



ALTOONA, PA.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1862.

Britain Scared.

It was evident to all who have read the proceedings in Parliament, on the occasion of the reception of the news of the naval engagement between the Monitor and Merrimack, in Hampton Roads, that the British are considerably scared.

The same conclusion which was arrived at in this country, on the occasion referred to, has been forced upon all foreign nations, that the days of wooden ships are over. Sir F. Smith said that "the great question had been brought to an issue," and Mr. Laird remarked "this engagement has now settled forever the relative capabilities of wooden and iron ships in war."

The forest must now yield to the mine. Even the immense iron-plated vessels, on which the English have spent so much, are not able to stand vessels of the character of the Monitor or Merrimack, and in Mr. Gregory's opinion, while the Warrior might have withstood an attack of the Merrimack, he said "if the Warrior and Monitor had met, there is little doubt that the smaller vessel would have plunged her shot into the unprotected parts of the Warrior, and would, in fact, have overcome the pride of the British navy."

To prevent such a catastrophe, in the event of a collision, which might happen, it is proposed to give the Warrior a still heavier coat of plating, and a powerful beam, and otherwise strengthen her, although she has already cost a frightful sum, and is exceedingly troublesome to manage when at sea.

In reference to fortifications they scarcely know what to do. They are now erecting several and strengthening others at great cost, and they are in doubt as to whether they will avail anything when finished. Capt. Jervis asks "what is the use of having them, if you could have others, equally solid, movable at will, and able to run past a fixed fortress?"

Colonial fortifications, it was conceded, were ridiculous to continue; such vessels as the Monitor would render them utterly useless, and soon give the United States a superiority on the lakes, which Canada must meet with Monitors built by herself. The United States is now admitted to be superior to all other nations in naval strength, a single vessel being considered too much for all the "wooden walls" of England, and it becomes her to keep up her supremacy. Having at a single leap gone a step higher than her rivals, let her not come down again. Monitors, or improvements thereon, are the vessels for naval warfare, and the more we spend on them and the less we throw away on fortifications, the better will we be prepared to assume the offensive or defensive against a foreign power.

One vessel like the Monitor would more securely protect any of our harbors than all the fortifications now erected in any of them, and against vessels of the same class as the Monitor, fortifications are perfectly useless. In the hands of the rebels, the Monitor could run up the Delaware and burn Philadelphia, or up East River and burn New York City, or up the Potomac and burn the Capitol, and the fortifications along those rivers would not check her progress in the least.

Well may the English Parliament get excited on the question of iron clad vessels, since that government is so well aware of the insult she gave this nation in the time of her weakness—an insult which will be wiped out some day, if it should be by the appearance of a dozen or two of Monitors in the port of Liverpool, after the manner of the Rinaldo at Boston Harbor, and the Warrior at Hampton Roads, last fall.

While it is evident that the British Lion is scared, it is nevertheless amusing to read the contemptuous sneers and epithets which the Sira and Earls use when speaking of the Merrimack and Monitor. And they are jealous, also. They will not admit that iron-clad boats are the product of American inventiveness. According to one of the members of Parliament, iron-clad boats for naval warfare were long since suggested by an Englishman, and it remained for the Yankees to give them a trial. Since we have so far outstripped the great naval nation in her own line, we can afford to let her claim that one of her sons first conceived the idea of iron-clad boats, though we are inclined to doubt it.

Peterson's National Magazine for May contains quite a variety for the ladies in the way of fashion plates and needle work patterns. It is the best Magazine for the price that could be published. It has not been effected by the crisis.—Try it a year, ladies. Only \$2.00 per annum.—C. J. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Brotherline on his Marrow Bones—A Parting Salute to Gumbo.

The editor of the *Whig* has been engaged, ever since he got control of the sheet that he boasts he got "to make pay," in a series of articles complaining generally of mankind, filled with the softest adulations of himself, badly written homilies on honor and honesty, the world, flesh and the devil.

The object of this was to bring the *Whig* into notice and notoriety. In this effort, we felt it our duty to render any assistance we could, influenced by the kindest motives. John didn't so take it. Much to our surprise we found the fellow getting angry, and he actually went so far as, while insisting that his exhibitions of vanity and parasitical whinnings of virtue about himself were true, to challenge us to show in what respect his practice didn't accord with his theory.

We considered this bold on his part—very bold—so we plumped at him several questions to test these peculiar traits in his character, which he says his name is the synonyme of—but which the world seems to think he is a perfect stranger to—honesty and truth. Two of these questions had been pointedly addressed to him, week after week, by his next door neighbor, the *Standard*, and yet he slyly refused to answer them. Last week he slyly snatched himself up to the sticking point so far as to deny that he started his paper for the purpose of "laying black mail," or that he asserted in the office of an attorney, in Hollidaysburg, that he would not support Mr. Hall unless for the "hard cash."

We rejoice for the sake of that morality "J. B." is so tender of, that at last he has induced himself to notice the questions that before he only "understood" notice the questions, addressed to him. He makes his denial very short, it evidently being unpleasant for the gentleman to dwell on the theme. He again branches out into a brilliant statement of the "whys," and the "wherefores," and the "because" that show him to be an honest, industrious and energetic man, and says if those good qualities of his will make the paper pay, pay, then his original intentions will be gratified.

We are sorry to have to repeat, "J. B.," that you did publicly boast in the streets of your own town, in the presence of good and reliable men, that you intended to make your paper pay somehow; and further, that you did assert in the office of a reliable and truthful lawyer of the same place, that the condition of your going for Mr. Hall, for any office, was the "hard cash." You may have forgotten, "J. B.," but such is the fact. You may never have intended it. We do not think that you seriously thought that would bring the dust.

Now, sir Jack, dance up to time and give us a truthful answer to the other questions, especially that one of how you were on the Tonnage Tax Bill during the winter of 1861, and whether you favored the passage of that bill while a member of the Lobby, at Harrisburg? As you have no contracts on hand now, can't you spare the time? We don't understand what you mean by the "old politicians" all being this way and that way. Pray when did you leave that fraternity? From the days you made that noble run for Sheriff, down to those latter times, you have, year after year, been a standing and unsuccessful candidate for almost every office in the people's gift. The people don't seem to have confidence in you "J. B." Strange, ain't it? Queer world, this "J. B."—made up of a variety of men and a variety of horses—and plenty of "hard cash," "J. B."—plenty of "hard cash."

We have thus far looked in vain over the State to see the advocates of a special tax on the tonnage of the Pennsylvania Rail Road, give the reasons why the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg, that seemed to favor such a policy, should have opposed the making of the tonnage tax general, and laying the same embargo on the tonnage of all roads in the State alike. It was alleged that it was necessary to repeal the bill of 1861 because the State needed revenue, but when the Senate, acting on this principle of raising the revenue, provided an easy manner of raising a large sum annually—at least one million of dollars—by compelling the tonnage of all railroads to contribute alike, the co-ordinate branch of the Legislature not only refused to concur but peremptorily killed the whole question by refusing to appoint a committee of conference even. Principle, not passion, actuated these men, doubtless. The people will take care of them in future.

Hopkins went to Harrisburg boasting that he intended to elect himself Governor by repealing the Tonnage Tax Bill of 1861. When a proposition is made to him to put the tonnage tax on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, but also on the other Railroads in the country, he says "No, that is more than I bargained for—more than I want—it is a fight against the one company that I have on hand. We are not surprised that the papers of that gentleman's own county even are silent as to a violation of his course.

A fast way this, of riding into the gubernatorial chair. That this reckless politician, the father of corruptions practiced along the Canal and Portage Railroad, 'tis said, when in the hands of the State, should raise himself to place or power by his course of last winter, we consider absurd. And yet he thinks so. We will bide our time and see. Heaven protect the country if such a demagogue should get in power.

"Bother'em," of the *Whig*, says that we are charged by the Company (the "great Corporation" we suppose he means) with being one of the important instruments through which he is to be annihilated. Why, the poor fellow. Is he vain enough to suppose that the Company knows there is such a man as he in this county, or that there is such a paper as the "Blair County Whig" in existence. Golly, "how we apples swim." The fellow is crazy, certainly. The Company will charge us with being an important instrument through which to annihilate him, out of fear of his influence, about the time the "Great American Traveler" and standing candidate for President, Mr. Pratt, is elected to that office, or when Richard Rice converts the world to the doctrine of the "Seven-Day Baptists."

Godey's Lady's Book.—Godey continues a No. 1 in the Lady's Book line. He has been catering for the fair sex so long that he now knows better what they want than they do themselves.—His Book is always a treat. It can be had through us, by our subscribers, at \$2.00 per annum. Price \$3.00. L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

Hon. Lemuel Todd, of Carlisle, has been appointed Colonel of the 84th Regiment, commanded by the late Col. Wm. G. Murray.

War News.

The armies of the Union are gradually closing in around the rebels. Since our last issue there has been no general engagements, although there has been considerable skirmishing. Some of these skirmishes were, in the days of the Revolution, have been styled pitched battles, but since the battles of Bull Run, Doelson, Winchester, Newbern, and Pittsburg Landing, they are only recorded as skirmishes.

Commander Stellwagon has occupied Apalachicola, Florida, without opposition. The army under General Banks has advanced as far as New Market, Va., and Jackson is rapidly retreating.

General McDowell has occupied Fredericksburg, on the south bank of the Rappahannock, and established his headquarters there for the present.—He will push forward, toward Richmond, as fast as possible.

Commodore Foote is shelling Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi; although not so strong a position as Island No. 10, it will require as much time to reduce it as it did the latter place.

General Mitchell now occupies about 100 miles of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and has been making advances further south on the route of telegraph lines. He has intercepted several important dispatches.

General Buel is about to make an important movement, the nature of which cannot be made public.

General McClellan is getting his tremendous army in position before Yorktown. How soon he will make a general advance on the enemy's works, outsiders do not know, and it is better that they do not. In our opinion, certain work is yet to be done by Gen. Burnside, McDowell and Banks ere Yorktown comes down.

THE BATTLES FOR THE UNION.—That we are fighting as well as an industrious and energetic people, the war record of the last year abundantly proves. Twenty-six important battles have been fought, in all of which, except eight that occurred soon after the commencement of hostilities, the Federal arms were victorious. Our losses previous to the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, were in killed, 2,490; wounded, 4,196; prisoners, 1,440; while the rebel losses has been, in killed and wounded, 12,429; prisoners, 23,707. There have been, during the year, innumerable skirmishes and the following important battles:

Table listing battles and dates: 1 Fort Sumter, South Carolina, April 12-13, 1861; 2 Big Bethel, Virginia, June 10; 3 Cerro Gordo, Iowa, April 9, 1862; 4 Rich Mountain, Virginia, July 12; 5 Peck's Ford, July 14; 6 Bull Run, July 21; 7 Springfield, Missouri, August 10; 8 Lexington, September 19; 9 Santa Rosa Island, Florida, September 20; 10 Ball's Bluff, Virginia, October 21; 11 Fredericktown, Missouri, October 21; 12 Fort Royal, South Carolina, November 7; 13 Belmont, Missouri, December 20; 14 Dranesville, Virginia, November 28; 15 Mill Spring, Kentucky, January 19, 1862; 16 Fort Henry, Tennessee, February 6; 17 Roanoke Island, North Carolina, February 7-8; 18 Fort Donelson, Tennessee, February 15-16; 19 Valverde, New Mexico, February 20; 20 Pea Ridge, Arkansas, March 6-8; 21 Hampton Roads, Virginia, March 8-9; 22 Newbern, North Carolina, March 14; 23 Winchester, Virginia, March 23; 24 Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, April 4-7; 25 Surrender of Island No. 10, April 7; 26 Surrender of Fort Pulaski, Georgia, April 11.

Our Army Correspondence

HILTON HEAD, S. C., April 14th, 1862. Messrs. Editors.—Since last writing to you we have had some excitement to relieve the monotony of camp life, which had become rather painful here. As I stated in my last, Maj. Gen. Hunter assumed command of this department on the 31st day of March and Brig. Gen. Benham relieved Gen. Sherman of his command on the same day. Since that time new life seems to have been infused into the troops here, and in fact into everything connected with this department.

The preparations for attacking Fort Pulaski were vigorously prosecuted, and on the morning of the 10th of April everything was in readiness for immediate action. A summons to surrender was addressed to the commander of the Fort, but was respectfully declined. The bombardment at once commenced, and was kept up during the entire day, and part of the night. Our shots were well aimed and did good execution, one of them cutting the halliards from the flag-staff, and causing the rebel flag to drop to the ground. On the morning of the 11th firing was resumed at an early hour. I was anxious to witness the bombardment, and procuring a conveyance, I went to Braddock's Point, which is the extreme southern point of Hilton Head Island. The Fort is distant from the point about six miles, and as the day was clear, we had a splendid view of the fight. The firing was kept up steadily until 2.10 P. M. when the rebel flag was lowered, and the white flag of defeat was hung out. Our forces at once took possession of the Fort—the garrison surrendering at discretion. The only casualties during the entire fight, were one man killed and one wounded on our side, and three wounded on the side of the rebels.

During the second day's fight five of the Federal feet came down the Savannah river, exchanged shots with our gunboats lying above the fort, and then retired. The entire garrison, consisting of one Colonel, and 360 rank and file, are now prisoners and go north on the Steamer "McClellan" to-day. Yesterday evening two companies, forming part of the garrison, were brought to this place, and handed over to the care of the Provost Guard. In conversation with some of them I learn that the Fort was badly damaged, a large breach being made in the wall, thereby exposing the magazine. Several shots struck the magazine and the danger of its exploding caused them to surrender. They speak very highly of the accuracy of our firing.—The breach in the wall, they say was made by the conical balls fired from two of "James' rifled cannon," which they say are very accurate and powerful. The conical shot penetrated the wall like so many wedges, and made the brick dust fly right merrily. Several of their guns were injured and others dismounted by the shots from our batteries.

The rebel prisoners are a motley looking crowd, no two of them having uniforms exactly alike.—The prevailing color is a dirty grey. They are mostly from Georgia, though I am sorry to say that I find the Orderly Sergeant of one of the Companies to be a native of Philadelphia, which place he left less than a year ago to join the rebel army. Much indignation was expressed by our men when they found a Pennsylvanian who advocated and fought for Secession.

The general appearance of the men is good. They all seem to be stout hearty men, and do not seem to be downcast by their misfortunes. They say that the reports circulated amongst us, that two companies in the fort were disaffected is entirely untrue. The 7th Regiment Conn. Vols. now have possession of the fort, and the blockade of the Savannah river is now rendered more effective than ever.

All praise to our artilleryists, who fought like heroes on the first day of the fight, although the enemy had had two men to our one. We should have Monday and last night heavy rains fell which rendered the roads impassable. General Johnson made his boats, on Sunday morning, that he would prisoners; but he signally failed and lost his life in the attempt.

As to the number killed and wounded on each side, we have the wildest guesses, but our best judges put the figures of killed at 1500 Rebels and 1200 Union troops. No doubt there are as many as 6,000 wounded on both sides. This makes the

two companies in the fort were disaffected is entirely untrue. The 7th Regiment Conn. Vols. now have possession of the fort, and the blockade of the Savannah river is now rendered more effective than ever. All the Regiments on this Island went to Tybee to participate in the fight, but the fort was given up without their firing a shot. The 7th went down on the morning of the 9th, excepting the two companies A and F which are still doing duty as Troop Company.

I understand that several more of the abolition missionaries or as they are commonly known here "Gideon's band" arrived here by the last steamer. Fortunately for the negroes and the country, Gen. Hunter has set his foot on the whole tribe, and they are beginning to travel north again. Under the charge of the government agents, the plantations are being rapidly prepared for the planting of cotton. Large numbers of negroes are now busily at work, both on the plantations and around the wharf here. Gen. Hunter does not think it the duty of soldiers to work at menial labor when there are so many idle negroes as we have here. Consequently he has ordered the soldiers back to their regiments and their places to be filled with negroes. The general health of the troops is good. Very little sickness exists here now.

By the mail yesterday we received papers of the 9th giving accounts of the taking of Island No. 10, and also of the great battle at Pittsburg Landing. The accounts of McClellan's movements toward Yorktown are also very encouraging. But the mail is about to close and I must follow suit.

WE are indebted to our clever friend, Geo. C. Ferrer, Esq., for permission to take the following extracts from a letter received by him from his brother, who dates his communication

HEAD-QUARTERS 1st DIV., GEN. GRANT'S EXERCISES, PITTSBURG, TENN., APRIL 9, 1862. After the intense anxiety, labor and exposure of the late great battle fought here, I shall endeavor, in my lonely way, to give, in a condensed form, on this sheet of paper, how we were suddenly attacked at 6 o'clock on last Sunday morning (8th inst.) by Generals Beauregard, Johnson and Bragg, with one hundred and twenty-five thousand men—the flower of their forces—who were well supported by cannon. The attack was so sudden—or else they caught us napping, through want of good generalship, or both—that the enemy drove in or repulsed division after division of our forces until at 5 o'clock P. M. they had us surrounded and whipped, having driven us back three miles, almost to the river bank. (Some foolish cowards attempted to swim the river, at the time of the panic, and were drowned.) The rebels, at this time, were strongly flanking us from the south, by the river, when a savior, in the shape of a gunshot, opened on them with eight 64-pounders, throwing shells of that calibre to their front as soon as they got the range. This so completely routed and scared them that they fled back a mile or more in confusion, and an hour elapsed before they recovered their lost ground. During this repulse our boys were not idle. They immediately commenced fortifying on the bluff of the river in front of our siege guns, and digging rifle pits for the infantry. (This should have been done days before.) Happily at this time the enemy left the river bank flanking operation and moved against our centre and breastworks, in force. But this time they met with strong opposition, at long range, from our siege guns, which were now used with good effect. After being held but a few minutes, they commenced to flank us from the right, or north, and would soon have whipped us, had it not been for the fresh Union troops who, at this juncture, made their appearance on the opposite side of the river. Regiment after regiment kept pouring in, and cheer after cheer, and praise to God went up from many loyal hearts. Many men cried for joy, as all had expected to be taken prisoners and sent to New Orleans to die. We now felt released, and felt that General Buel and his forces had come to deliver us from the pen of traitors.

General Buel was among us, with his staff, at 6 o'clock that evening, and begged and implored the infantry to fight them long enough for him to get his fresh troops across the river. Our columns then took courage, and met the enemy at the point of the bayonet, and the fresh troops scattered themselves into the fight as fast as they were ferried across the river. At 7 o'clock enough had crossed to keep the enemy in check for the night. The rebels having learned that we were reinforced were willing to desert fighting shortly after dark.

In General Buel's remarks, upon his arrival, he alleged that he used to whip Beauregard and Gen. Johnson at West Point, and he could do again; and the assertion was proven the next day. The battle commenced at 6 A. M. the next morning, at which time Buel had crossed 20,000 good troops, eager for the fray. The battle commenced in good earnest, and one feature of it was that our troops were done retreating. Some of the Ohio regiments that run the day previous, when they came in danger, now stood their ground, and after fighting for three hours, charged on the rebels and drove them back half a mile. At 10 o'clock Gen. Lew Wallace's brigade flanked and routed a column from the right wing and took several hundred prisoners. After 12 o'clock the rebels stood their ground and fought desperately for three hours. Upon this hard contested ground we had lost four batteries of artillery on the preceding day, and they seemed loth to give them up again. At 3 o'clock we had recovered all our batteries, and the enemy was slowly retreating over their many hundred dead bodies, but they contested every inch of ground with shot, shell, grape and musketry. They fought well, but they also found that the farmers, greasers, mechanics, &c., styled Loncolines of the North, could fight also. At 5 o'clock they began to retreat faster, when our arm of the service (cavalry) "pitched in," with some of General Buel's forces, and took a number of prisoners. They were whipped out and driven off.

We here think the elephant's back is broken.—The enemy lost their best and bravest field officer, General A. Sidney Johnson, who is truly killed—shot through the head. Old Governor Johnson is wounded. He ranked as Colonel. There are many colonels killed on both sides, and numerous others officers of lower rank. We had one 25th Gen. mortally wounded, viz; W. H. L. Wallace, formerly of the 11th Indiana regiment. He was all praise to our artilleryists, who fought like heroes on the first day of the fight, although the enemy had had two men to our one. We should have Monday and last night heavy rains fell which rendered the roads impassable. General Johnson made his boats, on Sunday morning, that he would prisoners; but he signally failed and lost his life in the attempt.

As to the number killed and wounded on each side, we have the wildest guesses, but our best judges put the figures of killed at 1500 Rebels and 1200 Union troops. No doubt there are as many as 6,000 wounded on both sides. This makes the

battle the most fierce and bloody ever fought on this continent. It is said that there is no battle recorded in history in which there was so much artillery used as at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. We had forty batteries, of 6 guns each, besides the siege guns.

What indescribable horrors are here to be seen. Men mangled in every manner, and dead horses piled up in stacks. The Fort Donelson victory dwindles into insignificance.

I have not time now to give a longer detail. In the beginning of the battle we had had generalship. We should have been ready to receive the rebels on our outposts, but we were not. Our generals should have known the strategy used by the opposing generals on all occasions. In our regiment there were 8 killed and 26 wounded, and 46 horses disabled.

It is said that all the Rebel Generals fear Gen. Buel but not Gen. Grant.

F. W. FERREE, Capt. Co. D, 4th Ill. Cavalry.

"CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT," In front of Yorktown, April 17, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I seat myself for the purpose of communicating some information respecting our whereabouts. We (the head quarters of the army of the Potomac) are encamped about three miles from, and directly in front of, Yorktown, where we are surrounded by a large body of troops. The Head Quarters left Alexandria about the first of April and proceeded down the Potomac to Fortress Monroe. The next day after our arrival the General and staff, with baggage, &c., disembarked and immediately started on a tour through the enemy's country. The General's baggage, our printing press and materials, and the telegraph instruments, being the first loaded on the wagons, we were the first to move off with the train, which started about 6 o'clock in the evening. Night overtook us before we had proceeded as far as what was once known as Hampton, then a beautiful little town about four or five miles from the Fortress. Shortly after the breaking out of the war the rebels, under General Magrader, set fire to and completely destroyed it, leaving nothing but the bare walls as silent yet impressive monuments of Southern treachery and arch-rebellion. As it was dark when we passed by this place I was unable to acquire any knowledge respecting its former appearance, but have been told that it was a beautiful little town, and enjoyed considerable notoriety as a watering place. We encamped for the night about three miles beyond Hampton, in an open field. Having but few tent-poles with us, the greater part of those composing the train had to repose on the ground, in the open air, or erect such shelter from the dew as the surroundings afforded. The next morning we opened up our camp and prepared for work against the enemy, rather indirectly, however. We erected our printing press, and after surrounding it with guards at a proper distance, proceeded to print the countersigns and signals. What do you think of the idea, gentlemen, of printing in the open fields of the enemy? Verily the press is mighty, wielding a most powerful influence in all the affairs of man. After packing up again we resumed our march, trudging along very slowly, as you may suppose, in consequence of the miserable condition of the roads.—We understood that General Magrader had passed over the same road the day previous, on his way to Yorktown. By night we arrived at Bethel Church, and encamped on the Big-Bethel battle-ground.—Here we reposed during the night in peaceful quietude. In the morning we resumed our journey, and finally, after marching and halting, then marching again, we arrived at this place. Here we are, all differently encamped within three miles of Yorktown. The other day a portion of our troops had an engagement with the enemy, which lasted, at intervals, from early morning to late at night. The engagement was within three miles to the left of us, on which occasion our men took two of their batteries, losing a number of men on both sides. I am told by an eye-witness that the Fourth Maine was literally cut up. We have quite an interesting situation here, the balls and shells whistling by us every day. Yesterday, while several of the engineers were out surveying, a shell fell among them, fatally wounding two and slightly wounding others. As soon as the rebels observed the result of the missile, they set up a most terrific yelling. Forthwith one of our batteries pitched into them, but with what effect was not ascertained—however, it soon shut them up. It is universally believed that we will have some desperate fighting before we get possession of Yorktown, but we feel confident of success. Our regiment, the 62d Pennsylvania, is about half a mile from here, on the extreme right of us, and when the fight commences will have some hot work to perform.—Several shells have fallen among them already, but without injuring any. I have been to see our boys several times, and find them all hale and hearty, a little the worse for the wear, however, but all eager for the fray. I look for company M to prove that it is nobly worthy of Blair county. Gentlemen, speaking of bravery, I take the liberty of whispering in your ear that I know a couple of lieutenants in that company whose courage is faultless; but in a general point of view, company M is not lacking in that essential article.

Yours, &c., BLAIN.

We stated a few weeks since, that the company recruited in this and Huntington county for Young's Kentucky Cavalry and volunteers transferred to the 1st Regiment D. C. Volunteers, had been transferred from thence to Capt. Seymour's Battery, 5th Regiment U. S. Artillery. Lieut. John M. Clark and James S. Moore, of this place, are members of the company, the first a lieutenant and the latter a high private, or something else.—From the latter we receive a line occasionally, informing us of the whereabouts of the company; and we are sorry that we received his last epistle just too late for our issue. As it has lost part of its interest by delaying it, we will give only a few extracts:

Some two weeks since the regiment was ordered to Manassas, and right glad the men were, as since they had been connected with the battery they had no tents and were compelled to sleep under the caissons. The regiment forms part of General McClellan's division. Their trip to Manassas, from Alexandria, he describes as anything but pleasant on account of the mud. In passing along they stopped to examine the rebel fortifications, at Fairfax and Centreville, and found some of them quite formidable, although the rebels had made an effort to destroy them, before they left. In a number of them the wooden cannon still remained. The winter quarters of the rebels, built of logs and boards, had the appearance of being quite comfortable. All the towns and houses along the road larger beer sellers, and most of the houses were minus windows and doors, which had been taken

for firewood. A church at Fairfax had the roof of everything that would burn, and the walls were covered with autographs of the rebels, written with pencils and charred fagots. There were numerous in this locality, each one on a board or stone at the head on which was inscribed the name of the person and the regiment to which he belonged, most of them being from South Carolina and Louisiana. He compares the New York, Centreville to Manassas to that between Alexandria and the Back Horn Tavern. Those who are acquainted with the latter road will know that it is not a desirable one to travel.

The rebels appear to have had plenty of provisions, as is evidenced by the charred remains of large piles of bacon and flour. The forts at Manassas Junction are not so formidable as those at Centreville. Whiskey and lager beer were "nipped" down there, and daily papers a dime. Letters sent to any of the members of the company should be directed in care of Lieut. J. M. Clark, Capt. Seymour's 5th Reg. U. S. Artillery, Gen. McClellan's Division, Washington, D. C.

Yorktown. We published an article on "Yorktown 1781," in our last issue, taken from the *New York Herald*. We this week print before an extensive readership written column from the N. Y. *Tribune* on the same subject. Now, as then, the great struggle for American liberty centres around Yorktown. Both parties understand this. Both Yorktown and their best military skill and the flower of their talent gathered around them. On this decisive day will probably occur the most desperate combat of the war, and we trust and believe a complete overthrow of the rebels. McClellan's great forte is in a campaign of this character. His work on the crineman war, and the siege of Sebastopol, together with his whole past history, sufficient evidence to us that our armies will be crowned at this important point with great and signal a success in 1862, as the immortal "Father of his country" was blessed with, more than eight years ago.

History repeats itself; and, in the siege now in progress before Yorktown, we have on a much larger scale, the repetition of the siege of Yorktown, we cannot doubt, in like manner—the triumph of Liberty over its enemies.

On the 28th of September, 1781, Gen. Washington marched from Williamsburg to Yorktown, the even then old Yorktown. He was accompanied by Rochambeau, Chateaux Du Portail and the French army. Lafayette was already in the advance, and the Count de Rochambeau, with the French fleet in Lynhaven Bay. The British, including militia, amounted to about 16,000 men. The English army did not number less than 7,500.

The main body of the English, under Lord Cornwallis, was encamped in the open fields around the town, within a range of over one mile and field-works calculated to command the point. Gloucester Point, projecting into the Chesapeake Bay, far into the river, and narrowing to a space of one mile. Communication between the shore and the batteries and English ships of war, was protected by the batteries. The allied army of Washington and the French, Americans having the right of the town to the left—and pressed on us eagerly that in the night of the 30th, Lord Cornwallis withdrew from his outer lines, and the works he had evacuated were next day occupied by the besieging army, which invested the position in a narrow line. The British were stationed on the Gloucester side for the purpose of keeping up a rigorous blockade, which was a sharp skirmish, terminating unfavorably for the British, they made no further attempt to interrupt.

On the night of Oct. 6, the first parallel was opened within 600 yards of the British lines, and by the evening of the 9th several batteries and redoubts were completed, and the fire of the allied army became very effective compelling the enemy to make a case to withdraw his cannon from the embankment and shells and hot shot passing over the town, set fire to the Chaser frigate, of 44 guns, and several transports, which were entirely consumed. The second parallel was opened on the evening of the 11th, within 300 yards of the British lines, when, finding that it was flanked by two advanced redoubts in front of the British works it was abandoned on the 14th to carry them by storm, and the next day occurred the surrender of 8,000 men, as Lieut. Colonel, the other French, led by the Baron de Viomenil, toward the close of the day rushed upon their works, and, though receiving a hot and rapid fire, returned a single shot, which carried them at the point of the bayonet.—France leading the American column with his battery of light-infantry. These captured works being now included in the second parallel, the fire upon the fort became so fierce that a surrender became unavoidable. A vigorous sortie led by Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, was made on the 16th of October, but was triumphantly repulsed, and Lord Cornwallis then conceived the desperate idea of passing his force over to Gloucester Point, and thus mounting them on the impregnable heights, which would have placed them within a few miles of Philadelphia. A part of the army were actually thus transferred when a violent storm arose, which put an end to the transportation of the rest of the army, and as soon as possible those sent over were recalled. On the morning of the 17th the fire of the allied army became so hot that the place was no longer tenable, and Lord Cornwallis asked a cessation of hostilities, for twenty-four hours, and the appointment of Commissioners to treat of a surrender, which was unavoidable. A vigorous sortie led by Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, was made on the 16th of October, but was triumphantly repulsed, and Lord Cornwallis then conceived the desperate idea of passing his force over to Gloucester Point, and thus mounting them on the impregnable heights, which would have placed them within a few miles of Philadelphia. A part of the army were actually thus transferred when a violent storm arose, which put an end to the transportation of the rest of the army, and as soon as possible those sent over were recalled. On the morning of the 17th the fire of the allied army became so hot that the place was no longer tenable, and Lord Cornwallis asked a cessation of hostilities, for twenty-four hours, and the appointment of Commissioners to treat of a surrender, which was unavoidable.

Gen. Washington replied that only for 48 hours could be consent to suspend hostilities, and transmitted at the time such articles of capitulation as he would be willing to grant. Commissioners were appointed in conformity with the 12th article—Viscount de Moutielles and Col. Laurens of the side of the Allies, Col. Dundas, and Major Ross, on behalf of the English. They agreed upon certain articles, of which a rough copy only was made, but this Gen. Washington transmitted to Lord Cornwallis early on the 19th, expressing his expectations that the terms would be agreed to and signed by 11 o'clock, and that the garrison would march out by 2 p. m. Accordingly at that hour the posts of Yorktown and Gloucester Point, with their garrison, and the ships in their harbor, with their seamen, were surrendered to the allied naval forces of America and France. The army, artillery, arms, military chest, and public stores of every kind, were surrendered to the allied army, and the ships in their harbor, with their seamen, were surrendered to the allied naval forces of America and France. The army, artillery, arms, military chest, and public stores of every kind, were surrendered to the allied army, and the ships in their harbor, with their seamen, were surrendered to the allied naval forces of America and France.

robbed of everything that would burn, and the walls were covered with autographs of the rebels, written with pencils and charred fagots. There were numerous in this locality, each one on a board or stone at the head on which was inscribed the name of the person and the regiment to which he belonged, most of them being from South Carolina and Louisiana. He compares the New York, Centreville to Manassas to that between Alexandria and the Back Horn Tavern. Those who are acquainted with the latter road will know that it is not a desirable one to travel.

The rebels appear to have had plenty of provisions, as is evidenced by the charred remains of large piles of bacon and flour. The forts at Manassas Junction are not so formidable as those at Centreville. Whiskey and lager beer were "nipped" down there, and daily papers a dime. Letters sent to any of the members of the company should be directed in care of Lieut. J. M. Clark, Capt. Seymour's 5th Reg. U. S. Artillery, Gen. McClellan's Division, Washington, D. C.

Yorktown. We published an article on "Yorktown 1781," in our last issue, taken from the *New York Herald*. We this week print before an extensive readership written column from the N. Y. *Tribune* on the same subject. Now, as then, the great struggle for American liberty centres around Yorktown. Both parties understand this. Both Yorktown and their best military skill and the flower of their talent gathered around them. On this decisive day will probably occur the most desperate combat of the war, and we trust and believe a complete overthrow of the rebels. McClellan's great forte is in a campaign of this character. His work on the crineman war, and the siege of Sebastopol, together with his whole past history, sufficient evidence to us that our armies will be crowned at this important point with great and signal a success in 1862, as the immortal "Father of his country" was blessed with, more than eight years ago.

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