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A DELECTIVE'S STORY.

The following is a true story, by a late well-known member of the detective, and with the exception of some names of the persons and places, is given precisely as he himself related it. Late one Friday afternoon, in the latter part of November, 18—, I was sent for by the chief of the New York Police, and was told there was a case for me. It was a counterfeiting affair—Notes had been forged on a Pennsylvania bank; two men had been apprehended and were in custody. The first, Springer, had turned State's evidence on his accomplice; who, according to his account, was the primo mover in the business. This man, Daniel Hawes by name, had transferred the notes to a third party, of whom nothing had been ascertained except that he was a young man, wrote a beautiful hand, and had been in town the Monday before. He was the man I was to catch. It was Sunday when I left the Superintendent's office. I had not much to guide me; there were hundreds of young men who wrote a beautiful hand, and had been in town last Monday. But I did not trouble myself about what I did not know; I confined myself to what I did know. Upon reflection I thought it probable that my man had been in intimate relations with Hawes for the last few days, probably since Monday last, although it was not known that he had been in town since that day; but I decided to seek him here—since, if he had not left town before the rest of Springer and Hawes, he would not just now run the risk of falling into the hands of the police by going to any railroad station or steamer wharf. I determined, therefore, to follow up the track of Hawes, and thereby, if possible, strike that of his confederate—which was, in fact, all that could be done. Hawes was a small broker. He lived in Eighteenth street, and had an office in Wall street. He lived too far up town, I thought, to go home every day to his dinner; he went there, most probably, always to the same eating house, and one not far from his office. After inquiring at several restaurants near by, I came to one in Liberty street where on asking if Mr. Hawes was in the habit of dining there, the waiter said yes. "Have you seen a young man here lately with him?" I inquired. "No—no one in particular," replied the waiter. "Are you sure of it? Come, think." After scratching his head for a moment, he said: "Yes, there has been a young man here speaking to him once or twice." "How did he look?" "He was short, and had black hair and eyes." "Who is he? What does he do?" "He is a clerk to Mr. L., the linen importer." "Where does Mr. L. live?" "The water did not know. Looking into a Directory, I ascertained his residence to be in Fourteenth street. The stores by this time were closed; so I went immediately to Mr. L.'s house, and asked to see him. He was at supper. "I am sorry to disturb him," said I to the servant, "but I wish to speak with him a moment on a matter of importance, and cannot wait." Mr. L. came out, evidently annoyed at the intrusion. "Have you such a person in your employment?" said I, describing him. "No, sir, I have not." "You had such a person?" "I have not now." "Did not discharge him?" "Yes." "Why?" "What business is that of yours?" he asked, rather rudely. "My name, sir, is M., of the police. I am after this fellow, that's all. Tell me, if you please, why you discharged him?" "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Mr. L. "I took you for one of his rascally associates. I discharged him a week or ten days ago. He was a dissipated, good-for-nothing fellow." "Was he your book-keeper?" "No, he was a junior clerk." "Have you any of his handwriting that you can show me?" He fumbled in a side pocket and drew

out a pocketbook from which he took a memorandum of agreement, or some paper of the sort, to the bottom of which a signature was attached as witness. "That's his writing," said he. "This is a stiff school boy's scrawl. I was not my man then. I apologized to Mr. L.—for the trouble I had given him, and withdrew. Last time, said I to myself, I am on the wrong track. I must go back to the eating house, and begin the chase again from the point where I left off. I saw the same waiter. "I want you to think again," said I. "Try hard to remember whether there was never any other man here with Hawes on any occasion." After reflecting for a little while, he said he thought he recollected his going up stairs not long ago with another man to a private room. "Did you wait on him yourself at the time you speak of?" I asked. "No—most likely it was Joe Harris." "Will you send for him, if you please." Joe Harris came. "You waited on Mr. Hawes a few days ago, when he dined with another gentleman in a private room up stairs didn't you?" "Yes, sir." "Was that other man?" "He is a young man who is clerk in a livery stable in Sullivan street." "What are his looks?" "He is tall and light haired." "Do you know his name?" "His name is Edgar." I hurried up to Sullivan street, went into the first livery stable I came to, inquired of the proprietor, and asked him if he had a young man in his stable of the name of Edgar. He said he had. "Does he keep your books?" "Yes, he takes orders for me." "Let me see some of his handwriting if you please." He stepped back into his office and took from a desk a little order book. I opened it; there were some orders written, no doubt, but in a hand almost like beautiful copperplate. This was my man—I felt nearly certain of it. I asked where he lived, and was told, with his mother, a widow woman, at such a number in Hudson street. I started for the place. It was now nine o'clock. Arriving at the house I rang the bell. It was answered by a servant girl. "Does Mr. Edgar live here?" I inquired. "Yes, sir." "Is he at home?" "No, sir." "When will he come home?" "I don't know." "Does he sleep here?" "Sometimes he does, and sometimes he doesn't." "Where is he likely to be found?" I should like to see him." She said she really did not know, unless perhaps he might be at a billiard saloon not far off. I went there. A noisy crowd was around the bar. I looked around the room and closely scrutinized every face. No tall, light-haired young man was there. I asked the barkeeper if Mr. Edgar had been there that evening. He said no, he had not seen anything of him for two or three days. I asked him if there was any other place he knew of that Edgar frequented and was told he went a good deal to a bowling alley in West Broadway near Duane street. Not much yet I thought, as I hurried on to West Broadway. Descending a few steps into a basement, I entered a sort of vestibule or office to the bowling saloon. "Has Mr. Edgar been here this evening?" I inquired of the man in attendance. "He is here now," was the reply, "in the other room, through that door." I passed through the door indicated into the bowling alley, and accosted the marker: "Is Mr. Edgar here?" "He has just gone—fifteen minutes ago." "Do you know where he went to?" "Seems to me some of them said something about going to the Lafayette Theatre." I am on his track now—I said to myself—only fifteen minutes behind him. I bent my steps to the theatre—taking with me a comrade in the police service whom I encountered as I was leaving the saloon. We hurried on with the utmost rapidity, but on reaching the theatre, found, to my disgust what I had already feared, that the play was over, and the theatre just closed. "Better give it up for to-night," said my companion; "we know enough of the search now, and can take up the search again to-morrow." "It won't do Clarke," said I, "we have inquired for him at too many places. Stay, I've a notion, he may be heard of at some of these oyster cellars hereabouts." I went down into one of them, and asked if a tall young man with light hair had been there that evening. A tall young man with light hair and mustache had come in from the theatre with a lady, and had just left. I asked my informant if he knew the lady. She was a Miss Kearney, he answered. "What?" I continued, "didn't her sister marry the actor Levison?" "Yes, the same person." "He lives in Walker street, near the Bowery, I believe?"

"Yes, I think so," replied the man. I considered a moment. Of course no one could tell me where Edgar had gone to; but I was tolerably certain he had gone home with the girl. Where she lived I did not know, but I thought it probable the actor could tell me. So we started on to Walker street. There were several boarding houses in Walker street. We passed one or two three-story houses with marble steps. "Shall I ask along here?" said Clarke. "No," I answered; "poor actors don't board there; we must look for him farther on." We kept on, and after a little while we found one that seemed to me to be likely to be the house we were looking for. I rang the bell and inquired for Mr. Levison. He was gone to bed. It was now twelve o'clock. I desired the man that opened the door to tell him that some one was below who wished to see him immediately. He soon returned, saying that Mr. Levison was in bed, and could not be disturbed; I must leave my business, or call again next day. I thought it necessary to frighten him a little; so I sent up word that I was an officer of the police, and he must come down instantly, or I should go up and fetch him. In a few moments the actor made his appearance, terribly frightened. Before I could say anything he began to pour out such a flood of questions and asseverations that I could not get a word in. What did I want with him? I had come to the wrong man; he hadn't been doing anything, etc., etc. "I don't want you," he began—but it was of no use, I could not stop him; his character was excellent, anybody would vouch for him; I ought to be more sure what I was about before I roused people from their beds at midnight, etc., etc. His huddled words and apprehensive looks made me suspect there was something wrong with him; but it was no concern of mine then. I seized him by the shoulder and ordered him to be quiet. "Don't utter another word," said I, "except to answer questions, or I'll carry you off and lock you up. I have not come to arrest you. I only want to ask you a few questions. Haven't you a sister-in-law named Miss Kearney?" "Yes, what do you want with her?" "I am not going to do her any harm. I only want to know where she lives." "Oh, she lives in — street?" "Do you know the number?" "Goodness yes; it is number 34. I have boarded there myself for a little while ago." "Indeed?" "Yes, I have got a dead-latch key somewhere about." "The deuce you have! Give it to me; it is just what I want." "Give you a dead-latch key—a pretty notion!" "I wouldn't give it to any man—not to all the detective squad in New York." "Look here, my friend, I am M., pretty well known in this town. I have a good many opportunities in the course of my business to do people good turns, and not a few to do them ill turns. It is a convenient vocation to pay off scores, particularly to persons of your sort. If you will give me that key, I'll make it worth your while the first chance I have. If you don't you'll be sorry, that's all." I gave him a significant look as I concluded. He looked me in the face a minute, as if to see how much I meant or if I suspected anything; then turned and ran up stairs. In a few moments he came down and handed me the key. I took it with satisfaction. "Now," said I, "you'll have no objections to telling me where your sister-in-law's room is in the house?" "Third story, back room, second door to the left from the head of the stairs." "Thank you, good night." We walked rapidly to — street, and reaching the house, I stopped a moment to examine my pistols, by the street lamp, and then softly opened the door. Clarke and I stepped in, and I shut the door. Leaving my comrade in the hall, I crept noiselessly up stairs, and tapped at the door of the room. "Who is that?" called out a woman's voice. "Open the door," I replied, "and I'll tell you what I want." "You can't come in. I have gone to bed." "Oh, well, I am a married man; I'll do you no harm; but you must let me in, or I shall force the door." After a moment's delay the door was opened by a young woman in a morning wrapper, who stood as if waiting for an explanation of the intrusion. I passed by her, and walked up to a young man sitting in a low chair by the fire, and tapping him on the shoulder said: "You are my prisoner." He raised his head and looked up. "Why, Bill," I exclaimed, "is this you? I have been looking for you all night under a wrong name. If I had known it was you, I'd have caught you in an hour." And so I would. It is only necessary to say further, that he was the man I was set to catch. I may add, however, that a large amount of the counterfeit notes, and the plates on which they were printed were secured and the criminal sent to Sing Sing in due course of law. What kind of currency do soldiers get when they change their quarters?"

Truth. The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth was related by one who was present in one of the high courts when it occurred. A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?" "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer. "There your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not appreciate the nature of an oath." "Let me see," said the Judge. "Come here my daughter." Assured by the kind manner and tone of the judge, the child stepped forward to him, looking confidently up in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little child stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered: "No, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed. "I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean, were you ever a witness before?" "No, sir; I was never in court before," was the answer. He handed her the open Bible. "Do you know that book, my daughter?" She looked at it, and answered: "Yes, sir, it is the Bible." "Do you ever read it?" he asked. "Yes, sir, every evening." "Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge. "It is the Word of the great God," she answered. "Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?" "I shall be put in prison," answered the child. "Anything else?" asked the judge. "I shall never go to heaven," she replied. "How do you know this?" asked the judge again. The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and said, "I learned that before I could read." "Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in court against this man?" inquired the judge. "Yes, sir," she replied, "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten Commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with mother, she kissed me and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said." "Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion. "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect. "God bless you, my child," said the judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined." She told her story with the simplicity of a child that she was, but there was a directness about it, which carried conviction of its truth to the heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falseness and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intruded himself in lies till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defense. But before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the envenomed device of matured villainy like the potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoney and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.—*Unitarian Herald.*

Japan and its People. JAPANESE HOUSES, CUSTOMS, DIET, ETC. The following extracts from a private letter, dated Yokohama, June 14, from a medical naval officer now on service in the Japanese waters, to his friends in Manchester, England, will be read with interest: "The people at Yokohama do not appear so hostile as at Nagasaki, probably because there are here no Daimios. The trading classes are, indeed, everywhere for us, and some of the Daimios but the majority of the Daimios are decidedly against us, and they hold all power in their hands. One thing is quite certain, if we wish to extend, or even preserve our trade with Japan the power of the Daimios must be broken, and a war of very bloody and expensive kind ensue sooner or later. No one of the fleet wishes war; the coolies and common classes are so civil and good that we should be sorry to fire a single shot at them, for they, and not the Daimios, would suffer. All we can possibly do is to bombard their towns, of which indeed, they are now so afraid that Jeddo is nearly deserted. We cannot march into the interior, or force Miako, without a very large army.—The Japanese fight desperately, and are in such respects totally unlike the Chinese, for whom they entertain a profound contempt. The Daimios, or Princes, some of whom, as Satsuma, are enormously rich and powerful, with their proud swaggering retainers, resemble much the old feudal barons of the middle ages. They resemble them, further, in having continual feuds amongst themselves, which are handed down from generation to generation. They are very cruel and exacting in their conduct. A day or two ago, before we entered Nagasaki, a Daimio was passing with his suite along the great road, when two little boys ran across in front of the procession. Now, this to a Japanese, is the greatest insult you could offer; but these children were young to you to know it. They were immediately seized and decapitated, and their bodies left on the road with the Daimio's mark. A Japanese lady appears to spend all her talent on her hair. Her hair is black, glossy, thick and long, and is done up in a most imposing superstructure with the aid of cushions, false hair, combs, and daggers or cross bars of tortoise shell. I cannot describe it exactly, but there appears to be this plan; brushed back in two lateral and one central mass from the forehead, it meets with the back hair brushed straight up, and the consequence is a series of rolls intertwined with gold threads and silk stuff, and curiously fastened up with coral-headed pins, gilt combs and tortoise shell bars. It really has a very pretty effect. The married ladies follow their adorn themselves by pulling out their eye-brows and blackening their teeth, though I believe the origin of this was with the husbands, who always free themselves, wished to make their wives unattractive to others. Any infidelity is punished by death; but before marriage women are perfectly free. Their faces, when they don't powder themselves, which they are very fond of doing, and painting their lips with red—are very pretty when you become a little accustomed to the genuine Mongolian type. Their figures are absolute perfection, and their hands that feel smaller and better shaped than any I ever saw in Europe. This is owing to their dress which is never tight; and to their never wearing boots, but only straw sandals, or a kind of patten in wet weather. "The dress of men and women is almost the same. A long 'keemono,' descending the ankles in men, and to the ground with women, though tucked up any height in walking out, is like a nightgown, open in the front right down, folded over the breast and secured at the waist by a girdle, the sleeves are very large, and hang down nearly to the knee. In addition, the women have a long piece of figured silk which they wind twice or three round the waist, and then hang up behind so as to drop a kind of rectangular festoon down to the back of the knees. Colors are generally sombre, and as well as the patterns which are commonly checks, are regulated by the laws for the different classes. No cap is worn, but the coolie class generally bind round their head a piece of coarse stuff. The Yakonius were a closer kind of keemono, and over this a kind of mantle, generally of gauze or crepe, marked with the devices of the Daimio to whom they belonged. They wear various shaped hats, and always carry two swords at the left side, one longer than the other, and both generally in admirable working order. You must always keep an

eye on these two sword men. If they draw, you must shoot them *sur le champ*, for there is a law (originally doubtless with a humane object) that if they draw their sword they must use it, otherwise they are either decapitated, or committed harikari, that is slip up their bowels. The Japanese eat like the Chinese with chop-sticks, and appear to live chiefly on rice and fish. With this simple diet, however, they have very robust frames, and though not tall or fine men, appear able to endure much fatigue. If you enter a house, saying "O-hoe-io," and do the same when you leave, saying, "Siy-Moripo," (may you be happy.) They generally bring you something to sit on, in deference to your European customs, and present you with a cup of tea. The lady will then take a sweetmeat between her fingers, and you will be expected to open your mouth, swallow it, and look as if you liked it, and say "a ring-a-too," (thank you,) to which she will bow and say "Do-it-ashi-masi," (equivalent to "there is no occasion.")

Great Eaters. Never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease.—Some dyspeptics are always hungry; feel best when they are eating, but as soon as they have eaten they endure torments, so distressing in their nature, as to make the unhappy victim wish for death. The appetite of health is when eating time comes and which, when satisfied, leaves no unpleasant reminders. Multitudes measure their health by the amount they can eat; and of any ten persons, nine are gratified at an increase of weight, as if mere bulk were an index of health; when, in reality, any excess of fatness is, in reality, in proportion, decisive proof of existing disease; showing that the absorbents of the system are too weak to discharge their duty; and the tendency to fatness, to obesity, increases, until existence is a burden, and sudden death closes the history. Particular inquiry will almost invariably elicit the fact, that a fat person, however, rubicund and jolly, is never well; and yet they are envied. While great eaters never live to an old age, and are never, for a single day, without some "symptom," some feeling sufficiently disagreeable to attract the mind's attention unpleasantly, small eaters, those who eat regularly of plain food, usually live to an advanced age, are wiry and enduring, and live to an active old age. Remarkable exemplifications of these statements are found in the lives of centenarians of a past age. Galen; one of the most distinguished physicians among the ancients, lived very sparingly after the age of twenty-eight, and died in his hundred and fortieth year. Kentsgen, who never tasted spirits or wine, and worked hard all his life, reached a hundred and eighty-five years. Jenkins, a poor Yorkshire fisherman, who lived on the coarsest diet, was one hundred and sixty-nine years old when he died. Old Parr lived to a hundred and fifty-three; his diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer and coarse bread. The favorite diet of Henry Francisco, who lived to one hundred and forty, was tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. Ephraim Pratt of Shutesbury, Mass., who died aged one hundred and seventeen, lived chiefly on milk, and even that in small quantities; his son Michael, by similar means, lived to be a hundred and three years old. Father Cull, a Methodist clergyman, died last year at the age of a hundred and five, the main diet of his life having been salted swine's flesh (bacon) and bread made of Indian meal. From these statements, nine general readers out of ten will jump to the conclusion that milk is healthy, as are baked apples and bacon. These conclusions do not legitimately follow. The only inference that can be safely drawn, is from the only fact running through all these cases—that plain food and a life of steady labor tend to a great age. As to the healthfulness and life-protracting qualities of any article of diet named, nothing can be inferred, for no two of the men lived on the same kind of food; all that can be rationally and safely said is, either that they lived so long in spite of the quality of the food they ate, or that their instinct called for a particular kind of food; and the gratification of that instinct, instead of its perversion, with a life of labor, directly caused healthfulness and great length of days. We must not expect to live long by doing any one thing which an old man did, and omit all others, but by doing all he did; that is, work steadily, as well as eat mainly a particular dish.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Crew of the Florida in Liverpool. The crew of the Florida are now in Liverpool. They are ninety-five in number, and are nearly in a state of great destitution. The paragraphs in the pro-Confederate papers stating that immense sums as wages and prize money were paid to them were pure fabrications. Many of the men are Irishmen—all fine athletic fellows, full of determination. They were originally taken from the Confederate army, and according to their statements, pressed on board. On their arrival at Brest they asked for wages; for during eighteen months they received only ten dollars each. There was no money forthcoming, and being in a neutral port they were bold in their demands. Captain Moffit, they say, then charged them with mutiny, put some of them in irons but ultimately discharged them all.—Before discharging them he gave each an acknowledgment for sums varying from \$100 to \$130. The order was signed by Paymaster Davis and Commander Moffit. This money they were to receive from Messrs. Fraser & Co., Liverpool, and they were accompanied by an officer who paid their passage.—On arriving in Liverpool Messrs. Fraser & Co., repudiated the claim. The officer who accompanied them had a letter to Captain Bullock, but has been unable to see the captain. The men are in great distress, and are full of anger with every party concerned. They even threaten to go back to Brest and burn the Florida.

A Rich Scene. We yesterday heard of a serio-comic incident which occurred not a hundred miles from here, that must have been decidedly interesting to the parties concerned, and should prove a valuable story for the perusal of jealous husbands. One of our most respectable citizens, who is blessed with one of the best and prettiest of wives, and one little "responsibility" had been absent from home for some days. His spouse, during his absence, had discharged the servant girl, and employed in her place the wife of a soldier who had returned from the war. The little woman being lonely in her husband's absence, had induced the soldier's wife to share her bed with her.—On the night the loving husband returned, the woman had, before retiring been engaged in repairing her soldier man's coat, and had carelessly thrown it upon a chair in the sitting room.—The anxious husband returned about 12 o'clock, and admitting himself with his night key, found everything quiet and noiseless, struck a light, when the first thing that attracted his attention was the soldier's coat upon the chair near his wife's bed-room. Instantly the green eyed monster seized him, and stealthily throwing the light upon the bed, he saw his wife reposing upon the same pillow with the man who appeared to be the woman who had been repairing her hair shingled and being coarse featured. He was for a moment transfixed with rage, but soon determined to wreak the direct revenge upon the supposed gummy pair. He soon procured a deadly weapon and with murder in his eye advanced toward the sleeping couple. At this juncture the soldier's wife awoke, and seeing the—to her—strange man approaching with savage aspect, jumped from the bed with a scream, and made a dash for a closet, where she was for a moment safe. This of course awoke her wife. Her attempts to learn what the trouble was were fruitless. The enraged husband would not listen; he rushed to the closet and dragged forth the trembling woman from her hiding-place. Upon bringing her out to the light and discovering her sex, the scene may well be imagined, but we shall not attempt to describe it.—*Almira Press.*

Reading one's own Obituary. In the days of old Mycall, the publisher of the Newburyport Herald (a journal still alive and flourishing), the sheriff of Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay up his arrears of subscription. At last, one day he told Mycall that he would certainly hand it over next morning as sure as he lived. "If you don't get your money to-morrow you may be sure I am dead," said he. The morning came and passed but no money. Judge of the sheriff's feelings when on the morning of the day after, he opened his Herald, and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., Sheriff of the County of Essex; with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault, very much to be deplored; he was not punctual in paying the printer. Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of his friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more? Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office, in propria persona, to deny that he was dead. "Why Sheriff!" exclaimed the facetious editor "I thought you were defunct." "Defunct," exclaimed the Sheriff, "what put that idea into your head?" "Why, you yourself!" said Mycall. "Did you not tell me—" "Oh! ah! yes!" stammered out the Sheriff. "Well, there's your money. And now contradict the report in your next paper, if you please." "That's not necessary friend Bagley," said the old joker, "it was only printed in one copy."

☞ The thoughts of certain women are always fixed on the opposite sex.—Even when they laugh they say "he he he!"

THE REMOVAL OF GEN. ROSECRANS.—Various reasons are assigned for the removal of Gen. Rosecrans. One is that he is subject to epileptic fits. The Washington Republican says the oft-repeated declaration that Gen. Rosecrans advanced beyond the works of Chattanooga by orders from Washington, is not true. Neither the President, Secretary of War, nor General Halleck, gave such an order. The Washington Chronicle says it is rumored that three charges are made against the General, as follows:—

"The first charge is preferred by General Crittenden and McCook, to the effect that Rosecrans left the battlefield during the crisis, and fled to Chattanooga, and reported to officers there that the day was lost."

"It is reported that subsequently, through opinion, he became insensible."

The second charge, it is rumored, is made by the Government, to the effect that his orders were to remain at Chattanooga until reinforcements should arrive."

The third charge, as rumored, is to the effect that he declined to move from Murfreesboro' in June last, when ordered to do so by the Government, as an opportunity was offered to crush Bragg, a large portion of his army having been withdrawn to sustain Johnston, who was operating against Grant."

The New York Times and Tribune concur in the assertion that the removal has been in contemplation for some time, and the Times says the relations between Gen. Rosecrans and the General-in-Chief, Halleck, have been bad. A sharp correspondence took place between them after the battle of Chattanooga, and before that the Government had found fault with his military conduct on several occasions."

While it is not possible to state the exact position of affairs in front of Washington, it is apparent that Gen. Lee has made nothing by his recent advance on the Federal Capital. There can now be no doubt that he intended to get between Meade and Washington. He was foiled in this, however, by the rapid and masterly retrograde movement of the Federal forces from the Rapidan, and by the brilliant fighting on the 21st, when Hill's corps was repulsed and defeated. Meade's army is now in a position where it can protect Washington, and easily guard its own supply trains."

The following, prepared for our last issue, was accidentally omitted.

Court of Queen's Bench.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2.

TRUE BILLS.—H. Grills, embezzlement; D. Brown, Jr., larceny; Joseph Duguerre, Felix Duguerre, Anson Duguerre, Sophia Duguerre, larceny; John Ford, assault; Leonard Allen, larceny; Jerome Brown, assault; Frederick Johnson, assault; Thomas Thevenaz, larceny; Oliver Columbus, assault; Ellen Martin, Susan Martin, Isabella Mills, shoplifting; Jas. Barand, larceny; Isaac Atten, larceny; Lorenzo Whalarut, assault.

No BILLS.—George Farnsworth, forcible entry; Chester Blake, larceny; Sylvanus Glover, larceny; Isaac Bush, Chas. Bell, cutting and wounding; Ellen Bean, Freeman Bean, Nathl Bean, W. J. Mears, Jas. Jackson, forcible entry.

TRIALS, ETC.

Huntton, larceny, acquitted.—Sanborn, attorney; Woodworth, assault, fined.—Sanborn, att'y; Thevenaz, larceny, acquitted.—F. Terrill, att'y; Paige, larceny, bailed.—do. att'y; Brown, horse theft, confessed.—do. att'y; Carr, assault to murder, (verdict in favor of the accused)—do. att'y; Stearns, larceny and killing beef, acquitted.—Edw. Terrill, att'y; Blake, larceny, no bill.—do. att'y; Brown, larceny, bailed.—do. att'y; Colombe, assault to murder, (verdict cutting and wounding)—do. att'y; Durand, larceny, not tried.—F. & E. Terrill, att'ys; Joseph, Anson, Felix and Sophia Duguerre, larceny, Anson turned Queen's evidence, rest convicted.—Sanborn, F. & E. Terrill and Colvin, att'ys; Taplin, larceny and killing beef, acquitted.—Fulton, att'y; Marins, larceny, bailed.—do. att'y.

Diphtheria.

Mr. Editor,—I noticed in my letter on diphtheria, published in your journal of last week, that your type-setter omitted and made many mistakes in words and small parts of sentences, some of which were important. The following I wish to have corrected: He made me say, "Salt is better than any other remedy." I said the dry plan was vastly better than any other plan of using the remedy. The difference is quite important. I did not design to convey the idea that the remedy in question was better than any other the physician can use. It is a read, "Chloride of sodium is composed of equal quantities of chlorine and soda." It should have read equivalents of chlorine and sodium. Other mistakes occur, but they are not worth while to correct.

J. W. HUNTON, M. D.

(The "type-setter" sends his compliments to Dr. J. W. H., and begs to observe that the errors complained of must have occurred in copying, as the manuscript and printed matter were alike.)

A letter addressed to Earl Russell by the Aborigines Protection Society, represents that the inhabitants of Polynesia are victims of a traffic as cruel and remorseless as the African slave trade—they having simply taken the place of the Chinese coolies, whose sufferings excited so much commiseration a few years ago. Earl Russell replies that the British Government is doing all it can to stop this abuse.

FRENCH IRON-CLAS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York World says:—

"I may assert for the encouragement of those who have been led by the aspect of Mexican affairs to believe that the Emperor Napoleon III. was on the eve of a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Jefferson Davis, that persons the best informed are now quite convinced that, if such a project existed in the brains of His Majesty, it has been entirely put to flight by the hard reasoning of M. Fould, and by the fact that the magnificent fleet of iron-clads which left Cherbourg with flying colors to test their sea-going qualities in a series of evolutions on the coast have returned crest-fallen and seriously damaged by their trial trip, and that very great changes must be made, and a large sum of money expended, to allow of their setting out upon a serious voyage. La France, in spite of this, asserts that the experiments were most satisfactory; but it is necessary to put as bold a face upon the affair as possible, as great expenditures will not be submitted to patiently by the new opposition members of the Corps Legislatif."

A REVEREND WOMAN WHIPPER. The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press contains the following:—

"Considerable feeling has been excited in the town of Georgia by some developments in the case of a Rev. Mr. Barnard, who has been supplying the pulpit of the Congregational church there for a year past, who, it is alleged, to have been in the practice of brutally kicking and whipping his young wife. As reported to us, some eighteen distinct whippings were charged against him within the year, coupled with stopping his wife's letters to her friends, locking up her clothes so that she could not leave the house, and other unmarital and unmanly treatment. This became a matter of such notoriety that the reverend woman whipper was given, by some of the young men of the town, the alternative of leaving the place, or of having a conveyance furnished him from the nearest rail road. His case was recently brought before the Association of Franklin county, before which, as we understand, he asserted his right, as the patriarchal head of the family, to whip his wife, but he expressed penitence for the extent to which he had exceeded it. We are informed that the association found him guilty of the offenses charged, and recommended him to state the scandal on the cause of religion by abandoning not only his 'patriarchal' practices, but also the pulpit which he disgraced."

DEISTONET MILEAGE.—It is stated in La Tribune, that when Mr. Raymond, the new member for St. Hyacinthe, who sat but a few days in the House, went to claim his sessional allowance, the Treasurer reckoned his mileage on 260 miles as his line of travel.—Mr. Raymond, surprised, remarked that there was only about half that distance between St. Hyacinthe and Quebec. But he was answered that this was the old reckoning before the railroad was built, at a time when the usual way was to make a circuit through Montreal, and that this reckoning had never been altered. Mr. Raymond pocketed his money, as others had done before him. It would be interesting to know how many similar old reckonings may still be in existence in reference to the mileage of parliamentary members. If such license is allowed for St. Hyacinthe, it is likely, as a matter of course, to be also the rule for other counties on the same line of travel. A Government like the present one, whose strength rests mainly on its professions of honesty, economy and retrenchment, should look into this matter and boldly stop the abuse, even at the risk of offending some of its supporters in the Legislature. If the Government feels too weak to risk such displeasure, we trust that some member will assume the responsibility of making a motion of inquiry on the subject.

DEATH OF BILLAULT.—By the death of Billault, Louis Napoleon loses his ablest exponent in the Legislative Corps. In the recent sessions he was the only man that the government could rely upon to meet the brilliant attacks of Jules Favre; and now when the opposition comes to be reinforced by Berryer Thiers and the other able members, the loss of Billault will be severely felt. But for him it is very doubtful if the Mexican scheme could have been carried on. His services were fully appreciated by his imperial master, who recently raised him to a position as near that of a British Prime Minister as the Napoleonic dynasty can tolerate.

M. Billault was originally known as a brilliant advocate at Nantes. He next entered the French Chamber, in Louis Philippe's reign, as a fellow of Thiers. On going over to the opposition his influence was felt to be so important that he was said to have been "concocted" by advantageous arrangements. He was at one time a Socialist, and was never an assiduous private life. He early committed his political fortunes to the support of Louis Napoleon, and certainly remained firm and effective in that course, being, also, well rewarded with office and emoluments. As a speaker he united that stately and epigrammatic point which is so pleasing to the French. The best critic on the French orators described him as "ready for anything; rushes on, beats a retreat, and returns to the onset with the same rapidity of evolution."—Boston Journal.

From the Southwest.

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The position was carried by Col. Phillips' brigade, the 7th Illinois and 7th Kansas, leading the charge. The enemy lost upwards of fifty killed and wounded, and their retreats three miles south to Tallahatchie, where they took a strong position at the town of Wynn. The enemy numbered 3500 or 4000 and nine pieces of artillery, having received reinforcements. Our force numbered 2000 and eight pieces of artillery. Our forces coming up considerable fighting ensued until dark, when it ceased, but, at about nine o'clock Col. Hatch charged on the town and drove the rebels panic stricken into the river and across the bridge, they leaving in our hands 300 rifles and seventy-five prisoners. During the six days skirmishing and fighting the rebels lost over 6000 killed and a large number taken prisoners, and a considerable quantity of arms captured.

A special dispatch from Chattanooga, Ky., says the expedition sent out by Gen. Gallop, commanding the Eastern detachment of the 14th and 39th Kentucky regiments, returned bringing 30 prisoners, 60 horses and 50 stand of arms, without the loss of a man.

News From Richmond.

The Baltimore American, of Wednesday last says:—

"A very intelligent young man, a refugee from Richmond, who has been there all through the war, and who only succeeded in making his escape last Monday, has arrived here and communicated to the military authorities some important intelligence touching the rebel armies."

In regard to the strength of their armies, he says that there is much misapprehension at the North. He claims to have good authority for stating that the strength of Lee's army previous to the sending of the two corps to reinforce Bragg, did not exceed six thousand efficient troops; that Bragg with these reinforcements had not over forty thousand men, and that he only managed to defeat Rosecrans by a surprise and attacking his isolated columns.

He further states that the story of reinforcements having been sent to Gen. Lee from Charleston and elsewhere is totally incorrect. That there have been no troops sent to Lee except in the way of deserters and conscripts; that none have returned from Bragg's army; and to such straits have the rebel authorities been reduced that they are even forcing into the ranks those persons who have provided substitutes.

There was a general feeling of despondency in Richmond, and the fact was freely admitted that their armies were none of them sufficiently strong to assume offensive operations with any prospect of success; and that the want of men prevented Bragg from following up his success, and prevents him now attacking the Federal army at Chattanooga."

It now appears plain, what was before incomprehensible, why Meade was not allowed to fight the rebels on the Rappahannock, as he desired to do, but was not allowed to do by the authorities at Washington. By falling back toward Washington he withdrew the enemy at least two days, saving further away from Burnside's field of operations.—Lee, utterly ignorant of Burnside's movements or whereabouts, followed him.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Important Achievement by Burnside.

New York, Oct. 21. The Herald's dispatch states that Gen. Burnside has forced his way through the mountains of East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia, and has actually got possession of the main line of rebel communication between Richmond and Chattanooga. His advance is 175 miles Southwest from Lynchburg. He has utterly destroyed from forty to fifty miles of the railroad. Lee has detached a portion of his army to oppose him.

New York, Oct. 21. The World's army of the Potomac dispatch, dated yesterday, contains the following important intelligence:—Deserters from the rebel lines bring us much cheering news to-day, which I understand to be confirmed by official dispatches received by Gen. Meade from Washington, and which fully account for the hasty withdrawal of Lee from the front.

It appears that Burnside has forced his way through the mountains of East Tennessee and southwest Virginia, and has actually got possession of the main line of rebel communication—the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad.

The information, as I gather it, places Burnside in the vicinity of Abington, about 175 miles southwest of Lynchburg, the great rebel base of supplies. He is said to be in possession of the railroad for a distance of 40 or 50 miles, and has utterly destroyed it. He is working along up the railroad toward Lynchburg.

Lee, in his recent advance against Meade, withdrew all the available men he could gather from the line of this road, and supposing it perfectly secure so long as Meade was in his front.

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The discovery of Burnside's operations was made on the 10th and telegraphed to Gordonsville, and thence dispatched by special courier to Lee, reaching him on the 11th, and immediately, and with all haste to Gordonsville and reinforce the garrison at Lynchburg. His retrograde movement was commenced on Friday night, when the troops intended for Lynchburg, as the first movement, were sent to the rear of the corps of D. H. Hill, which was at that time operating on our left, and was therefore nearest to Culpeper. They arrived at Culpeper on Wednesday, where immense trains of cars were waiting for them, by which they were transported to the rear of the army.

The strategy of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad by the rebels in their retreat was most complete. Not only were the rails torn up and piled upon heaps of ties, which were burned, thus warping and bending the iron, but all the bridges were destroyed, even the abutments being blown up. The rails were piled upon the track and destroyed, timber felled across the track and every conceivable device resorted to, to make the destruction complete.

Victories in East Tennessee.

Major Gen. Halleck, Gen-in-Chief:—On the 8th inst. the enemy held down as far as the Blue Springs, and a cavalry brigade of ours held the Gap, supported by a small force of infantry at Morristown. I accordingly dispatched a brigade of cavalry around by Rodgersville to intercept the rebels' retreat, and with a considerable body of infantry and artillery moved to Bull's Gap.

On Saturday the 16th, I advanced a cavalry brigade to Blue Springs, where the rebels strongly fortified, and offering a stubborn resistance. Skirmishing continued until about 6 o'clock in the morning, when I sent in a division of infantry, who charged and cleared the woods, gallantly driving the rebels from the field, and during the night they retreated precipitately, leaving their dead on the field and most of their wounded in our hands. We pursued in the mountains with infantry and cavalry.

The intercepting force met them at Henderson, but owing to some misunderstanding the rebels were not completely routed without the slightest check. The pursuit was continued until evening, when I withdrew most of my infantry and returned to this place.

Gen. Shackelford with his cavalry and a brigade of infantry continued the pursuit, the rebels making a stand at every important point, and were driven from the mountains by the capture of the fort at Zollcoffer and burned the long railroad bridge at that place and five other bridges, and about thirty-five cars. His advance is now ten miles beyond Bristol.

Our loss at Blue Springs and in the pursuit was about 1000, and the rebel loss was considerably greater. About 150 prisoners were taken. (Signed) A. E. BURNSIDE, Major General.

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News From Charleston.

New York, Oct. 22. A Folly Island letter to the Herald says:—

Within the past week a movement among the rebel troops on James Island has been discernible. Long lines of wagons have been observed passing Secessionville, and going toward the city, and through the woods toward the city, and through the woods toward the city. We have made out a volume of dust indicating pretty clearly the march of a column of infantry. Increased watchfulness on the part of our pickets has led us to discover anything in the shape of an attacking force. It may be that Bragg is calling to his aid a portion of the army about Charleston.

New York, Oct. 22. A Morris Island letter to the Times of the 18th, states that during the past three or four days there has been but little firing on either side. The enemy is evidently waiting for the iron-clads to come up, for which events he is reserving his ammunition.

Admiral Dahlgren, a short time since, expressed his determination to an officer high in rank, to go up to Charleston on the next day, or else assure himself that the iron-clads are unequal to the task. This will enhance the excitement of the conflict, and do much toward settling the dispute as to the amount of work the iron-clads are capable of performing.

It is believed that James Island is occupied by 5000 rebel troops.

Sullivan's Island is supposed to be occupied by about the same number. In the immediate vicinity of Charleston are quartered 10,000 men, making an aggregate force of about 20,000.

From Arkansas.

Cairo, Ill., Oct. 21. The Memphis Argus has news from Little Rock up to the 11th inst. All was quiet there. On the 10th inst., Kirby Smith visited the rebel army at Arkadelphia and finding Gen. Price's force demoralized, relieved Gen. Price from the command and replaced General Holmes in his stead. Both officers and men have harbored feelings of hatred to Gen. Holmes ever since the battle of Helena. Price produced mutiny. Both officers and men swore they would not submit to the change. The streets of Arkadelphia and the roads leading to the camps were crowded with soldiers and officers in great confusion.

Sunday afternoon and the Friday afternoon following from 500 to 700 deserted. The whole combined force of the rebel trans-Mississippi division is estimated at less than 20,000 effective men, owing to the disaffection and desertion on the part of the rebel soldiers. To prevent further desertions the commissary would make further orders. The commissary and Quartermaster's stores were moved to Waco on the Rio Brazos.—Gen. Kirby Smith's headquarters were at Marshall.

The rebel guerrilla Shelby has crossed the Arkansas river in the direction of Missouri to look after a number of Missourians. A strong Union feeling began to manifest itself in northern Texas about the time the news was received of the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, which resulted in the election of Mr. Morgan to the Federal Congress in the 1st District, comprising nineteen northern counties.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 22. A special dispatch from Cairo says a skirmish took place about the 13th inst., on the Big Black river, eight or ten miles below Vicksburg, with West Adam's rebel cavalry, numbering two hundred. Our loss was one killed. The rebel loss was fifteen killed and six wounded. The rebels were driven beyond Port Gibson.

A Vicksburg letter dated 13th, says we shall all probably have a provisional government established in Mississippi in two or three weeks. Col. Markland of Kentucky is spoken of as most likely to fill the Governor's chair. Important movements are on the tapis, and in two weeks there will be no armed force on the soil of Mississippi.

FROM EUROPE.

St. Johns, N. F., Oct. 20, via Port Hope, Oct. 22. The steamship Hibernian, from Galway 13th inst., arrived here at 7 o'clock this Tuesday evening. The news is confirmed that the British Government has seized the rebel rams in the Mersey.

The London Daily News says it believes that every English gentleman, whose reason has not been blinded by prejudice and passion, will congratulate himself upon the step taken by the government in seizing the rams.

The Morning Herald considers the act as signifying that Earl Russell has succumbed to the pressure put upon him by the Federal Government.

Two war vessels in the Mersey had been on the alert to prevent any anticipated departure of the rams.

It is stated that Napoleon had addressed an autograph letter to the Grand Duke Maximilian, fully approving of his reply to the Mexican republicans. It was stated that the Duke's reply is regarded as an acquiescence, and that he will set out for Mexico in February or March next.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Cape Hatteras, Oct. 23. The steamship Etna, from Liverpool, Oct. 14, via Queenstown, arrived off this point this morning, and was boarded by the Associate Press news yacht.

A guard of marines has been placed on the rams seized in the Mersey.

danger and take Richmond before the rebel army sent westward can be brought back here.

The Herald's army of the Potomac dispatch of the 22d says there is little of interest to report, but it is not contraband to our concurrence in the movement is constant that an important movement is contemplated, which will give joy to the hearts of every true Union man, and overwhelm the Confederacy with the deepest gloom. The nature of the movement cannot be communicated to the people, but they may prepare themselves for an agreeable surprise.

IN THE FIELD, Oct. 22, 1863.

[Herald's] As soon as we found that Lee had retreated our troops took up the offensive and pressed the retreating rebels pretty closely. Gen. Kilpatrick hung on their rear, but was pretty roughly handled, as the rebel infantry supported their cavalry. Our infantry moved in three columns, but the enemy had made too great use of their feet and spurs and got out of harm's way.

At Auburn we learned that the rebel cavalry had got but a few hours start of us.—Gen. Kilpatrick has come in from the pursuit. They followed the rebels beyond Warrenton and ascertained that they had recrossed the Rappahannock, tearing up the railroad and bridges and obstructing our march in every way possible.

The general impression is that Lee is falling back to the defence of Richmond with the intention of ending all his available force to Tennessee. Some think his retreat a ruse. Our troops have not marched today as there is no chance of overtaking the rebel.

I have from good authority that Lee had only 40,000 men.

I have just ridden over the scene of Kilpatrick's cavalry fight. Many a fresh grave and dead horse bear witness to the severity of the conflict.

I think all chances of a general engagement are over for the present.

It is likely some skirmishing has taken place at Thorough Gap, as Gen. Buford's cavalry was pressing Fitz Hugh Lee's rear in that direction and some firing was heard on Tuesday.

The army is in excellent spirits and condition.

From Washington.

New York, Oct. 23. The World's Washington dispatch says it is learned from a perfectly trustworthy source that Admiral Dahlgren has been relieved from the command of the iron fleet at Charleston a few days since, and that Capt. Thomas Turner of the Ironsides was appointed to the position. It is believed that official notice of the change went to Charleston in the last steamer.

The story of a rebel raid into Chambersburg, Penn., turns out to be a canard.

Thus far Lee has retreated without stopping to make any considerable resistance, and the main body of his army is now reported beyond the Rapidan. I understand that orders have been issued to push him to the wall and force him to a battle, but whether under present circumstances a battle will be obtained or risked, is a matter of conjecture. If Lee gets fairly out of fighting distance, you may expect to hear that the fate of Rosecrans is visited upon the rebels, who have certainly been too cautious in the pursuit. Generals Sedgwick and Sickles are talked of as his successors.

Intelligence from the front to-day shows that active operations for the present are at an end. Lee's forces are beyond the Rappahannock, and are probably concentrated at Culpeper. The statement of Washington papers that our forces have penetrated that far, is untrue.

General Meade came to Washington to-day, and after an interview with the President and Gen. Halleck, returned late this evening to headquarters.

The Orange and Alexandria Railroad is completely ruined between Warrenton and Manassas. Everything is burned, and culverts blown up. It will now take two weeks to repair it to the Rappahannock.

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board this morning to converse on public business.

We spoke on the subject and the General assured me that he was not aware of any foundation for the current rumor. Indeed our concurrence on the public business before us, and our personal relations, make such rumors absurd.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, Your obedient servant,

JOHN A. HAMILTON, Rear Admiral Command

