

Evening Telegraph

OFFICE No. 108 S. THIRD STREET. FROM THREE O'CLOCK P.M. TO SIX O'CLOCK P.M.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1864.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF ADMIRAL PORTER

The intensely interesting report of Admiral Porter's full of materials upon which the story-loving imagination may work. True, it is a plain matter-of-fact official document, going minutely into details, and giving a succinct relation of antecedents and consequences.

non-military, Commodore H. K. Taft, fully versed in the duties of his position. The Superintendent was most effective in her line, and was fortunate enough to obtain the right position through much labor.

The expedition was not without its incidents worth preserving as ramp-into traditions, and tinged with the stirring romance of war. The incidents referred to in the report are merely mentioned, but they are very suggestive.

BY AUTHORITY OF JEFF. DAVIS. The stern statesman who presides over the "so-called Confederate States" is not pleased with the arrest of BENNETT G. BURLY in Canada, under the Extradition Treaty existing between the United States and Great Britain.

JEFF. DAVIS has heard of the proceeding, and comes out with a pronouncement of "Whereas" and "Now therefore," acknowledging that said BURLY was duly empowered by himself to capture the Michigan and release the prisoners on Johnson's Island.

On the 29th a heavy gale blew from the southwest, and not only made it impossible to get out, but rendered it dangerous to do so. The wind changed to the westward, and gave us a beautiful night of weather, which I could not afford to lose.

The following passage, too, furnishes the substrata for one of the finest poems of the war. The Admiral says: "At half-past 10 P. M. the powder vessel started in towards the bar, and was saved by the fire of the monitors.

In conclusion, allow me to draw your attention to the conduct of Commander Kirtz and Lieutenant Parsons. They engaged in the most perilous adventure that was perhaps ever undertaken, and though no material results have been placed from the effects of the explosion that we know of, still I beg leave to recommend them to others, I beg leave to recommend them for promotion; also that of Lieutenant H. H. Leason, who led them in and brought them off.

The night, the darkness, the danger of the expedition, the total sacrifice of self, the holiness of the cause engaged in, unite in forming a subject upon which the rarest eloquence and the highest inspiration of the poet might love to dwell.

It is well for us to understand what vessels took a main part in the engagement, and particularly distinguished themselves. The Admiral, still proceeding with cheerful fidelity, says: "The talking of a new position while under fire by the monitors and Commodore, was a beautiful sight; and when they saw 10 or 12 ships delivered a fire that nothing could withstand.

In fact, the perverted views of most of the British politicians with respect to the civil war going on here, are not entirely attributable to jealousy of the growing power of this Republic, but to a degree of ignorance touching the merits of the contest and its possible issues that is positively amazing.

It was Mr. CONYER who, in a recent speech to his constituents, sharply ridiculed the ignorance of the best educated classes of his countrymen regarding American affairs. He said that he could take a map of the United States, lay it before any graduate of the English universities, and ask him to put his finger on Chicago, and that the chances were he would not come within a thousand miles of the place.

THE ANCIENT WATCHMAN—IN MORNING. Philadelphia is not an ancient city, but it has endured long enough to witness the extinction of a whole species among its inhabitants. We do not pretend to recollect so far back as a friend of ours, who distinctly remembers, many years before he was born, how a watchman, passing the house, cried, "Past twelve o'clock, and Conventuals is taken."

It does not require the years of one well advanced in life, to recall the appearance of those nocturnal wanderers, who, in muffled tones, sang out "ten o'clock and a star-light night," or a "cold winter's night, there was something exquisitely pleasant in hearing those drowsy voices borne on the calm air, and then in turning over and snuggling up in the covers as the sounds grew fainter and fainter in the distance, where they were informing other people of the time of night and the state of the weather.

ADAMS.—On the 28th instant, CHARLES B. Adams, son of H. Adams, died at 11 o'clock, aged 75 years. He was a native of New York, and resided in Philadelphia.

ALDRIDGE.—On the 28th instant, MARY, wife of Thomas Aldridge, died at 11 o'clock, aged 75 years. She was a native of New York, and resided in Philadelphia.

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hair as of the tip of his nose, which came out on the other side, between turned-up collars which merged in a hat. He slowly moved through the darkness like a black phantom on casters. He never seemed to be at all wary of strangers who accosted him suddenly in lonely places. He was never known to be able to give any information about the streets. He walked them, but that was all.

He has disappeared! Philadelphia knows him no more! We cannot recognize in the spruce policeman of the present day any affinity with the staid philosopher of many wrappings. Did he have any descendants? Was he ever married? We think it unlikely; for even supposing that any woman would like to marry a man who walked about the streets all night, how could he have gone through the preliminary of courtship? Could a woman ever fall in love with a bald of dry nose, even when surrounded by the tip of a red nose supposed to belong to one of the male sex? If he has descendants, would we not recognize in some of our fellow-citizens the peculiar figure and bearing of the ancestor?

The nearest approach to these characteristics is to be observed in a race of youths who exist upon the pavements of Chestnut street. In their squat figures, stoncular commencing to curve under the chin, legs which are not made for service, as they certainly are not for show, their little round hats, and air of frenzied Espinuzans,—we have sometimes thought that we recognized degenerate descendants of the last watchman. Knowing that family tendencies are transmitted from one generation to another, we have been confirmed in our belief, for we have observed that these youths roam incessantly up and down the street as if upon a perpetual "beat."

If it had not been for our recollection of whiffs of bottled stout, we would have been sometimes tempted to believe that the watchmen of the olden time of Philadelphia never did exist in flesh and blood, but that in the old-fashioned days those peripatetic hulks were the great evil, and that when the slow age of the city was succeeded by the fast age, they mournfully departed, withdrawing themselves from unbecomingly scenes.

Whither they have gone, we know not—they have gone! No more shall we see their burly forms wending their way through the gloaming, or through the lights and shadows of the night! No more shall we torture them with questions impossible to answer! No more shall we upset them in their boxes, and trundle them along the pavement! No more shall their mysterious presence mingle with our life, except in the reveries of childhood, when we still hear their husky voices falling away upon the murky air! Guardians of the peace, then so seldom broken, know at least that many there are who regret that ye departed! Spirit or flesh—farewell!

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