Evening Telegraph

MONDAY, AUGUST 22, 1864.

IN THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell,
And above it on the vane,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Cut in gold, Saint Peter stands,
With the keys in his two hands,
And all is well!

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell,
You can hear its great heart beat—
Ah! so loud, and wild, and sweet,
As the parson says a prayer
O'er his happy lovers there,
While all is well!

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell,
Deep and solemn. Hark! again!
Ah! what passion, and what pain!
With her hands upon her breast,
Some poor soul has gone to rest:
Where all is well!

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell,
A quaint friend that seems to know
All our joys and all our woe:
It is glad when we are wed,
It is sad when we are dead,
And all is well!

THE LONDON COAL EXCHANGE.

How Coal is Bought and Sold in England.

From an English magazine, *London Society*, we extract the following interesting description of the New Coal Exchange in London:—

"What could this elegant and commodious building have been erected for? Certainly not for any coal trade requiring such accommodation. For, speak with any of the three or four hundred gentlemen who congregate here, and what will you hear? Why, you will hear, in the forcible and yet figurative language which city gentlemen delight to use, that there is no coal trade—that it has gone to the dogs—is done up—smashed—rotten—on its last legs—and not worth a rap.

Here, for instance, we are at the Coal Exchange itself, and here is an intelligent, sharp-witted looking gentleman to whom we are personally known, let us speak with him upon this subject. He owes no grudge to the world, and the world owes him none; he is not bilious, and as times go, has as good a digestion as most men, though he believes in Cockle's pills, and keeps a supply of that priceless family medicine among his shirt-collars, yet how he bursts out, how he bristles, how he detonates, how he perks up at the mere mention of the trade to which he belongs! Commodore Trunnion, in his famous interview with the exciseman, could scarcely have been more vigorously vituperative.

"Coal trade, sir!" he exclaims, and the stream of his eloquence is stopped by a dam—a dam of irrelevent ejaculations. "Coal trade, sir!" he says again, in a minute or two. "Don't talk about it. It isn't worth talking about. It won't bring a man bread and cheese. Look at this place! Examine it! Cast your eye over it! Does it look like a place where a man can get bread and cheese?"

There was an announcement in one corner of the room that Bass' pale ale could be obtained in draught or in bottle, and that Melton Mowbray pork-pies might be had fresh. I thought it only fair to assume, therefore, that the more frugal fare he alluded to could be obtained also. I should have pointed this out to my friend, but he went on before I had time to deliver myself.

"Coal trade, sir!" he exclaimed, for the third and last time. "The coal trade is all U P. Bellows-mending would pay better."

Having no personal knowledge of the industry to which he alluded, and being unprovided with statistics referring to its operations, I was compelled to accept unmurmuringly the information my friend conveyed to me. And certainly, when I looked around the hall in which I stood, the mere external appearance of things was in favor of his assertion that the coal-trade had no longer any existence.

And here let me be frank with the reader. In visiting the Coal Exchange I did not expect to see coal in bulk being bought and sold. I did not expect to see half-hundred-weight sacks standing on the floor, or superior qualities sampled in brown paper bags. I did not expect to see placards with, "Try our Wall's-ends, at 1s. 10d.;" or, "Look here! Down again to 1s. 6d," inscribed upon them. I did not expect to find wholesale merchants resembling retail dealers, or anticipate that there would be many features of external similarity between the coal-broker and the coal-whipper. But I did expect that, inasmuch as samples of wheat, barley, oats, and peas are displayed in Mark Lane, so samples of Buddle's West Hartley, South Pearith, Taufield Moor, and Walker Primrose, whatever they may be, would be displayed in Lower Thames street. But no! In a Coal Exchange coal was the one substance nowhere seen. There wasn't even a knub!

Outwardly, therefore, as I have said, there was very little indication of business; and, for aught I could see to the contrary, the coal trade might really have been as extinct as the megalonyx.

"Well," said I, "when my modest consumption necessitates the introduction of fresh stores into the cellar, I know very well how I buy coal, but I can't for the life of me tell how you buy it."

"Well, we buy it in this manner," he replied, evidently forgetting for the moment, in his earnestness, that the trade was in a shattered, not to say a despairing condition; "we buy—but first of all you see that this is a circular building."

The fact was so obvious that I take no credit to myself for having already observed it before he spoke.

"Well, you see these desks following the circumference of the building here on the ground-floor. They are the desks of the factors, and the factors are intermediary agents between the colliery owner and the coal merchant, receiving a commission for what they sell, like brokers in the colonial trade."

"Precisely. They sell; but how do you buy?"

My friend made no reply, but took me to one of the desks and told me to look at it. I did. It was apparently of deal, painted black; an inkstand was sunk into it; pens were lying about; and upon a bed of blotting-paper a hand-bill or circular was reposing, partly written and partly printed.

"Read that," said my friend, pointing to the hand-bill or circular.

I read it, and found that it ran something as follows:—

"Blake, Fielding & Co., per *Star of the East*.—

Ravensworth	25s
Sleekburn	18s
Straker	14s
Acorn Close	24s

"There," said my friend, triumphantly, when I had finished the perusal of this intelligible and instructive document, "that's how we buy coals."

"It might be that my intellect was somewhat cloudy, it might be that the explanation was deficient in clearness, but if my friend had told me that he bought coals by thinking of the frosty Caucasus, or by wishing himself with Nancy, I should have been just as enlightened.

However, I said in reply, with an expression of acute sagacity, calculating in a business-like wink, "Oh! that's how you buy coal, is it? Ah! I see; those figures——"

"Precisely; those figures indicate the number of tons offered, and the name indicates the pit they came from."

"But do you never have samples?"

"No. We are acquainted with all the coal brought to the market, and when a new coal is introduced we buy it on the representations made to us by the factors; representations which of course determine its price."

"Then it is not until you have the coal in your own hands that you really know its quality. And what is the amount of business annually transacted here in this curious manner?"

"Last year it amounted to about three and a half millions of sons."

"Well," said I, "for a trade that is on its last legs that total doesn't seem bad. Somebody must get a living out of this decayed and deplorable industry."

But my friend was not to be shaken by any such shallow reasoning and impertinent banter as this. He smiled, it is true, but it was a resigned and melancholy smile; and then, pensive and subdued, he led me to the upper gallery, and showed me the museum of the institution.

It was deeply interesting. Every variety of coal was displayed there; coal from Borneo; coal from Prussia; coal from New Zealand; coal from Sweden; coal from Newcastle. There were specimens of the beautiful Albertite, black as jet, and with a rich, lustrous polish upon it that told of its bituminous character. Then there were examples of the delicate crystallized coal from Merthyr Tydvil, looking as though it had been prepared for exhibition as a curious illustration of mineral frill. Then in other cases were specimens bearing the impress of fern leaves and flowers as distinctly as though stamped by a die. What a contrast when we emerged from this quiet little sanctuary of science into a large, bustling hall devoted to trade!

And the market, too, was at its busiest. Nominally, it is supposed to last only an hour, viz., from 1 o'clock to 2. As a mere matter of fact, however, it lasts longer, and does not close until about three. Just now it is a quarter to 2, and accordingly a bell rings loudly. No one knows why it rings; no one can guess why it rings; but custom ordains that it shall ring, and it does ring. That if it failed to ring, business would come to a standstill is perhaps too much to assert; but that a terrible judgment would overtake the beadle if he neglected this time-honored duty is, I think, more than probable.

Really, for a place serving as the centre of a defunct, or, at all events, a moribund trade, the Coal Exchange exhibits a vast amount of business animation. Some three or four hundred gentlemen are gathered together talking about prices, and shipments, and arrivals; the factors are all at their desks, quite prepared to open up negotiations or to conclude bargains, and behind them patient mariners and shippers from the North are awaiting the result of sales and the instructions as to the delivery of cargo which will follow those sales. There are even visitors in the galleries looking down upon the busy crowd below; and their presence seems to give additional importance to the scene.

I suppose my face must have kindled as I became impressed with the business aspect of the place, for my glance fell when my eyes met those of a kindly but melancholy looking gentleman to whom I had been introduced shortly before, and who had been the most pathetic of all in his lamentations over the decline and fall of the London coal trade. He had divined my thoughts. Had I told him what was passing through my mind, the information would have been utterly superfluous.

"It *looks* like business, doesn't it?" he asked.

I assented enthusiastically.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a sigh, "you are like all the rest. Do you remember the collier's strike which took place some years ago?"

I did not; and said so.

"Well, during that strike the coal-whippers had nothing to do, so they sat on the barges all day long and played at cards. The factors and merchants here in like manner had nothing to do, and some of them actually went back to the sports of their boyhood, and played at marbles upon the floor of this, or rather of the old Exchange, as an innocent if not exciting way of employing their time. Well, sir," he added, quite gravely, "if they were all to set to now and play at marbles again, or 'Egg-hat,' or 'Fly-the-garter,' or 'Buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?' they would be almost as well occupied as they are at present."

It is all but deserted now. The shippers have sheered off (to speak nautically), the factors have closed their accounts, the merchants have, for the most part, retreated to their counting houses, even the beadle has quitted a scene where his presence would seem like a satire or a sham. There is only one individual, in fact, left here—a pensive, melancholy man—and him I accost for lack of other companionship.

To my surprise I find that, though outwardly sombre, he is inwardly sunny, and that, although connected with coals, he looks by no means despondently upon their future. I at once began to regard this hopeful person with admiration, and the painful thought flashes across me that perhaps I have formed a too hasty judgment upon the coal trade from the gloomy reports I have previously heard. So I introduce myself to this gentleman, and as he is proceeding westward, and my course is northwest, we split a point of the compass and sally forth together.

In the course of conversation, I find that he is the representative of what may be called a new development of the coal trade. He is the agent of an extensive colliery near Chesterfield, and although he attends the Coal Exchange, it is more for the purpose of watching the market than of buying and selling. He is wholly unconnected with the trade in sea-borne coal, and deals only in that brought to London by railway, and which is comprehensively known as Inland. And now I begin to feel interested, for in common, I suppose, with the mass of mankind, I have always pinned my faith to sea-borne coal, and but that contempt for Inlands which a connoisseur in *Eau de vie de Cognac* may be supposed to entertain for British brandy. So I say in a friendly, but depreciatory tone, "Ah! Inland coal is all very well, but of course there's nothing like Wall's-ends."

"Do you know what Wall's-ends are?" he asked drily.

"No," said I; "but I know that they are a particularly good sort of coal."

"Well, there are almost seventy varieties of that particular good sort of coal, or rather seventy different collieries have adopted the name; and yet, strictly speaking, there is no such coal as Wall's-ends."

"What I mean is," said my friend, "that the mine which first yielded the coal called Wall's-end, and which took its name from being near the end of the old Roman wall, has long ceased to be worked, and that other mines have merely adopted the name on account of its popularity. If we called our Inland coal Wall's-end, it would be just as much so as anybody else's."

"But," said I, "is there then no difference between Inland and the coal called Wall's-end?"

"I do not quite say that. I simply say that the mere name indicates nothing."

"Well!" I exclaimed, slightly recovering from my astonishment, "I always thought sea-borne coals the best."

"So do most people; but there again you are heeding a mere name. Sea-borne, of course, can only mean carried by sea. But are you aware that plenty of coal is brought full twenty miles by land before it reaches the sea? It is mere contiguity which determines mode of conveyance. We might, if we pleased, ship our coals at Grimsby and bring them to London in collier-brigs. They would then, of course, be sea-borne. Instead of that, we bring them by rail and they are inland at once."

"The fact is," continued my new friend, "the dislike to inland coal arises from mere prejudice, or, to speak more correctly, from mere ignorance, which is only now giving way. Somewhere about twenty years ago we brought inland coal to London for the first time. Nobody would buy it. For years our trade was utterly insignificant. Well, after a while the Great Northern Railway began to sell inland coal. The result, at first, was much the same. At last there came a hard winter, and sea-borne coal rose to forty shillings a ton. This was our opportunity. The Great Northern Railway Company at once advertised that it would sell its coal throughout the entire winter at twenty shillings a ton. People then began to believe in inland coal, and the trade was fairly started. In my opinion it is yet only in its infancy, but you may judge of its development when I tell you that the colliery I represent alone sent about 300,000 tons to London in 1862, and that the total sent by others in the same year amounted to more than a million tons. Why, we ourselves pay from £6000 to £7000 per month for railway carriage, and I have no doubt we shall pay twice as much some day. For you see our prices remain much the same all the year round, land-carriage being unaffected by wind and weather. Whereas, during the prevalence of certain gales, the colliers are unable to put to sea, and the market being ill-supplied, prices go up."

"Then," said I, "the general complaint at the Coal Exchange is not altogether without cause. Trade is at all events in a transition state."

My friend nodded assentingly, and said, "Yes, with a tendency to concentrate itself in the hands of a few great firms."

"But now tell me," said I, "is not the quality of sea-borne coal better as a matter of fact, and not of fancy, than that brought by railway?"

"It is very often better," was the candid reply, "especially when a high price is charged for it. It cannot be denied, too, that some of the inland coal is full of seam, useless for the purposes of combustion, and which deposits itself in dirty ash. Nevertheless, inland coal can be obtained in London and its outskirts, which I think quite as good as Wall's-end, and which I always burn."

"There was no need to show me a price list. I understood the hint without it."

"Then *your* coal has no ash, I suppose," was my reply, in a tone of indifference.

"*Try it*," he said with a smile.

"And I *have* tried it."

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—I have been referred to a volume of popular sermons in which, owing to the negligence of the proof-readers, a deplorable number of typographical errors appeared. One of these, as if in reference to the others, was singularly appropriate to the unhappy circumstances of the poor author; the verse, "Princes have persecuted me without a cause," reading, "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." Campbell's celebrated *Essay on Miracles* appeared in one of the advertisements as "*Campbell's Essay on Mangles*." In newspaper articles of my own I have had the misfortune to see "the internal relations of the church" converted into "the internal relations of the church," and the people who "spoke the Gaelic language" were made to "smoke" it. I remember a great public demonstration that took place in a town in which I was residing at the time. After one or two unimportant speeches a certain demagogue arose, whose appearance was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheering from the multitude. A party newspaper describing this, in the course of its gratulatory and fervid report, said that the concourse had "rent the air with their snouts."—*Once-A-Week.*

A CORRESPONDENT of a contemporary, from Wiesbaden, tells us of his rencounter with a very agreeable Frenchman, with whom he had a pleasant conversation, and of his meeting him a few days afterwards on board a Rhine steamer. After a mutual bow and a mutual "Enchanted to see you," our correspondent said, "I am going to Ems." "And I to London," said the agreeable one. "To pass the remainder of the season there?" "That depends." "I suppose you are traveling for pleasure? Should I be indiscreet in asking?" "Not at all. I am taking back a young Englishman to his family." "Are you a tutor?" "No, monsieur." "Where is your young Englishman?" "Down below." "Will he come to dine with us?" "It is impossible; he is dead." "Dead?" "In a leaden coffin. I am the sworn conveyer of bodies of noble personages who have died in Germany, and I take them to the family. It is well paid for, and in a few years I hope to retire with a handsome fortune. If monsieur should require my services for himself or for ——" Here the dinner was announced, and somehow the two got parted at the table, and did not get into conversation again.

FOREIGN WIT AND HUMOR.

—Why are some fortunes like ships?—Because they are built on the stocks.

—What female should a shoemaker always keep out of his establishment?—Miss-Fit.

—Storms generally are a mystery, but you can always see the drift of a snow storm.

—The cloak of religion is to be known sometimes by the *fine nap* it has during sermon time.

—We know a man who is so lavish in giving away, that he can't even keep his word.

—"Time works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after eight years' courtship.

—Why is a sword like beer?—Because 'tis no use till 'tis drawn.

—It is stated that, at a West-end debating society, a wheelwright was by far the best spokeman.

—An Irish painter declares that, among other portraits, he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

A little girl, walking with her mother in a graveyard, reading one after another the praises of those who slept beneath, said, "I wonder where they bury the sinners?"

—One of Sir Boyle Roche's children asking him one day, who was the father of George the Third, he replied—"My darling, it was Frederick, the Prince of Wales, who would have been George the Third, if he had lived."

—When the Persian poet Hafiz was asked by the philosopher Zenda what he was good for, he replied—"Of what use is a flower?" "A flower is good to smell," said the philosopher." And I am good to smell it," said the poet.

—A little boy, on coming home from church, where he had seen a person work the bellows of an organ, said to his mother—"Oh, mamma, I wish you had been at church to-day—such fun! a man pumped music out of an old cupboard!"

—A lady once asked a gentleman what wit was like; to which he replied, "Like your ladyship's bottle of sal volatile—pungent at the first opening, but, on being too much handled about, 'loses all its flavor and becomes insipid.'"

—Is it lawful for a man to marry his widow's niece? Three young ladies, after having carefully studied the subject for three hours, with the best authorities before them, unanimously declared, that "they could discover no objection whatever to the match."

—A French paper's correspondent (? from Ireland) has sent the following:—"M. G. has met with a frightful accident; he fell from the balcony at the corner of the Grand Rue, and broke his spine. Death was instantaneous. The same accident occurred to him last year."

—A Dutchman thus describes an accident:—"Vonce, a long vile ago, I went intos mine able orchard to climb a bear tree to get some peaches to make mine vrow a plumb-budding mit; ann when I gets on the tobermost branch, I vall from the lowermost limb, mit von leg on both sides of the fence, and like to stove mine outside in."

—Pat Finegan's wife was a very vixen, and gave him no peace of his life. One day, after a quarrel, in which he was ejected from his shanty by his better half, he enlisted as a volunteer. Being accosted by an acquaintance with—"Well, Patrick, they say you are going in for the war." "No, no," said he, "I'm going for pace."

—A certain noble lord being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example by a gentleman whose food was herbs and his drink water. "What! madam," said he, "would you have me to imitate a man who eats like a beast, and drinks like a fish?"

—The nerve of a tooth, not so large as the finest sewing-needle, will sometimes drive a man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that has withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect.

—Some ten days ago the Emperor's carriage horses took fright during a drive from Fontainbleau. They were soon stopped, however, and the party got safe home. "Do you know, Countess," said the Emperor, "that we have nearly died together?" "No, Sire," replied the Countess, "you have escaped death—I immortality."—*Paris Letter.*

—An anecdote is told of the great Thomas Andrew Knight, who, when a child, on seeing the gardener one day planting beans in the ground, asked him why he buried those bits of wood, and was told that they would grow into bean-plants, and bear beans. He watched the event, and, finding that it happened as the gardener had foretold, determined to plant his pocket-knife, in the expectation of its also growing, and bearing other knives.

—A clergyman in Perthshire, who is more skilful as an angler than popular as a preacher, having fallen into conversation with some of his parishioners on the benefits of early rising, mentioned, as an instance, that he had that very morning before breakfast composed a sermon and killed a salmon—an achievement on which he plumed himself greatly. "A weel, sir," said one of the company, "I would rather hae yer salmon than yer sermon."

—A rich manufacturer of Sedan, somewhat remarkable for stinginess, went to a celebrated tailor at Paris to order a coat. He asked the price. "A hundred and fifty francs." He thought that rather dear. "I shall furnish my own cloth," he said. "Just as you like, sir," replied the tailor. The coat having been sent, the manufacturer asked what he had to pay for the making. "A hundred and fifty francs," was again the answer. "But I furnished the cloth." "Sir," said the tailor solemnly, "I never reckon the cloth; I always give it into the bargain."

—In Fitzpatrick's "Memoirs of Archbishop Whately," we have the following anecdote:—"The first occasion on which I ever saw Dr. Whately (observes a correspondent) was under curious circumstances. I accompanied my late friend, Dr. Field, to visit professionally some members of the Archbishop's household, at Redesdale, Stillorgan. The ground was covered by two feet of snow, and the thermometer was down almost to zero. Knowing the Archbishop's character for humanity, I expressed my surprise to see an old laboring man in his shirt sleeves felling a tree 'after hours' in the demesne, while a heavy shower of sleet drifted pitilessly on his wrinkled face. 'That laborer,' replied Dr. Field, 'whom you think the victim of prelatical despotism, is no other than the Archbishop curing himself of a headache.' When his Grace has been reading and writing more than ordinary, and finds any pain or confusion about the cerebral organization, he puts both to flight by rushing out with an axe, and slashing away at some ponderous trunk. As soon as he finds himself in a profuse perspiration, he gets into bed, wraps himself in Limerick blankets, falls into a sound slumber, and gets up buoyant.'"

—Froude has a fine passage in the last chapter of his "Reign of Elizabeth." "Meanwhile," he says, "a vast intellectual revolution, of which the religious reformation was rather a sign than a cause, was making its way in the English mind. The discovery of the form of the earth and of its place in the planetary system was producing an effect on the imagination which long familiarity with the truth renders it hard for us now to realize. The very heaven itself had been rolled up like a scroll, laying bare the illimitable abyss of space; the solid frame of the earth had become a ball, and in a hemisphere below their feet, men saw the sunny Palm Isles, and the golden glories of the tropic seas. Long impassive, long unable, from the very toughness of their natures, to apprehend these novel wonders, indifferent to them, even hating them as at first they hated the doctrines of Luther, the English opened their eyes at last. In the convulsions which rent England from the Papacy, a thousand superstitions were blown away, a thousand new thoughts rushed in, bringing with them their train of new desires and new emotions; and when the fire was once kindled, the dry wood burnt fiercely in the wind."

Pay of French Authors.

French authors are, as a general rule, wretchedly paid for their books. Their most lucrative patrons are the press and the theatre. Still, there has been a great improvement in the rate of remuneration given by the publishers. M. de Lamartine received only $240 from Messrs. Firmin Didot & Co. for his "Meditations," and—this exhibits the progress which had even then begun to take place—his "Song of Harold's Pilgrimage" fetched only $4400. Now he gets tens of thousands of dollars annually from his publishers; his political memoirs brought him in, a few weeks since, $10,000. M. Thiers received $100,000 for his "History of the Empire and Consulate;" M. Victor Hugo got $100,000 for "Les Miserables;" and M. Michelet refuses to allow his publishers (Messrs. Hatchette & Co., and M. Chamerot) anything above a commission on the sale of his works. He has them printed, stereotyped, bound, and advertised. He is the only author who adopts this course.

De Balzac went further; he turned printer and publisher, hoping to gather in his hand the profits of author, printer, and publisher. He found bankruptcy; for two and two are four as rarely in life as in politics. * * * M. Renan's "Life of Jesus" has brought him in some $18,000, and the golden harvest is still far from being garnered; his pen can transmute ink and paper into gold whenever he pleases; he has several works which daily find purchasers; and he is a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, which place brings him enough to pay house rent. He has in press a work on his quarrel with the Government, entitled "My Situation."—*Paris Correspondence American Literary Gazette.*

☞—In Northern Texas there are already ten lodges of Union Leaguers, which are very secretly and cautiously but constantly increasing their number.

THE KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

Captain Winslow's Detailed Report of the Action.

UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "KEARSARGE," ENGLISH CHANNEL, July 30, 1864.—Sir:—In obedience to instructions of the Department, I have the honor to make the following supplementary report of the action between the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama*:—

On the morning of the 19th ult., the day being fine, with a hazy atmosphere, wind moderate from the westward, with a little sea, the position of the *Kearsarge* at 10 o'clock was near the buoy which marks the line of shoals to the eastward of Cherbourg, and distant about three miles from the eastern entrance, which bore to the southward and westward.

At twenty minutes after 10 o'clock, the *Alabama* was descried coming out of the western entrance, accompanied by the *Couronne* (ironclad). I had, in an interview with the Admiral at Cherbourg, assured him that, in the event of an action occurring with the *Alabama*, the position of the ships should be so far off shore that no question could be advanced about the line of jurisdiction. Accordingly, to perfect this object, and with the double purpose of drawing the *Alabama* so far off shore that, if disabled, she could not return, I directed the ship's head eastward and cleared for action, with the battery pivoted to starboard. Having attained a point about seven miles from the shore, the head of the *Kearsarge* was turned short around, and the ship steered directly for the *Alabama*, my purpose being to run her down, or, if circumstances did not warrant it, to close in with her.

Hardly had the *Kearsarge* come round before the *Alabama* sheered, presented her starboard battery, and slowed her engines. On approaching her at long range of about a mile, she opened her full broadside, the shot cutting some of our rigging, and going over and alongside of us.

Immediately I ordered more speed, but in two minutes the *Alabama* had loaded, and again fired another broadside, and following it with a third, without damaging us, except in rigging.

We had now arrived within about nine hundred yards of her, and I was apprehensive that another broadside—nearly raking as it was—would prove disastrous. Accordingly I ordered the *Kearsarge* sheered, and opened on the *Alabama*. The position of the vessels was now broadside and broadside; but it was soon apparent that Captain Semmes did not seek close action. I became then fearful lest, after some fighting, that he would again make for the shore. To defeat this I determined to keep full speed on, and with a port helm to run under the stern of the *Alabama* and rake her, if he did not prevent it by sheering and keeping his broadside to us. He adopted this mode as a preventive, and as a consequence the *Alabama* was forced with a full head of steam into a circular track during the engagement.

The effect of this measure was such that at the last of the action, when the *Alabama* would have made off, she was near five miles from the shore; and, had the action continued from the first in parallel lines, with her head in shore, the line of jurisdiction would no doubt have been reached. The firing of the *Alabama* from the first was rapid and wild; towards the close of the action her firing became better. Our men, who had been cautioned against firing rapidly without direct aim, were much more deliberate; and the instructions given to point the heavy guns below, rather than above, the water-line, and clear the deck with lighter ones, was fully observed.

I had endeavored, with a port helm, to close in with the *Alabama*; but it was not until just before the close of the action that we were in position to use grape. This was avoided, however, by her surrender. The effect of the training of our men was evident; nearly every shot from our guns was telling fearfully on the *Alabama*, and on the seventh rotation in the circular track she winded, setting foresail and two jibs, with head in shore. Her speed was now retarded, and by winding her port broadside was presented to us, with only two guns bearing, not having been able, as I learned afterwards, to shift over but one. I now saw that she was at our mercy, and a few more guns well directed brought down her flag.

I was unable to ascertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away; but a white flag having been displayed over the stern our fire was reserved. Two minutes had not more than elapsed before she again opened on us with the two guns on the port side. This drew our fire again, and the *Kearsarge* was immediately steamed ahead and laid across her bows for raking. The white flag was still flying, and our fire was again reserved. Shortly after this her boats were seen to be lowering, and an officer in one of them came alongside and informed us the ship had surrendered, and was fast sinking. In twenty minutes from this time the *Alabama* went down, her mainmast, which had been shot breaking near the head as she sunk, and her bow rising high out of the water, as her stern rapidly settled.

The fire of the *Alabama*, although it is stated she discharged three hundred and seventy or more shell and shot, was not of serious damage to the *Kearsarge*.

Some thirteen or fourteen of them had taken effect in and about the hull, and sixteen or seventeen about the masts and rigging. The casualties were small, only three persons having been wounded; yet it is a matter of surprise that so few were injured, considering the number of projectiles that came aboard. Two shots passed through the ports in which the thirty-two were placed, with men thickly stationed around them, one taking effect in the hammock netting, and the other going through the port on the opposite side; yet no one was hit, the captain of one of the guns being only knocked down by the wind of the shot, as supposed.

The fire of the *Kearsarge*, although only one hundred and seventy-three projectiles had been discharged, according to the prisoner's accounts, was terrific. One shot alone had killed and wounded eight gun men and disabled a gun. Another had entered the coal-bunkers, exploding and completely blocking up the engine-room; and Captain Semmes states that shot and shell had taken effect in the sides of the vessel, tearing large holes by explosion, and his men were everywhere knocked down.

Of the casualties in the *Alabama* no correct account can be given. One hundred and fifteen persons reached the shore, either in England or France, after the action. It is known that the *Alabama* carried a crew, officers and men, of about one hundred and fifty, into Cherbourg, and that while in the Southern ocean her complement was about one hundred and seventy, but desertions had reduced this complement. The prisoners state that a number of men came on board at Cherbourg, and the night before the action boats were going to and fro, and in the morning strange men were seen, who were stationed as captains of the guns. Among these there was one Lieutenant (Sinclair), who joined her in Cherbourg.

The *Alabama* had been five days in preparation. She had taken in three hundred and fifty tons of coal, which brought her down in the water. The *Kearsarge* had only one hundred and twenty tons in; but as an offset to this her sheet chains were stowed outside, stopped up and down, as an additional preventive and protection to her more empty bunkers.

The number of the crew of the *Kearsarge*, including officers and sick men, was one hundred and sixty-three; and her battery numbered seven guns—two 11-inch, one 30-pounder rifle, and four light 32-pounder guns.

The battery of the *Alabama* numbered eight guns—one heavy sixty-eight, of nine thousand pounds; one one-hundred-and-ten-pounder rifle, and six heavy thirty-two-pounder guns.

In the engagement the *Alabama* fought seven guns and the *Kearsarge* five, both exercised the starboard battery, until the *Alabama* winded, using then her port side with one gun, and another shifted over.

The collateral events connected with this action have already been laid before the Department.

I enclose a diagram, showing the track which was described during the engagement by the rotary course of the vessels.

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

JNO. A. WINSLOW, Captain.

HON. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

Good!

"FROM OUR COMATOSE CONTRIBUTOR.—Why are bus horses like badly punctuated literary works? Because they are full of Stops."

Do not let any comatose creature come it over us so far as to put any stop to recruiting during the next fourteen days.

—Pleuro-pneumonia has broken out among the cattle in southwestern New Hampshire, and is assuming a serious and alarming character. It is showing itself in the towns of Peterboro, Hancock, Antrim, and Dublin. The disease is said to have been contracted from a cow which was driven up from Massachusetts last winter.

—A well-dressed, intelligent woman, with an eye to business, appeared at Portsmouth, N. H., on Friday, with four substitutes, whom she had brought from Baltimore. Mayor Cranston, of Providence, R. I., has received a letter from a lady, enclosing a sufficient sum of money to procure a substitute. She gives her name, but is very anxious that it shall not appear in the newspapers, though she wishes the act known as an example to others.

FOURTH EDITION.

ARMY OF POTOMAC.

REBEL ASSAULT ON GEN. WARREN.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, August 21.—Our losses in the fight on the Weldon Railroad on Friday afternoon were greater than heretofore reported in this correspondence. The number of prisoners is now put down at 1500. It seems that our troops were surprised, many of them being in their shelter tents at the time, trying to escape the heavy rain that had been falling for several hours previously.

The enemy first appeared about noon on the right of the road in front of the 3d Division of the 5th Corps, but this was evidently a feint, or for the purpose of feeling our lines. About 3 P. M. they charged in heavy force between the 5th and 9th Corps, and succeeded in turning the flank of the former, capturing a large number of prisoners.

This part of our line was forced back some distance, when the 9th Corps, which had been relieved the night previous by a part of 2d Corps, came on the field and opened fire, checking the enemy's advance and taking a few prisoners. A heavy column at the same time charged on the left of our line, west of the railroad, held by the 2d Division, Gen. Ayres, which they broke, and here also they took 500 or 600 prisoners from the Regular Brigade. This brigade was commanded by Colonel or General Hays, who is believed to be a prisoner, as he cannot be found. Our whole line was then forced back with a heavy loss in killed and wounded. The enemy, however, suffered more than we did in this particular, his men lying thick all round the field.

Before dark our men were re-formed, and being reinforced, a desperate charge was made to recover our lost ground, which was successfully accomplished, so that we held at night the line which had been taken from us in the afternoon. Colonel Earle is reported a prisoner, as is also Colonel Hartsleane.

General Crawford was shot through the vest and shirt, and narrowly escaped capture. Lieutenant Clark, of his staff, was shot in the arm; while Captain Monteith, Lieutenants Meade and Meinfield, and Captain Smith, also of General Crawford's staff, had their horses shot while carrying orders and rallying the men of the various commands. The last-named was a prisoner for a while, but seeing a favorable chance, made his escape.

Captain Doolittle, of Colonel Wheelock's staff, was ordered to surrender, when he, getting angry at an epithet applied to him, seized a musket and bayoneted the Rebel against a tree. Colonel Wheelock's Brigade, of the 3d Division, was flanked, when they faced to the rear, charged and drove the Rebels, and took a number of prisoners. The entire number captured was about 200, with some stands of colors.

Our loss is estimated at over 3000, including prisoners.

Nothing but skirmishing took place along the line to-day, both parties being busy intrenching themselves. A battle is looked for at any hour, as the enemy seem determined to regain possession of the road, while we are as determined to hold it.

The prisoners we took to-day belong principally to Beauregard's and Hill's Corps, and are a fine, healthy looking set of men, although clad in the usual style.

AUGUST 21, 6 A. M.—Considerable artillery firing has been going on, on our left, since 4 o'clock, and is at this time quite brisk. No musketry can be heard, the distance from headquarters being too great.

THE PIRATE "TALLAHASSEE."

HALIFAX, August 22.—The brig *Rosetta*, from Boston for Pictou, put in here yesterday, and reports having spoken the pirate *Tallahassee* on Saturday, steaming east, off Cole Harbor, about fifty miles from here.

A vessel which arrived yesterday saw two steamers on Friday afternoon to the eastward, probably Federal gunboats.

There is no doubt that the *Tallahassee* is the pioneer ship of a number of the same description which are being fitted out at Washington, N. C.

Some, it is stated, are quite ready for sea, and may soon be heard from.

BOSTON, August 21.—The officers and crew of the ship *James Littlefield*, from Cardiff for New York, captured by the *Tallahassee*, arrived here to-day from Yarmouth, N. S.

TO-DAY'S WASHINGTON NEWS.

Special Despatches to Evening Telegraph.

WASHINGTON, August 22.

Rebel Prisoners at Washington.

The mail-boat which arrived to-day brought up from 25 to 30 Rebel officers, captured in the recent engagements of the Army of the Potomac.

The Seven-Thirty Loan.

The subscriptions to the seven-thirty loan on Saturday amounted to $995,000, and to the tenforties over half a million.

Secretary Fessenden has returned from his visit to the East.

Markets by Telegraph.

NEW YORK, August 22.—Flour has advanced eight cents; 10,000 bbls. sold; State at $[illegible] to $[illegible]; Ohio, $10 75@12 50; Southern, $10@12; Wheat has been higher; sales unimportant. Corn has been higher; sales of 50,000 bushels at $1 [illegible]@1 36; Beef dull. Pork firm at $19 37½ @20. Whiskey firm at $1 [illegible].

Receipts of Flour, 20,000 barrels; Wheat, 56,000 bushels; Corn, 90,000 bushels.

LATER SOUTHERN NEWS.

Late and Important from Richmond, Petersburg and Deep Bottom.

The Fight Before Richmond—Occupation of the Weldon Railroad—What the Rebels have Recently Lost, &c.

From the Richmond Examiner, August 19.

THE WAR NEWS.

There was yesterday a general impression in the community that we were on the eve of stirring events; that a great battle was imminent all along the line, from Petersburg on the south to White Oak swamp on the north. As the day advanced this opinion was somewhat confirmed by the telegraph from Petersburg announcing that at 2 o'clock yesterday morning all the artillery on our lines south of the Appomattox fired upon the enemy for an hour and a half, and that the enemy's cavalry were demonstrating towards the Weldon road, on our extreme right. A number of rumors were in circulation, to the effect that we meditated a general attack upon the enemy's lines. Under these circumstances it caused no surprise when, about 5 o'clock P. M., a heavy cannonading sprung up in a direction east by south of the city, apparently in a line with the battlefield of Monday and Tuesday. Up to the time of this writing the firing is unexplained. From the sound of the guns we should think it was distant about ten miles from the city, and pretty certainly somewhere between the Charles City road and Deep Bottom.

Persons who came over by rail from Petersburg last evening, reported that the enemy had shelled the town frequently yesterday morning, and that during the day ten thousand Yankee cavalry had taken possession of the Weldon road. Whatever they may have accomplished, we think there were hardly so many cavalry.

THE LATEST.

The telegraph informs us that an infantry and cavalry force of the enemy yesterday morning broke through our long lines on our extreme right, south of Petersburg, and reached the Weldon Railroad, where, after they had torn up some track, they were attacked by our infantry, and (report says) beaten and forced to retreat.

OUR HANDS DO SOMETHING.

Before the last advance of Grant upon the north side of the James our lines included Signal Hill, an important point on the north bank, two miles and a half east of and below Chaffin's Bluff. During the movements and fights of Monday and Tuesday, we lost this position, and the enemy occupied it in force, and planted upon and in rear of it heavy siege guns.

By our successes of Tuesday evening we re-established our whole line, with the exception of this point, and, it being desired to retake this, on Wednesday evening our iron-clads, then lying at Graveyard Bend, were ordered to drop down and shell the position. They performed the required service most effectually. Their firing was beautiful—every shell exploded at the right place. The enemy replied with heavy guns—some of them being two hundred and eighty-pounders. But so accurate and rapid was our fire upon the hill that the enemy found it necessary to evacuate it.

When, at daylight yesterday morning, our infantry advanced upon the position, they found it abandoned. Some prisoners taken in the immediate vicinity state that the enemy's loss during the engagement was twenty-one killed and a large number wounded. There was no casualty in our fleet, none of them being struck. The enemy fired from a distance of two thousand eight hundred yards, we from one thousand two hundred to two thousand three hundred yards.

The celebrated McAvoy fuse was used by us, and to it, in a great measure, it is due that we were enabled to explode our shells just where we desired. It is to be regretted that this fuse is not in more general use in our armies, instead of the most unreliable percussion fuse.

THE BATTLES O