A Visit to the Battle Field.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, writing from Fort Donelson, Tenn., under date of Feb. 17th, says:

I was invited on Sunday morning, by Gen McClernand, to take a ride over the battle field. It would be difficult to describe, in a few words, the scenes which have met my view. The battle ground was chiefly confined to the space outside the rebel fortifications, extending up the river bank a distance of two miles, to the point where General McClernand's force rallied from the retirement which they were at first forced into by the impetuous charge of the enemy. It must be remembered that it was here that the grand sortie was made by the rebels up the river bank, with the intention of turning our right flank and cutting their way out. Some ten or twelve thousand men composed the force sent out for this purpose. They advanced under cover of a deadly fire of artillery, and steadily drove Gen. McClernand's force before them a distance of fifty or sixty rods. Our troops here made a stand, and, being reinforced by one or two regiments, began the assault before which the enemy were forced to retreat. The ground was contested with desperation, and the slaughter on both sides was immense. The whole space of two miles was strewed with the dead, who lay in every imaginable shape and form.

Federals and rebels were promiscuously mingled, sometimes grappled in the fierce death throe, sometimes facing each other as they gave and received the fatal thrust, sometimes lying across one another, and again heaped in piles which lay six or seven deep. I could imagine nothing more terrible than the silent indications of agony that marked the features of the pale corpses which lay at every step. Though dead, and rigid in every muscle, they still writhed and seemed to turn to catch the passing breeze for a cooling breath. Staring eyes, gaping mouths, clenched hands, and strangely contracted limbs, seemingly drawn into the smallest compass, as if by a mighty effort to rend assunder some irresistible bond which held them down to the torture of which they died. One sat against a tree, and, with mouth and eye wide open, looked up into the sky, as if to catch a glance at its fleeting spirit. Another clutched the branch of an overhanging tree, and hung himself suspended from the ground. The other hand grasped his faithful mustket, and the compression of the mouth told of the determination which would have been fatal to a foe had life ebbed a minute later. A third cling with both hands to a bayonet which was buried in the ground, in the act of striking for the heart of a rebel foe. Great numbers lay in heaps, just as the fire of the artillery mowed them down, mangling their forms into an almost undistinguishable mass. Many of our men had evidently fallen victims to the rebel sharpshooters, for they were pierced through the head by the rifle bullets, some in the forehead, some in the eyes, others on the bridge of the nose, in the cheeks, and in the mouth. This circumstance verified a statement made to me by a rebel officer among the prisoners, that their men were trained to shoot low and aim for the face, while ours as a general thing, fired at random, and shot over their heads.

The enemy, in their retreat, carried off their wounded, and a great many of their dead, so that ours far outnumbered them on the field. The scene of action had been mostly in the woods, though there were two open places of an acre or two where the fight had raged furiously, and the ground was covered with dead. All the way up to their entrenchments the same scene of death was presented. There were two miles of dead strewn thickly, mingled with firearms, artillery, dead horses, and the paraphernalia of the battle field. It was a scene never to be forgotten—never to be described.

The Old Flag.

The Philadelphia *Sunday Transcript*, of the 16th, says:

The air is filled with exultation, and every heart throbs with joy. The Old Flag—thrice consecrated by the martyrdom of freemen, and hallowed by the blessings of the just and good of every clime—waves defiantly and triumphantly in the wind, over the traitor soil of Southern Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina. Burnside and Goldsborough on the seaboard, and Grant and Foote in the West, have linked their names to immortality, and a nation's gratitude will descend, like a holy blessing, on their heads forever.

Their triumphs fill an ever glorious niche in our country's history—but the grandest feature of them all was the heart warm greeting which the Old Flag met, as it floated in the air far down the Tennessee to Tuscumbia. On that winter day, there were old men tottering to the river's bank and weeping their welcome with a grateful joy—there were tender women and little children to waft their blessings as it passed along—and, on every side, "idolatrous love" for the Old Union and the Old Flag leapt madly from myriads of hearts.

All of these people, too, were martyrs as well as patriots. Their homes had been given to the flame, and the oppressor's hand had been firmly fixed upon their throats—Driven forth from their homes, hunted like wild beats, despoiled of their possessions, but true to the faith of their fathers and the country of their birth—the Old Flag came to them like a fulfilled hope, and their hearts grew strong once more, until the air and the heavens vibrates with their shouts.

We can well picture the scene which the Old Flag inspired, and we thank God with earnest hearts that, after all that has been written and said to the contrary, there is still a long, strong, warm and enthusiastic devotion still existing in the far South for the Union of these States. Let us foster this love with a tender care, and, when the Greelys, the Sumners, the Cheevers, the Lovejoys, the Gurleys, and the rest of that like preach to, and endeavor to pursuade us into the commission of acts of injustice towards these men—acts of violation and in abrogation of the Old Constitution, let us all point them with patriotic pride to the privations and the wrongs, to the oppressions and brutalities endured for many long and weary months by the faithful and true, old and young, who, with tears in their eyes and blessings on their lips, welcomed the Old Flag in Tennessee and Alabama, as the harbinger and the hope of a restoration of the Old Union and the Old Constitution, as they existed ere patricidal hands attempted their destruction.

☞ It used to be the case that when men were convicted of stealing they were punished by imprisonment. Now we are more likely to send them abroad as foreign ministers.

The Watchman.

C. T. ALEXANDER, JOE W. FUREY, } Editors.

BELLEFONTE, March 6th, 1862.

DEATH of GEN. LANDER.—The country will be pained to learn that Gen. Lander, one of the most gallant and impetuous officers in the U. S. Army, died, on the 2d inst., at his camp, in Virginia, of congestion of the brain. His loss will be severely felt, both by the country and in army circles.

DEATH IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—President Lincoln's son, WILLIE, aged 12 years, died on Friday afternoon the 21st ult. His disease was an intermittent fever, of a typhoid character. The people of the country will sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln in their great bereavement. The President's third son, who has also been very ill is recovering.

INAUGURATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—Jefferson Davis was inaugurated permanent President of the Southern Confederacy, on Saturday, the 22d ult., at Richmond. It is said that there was not the least enthusiasm; in fact, that the affair was of rather a gloomy nature. Mr. Davis, in his inaugural, speaks cheerfully of the affairs of the Confederacy, and is firm in his belief that Southern independence will be, eventually, achieved. We shall endeavor to make room for his inaugural in our next issue.

Mr. Davis has been sworn into office for six years. Whether he will be allowed to fill out his term, time alone will tell. From present appearances, it is highly probable that his presidency will not last six months.

THE NEWS.—There has been no news of much importance since our last issue. The Government has assumed a military supervision of all the lines of telegraph in the country and will allow no news of any anticipated movements to be published.——Nashville is in undisputed possession of our troops, and the Confederates have evacuated Columbus and Murfresboro.——Hon. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, has been made a Brigadier General, and will be made provisional military Governor of that State until a new State Government can be organized——Gens. Buell and Grant have both been made Major Generals.——It is said that the Union sentiment at the South is gaining ground, and that wherever our troops penetrate they are gladly welcomed.——It is said to be clearly understood between the allied powers that a monarchy in Mexico will result from the invasion of that country notwithstanding the assurances given to the United States that they would not seek any political object there. It is believed that they have disposed of these assurances by saying that the monarchy will be established by the free choice of the Mexican people, just as the Empire was established in France by the free choice of the French people.

A New Phase of Abolitionism.

Various as the ingenuity and the wiles of Satan himself, are the schemes of the Abolitionists in Congress and out of it to effect the abolition of slavery. When we look back over the history of the last nine months, and trace through memory the changes of position upon the war of these enemies of our country, we can scarcely credit what we see and know to be true.

When the war was first inaugurated on the part of rebels and traitors in the South, by their assault upon Fort Sumpter, the position occupied by them was, that the war power of the government was amply sufficient, and that it must be exercised to effect the abolition of slavery—thus ignoring for the time any power in the civil government to effect this object, and trusting it wholly to the military arm of the government. But, unfortunately for them, the rising star of General McClellan would not move at their bidding—he was a Democrat—a Constitutional Union loving man—and could be neither led nor driven from his purpose to put down rebellion and still preserve the Union with the rights of the several States in the Union unimpaired.

They indulged the hope of driving him into this extreme measure until a very late period; but finding at last that their efforts were unavailing, they sought to sow dissatisfaction among the loyal people of the North, by arraigning him before the tribunal of public opinion for tardiness in his movements and incapacity to discharge the duties of his command. They do not even hesitate to hurl their angry darts at President Lincoln—the President of their own choosing—because he defers to General McClellan, and declares that the war should be conducted for the purpose of preserving the Union and the Constitution, and none other.

But the soldiery and the mass of the people having unlimited confidence now in both the President and McClellan, their efforts in sowing dissatisfaction have utterly failed, to their great discomfiture. They at last have given up all hope of accomplishing their cherished purpose by either of these means, and have resorted now to a doctrine fraught with as much danger to our government as the doctrine advocated by the basest rebels of South Carolina. They unhesitatingly assert now both in and out of Congress, that the Southern States, by their act of secession and their attitude of open rebellion against the government, have forfeited all their rights under the Constitution as members of the Union; and in support of this monstrous theory, they advance the argument, that because our government, in sending and receiving flags of truce, in exchanging prisoners, in protecting property, &c., have recognized the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent nation, and that thus having recognized them as belligerents, by according to them the rights of belligerents in war—therefore the Union is broken, and that the Southern States are therefore out of the Union, and not entitled, after we shall have conquered them, to any of the rights enjoyed by them prior to the act of secession, but that we must hold them as conquered provinces or territories.

Then holding the same doctrine advocated by them in the campaign of 1860—that Congress has the power, when a territory applies for admission into the Union as a State, to decide whether it shall be admitted or not as a slave State, they expect in course of time, as the people of the vast territory of the South become tired and worried of territorial life, to admit them back into the Union, with such Constitution as they, the ruling power, shall think meet. This is the theory now adopted to get rid of the institution of slavery.

A little calm reflection will be sufficient to convince any intelligent, unprejudiced mind of the fallacy of their argument, and the error of their position. For instance, if the principle be true upon which they base their argument, then indeed is secession a possible thing, for if it be in the power of any portion of this people, by an act of their own, to dissolve their connexion with the rest of the people of this government, it must have been so from the beginning, and, therefore, sanctioned by the Constitution—if it be sanctioned by the Constitution, then we have no right to compel those by force of arms to remain in the Union, who choose to avail themselves of that constitutional right, to leave the Union, and, therefore, the war would be an unconstitutional act of oppression.

They do not carry their argument quite this far; but it is the inevitable conclusion, logically drawn from the premises they lay down as the basis of their argument. The conclusion at which they arrive is, that all the rebellious States, after the war shall be over and peace again restored, will not occupy that position of equality as sister States of the Union heretofore occupied by them; but that they have forfeited this right by their own act, and are now nothing but a conquered province or territory, or anything else we please to call them.

If this doctrine be true, what will have become of the glorious old Union of thirty-three sovereign States, which we shall have expended so much blood and treasure to preserve. We will then have only twenty two States, instead of thirty-three. One third of the States comprising nearly one half of all this beautiful land, will have ceased to exist as such, and the rebellion will have accomplished a part of its purpose at least, viz: the destruction of the old Union, and the doctrine that a State can dissolve the Union by self destruction, will be established as a precedent for future cases; if one State in this way can commit self murder, so can another, and another, and so on until we will not have one State left to constitute a union with another.

But this doctrine is based upon a delusion and misconceives the very fundamental principles upon which this government is based. The Union was originally formed by the will of the whole people, and nothing but that will can destroy it. No act of secession of any one State or any number of States can destroy this Union. No act of rebellion can put a State out of the Union, and let Abolitionists in Congress and out of it rant as they will, still the Union, when the war shall be over, will remain as of old, with the rights of the several States unimpaired, otherwise the war is not waged upon our part to preserve the Union but to blot out at least eleven States and thus destroy it. No, no, we are not fighting to destroy the Union by dismembering it, but to preserve it in all its glory as a whole. The archest traitor of the South never advocated a more heretical doctrine than this, as this is only the doctrine of secession in another shape.

The leaders of the rebellion have not changed their relation to the government, or annulled the law by their treason, but have made themselves amenable to the law and should be punished by it, and not by this new law of modern date, fitted up by Abolitionists to carry out their one idea. The old law of treason is sufficient for the case in hand, as it will operate only upon the guilty, while this new law, if carried out, would fall equally upon the innocent and the guilty.

Andrew Johnson.

That noble old hero, the Honorable ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, in the course of his remarks in the United States Senate the other day, said:

I am a Democrat now. I have been one all my life; I expect to live and die one; and the corner stone of my Democracy rests upon the enduring basis of the union. Democrats may come and go, but they shall never divert me from the polar star by which I have ever been guided from early life—the great principles of Democracy upon which this Government rests, and which cannot be carried out without the preservation of the Union of these States.

☞ We observe that the Abolition papers are making much ado about the alleged fact that Jim Lane made a New Year's present of $1,500 to the widow Jenkins. They boast of it as a free will offering, and that it goes to show Lane's liberality.

This he may well do after shooting her husband, and afterwards cheating her and her children out of all the real estate they owned in Kansas.

Army Correspondence.

ROANOKE ISLAND, DEP'T N. C., Feb. 15th, 1862.

EDITORS OF WATCHMAN:—The pleasant privilege of writing you again has presented itself. My last was penned on steamer *Cossack*, on the waters of Pamlico Sound, but a few hours previous to our sailing for this point. What has transpired since then is, no doubt, familiar to your readers, and a repetition of the same would be uninteresting; so I will not note affairs peculiar to our glorious victory and our successful occupation of this highly important point, but at once proceed to other matters.

We were agreeably surprised this morning on receiving orders to have prepared three days' cooked rations, and to be in readiness to again embark on board steamer *Cossack*, preparatory to another forward movement. The point to which our next operations are to be directed, will be, in all probability, within the Sound. The naval force, under Commodore Goldsborough, have stormed the batteries at Elizabeth city and Edenton. The former battery had 12 guns and the latter four. Our success has been great, and its effect in bringing the State of North Carolina back to her former allegiance to the Union, will soon be apparent. General Burnside is pursuing the true course to bring about the desired effect. He is affording every protection to the inhabitants within his power, and has issued an order guaranteeing to every loyal citizen due respect to his person and property, and giving to those who take the oath of allegiance, a safe-guard, punishing with death every one who dares to commit any depredation upon them whatsoever. The result of this course will soon be apparent, for I assure you many of the North Carolinians are heartily sick of secession, and await, with throbbing hearts, the hour when they will be free from the powers that control the rebellion and desecrate their soil by its contaminating and blighting curse. If the old North State, with her fine harbors, abundance of lumber, and her great resources, was to hoist the Stars and Stripes upon her soil, she, to-day, would have the prospect of being the greatest commercial State of any of the Southern Commonwealths. Her ports would be open to commerce, her products yield a large and increasing revenue, her mineral and agricultural resources would be rapidly developed, and her soil and citizens freed from the yoke of tyranny. She has all the elements necessary to make her one of the brightest stars upon the proud escutcheon of our nationality. On the other hand if she persists in pursuing her present course, her harbors will be closed, her commerce destroyed, her products yield nothing and her agricultural and mineral interests amount to nothing; her citizens will be bound down by heavy taxation, her fair soil laid a desolate waste; her citizens will lose all protection for their homes and property, and her nationality will be forever destroyed. If her citizens are not blinded by fanaticism, they will spurn secession and look to their interests, the protection of their homes, their firesides, their all—and come back under the protection of that flag, of which it has been sung, "where breathes the foe but falls before it."

I have been in conversation with many of the prisoners, and when away from their officers they say that they want to see the Union preserved. As an example of the way they are forced I will give you an instance from the Newbern *News*. The editor says: "My paper has become very uninteresting, and will no doubt become more so, as the typographer has been drafted into the service. The foreman and hands all the same. I am compelled to drill three hours a day, and perform picket duty, and be editor, foreman, compositor, mailer, and all the duties in detail of the office. The paper must suspend.." If such be the way the press is to be treated, why the cause for which they fight will soon fall to the ground.

The health of the Regiment is good, notwithstanding the changes which this climate is subject to. Yesterday morning I was awakened from my slumbers by the singing of the birds on the trees in the rear of our quarters. The air was pleasant and balmy as in June. The Regiment took a march down the road to the beach and returned at 4 P. M. At 4:30, a chill North Easter commenced sounding a requiem through the leaves of the pines and oaks and around our quarters, sending the chills a creeping over us. At the time of writing the wind blows fiercely, sending the rain against our window glass with a force anything but agreeable.

To morrow is the Sabbath. General Burnside has issued an order requiring its strict observance, with divine service in all the regiments which have chaplains. He says that during his campaign, (unless a necessity prevents), the day must be observed sacredly

The Regiment formed this morning and went down the beach and visited all the Forts. The first we came to, we marched through, and the Colonel ordered three cheers for the flag; the second, three for the navy, the Expedition, the army and every body. There was a general shouting. By the time we had plodded through the Sound to the last fort, a distance of six miles, but by the sand and back slips, about seven and a half, we were satisfied to return and partake of something to satisfy the inner man. A more genial smile covered the face of the soldier as he looked at his bacon and hard crackers, than could be seen when looking at the forts we had stormed for five hours.

The officers—prisoners—have all been sent North. The non-commissioned officers and privates are still here, awaiting the action of the General. I think an exchange will be effected here, saving, as it will, much cost of transportation to the Government. I think special dispatches have been forwarded to the Government respecting it.

This evening I visited the hospital, where sixty of the Union soldiers lay of wounds received in the engagement of the 8th.—Some were shot in the lungs, shoulders, arms, hands, &c. I came up to one sprightly looking fellow of the 10th Connecticut, who was talking to a friend who had called to see him. I said, "Well, my boy, what ails you?" "Have a buck-shot in my ankle, sir, but as lame as I am"—pointing to where the prisoners were—"I can whip three of them at a time, and soon will be at em again." Notwithstanding the serious wounds of the soldiers, the Doctor in charge thinks they will all recover.

As we were coming up to the battle, the balls raining through the air above us, an orderly sergeant of the 10th Connecticut regiment, came rushing back, having received a wound in his head, taking off the skin. He met the surgeon, who examined it and said, "Oh, it wont amount to anything!" So, off he goes on a "double quick" to engage in the scene of conflict. Every man, almost, already engaged, seemed unmindful of danger.

General Burnside congratulates the troops on their bravery, and says he accepts it as an omen of future success and victory. All the regiments on the Island are to have "Roanoke Island, Feb. 8th, 1862," inscribed on their flags. Our flag gets it on.

Our valued friend, respected and disciplined officer, brave, true and tried soldier, Capt. A. B. Snyder, has been obliged to tender his resignation in consequence of ill health. The Colonel said to me this evening that "no one could appreciate his services and gallant conduct better than he could; that he feared he had continued too long in the service consistent with the state of his health." When I spoke to one of his men about the Captain having gone home, the stalwart soldier, who had met the enemy upon foreign soil, and was ready to brave any danger, flushed in the face, and a tear rolled down his cheek as he turned and walked away, unable to restrain his feelings.

Though the Company and Regiment have found worthy representative in Lieut. Blair, whose daring and courage are never doubted, still, the tear of sorrow fills the eyes of many who knew Captain Snyder but to honor and love him.

My letter has grown unusually long. I close by returning to my couch at the still hour of midnight. Yours,

"ROANOKE."

The Lamentations of the Duped.

The Richmond *Examiner*, of a recent date which has been forwarded to us by our Fortress Monroe correspondent, contains an "editorial leader" which commences with the following words:

"From the valiant Senator down to the timid seamstress, the question on every tongue in Richmond is, whether the enemy are likely to penetrate with their gunboats to this quarter?"

It is very obvious that the very vigor of the recent military and naval demonstrations of the Government has produced "a panic terror" throughout the ranks of those who in the seceeded States, have heretofore been most forward in promoting the project of disunion. The complaints of the press, at once loud and bitter, are visibly aimed, in many cases, at the authors of the war, though uttered in the guise of criticism on the "imbecility" of its conduct by the Confederate authorities.

As in Richmond so also in Memphis, at the latest advices from that city. And if there were murmurs and lamentations before the fall of Fort Henry and Donelson, we may easily calculate the popular dissatisfaction likely to ensue in the presence of the impending calamities brought on the people by the Secession agitators. The following extracts from the Memphis *Argus* of January 5th is very significant under this head:

"We spoke and speak of the ill conducting of this war, which has now taken from our homes some three or four thousand of our best and bravest, which *has paralyzed all business*, save that which puts the *money* we can so illy spare into the *pockets of the creatures* of said *President and Cabinet*.—Of this war we spoke when we said so much might have been done in it that has been left undone. *Those at the head of affairs were leaders* TO *the war. We ask how they are leading* THROUGH *it?*"

Or the following jeremiad from the same number of the same paper:

"We have been made to stand still and take such cuffs and kicks as the Northerner chooses to give, when and where he pleased. We have heard our Generals blamed for not doing what it appears they were not permitted to do. The smothered report of Beauregard has made that truth clear enough. We have for months and months been told that England would do our fighting for us on the seas."

And the Memphis *Appeal* is equally despondent with the Memphis *Argus*. The former says:

"The blockade is unbreakable by as yet. In one word, *we're hemmed in*. We've allowed the moment of victory to pass. We were so anxiously watching the operations of England that we stand aghast on turning our eyes homeward again to find ourselves ten fold worse off than we were ere the commencement of Price's last forward march, and that accursedly used sensationism, the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. Day follows day, and, in lieu of being weakened, we find the Federal armies at all points being strengthened, almost every article of manufacturing and domestic necessity quadrupled in price, and our money will soon be exceeding scarce for lack of paper and pasteboard wherewith to make it."

If this was the condition of Tennessee before the recent disasters, what must it be to-day? And the question recurs what has Tennessee or any single Southern State gained by the act of Secession? What can be gained by persistence in the infatuation which promted that suicidal policy?

THE LATE MR. PENNINGTON.—*A Strange Story.*—The death of Ex-Governor Pennington, of New Jersey, last week, is said to have been the result of his taking eight grains of morphine by mistake. He had been complaining of typhoid fever, which at times affected him so severely as to cause temporary aberration of mind.

Sunday morning he appeared to be no better, and a prescription was written for quinine, and sent to the drug store of Dr. C. W. Badger, on Broad street, Newark. The prescription, directing powders, was dispensed and labelled "quinine." Shortly after the powder was administered to the Governor. In the course of a few minutes it was discovered that there was something wrong, and on examination the powders were found to be morphine, eight grains of which had been taken. The sad affair will be fully investigated, when the particulars will be made public.

A RELIC.—The Columbia *Republican* has still standing at its head, "Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil and Freedom." This is the only freedom squeeching relic that we know of now in the State. Two years ago nearly every republican paper had such a motto, but it has of late become such a flaunting lie when compared with their tar and feather organization, and their attempt *to destroy* the freedom of speech, of the press and of the people, that they, to avoid the glaring inconsistency have, we believe the *Republican* excepted, taken down the motto. To maintain consistency they ought now to put up "Free Mobs, Free Plunder, Free Despotism and Free Nigger."—*Sunbury Democrat.*

☞ It is supposed that the reason why Secretary Welles has not yet left the Cabinet is because there is no foreign mission to give him.

War News.

Death of General Lander.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 2, 1862.

General LANDER, who has been unwell for some time, died to day, at 4 P. M., of congestion of the brain, at his camp in Northern Virginia. His wife, formerly Miss Davenport, an actress of celebrity, is here and learned the sad intelligence about 5 P M. He was not considered dangerously ill till 1 P. M. to day, and his wife received the first tidings at two o'clock, and of his death at five, by Secretary Stanton in person, who, with much feeing and delicacy, acquainted her with the facts. She is at the National Hotel, and is prostrated with grief.

Secretary Chase and other distinguished friends subsequently visited her in her affliction.

Gen. Shields succeeds Gen. Lander in command.

Evacuation of Columbus.

Commodore Foote telegraphs from Cairo that this morning he sent a party on a reconnoissance down to Columbus, and found that the Rebels have been several days evacuating the place. All the infantry have gone but the cavalry were still there, keeping up appearances. Their barracks, and a large number of stores, have been burnt.—The guns on the bluff have been taken, but those on the water batteries still remain.

On learning that the Rebels have been using flags of truce for several days, to cover their retreat, Commodere Foote ordered out his fleet, and sent them down to take the place and whatever has been left.

Evacuation of Murfreesboro'

Gen. Buell telegraphs that the Rebels are evacuating Murfreesboro' and are fleeing across the Tennessee river into Northern Alabama. He has not had them surrounded or sent them any such notice as the reporter of the Chicago *Tribune* sent from Cairo. In a few days Middle Tenneesee will be clear of them. Gen. Buell cannot catch them on account of their having railroads to run on, and they take all the rolling stock with them, destroying all the bridges.

Mr. Seward's Novelties.

The spectacle of an army *avowedly* hostile in its mission passing to its destination over a soil it proposed to invade at the first blast of war, would be something *novel* in the history of States. Imagine Russia asking permission of England to make Malta a depot for its navy during the Crimean war, or France transporting its troops for the Italian campaign by way of Salzburg, Vienna and Trieste!—*Evening Journal.*

Mr. Seward is the fruitful inventor of novelties.

The "irrepressible conflict," which proclaimed that free and slave States could not live together in the same Union, was a novelty of Mr. Seward's. No statesman from the days of Washington down, ever dreamed of it.

His speech to the duke of New Castle, "we must insult you," was a novelty.

His threats against Canada were novelties.

His promise to the South Caolina Commissioners, that Fort Sumter should be peaceably evacuated, was a novelty; and its falsification was another.

His prophecies that the war would be over in thirty days was a novelty; as have been all his prophecies since. The fulfilment of one of them would be an agreeable novelty.

His invention of the idea of blockading one's own ports was a novelty in international law, and his treatment of rebels as foreign enemies, while denying the belligerent rights was another.

His letter to Gov. Hicks, sneering at the representatives of monarchies, was a novelty in deplomacy.

His circulars to the governors of States on the subject of frontier defences was another novelty.

His declaration, that the recognition of the South by European powers would be resented by us by a general war upon all Europe, is a novelty in doctrine, and would be a greater one in practice.

His arrest of loyal citizens, in loyal States by telegraph, is a novelty which it is to be hoped may return to plague the inventor.

His invention of a passport system, without law, which annoys loyal citizens and gives free scope to traitors, is another novelty.

His long reply to a demand never made in the Slidell and Mason case, and his dexterous proving our right to seize and our duty to surrender those envoys, is a novelty also.

His countenance of universal corruption at a time of great national necessity, is a great novelty in the minds of all true patriots.

His selection of such diplomatic representatives as Giddings, Helper, Burlingame & Co., is another novelty.

His proposed surrender of the right of privateering, without an equivalant, is a novelty.

His abandonment of the Monroe doctrine is a novelty.

His irritating despatches to foreign courts are novelties in manner and temper and substance.

His invitation to England to send her troops to Canada, through Maine, is maniacal novelty.

Finally, Mr. Seward, acting as a statesman and managing the affairs of a great nation in a great crisis, is a novelty that the world has never yet seen the like of, and probably never will again.

Reviewing Mr. Sewards labor for the last year, we doubt if Dumas or Walter Scott, or the inexhaustible Sylvanus Cobb was half as prolific a novelist as Wm. H. Seward,—*N. Y. Argus.*

The pay of the United States army is mostly greater than any other in the world. The Russian soldier receives only thirty-six dollars a year as pay, and his rations consist solely of black bread. The soldier in the French aymy receives fifty-six cents a month. The pay of our soldiers is twenty times greater. It costs the United States nearly three times as much to maintain a soldier that it does the British Government—and it is to be remembered that the British Government can get money at three per cent, interest, while it costs us six per cent or more.

GEN. JIM LANE.—A few words will dispose of him. His past history proves him to be nothing less than a nigger-stealing horse-stealing, house-burning, woman and children butchering vagabond; and no cause *can* prosper which seeks him for an ally. His only friend and supporters and endorsers are the rabid abolitionists of the north, who do nothing but stay at home and gnash their teeth at the south, and abuse the loyal men of the north. The devil take Jim Lane and his sympathizers.—*Cass County Union.*