlemen, this is, as our chief marshal has said, a spontaneous occasion of the people. I know you do not wish to hear me, but you want to hear our distinguished guest, and therefore without any further preliminary remarks, except to assure him that we vie with the other cities of the Atlantic border through which he has passed, in applause for his services, I have the pleasure of introducing Major-general Butler.

As the General took the platform he was greeted with another demonstration of enthusiastic applause and vociferous cheering, while the band played "Hail, Columbia."

Speech of General Butler.

Mr. Mayor, my Fellow-countrymen: Your too cordial greeting impresses the heart so as almost to choke the word. Your welcome, so kind, so heartfelt, so applauding, merits more than words, yet merits and has the deepest gratitude man can feel. Nothing in life can be a higher and holier motive than the love of country and the desire to serve it. Nothing in life can be so great a reward as the plaudits of one's countrymen given from the heart. [Applause.] At this hour of our friendly meeting, with the hot feeling gushing up in every vein, you will hardly expect from me any discussion, for the mind is too full of the recollections of the past, and the thought will crowd upon me of those soldiers whom I have left behind, who, alas! may not receive your welcome, may not receive your plaudits, although they may have more nobly deserved them. [Cheers.] But you may ask me why I am here, instead of being in the field. To that I have the simple answer, the pawn on the chess board has no right to know when and where and how he will be moved next by those who have the great game of war in charge. [Applause.] But whenever and wherever the government may need my services, be it to start to-night or on the morrow—in the direction of South, East or West—there, as a soldier, I am bound, and as a patriot I am proud, to answer and to go. [Loud applause.] And I have said these last words because I feel like apologizing

lest some of my companions in arms may say—"Why stand ye here idle?" I wish to assure them and you that this idleness will not continue longer than the service and the good of the country require. I desire further to say to any one who may doubt on the issue that is presented to the country, that there is much more doubt at home than there is among your soldiers in the field. [Applause and cries of "Good."] We feel and know our strength; we feel and know the weakness of the enemy; and we do not doubt of the result because of that knowledge, and because of the justice of the war in which we are engaged—a war the like of which has never before been waged on earth. No rebellion heretofore has been against so kind a government; no rebellion has heretofore been carried on without cause and almost without pretext, and no rebellion heretofore has been treated with the leniency and kindness and clemency with which this Rebellion and these Rebels have been treated by the most paternal government on earth. [Applause.]

In my judgment we have exhausted conciliation [loud cries of "Good," and immense cheering]. And whenever any man asks you to hold out the olive branch of peace, ask him if he is sure it will be accepted; and until those at the South, heretofore our brothers, but now our armed enemies, are willing and ready to accept peace in the Union and as a part of the Union, let no man talk of conciliation and compromise. [Enthusiastic cheering, and loud cries of "Good."]

When, acknowledging the sovereignty of the United States over every part of its territory, they ask for peace, then I am willing to conciliate, and forgive and forget, as far as the blood of my kindred and the graves of my brothers will permit me, the wrongs they have done, but not until then. [Applause.]

Some may ask me, How is this war to be prosecuted? where are the men? The men are already in the field. Where is there another set of men? A thousand men are springing up in the North this day, but their army can only be increased by the most relentless conscription of every youth of sixteen and every old man of sixty, and covering all the intermediate ages.

But, if I might further recur to a question that has been a thousand times asked me since I arrived home, How is this great war debt to be paid?—that speaks to the material interests. How shall we ever be able to pay this war debt? Who can pay it? Who shall pay it? Shall we tax the coming generations? Shall we overtax ourselves? For one—and I speak as a citizen to citizens—I think I can see clearly a way in which this great expense can be paid by those who ought to pay it, and be borne by those who ought to bear it. Let us bring the South into subjection to the Union. We have offered them equality. If they choose it, let them have it. But, at all events, they must come under the power of the Union. [Loud cheers.]

And when once this war is closed by that subjection, if you please, if necessary, then the increased productions of great staples of the South, cotton and tobacco, with which we ought, and can, and shall supply the world—this increased production, by the emigration of white men into the South, where labor shall be honorable as it is here [applause], will pay the debt. With the millions of hogsheads of the one, and the millions of bales of the other, and with proper internal tax, which shall be paid by England and France, who have largely caused this mischief, the debt will be paid. [Cries of "That's right," and loud cheers.] Without stopping to be didactic or to discuss principles here, let us examine this matter for a moment.

They are willing to pay fifty and sixty cents a pound for cotton. The past has demonstrated that even by the uneconomical use of slave labor, it can be profitably raised—ay, profitably beyond all conception of agricultural profit here—at ten cents a pound. A simple impost of ten cents a pound, which will increase it to twenty cents only, will pay the interest of a war debt double what it is to-day; and that cotton can be more profitably raised under free labor than under slave labor, no man who has examined the subject doubts. By the imposition of this tax those men who fitted out the *Alabama*, and sent her forth to prey upon our commerce, will be compelled by the laws of trade and the laws of nations to pay for the mischief they have done. [Loud applause.] So that, when we look around in this country, which has just begun to put forth her strength, because no country has ever come to her full strength until her institutions have proved themselves strong enough to govern the country against the will, even the voluntary will, of the people—when this government, which has now demonstrated itself to be the strongest government in the world, puts forth her strength as to men, and when this country of ours, richer and more abundant in its harvests and in its productions than any other country on earth, puts forth her riches, we have a strength in men, we have an amount of money, to battle the world for liberty and freedom—to do, in the borders of the United States and on the continent of America, that which God, when He sent us forth as a missionary nation, intended we should do. [Cheers.] So allow me to return your words of congratulation and your words of welcome, with words of good cheer. Be of good cheer! God gave us this continent to civilize and to free, as an example to the nations of the earth; and if He has struck us in His wrath, because we have halted in our work, let us begin and go on, not doubting that we shall have His blessing to the end.

Be, therefore, I say, of good cheer; there can be no doubt of this issue. We feel the struggle; we feel what it costs us to carry on this war. Go with me to Louisiana—go with me to the South, and you shall see what it costs our enemies to carry on this war; and you will

have no doubt, as I have none, of the results of this unhappy strife, out of which the nation shall come stronger, better, purified North and South—better than ever before.

Now, Mr. Mayor, allow me again to express my cordial, my heartfelt thanks and deep gratitude for the kind reception which you have given me. It has answered every calumny from abroad; it will be a balm for sores of a thousand points of poisoned arrows of those who circulated base calumnies against the instrument in hopes to injure the cause. It will be to me the most grateful recollection of my life, and with your kind approbation, I can have no doubt in the future of the path of duty which I ought to pursue.

General Butler closed amid tremendous applause. He stepped upon the stand again with a silken Confederate flag, and continued:

Mr. Mayor: In behalf of the Army of the Gulf, allow me to present to you, Sir, as there representative of the city of Boston, this Confederate flag, taken from the City Hall of New Orleans. I have not brought it here as a trophy—far from it.

I have brought it here that it may be in one of your halls as a memento against the evils of Secession forever [loud applause], and that we and our children may see to what extremity Secession would reduce any portion of our country when they see the flag under whose folds the fair ladies of New Orleans, having embroidered it with their own hands, sent forth their brothers and lovers to fight.

Keep it, Sir, that it may be a warning forever against any attempt upon the integrity of the Union—not for a new incentive to patriotism to the citizens of Boston, but as a warning to those who shall come here, of the fate that such a banner ought to meet—to be raised not over brave men, but to be given as a warning to the traitors to the country forever. [Loud applause.]

The mayor accepted the flag in the spirit in which it was offered, the band playing "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?"—[*Boston Journal*].

"Ho! Yankee Boys Throughout the West!"

BY R. TOMKINS.

Ho! Yankee boys throughout the West,
Hear ye the traitors shout,
"We'll build the Union up again,
And leave New England out!"
And shall we join the rabble cry
At Tyranny's command?
Traduce the homes our childhood loved,
Betray our fatherland?

Forget the days we rambled o'er
Our free New England hills;
Forget the joyous hours we passed
Beside her shining rills;
Forget the cheerful fires where smoke
Upon her free air curls;
Forget the hearths where cluster 'round
New England's peerless girls?

What! look with alien eyes upon
The land where Hancock died,
And in a vile and impious tone
The Pilgrims' faith deride?



FEDERAL CAVALRY



RECESSION CAVALRY



RECESSION KNIGHTS

Shall Lexington and Bunker Hill
Be named by us in scorn,
Because a Revolution there
In Freedom's name was born?

No! by the blood of heroes shed
On Bunker's gory height;
No! by the memory of the dead,
Who dared old England's might—
The flag that floats o'er Plymouth Rock
Shall wave o'er Sumter's wall;
These States shall all together stand,
Or all together fall!

We've met the boasting cavalier—
Proud lord of whips and chains—
Within our nation's council halls,
And conquered him with brains;
And now, if he will have it so,
We'll make the Southern feel
The Pilgrim's sons, wherever found,
Can handle lead and steel.

The torch that burned at Lexington,
Lit by our patriot sires,
Shall yet illumine the Southern skies
With freedom's holy fires;
And Yankee schools shall dot the plains,
And Yankee churches rise,
Till Truth and Light dissolve each chain,
And Slavery groans and dies.

Kiss Me, Mother, and Let Me Go.

BY MISS PRIEST.

Have you heard the news that I heard to-day?
The news that trembles on every lip?
The sky is darker again, they say,
And breakers threaten the good, old ship.
Our country calls on her sons again,
To strike, in her name, a dastardly foe;
She asks for six hundred thousand men,
And I would be one, mother. Let me go.

The love of country was born with me;
I remember how my young heart would
thrill
When I used to sit on my grandame's knee
And list to the story of Bunker hill.
Life gushed out there in a rich, red flood:
My grandsire fell in that fight, you know—
Would you have me shame the brave, old
blood?
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Our flag, the flag of our hope and pride,
With its Stars and Stripes, and its field of
blue,
Is mocked, insulted, torn down, defied,
And trampled upon by the Rebel crew.
And England and France look on and sneer,
"Ha, queen of the earth, thou art fallen
low!"
Earth's down-trodden millions weep and fear,
So, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Under the burning Southern skies
Our brothers languish in heart-sick pain.
They turn to us with their pleading eyes;
Oh, mother, say, shall they turn in vain?
Their ranks are thinning from sun to sun,
Yet bravely they hold at bay the foe;
Shall we let them die there, one by one?
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Can you selfishly cling to your household
joys,
Refusing this smallest title to yield,
While thousands of mothers are sending boys
Beloved as yours to the battle-field?
Can you see my country call in vain,
And restrain my arm from the needful
blow?
Not so; though your heart should break with
pain,
You will kiss me, bless me, and bid me go.

Kiss Me, Mother, and Let Me Go.

A MOTHER'S REPLY.

I have heard the news that came that day,
I have read it all with a trembling lip;
I know that dangers surround our way,
And perils threaten the good, old ship;
I have heard the summons to loyal men,
The call for six hundred thousand more,
The call which has sounded again and again,
Louder, more urgent, than ever before.

Your message, too, my own brave son,
I have read it and read it o'er and o'er,
And you were dearer to me, when done,
Than ever you were before.
How proud I felt of my noble boy;
Yet sadly the tears would flow,
When I read with a grief that was almost joy,
"Kiss me, mother, and let me go."

It seems but a moment since on my breast
I cradled my first-born son—
Since in these arms you were hushed to rest;
How quickly the years have gone!
How well I remember when you were a child,
Who shouted, and laughed, and ran;
It seems like a dream, or a fancy wild,
That my little boy now is a man.

But now, in the hour of my country's need,
Assailed by a deadly foe,
Can I hold you back? 'T were a traitor's
deed,—
My darling, I bid you go.
Go forth in the cause of your native land,
My heart shall not fail at the sight.
Let the thought of your mother but nerve
your hand
In the struggle for freedom and right.

I shall think of you often, my own brave son,
When thousands of miles away;
I will pray for you always, my precious one,
As mothers alone can pray.
And if on the battle-field, far from my side,
The head that I love shall lie low,
I will say, "It is well; for his country he
died";
God bless you, my darling one: Go.
M. C. M.

The California Cavalry Company in Boston.—Grand Reception by the City and State.—Speeches by Ex-Mayor Wightman, Mayor Lincoln, Captain Reed and Governor Andrew.

The "California Rangers," a company of cavalry composed of men of Northern and New England birth, recruited in the Golden state for Massachusetts, were honored with an appropriate reception in Boston, to-day. Unfortunately, the weather is unpropitious and has detracted largely from the brilliancy of the occasion, but, circumstances considered, it has been a demonstration every way worthy the bravery and patriotism of the brave soldiers of the Pacific coast.

The company arrived from Readville about 10 o'clock, in a special train via the Providence road, and was received at the depot by a battalion of cavalry, on foot, in command of Maj. Charles W. Wilder, consisting of the National Lancers, Capt. Lucius Slade, and the Light Dragoons, Capt. Charles F. Stevens—also the Brigade band, a number of Californians, and others interested in the welfare of the company and the noble state they represent.

The procession was formed on Pleasant street and Park square, and included, besides those already mentioned, Gilmore's band, which accompanied the company from Readville. The line of march was taken up through Boylston, Tremont, West, and Bedford streets, to the city government rooms, where the company was formally welcomed to the hospitality of the city. There was considerable enthusiasm manifested along the route, and everywhere were apparent signs of a hearty welcome. The appearance of the company was remarkably fine, and fully sustained the admirable reputation which preceded it.

Upon arriving at the city government rooms, the Californians and their escort were formed in a hollow square around the room, and after music by the band, ex-Mayor Wightman spoke as follows to Mayor Lincoln:

Remarks of Ex-Mayor Wightman.

Mr. Mayor: In addition to the duties of my municipal office during the last year, I had the honor of being a general recruiting officer for furnishing some seven or eight thousand men for the United States army. While engaged in this work, I received through Judge Russell a communication from His Excellency the Governor, stating that he had received from the state of California the tender of a company of Massachusetts and other loyal citizens of that state, who were desirous of sharing the dangers of the field, and uniting their fortunes with those of Boston and Massachusetts soldiers. To this communication I had the pleasure of giving, through Judge Russell, an affirmative answer. I had the pleasure to say that Boston would give a fraternal grasp of the hand to the soldiers from California, even though they might come here to fight the battles not simply as Boston soldiers, nor as Massachusetts soldiers, but as soldiers of the United States—to fight under our glorious national banner and to shed, if necessary, their life-blood upon the altar of our common country.

This, Sir, is the result. California has not on this occasion sent her gold to the North, but she has sent that which is dearer and more precious to her and to us—the true and the brave hearts and stout arms of her sons, that she, too, may worthily stand beside her loyal sister states, and pay her offering with theirs on the altar of our common country.

Let us receive them with that friendly greeting and fraternal grasp of brotherhood to which they are so justly entitled; and, Sir, permit me to surrender to you, the official representative of the citizens of Boston, the agreeable privilege of tendering a cordial, generous welcome to our city and its hospitalities, Captain Reed and his company of Californians, whom I have now the honor and pleasure to present to you.

Response of Mayor Lincoln.

Mayor Lincoln then said:

It gives me much satisfaction, Sir, as the representative of the city of Boston, to receive from you, my predecessor, this introduction to Captain Reed and the company from California. The circumstances are very peculiar. Brave and gallant men from the shores of the Pacific, desirous to do their share in putting down this Rebellion, offer their services to you and the commonwealth, and desire to put their destiny and their fortunes with their own brave Massachusetts men. It has been your fortune, and you have had the honor and the official action, to make these men a part and portion of the quota of Boston. It seems to me, Sir, one of the pleasantest things of your administration. When you see their gallant deeds in arms, more than

ever will you be proud that your labors put them into the service. I return to you my thanks in behalf of the city of Boston.

The mayor then turned to Captain Reed and said:

To you, Captain Reed, let me in behalf of the city of Boston tender a most hearty welcome. You and your command have seen fit voluntarily to place yourselves in the service of the United States, desiring to form a part of the quota of Boston, thus enlisting our warmest sympathies in behalf of our own beloved commonwealth, and making, as it were, our Boston soldiers your brothers in arms.

The service to which you are to be called is one of danger and peril. I believe that the cavalry service is one of the most important in military organizations. They do not fight behind entrenchments and in forts, but they meet the enemy in personal conflict. The greatest battles in the past have been achieved in a great measure by the cavalry arm. This is true from the time of Alexander the Great, who always led in person his Macedonian cohorts, and it was true also in the times of Cromwell. At Marston Moor and Naseby, those great battles were achieved, it is said, by cavalry. It is said by military men that the misfortunes of the great Napoleon were owing in a considerable degree to the fact that he had not sufficient skill in the disposition of his cavalry forces. And I would say also in our own times, in this present war, it has been said that if our loyal troops had had in their forces a much larger number of cavalry, our successes would have been greater in many of the most important engagements, and our great victories more complete.

Captain Reed, we welcome you. You are to share in the sympathy of Bostonians. We are proud that you represent Boston and Massachusetts.

Remarks of Captain Reed.

Captain Reed replied to the mayor as follows:

Mayor Lincoln: I bring you one hundred Californians. We come not as citizens of California, neither as citizens of Massachusetts. We come as citizens of the United States—[cheers]—and we are proud to enroll ourselves under the quota of Boston. [Renewed cheers.]

At the conclusion of the ceremonies here the band discoursed the "Star-spangled Banner," and the procession was immediately re-formed and marched to the State house, where the company was formally welcomed by Governor Andrew. The exercises occurred in Doric Hall, which was thoroughly crowded in every part. The Rangers and their escort were formed in hollow square, and in the center were Governor Andrew and suite, Hon. Amos A. Lawrence, a liberal benefactor to the company, Hon. Charles N. Emerson, of the western part of the state, and many others prominently identified with the affairs of the state, and deeply interested in the welfare of the company to which

they paid tribute. The welcoming address of Governor Andrew was listened to with the closest attention by the soldiers, and was frequently interrupted by hearty applause.

Speech of Governor Andrew.

Captain: It gives me the most unalloyed satisfaction, and it fills my heart with pride as well as joy I can not express, to have the high honor, both officially and personally, of greeting you soldiers of the Union, who have passed from the distant coasts of the Pacific that you may number yourselves upon the Atlantic shores with the soldiers of Massachusetts, who are guarding and defending the rights, the honor, and the perpetuity of our common Union. [Applause.]

Who shall dare to hesitate or doubt in the quiet of his peaceful home when men act like you, soldiers, citizens like these, deserting the golden mines of that far-distant state that you may hurry to our defense? I am proud, Captain and Soldiers, that it is given to us to have the honor of numbering you with our own contingent, that your names are to be recorded upon the same rolls which bear the dear names of Massachusetts men. [Cheers.] But no longer any more of Massachusetts, of New York, of Illinois, of Missouri, of Texas, of California, do we think or remember when a common hope, a common pride, a common joy, and an interest common to us all stand imperilled. That flag is the symbol by which we all swear; it is the standard which our fathers erected; it is the flag for which every good citizen will even dare to die. [Applause.]

It will give you, Captain, satisfaction to know that I have this morning received assurance from Washington that the tender of a whole battalion of Californians has been permitted to me to accept. [Loud cheers and "Good!"] The offer of a battalion of your friends and neighbors of California was proudly accepted, so far as it lay in my own power officially to do so. This morning, from Washington, I have the authority which I hesitate not to act upon without delay, and I dare say the winged messenger has now flitted over the wires, and I trust that now in San Francisco it is already known that this battalion shall be counted a part of the Massachusetts contingent, and I also venture to declare that the message will find the California company beneath the dome of the capitol of Massachusetts. [Cheers.]

The history of this war, Captain, has revealed to us a changeful scene, now a momentary defeat, now a glorious triumph; but it has also revealed to us what is much more to be proud of before men, and thankful for before Almighty God, that the love of country, the firmness of heroic hearts, the devotion to duty on the part of the citizen-soldiers of the Union, was not, never has been, and never can be doubtful, hesitating, momentary, or spasmodic.

We have set in for a storm as long as

it may please God to allow it to last. [Applause.] Disaster can only be the trial of our metal, delay can only be the test of our patience, and victory is only worthy when it has been fairly won. [Cheers.]

I doubt not, Sir, I doubt not, Soldiers, that you have nerved your own hearts and strengthened your own purposes by a contemplation of a high idea of duty, in having left behind you all the attractions of your own homes that you might share in the hardships as well as honors of the field.

In committing to you, Sir, a commission, and commissions to your fellow-officers in arms, giving an opportunity of service under the white flag of Massachusetts as well as the stary banner of the Union, I have done so not only with pride and gratification already feebly attempted to be expressed, but with the utmost confidence that our cause will be faithfully served, the honor of us all nobly protected, and the flag which you bear will never be surrendered to any foe. [Cheers.]

Unnumbered as are the fields on which the soldiers of Massachusetts shed their blood, laid down their lives, no flag yet borne in Massachusetts hands has ever been torn from the standard-bearer's grasp to grace the godless triumph of the enemy. [Cheers.]

These banners, then, are committed to your care with more than ordinary confidence, and with more than ordinary solemnity of a personal and official charge, that you shall be faithful to the cause which it symbolizes, and you will baptize it, if need be, with the last drop of your hearts' best blood. [Cheers.]

The Governor was next introduced to the officers by the captain, and the line of march was taken up to Faneuil hall.

The Battle Near the Blackwater.

CAMP NEAR SUFFOLK, VA., }
Jun. 31, 1863. }

Mr. Editor:—Possibly I may be able to give you some items of interest concerning the battle of the 30th inst., in which the Lowell boys participated. The names of the killed and wounded have been sent home already; the account of other troops than the Sixth regiment and Seventh battery has probably been given in other papers; so, by your leave, I'll tell you simply what I saw and heard about our boys.

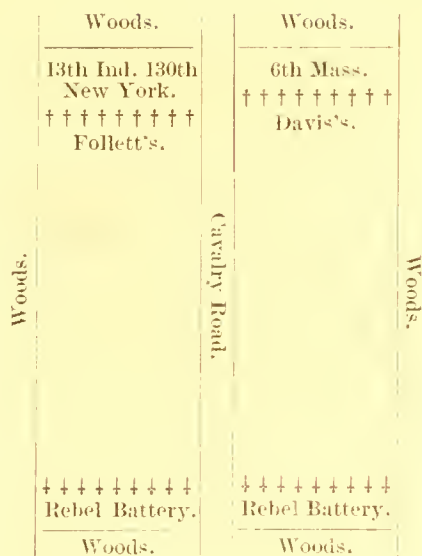
At 9.15 p. m., Thursday, twenty or more of the battery boys were in the sergeant's cabin, where we had been listening to singing and reading for an hour or two. In the midst of the "trial scene" Captain Davis came and called out a sergeant; a moment after he called another, and presently both returned and brought the news that the battery was ordered to start for the Blackwater, with three days' rations, at 11:30 p. m. Everywhere was the bustle and hurry of preparation. I went over across the field to the camp of the Sixth and found them under marching orders. I could not stay behind when there was so fine a chance to see something of war, so I ran round to borrow a horse. There wasn't a spare one in camp. Back again to the battery, where Captain Davis kindly furnished me with a horse, and Sergeants Storer and Brigham fitted me out with every thing needed for the march, so that I was in the saddle and off with them when the battery started.

The night was perfect. The air was mild and clear; the cloudless sky was studded with stars, and the moon flooded the earth

with light. You could hear nothing but the rumble of wheels, the sound of hoofs, and a suppressed murmur of voices. Emerging from the field where the quarters stand, we came into a broad road, where a regiment of infantry were halted. Presently more troops came up, and we started again. Sergeants Storer and Williams and I rode ahead, to see all we could and to vary the ride. Out at our last line of pickets we stopped again. A little farther on, the whole line halted, to let the cavalry pass on to the front. It was a little exciting to see them dash on through the mud by twos, and pass from sight. Once more in motion, cavalry ahead, Thirteenth Indiana, Follett's battery, then two sections of Davis's, then the One Hundred and Thirtieth New York, then the Sixth and two regiments, then third section of Davis's battery, then infantry and cavalry.

The roads alternated between mud and water; you could take your choice generally; if you liked mud best, you could get it from two to four inches deep; if water, you could wade ankle or knee deep. About six miles out, we halted for ten minutes. Here our watches told us 't was 2:15, and we had been marching nearly three hours. The cavalymen had rails down, and fires started instantly; but before the coffee could boil, an officer rode along and ordered the fires out, and the men in the saddles. Off again!—but we three waited for the Sixth, that we had n't seen since starting. In their places we found them, sturdily tramping along through mud and water. Forward again, past Follett's battery. "Along here the Rebs. were seen to-day," somebody says. "Ping!" goes a musket in the distance ahead of us; and in the still night-air it had a musical sound. Again, again, again—four, five—you stop counting, there are so many. Then the sound of cheering, mellowed by distance. "A charge!—the cavalry are charging." Pleasanter than the sound of musketry were those cheers that floated back through the night air; they removed any unpleasant sensations the former might have caused. Very soon we learned that our advance guard had surprised the enemy's picket, and charged on them, but the Rebels had divided, and stood by the side of the road, and fired on them as they charged past them, and again when they had wheeled and charged back upon them. One cavalry man was wounded, and the enemy disappeared into the woods. The Thirteenth Indiana were deployed as skirmishers, and scoured the woods along our right and left. Presently the cavalry halted, and the infantry were ordered to the front at the double quick.

In this expedition two companies of Pennsylvania conscripts were attached to the Sixth, and when the regiments were now ordered forward, the cowardly Dutchmen hung back, so as to impede part of the regiment in their attempt to get forward. A part had filed past where I sat, and an impatient aid rode up from the front and shouted, "Is this all the Sixth?" Straight on his heels another, "Where's the Sixth? Is this all?" "Three companies more," answered some soldier, tossing the answer over his shoulder as he trudged on without slackening his pace, and the two inquirers galloped down toward the rear. In two or three minutes they spurred back again, and disappeared, and the remaining companies of the Sixth double-quickened after them. Forward again, a few rods. The moon that had favored us all night, had now disappeared, and the darkness, the marching, the hurried orders, the movements of artillery and infantry, are mingled and confused in my memory. I only know that in a very few minutes Follett's battery was ordered into a field on the right of the road and opened on the enemy. Davis's was ordered a few rods further down the road, into a similar field on the left. The following diagram will represent the position.



Follett's whole battery were together and were speedily in position; two sections of the Seventh were together just behind Follett's and were in battery without delay. The third section of Davis's had been stationed farther to the rear during the march, and as soon as the order reached them, they whipped up; but the road was blocked, and the horses were thrown into confusion by the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth New York, who were rushing in confusion to the rear. Finally the section struggled through and drove to the left and wheeled into position. By the time they reached the ground, one of the guns had become disabled. One of the very first shots fired against them had gone through the saddle of Craig's horse, passed through, tearing his leg, and killed the second horse also.

The firing was now very heavy. The shells flew through the air like our rockets at home, and I quite enjoyed watching them at first, as they came high over us, and were lost in the woods toward the rear. But the unpleasant conviction soon forced itself upon me that they were dropping nearer and nearer, as the range was got still more accurately. I did not view them as harmless fireworks merely. Meanwhile the Thirteenth Indiana were lying in the edge of the woods behind Follett's, and the Sixth were on the edge of the woods behind the Seventh battery. When the Sixth were ordered in, the cowardly conscripts still impeded them. They were just in front of Co. G, who pushed them along with the butts of their muskets, and by main strength and threats, hurrying the frightened Dutchmen into their places in the woods. Co. G grew impatient. "For God's sake, Major," shouted Lieutenant Pulsifer, "order those fellows to divide and let us through, if they won't go themselves." At last the poor fellows, who ducked and fell on their haunches at every shell whizzing above them, were got into their places, by the threats of the major and the main strength of Co. B, and the men lay flat on their faces on the damp ground. While there, several, whose names have been sent home, were wounded. One shell killed a lieutenant and two men.

Late in the first action, just before sunrise, the colonel and aid, who with the lieutenant-colonel and major had been getting the regiment into line, had just dismounted, and the colonel was leaning against his horse, and the adjutant was sitting on a log calling his servant to take the two horses, whose reins he at that time held himself, when a shell struck the colonel's horse in the hind-quarters, passed through and took off the front shoulder of the adjutant's, and both fell over on the adjutant, bruising him severely and rendering him incapable of further service for some days yet. Billy Spaulding, of Co. G, had the back of his jacket torn by a ball that passed over him, and a ball swept over Lieut-

tenant Bickford so close that its windage chilled his neck.

Follett's battery suffered heavily. Early in the action a shell penetrated one of the limbers and exploded, killing, though not scaring, the man who was taking out ammunition, and throwing the three drivers to the ground. The explosion resembled that of a pyrotechnic mine, and its glare lit up the whole field, bringing into view the cavalry huddled together at the left of the road, close to the edge of the woods, the caissons with horses, the guns arranged in battery, and the encompassing woods. In an instant all was dark again, but the increased rapidity of the enemy's fire told that they were improving the knowledge they had gained of our position.

Davis, too, had suffered. Three of his guns had been disabled and sent to the rear, one by a shell lodged in the piece, and incapable of being moved, one by a broken axletree, one by loss of men. The firing was tremendous. Colonel Foster, of the Thirteenth Indiana, who was in the battles of Western Virginia, and Captain Follett, who had been in Mexico and the peninsular battles, said they never saw such shelling—never were exposed to such a fire. It seemed then, and seems now, a wonder that so many of both batteries escaped. Some of the men escaped most narrowly. Lieutenant Devoll was holding his horse, when it fell, covering Brigham with blood. Brigham and two of his men were standing behind a limber with the cover up, taking out ammunition; a shell struck the cover, shut it down, knocked their canteens in among the powder, and glanced off. Lieutenant McCurdy was taking ammunition from a caisson when a shot struck a spoke near him, cut it off, and dented the iron band on the ammunition box; an inch to right or left, and the shell would have penetrated the caisson, and caused a heavier explosion than when Follett's limber blew up. The men carrying ammunition from limber to gun would, many of them, watch the shell coming toward them, drop on their faces till it passed, jump for the gun, and keep repeating this process in safety. A shot struck Hayes in the groin, glanced and traversed his stomach, leaving a black line across it. Parmeter, the bugler, had his arm grazed by a shot that scratched off a little of the skin, paralyzed his arm for half an hour, and left it black and yellow from shoulder to elbow. Captain Davis had his scabbard dented by a shot; and many others, doubtless, had equally narrow escapes, of which I have not heard. But whether wounded or escaping, nobody flinched; from captain to private they stood to their guns as steadily as on drill, and were too busy with the enemy to care for themselves. No one seeing them could believe that this was the first time they had been under fire, and such a fire, too. I never before was so proud to be a Lowell boy, as I was when I saw this fight.

At 3:15 o'clock in the morning the cannonading commenced, and it lasted for three hours and a half. Then there was a lull. The batteries were ordered to the rear, to replenish with ammunition. An officer, representing himself as from General Corcoran, brought Colonel Follansbee an order to send his regiment to the rear. He gave the order and started for the road. He wasn't heard by the lieutenant-colonel and major, so the order was not repeated; and when he got out into the road, he found he had only thirty men with him. Leaving them in charge of a sergeant, he went back into the woods again and found his men, who were by this time wondering what had got the colonel, and repeated his order, and brought out his men. As well as they could they marched back along a road crowded with artillery and infantry, for a quarter of a mile. Here they met General Corcoran. "What regiment is this?" "Massachusetts Sixth," answered the colonel. "I've heard of that regiment before. They are just the men I want to see." Stepping up to the colonel, the general said, "I've just had trouble in getting one of my regiments forward. Now, will you charge with your men on that battery? I'll promise you strong supports." "Yes, sir, just as soon as I can get them into order." Colonel Follansbee then began disentangling his men from the crowd, and had got three companies formed when the general grew impatient. "I'm working as fast as I can; but if you say

so, I'll charge with these three companies." "No; go farther to the rear and deploy into the open piece at the right, and form your regiment." The whole force moved on and formed in the field, and then all moved forward again, and did not stop until they reached the position occupied by the enemy at 3 o'clock. Then the forces deployed to the right and left of the road, the Sixth taking position in line of battle in a corn-field on the left, within a few rods of the place where the enemy's cannon had stood before.

Here they stood for three hours; then Colonel Spear's cavalry and Farrar's section of Davis's battery were ordered down the road to dislodge a battery which was still playing. Captain Davis told the general that nobody could live in that fire in the woods, but that if he said so, he'd go, and he went. The firing in there was awful. Farrar unlimbered one of his guns and fired five times; but the enemy's shell exploded just under his gun, and he limbered up and retired to the open field again. It was here that Colonel Spear was knocked senseless from his horse by a falling branch. Then followed a consultation between the general and the colonels, and the regiments retired to the early morning position.

Here they rested for an hour, and were reinforced by three field-pieces, a regiment of infantry, and supplied with ammunition. Then they advanced again, and did not stop till they had marched six or seven miles. Here the road ran between two wooded slopes. The cavalry in advance saw the enemy drawn up in line of battle, and retired for about a mile. Then the infantry was ordered forward. The Thirteenth Indiana was sent ahead, a portion of them deploying as skirmishers in the woods to the right and left. Then our guns opened on the Rebels with shell and cleared the woods, and then the cavalry pursued them as they fled, for more than a mile.

This ended the expedition; the whole force returned to camp, which our boys reached at 1:15 the next morning, footsore and weary. The Indiana men here mentioned are old soldiers; they have three victories inscribed on their banners, and can always be relied on. They never flinch; they go wherever ordered, but they've no love for fighting; they always say they'd rather be out of it. They are quiet, never boast, but are splendid troops. The famous New York Sixty-ninth got frightened, and not all the entreaties of their colonel could stop them till they got out of range; then they rallied and were brought to the front again.

As I passed over the road between the Sixth and our wagons in the rear, as I had occasion to do four times, I saw three or four hundred stragglers, but among them all there wasn't a single man from the Sixth or the battery. I can not praise them higher than to state this. In conversing with the men since the battle, I have found no man who enjoyed it, no one who would not have preferred being out of it, but their discipline as soldiers, and their pride of character as men, kept them from faltering. There may have been knees that trembled, and hearts that stood still, as it were, when shell and ball crashed but a few feet above the men's heads; but not a man hesitated to obey orders, and every order was given by the officers as calmly as on parade. All exhibited that courage which results from pride of character rather than from recklessness.

I shall never forget the first shriek I heard on the field. I was sitting on my horse near the off leader on a caisson, on the left edge of the field where Follett's battery was stationed. I saw a shell coming toward us, and watched it narrowly, for it seemed to be coming straight for me. It passed, however, by the rich leader, and I listened to its whizzing, and heard it end in that sudden, dull, ominous "thug." Somebody was hit. A pause of a few seconds, then a sickening shriek tore up through the still night air. "Oh, God! Oh, God! Won't somebody help me? Won't somebody bring me the surgeon?"

As I came up from the hospital, after going back in company with one of the disabled guns, I first saw a dead Rebel. He was a man of medium height, good, fair face, hair short and brushed back, square cut whiskers on his chin, with blue eyes wide open, but glassy and expressionless. He lay flat on his back,

his feet together, his hands by his side. His clothes were old, of poor material, and ragged. His boots were old and dried and weather-worn—the toughest-looking leather I ever saw except in discarded boots that have lain in the rain for months. His face was colorless, yet not so ghastly pale as the face seemed of one of our own men who lay on the side of the road; his face spattered with blood, and his pallor heightened by the contrast. I never saw before so sickening a sight.

At the place where an Irish surgeon had stationed himself, I saw several wounded men. To one the priest was administering "extreme unction"; another poor, dying wretch struggled to lift himself up, trying to get his shivering feet and hands close to the little fire before him. Near by lay another, whose leg was being amputated. Then there were the limp, bloody, and mangled heaps lying on caissons, on limbers by the roadside, or on ambulances; not many, to be sure, and yet too many for his comfort who saw them.

Two instances of uncommon nerve have been told me since the fight. Reed, of Groton, had his left arm shattered and hanging by the flesh, and with his own knife he cut it off, and carried the arm in his hand two miles; the other case is Huntington's, who called out, as he lay back of the battery, "Captain Davis!" "What?" "Have you got a sharp knife?" "What do you want of it?" "The Rebs. tried to take off my leg, and I want to help them finish the job." Poor fellow! I'm afraid he can't survive the loss of blood consequent on his wound. One little fellow came up to Captain Davis and asked if there was any thing he could do. "Yes, carry ammunition," and he carried it with a will. When the Sixth first went to the rear, Captain Cady, passing along with his company, saw a man with a shattered leg lying in a puddle from which he could not move himself. The captain gently lifted him up on the bank, and the sufferer's eyes were eloquent in thanks.

The chaplain, adjutant, and I came back to camp when the troops came back at noon to the morning position, thinking there would be nothing more of any consequence done that day. It was a strange day. In the middle of the forenoon it seemed late afternoon.

From the few prisoners captured, we learn that they were taken by surprise. They were ordered out of their quarters into line, but a shell burst among them, and they ran. One of the Seventh battery men found a diary, which showed that the battery opposed to us was from South Carolina. The shells they used were mainly of English manufacture. How destructive our shells were, we can not tell. General Corcoran ordered a detail out to bury a captain, major, and twelve privates, that had been left by the enemy, and there were thirty-one wounded taken by the Rebels to a large white house a mile from the enemy's first position.

I abstain from any eulogy of the Sixth. I have given an impartial statement of what transpired, and leave their deeds to praise them, sure that these will justify the declaration made by General Peck, Friday afternoon, "No general in any department has a better regiment than the Massachusetts Sixth."

P. S.—Coming down in the cars to-day from Suffolk, I fell in with Captain Sherman, formerly of Lowell, now in Spear's cavalry, and learned some facts of which I was before ignorant. He rode with Spear at the head of the regiment. Just in advance of the main body of cavalry rode a lieutenant with a few men. They saw the Rebel pickets in the road, and the officer hailed them with "Who are you?" "If you advance another step you are a dead man," was the reply. The party retired to the main body, were reinforced, and charged on the enemy, as I have stated above. On arriving at the spot where our batteries were afterward placed, the lieutenant saw the Rebels' camp-fires, and returned to Spear to report the fact. The colonel and captain rode forward, and while the artillery were getting into position, they stood in full view of the Rebel fires, that were built just beyond the woods and shone through, and they could see the toe drawn up in line of battle between the fires and us, visible against the light.

One of the prisoners told me this morning that they were asleep when the pickets fired, but were immediately aroused, but so sudden was our advance that they had not got their blankets rolled up before our cannon opened. Then their fires were extinguished. General Pryor was asleep in a deserted house, a mile or so to the rear, but came down to the field speedily, and conducted the fight in person. He was only two or three yards from a colonel who was among the killed.

J. O. SCRIPTURE.

—[Lowell Courier.]

Resignation of General Burnside — General Hooker in Command.

A dispatch from the army head-quarters of the Potomac announces that yesterday morning General Burnside turned over his command to Major-general Hooker, who came to the head-quarters of the camp for that purpose. The dispatch states that as soon as the change became known throughout the army, a considerable number of the superior officers called on General Burnside, and took their parting leave of him with many regrets. The following is the address of General Burnside to his army:—

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Jan. 26th.) GENERAL ORDER No. 9.

By directions of the President of the United States, the commanding general this day transfers the command of this army to Major-General Joseph Hooker.

The short time he has directed your movements has not been fruitful of victory, nor any considerable advancement of our line; but it has again demonstrated an amount of courage, patience, and endurance that under more favorable circumstances would have accomplished great results. Continue to exercise these virtues; be true in your devotion to your country, and the principles you have sworn to maintain; give to your brave and skillful general, who as long been identified with your organization, and who is now to command you, your full and cordial support and co-operation, and you will deserve success.

Your general, in taking an affectionate leave of the army, which he separates from with so much regret, may be pardoned if he bids an especial farewell to his long and tried associates of the 9th corps. His prayers are that God may be with you and grant continual success until the Rebellion is crushed.

By command of Major-General Burnside,
LEWIS RICHMOND,
Acting Adjutant-General.

General Burnside has been allowed thirty days' leave of absence, and goes to New York. The weather was warm yesterday, and the mud drying up.

The Way General Hooker Got a Command.

When the war broke out, says a western paper, General Hooker, then in California, came post-haste to Washington to offer his services to the government. General Scott was at the head of the military affairs of the country, and between that old gentleman and General Hooker was a feud dating back to the Mexican war. Hence as every thing relating to the army was referred to Scott, Hooker was suffered to apply in vain even for a regimental command. Disgusted and mad, he made preparation to return to the Pacific coast, and was about to start when the first battle of Bull Run was fought.

There was nothing in that to encourage; so he went to the White House, as the last thing before leaving, to call on the President, whom he had never seen. He was introduced, by some mistake of his friends, as Captain Hooker, and the following was the conversation that ensued:—

Hooker—“Mr. President, I was introduced to you as captain. I am or was Lieutenant-colonel Hooker of the regular army. When the war began, I was at home in California, and hastened to make a tender of my services to the government; but my relation to General Scott, or some other impediment, stands in the way, and I see no chance of making my military knowledge and experience useful. I am about to return; but before going I was anxious to pay my respects to you, and to express my wishes for your personal welfare, and for your success in putting down this infernal Rebellion. And I want, while I am at it, to say one thing more: I was at Bull Run, the other day, Mr. President, and it is no vanity or boasting in me to say that I am a—sight better general than you, Sir, had on that field!”

After this announcement, Mr. Lincoln concluded he might venture to trust him with a colonelcy, and therefore give him command of a regiment. Since that time his march has been onward.

After “Taps.”

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

As I lay with my blanket on,
By the dim fire-light, in the moonlight night,
When the skirmishing fight was done.

The measured beat of the sentry's feet,
With the jingling scabbard's ring!
Tramp! Tramp! in my meadow-camp
By the Shenandoah's spring.

The moonlight seems to shed cold beams
On a row of pale gravestones;
Give the bugle breath, and that image of
Death
Will fly from the reveille's tones.

By each tented roof, a charger's hoof
Makes the frosty hill-side ring;
Give the bugle breath, and a spirit of Death
To each horse's girth will spring.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
The sentry, before my tent,
Guards in gloom his chief, for whom
Its shelter to-night is lent.

I am not there. On the hill-side bare
I think of the ghost within;
Of the brave who died at my sword-hand
side,
To-day, 'mid the horrible din.

Of shot and shell and the infantry yell,
As we charged with the saber drawn,
To my heart I said, “Who shall be the dead
In my tent, at another dawn?”

I thought of a blossoming almond-tree,
The statelyst tree that I know;
Of a golden bowl; of a parted soul;
And a lamp that is burning low.

Oh, thoughts that kill! I thought of the hill
In the far-off Jura chain;
Of the two, the three, o'er the wide salt sea,
Whose hearts would break with pain;—

Of my pride and joy,—my eldest boy;
Of my darling, the second—in years;
Of Willie, whose face, with its pure, mild
grace,
Melts memory into tears;—

Of their mother, my bride, by the Alpine
lake's side,
And the angel asleep in her arms;
Love, Beauty, and Truth, which she brought
to my youth,
In that sweet April day of her charms.

“HALT! Who comes there?” The cold mid-
night air
And the challenging word chill me through.
The ghost of a fear whispers, close to my ear,
“Is peril, love, coming to you?”

The hoarse answer, “RELIEF,” makes the
shade of a grief
Die away, with the step on the sod.
A kiss melts in air, while a tear and a prayer
Confide my beloved to God.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
With a solemn, pendulum swing!
Though I slumber all night, the fire burns
bright,
And my sentinels' scabbards ring.

“Boot and saddle!” is sounding. Our pulses
are bounding,
“To horse!” And I touch with my heel
Black Gray in the ranks, and ride down the
ranks,
With my heart, like my saber, of steel.
—[Atlantic Monthly.

A Voice from the Rappahannock.

The following is the principal part of a private letter from a gentleman in service in the Army of the Potomac to his friends in this city. It tells some truths and expresses some opinions that are important, and should exact the attention of all our readers. As they come from a soldier, and not a politician, we claim for them respectful consideration. The loyal men at home should be gratified that a voice comes directly from the army, rebuking the white-livered poltroons and ungrateful hypocrites, who, assuming to be loyal, are opposing, openly or covertly, every means proposed by the administration to crush out the most iniquitous Rebellion that ever cursed a civilized people:—

FALMOUTH, VA., Feb. 3, 1863.

Our new general (Hooker) will be obliged to keep still until the mud has disappeared, as it would be an impossibility for the heavy teams of the army, or the artillery, to move. All our supplies have to be brought from Falmouth depot, which is about four miles from our camp; and to-day I found more than a dozen teams broken down or stuck in the mud between here and the depot. Dead horses and mules can be found along the entire route; and when you remember that this army extends some fifteen miles one way by ten the other, you can form some idea of our situation. Yet I do not see how a better place could be found for the winter quarters of the Army of the Potomac, so near to Richmond; and for one, I am indeed thankful to General Burnside that he moved by this route. From Washington to Aquia creek, it is only four hours by steamboat; thence, by railroad, it is fifteen miles to Falmouth. So, you see, we need not at any time be out of provisions. Had we been left at Warrington or Culpepper, one railroad track would not have been sufficient for the use of the army; besides there was the risk of the enemy getting into our rear and cutting off our trains. If the wood only holds out, we will be ready, by the last of March, for a march.

I would say that the army has great confidence in General Hooker, as they had in Burnside, or would have in any general whom the government should choose to put in command. The army is ready to do its duty; and if the soldiers were not fed almost entirely on certain newspapers with which the camps are flooded, to the exclusion of those which sustain the government, they would not know how hard the traitors at the

North are at work trying to stir up a “muss” in behalf of some convicted or defunct general.

When government endeavors to procure men from another source, a great hue and cry is raised by the stay-at-home cowards, about “nigger colonels,” or “nigger brigadiers.” Now, I had rather have a Negro in my front, on the battle-field, than be myself in his front. They can fight; they will fight; they ought to be made to fight; and I trust they will be put to it.

Thank God, Lowell has furnished the age with a man—a second “Saul of Tarsus”—who, with a strong arm and an iron will, has set this nation the example of a patriot, who with the true doctrine of “Sustain the government, in this our nation's trying hour—right or wrong”—will yet, I believe, receive that nation's true applause. I did not intend to make this friendly line so long; but through the dark curtain which now hangs over our land, I can see one ray of sunlight, that clusters with golden luster around these words—“Sustain the government.” The government may at times be wrong; it would indeed be strange if that tall oak from Illinois had not some cross-grain or hard-knot in its composition; but “take him for all in all, we never shall look upon his like again.” When we remember that with his fall, our free government falls also, should not all men, forgetful of party, or of self, rally around him, and give that glorious Son of the West the strong arms and unlimited confidence of the East, so, if that fall must come, in behalf of free institutions, the West and the East, in one long, last embrace, may still be, as God ordained them, “one and inseparable”? Cheer up our boys with good tidings from home; throw upon doubters; throttle those who talk treason; and all shall yet be well.

R.

War News—Report of Admiral Dupont.

FLAG-SHIP *Wabash*,
PORT ROYAL, Feb. 2, 1863.

Sir,—I have to report that about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 31st ult., during the obscurity of a thick haze, two iron-clad gun-boats came out of Charleston by the main ship channel unperceived by the squadron, and commenced a raid upon the blockading fleet. Most of the latter were of purchased vessels; two of the heaviest men-of-war, the *Pocharatan* and the *Canandaigua*, being at this port coaling and repairing. The *Mercedita* was the first vessel attacked. Her officers and crew had been particularly watchful during the night to look out for suspected vessels, and at 3 o'clock had slipped her cable and overhauled a troop steamer running for the channel by mistake. She had returned to her anchorage ground, and Captain Stellwagen had gone to his room for a short time, leaving Lieutenant-commander Abbott on deck, when one of the Rebel iron-clads suddenly approached. Her approach was concealed by the haze and mist of the atmosphere. The vessel was immediately hailed, and an order given to fire, but the iron-clad being close aboard and lying low in the water, no guns could be brought to bear upon her.

A heavy rifle shell was fired from the enemy, which, entering the starboard side of the *Mercedita*, passed through her condenser and the steam drum of her port boiler, and exploded against her port side, blowing a hole in it some four or five feet square, killing the gunner, and by the escape of steam scalding a number of the men, and rendering her motive power apparently useless.

Unable to use his guns, and being at the mercy of the enemy, who was alongside on his starboard quarter, all further resistance was deemed hopeless by Captain Stellwagen, and he surrendered. The crew and officers were paroled, though nothing was said of the ship, the executive officer, Lieutenant-commander Abbott, having gone on board the enemy's gun-boat and made the arrangement.

The iron-clad, leaving the *Mercedita* her fate, to sink or not, next engaged the *Keystone State*, Commander Leroy, who was attacked by the other. Their fire was gallantly returned, but a shell exploding in the fore hold

of this vessel, she was set on fire. Commander Leroy kept off until the fire was got under, when he steered again for the iron-clad, having ordered on a full head of steam, determined to try to run her down.

The guns had been trained and depressed for a plunging fire at the moment of collision, and the ship had attained a speed of twelve knots, when a shell or shot passed through both the steam chests, wholly disabling her boilers and rendering her powerless.

Ten rifle shell struck the *Keystone State*, and two burst on the quarter-deck, but most of them struck the hull, being near and below the water line.

In the meantime the *Augusta*, Commander Parrott; the *Quaker City*, Commander Frailey, and the *Memphis*, Acting-Lieutenant Whatneugh, kept up a fire upon the enemy, diverting their attention from the *Keystone State*, which was soon after taken in tow by the *Memphis* and drawn away from the fire.

The *Augusta* and *Quaker City* were both struck in their hulls. The *Memphis* was only struck in her rigging.

The *Housatonic* gave chase, and a shot from her struck the pilot-house, doing, it is thought, some damage and carrying away one of her flags.

The Rebel vessels then passed to the northward, receiving the fire of our ships, and took refuge in the Swash channel behind the shoals.

The only casualties were on the *Mercedita* and *Keystone State*. On the latter they are very large; about one-fourth of her crew were killed and wounded, and among the former is the medical officer of the ship, Assistant surgeon Jacob H. Gotweld, who was scalded to death whilst he was rendering surgical aid to one of the wounded men.

Most of those who died perished from the escape of steam when the boilers and steam chimneys were penetrated, and among the wounded the greater number received their injuries from the same cause.

As the *Mercedita* was the only vessel which surrendered, I have directed a court of inquiry to examine into the circumstances of the case, as well as into the terms under which the surrender was made. This investigation has been asked for by Captain Stellwagen.

I received this intelligence on Saturday, at 3 P. M., by the *Augusta*, which ship immediately returned to Charleston. The *Mercedita* soon after arrived, and the *Keystone State* in tow of the *Memphis*, when the latter vessel was at once sent back to her station. The *James Adyer*, Commander Patterson, was towed back. She was just coming into Port Royal, and was ordered back to Charleston. The *Powhatan*, through the commendable zeal of Captain Gordon, was also ready by 9 o'clock, P. M. I had the channel and bar buoys lighted, when she passed out safely.

I forward herewith copies of the reports of Captain Stellwagen, Lieutenant-commander Abbott, and Commander Leroy; also, the reports of the casualties on board the *Mercedita* and the *Keystone State*.

On the *Mercedita* there were four killed and three wounded, and on the *Keystone State* twenty killed and twenty wounded.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. F. DUPONT,
Rear-admiral.

Our Heroic Dead.

There is a history in almost every home in Massachusetts, which will never be written. But the memory of kindred has it embalmed forever. The representatives of the pride and hope of uncounted households, departing, will return no more. The shaft of the archer, attracted by the shining mark, numbers them among his fallen. In the battles of Big Bethel, of Bull Run, of Ball's Bluff, of Roanoke Island, of Newbern, of Winchester, of Yorktown, of Williamsburg, of West Point, of Fair Oaks, the battles before Richmond, from Mechanicsville to Malvern hill, of James's Island, of Baton Rouge, of

Cedar mountain, of Bull Run again, of Chantilly, of Washington in North Carolina, of South Mountain, of Antietam, of Fredericksburgh, and Goldsborough—through all the capricious fortunes of the war—the regiments of Massachusetts have borne her flag by the side of the banner of the Union. And, beyond the Atlantic slope, every battle-field has drunk the blood of her sons, nurtured among her hills and sands, from which in adventurous manhood they turned their footsteps to the West. Officers and enlisted men have vied with each other in deeds of valor. The flag, whose standard-bearer, shot down in battle, tossed it from his dying hand nerved by undying patriotism, has been caught by the comrade, who in his turn has closed his eyes for the last time upon its starry folds as another hero-martyr clasped the splintered staff and rescued the symbol at once of country and of their blood-bought fame.

How can fleeting words of human praise gild the record of their glory? Our eyes suffused with tears, and blood retreating to the heart, stirred with unwonted thrill, speak with the eloquence of Nature, uttered, but unexpressed. From the din of the battle, they have passed to the peace of eternity. Farewell! warrior, citizen, patriot, lover, friend—whether in the humble ranks, or bearing the sword of official power, whether private, captain, surgeon, or chaplain,—for all these in the heavy fight have passed away—Hail! and Farewell! Each hero must sleep serenely on the field where he fell in a cause "sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind."

"Worn by no wasting, lingering pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way."

Massachusetts—Union—Liberty.

Massachusetts, limited in territory, aiming to cultivate and develop the capacities of both man and Nature, given to no one distinctive pursuit, but devoted to many, is at once an agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing commonwealth. The individual citizen, adapting himself to the seasons and the market, is not unfrequently an expert in divers callings.

"A Cud for the Croakers."

Under this caption, the *Evening Post* of Monday reviews the confessions of the *Richmond Examiner*, which, it says, does not exaggerate our successes or understate the desperation of the Confederate cause, and it pertinently asks:—

"Why, then, the croaking on our side? Our soldiers are not shirtless or barefooted; we have not been driven out of three or four states, each as great as a European kingdom; we are not suffering from lack of war material; we have just got a new army in the field; we have just gained a great victory at Murfreesboro'; Porter and Me'Jernand are sweeping Arkansas of Rebels, pre-

paratory to a grand future movement not yet to be disclosed; we have at last discovered in Rosecrans a capable general, silent, active, ardently patriotic, determined to put down the Rebellion, and going about it with an air that presages success. Moreover, we are upon the eve of important operations, both by sea and land, for which preparations have been making in silence for several months past. In a few days it will once more begin to 'thunder all around.'

"We recommend these facts to all the Mr. Despondencies, with their daughters, the Mistrusts, in the hope that they will look at them impartially—not as Americans, who naturally expect to have every thing 'put through by lightning express,' but as sensible readers of history, who know that even the rapid movements and combinations of Napoleon in a field of war no larger than Massachusetts, required weeks and months for their development. They will then see that we have to-day almost a certainty of success; and they will see, too, why it is that every Rebel agent, spy, and sympathizer in the free states is working desperately to produce political disturbance at the North, as the only means of saving his Southern friends."

Handsome Gift to Captain Pearson.

Upon the eve of the departure of the Fifteenth battery for its destination, a few friends of Capt. T. Pearson united in procuring a very superior bay horse for his use. The presentation was made by Hon. Tappan Wentworth, in behalf of the donors, and the gift was gracefully acknowledged by the recipient, as will appear by the correspondence below:—

LOWELL, March 6, 1863.

Capt. Timothy Pearson: Sir.—The undersigned, on behalf of your fellow-citizens, desire to express their obligations to you for the sacrifice you have made in leaving a lucrative profession to join the ranks of the brave men who are now in arms upholding the constitution and laws of our common country. They wish also to testify their approbation of the zeal and energy evinced by you in urging forward the enlistment of your battery at this important juncture of our affairs, and to congratulate you upon a success which reflects so much credit upon you and your brother officers.

As a slight testimonial of their interest in you and your future, they beg your acceptance of the horse which accompanies this letter, and tender you with kind regards their trustful anticipations of an honorable career in the military profession, and a welcome return to your neighbors and friends, when the unhappy war which now afflicts the country shall have given place to a triumphant and honorable peace.

Very truly yours,
TAPPAN WENTWORTH, C. W. BELLOWS,
JOHN NESMITH, J. K. FELLOWS,
C. P. TALBOT & CO., EPHRAIM BROWN,
THOMAS NESMITH, JOSEPH S. BROWN,
WALTER HASTINGS, LEVI SPRAGUE,
JACOB ROBBINS, J. N. PIERCE, JR.,
FREDERICK HOLTON, J. S. POLLARD,
JOHN A. BUTTRICK,

LOWELL, March 6, 1863.

Hon. Tappan Wentworth and others: Gen.lemen.—Your letter of to-day and also a truly splendid horse have just been received. I thank you most sincerely for this noble present. I can not say I will give you "my kingdom for a horse," because I have none to give, but I will give you as grateful a heart

as beats in the breast of man, for this kind remembrance. It is just what I needed, and I feel truly thankful for this generous anticipation of my wants, and all the more so as it comes from those who know me best, and with whom I have lived for years. Whatever may be my lot, wherever destiny may carry me, the recollection of this gift and the kind words you, Sirs, have written, will nerve me to meet the sternest obstacles with success.

In the presence of God, with the reverberating thunders of awful war almost reaching my ear, I declare that I know no race, clime, or color, but wherever a heart is beating and throbs in the breast of man for human freedom, here is, and of right should be, his home. For that reason we fight for our glorious government and constitution, and for that reason I pray God to smite the hands of tyrants and traitors, who would destroy this glorious heritage. Then let me appeal to you all, by the memories of the past and the glorious hopes of the future, keep the fire of patriotism burning brightly on your altars at home, while your brothers, sons, and fathers are fighting your battles on the field of blood. I warn those here at home, who sympathize with Rebels, that if they by word or deed do any thing to aid the enemies of this republic, the time will come when they will bitterly repent it, and their children and children's children after them will utterly disown them.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
TIMOTHY PEARSON.

EXAMINING BOARDS.—They have at Washington what are called Examining Boards, to inquire into the fitness of officers for the positions held by them in the army. Before one of these, composed entirely of officers of the regular army, was summoned a Pennsylvania volunteer artillery captain. Among the questions proposed was this:—

“What would you have done had you been in command of Rickett's (regular) battery, in the same position in which that was at the first battle of Bull Run?”

“I would not have had my battery in such a position.”

“But suppose you had?”

“It is hardly a supposable case. I would have been careful not to get in such a position.”

“But, Captain, let us just suppose you to have been in that position. Inform the board what you would have done.”

“If I had got into that position, I would have done just as the regulars did on that memorable occasion—run like blazes.”

An assistant surgeon was called before the same board and asked:

“What would you do if a man was threatened with a fever?”

“Endeavor to create perspiration and relieve him.”

“What course would you think best adapted to invite perspiration?”

“I think I would——order him before this board for examination.”

General Butler's Speech.

MONDAY, April 6, 1863.

We give below a portion of the speech made by Maj.-gen. B. F. Butler, at the Academy of Music, in New York, on Thursday evening of last week. It is worthy the perusal of all men who feel a proper interest in the welfare of our country. The reception given to Gen-

eral Butler was of the most flattering character. The *Herald* says that when he made his appearance, for “several minutes he was kept bowing in response to a most flattering welcome, the vast audience rising to their feet and loudly cheering him, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The effect was splendid. From the pit to the ceiling the little perfumed squares of cambric waved like so many miniature flags, the men cheered, the band played ‘Hail to the Chief,’ and the recipient of all this favor acknowledged it in a most graceful and self-possessed manner.”

Mayor Opdyke then welcomed the general in an exceedingly pertinent and happy address, which reviewed in commendatory terms the services he had rendered his country from the breaking out of the war till his return from the Gulf.

The portions of General Butler's speech, which follow, we copy from the *New York Evening Post* of Friday:—

Mr. Mayor:—With the profoundest gratitude for the too flattering commendation of my administration of the various trusts committed to me by the government, which, in behalf of your associates, you have been pleased to tender me, I ask you to receive my most heartfelt thanks. To the citizens of New York, here assembled in kind appreciation of my services supposed to have been rendered to the country, I tender the deepest acknowledgments. I accept it all; not for myself, but for my brave comrades of the Army of the Gulf.

The Nature of the Contest.

The first question, then, to be ascertained is, What is this contest in which the country is engaged? At the risk of being a little tedious—at the risk even of calling your attention to what might otherwise seem elementary—I propose to run down and condense the history of the contest, and see what it is the whole country is about, at this time and at this hour. That we are in the midst of civil commotion all know, but what is that commotion? Is it a riot? Is it an insurrection? Is it a rebellion? or, Is it a revolution?

The administration dealt, as you will remember, on the 15th of April, 1861, with this as an insurrection, and called out the military and the militia of the United States for the purpose of subduing an insurrection. I was called at that time into the service to aid myself in putting down the insurrection. I found a riot at Baltimore. They burned bridges. They had hardly risen to the dignity of an insurrection, because the state had not moved, as an organized community; but a few men were rioting at Baltimore, and marching there at the head of United States troops, as you have done me the honor to remember, the question came up, ‘What have I before me?’ And there, you will remember, we were to put down all kinds of insurrection, as long as the state of

Maryland remained loyal to the United States, and it had not grown into an insurrection, which I understood to be an infraction of the law. Transferred thence to Fortress Monroe, I found the state of Virginia, through this organization, had taken itself out of the Union, and erected for itself a separate government, and I dealt with that state as being in rebellion, and that the property of Rebels, of whatever name or nature, should be dealt with as Rebels' property, subject to the laws of war. [Applause.]

I am an old-fashioned Andrew Jackson democrat of twenty years' standing. [Applause, and three cheers for the second hero of New Orleans.] And so far as I know, I have never swerved—so help me God—from one of his teachings.

Fellow-democrats, I took every one, because they were all constitutional obligations; and taking each and all, I stood by the South, and by Southern rights under the constitution, until I advanced so far as to look into the very pit of disunion [laughter and applause], and seeing what was the prospect, I quietly withdrew, and we went from that hour far apart. How far apart you shall judge, when I tell you that on the 28th of December, 1860, I shook hands in terms of personal friendship with Jefferson Davis, and on the 28th of December, 1862, I had the pleasure of reading his proclamation, that I was to be hung at sight. [Laughter.]

The Rebels to be Treated as Alien Enemies.

Now, then, to pass from the particular to the general, I come to the proposition, What is the contest with all the states now banded together in the so-called Confederate States? Into what form has it come? It started an insurrection; it grew up a rebellion; it has become a revolution, carrying with it all the rights of a revolution. Our government has dealt with it on that ground. When it blockaded the ports, it dealt with it as a revolution. When it sent carrels for the exchange of prisoners, it dealt with those people no longer as simple insurrectionists and traitors, but as organized revolutionists, who had set up a government for themselves on the territory of the United States. Let no man say to me, ‘Then you acknowledge the right of revolution in these men.’ I beg pardon; I only acknowledge the fact of revolution. I look things plainly in the face, and I trust that I do not dodge because they are unpleasant to my sight. Again, I say, I find this a revolution; and these men, therefore, are no longer our loving brothers, but they are our alien enemies; foreign to us—carrying on war against us; attempting to make alliances against us; attempting to get into the family of nations. I agree, it is not yet a successful revolution—and it is a revolution never to be successful—[cheers] until acknowledged by the parent state. And now, then, I am willing to unite with you in

your cheers, and to say that it is a revolution which we never will acknowledge, and which, therefore, will never be successful. [Renewed cheers.] If these men are alien enemies, how does that affect your political action? Think a moment. If we are at war with a foreign country—as I insist we are, for all intents and purposes—how can any man stand up here and say he is on the side of that foreign country? [Cries of "Good" and applause.] A man must be either for his country or against his country. [A voice—"That's so."] He can not be all the time throwing impediments in the way of the progress of the country, under pretense that he is helping some other portion of his country. If a man thinks he can do something to bring back his erring brethren at the South, let him take his musket and go down and try it in that way. [Laughter and applause.] If he is of a different opinion, and thinks that that is not the best way of bringing them back, but that he can do it by persuasion and talk, let him go down with me to Louisiana, and I will send him over to Mississippi, and if the Rebels do not feel for his heart-strings—but not in love—I am very much mistaken. But let him not stay here. [Tremendous applause and waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies.] Let us say to him, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. If the Lord be God, serve Him, if Baal be God, serve him." But "No man can serve two masters, God and mammon." [Cheers.]

And let me say to you, my friends—to you, young men—that no man who opposed his country in time of war ever prospered. ["That's so."] The Tories of the Revolution, the Hartford conventionists of 1812, the immortal seven who voted against the supplies for the Mexican war—all history is against these men. Let no politician of our day put himself in the way of the march of this country to glory and greatness, for whoever does so will be sorely crushed. The course of our nation is onward, and let him who opposes it beware.

The mower moves on, though the adder may writhe,
And the copperheads curl round the blade of the scythe.

[Loud applause.] It only remains, Sir, for me to repeat the expression of my gratitude to you and the citizens of New York here assembled, for the kindness with which you and they have received me and listened to me, for which please again accept my thanks. [Prolonged cheering.]—[Lowell Courier.]

The Late Rear-admiral Foote.

Andrew Hull Foote, whose demise we have the painful duty of announcing to-day, was a native of New Haven, Conn., and was born on the 12th of September, 1806, at New Haven, Conn. He was the son of Samuel A. Foote, formerly governor of the state and a senator therefrom in congress—the

author of the famous Foote's resolution, out of which "innocent proposition," as it has been called, sprang that memorable debate between Daniel Webster and Robert Y. Hayne. Young Foote entered the navy at the age of 16, and made his first cruise in the *Grampus*, a schooner of the squadron sent, in 1823, against the pirates in the West India archipelago. In 1824 he was warranted a midshipman; in 1827 was passed midshipman, and in 1830, a lieutenant; in 1833, flag-lieutenant, Mediterranean squadron; and in 1838 circumnavigated the globe with Commodore Reed, as first lieutenant, sloop-of-war *John Adams*, participating in an attack on the pirates of Sumatra, and rendering assistance to the American missionaries in Honolulu, who had been persecuted by the French naval commander on that station. He was one of the first to introduce the principle of total abstinence in the navy, and on board ship at sea devoted himself to the religious instruction of the crew. In 1849, and two years after, he was actively engaged on the African coast in suppressing the slave trade. In 1856 he commanded the sloop *Portsmouth*, on the China station, and exerted himself in protecting American property during the hostilities between England and China, and had occasion to resent insult to the flag, which he did in the most gallant and praiseworthy manner. At the commencement of the present war he was executive officer of the Brooklyn navy yard. Commissioned a captain in the navy, he was appointed flag-officer of the Western flotilla, succeeding Commodore Rogers. Feb. 4, 1862, he sailed from Cairo with a fleet of seven gunboats, of which four were iron-clad, to attack Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river. The story of its surrender and that of Fort Donelson, a week afterward, is fresh in the memory of our readers. At Fort Donelson he was wounded in the ankle by the fragment of a 64-pound shot. Though obliged to move on crutches, he proceeded to besiege Island No. 10, on the capture of which he applied for and received leave of absence, and left for his home in New Haven. When restored to health he was appointed chief of the bureau of equipment and recruiting at Washington, which he held till last July, when he was appointed one of the nine rear admirals on the active list. On Admiral Dupont's being relieved from his command of the South Atlantic blockading squadron, Admiral Foote was appointed to succeed him, and was at New York for the purpose of embarking, when he was seized with the severe and painful illness which terminated his valuable life.

Interesting Letter from a Rebel Soldier.

A comfort bag sent with other articles to the Christian Commission from a town in this state, contained a letter from the little girl who made it. The

following reply was recently received. We omit the name and regiment of the writer:—

GETTYS, Aug. 7, 1863.

My dear Little Friend,—I received your present, the comfort bag, and it is thrice welcome, although it was intended for Union defenders. It was given to me by a Christian woman who lost her holy anger for Rebels (for such am I) in her bounteous sympathy for the unfortunate. My little friend can imagine my thankfulness for the favor, when I inform her that I have no friends this side of Heaven—all gone, father, mother, sister, and brother, and I am all alone.

The dear comfort bag I shall always keep as a memento of true sympathy from a generous heart from the loyal state of Massachusetts. I hope you will not be disappointed by this, coming as it does from a Rebel; for I was forced into the ranks at the point of the bayonet, for I would not go willingly to fight against the dear old flag, whose ample folds have always shielded the orphan and made glad the oppressed.

I have read your note a thousand times over and wished it could rightly have been mine.

"Do they think of me at home?"

Silence, all is silence.

Not so with the Union soldier, a thousand tokens tell him yes.

I was wounded in the second day's fight, and am now packing up my all to be exchanged or sent back a cripple for life. I am seventeen years old, and now I am turned out with one arm to carve my way through the world; but my trust is in my Heavenly Father, who will forgive and bless.

Hoping that God may, in mercy, reunite us all again as brothers and sisters, is the prayer of your unworthy friend,

E—A—

Company —, Mississippi volunteers.
P. S.—May God guard and bless you.

April 20, 1864.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

Three years ago to-day
We raised our hands to heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to heaven.

Oh, 't was a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets,
Two hundred march to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords— one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board,
With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup,
As we toasted "Our flag and land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking thoughts, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
As we rose up, just eleven,
And bowed, as we drank to the loved and the dead
Who had made us THIRTY-SEVEN!
—[Harper's Weekly.]

Jenny Wade, the Heroine of Gettysburg.

The country has already heard of John Burns, the hero of Gettysburg; of how the old man sallied forth, a host within himself, "to fight on his own hook," and how he fell wounded after having delivered many shots from his trusty rifle into the face and hearts of his country's foes. John Burns' name is already recorded among the immortal, to live there while American valor and patriotism have an admirer and an emulator. But there was a heroine as well as a hero of Gettysburg. The old hero, Burns, still lives; the heroine, Jenny Wade, perished in the din of that awful fray, and she now sleeps where the flowers once bloomed, and the perfume-laden air wafted lovingly over Cemetery hill.

Before the battle, and while the national hosts were awaiting the assault of the traitor foe, Jenny Wade was busily engaged in baking bread for the national troops. She occupied a house in range of the guns of both armies, and the Rebels had sternly ordered her to leave the premises, but this she as sternly refused to do. While she was busily engaged in her patriotic work, a minie-ball pierced her pure breast, and she fell a holy sacrifice in her country's cause. Almost at the same time a Rebel officer of high rank fell near where Jenny Wade had perished. The Rebels at once proceeded to prepare a coffin for their fallen leader, but about the time that was finished the surging of the conflict changed the positions of the armies, and Jenny Wade's body was placed in the coffin designed for her country's enemy. The incidents of the heroine and the hero of Gettysburg are beautifully touching, noble, and sublime.

Old John Burns was the only man of Gettysburg who participated in the struggle to save the North from invasion, while innocent Jenny Wade was the only sacrifice which the people of that locality had to offer on the shrine of their country. Let a monument be erected on the ground which covers her, before which the pilgrims to the holy tombs of the heroes of Gettysburg can bow and bless the memory of Jenny Wade. If the people of Gettysburg are not able alone to raise the funds to pay for a suitable monument for Jenny Wade, let them send a committee to Harrisburg, and our little boys and girls will assist in soliciting subscriptions for this holy purpose. Before the summer sunshine again kisses the grave of Jenny Wade; before the summer birds once more carol where she sleeps in glory; before the flowers again deck the plain made famous by gallant deeds, let a monument rise to greet the skies in token of virtue, daring, and nobleness. — [Harrisburg Telegraph.

THE GREAT BATTLE. — Rebel prisoners say that their army call the battle of Gettysburg "Lee's Slaughter Pen." When Longstreet made his attack on

our center, our men were behind a stone wall. The Rebels were told that the men ahead were militia, and they marched boldly up. When within thirty yards of the Union line they recognized the bronzed features of their old enemy, and the cry was raised, "The Army of the Potomac!" when they became at once demoralized and were cut to pieces. Nearly all the Rebels shot in the attack in the center were struck in the head.

Funeral of Captain McKay, Twentieth Regiment.

Captain McKay, killed in Virginia last week, was buried yesterday from the Congregational church in South Reading, which was crowded. The flags in the town were at half-mast, and guns were fired half-hourly all day. Rev. John B. Richmond, rector of the Melrose Trinity church, Episcopal, officiated, and there was an address by Rev. Charles R. Bliss, of South Reading, who spoke of the gallantry of the captain, who had participated in all the battles of the Potomac Army save one, when he was confined by an injury, and who led the forlorn hope at the first storming of Fredericksburgh, and was wounded at the second battle there.

The body was escorted to the grave by the Richardson Light Guard, Lieutenant Draper commanding, in citizen's dress, and numerous officers and soldiers, including Colonel Lee and Colonel Palfrey, all of whom related instances of the courage and noble character of the dead. He first enlisted as a sergeant under Lee.

The coffin was decorated with flowers and flags, and the sword presented the captain last February, and bore these words on the plate:—

"Capt. Thomas Mair McKay,
Co. F, Massachusetts Twentieth Regiment
Volunteers,
Killed at Culpepper, Va.,
Oct. 5, 1863.
Aged 26 years and 10 months."

The following officers acted as pallbearers:— Capt. James Murphy, Massachusetts Twentieth regiment; Capt. Wm. H. Walker, Twentieth; Capt. John Wiley, late of the Sixteenth; Capt. Samuel Littlefield, late of the Fiftieth; Lieut. Horace M. Warren, late of the Fiftieth, and Lieut. Benj. F. Barnard, late of the Twenty-fourth.

The Returning Volunteers.

They are coming! they are coming!
Those brave-hearted, sturdy men,
Over hill and over valley
To their Northern homes again.

They have scented of the battle,
Bivouacked upon the ground;
They have heard the bullets rattle,
And the cannon's thundering sound.

But the mighty God has kept them
In the hollow of His hand;
And may nothing intercept them
Till they reach their fatherland!

There, methinks, some lonely mother
Counteth wearily the hours,
Sisters wait for absent brother,
Proud to say that he is ours.

And perchance some lonely maiden
Looketh from her casement now,
While with grief her heart is riven,
Or with hope is flushed her brow.

Many prayers are now ascending
For that brave and noble band,
Who for truth and right contending,
Go! their precious lives in hand.

Methinks the prayer still lingers
In the audience court of heaven,
That foul Slavery's odious fingers
From our nation's scroll be riven.

Then the dove of peace we'll cherish
In the bosom of our land,
And the olive bough shall flourish,
And in beauty shall expand.

Then with gamers filled with plenty,
Presses bursting with new wine,
May God grant that each contented
May repose beneath His vine.

The President's Hymn.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17, 1863.

Enclosed you will find a hymn written by our beloved and revered fellow-citizen, Doctor Muhlenburg, founder of St. Luke's hospital, and writer of the immortal hymn, "I would not live away." Will you not give it a place in your columns, and use your editorial influence to induce our people throughout the loyal states to sing it in the churches on the approaching Thanksgiving as "The President's Hymn"? It has a right to that designation. It is, as a comparison of the two will prove, a metrical version of the President's proclamation, which this year, for the first time, made our "Harvest Home" a natural festival—a significant and blessed augury of that "more perfect Union" in which, with God's blessing, the war shall leave us as a people. Solicitous to have the highest authority given to the use of this national hymn, I obtained the reluctant consent of its writer (author also of the music to which it is set) to ask our Chief Magistrate's permission to style it "The President's Hymn." The Secretary of State, through whom the application was made, telegraphed me a few hours afterward the President's leave, in the decisive style which has now become so familiar to our people—"Let it be so called."

May we not hope that millions of our people will, on Nov. 25, be found uniting in this national psalm of Thanksgiving, and that "The President's Hymn" will be the household and the temple song of that solemn and joyful day? It will help to join our hearts as citizens thus to blend our voices as worshippers, and the blessings of Union, liberty, and peace will sooner descend on a people that can thus unite in its praises and hosannas. Respectfully yours,

HENRY W. BELLOWES.

Give Thanks, All Ye People.

Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Allelujas of freedom, with joyful accord;
Let the East and the West, North and South
roll along
O'er mountain and prairie one Thanksgiving song.

CHORUS—
Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,
Allelujas of freedom, with joyful accord.

For the sunshine and rainfall, enriching again
Our acres in myriads with treasures of grain;
For the earth still unloading her manifold wealth,
For the skies beaming vigor, the winds breathing health.
Give thanks, etc.

For the nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage, their God-given rights to enthral,
But Liberty guarded by Justice for all.
Give thanks, etc.

In the realms of the anvil, the loom, and the plough,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow;
His flocks and the herds; sing, ye hillsides and vales;
On His ocean domains chant His name with the gates.

Give thanks, etc.

Of commerce and traffic, ye princes, behold
Your riches from Him, whose the silver and gold.
Happier children of labor, true lords of the soil,
Bless the great Master Workman, who blest-eth your toil.

Give thanks, etc.

Brave men of our forces, life-guard of our coasts,
To your leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts.
Glow the stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory; He crowneth the right.

Give thanks, etc.

Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead, in the joy have no part;
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.

Give thanks, etc.

In the domes of Messiah, ye worshipping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs,
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our empire still keep the cleft of His care.

Give thanks, etc.

Our guilt and transgressions, remember no more,
Peace, Lord! righteous peace, of Thy gift we implore,
And the banner of Union, restored by Thy hand,
Be the banner of Freedom o'er all in the land.
And the banner of Union, etc.

Give thanks, etc.

Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.

The National cemetery has been dedicated, and the thousands of persons who assisted in the ceremonies have dispersed to their homes. The feeble facilities of the local railroad have been terribly tasked during the last forty-eight hours, and the calls for cars in which to leave the town will probably not all be answered before midnight. As long ago as yesterday morning the roads centering at Gettysburg—and upon which the Federal and Rebel soldiers entered and departed—were thronged by teams and pedestrians, on their way.

The military, who were to form the escort, were reviewed yesterday afternoon by Maj.-gen. D. N. Couch, upon the grounds adjoining the tent of the Twelfth corps hospital—the hospital used having been depleted of patients and abandoned.

The President arrived in a special train last evening, accompanied by Secretaries Seward, Usher, and Blair, Count Bernini, the Italian minister, and others.

In the course of the evening, the President, Mr. Seward, Mr. Blair, and Col. J. W. Forney were serenaded and responded in brief speeches.

Early this morning the town was alive and stirring, orderlies were riding in hot haste in all directions, and

streams of equipages blocked all the avenues to the scene of the ceremonies.

The weather was most favorable in every respect—much warmer than the two previous days, and the sun obscured except for a few moments during the latter part of the ceremonies. The military and civic bodies were ranged in front of the platform, which had been erected near the center of the cemetery. Upon this sat the presidential party, the orator, governors and commissioners of states, and a few lesser dignitaries and ladies. Among the latter was Mrs. Wise, Mr. Everett's daughter. Of civil persons I noticed Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania; Governor Morton, of Indiana; Governor Seymour, of New York; Governor Parker, of New Jersey; Governor Brough, of Ohio; Governor Bradford, of Maryland, and Simon Cameron. Governor Andrew and Mary Lincoln, of Boston, were expected, but could not leave home so long during the present hurry of recruiting. General Scott sent a dispatch, saying that infirmity only prevented his presence.

The dedicatory exercises were begun by music by Birgfeldt's Philadelphia brigade band—who, by the way, volunteered their services for the occasion, paying their own expenses.

Mr. Everett was then introduced and was received as well as Pennsylvania people know how to receive a great man—with a tameness not consonant with our more impulsive notions—although they doubtless entertain a great respect and admiration for the honored individual. He was occasionally cheered in the more impassioned parts of the oration, and those in his immediate neighborhood were often moved to expressions of feeling. At that point where the sufferings of dying soldiers were recited, scarcely a dry eye was visible—the President mingling his tears with those of the people.

After the oration the following hymn, by B. B. French, was sung by the Baltimore Union Musical Association:—

'Tis holy ground—
This spot, where in their graves
We place our Country's braves,
Who fell in Freedom's holy cause,
Fighting for Liberties and Laws—
Let tears abound.

Here let them rest—
And Summer's heat and Winter's cold
Shall glow and freeze above this mold—
A thousand years shall pass away—
A Nation still shall mourn this clay,
Which now is blest.

Here where they fell,
Oft shall the widow's tear be shed,
The orphan here shall kneel and weep,
And maidens, where their lovers sleep,
Their woes shall tell.

Great God in Heaven!
Shall all this sacred blood be shed—
Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead,
Oh, shall the end be wraith and woe,
The knell of Freedom's overthrow—
A Country riven?

It will not be!
We trust, O God! Thy gracious Power
To aid us in our darkest hour;
This be our prayer—"O Father! save
A people's Freedom from its grave—
All praise to Thee!"

The President was then presented. His reception was quite cordial. He spoke as follows:—

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. [Applause.] Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war; we are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. [Applause.] The world will little note nor long remember what we may say here; but it can never forget what they did here. [Applause.]

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. [Applause.] It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that those dead shall not have died in vain [Applause]; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth. [Long-continued applause.]

After the President's speech, a dirge was sung by a choir belonging in Gettysburg, to the following lines of Percival, which were, it is said, selected for the occasion by Professor Longfellow:—

Oh! it is great for our country to die whose ranks are contending;
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye;
Glory that never is dim, shining on with a light never ending—
Glory, that never shall fade, never, oh! never away!

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die; how softly reposes the Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not in Elysian fields, by the still oblivious river,
Not in the Isles of the Blest, over the blue rolling sea;
But on Chympan heights shall dwell the devoted forever,
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, vallant, and free.

Oh! then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in our ear;
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

The ceremonies were concluded by the following benediction:—

“O Thou King of kings and Lord of lords, God of the nations of the earth, who permittest them to do only whatsoever Thou wilt, we beseech Thy blessing on these holy services. Bless this spot. Bless these holy graves. Bless the President of the United States and the Cabinet. Bless all governments of the earth. Bless the representatives of the states, and bless those whose hands embroiled the nation in war—that their hearts may be influenced by Thy grace to return. Bless the efforts to subdue the Rebellion, that it may be overthrown. And now may the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, Our Heavenly Father, and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.”

The President immediately returned to Mr. Wills' house, where he was a guest, and for an hour shook hands with all comers.

After dining, he and his party, escorted by the Marine band of Washington, whose excellent music had for an hour previously regaled the citizens in the square, went to the Presbyterian church and listened to an oration by Charles Anderson, brother of General Anderson. The President walked to the church arm in arm with John Burns, the heroic Gettysburger who fought voluntarily in the ranks of the army during the great battles of the first, second, and third of July. The President was escorted by Marshal Lamon and about one hundred of his special aids, together with the commissioners representing the several states.

LARGE HAUL OF REBEL MONEY.—The *Detroit Tribune* says that several packages of Rebel money, amounting to \$50,000, were discovered on the 5th instant floating in the Detroit river near that place. The notes are neatly engraved, but are believed to be counterfeit. A letter found with the money says the writer was a Rebel officer who had escaped from Camp Douglas, Chicago, and had vainly tried to escape into Canada from Detroit. As a last resort the money was scattered, in the hope that it might lead to a search, and his remains have a Christian burial. The letter concludes as follows:—

“O God! forgive me for my crimes, and more than all to my dear country. I pray for the noble old flag that so proudly waved over the fort this day, as I sat near, resolving my future course. O God! again forgive me for my course, but I am resolved. Farewell, all that is near and dear to me.

“THE UNKNOWN OFFICER OF THE CONFEDERACY.”

PORT HUDSON.—General Banks' account of the surrender of Port Hudson, made to General Halleck, presents the following important details:—

Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that with this place there fell into our hands over 5,500 prisoners, including one Major-general and one Brigadier-general, twenty pieces of

heavy artillery, five complete batteries, numbering thirty-one pieces of field artillery, a good supply of projectiles for light and heavy guns, 44,800 pounds of cannon powder, 5,000 stand of arms, and 150,000 rounds of small ammunition, besides a small amount of stores of various kinds. We captured also two steamers, one of which is very valuable. They will be of great service at this time.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
N. P. BANKS,
Major-general.

From General Meade's Army—Re-enlistment of Veterans—Numerous Desertions from Lee's Army.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—The *Herald's* Army of the Potomac dispatch of the 7th states that 2,125 veterans of the Third corps have re-enlisted.

The roads are hard and solid, but rough, and artillery can be drawn over them as expeditiously as it was in the Revolution of 1776.

The Rebel soldiers are becoming more discouraged and are daily deserting. Ten deserters from Alabama and North Carolina regiments were sent to Washington to-day.

I am informed they state that the President's amnesty proclamation is freely discussed among themselves, and that whole brigades would come into our lines at once if the facilities for severing themselves from Lee's army were safer. The Rebel picket is much strengthened to prevent desertion, more than from any apprehension that there will be an advance by any part of our army. Short rations, insufficient clothing, suffering families, and a hopeless cause are precipitating hundreds of Lee's soldiers into General Meade's department, and then will follow the oath of allegiance to the good old Union and an amnesty.

Robert Gould Shaw.

BY MRS. ANNA C. WATERSTON.

“We have buried him with his niggers.”—
Reply to the request for Colonel Shaw's body.

O fair-haired northern hero!
With thy guard of dusky hue,
Up from the field of battle
Rise, to the last review!

Sweep onward, welcoming angels,
In legions dazzling bright,
Bear up their souls together
Before Christ's throne of light!

The Master, who remembers
The thorns, the cross, the spear,
Smiles on these rising Freedmen,
As their ransomed souls appear.

And thou, young, generous spirit,
What shall thy greeting be?
“Thou hast aided the down-trodden—
Thou hast done it unto ME.”

Our Review.

The following lines, written by Corporal Casey, now an orderly at Gen. John A. Logan's head-quarters, have been sent to us by Private Miles O'Reilly, Forty-seventh New York volunteers, who regrets his own inability to contribute any thing original to our columns in addition to what he has already sent us. He says, in his letter of transmit-

tal, that Corporal Casey is “a great scholar, all out, as you may see by the pure Greek and Hebrew quotations with which he has besprinkled it—just for all the world as a ‘knowin’ cook puts extra plums into her ‘Christmas puddin’; not because it makes the puddin’ any better, but because the childer—God be good to them!—would n't think it a Christmas puddin’ at all, if it worn't for the plenty of the plums!”

We append a description of the gallant private:—

“Private O'Reilly is a brawny, large-boned, rather good-looking young Milesian, with curly, reddish hair, grey eyes, one of which has a blemish upon it, high cheek bones, a cocked nose, square lower jaw, and the usual strong type of Irish forehead—the perceptive bumps, immediately above the eyes, being extremely prominent. A more good-humored or radiantly expressive face it is impossible to conceive. The whole countenance beams with a candor and unreserve, equal to that of a mealy potato which has burst its skin or jacket by rapid boiling.”

“Morituri te salutant!”

Say the soldiers as they pass;
Not in uttered words they say it,
But we feel it as they pass;
“We, about to perish, General,
We salute you as we pass!”

Gallant chiefs, their swords presenting,

Trail them proudly as they pass;
Battle banners, torn and glorious,
Dip saluting as they pass;
Brazen clangors shake the welkin
As the marching columns pass.

Naught of frippery, pomp, or glitter,
Marks the veterans as they pass;
Travel-stained, but bronzed and sinewy,
Firmly, strongly on they pass;
And their words are “Morituri
Te salutant,” as they pass!

On his pawing steed the General
Seans the waves of men that pass;
And his eyes at times are misty,
Then are blazing, as they pass;
And his cheeks are paling, flushing,
Freezing, burning, as they pass!

O our comrades, gone before us
In the last review to pass,
Never more to earthly chieftain
Dipping colors as ye pass—
Heaven accord you gentle judgment
When before its Throne you pass!
To the souls of all our perished,
We, who still in column pass,
Dip the flag, and trail the saber,
As with wasted ranks we pass—
And we utter—“Morituri
Vos salutant,” as we pass!

The Address of Governor Andrew.

We have not space for an analysis of the address of Governor Andrew, even if such a work would not be one of supererogation. There are few citizens of Massachusetts who are interested in public affairs that will not read the whole address, and others will find it so conveniently divided under sub-heads that the parts which to them are the most interesting may be perused, or the whole may be readily skimmed. We shall content ourselves with briefly touching upon some of the most salient points in the address.

Gentlemen of the Senate and of the House of Representatives:

Several topics — among others, of the militia — omitted from this address, already long, can be better matured hereafter, should occasion demand their discussion. I must not omit to bear public testimony again to the efficient manner in which the recruitment of volunteers is conducted through the municipal governments. The work is brought directly home to the people. Led by their own local magistrates, it is patriotically done. Time, an element not usually understood, will enable them to fill our contingent. I can never express my sense of the sublime devotion to public duty I have witnessed in this people from my watch-towers of observation, nor the gratitude I owe for their indulgent consideration.

But the heart swells with unwonted emotion when we remember our sons and brothers, whose constant valor has sustained on the field, during nearly three years of war, the cause of country, of civilization, and liberty. Our volunteers have represented Massachusetts, during the year just ended, on almost every field and in every department of the army where our flag has been unfurled. At Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and Fort Wagner, at Chickamauga, Knoxville, and Chattanooga — under Hooker, and Meade, and Banks, and Gilmore, and Rosecrans, Burnside, and Grant — in every scene of danger and of duty, along the Atlantic and the Gulf, on the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Mississippi, and the Rio Grande — under Dupont, and Dahlgren, and Foote, and Farragut, and Porter — and the sons of Massachusetts have borne their part and paid the debt of patriotism and valor. Ubiquitous as the stock they descend from, national in their opinions, and universal in their sympathies, they fought shoulder to shoulder with men of all sections and of every extraction. On the ocean, on the rivers, on the land, on the heights where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout mountain the defiance of the skies, they have graven with their swords a record imperishable.

The muse herself demands the lapse of silent years to soften, by the influence of time, her too keen and poignant realization of the scenes of war — the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief, of battle. But during the ages to come, she will brood over their memory. Into the hearts of her consecrated priests will breathe the inspirations of lofty and undying beauty, sublimity, and truth, in all the glowing forms of speech, of literature, and plastic art. By the homely traditions of the fireside — by the headstones in the churchyard, consecrated to those whose forms repose far off in rude graves by the Rappahannock, or sleep beneath the sea — embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in immortal youth. By their names, their character, their service, their fate, their glory, they can not fail —

“They never fall who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their
gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun, their
limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though
years
Eclipse, others share as dark a doom.
They but augment the deep and sweeping
thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to Freedom.”

The edict of Nantes, maintaining the religious liberty of the Huguenot, gave luster to the fame of Henry the Great, whose name will gild pages of philosophic history after mankind may have forgotten the martial prowess and the white plume of Navarre. The great Proclamation of Liberty will lift the ruler who uttered it, our nation, and our age above all vulgar destiny.

The bell which rang out the Declaration of Independence has found at last a voice articulate, to “proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof.” It has been heard across oceans, and has modified the sentiments of cabinets and kings. The people of the Old World have heard it, and their hearts stop to catch the last whisper of its echoes. The poor slave has heard it, and with bounding joy, tempered by the mystery of religion, he worships and adores. The waiting continent has heard it, and already foresees the fulfilled prophecy, when she will sit “redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the genius of universal emancipation.”

A Proclamation by the President of the United States.

WHEREAS, the Senate of the United States, devoutly recognizing the supreme authority and just government of Almighty God, in all the affairs of men and nations, has by a resolution requested the President to designate and set apart a day for national prayer and humiliation:

And whereas, it is the duty of nations, as well as of men, to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God, to confess their sins and transgressions, in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon, and to recognize the sublime truths announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord:

And, inasmuch as we know that, by His divine law, nations, like individuals, are subjected to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war, which now desolates the land, may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people? We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace, and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us; and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us!

It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness.

Now, therefore, in compliance with the re-

quest and fully concurring in the views of the senate, I do, by this my proclamation, designate and set apart Thursday, the thirtieth day of April, 1863, as a day of national humiliation, fasting, and prayer. And I do hereby request all the people to abstain from their ordinary secular pursuits, and to unite at their several places of public worship and their respective homes, in keeping the day holy to the Lord, and devoted to the humble discharge of the religious duties proper to that solemn occasion.

All this being done in sincerity and truth, let us then rest humbly in the hope, authorized by the Divine teachings, that the united cry of the nation will be heard on high, and answered with blessings, no less than the pardon of our national sins, and restoration of our now divided and suffering country to its former happy condition of unity and peace.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this thirtieth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand and eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Rebel Gloom.

The following is from the same editorial in the Richmond *Examiner* from which an extract sent by telegraph yesterday was taken:

“Another daring Yankee raid has been carried out with comparative impunity to the invaders and timorous capitalists may well pause before they nibble at eligible investments in real estate situated far in the interior.

“That interior has been fearfully narrowed by the Federal march through Tennessee; and owing to the deficiencies of our cavalry service, Lincoln’s squadrons of horse threaten to be as universal a terror — as pervasive a nuisance — as his squadrons of gun-boats were, some months since.

“The Confederacy has been cut in twain along the line of the Mississippi, and our enemies are steadily pushing forward their plans for bisecting the eastern moiety. No wonder, then, that the annual advent of the rain of mud is hailed by all classes with a sense of relief. Meanwhile the financial chaos is becoming wilder and wilder. Hoarders keep a more resolute grasp than ever on the necessities of life.

“Non-producers, who are at the same time non-speculators, are suffering more and more. What was once competence has become poverty, poverty has become penury, and penury is lapsing into pauperism. Any mechanical occupation is more profitable than the most intellectual profession. The most accomplished scholars in the Confederacy would be glad to barter their services for food and raiment, and, in the complete upturning of our social relations, the only happy people are those who have black hearts or black skins.

“Unreasonable confidence has been succeeded by depression as unreasoning, and the Yankees are congratulating themselves on the result, which they hawk about as the ‘beginning of the end.’ We all have a heavy score to pay

off, and we know it. This may depress us, but our enemies need not be jubilant over our depression, for we are determined to meet them."

Reception of the Twenty-sixth Regiment.

This regiment, numbering five hundred and forty-eight men and twenty-nine officers, did not arrive in Boston until nearly noon last Saturday. About one hundred and fifty men remain behind in New Orleans. Captains Warren, Annable, Frost, and Lynch, and Lieutenants Houghton, Winslow, Robinson, and Oliver also remain. Captain Frost is acting provost-marshal of New Orleans, Captain Lynch on General McMillan's staff, Captain Annable mustering officer of the Nineteenth army corps, and Lieutenant Oliver on detached service as acting inspector-general of New Orleans' defenses.

On the arrival of the regiment in Boston, it was marched to the Beach-street barracks, where hot coffee was served, after which it took an extra train for this city, reaching here about a quarter before four o'clock. The first announcement of the arrival of the regiment in Boston was made by the striking of the alarm bell, at 2 o'clock, a dispatch having been received from A. S. Young, of the committee of the City Council on military affairs, who went to Boston to meet the regiment and formally tender it the city's invitation to visit Lowell.

Mayor Hosford then introduced Adj.-Gen. William Schouler, who spoke substantially as follows:—

Colonel Farr and Men of the Twenty-sixth Regiment—I appear before you to-day by command of His Excellency, Governor Andrew, to welcome you back to Massachusetts, after your long and arduous labors on distant fields. It is too late an hour of the day to begin to tell how much we have thought of you; how well you have represented the commonwealth of Massachusetts, or how much the governor would have been delighted to have been here and welcomed you. I can only say one word. The Old Bay state recognizes in the Twenty-sixth the services of the Sixth regiment, that marched through Baltimore in April, 1861.

Colonel Farr responded in substance as follows:—

General.—It can not be expected of me to undertake to make a speech this afternoon. It is a thing I never was guilty of in my life, and I am too old a soldier to commence now. But in behalf of the officers and men of the regiment which I have the honor to command, I desire to express my gratitude for the kind reception of this afternoon. I know it is pleasing to them, for there is no reward which the soldier desires so great as the knowledge that his services and sacrifices are appreciated. Long ago, in the fall of 1861, we left this city with one thousand men in the ranks. I now return with something over one-half that number. I call upon

the Old Bay state to give me five hundred more men, and we are ready to take the field again and serve as long as the war lasts, if it lasts ten years. —[Lowell Courier, April 4, 1864.

Monument to Henry L. Abbott.

By the side of the monument of Capt. E. G. Abbott stands one exactly like it, with the following inscription:—

Here lies the body of
HENRY LIVERMORE ABBOTT,
Second son of J. G. and Caroline Abbott,
and Major of the Twentieth Regiment,
Massachusetts Volunteers.
He was born in Lowell, Jan. 21, A. D. 1842,
Graduated at Harvard University, A. D. 1860,
and was killed at the battle of the
Wilderness, Va.,
May 6, A. D. 1864.
Leading his regiment in a charge upon the
enemy's intrenchments.

Major Abbott, at the breaking out of the great Rebellion, was studying law with his elder brother, Capt. E. G. Abbott. He left his studies and joined the N. E. Guards, and with that corps was stationed in Boston harbor during May, 1861. On his return he was made a second lieutenant in the Twentieth regiment, Massachusetts volunteers. He left for Virginia the 4th of September, and was at the battle of Ball's Bluff, escaping capture with difficulty. The winter following he spent in camp on the Potomac. In March, 1862, he left with his regiment for the peninsula and remained with the army until its retreat. He was in command of his company after Ball's Bluff, and was engaged in the siege of Yorktown and battles of West Point and Fair Oaks, where he received the swords of a general and colonel, taken by his company. He bore his share of the hardships of that campaign, and took part in all the seven days' battles of the retreat, being shot through the arm on the fourth day, but remained in the field until the end. He was in the retreat from the James river, and several of the fights of General Pope's campaign, in Virginia.

At Fredericksburgh he was engaged in both days' battles, his regiment being one of the three crossing the river in boats.

In the first day's fight he lost thirty-six in killed and wounded, out of the forty men of his company with him. He was also in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, at which last place his regiment lost over half of its privates and ten out of thirteen officers, killed or wounded, and he being in command of it during the last part of the fight.

From that time till the morning of the day of his death he was in command of the regiment, being at the battle of Bristoe's Station and many of the skirmishes in Virginia during the summer and fall of 1863. He with his regiment had re-enlisted for a second three years.

At the battle of the Wilderness, at the time of his death, he was in command of his own and another regiment. He had just taken one line of intrenchments and was near the second line, when he was shot through the body. At his fall his line broke, and he was carried off the field by his men, as they

fell back. He fell within a few miles of the place where his brother, Captain Abbott, was killed, twenty months before. The two brothers grew up together, were in the same class at school and college, and were also together in a law office; there was but twenty months' difference in their ages; they died for the same cause but little separated, either in time or place.

Major Abbott was an able officer, and no one was dearer to his men. His regiment was looked upon as an example of discipline and efficiency. He was most gentle, loving, and brave. To know him was to love him. The very idol of his home, with all the future bright before him, with every thing to make living desirable, he gave up his life to his country. No one ever better earned the right to the motto,

"Sans Peur et Sans Reproche."

Military Matters—Departure of the Sixth Regiment from Readville.

The first regiment of the one hundred days' troops from Massachusetts left camp in Readville, for the South, yesterday afternoon. They consisted of the Sixth regiment, comprising ten companies and nearly eleven hundred men. Several hundred friends and relatives of the men went down on the forenoon trains to bid them farewell and wish them a successful campaign and safe return. The regiment left the station at Readville in a special train of twenty-three cars, via the Boston and Providence Railroad, in which they proceeded to Croton, Conn., there to embark on board a boat to New York. The men were provided with new uniforms and knapsacks, and were armed with Enfield rifles. It was expected that the regiment would arrive in New York early this morning, and proceed immediately to Washington.

The officers of the regiment are as follows, the only vacancy existing being that of major:—

Colonel—A. S. Follansbee, of Lowell.
Lieutenant-colonel—Melvin Beal, of Lawrence.

Adjutant—Thomas O. Allen, of Lowell.

Surgeon—Dr. Walter Burnham, of Lowell.

Assistant-surgeon—Dr. William Bass, of Lowell.

Quart-master—William E. Farrar, of Lowell.

Sergeant-major—Samuel W. Grimes.
Quart-master-sergeant—William H. Spaulding.

Commissary-sergeant—Orford R. Blood.

Hospital-steward—Henry S. Wood.
Co. A, of Boston—Capt. J. M. Coombs and Lieuts. M. Briggs and G. A. Chipman.

Co. B, of Groton—Capt. Geo. F. Shattuck and Lieuts. J. A. Bacon and W. T. Childs.

Co. C (Mechanic Phalanx, of Lowell)—Capt. B. F. Goddard and Lieuts. W. B. McCurdy and J. A. Richardson.

Co. D (Lowell City Guards)—Capt. J. W. Hart and Lieuts. S. C. Pinney and H. C. Mussey.

Co. E, of Aetion—Capt. F. H. Whitcomb and Lieuts. G. W. Knights and G. Hutchings.

Co. F (Andrew Light Infantry, of South Boston)—Capt. Henry W. Wilson and Lieuts. E. C. Colman and R. J. Fennelly.

Co. G, of Lowell—Capt. Nat. Taylor and Lieuts. C. H. Bassett and P. Paulus.

Co. H, of Roxbury—Capt. M. E. Ware and Lieuts. G. L. Tripp and A. A. Chittenden.

Co. I (Salem Mechanic Light Infantry)—Capt. E. H. Staten and Lieuts. J. H. Glidden and G. M. Crowell.

Co. K, of Lawrence—Capt. E. J. Sherman and Lieuts. M. Batchelder and J. D. Emerson.

There are now forty-two companies left in camp. The next regiment to leave will be the Forty-second, which will probably go at the close of this week.

The Thirteenth Regiment Coming Home.

The veteran heroes of the Thirteenth Massachusetts regiment, or rather what remains of that gallant corps, after an active campaign of three years in the Army of the Potomac, left New York on their way homeward at 8 o'clock last evening.

It is well known that the nucleus of the Thirteenth was the Fourth Battalion of Rifles or City Guards of Boston, and that it is composed chiefly of young men of this city and of the immediate vicinity. The first duty of the regiment after leaving Massachusetts was patrolling the upper Potomac, in Maryland, and it was soon afterward engaged in the battles of Bull Run (second), Antietam, and Fredericksburgh. In the latter part of April, 1863, the regiment had an engagement with the enemy on the line of the Rappahannock, at the Fitz-Hugh house, in which Capt. George Bush and Lieut. Wm. Cordwell, both of Co. F, were killed.

In all the great engagements in which the Army of the Potomac has been engaged, the Thirteenth has always taken an active part. It was in the battles of Bolivar Heights, Falling Waters, Sir John's Run, Dam No. 5, Cedar mountain, Rappahannock Station (three days), Thoroughfare Gap, Bull Run (second), Chantilly, South mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburgh (first and second), Chancellorsville (three days), Gettysburg (four days), Wilderness (three days), Laurel hill (three days), Spottsylvania (three days), Jericho Ford, Bethesda Church (four days), White Oak Swamp, and Petersburg.

The reception which the regiment will receive to-day will undoubtedly be one worthy of its distinguished services. In addition to the honors paid it by the city and state authorities, the Boston City Guards, Roxbury State Guard, Fourth Battalion of Rifles, and past members of the regiment will unite in demonstrations of welcome, and the

occasion altogether will be an interesting one.

The Seventeenth Regiment.

As will be seen by the telegraphic dispatches, the Seventeenth regiment of Massachusetts volunteers have arrived in New York from Newbern, en route for home. Few of the men have re-enlisted. Lieut.-Col. Fellows, Capt. John K. Lloyd, of Co. H, and several of the officers have been prisoners to the enemy for the past six months. The last engagement in which this regiment, or part of it, participated, was at Little Washington, where two men were killed July 4, 1864.

From General Sherman's Army— Congratulatory Order to his Soldiers.

ATLANTA, Sunday, 11th. The following is General Sherman's congratulatory order to his troops:—

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF
THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD,
ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 8.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDER, No. 68.—The officers and soldiers of the Armies of the Cumberland, Ohio, and Tennessee have already received the thanks of the nation through its President and Commander-in-chief; and it now remains only for him who has been with you from the beginning, and who intends to stay all the time, to thank the officers and men for their intelligence, fidelity, and courage displayed in the campaign of Atlanta.

On the first day of May our armies were lying in garrison, seemingly quiet, from Knoxville to Huntsville, and our enemy lay behind his rocky-faced barrier at Dalton, proud, defiant, and exulting. He had had time since Christmas to recover from his discomfiture on the Mission ridge, with his ranks filled, and a new commander-in-chief, second to none of the Confederacy in reputation for skill, sagacity, and extreme popularity.

All at once our armies assumed life and action, and appeared before Dalton; threatening Rocky Face, we threw ourselves upon Resaca, and the Rebel army only escaped by the rapidity of its retreat, aided by the numerous roads with which he was familiar, and which were strange to us.

Again he took post at Altoona, but we gave him no rest, and by a circuit toward Dallas, and a subsequent movement to Acworth, we gained the Altoona pass. Then followed the eventful battles about Kenesaw, and the escape of the enemy across the Chattahoochee river.

The crossing of the Chattahoochee, and breaking of the Augusta road, was most handsomely executed by us, and will be studied as an example in the art of war. At this stage of our game, our enemy became dissatisfied with their old and skillful commander, and selected one more bold and rash. New tactics were adopted. Hood first boldly and rapidly, on the 20th of July, fell on our right at Peach Tree creek, and lost.

Again, on the 22d, he struck our extreme left, and was severely punished; and finally again, on the 28th, he repeated the attempt on our right, and that time must have been satisfied, for since that date he has remained on the defensive. We slowly and gradually drew our lines about Atlanta, feeling for the railroads which supplied the Rebel army and made Atlanta a place of importance.

We must concede to our enemy that he met these efforts patiently and skillfully; but at last he made the mistake we had waited for so long, and sent his cavalry to our rear, far beyond the reach of recall. Instantly our cavalry was on his only remaining road, and we followed quickly with our principal army, and Atlanta fell into our possession as the fruit of well-concerted measures, backed by a brave and confident army.

This completed the grand task which had been assigned to us by our government, and your general again repeats his personal and official thanks to all the officers and men composing this army, for the indomitable courage and perseverance which alone could give success.

We have beaten our enemy on every ground he has chosen, and have wrested from him his own gate city, where were located his foundries, arsenals, and workshops, deemed secure on account of their distance from our base, and the seeming impregnable obstacles intervening. Nothing is impossible to an army like this, determined to vindicate a government which has rights wherever our flag has once floated, and is resolved to maintain them at any and all cost.

In our campaign many, yea, very many of our noble and gallant comrades have preceded us to our common destination, the grave; but they have left the memory of deeds, on which a nation can build a proud history. McPherson, Harker, McCook, and others, dear to us all, are now the binding links in our minds that should attach more closely together the living, who have to complete the task which still lies before us in the dim future.

I ask all to continue as they have so well begun the cultivation of the soldierly virtues that have ennobled our own and other countries. Courage, patience, obedience to the laws and constituted authorities of our government, fidelity to our trusts, and good feeling among each other; each trying to excel the other in the practice of those high qualities, and it will then require no prophet to foretell that our country will in time emerge from this war, purified by the fires of war, and worthy its great founder, Washington.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-general Commanding.

A Telling Letter from General Sherman.

The Mayor and Council of Atlanta addressed an elaborate letter to General Sherman on the 11th inst., requesting him to revoke or modify his orders for the removal of the inhabitants of the city. The General replied in the following letter from his head-quarters, in Atlanta, Sept. 12th. For aptness, piquancy, and force, it has not been excelled by any production since the war began:—

ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 12, 1864.

Gentlemen: I have your letter of the 11th, in the nature of a petition to revoke my orders removing all the inhabitants from Atlanta. I read it carefully, and give full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned by it, and yet shall not revoke my order, simply because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for future struggles in which millions, yea, hundreds of millions, of good people outside of Atlanta have a deep interest. We must have peace, not only at Atlanta, but in all America. To secure this we must stop the war that now desolates our once happy and favored country. To stop war we must defeat the Rebel armies that are arrayed against the laws and constitution, which all must respect and obey. To defeat these armies we must prepare the way to reach them in their recesses, provided with the arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purpose.

Now, I know the vindictive nature of our enemy, and that we have many years of military operations from this quarter, and therefore deem it wise and prudent to prepare in time. The use of Atlanta for warlike purposes is inconsistent with its character as a home for families. There will be no manufactures, commerce or agriculture here for the maintenance of families, and sooner or later want will compel the inhabitants to go. Why not go now, when all the arrangements are completed for the transfer, instead of waiting till the plunging shot of contending armies will renew the scenes of the past month? Of course I do not apprehend any such thing at this moment, but you do not

suppose that this army will be here till the war is over? I can not discuss this subject with you fairly, because I can not impart to you what I propose to do; but I assert that my military plans make it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and I can only renew my offer of services to make their exodus in any direction as easy and comfortable as possible. You can not qualify war in harsher terms than I will.

War is cruelty, and you can not refine it; and those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out. I know I had no hand in making this war, and I know I will make more sacrifices than any of you to secure peace. But you can not have peace and a division of our country. If the United States submit to a division now, it will not stop, but will go on till we reap the fate of Mexico, which is eternal war. The United States does and must assert its authority wherever it has power; if it relaxes one bit to pressure it is gone, and I know that such is not the national feeling. This feeling assumes various shapes, but always comes back to that of the Union. Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the national government, and, instead of devoting your houses and streets and roads to the dread uses of war, I and this army become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from what quarter it may. I know that a few individuals can not resist a torrent of error and passion such as swept the South into Rebellion; but you can point out, so that we may know, those who desire a government and those who insist on war and desolation.

You might as well appeal against the thunderstorm as against the terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error and is perpetuated in pride. We don't want your Negroes, or your horses, or your houses, or your land, or any thing you have, but we do want and will have a just obedience to the laws of the United States. That we will have, and, if it involves the destruction of your improvements, we can not help it. You have heretofore read public sentiment in your newspapers, that live by falsehood and excitement, and the quicker you seek for truth in other quarters the better for you.

I repeat, then, that by the original compact of the government, the United States had certain rights in Georgia which have never been relinquished, and never will be; that the South began war by seizing forts, arsenals, mints, custom-houses, etc., long before Mr. Lincoln was installed, and before the South had one jot or tittle of provocation. I myself have seen in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi, hundreds and thousands of women and children fleeing from your armies of desperadoes, hungry and with bleeding feet. In Memphis, Vicksburg, and Mississippi we fed thousands upon thousands of the families of Rebel soldiers, left on our hands, and whom we could not see starve. Now that war comes home to you, you feel very different; you deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent car-loads of soldiers and ammunition, and moulded shell and shot to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people, who only asked to live in peace at their old homes and under the government of their inheritance. But these comparisons are idle. I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to perfect an early success.

But, my dear sirs, when that peace does come, you may call on me for any thing. Then will I share with you the last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter. Now, you must go, and take with you the old and feeble; feed and nurse them, and build for them in more quiet places proper habitations to shield them against the weather, until the mad passions of men cool down, and allow the Union and peace once more to settle on your old homes at Atlanta.

Yours in haste,

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-general.

THE Boston *Traveller* insists that General Sheridan was born in Boston, notwithstanding he is claimed by some of the papers as a Buckeye boy.

A SOLDIER in New Orleans expressed his opinion of General Canby thus: "He appears to be in earnest, and to be a thorough soldier. Besides, I should take him to be a man of business, for he has been here more than two months, and has not yet found time to have his photograph taken."

THE Rebel troops in the Luray valley are thoroughly demoralized. Since the battle at Fisher's hill, the Rebels despair of recovering the valley.

Andrew Jackson on Rebellion.

THE New York *Evening Post* prints the following letters by President Jackson, which were never before published. They were given to the *Evening Post* by the gentleman to whom they were addressed, and are good reading for the democrats of to-day, who can not remember without a violent effort to express a proper sense of abhorrence at the same crime which Jackson so vehemently contended against:—

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2, 1832.

My Dear Sir: I have just received your letter of the 31st ultimo, with the enclosure, for which I thank you.

I am well advised of the views and proceedings of the great leading nullifiers of the South, in my native state (S. C.), and weep for its fate, and over the delusion into which the people are led by the wickedness, ambition, and folly of their leaders. I have no doubt of the intention of their leaders first to alarm the other states to submit to their views rather than a dissolution of the Union should take place. If they fail in this, to cover their own disgrace and wickedness, to nullify the tariff, and secede from the Union.

We are wide awake here. The Union will be preserved, rest assured of this. There has been too much blood and treasure shed to obtain it, to let it be surrendered without a struggle. Our liberty and that of the whole world rests upon it, as well as the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the United States. It must be perpetuated. I have no time to say more. My health is good, improved by the travel. With a tender of my kind salutations to you and your amiable family, I am sincerely your friend,

ANDREW JACKSON.

COL. J. A. HAMILTON.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6, 1832.

My Dear Sir: Yours of the 3d instant is just received. I accord with you fully in the propriety of the people giving fully and freely their sentiments and opinions on nullification, and the course pursued by South Carolina in her late proceedings.

The ordinance passed, when taken in connection with the governor's message, is rebellion and war against the Union; the raising of troops under them, to resist the laws of the United States, is absolute treason. The crisis must be, and as far as my constitutional and legal powers go, will be met with energy and firmness. Therefore the propriety of the public voice being heard; and it ought now to be spoken in a voice of thunder that will make the leaders of the nullifiers tremble, and which will cause the good citizens of South Carolina to retrace their steps, and adhere to that constitution of perpetual Union they have sworn to support. This treasonable procedure against the Union is a blow against not only our liberties, but the liberties of the world.

This nullifying movement in the South has done us great injury abroad, and must not only be promptly met and put down, but frowned down by public opinion. It is, therefore, highly proper for the people to speak all over the Union.

I am preparing a proclamation to the people of the South, and as soon as officially advised of these rebellious proceedings, will make a communication to Congress. I can say no more, as I am surrounded at present, and bid you for the present adieu.

ANDREW JACKSON.

COL. J. A. HAMILTON.

Sheridan's Ride.

Bayard Taylor communicates to the *Tribune* the following magnificent lyric, written by Thomas Buchanan Read, to be recited by Mr. Murdoch, at a complimentary festival given to the latter in Cincinnati, on Monday evening, Oct. 31, in acknowledgment of his noble contributions for the aid of our sick and wounded soldiers. Mr. Taylor remarks that the poem deserves to rank with "Young Lochinvar" and Browning's "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning
light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass us with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thunder-
ing south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's
mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and
faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the
master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their
walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to
full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a barque fed with furnace
ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating
troops.
What was done—what to do—a glance told
him both;
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of
huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course
there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger
was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils'
play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
 Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on high
 Under the dome of the Union sky,
 The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
 There with the glorious General's name
 Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
 "Here is the steed that saved the day
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

Anarchy in Louisiana.

The Louisiana *Democrat* (Rebel) draws the following gloomy picture of the condition of affairs outside the Federal lines in that state:—

"ALEXANDRIA, Oct. 19, 1864. — The condition of affairs, of what was once the state of Louisiana, is becoming really alarming. The long-dreaded winter at hand, the town and country filled with a population whose prospects for a subsistence at best were precarious, but rendered doubly so now by the action of the government: hundreds of families, many those of soldiers, whose only means of living is the little stores of Confederate money they, by the most pinching economy, had managed to save, is rendered worthless by the neglect of the government in not providing the necessary facilities to enable them to exchange the old issue for the new. None of the absolute necessities of life can be purchased with the old issue; and the people have none of the new, or any way of procuring it. The departments here are refusing it even at the discount made by congress. As for the state issue, that has all disappeared, through the energetic, well-meant, and laudable zeal of the governor, whose honest anxiety for the credit of the state is withdrawing it from circulation. And as a last feather added to a camel's back, comes an official notification that from the 1st of December next the citizens must make the requisite arrangements to provide themselves with beef. Now, we would ask, in the name of common sense, how is it to be done? We can not purchase it in Texas with Confederate money, and certainly we have none else. Again, no wood for fuel can be had, though timber is plentiful and at hand; no labor, no axes, and no transportation. Doubtless there are a few among us who will be enabled to pass through the winter without much actual suffering, but the majority, the mass of the people, must and will be upon the verge of starvation and freezing, long before spring. Again, thieving, plundering, pilfering, and horse-stealing seem to be the order of the day; not a night passes but some poor unfortunate has his horse stolen, or a house is entered and robbed. If matters are suffered to go on as they now are, it will not be long before men will be knocked down in the streets in broad daylight and robbed. Misrule appears to be in the ascendant, and runs riot night and day. Is there no remedy? Can not some one interpose and check it? God help the people, for they are certainly as patient as they are unfortunate."

Lieut. William B. Cushing.

To the Editor of the Boston *Journal*:

Lieut. William B. Cushing, the commander of the expedition which was so successful in the destruction of the Rebel iron-clad ram *Albemarle*, is a native of the state of New York, and is now but twenty-two years of age. Though young in years, the deeds of valor, for which he is already renowned, might well make the oldest veteran in the service feel proud.

He was appointed to a cadetship in the Naval academy in 1857. A few months before the breaking out of the war he resigned his appointment; but when the boom of the first cannon fired at Fort Sumter resounded throughout the land, he was one of the first to offer his services to the department, and was appointed an acting master's mate. He was ordered to the flag-ship of Admiral Stringham, the frigate *Minnesota*, then fitting out at Charlestown navy yard. He was on her at the fights off Hatteras and Port Royal, and was distinguished for bravery. Soon after he was ordered to the gunboat *South Carolina*, then blockading off Beaufort, N. C. He was attached to her all winter, and from exposure contracted a severe cold, resulting in a cough, which his friends for a while thought he would not be able to throw off. He applied for leave of absence for a short time, which was granted. While away he made application to be reinstated as midshipman, which the President approved. He was then ordered back to the *Minnesota*, and was soon afterwards promoted to lieutenant, jumping the grades of ensign and master.

He was then attached to the gunboat *Commodore Perry*, as executive officer, where he soon again distinguished himself for bravery, for which he was promoted to the command of a gunboat at Newbern, where he remained for a month or two, till he was ordered to destroy some salt works situated on one of the small streams in that vicinity. This he accomplished successfully; but on coming back he ran aground, and after fighting the enemy *nine hours*, who brought field pieces to the banks of the river and opened a vigorous fire upon him, and finding there was no means by which his vessel could be got off, hid a train to the magazine, and, with his crew (those who remained), escaped in his boats. When a short distance down the river he saw his vessel blow up, thereby preventing her capture by the enemy.

On his return he was ordered to the command of the *Commodore Barney*, at Fortress Monroe, which he retained until early last spring, when he was ordered to the command of the *Monticello*, the most effective vessel on the Wilmington blockade.

He is the same officer who a few weeks ago ascended the river with a boat's crew of sixteen men to within seven miles of Wilmington, where he remained concealed two days; at night reconnoitering the river and shores to *within four miles of the city*. During this time he captured *three mules* and eight prisoners, with which he made good his escape, though there were *eight boats* stationed at the mouth of the river to prevent his egress, the Rebels having become aware of his being in the river.

He left the *Monticello* a few weeks ago to prepare for the expedition which has resulted so gloriously, and for which he is receiving boundless praise. We trust that such bravery will not go unrewarded; but that he may receive such promotion as the rules of the service will allow, and what would no doubt be also acceptable, the prize money, which if the laws are rightly interpreted, will give him at least *fifty thousand dollars*. X.

Cruise of the United States Revenue Steamer Pawtuxet in Search of the Pirate Tallahassee.

BOSTON, Nov. 8, 1864.

To the Editor of the Boston *Journal*:

Captain Fenger, on being apprised of the depredations of the pirate on the coast, last week, prepared his ship with all possible haste to go to sea in search of the pirate, and to either capture or sink her, and without waiting for orders from the Secretary of the Navy, the gallant captain put to sea at 1 P. M., on Thursday last, Nov. 3, steering east by

south from Boston light-house, about eighty miles, under full head of steam, with all lights about the decks extinguished, passing by scores of fishing vessels, and notifying them of the near approach of the pirate. At midnight, changed our course to north-west, and ran on that course some thirty miles; then stood south-west until about noon, when a gale from the east increased in violence, and it was thought advisable to make for Gloucester harbor, where we could shelter from the violence of the gale. On leaving Boston, Captain Fenger assembled all hands on the main deck and informed them that the *Tallahassee* was on the coast, and that he was going out to try to find her, and would either capture or sink her if he could, trusting that every man would do his duty manfully, when all responded cheerfully to the words of the brave captain.

All hands were then called to quarters, and the men were drilled at the guns for an hour. The guns were loaded—some with shot, and some with shell, and every preparation was made to give the pirate a warm reception, in case we met her during the night.

Saturday forenoon, the gale abating, weighed anchor and left Gloucester, steering southward, with full head of steam and all sail set, the ship making thirteen knots per hour; finding nothing of the pirate to the south of Cape Cod, the captain determined to go into Provincetown, knowing that the place was defenseless; came to anchor for the night, and next morning got under way again, steering north-west to the neighborhood of Cape Ann, then steered for Boston, where we arrived late on Sunday night. The officers of the *Pawtuxet* consist of the following gentlemen, viz: Captain Fenger; Lieutenant Freeman, executive officer; Lieutenant Holloway; Mr. Miller, pilot; Mr. Clark, chief-engineer; Mr. Harrison, first-assistant; and Mr. Scofield, second-assistant. More gentlemanly, patriotic, and brave men seldom meet on board ship than the captain and officers of the *Pawtuxet*. They have also a crew of petty officers and men, amounting in all, I believe, to about sixty persons, as brave and daring as any set of men I have seen in my extensive travels. Success to the *Pawtuxet* with her gentlemanly officers and brave crew, is the sincere wish and prayer of a
 VOLUNTEER.

An Interesting Incident of the Election.

STURBRIDGE, Nov. 8, 1864.

To the Editor of the Boston *Journal*:

A thrilling incident occurred in our town-meeting to-day, which deserves public notoriety.

Dea. John Phillips, of this town, who is one hundred and four years four months and nine days old, appeared at the town-hall and deposited his ballot for presidential electors and state officers. He was brought in a carriage, and then conveyed into the hall in a chair, supported by a platoon of our returned soldiers, and received by the citizens of the town, rising from their seats with uncovered heads, amid the tears and heartfelt emotions of all present. After resting for a moment the venerable patriot expressed a desire to shake hands with all the returned soldiers. Some thirteen soldiers then formed in line, when each one was introduced to the venerable patriarch, and took him by the hand, with the announcement of the time each had served in the army. The last soldier introduced—a Mr. King, an Irishman—said he had served the country three years, and had enlisted for three years more, and if that was not long enough to subdue the Rebellion he was ready for another three years, after which three hearty cheers were given for the returned soldiers, and three rousing cheers by the whole assembly for the old soldier of the Revolution.

Col. Edward Phillips (eldest son of the venerable deacon, now in his eightieth year), then made an impromptu speech to the soldiers, in the course of which he said that he was the *oldest man* in town who was born in town, and yet, said he, "My father is here, and 'still lives!'"

The old gentleman was then presented with two sets of votes—one for Abraham Lincoln

and one for George B. McClellan—and requested before all present to take his choice, when he reached out his hand, and in an audible and deep-toned voice, said: "I shall take the one for Abraham Lincoln."

The town then voted that the chairman of the selectmen then present the ballot box to the old gentleman, who took his ballot with both hands and deposited it in the box, stating that he had voted for Washington for president, and attended all the presidential elections since excepting that four years ago, when he was sick and did not attend.

The following preamble and resolutions were then presented to the town-meeting, which were adopted by a unanimous vote:

Whereas, Our very venerable and highly respected fellow-citizen, Dea. John Phillips, who is this day one hundred and four years, four months and nine days old, and who yet retains his mental and physical faculties in a high degree; and

Whereas, He has traveled some two miles to attend this town-meeting, and has deposited his ballot for presidential electors, and state, county, and town officers; therefore,

Resolved, That this be entered on the records of the town, as a lasting memorial of his undying patriotism and devotion to country and an incident perhaps unparalleled in the annals of our government.

A. P. T.

Public Reception

OF

Captain Winslow and Officers and Crew of the Kearsarge.

Reception in Faneuil Hall.

Nov. 10, 1864.

Captain Winslow, the gallant commander of the United States steamer *Kearsarge*, and his officers, were received by the city authorities at Faneuil hall to-day, at noon. They reached Lewis wharf in their boats about 11 o'clock, when a procession was formed, and under escort of Sergeant Dunn and a detachment of police, together with a company of United States marines, accompanied by the band from the navy yard, proceeded on the route. Following the marines came the noble and gallant crew, to the number of about eighty, and after them Captain Winslow and his officers, accompanied by the committee of arrangements, in barouches. The route was from the wharf through Commercial street, India, Milk, Devonshire, Wintthrop square, Summer, Chauncey, Bedford, West, Tremont park, Beacon, Tremont, Court, State, Merchants' row to Faneuil hall, where the procession arrived at 12 o'clock.

All along the entire route Captain Winslow and his gallant officers and crew were greeted with loud cheers by men, and the waving of handkerchiefs and small flags by the ladies. As the procession passed down State street, the cheers from the immense throng there assembled were most vociferous and prolonged.

A state salute was fired from the common while the procession was passing up Park street, by the First Light Bat-

tery of artillery, Capt. Lucius Cummings.

Reception at Faneuil Hall.

The hall was most elegantly decorated for the occasion by Messrs. Lamprell & Marble. The center-piece was a twelve-rayed star of the national colors, from which radiated streamers and pendants to the capitals of every gallery column, at whose bases were erected national standards. The balconies were inscribed with the names of "Winslow" and "Thornton," the captain and lieutenant-commander of the *Kearsarge*, "Porter" and "Farragut." Between these appeared shields bearing the national ex-citeleons, with the seals of the city of Boston and of the United States, with the national ensigns as supporters. The balconies also bore these inscriptions: On the right, "Honor and Gratitude to the Defenders of the Country"; "Welcome to the Victors." On the left, "Boston Honors the Brave"; "Boston Welcomes the Heroes of the *Kearsarge*." On the front of the rostrum appeared a trophy of American flags, a fine model of the *Kearsarge* resting on the platform, on each side of which was erected the national standard. The cornice at the base of the galleries was tastefully festooned in colors of red and white.

Gilmore's full band, led by P. S. Gilmore in person, was stationed in the gallery, and performed some delightful music during the ceremonies of reception. Four long tables, extending from one end of the hall to the other, and upon the platform, were spread with a bountiful collation.

The Ceremonies of Reception.

On arriving at the hall, the officers of the *Kearsarge* were escorted to the platform by the committee of reception, His Honor Mayor Lincoln with Captain Winslow leading the way, the band meanwhile playing the national airs, and the audience applauding and cheering loudly.

The immediate center of the hall, as the place of honor, should have been assigned to the gallant tars of the *Kearsarge*, but by some mistake it was first occupied by the escort. The error was at once subsequently corrected.

Silence being obtained, Alderman W. W. Clapp, Jr., came forward, and addressing His Honor Mayor Lincoln, said that as chairman of the committee of reception he begged leave to present his report.

His Honor remarked that on an occasion like the present it was eminently proper to invoke the Divine blessing, and called upon the Rev. Father Taylor, who offered a most fervent and patriotic prayer.

His Honor then requested the officers and crew of the *Kearsarge*, with the escort, without further ceremony, to partake of the refreshments before them.

After the collation was finished the assembly was called to order, and His Honor the Mayor coming forward upon the platform spoke somewhat as follows:

Captain Winslow, Lieutenant Thornton,

and the Gallant Officers and Crew of the United States Ship Kearsarge: It is about fifty-two years ago that the doors of Faneuil hall were opened to receive the first naval hero of the war of 1812. The frigate *Constitution*, Commodore Hull, had just come into the waters of Boston harbor. The pride of the "mistress of the seas" had been humbled, and the people of this city had assembled to congratulate him on his success. — [Boston Journal.]

Farewell Address of General Butler.

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA
AND NORTH CAROLINA,
Army of the James, Jan. 8, 1865.

Soldiers of the Army of the James:

Your commander, relieved by order of the President, takes leave of you. Your conduct in the field has extorted praises from the unwilling. You have endured the privations of camp and the march without a murmur. You have never yielded to an attack. When ordered, you have stormed and carried works deemed impregnable by the enemy. You have shown the positions to be so by holding them against his fiercest assault in the attempt to retake them. Those skilled in war have marveled at the obstacles overcome by your valor. Your line works have been the wonder of officers of other nations, who have come to learn defensive warfare. From the monuments of your skilled labor your deeds have rendered your names illustrious in after times. Your general's proudest memory will be to say with you, "I, too, was of the Army of the James." To share such companionship is pleasure; to participate in such acts is honor; to have command of such an army is glory. No one could yield it without regret. Knowing your ready obedience to orders, witnessing your willing devotion of your blood in your country's cause, I have been chary of the precious charge confided to me. I have refused to order useless sacrifices of the lives of such soldiers, and I am relieved from your command. The wasted blood of my men does not stain my garments. For my action I am responsible to God and my country.

To the Colored Troops in the Army of the James:

You have not been treated as laborers, but as soldiers; you have shown yourselves worthy of the uniform you wear. The best officers of the Union army seek to command you; your bravery has won the admiration even of those who have been your masters. Your patriotism, fidelity, and courage have illustrated the best qualities of manhood. With the bayonet you have unlocked the iron-bound gates of prejudice, opening new fields of freedom, liberty, and equality and of rights to yourselves and your race forever. Comrades of the Army of the James, I bid you farewell, farewell.

BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major-general.

Jeff. Davis has published in the *Raleigh Daily Confederate* of April 7 a pronouncement, dated at Danville, in which he says:

"The commander-in-chief having found it necessary to make such movements of his troops as to uncover the capital, it would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause resulting from the occupation of our capital by the enemy. It is equally unwise and unworthy of us to allow our own energies to falter, and our efforts to become relaxed, under reverses, however calamitous they may be. For many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy, under the command of a leader whose presence inspires equal confidence in the troops and in the people, has been greatly trammelled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital, and has been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprise. It is for us, my countrymen, to show by our bearing under reverses how wretched bas

been the self-deception of those who have believed us less able to endure misfortune with fortitude than to encounter danger with courage. We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail from his base. Let us but will it, and we are free. Animated by that confidence in spirit and fortitude which never failed me, I announce to you, my fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any one of the states of the Confederacy; that Virginia, noble state! whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history, whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war, whose sons and daughters have exhibited a heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all time to come—that Virginia, by the help of the people and by the blessings of Providence, shall be held and defended, and that no peace shall ever be made with the infamous invaders of any of her rights of territory. If by the stress of numbers we should ever be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other border state, again and again will we return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free. Let us then not despair, my countrymen, but, relying upon God, let us meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts. (Signed)

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In the same newspaper which contains this gasconade is a brief editorial, intimating that "General Lee's whole army is in a safe position and prepared for any emergency." Two days afterward he surrendered, and he has since gone to North Carolina to induce Johnston to follow his example. What Jeff. Davis said when he learned the fate of "the largest and finest army of the Confederacy" remains to be seen.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF SLAVES.—A Nashville letter to the *Chicago Tribune* says four officers of loyal Tennessee regiments have arrived there from Andersonville, Ga., where they had been imprisoned. When three miles out, they secreted themselves in some bushes for a nap, when they were suddenly aroused by an old Negro, with a basket of roasted sweet potatoes and some corn bread. On asking him how he knew they were there, he remarked that the Negroes were continually on the watch for escaped prisoners, to aid them, and that he had seen them enter the bushes. He enjoined them to trust no white man, but to remember that every Negro was their friend. They followed this advice and were abundantly supplied by Negroes, wherever they went; and could it have been done, they might have brought in thousands of able-bodied recruits to the Union army.

When This Great Rebellion 's Over.

Climbed the baby on her knee,
With an airy, childish grace;
Prattled in her lovely face,
"When will papa come to me?"
"Papa?" soft the mother cried—
"Papa! ah! the naughty rover!
Sweet, my pet, he'll come to thee
When the great Rebellion 's over!"

"Mamma once had rosy cheeks,
Danced and sang a merry tune;
Now she rocks me 'neath the moon,
Sits and sighs, but sorely speaks."
Sad the smile the mother wore—
"Sweet mamma has lost her lover,
She will blush and sing no more
Till the great Rebellion 's over!"

"Till the hush of peace shall come,
Like a quiet fall of snow,
And the merry troops shall go
Marching back to hearts at home"—
"Papa—home?" the baby lisped,
Balmly-breath'd as summer eiver.
"Yes, my darling, home at last,
And the sad Rebellion 's over!"

Entered at the open door,
While the mother soothed her child,
One who never spoke or smiled,
Standing on the sunny floor.
Wistful eyes met mournful eyes,
Hope took flight, like airy plover;
"Ah! poor heart, thou 't wait in vain
Till the great Rebellion 's over!"

Heart, poor heart! too weak to save,
Vain your tears—your longings vain—
Summer winds and summer rain
Beat already on his grave!
From the flag upon his breast,
(Truer breast it ne'er shall cover!)
From its mouldering colors, wet
With his blood, shall spring beget
Lily, rose and violet,
And a wreath of purple clover.

With the flag upon his breast,
They have hid away your lover—
Weep not! wail not! let him rest.
Having bravely stood the test,
He shall rank among the blest,
When the great Rebellion 's over.

Relief for Savannah.

THE VOYAGE OF THE GREYHOUND.

The Union Sentiments of the People.

"CARLETON'S" ACCOUNT.

To the Editor of the *Boston Journal*:
SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 23, 1865. — At 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon, Jan. 14, the steamer *Greyhound* cast moor from Central wharf, Boston harbor, and turned her prow seaward, on a voyage of love and good-will from the people of Boston to the people of Savannah. There was waving of handkerchiefs, a salute from the revenue cutter lying in the stream, and hearty cheers from the lads on board the school-ship. There was no ostentatious display, although the occasion was one of unusual interest. On the Monday previous, it was made known at a public meeting in Faneuil hall that the people of Savannah were once more heartily loyal; that they were ready to bear true and faithful allegiance to the Union, and that they were suffering for want of food. The citizens of Boston, ready at all times to relieve those in want, between Tuesday and Saturday contributed thirty thousand dollars, which was expended in the purchase of provisions; the steamer *Greyhound* was chartered and loaded with

one-half the supplies, and at this hour on Saturday was sailing southward—the remainder being forwarded from New York in the steamer *Daniel Webster*.

The occasion being so unusual, I have deemed it worth while to visit Savannah as an observer of the reception and distribution of this spontaneous gift and token of good-will; for there is nothing on record in the old chivalrous times which compares with it. This is not chivalry, not a high-minded act, not an exhibition of courtesy and good breeding merely, but Christian charity. Where in human history do we find an exhibition of like character? It is time of war. Our enemies treat our captured friends—the soldiers of the Union—with a barbarity which Bushmen and Indians scorn. They murder them by starvation in the midst of plenty. At Millen and Andersonville, both in the state of Georgia, thousands of graves attest the success of their infernal hate. The wan countenances, the emaciated forms, and the unvarying stories of the ten thousand who have been exchanged reveal the fiendishness of the Rebel authorities. We captured a city which supported that authority; but on the simple profession of loyalty, and the declaration that they are ready to return to the Union, all their hate, all their fiendishness, all their wrong-doing of the past are forgotten, and the people of Boston exhibit their good-will and friendship by feeding those who, till the ringing of Christmas chimes, were their sworn enemies. "Peace and good-will," said the bells. "Peace and good-will" is the response of every loyal heart.

It is a free gift, unsolicited, unsought by the people of Savannah. How will it be received? What will be the attitude of a proud but conquered people? Whatever the reception may be, the event will be a feature in the history of the Rebellion which will avert the attention of the future historian; which will convince those who are not blinded by prejudice in the old world that we are not actuated by hate and desire for revenge; which will show to men everywhere that democracy is the noblest as well as the mightiest principle in human government; that Christianity is still humanizing and ennobling among a people which wages unrelenting war for the maintenance of national life.

THE GREYHOUND.

The employment of the steamer *Greyhound* on such a mission is an interesting feature of the occasion. She is a captured blockade runner. Glancing to the inspector's certificate hanging upon the cabin wall, I read that she was built in Greenock, in Scotland, 1863. She made a trip to Wilmington, took on a large cargo of cotton, and was captured while attempting to run out of port. Among those on board was Miss Belle Boyd, who obtained notoriety as a Rebel spy. The *Greyhound*, which was built to injure us—in every rivet, timber-plank, and brace of which there is English hate for us, sympathy for the Rebels, and envidia for themselves—bears

nothing but our peace and good-will, not only to the people of Savannah, but to all the world. It is the unwritten motto of the ensign which floats above us. Men of every lineage, nation, and clime will see in this voyage of a captured blockade runner a new revelation of the faith, the principles, and the destiny of the American people. Savannah is taken. Wilmington is closed. Charleston alone is awaiting her doom. The men of Greenock may lay down their hammers. The iron men of the Clyde have fitted out their last vessels in the interest of slavery. Democracy, civilized and Christianized, has a wonderfully transforming power to turn evil into good. Our vessel, laden with the gifts of generous hearts, is a fair type and symbol of the great republic, sailing never so proudly and gloriously as now towards the coming centuries, freighted with the hopes of the world.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

Advance of Sherman.

EVACUATION OF RALEIGH BY JOHNSTON.

The City Sacked by the Populace.

CAPTURE OF WINTON AND MURFREESBORO'.

Report that the Legislature is to be Convened.

NEW YORK, April 15. The *Herald's* Goldsboro' correspondence says that Sherman's army commenced its advance on the 9th, moving in three columns under Howard, Slocum, and Schofield.

During the rejoicings over the news from Richmond, General Sherman was called out by his troops, and he addressed a few words to them, saying he was informed Richmond had been captured and Lee was flying in dismay. He said Grant wrote him he was pursuing Lee, and that he hoped he, Sherman, would press Johnston. "I think we will do it," said Sherman. The soldiers cried, "We will," "We will." Sherman told his soldiers that he did not mean to let Johnston have any rest.

Johnston has evacuated Raleigh, moving west, and leaving the town in possession of Hampton's cavalry. On the evening of the 5th a small force of Howard's Mounted Infantry were attacked by some Rebel cavalry, who were, however, soon dispersed with a loss of one hundred men and two pieces of artillery.

The *Herald's* correspondence says an expedition lately went up the Chowan river and captured Winton and Murfrees-

boro'. The ram which the Rebels were building at Halifax, N. C., has been destroyed. The ram *Albemarle* has been raised by our men and found not to be seriously injured.

The *Herald's* Goldsboro' correspondence has a report from Raleigh, saying Governor Vance will call the North Carolina legislature together to repeal the Secession ordinance.

The *World's* Goldsboro' correspondence of the 10th says the Raleigh *Confederate* of the 5th states that the city was sacked and mobbed by the lower classes. The Sixteenth Virginia Reserves were left to protect the people, but were unable to do so. The mob took possession of some of the larger warehouses and stores and robbed them.

THE SIEGE OF MOBILE.

MAGAZINE IN SPANISH FORT EXPLODED.

CAPTURE OF SELMA, ALA., CONFIRMED.

NEW ORLEANS, April 8. A special dispatch to the New Orleans *Times* from the Spanish fort, dated April 5, says a furious fire was opened on the Rebel forts last night from our entire line. During the bombardment a small magazine in the Spanish fort exploded. The damage is not known. Quiet prevailed on the 5th. Deserters report from 18,000 to 20,000 troops in and about Mobile, including all the state reserves and about 2000 in Spanish fort. The loss outside Spanish fort up to the 4th inst. amounted to 500 killed and wounded. The Rebel loss exceeds ours.

Adjutant-general Thomas arrived at New Orleans on the 7th.

Mobile papers of the 1th announce the capture of Selma, Ala., with twenty-three pieces of artillery and a large amount of government property.

From North Carolina.

GOLDSBORO', April 6. The capture of Richmond and the great victory of Grant's was telegraphed here this morning from Newbern, and the joy and enthusiasm of Sherman's army are beyond description. The Union citizens of Raleigh also celebrated the event.

No movement for the return of North Carolina to the Union will probably be made until Raleigh is occupied by our troops, though now it is the general desire of the people throughout the state.

Some curious cattle of African breed, imported by Gen. Wade Hampton, consisting of a bull, cow, and calf, captured on his plantation near Columbia, S. C., were brought here and delivered over to General Meigs, who forwarded them to New York, to be placed in Central park. On the same plantation we captured a

band of minstrels, consisting of thirteen slaves, among whom are two white brothers, all of whom now travel with General Logan, their deliverer, for the amusement of himself and friends.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 11. An expedition composed principally of the First New York Mounted Rifles left Norfolk on the 1st inst., on a reconnoissance up the Chowan river, with the intention, if possible, of reaching Weldon, N. C., which resulted with entire success.

The cavalry struck the Seaboard and Roanoke railroad and demolished the track for a considerable distance. While thus engaged they were attacked by six hundred Rebels, and after a severe fight succeeded in repulsing them. The cavalry then fell back to Murfreesboro', where their booty was delivered to the gunboats. Among the captures were 100 bales superior cotton, a large amount of tobacco and snuff, and 30 prisoners.

Parties of the cavalry scouted to within a few miles of Weldon, and from prisoners taken they learned that the town was strongly fortified and garrisoned with a force of 1000 Rebels, with several batteries of artillery.

The expedition returned last Saturday. This expedition is said to be the largest sent into northern North Carolina, and accomplished a great deal of good in ascertaining the exact locality of the Rebel forces in that section of the state.

IMPORTANT ORDER.

Drafting and Recruiting to be Stopped.

PURCHASE OF GOVERNMENT STORES TO BE REDUCED.

Reduction in the Number of Military Officers.

REMOVAL OF TRADE RESTRICTIONS.

OFFICIAL.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 13, 6 P. M.

To Major-general Dix:

This department, after mature deliberation and consultation with the Lieutenant-general upon the recent campaign, has come to the following determinations, which will be carried into effect by appropriate orders to be issued immediately:

1. To stop all *drafting and recruiting* in the loyal states.
2. To curtail purchases for arms, ammunition, quartermaster and commissary supplies, and reduce the expenses of the military establishment in all its several branches.
3. To reduce the number of general and staff officers to the actual necessities of the service.
4. To remove all restrictions upon trade and commerce so far as may be consistent with public safety.

As soon as these measures can be put in operation it will be made known by public orders. (Signed.) E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Secretary Stanton's Order.

The order of the Secretary of War, given elsewhere, shows that the Rebellion is regarded as substantially over, and that the government has begun the work of winding up the war. This implies, we believe, more than the surrender of Lee, and confirms the opinion we gave at the outset, that the Rebel General-in-chief would see to it that his subordinates followed his course. At any rate, the War department, as advised by General Grant, announces that our armies in the field are amply sufficient to deal with the remainder of the Rebellion, and that all drafting and recruiting are to be stopped, military purchases curtailed, the number of officers to be reduced, and military restrictions on trade removed. These are the glorious harbingers of returning peace; and they are not less grateful to the loyal masses than they are convincing to the people of the South that the government will hasten every amelioration of the state of war as fast as submission proceeds and safety will allow.

THE good news contained in Secretary Stanton's bulletin to-day, ordering that all drafting and recruiting shall be immediately stopped, and the work of reducing the expenses of our military establishment be commenced at once, will give a new impetus to the subscriptions to the government seven-thirty loan. The amount of subscriptions to this loan on Wednesday were over three and a half millions, nearly twenty-five hundred of which were for bonds of the sum of \$100 or \$50. The orders for these small bonds have averaged over two thousand a day for the past week, and they show in the clearest light the confidence which the people have in the government. It is generally believed that this is the last government loan which will be put upon the market, and at the present rate it will all be taken before the middle of June.

WASHINGTON, April 14, 1865. Four years ago to-night General Butler stopped the trial of an important case, on which he was engaged as counsel, and asked a brother lawyer to take his place in order to enable him to aid in rallying the old 6th and other Massachusetts troops for the defense of Washington. This evening he has written the resignation of his commission, and it will be presented to the War department to-morrow morning. The case left unfinished, four years ago, is still unfin-

ished, and General Butler will return to Boston next week to resume the trial of it. Many here would have preferred to see him ordered to Richmond as military governor of Virginia.

From Danville, Va.

NEW YORK, April 15. The Danville Register of the 5th says Breckinridge, the Rebel quartermaster, commissary-generals, and other officers were expected to reach that city on horseback on the 6th.

CITY POINT, April 12, 1865. The long contest—the four years of internal strife—is virtually over. The Rebel army of Northern Virginia, which has been the strong power of Jeff. Davis, has laid down its arms. The soldiers composing it have gone to their homes, never more to be found fighting against the Union. With the surrender and dispersion of the army commanded by General Lee, the last hope of Jeff. Davis and the leaders of the Rebellion expires. The event will be forever a standpoint in history. One year ago General Grant proposed to fight it out on the line which he then adopted, and he has adhered to his purposes till success has crowned his efforts.

From Sherman's Army—Capture of Raleigh—Governor Vance of North Carolina Taken Prisoner—Jeff. Davis Said to be With Johnston's Army.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 16. The steamer *Admiral Dupont* arrived yesterday afternoon from Morehead City, and brought advices from General Sherman's forces.

General Sherman, having left Goldsboro' in his rear, at once struck out for Johnston's army, hoping to be able to force him to give battle. Johnston, however, kept retreating, and it appears that Sherman met very little resistance. Raleigh was captured last Thursday with very little fighting, which was confined principally to the cavalry and skirmishing between the advance pickets of both forces.

The supplies of Sherman's army are all centered near Roanoke island, and vessels lying at anchor there are awaiting orders from his chief commissary.

NEWBURN, April 15. The superintendent of the railroad arrived here from Goldsboro', and states that Governor Vance was captured by our cavalry between Hillsboro' and Raleigh, on the 13th. The report states that he (Vance) had been sent to Sherman by General Johnston, who was at Hillsboro', with instructions to surrender the state of North Carolina to General Sherman; but these instructions were afterward withdrawn, and Vance was returning to Johnston without having seen Sherman, when he was captured. He is now prisoner of war, not having carried out his mission.

The same report also states that Jeff. Davis and family had joined Johnston

at Hillsboro', which is about thirty miles west of Raleigh. Whether Davis arrived at Raleigh after Governor Vance had been sent to Sherman and caused Johnston's instructions to Vance to be set aside does not appear.

P. S. Sherman's forces entered Raleigh a few days since, and were moving back after Johnston, who continues to fall back without fighting.

THE OLD FLAG ON SUMTER!**Graphic Description of its Restoration.****SPEECH OF GENERAL ANDERSON.****Oration of Henry Ward Beecher.**

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 14, 1865, via BALTIMORE, April 17, 1865. Four years ago, April 12, 1861, our national ensign, floating in its pride and power over the battlements of Fort Sumter, was assailed and trailed in surrender. The events of that occasion have become historically world-wide and need not be rehearsed.

To-day the identical flag that was lowered in humiliation was raised with appropriate ceremonies.

The glorious news of the capitulation of the Rebel army of Northern Virginia made the occasion doubly interesting. The account of Lee's surrender, which came along last evening, occasioned the liveliest demonstrations at the theater, where the glorious victory was announced. The audience was wild with enthusiasm. Dense crowds filled the spacious parlors of the Charlestown hotel, to give vent to the wildest latitude of jubilation over the great event. Grant, the Old Flag, and President Lincoln were each cheered lustily. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, and General Washburne each made brief and stirring addresses. National airs were alternately played by the bands of the Fourteenth Maine and the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York regiments, and congratulations were kept up until a late hour. The joy extended into many households which had received information of the glorious news.

The great event of to-day attracted large numbers of visitors to Charleston. Since yesterday thousands from the North have been arriving, filling the hotels to repletion. The steamer *Oceanus* from New York brought a large delegation of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church. The weather was exceedingly propitious, a gentle breeze prevailing from the east.

At an early hour the note of preparation was sounded. Salutes of artillery were fired, and every vessel in the harbor put on its gayest attire. The

naval display excited the liveliest admiration. Every gunboat and monitor was dressed with a profusion of bunting. The national ensign floated from all the principal fortifications, with the exception of Sumter, where was shortly to take place a scene never to be forgotten.

The whole forenoon was occupied in transporting the immense number of visitors to Sumter, which was entered on the northeast side by a flight of wooden steps, leading to the demolished parapet facing Charleston, which portion of the fort is the best preserved externally. The remainder is but a mass of debris, composed of concrete, brick, and sand, in which were imbedded tons of iron missiles, thrown during the terrible conflict that treason involved. At this point were hurled in thousands of those fearful bolts, which, although they destroyed and pulverized, at the same time added strength to the formidable walls. Thousands of gabions, filled with sand, are found inside the bomb proofs constructed by the enemy, which remain in a good state of preservation, in spite of the pounding they received.

It was not until noon that the last landing was completed. Standing on the crumbled, demolished parapet, overlooking the dense crowd assembled in the parade ground, and viewing the fleet of gunboats, monitors, and steamers lying but a short distance off, dressed in their brilliant regalia, the scene was beyond the touch of the painter's pencil.

In the center of the parade ground was the stand from which Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the orator of the day, was to deliver his address. It was a slightly elevated platform, enclosed with boughs of myrtle, standing underneath a temple of liberty, festooned and entwined with bunting and wreaths of flowers. When the distinguished gentlemen who were to occupy the platform entered the parade ground, as soon as they were recognized, they were received with jubilant demonstrations. But none were received with such loud cheers as Mr. Beecher. It was a fitting welcome to the great champion of the rights of man.

Among those on the stand representing the navy were Admiral Dahlgren and Captain Bradford, Pay-master Watmough, Engineer Dawley, Judge-advocate Cowley, and Lieutenant-commander Matthews, of his staff, and Commodore Rowan. There were over two hundred naval officers present.

The army was represented by Generals Gilmore, Anderson, Dix, Washburne, Doubleday, Delafield, Grover, Hatch, Saxton, and Molineaux, most of whom had their respective staffs with them; also Assistant Secretary of Navy Fox, Professor Davis, of West Point academy, Adjutant-general Townsend, and Colonel Guiley, commanding the post.

Among the notable citizens were Senator Wilson, William Lloyd Garrison, Hon. Samuel Hooper, and Ex-governor Clifford, of Massachusetts, Lieutenant-governor Anderson, of Ohio, Justice Swayne, of the Supreme Court of the

United States, Judges Strong and Thompson and Congressman Kelley, of Pennsylvania, George Thompson, of England, and other distinguished gentlemen.

Dr. Mackey, the eminent Free Mason, who has never swerved from his fealty to the government during the trying hours of the Rebellion, was also present with his wife and two daughters. The wife and children of General Anderson and the daughter of General Dix were also on the stand.

It is estimated that at least three thousand people were present, one-sixth being ladies. There were also large detachments of white and colored troops, marines, and sailors, serving as guards of honor.

Massachusetts was represented by the Fifty-fourth colored regiment, whose gallant and noble colonel lies in a hero's grave on the shores of Morris island.

The ceremonies of the occasion commenced with the singing of a song and chorus, entitled "Victory at Last!" which was received with rapturous applause. Then followed the reading of a portion of Scripture by the venerable Chaplain Harris, of the United States army (who made the prayer at the raising of the flag when Major Anderson removed his command from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, Dec. 27, 1860), followed by a fervent and impressive prayer by the same gentleman, during which the utmost silence was observed. Rev. Dr. Storrs, Jr., of New York, then read the hundred and twenty-sixth, forty-seventh, ninety-eighth, and part of the twentieth Psalms—in the reading of the last of which he was joined by the assembly. Adjutant-general Townsend then in a clear voice read Major Anderson's dispatches, dated "Steamship *Baltic*, off Sandy Hook, April 18, 1861," announcing the fall of Fort Sumter.

Preparations were now made for hoisting the flag, which was no sooner brought to view than there was aroused a burst of joy. A few moments, and every thing was in readiness. Stepping forward, General Anderson, on whom devolved the pleasurable duty of restoring to its original place on the fort the identical flag which, after an honorable and gallant defense, he was compelled to lower to the insurgents, made the following remarks:

General Anderson's Address.

"I am here, my friends and fellow-citizens and brother-soldiers, to perform an act of duty which is dear to my heart, and which all of you present appreciate and feel. Did I listen to the promptings of my own heart, I would not attempt to speak; but I have been desired by the Secretary of War to make a few remarks. By the considerate appointment of the honored Secretary of War, I am privileged to fulfill the cherished wish of my heart through four long years of bloody war, to restore to its proper place this very flag which floated here during peace before the first act of this cruel Rebellion. Thank

God, I have lived to see this day! [applause]—that I have lived to be here to perform this, perhaps, the last act of duty to my country in this life. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for the signal blessings which He has given us—blessings beyond number. May all the world proclaim—'Glory to God in the highest! on earth peace and good will toward men!'"

On the conclusion of his remarks he seized the halliards and with a firm and steady pull ran aloft the old flag. No sooner had it caught the breeze than there was one tumultuous shout. It was an inspiring moment—grand and sublime—never to be experienced again. "Our flag was there"—its crimson folds, tattered but not dishonored, regenerated and baptized anew in the fires of liberty.

General Anderson could hardly restrain his emotions. Tears of joy filled the eyes of nearly every one present. When the flag reached its height it was saluted with one hundred guns from Sumter, and with a national salute from Fort Moultrie and Battery Bee on Sullivan's island, Fort Putnam on Morris island, and Fort Johnson on James island—places conspicuous in the inauguration of the Rebellion. It was eminently appropriate for them to take a part not less prominent in this national rejoicing over the restoration of the national authority. National airs were also played by the band, which was followed by the singing of the "Star-spangled Banner" with a thrilling effect.

Previous to the raising of the flag the steamer *Planter*, Capt. Robert Small, who, it will be remembered, ran the Rebel gauntlet in 1862, came to the fort loaded down with between 2000 and 3000 of the emancipated race, of all ages and sizes. Their appearance was warmly welcomed. Captain Small was subsequently introduced to many distinguished gentlemen, to whom he narrated his interesting adventure with lively satisfaction.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher then made the following address:

Address by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Mr. Beecher said: On this solemn and joyful day we again lift to the breeze our fathers' flag, now again the banner of the United States, with the fervent prayer that God would crown it with honor, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children with all the blessings of civilization, liberty, and religion. Happily no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem the night from darkness, and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been mited upon its folds. As long as the sun endures, or the stars, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving! [Great applause.] Once, and but once, has treason dishonored it. In that insane hour, when the guiltiest and bloodiest Rebels of time hurled their fires upon the fort, you, sir [turning to General Anderson], and a small, heroic band

stood within these now crumbled walls and did gallant and just battle for the honor and defense of the nation's banner. [Applause.] In that cope of fire this glorious flag still peacefully waved to the breeze above your head, unconscious of harm as the stars and skies above it. Once it was shot down. A gallant hand, in whose care this day it has been, plucked it from the ground and reared it again, cast down, but not destroyed. After a vain resistance, with trembling hand and sad heart you withdrew it from the height, closed its wings, and bore it far away, sternly, to sleep amid the tumult of Rebellion and the thunder of battle. The first act of war had begun—the long night of four years had set in, while the giddy traitors whirled in a maze of exhilaration. Dim horrors were already advancing, that were ere long to fill the land with blood. To-day you are returned. Again we devoutly join with you in thanksgiving to Almighty God, that He has spared your honored life and vouchsafed to you the honors of this day.

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this Constitution for the United States of America." Again, in the awful convention of war, the people of the United States, for the very ends just recited, have debated, settled, and ordained certain fundamental truths, which must henceforth be acted and obeyed. Nor is any state, or any individual, wise who shall disregard them. They are to civil affairs what the natural laws are to health—indispensable conditions of peace and happiness. What are the ordinances given by people speaking out of fire and darkness of war, with authority inspired by that same God who gave the law from Sinai amid thunders and trumpet voices? *First*—That these United States shall be one and indivisible. *Second*—That states are not absolutely sovereign, and have no right to dismember the republic. *Third*—That universal liberty is indispensable to Republican government, and that slavery shall be utterly and forever abolished. Such are the results of war. They are worth all they have cost. They are foundations of praise. They will secure benefits to all nations as well as to us. Our highest wisdom and duty are to accept the facts as the decrees of God. We are expected to forget all that has happened!—yes, the wrath, the conflict, the cruelty, but not those overruling decrees of God which this war has pronounced as solemnly as on Mount Sinai; God says: "Remember, remember!" Hear it to-day under this sun—under that bright child of the sun, our banner—with the eyes of this nation and of the world upon us, we repeat the syllables of God's evidence, and recite the solemn decrees. No more Disunion! No more Secession! No more Slavery!

From this pulpit of broken stone we speak afresh our earnest greeting to all our land. We offer to the President of these United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burden and sufferings of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom. [Applause.] To the members of the government associated with him in the administration of perilous affairs in critical times, to the senators and representatives of the United States who have eagerly fashioned the instruments by which the popular will might express and enforce itself, we tender our grateful thanks. [Applause.] To the officers and men of the army and navy who have so faithfully, skillfully, and gloriously upheld their country's authority by suffering, labor, and sublime courage, we offer here a tribute beyond the compass of words. [Great applause.] Upon these true and faithful citizens, men and women, who have borne up with unflinching, in the darkest hour, and covered the land with their labors of love and charity, we invoke the Divine blessings of Him whom they have so truly imitated. [Applause.] But chiefly to the God of our fathers we render thanksgiving and praise, for that wondrous Providence that has brought forth from such a harvest of war the seed of so much liberty and peace. We invoke peace upon the North. Peace be to the West. Peace be upon the South. In the name of God we lift up our banner and dedicate it to peace, reunion, and liberty, now and forevermore, amen! [Great applause.]

Mr. Beecher's address was delivered in his usually matchless, eloquent, and effective manner, and was frequently interrupted by shouts of applause. "Old Hundred" was then sung with great effect. The closing prayer and benediction were pronounced by Rev. Doctor Storrs, which concluded the exercises.

In the evening several vessels of the fleet, which had moved up to the city and extended in a line from the Atlantic wharves to the Battery, were brilliantly illuminated from trunk to deck with red, white, and blue colored lanterns. A grand display of fireworks also took place from their decks.

At one of the private residences there was a brilliant party assembled.

The celebration was a great success, and reflects honor on all concerned, and to none more than Col. Stewart L. Woodford, chief of General Gilmore's staff, who had charge of all the arrangements for the accommodation, safety, and comfort of the invited guests.— [Boston Journal.]

Surrender of Johnston.

There appears to be no doubt that Gen. Joe Johnston has surrendered to General Sherman on the same terms which were accorded to Lee. It is well

for him that he did. With Sherman, twice as strong in men, and still more in the morale and effectiveness of his army, pressing upon him in front; with Sheridan's restless cavalry coming down upon his left flank, and Stoneman blocking up his rear, successful resistance and escape were alike impossible. His force would have been crushed to atoms. Still, out of regard to the lives of our brave soldiers—no matter how few might have been sacrificed—we are glad that Johnston prevented any further fighting by his surrender.

He has closed up the military chapter of the Rebellion. There is now no organized Rebel army this side of the Mississippi—nothing but isolated garrisons, which will surrender when called upon, or fugitive or predatory bands, which will soon disperse. Nor is there any reason to believe that the Rebel forces west of the Mississippi will give further trouble, though they may hold together for a time, to shield the attempt of Jeff. Davis and the other chief traitors to escape through Texas. But the latter must move quickly, if at all, because a cordon of Union forces will soon be placed along the whole trans-Mississippi border.

Apostrophe to the Union.

Dissolve the Union! Who would part
The chain that binds us heart to heart?
Each link was forged by sainted sires
Amid the Revolution's fires;
And cooled—oh, where so rich a flood?—
In Warren's and in Sumter's blood.

Dissolve the Union! Be like France
When Terror reared his bloody lance,
And man became Destruction's child,
And woman, in her passions wild,
Danced in the life-blood of her Queen
Beside the dreadful guillotine!

Dissolve the Union! Yes, you may,
Poor counterfeit of noble clay,
When mind shall wander with the brute,
And thistles bear Hesperian fruit;
And Hell, in her red arches, be
A welcome Heaven to such as ye.

Dissolve the Union! Roll away
The spangled flag of glory's day,
Blot out the history of the brave,
And desecrate each patriot's grave;
And then above the wreck of years,
Quaff an eternity of tears.

Dissolve the Union! Can it be
That they who speak such words are free?
Great God! did any die to save
Such sordid wretches from the grave—
When breast to breast, and hand to hand,
Our patriot fathers freed the land?

Dissolve the Union! Ho, forbear;
The sword of Damocles is there;
Cut but the hair, and earth shall know
A darker, deadlier tale of woe
Than His'try's crimson page has told
Since Nero's cap in blood was rolled.

Dissolve the Union! Speak, ye hills,
Ye everlasting mountains cry;
Shriek out, ye streams and mingling rills,
And ocean, roar in agony;
Dead heroes! leap from glory's sod,
And shield the manor of your God!

Capture of Mobile.

It is hard amid the bewildering transitions of public feeling during the last week, to realize that the war, in some parts of the country, has been going on

in the old style. Mobile has been fought for, defended, and captured, like New Orleans, Nashville, Newbern, Wilmington, and Richmond itself. The Rebel communications were probably so broken up, and Mobile so closely invested, that it is very likely its garrisons received no tidings of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond, and so fought out the affair just as desperately as if their Rebel capital and finest army had been still defiant. Our men also prosecuted the attack in the same spirit as if the loyal cause was depending solely for the time being on their strong arms.

They deserve, therefore, all the honor for their important victory which it would have gained for them in the darkest hour of the war. Its effects will add powerfully to the other current evidence of the broken and hopeless fortunes of the Rebellion. Every coast city this side of Texas is now in possession of the government. A resistless army can ascend the watercourses of Alabama and Mississippi, or throw itself into the heart of Georgia, in case Jeff. Davis with the rump of the Richmond cabal should be disposed to make further trouble in that section. It will also become much more difficult for the chief conspirators to escape from the country, as our forces lie nearly athwart the whole route to Texas, their only avenue of exit.

APPALLING CIRCUMSTANCES!

THE PRESIDENT SHOT AND MORTALLY WOUNDED!

ESCAPE OF THE MURDERER.

ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF SECRETARY SEWARD.

THE RECOVERY OF MR. SEWARD DOUBTFUL.

Frederick Seward, his Son, Supposed to be Mortally Hurt.

J. Wilkes Booth, the Actor, the Alleged Assassin.

WASHINGTON, April 14. The metropolis has been to-night the scene of a double attempt at assassination—President Lincoln and Secretary Seward having been the victims of an evidently deep-laid plot, which has no parallel in American history.

It has been the custom of President Lincoln to frequently attend the theaters here, to escape from the office-seekers and volunteer-advisers who have haunted him at the White House. In the papers of this afternoon it was announced that he, with Mrs. Lincoln and Lieutenant-general Grant, would to-night attend Ford's theater, to witness Miss Laura Keane in the part of Alice Trenchard in "Our American Cousin." The house was crowded. The President occupied what is termed the state-box, composed of the two lower right-hand private boxes thrown into one, and ornamented with flags. Mr. Lincoln enjoyed the performance, and was in unusually good spirits, chatting with Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, who was of the party, when he, without warning, received his death wound. The assassin passed the door of the box which had been used and fired through the closed door next the stage. He then rushed on the stage, brandishing a bowie-knife, and exclaimed, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" Evidently acquainted with the stage, he made his way between the scenes to a side door, mounted a horse tied there, and escaped.

The screams of Mrs. Lincoln first disclosed the fact to the audience that the President had been shot, when all present rose to their feet, rushing toward the stage, many exclaiming: "Hang him! hang him!" The excitement was of the wildest possible description, and of course there was an abrupt termination of the theatrical performance.

There was a rush toward the President's box, when cries were heard, "Stand back and give him air!" "Has any one stimulants!" On a hasty examination it was found that the President had been shot through the head above and back of the temporal bone, and that some of the brain was oozing out. He was removed to a private house opposite the theater, and the Surgeon-general of the army and other surgeons were sent for to attend to his condition.

On an examination of the private box blood was discovered on the back of the cushioned rocking chair on which the President had been sitting, also on the partition and on the floor. A common single-barrelled pocket-pistol was found on the carpet.

A military guard was placed in front of the private residence to which the President had been conveyed. An immense crowd was in front of it, all deeply anxious to learn the condition of the President.

It had been previously announced that the wound was mortal, but all hoped otherwise.

The shock to the community is terrible. At midnight the Cabinet, with Messrs. Sumner, Colfax, and Farnsworth, Judge Curtis, Governor Oglesby, General Meigs, Colonel Hay, and a few personal friends, with Surgeon-general Barnes and his immediate assistants, were around his bedside.

The President was in a state of syncope, totally insensible and breathing

slowly. The blood oozed from the wound at the back of his head. The surgeons exhausted every effort of medical skill, but all hope was gone.

The parting of his family with the dying President is too sad for description.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln did not start for the theater until 15 minutes after 8 o'clock. Speaker Colfax was at the White House at the time, and the President stated to him that he was going, although Mrs. Lincoln had not been well, because the papers had announced that he and General Grant were to be present, and as General Grant had gone North, he did not wish the audience to be disappointed. He went with apparent reluctance, and urged Mr. Colfax to go with him, but that gentleman had made other arrangements, and with Mr. Ashman of Massachusetts bade him good-bye.

When the excitement at the theater was at its wildest height reports were circulated that Secretary Seward had also been assassinated. On reaching this gentleman's residence, a crowd and a military guard were found at the door, and on entering it was ascertained that the reports were based on truth.

Every body there was so excited that scarcely an intelligible word could be gathered; but the facts are substantially as follows:

About ten o'clock a man rang the door bell, and the call having been answered by a colored servant, he said he had come from Doctor Verdi, Mr. Seward's family physician, with a prescription, at the same time holding in his hand a small piece of folded paper, and saying, in answer to a refusal, that he must see the Secretary, as he was entrusted with particular directions concerning the medicines. He still insisted on going up, although repeatedly informed that no one could enter the chamber. The man pushed the servant aside and walked heavily toward the Secretary's room, and was there met by Frederick Seward, of whom he demanded to see the Secretary, making the same representation which he did to the servant. What further passed in the way of colloquy is not known, but the man struck him on the head with a billy, severely injuring the skull and felling him almost senseless.

The whole city is aroused. The garrison is getting under arms, and there are manifestations of the deepest feeling.

It is asserted that the assassin of the President is J. Wilkes Booth, the actor, who is known to have expressed the most violent Secession sentiments.

One o'clock—It is a warm, clear, moonlight night, and crowds are abroad to learn the sad news. Tenth street, in which Ford's theater is situated, is the sad center of attraction, and there are thousands kept back from the house in which the President is breathing his last, by a strong guard.

A gentleman present informs me that the President was seated in the box, listening attentively to the conclusion of

the third act of the play, when the assassin entered. Mr. Rathbone of New York, who was in the box, rose to inquire the cause of the interruption, but before he could speak the assassin drew a pocket pistol and aimed at the President's head, fired the fatal ball, which entered the back of the head, coming out near the eye. Dropping the pistol the assassin drew a bowie knife, and wounding Mr. Rathbone in the shoulder, leaped over the edge of the box down on the stage and disappeared behind the scenes, escaping by a side door. He mounted his horse and galloped away.

The scene at the boarding house opposite the theater, to which the unconscious victim was carried, is described as impressive and sad.

The President lies on a bed in the back room, surrounded by his family, Cabinet, and a few friends. Senator Sumner is at his side, weeping over the departing author of the Emancipation Proclamation, whose goodness of heart the Senator so well knows.

Mrs. Lincoln and her sons are in the deepest grief, and poor Thaddeus refuses to look upon his father, whose features are sadly distorted. The Surgeon-general and other prominent surgeons are present, but they can do nothing.

Vice-president Johnson arrived about half-past twelve and joined the sad group.

While some are confident that it was a second assassin who assaulted Secretary Seward, others think that it was the same hand which dealt all the blows. Not only the Secretary was wounded, but two of his sons.

The Assistant Secretary and the Paymaster, with the nurses in attendance, were stabbed or cut by the infuriated demon.

The Secretary was not dangerously wounded, but the loss of blood and the excitement may prove fatal. His son Frederick is also unconscious at present.

Half-past one.—The President lingers insensible, with his life-blood ebbing away. It is a slight consolation to learn that General Grant has reached Philadelphia unharmed, as fears have been entertained that a plot had been laid and that he might have also been a victim.

So passeth away the champion of Liberty and Union! a devoted husband, an indulgent father, a sincere friend, an exemplary citizen, and honest man—may God in his mercy protect the United States!

General Grant and wife were advertised to be at the theater this evening, but he started for Burlington, N. J., this evening.

At the Cabinet meeting, at which General Grant was present, the subject of the state of the country and the prospect of a speedy peace was discussed. The President was very cheerful and hopeful, and spoke very kindly of General Lee and others, and of the Confederacy, and of the establishment of a government in Virginia. All the members of the Cabinet except Mr. Seward

are now in attendance upon the President.

I have seen Mr. Seward, but he and Frederick were both unconscious.— [Boston Journal.]

WASHINGTON, April 15—2:30 A. M. The President is still alive, but the case is absolutely hopeless.

The Very Latest.

WASHINGTON, April 15—3 A. M.

Major-general Dix:

The President still breathes, but is quite insensible, as he has been ever since he was shot.

He evidently did not see the person who shot him, but was looking on the stage while he was approached from behind.

Mr. Seward has rallied, and it is hoped that he may live.

THE AWFUL TRAGEDY. DEATH OF OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT!

MR. SEWARD'S CONDITION UNCHANGED.

State of the Other Victims!

POSITIVE EVIDENCE THAT J. WILKES BOOTH WAS ONE OF THE ASSASSINS.

Another Man also Engaged in the Bloody Work.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, April 15—4:10 A. M.

To Major-general Dix:

The President continues insensible and is sinking.

Secretary Seward remains without change. Frederick Seward's skull is fractured in two places, besides a severe cut upon the head.

The attendant is still alive, but hopeless.

Major Seward's wounds are not dangerous. It is now ascertained with reasonable certainty that two assassins were engaged in the horrible crime, Wilkes Booth being the one that shot the President. The other was a companion of his, whose name is not known, but whose description is so clear that he can hardly escape.

It appears from a letter found in Booth's trunk, that the murder was planned before the 4th of March, but fell through then, because the accomplice backed out until Richmond could be heard from.

Booth and his accomplice were at the livery stable at 6 o'clock last evening, and left there with their horses about 10 o'clock or shortly before that hour.

It would seem that they had for several days been seeking their chance, and for some unknown reason it was not carried into effect until last night.

One of them has evidently made his way to Baltimore.

The other has not yet been traced.
(Signed.) E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 8 A. M.

Major-general Dix:

Abraham Lincoln died this morning at twenty-two minutes after 7 o'clock.

L. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

LATER.

WASHINGTON, April 15—11 A. M. The reported death of Secretary Seward and his son Frederick is erroneous. Both are still alive, but in a critical state.

Major Seward is not in a dangerous condition. Vice-president Johnson has been sworn in. No trains are allowed to leave Washington.

The Death of the President—Grief and Indignation of the People.

NEW YORK, April 15—9 A. M. Intense sorrow is depicted on all countenances at the terrible events that occurred in Washington last night, and the grief of all good men is apparent everywhere at the demise of the President. No flags were hoisted in this city this morning until the state of the President was known, when they were all placed at half-mast. The people appear perfectly horrified, and the utmost rage is felt towards all known Secessionists and Rebel sympathizers.

PHILADELPHIA, April 15. The most intense horror is excited by the lamentable fate of the President. The city was decorated with flags, and every house gave evidence of preparations for the illumination fixed for Monday evening. The public joy give place to mourning, and there is a deep feeling of rage.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., April 15. The bells in the city have been tolling from an early hour this morning. The Provost-marshal's office and other government offices and many private dwellings and stores are draped in mourning, and a general solemnity pervades the whole city on account of the death of President Lincoln, and the assassination of Secretary Seward.

BANGOR, ME., April 15. The terrible news of the assassination of the President was received here with the most profound grief. The stores were generally closed and draped in mourning. All the flags of the city are placed at half-mast. A public meeting is being held, to make arrangements for a proper observance of the mournful event. Minute guns will be fired from 12 to 4 o'clock this P. M.

The appalling calamity at the national capital has caused a general suspension of business throughout the city. The Custom house was closed at an early hour, as were many of the principal stores, and there was no session at the Brokers' board. Many of these stores are closed and are being draped in the emblems of mourning.

A dispatch from New York says business in that city is almost entirely suspended to-day. The Gold room, Brokers' board, and other places of trade were all closed.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Evident Intent to Assassinate Secretary Stanton also.

WASHINGTON, April 15. The President and Assistant Secretary of State* have passed from earth—two new victims to the barbarism of Slavery.

It is a rainy, gloomy morning, and the national metropolis is already clothed in mourning. Business is suspended. The flags which have of late waved so proudly, droop at half-mast, and as the particulars of the deliberately plotted assassination become known, the feeling of horror that men could be such villains is intense.

The President was shot with a common pocket-pistol, resembling a Derringer, which the assassin fired within a few feet of him. The fatal ball entered the head near the temple bone, about three inches from the left ear, penetrating nearly to the eye. He fell forward from the rocking chair in which he was seated, intent upon the performance, and remained in a state of syncope till he breathed his last breath, at twenty minutes past 7 o'clock this morning.

The report of the pistol and the theatrical exit of the assassin attracted attention to the President's box, which was entered by those in its vicinity, who raised him from the floor. As the back of the chair in which Mr. Lincoln sat was bloody, it was thought that he was wounded in the back, and his clothes were stripped from his shoulders, but no wound was at first found. He was entirely insensible. Further search revealed the fact that he had been shot in the head, as described elsewhere.

Major Potter, pay-master in the army, and Major Rathbone, the latter having been in the box with President Lincoln, assisted by others, carried the President from the theater, the blood from the death-wound falling upon the floor, stairway, and sidewalk, as he was borne to the nearest house opposite, which was that of Mr. Ulke.

Mrs. Lincoln was assisted in crossing the street with the President in a frantic condition, both she and her young son uttering heart-rending shrieks. She was attended by Miss Laura Keane and others.

At the house, an army surgeon being at hand, he called for a small quantity of brandy, which was administered, and it was thereupon announced to the pressing, excited crowd that he was alive and not dead, as Mrs. Lincoln in her agony insisted. It was then found that Major Rathbone had received a wound in the arm, which he had intentionally concealed to prevent excitement. He then fainted. The Surgeon-general was sent for, and Doctors Hall and Stone also arrived.

* So far as concerned the latter official, this announcement was a mistake.

Senator Sumner was one of the first to arrive at the martyr's bedside. The Senator, on being notified of the sad occurrence, hastened to the White house, where every thing was tranquil, for the sentinels and the porter had only heard of the assault on Secretary Seward.

Capt. Robert Lincoln who was there was ignorant of the sad news in store for him; but soon a carriage dashed up with the tidings. Senator Sumner and Captain Lincoln at once took the vehicle and were driven at full speed to the house in which the President lay. The surgeons pronounced him beyond the reach of their skill, as the brain was oozing from the wound. He lay insensible, and at first his pulse was at 15. Gradually, as the blood rushed towards the brain, it produced a painful pressure, and the pulse increased, while the death-stricken man breathed loudly, painfully, and with difficulty. At times the surgeon introduced a probe, which would let out blood and produce temporary relief, but there was no hope. The sufferer's pulse increased to 100, while the rush of blood made his eyes protrude from the sockets, and the flesh around them became discolored. Fortunately, perhaps, for him, his last moments were passed in a state of unconsciousness, and he gave up the ghost without a murmur. May he rest in peace!—[Boston Journal.]

Assumption of the Duties of President by Mr. Johnson—No Change in the Cabinet.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 15, 1865.)
To Major-general Dix:

The official notice of the death of the late President Abraham Lincoln was given by the heads of the Departments this morning to Andrew Johnson, Vice-president, upon whom the Constitution devolved the office of President.

Mr. Johnson received this notice, appeared before Chief-justice Chase, and took the oath of office as President of the United States, and assumed its duties in function. At 12 o'clock the President met the heads of the Departments in a Cabinet meeting at the Treasury building, and among other business the following were transacted:

First. The funeral of the late President was referred to the several Secretaries, as far as relates to their respective Departments.

Second. William Hunter was appointed Acting Secretary of State during the disability of Mr. Seward and his son, Frederick Seward, the Assistant Secretary.

Third. The President formally announced that he desired to retain the present Secretaries of the Departments of his Cabinet, and they would go on and discharge their respective duties in the same manner as before the deplorable event that had changed the head of the government.

All business in the Departments was suspended during the day.

The surgeons report that Mr. Seward's condition remains unchanged. He is doing well. There is no improvement in Mr. Frederick Seward.

(Signed.) E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, April 15. At an early hour this morning E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, sent an official communication to Hon. Andrew Johnson, Vice-president of the United States, stating that in consequence of the sudden and unexpected death of the chief magistrate his inauguration should take place

as soon as possible, and requesting him to state the place and hour at which the ceremony should be performed.

Mr. Johnson immediately replied that it would be agreeable to him to have the proceedings take place at his rooms, at the Kirkwood house, as soon as the arrangements could be perfected.

Chief-justice Chase was informed of the fact, and repaired to the appointed place with Secretary McCulloch, Attorney-general Speede, J. B. Blair, Sr., Hon. M. Blair, Senators Foote, of Vermont, Ramsey, of Minnesota, Yates, of Illinois, Stewart, of Nevada, Hale, of New Hampshire, and General Farnsworth, of Illinois.

At 11 o'clock the oath of office was administered by the Chief-justice of the United States, in his usual solemn and impressive manner.

In a brief speech Mr. Johnson said: "The duties of office are mine. I will perform them. Consequences are with God. Gentlemen, I shall lean upon you. I feel that I shall need your support. I am deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and the responsibility of the duties of the office I am assuming."

Riotous Proceedings in Fall River.—A Venomous Copperhead Mobbed.

FALL RIVER, MASS., April 15. On receipt of the melancholy news of the assassination of the President this morning, and while a large crowd of citizens were gathered round the bulletin boards, reading the dispatches and giving expression to their deep and most heartfelt sorrow, a notorious Copperhead, Secesh sympathizer and liquor-dealer, named Leonard Wood, was heard to declare that it was the best news he had heard for forty years. He had no sooner uttered this atrocious sentiment than he was seized by the indignant bystanders, struck, booted about the streets, and compelled to go into a store to procure an American flag, unfurl, and salute it with three cheers. He then rushed to his store and locked himself in, but the crowd surrounded his place and were making preparations to break in, when the mayor and city marshal appeared and escorted him to the lock-up, where he is now confined. The crowd then returned to his store, stove in the windows, and smashed things generally. They then visited other Copperheads, compelling them to show the American flag.

BRIG.-GEN. THOMAS A. SMYTH, who was killed during the pursuit of Lee on the 7th inst., was a native of Ireland. He immigrated to the United States at an early age, and settled in Wilmington, Del. At the beginning of the Rebellion he entered the national service as a captain in the three-months volunteers, and by his soldierly qualities and distinguished services gained appointment and promotion with the three-years troops. He was a brave and gallant officer, always leading his troops when work was to be done.

WASHINGTON, April 15. The excitement throughout Washington is intense, and the horrible proceedings of last night are the only theme of conversation.

The assassin of the President left behind him his hat and a spur. The hat was picked up in the President's box, and has been identified as one belonging to the suspected man. The spur was dropped upon the stage, and that also has been identified as one procured at a stable where the same man hired a horse in the evening.

Two gentlemen who went to the Secretary of War to apprise him of the attack on Mr. Lincoln, met at the residence of the former a man muffled in a cloak, who, when accosted by them, hastened away. It had been Mr. Stanton's intention to accompany Mr. Lincoln to the theater and occupy the same box, but a press of business prevented.

It, therefore, seems evident that the aim of the plotters was to paralyze the country by at once striking down its head, heart, and arm.

As soon as the dreadful events were announced in the streets, Superintendent Richards and his assistants were at work to discover the assassins. In a few moments the telegraph had aroused the whole police force in the city. Mayor Wallack and several members of the city government were soon on the spot, and every preparation was made to preserve order and quiet. Every street was patrolled. At the request of Mr. Richards, General Augur sent horses to mount the police.

Every road leading out of Washington is strongly picketed, and every possible avenue of escape thoroughly guarded. Steamboats about to start down the Potomac were stopped.

The *Chronicle* says: "As it is suspected that this conspiracy originated in Maryland, the telegraph flashed the mournful news to Baltimore, and all the cavalry were put upon active duty. Every road was picketed, and every precaution taken to prevent the escape of the assassin.

A preliminary examination has been made by Superintendent Richards and his assistants. Several persons were called to testify, and the evidence is conclusive to this point, viz., that the murderer of the President was John Wilkes Booth. His hat was found in the private box and identified by several persons who had seen him within the last two days, and the spur which he dropped by accident after he jumped to the stage was identified as one of those which he had obtained from the stable where he hired the horse.

This man Booth has played more than once at Ford's theater, and is, of course, acquainted with its exits and entrances, and the facility with which he escaped behind the scenes is easily understood.

The person who attempted to assassinate Secretary Seward left behind him a slouched hat and an old rusty navy revolver. The chambers were broken loose from the barrels, as if done by

striking. The loads were drawn from the chambers, one being but a rough piece of lead, and the others, smaller than the chambers, were wrapped in paper, as if to keep them from falling out.

The Death of the President.

Truly, we know not what a day will bring forth. But yesterday all hearts were rejoicing in the prospects of peace, doubly assured by official announcements that looked as if the era of bloodshed were already over. The future of our country never looked brighter; and if, among human appearances, there was one column of strength and hope stronger than all others upon which the people leaned, it was the fact that our good President—so calm, so wise, so open to the teachings of Providence, so inflexible in the right when once he had attained to it—was, after the multiplied dangers of the last four years, still spared to us.

But to-day that column is removed from us, and the nation is appalled at its irreparable loss, and shocked and stunned beyond measure at the inconceivable wickedness which caused it. What in that pure and blameless life could have aroused such diabolical passions? What insanity could have imagined that any cause would be profited by the cold-blooded assassination of the two first officers of the government? Far be it from us to say one word to inflame the terrible feelings which we know are to-day burning under a nation's grief, but men will see in this atrocious deed the natural sequel of that spirit which has plunged the country into a sea of bloodshed, which has murdered thousands of helpless prisoners, and hesitated at nothing in the annals of crime. Was the loyal country in danger of losing sight of this cancer of wickedness, and becoming disposed, out of regard to the cheering future, to heal it over with misjudged leniency? Was eternal justice in danger of being forgotten? May a merciful God let this awful blow fall upon docile hearts, that we may through it learn His purposes and obey His will!

Nor must the people give way to despair. Abraham Lincoln was the gift of God to this land, if ever a man was so commissioned. He was taken out of obscurity, and mysteriously advanced over statesmen to whom the people had been almost solely looking for their

chief magistrate. All his singular array of qualities vindicated the choice. No man since Washington ever so completely met the emergency amid which he arose. Great success crowned his efforts. He saw the leading hope of his life realized, for he testified his faith, a few hours before he fell, that war had really given way to peace. His mission, perhaps, had been fulfilled, and he goes hence leaving

"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

But the same Providence that gave us Abraham Lincoln has watched over his removal, and, if we are worthy of it, will provide that it is not to our injury. His successor in office is a man of great virtues, sullied by a single blot in the past. We learn on unquestionable authority that he has retrieved that error so far as possible, by taking the pledge never to indulge again in intoxicating drinks. He will keep it; and impressed, as he must be, with this awful dispensation which has opened to him the heights of power and responsibility, will be faithful and efficient in the arduous duties for which the main events of his life have so well prepared him.

REBEL PRISONERS AT WASHINGTON—THE PIRATE SHENANDOAH. WASHINGTON, April 14. The Rebel Generals Ewell, Corse, Hunter, Barton, Kershaw, Dubois, Sims, and other officers, with about 500 Rebel soldiers, arrived here to-day. Ewell and the other officers want to be admitted under the terms of Lee's surrender.

The employes of the Washington Arsenal had a parade this evening in honor of the recent victories.

The government has advices that at the latest dates the pirate *Shenandoah* was at Melbourne, undergoing alterations, so as to work four more 8-inch guns. Her officers hoped to enlist one hundred more men.

COTTON AT THE SOUTH. The *Tribune's* Washington dispatch says:—

"A gentleman who arrived here to-day from Georgia says there is no one resource of the South so little understood and so greatly underestimated as the amount of cotton still held there. He thinks there must be at least 1,500,000 bales in Georgia, and 1,000,000 bales more in Alabama. He has personal knowledge of hundreds of bales which have been buried in the sand for more than a year. He predicts that cotton will sell for 10 cents per pound in Savannah as soon as the government removes the restrictions upon its coming in, and his integrity and sound judgment are vouched for by gentlemen of the highest character in this city."

Assassination of President Lincoln.

The news of President Lincoln's having been shot and mortally wounded, last night at Washington, will send a thrill of horror through every feeling heart. The intelligence was received from the agency of the Associated press, between 10 and 11 o'clock last night, but was only represented as a rumor. It, however, caused much excitement, and the telegraph and newspaper offices were visited by many citizens, pale with excitement, inquiring into the truth of the report. Over three hours elapsed before any positive statement regarding the matter came by telegraph, and in the interval excitement had calmed down, under the idea that, had the rumor not been probably false, some account of the circumstance would have been soon forwarded. At 1:30 o'clock however, the despatches given elsewhere began to arrive, and unhappily confirmed the report, and added to it the attempt on the life of Secretary Seward.

There appears to be no hope of the President's recovery; and thus, by the hand of an assassin, Abraham Lincoln, the Great and the Good, has fallen! Millions will mourn him, and as long as history endures his name will live as the noblest friend of Freedom.

Announcement of the President's Death to the Army.**OFFICIAL.**

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, April 15, 1865. }

It is hereby ordered that, in honor of the memory of our late Chief Magistrate, all officers and others subjected to the orders of the Secretary of State wear crape upon the left arm for the period of six months.

W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary of State.

WAR DEPARTMENT, }
Adjutant-general's Office, April 16, 1865. }

The following order of the Secretary of War announces to the armies of the United States the untimely and lamented death of the illustrious Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States:—

On the day after the receipt of this order at the head-quarters of every military division, department, army post, station, fort, and arsenal, and at the Military Academy at West Point, the troops and cadets will parade at 10 o'clock A. M., and the order read to them. After which all labors and operations for the day will cease and be suspended, as far as practicable in a state of war. The national flag will be displayed at half-staff at dawn of day, thirteen guns will be fired, and afterward, at intervals of thirty minutes, between the rising and setting of the sun, a single gun, and at the close of the day a national salute of thirty-six guns. The officers of the armies of the United States will wear the badge of mourning on the left arm and on their swords, and the colors of their commands and regiments will be put in mourning for the period of six months.

By command of Lieutenant-general Grant.
W. A. NICHOLS,
Assistant Adjutant-general.

WAR DEPARTMENT, }
WASHINGTON, April 16, 1865. }

Lieutenant-general Grant, U. S. Army, Commanding Armies of the United States, Washington, D. C.:—

General: You will please announce, by general order, to the armies of the United States, that, on Saturday, the 15th day of April, 1865, by reason of the death of Abraham Lincoln, the office of President of the United States devolved upon Andrew Johnson, Vice-president, who, on the same day, took the official oath prescribed for the President, and entered upon the duties of that office.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

WAR DEPARTMENT, }
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, April 16, 1865. }

General Order No. 7.

It is hereby announced to the armies of the United States that, on Saturday, the 15th day of April, 1865, by reason of the death of Abraham Lincoln, the office of President of the United States devolved upon Andrew Johnson, Vice-president, who, on the same day, took the official oath prescribed for the President, and entered upon the duties of that office.

By command of Lieutenant-general Grant.
W. A. NICHOLS,
Assistant Adjutant-general.

SPECIAL ORDER OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.**To Vessels of the United States:—**

The flags of all vessels and at all navy yards and stations, and marine barracks, will be kept at half-mast during the day, and at 12 o'clock meridian twenty-one minute guns will be fired by the senior officer of each squadron and the commander of each of the navy yards and stations.

GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

WAR DEPARTMENT, }
WASHINGTON, April 16, 1865. }

The distressing duty has devolved upon the Secretary of War to announce to the armies of the United States that at twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock, on the morning of Saturday, the 15th day of April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, died of a mortal wound inflicted upon him by an assassin. The armies of the United States will share with their fellow-citizens the feelings of grief and horror inspired by the most atrocious murder of their great and beloved President and Commander-in-chief, and with profound sorrow will mourn his death as a national calamity. The head-quarters of every department, post, station, fort, and arsenal will be draped in mourning for thirty days, and appropriate funeral honors will be paid by every army and in every department, and at every military post, and at the Military Academy at West Point, to the memory of the late illustrious Chief Magistrate of the nation and Commander-in-chief of its armies. Lieutenant-general Grant will give the necessary instructions for carrying this order into effect.

E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Reward for the Capture of the President's Murderer.**Condition of Mr. Seward.**

WASHINGTON, April 15—8:40 A. M. President Lincoln died this morning at 7:30 o'clock.

Major-general Augur, commanding the department of Washington, has offered a reward of \$10,000 to the party or parties arresting the murderer of the President and the assassin of the Secretary of State and his son.

President Lincoln's Funeral—Preparations made by Congress and the Departments.

WASHINGTON, April 17. At a meeting of the members of the Senate and House at noon to-day Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, president *pro tem.* of the Senate, was called to the chair, and Schuyler Colfax chosen secretary. Senator Foote, of Vermont, stated that the object of the meeting was to make arrangements relative to the funeral of the deceased President of the United States.

On motion of Senator Sumner, a committee of five from each house was ordered to report at 4 P. M. to-day what action was fitting for the meeting to take.

At 4 P. M., Mr. Sumner, from the committee appointed, reported that they had selected as pall-bearers, on the part of the Senate, Messrs. Foster, Morgan, Johnson, Yates, Wade, and Conness; on the part of the House, Messrs. Dawes, Coffroth, Smith, Colfax, Worthington, and Washburn. They also recommended the appointment of one member of Congress from each state and territory as a Congressional committee to accompany the remains to Illinois, and presented the following names as such committee, the chairman of the meeting to have authority of appointing hereafter for the states and territories not represented here to-day: Maine, Pike; New Hampshire, Rollins; Vermont, Foote; Massachusetts, Sumner; Rhode Island, Anthony; Connecticut, Dixon; New York, Harris; New Jersey, not yet appointed; Pennsylvania, Cowan; Delaware, not yet appointed; Maryland, not yet appointed; Ohio, Schenck; Kentucky, Smith; Indiana, Julian; Illinois, the delegation; Missouri, not yet appointed; Michigan, Chandler; Iowa, not yet appointed; Wisconsin, not yet appointed; California, Shannon; Minnesota, Ramsey; Oregon, Williams; Kansas, Clark; West Virginia, Whaley; Nevada, Nye; New Mexico, not yet appointed; Utah, not yet appointed; Washington Territory, not yet appointed; Nebraska, Hitchcock; Colorado, Bradford; Dakota, Todd; Arizona, not yet appointed; Idaho, Wallace; Montana, not yet appointed.

The committee also recommended the adoption of the following:—

Resolved, That the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate and House, with necessary assistants, be requested to attend the committee account, paying the remains of the late President, and to make all the necessary arrangements.

Unanimously adopted.

Mr. Sumner, from the same committee, reported the following, which was unanimously agreed to:—

The members of the Senate and House of Representatives, now assembled in Washington, humbly confessing their dependence upon Almighty God, who rules all that is done for human good, make haste at this informal meeting to express the emotions with which they have been filled by the appalling tragedy which has deprived the nation of its head and covered the land with mourning; and in further declaration of their sentiments, unanimously resolve,

1. That in testimony of their veneration and affection for the illustrious dead, who

has been permitted under Providence to do so much for his country and for liberty, they will unite in the funeral services, and, by an appropriate committee, will accompany his remains to their place of burial in the state from which he was taken for the national service.

2. That in the life of Abraham Lincoln, who, by the benignant favor of republican institutions, rose from humble beginnings to the heights of power and fame, they recognize an example of purity, simplicity, and virtue which should be a lesson to mankind, while in his death they recognize a martyr whose memory will become more precious as men learn to prize those principles of constitutional order and those rights, civil, political, and human, for which he made such sacrifice.

3. That they invite the President of the United States, by solemn proclamation, to recommend to the people of the United States to assemble on the day to be appointed by him, publicly to testify their grief and dwell on the good which was done on earth by him whom we now mourn.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be communicated to the President of the United States, and also that a copy be communicated to the afflicted widow of the late President, as an expression of sympathy in her great bereavement.

The meeting adjourned.

L. F. S. FOSTER, Chairman.
SCHUYLER COLFAX, Secretary.

[OFFICIAL.]

Arrangements at Washington for the funeral solemnities of the late Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, who died at the seat of the government on Saturday, the 15th day of April, 1865.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, April 17, 1865.

The following order of arrangements is directed.

Funeral escort in column of march. One regiment of cavalry; two batteries of artillery; battalion of marines; two regiments of infantry; commander of escort and staff, dismounted; officers of marine corps, navy, and army, mounted.

CIVIC PROCESSION.

Marshals, Clergy and attendants; Surgeon-general of the United States and Physicians to the deceased; pall-bearers on the part of the Senate; the hearse, pall-bearers on the part of the House of Representatives; on the part of the Army, Lieut.-gen. U. S. Grant, Maj.-gen. H. W. Halleck, Brevet Brig.-gen. W. A. Nichols; Navy, Vice-admiral D. G. Farragut, Rear-admiral W. B. Shubrick, Col. Jacob Beiden, of the Marine corps.

Civilians—O. H. Browning, George Ashum, Thomas Corwin, Simon Cameron; family; relatives; the Delegations of the States of Illinois and Kentucky as mourners; the President; Cabinet Ministers; Diplomatic Corps; ex-Presidents; Chief Justice and Associate Justices of Supreme Court; Senate, preceded by its officers; House of Representatives, preceded by its officers; Governors of the several States and Territories; Legislatures of the several States and Territories; Federal Judiciary and Judiciary of the several States and Territories; Assistant Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, and Navy, and Assistant Postmaster-general and assistants; Attorney-general; officers of the Smithsonian Institute; members and officers of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions; corporate societies of Washington and other cities, and the delegations of the several States; the Reverend Clergy of the various denominations; clerks and employes of the several departments and bureaus, preceded by the heads of such bureaus or their respective chief clerks; such societies as may wish to join the procession; citizens and strangers.

The troops designated to perform escort will assemble in the avenue north of the President's house, and form in line precisely at 11 o'clock A. M., Wednesday, 19th inst., with left resting on Fifteenth street.

The procession will move precisely at 2 o'clock or on conclusion of the religious services at the Executive Mansion, appointed to

commence at 12 o'clock M., when minute guns will be fired by detachments of artillery near St. John's church, the City hall, and at the Capitol.

At the same hour the bells of the several churches in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria will be tolled. At sunrise on Wednesday a Federal salute will be fired from the military stations in the vicinity of Washington, minute guns between the hours of 12 and 3, and a national salute at the setting of the sun.

The usual badge of mourning will be worn on the left arm and on the hilt of the sword.

By order of the Secretary of War.

W. A. NICHOLS,
Assistant Adjutant-general.

A Daniel Come to Judgment.

On the 11th of March, 1861, the constitution of "the Confederate States of America" was adopted at Montgomery. It began by setting forth the doctrine of state sovereignty as the foundation of the Confederacy. "We, the people of the Confederate States, each state acting in its sovereign and independent character," etc., etc. Here was a deliberate renunciation of the principle of national union, of which our government is the first example in history. It was a recurrence to that modified union, that ghost of nationality, that hopeless shift of divided sovereignty, against which our old confederation and the universal experience of mankind protested. But supreme state sovereignty the rebel chiefs would have, and they gravely began to build their fire upon the back of the whale. "That is no island," cried history; "we have tried it, and it is only a fish's back." "Pooh!" retorted the gallant gentlemen, "do you pretend to teach us who have had Calhoun for a master!" And they made the fire hotter and hotter. Suddenly the whale dived, and they are left wallowing.

They have learned by their own experience what they refused to learn from that of the world—that fire burns: that when each state acts in its sovereign and independent character, there is no nation, and the league is just as strong as the weakest state, and no stronger.

This is the unpleasant, but unhesitating, confession made by the *Richmond Enquirer*, the chief Rebel paper, just four years after the solemn proclamation of the absurdity at Montgomery: "Has not state sovereignty been the weakness of the cause? If, during the life-and-death struggle, with the compass of a common danger to bind and hold together these states, this principle of state sovereignty was continually obtruding itself, delaying and prevent-

ing the legislation necessary to the common defense, impairing that authority entrusted with the general welfare, and impeding the execution of laws necessary and proper to the success of the cause, is it to be supposed that, when peace returns, this principle of state sovereignty will permit the Confederacy to exist one year? The conduct of certain states, in their opposition to the laws passed for the organization of the army and the preservation of discipline, has caused many men to reconsider their long-cherished doctrine of state sovereignty, and to come to the conclusion that, while in theory it is beautiful and true, in fact and practice it is utterly defective."

This was exactly what Washington and Hamilton said eighty years ago; and the American people, believing them, utterly and forever renounced the insane whim of state sovereignty, and established national sovereignty. If our fathers had not been a great deal wiser than their recreant children at the South, this government could never have mastered a Rebellion which would have conquered any other government in the world. We have proved the inestimable value and the triumphant strength of union. The Rebels have illustrated the weakness and folly of federation. State sovereignty is nearly as dead as slavery. — [Harper's Weekly.]

Alabama Overrun by Union Cavalry
— Federal Troops Marching on
Columbus, Miss.

NEW YORK, April 15. A Rebel dispatch, dated Augusta, April 5, indicates that Alabama is overrun by Union cavalry under Wilson and other commanders, all moving toward Mobile. McCook's forces are reported to have burned the Red mountain iron works, the village of Eloton, and tapped the telegraph at several places, sending dispatches to Rebel officers.

Two columns of Yankees are also reported moving on Columbus, Miss. The same dispatch says the Rebel steamer *Gertrude*, with a cargo valued at \$2,000,000, was sunk in Spanish river, near Mobile, on the 31st ult., by collision with the *Natchez*.

SYMPATHIZERS WITH ASSASSINATION ROUGHLY HANDLED. NEW YORK, April 15. A number of persons in this city who have presumed to express satisfaction at the assassination of President Lincoln have been roughly handled, this morning.

In Trinton, N. J., a Rebel sympathizer was mobbed this morning.

LATH'S VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE



DAVE WIGGALL (SINGING) "LATH'S
 VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE" (SINGING)
 "I didn't tell you I left the
 bridge at the bridge."
 "I didn't tell you I left the
 bridge at the bridge."

VIEW IN THE WINDOW



At the end of the window
 the man and woman were
 looking at the board.



END OF THE LINE

Four Fourths.

It is well worth while to give a glance at the chief circumstances under which the American people have celebrated the last four national anniversaries. They contain much that is suggestive and significant.

July 4, 1861, found the country just embarked upon the great contest with the Rebellion, though its greatness was very inadequately appreciated. The President had called for troops three times. General Lyon had been doing well in Missouri. Our army of about 40,000, poorly disciplined, was gathering in front of Washington, and was soon to move forward, in obedience to the general cry, "On to Richmond." The people were sanguine, and every thing on the Fourth of that year "went merry as a marriage bell," and so continued till the terrible shock and heart-sinking which followed the battle of Bull Run on the 21st following.

July 4, 1862, was a dark day. Three days before, the President had called for 300,000 additional troops. McClellan, having fought the seven days' battles on the Peninsula, had effected his change of base to the James river, but it was uncertain whether he could sustain himself against the Rebel hordes, who seemed to come from mysterious quarters in fearful numbers. That was undoubtedly the period when the fortunes of the republic were at low-water mark.

But July 4, 1863, opened hardly any more auspiciously. True, Grant, by a campaign which first revealed his glorious generalship, had drawn the folds of his conquering army tight around Vicksburg, but the city had held out for more than six weeks, and it was not known

how much longer it might do so; while Port Hudson proved as impregnable to Banks. But Lee, with a mighty Rebel army, was on the soil of Pennsylvania, having defeated Hooker at Chancellorsville, and terrible forebodings were in the hearts of all loyal men. That was the high-water mark of the Rebellion. But before noon of the Fourth came the glad tidings of the decisive Rebel repulse at Gettysburg, and, though we did not know it, Vicksburg was surrendered to Grant, resulting in the opening of the Mississippi river. The "Southern Confederaey" went down from that day.

And yet July 4, 1864, was not free from gloom and uncertainty. Grant had pushed his bloody way from the Rapidan to the James, but the compensation for such heavy sacrifices could not yet be perceived. The enemy were attempting another invasion of Maryland in unknown force. Sherman had fought and flanked with success, on the whole, though he had not reached Atlanta, and men doubted whether he could maintain such an unexampled length of communications intact. The Rebellion was wearing way, but with a strain upon the Union which must have a limit.

But all doubts and fears have gone now, when we reach another 4th of July, on which, if any seeks for causes of unbounded rejoicing, he may be told like the inquirer for Sir Christopher Wren's monument in Westminster Abbey, *circumspice* — look around. — [Boston Journal, July 5, 1865.

THE STARS AND STRIPES. How many people remember, or ever knew, that the flag of the United States under which Andrew Jackson and Winfield

Scott fought in the war of 1812 consisted of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars? The original idea was to add both a star and a stripe for every new state; but in 1818 a New York congressman, named Wendover, suggested that at the rate the United States were growing the tallest pine tree in Maine would not make a mast tall enough to hoist the flag upon. — [New York Sun.

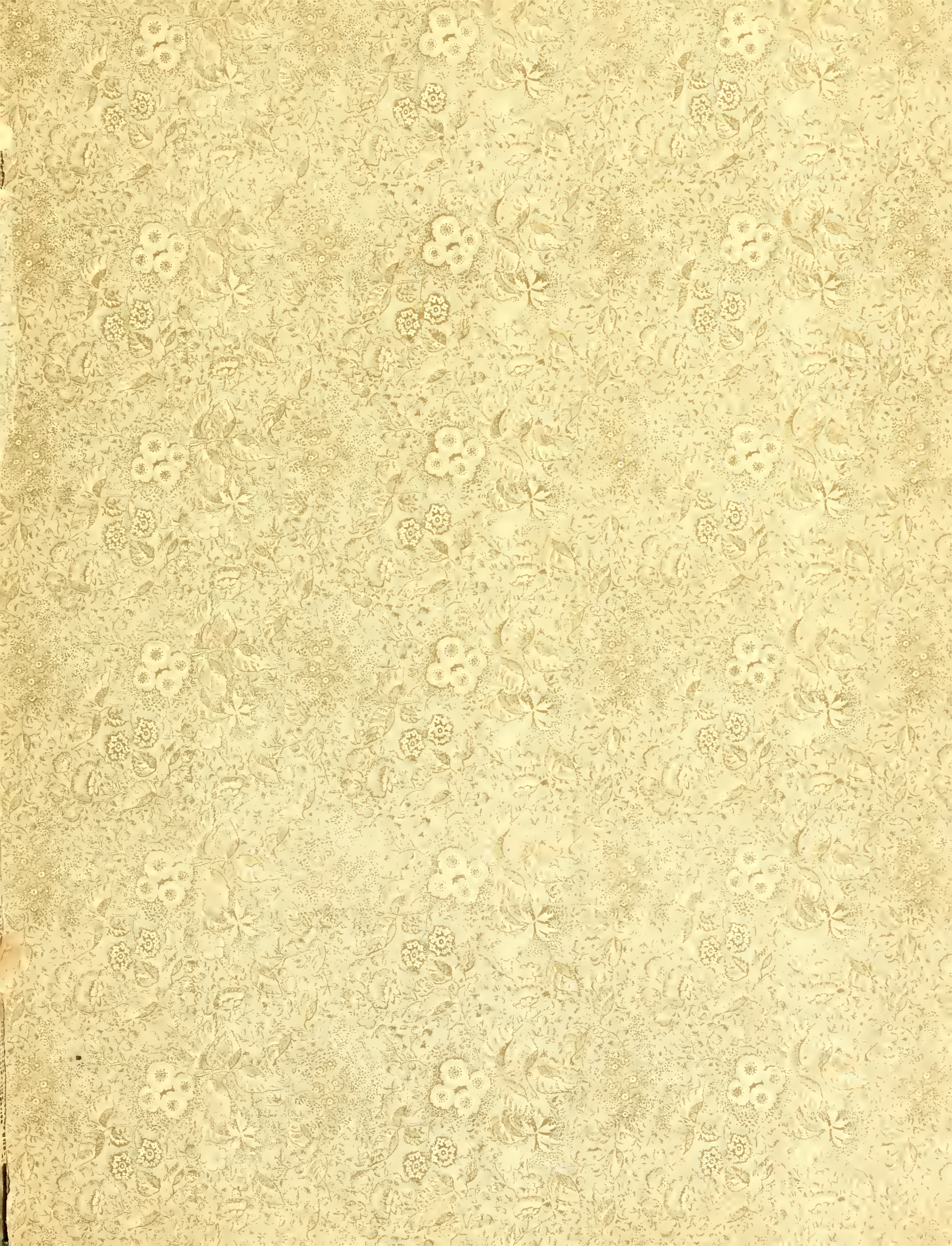
THE following are the highest prices of gold in the United States for each of the years of suspension:

1862.	134	1871.	153½
1863.	155½	1872.	115½
1864.	285	1873.	119½
1865.	233¾	1874.	114¾
1866.	167¾	1875.	117¾
1867.	145¾	1876.	115
1868.	150	1877.	107½
1869.	162½	1878.	107
1870.	123½		

Coincidences.

It is remarked that the surrender of General Lee, and virtual close of the Rebellion, were announced at night, as was also the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, which closed the Revolution and established the independence of the Republic. On the night of October, 1781, the watchmen in Philadelphia and other cities cried out, "Twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken." At the same hour on Sunday night the joyous bells in scores of the cities of our populous country awoke the people to learn that Lee had surrendered. Both events, the surrender of Lee and Cornwallis, took place in Virginia, and the location of the scene of each being scarcely a hundred miles apart. There is also a striking coincidence in the fact that the month of April, now so full of abundant victory and the promise of peace, four years ago saw the opening of the war, the attack on Fort Sumter, and the general "firing of the Southern heart," which it has required such an expenditure of blood and treasure to cool. Lee's surrender also took place on Palm Sunday, the day on which the Church commemorates the triumphal entry of our Savior into Jerusalem.





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