



A Weekly Paper Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA. FRIDAY, FEB. 7, 1862.

VOL. 35, NO. 6.

Poetry.



TO THE WOODBERRY RIFLEMEN. OUR FRIENDS AT HOME.

BY E. F. B.

"Happy Soldier Boys!" I now intend,
To you a cheering rhyme to send.
When these stormy winds and tempests come,
Think of the friends you left at home.

"Happy Soldier Boys!" I truly pray,
You list to what I have to say.
While o'er this terrestrial sphere you roam,
You're sure of sympathies at home.

"Happy Soldier Boys!" I am aware,
Your Captain never yields to fear.
Ah! but when he hears the cannon boom,
He'll think of the dear wife at home.

"Happy Soldier Boys!" your Lieutenants—
With them, I am not acquainted;
Yet, I suppose they're true to one:
Sure, when they think of friends at home.

"Happy Soldier Boys!" your cause is good;
You stand where many patriots stood;
And if you fall, it will be shown,
In defence of your friends at home.

Now say "Soldier Boys!" I bid adieu,
To each and every one of you;
And when once, "Secession" proves too strong
Send for the boys you left at home.

WOODBERRY, Jan. 17, 1862.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps,
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

[Correspondence of the Civ. Com.]

THE LATE BATTLE IN KENTUCKY. FULL AND INTERESTING DETAILS.

ZOLICOFFER'S (LATE) ENCAMPMENT,
Jan. 20th, 1862.

Here I sit in a cedar log cabin, inside the intrenchments of the wonderful position of old "Zolly," to write you a letter, on contraband paper, with a contraband pen and contraband ink. Where shall I begin—what shall I write first: there are incidents enough, if all recounted, to fill a volume; things that took place in this, the most, complete victory, and most overwhelming, total overthrow the Secession army has yet met with in this rebellion. To begin at the beginning and tell the story straight.

Just at daybreak on Sunday morning, the 19th of January, sharp firing commenced with the pickets in the same spot where the firing was last Friday night; the long roll beat in the Indiana Tenth, and they formed instantly and marched to the support of their pickets.—The Tenth and Kinney's battery were close together, and a half a mile in advance of everything. The battery got ready for action on the instant, and awaited orders. By the way, Standard's battery and Watson's four gun battery were both in park, one on each side of Kinney's battery. The First Tennessee was about a quarter of a mile in the rear of these batteries, in the woods. The Fourth Kentucky, Col. Fry, was the next regiment on the road, half a mile in the rear of the batteries, it was forming as I ran past, getting to my own regiment. (for I slept in Kinney's battery); the

Second Tennessee another quarter of a mile in the rear of the Fourth Kentucky. By this time the cavalry were running their horses all over the country, in every direction—except towards the firing, which still continued at intervals. The Second was just getting breakfast, and supposing it to be only a picket fight kept on cooking and eating, though very few had eaten anything when the column of our force appeared coming on in our rear. Lieutenant Col. Trewbit promptly got us into line and double quicked us into the road ahead of the advancing column; the Fourth Kentucky had gone when we reached their encampment. The firing still continued and very briskly; we kept on at double quick, all hoping and believing that we would have a chance to smell burnt powder. But when opposite the encampment of the Tenth Indiana, up rode the Colonel, and halted us for further orders; we all thought—if it didn't say it—no further orders.

The Tenth Indiana went into the woods about a quarter of a mile in advance of their tents, to the support of their pickets, and bravely did they support them, too, for over half an hour, against the whole force led against them; and never retreated a step, nor gave an inch of ground, until nearly surrounded by overwhelming numbers; then to save themselves from being entirely surrounded, they unwillingly gave way. Here was a crisis; and yell on yell went up from the lantern-jawed Secessionists; they thought the day was all their own.

But, happily, any disastrous consequences were prevented by the arrival of the Fourth Kentucky and Ninth Ohio, to the support of the gallant Tenth. Again our men made a stand; now there was fighting in good earnest, and the Second Minnesota joined in with the Tenth and Fourth and the Ninth Ohio. Volley after volley rattled in quick succession, and sometimes it seemed as though there was only one continuous volley, interrupted now and then by the growling of the "yellow pups," which had been brought to bear on the enemy; and when they once commenced, they distributed their favors freely in all directions, in the shape of shot and shell; and, gentlemen, excuse me from being the recipient of any such favors. There were only two or three shots from cannon fired by the enemy, and they were either badly aimed or the pieces were out of range, for the shot did not disturb anybody.—Once they threw a shell into the air which burst when some four or five hundred feet high. No damage was done by it, and their artillery seemed to be of no use to them whatever, while on the contrary, ours seemed to be of immense use to us; and it was most ably and effectively handled. After a little more than two hours of hard fighting, a most tremendous volley of musketry, followed by a ringing shout from our side, seemed to have decided the battle in our favor, for from that time, although firing was kept up at intervals, the Secessionists, whipped and cowed, began their retreat, which in about twenty minutes more became a total rout; and from the indications along the road which we afterwards passed over, the flight appeared to have been a regular race from that point back to their entrenchments, to see who could get there first, and the devil take the hindmost.

All the credit and honor of this battle is due to the Tenth Indiana, the Ninth Ohio, the Fourth Kentucky and the Second Minnesota. For they did all the fighting, as it were, single-handed, with the exception of what support they received from the artillery. They all fought nobly, and judging from the sound of the musketry, they never wavered from a fixed determination to gain the victory and they did gain it. The combatants were so near to each other at one time, that the powder burned their faces in the discharge of their pieces; but the underbrush was so thick that bayonets were of but little use, and a charge could hardly have been made.

The most important event of the day was the death of Zolicoffer. Col. Fry, of the 4th Kentucky, charged up a hill by himself upon a group of mounted officers, and fired at the one he conceived to be the chief among them; he fired two shots; both of them took effect, and Zolicoffer, one of the master spirits of rebellion, fell from his horse, dead. Col. Fry, was, luckily, unhurt, but his horse was shot through the body, the bullet entering only a few inches behind the Colonel's leg. This must have been a deadlier to all the hopes the Secessionists had for victory, as from this moment began the retreat; and so closely did our forces push upon them that they were obliged to leave their illustrious leader where he fell, by the side of the road.

What were the East Tennesseans doing during all this engagement, with their boasted bravery? The First regiment I know but little about, except that it marched towards the edge of the woods in which the firing was going on, and disappeared from sight. As a regiment they did not fire a gun, but Lieutenant Col. Spears, who is a whole team and a horse to let, some way got in ahead of his men and where the fighting was; he shot a few times with his revolver, and turned around to see where his men were, when he perceived an officer in between him and where his regiment ought to be, evidently trying to cut him off. But the officer—who turned out to be Lieutenant-Col. Carter—waked up the wrong passage when he got after Spears, and the tables were returned; for instead of cutting Col. Spear off, the Colonel took him prisoner and brought him back into the regiment. The Second Tennessee went through various and sundry evolutions; they were marched and countermarched; right-obliqued and left-obliqued; right-faced and left-faced, and brought up all standing in a briar patch.

Well finally we were formed in a line of battle, out of all harm's way, and remained so until the firing was nearly all over, when we

were double-quickened to the edge of the woods, and halted again, until the firing ceased and died away entirely.

It is needless to comment upon the conduct of the Tennesseans; to say what they could have done or would have done under other circumstances. Here is the fact what they did do, and it was simply nothing. As to the rest, the future will decide.

Our course was now steadily forward to the main road that led to Zolicoffer's encampment on the Cumberland. I shall not attempt to describe the battle field, the dead or the dying. Of course, in all battles somebody must be killed, and somebody must be wounded; this was no exception to the general rule. I shall mention only one of the dead—that one Zolicoffer. He lay by the side of the road along which we all passed, and all had a fair view of what was once Zolicoffer. I saw the lifeless body as it lay in a fence corner by the side of a road, but Zolicoffer himself is now in hell. Hell is a fitting abode for all such arch traitors! May all the other chief conspirators in this rebellion soon share Zolicoffer's fate—shot dead through the instrumentality of an avenging God—their spirits sent straightway to hell, and their lifeless bodies lay in a fence corner, their faces spattered with mud, and their garments divided up, and even the hair of their head cut off and pulled out by an unscrupulous soldiery of a conquering army, battling for the right! The march was now steadily and cautiously forward. Two pieces of artillery were taken; one was crippled in the woods near the battle ground, and the other was found stuck in the mud about a mile in the rear; also two wagons with ammunition. No incident worth mentioning occurred on the march, which was deliberately but steadily forward, with the artillery well up, until a final halt was made, about half-past four, within a mile of the breastworks of the famous fortifications on the Cumberland, which have been reported impregnable. Here the artillery was again planted, and set to work shelling the wonderful fortifications; and a continuous fire was kept up for nearly an hour. Every shell that was thrown we could hear burst distinctly. There was only one cannon that answered us from the breastworks, and that one sounded more like a potato-pog-gun than anything else I can liken it to, and did us no damage, as the shot never reached us. This one piece was only fired four times. Night closed in and the firing ceased. We all laid down on the wet ground, in perfect security, to rest our weary limbs, the distance we had come being over ten miles on the direct road, let alone the bushes and underbrush we went through, to say nothing about two or three dress parades of the Second, for somebody's amusement, but not our own I can assure you. And then the roads and fields were awfully cut up, and mud was plenty, as it had rained a good part of the forenoon. Our men laid down to rest without a mouthful to eat, many of whom had eaten no breakfast; but as Captain Cross said, "the man who could not fast to days over Zolicoffer's scalp, was no man at all"; and there was no grumbling, as there was necessity for it. However, the teams came up in the night with crackers and bacon.

Now here is the summary, so far as I know, up to Sunday night. We are within a mile of Zolicoffer's encampment; Zolicoffer is killed and his forces have been whipped, some two hundred of them being killed and a great many wounded; one of Crittenden's aids, a Lieut. Colonel and three Sargeons are taken prisoners but how many more I know not; two pieces of artillery and three wagons were left, and the road was strewn with guns, blankets, coats, haversacks and everything else that impeded flight; on our side from 20 to 30 are killed, and from 80 to 100 wounded, having no prisoners taken that we know of.

On the morning of the 20th, soon after daylight, several of the regiments were moved forward the breastworks, and a cannon ball or two fired over into them, but no answer was made; all was quiet. The regiments moved steadily on and into their fortifications, it being ascertained that there was no one to oppose them. The enemy having crossed the river during the night, or early in the morning, the rout was complete. It seems as though there was a perfect panic among them, their tents having been left standing, and their blankets, clothes, cooking utensils, letters, papers, &c., all left behind. The position is a pretty strong one, but not near so much as we had been led to suppose. Huts were built, nicely checked with mud, many of them having windows in them for comfortable winter quarters. How much work the devils have done here, and how little it has profited them! I have wandered around all day, seeing and hearing what I could. The Cumberland makes one side of the encampment safe, by an abrupt bank 250 feet high. I went down to the river bottom, to which there is a road on our side. Here were all or nearly all of our wagons, some twelve or fifteen horses and mules, harness, saddles, sabres and guns, in fact, everything. It was a complete stampede, and by far the most disastrous defeat the Southern Confederacy has yet met with. Ten pieces of cannon, with caissons, are also here. To all appearances, they seem to have completely lost their senses, having only one object in view, and that was to run somewhere and hide themselves.

Now, to account for the battle taking place as it did. There were eleven rebel regiments here, two being unarmed; and Zolicoffer, who was the presiding devil, although Crittenden had taken the command, thought the Tenth Indiana and Kinney's Battery were just two regiments by themselves, and did not know that they were supported by the balance of the division, which was out of sight behind an account of the timber, and he conceived the idea of rushing upon and capturing these

two regiments to get their arms to supply his own unarmed men. So he took all the available force he had—some 8,000 or 9,000 men—and made the attack—with what result has already been shown. Now this only goes to prove that, in order to put this rebellion down, we must do something. In this fight four of our regiments whipped and completely routed the great army that was under Zolicoffer, killed the old devil himself, and may be Crittenden too, for he has not been heard of since the battle. The prisoners we have taken, estimate our force at 20,000; but we can take them any time, and any place, and give them the edge 3 to 1, whip them every time. Their cause is a bad one; they know it, and the only way their men can be induced to fight at all, is by their leaders getting in the very front rank with them.

The Second Minnesota captured a banner from the Mississippi regiment which had on it the "Mississippi Butchers." They may be good butchers at home, but they make a mighty awkward list at bolting Jay-Zees. They had better go home and tend to their business. Nearly every man has a trophy of this victory; there are plenty to get, certain; and I sit writing this now with a Louisiana Zouave head-dress and tassel on my head.

I give you a copy of two or three of the documents found in the camp. The following was found on a table in one of the cabins:

"Col. SPEARS: We fought you bravely and desperately, but misguidedly. We love here under pressing circumstances, but do not feel that we are whipped. We will yet succeed, and—"

Here the circumstances became so pressing that the writer did not wait to finish the epistle. Colonel Spears supposes the writer to be Major John W. Bridgman, of the Tennessee Cavalry.

The following was written on a piece of brown paper, with a pencil:

"Jan. 19th, 1862. FISHING CREEK.
The great battle of Fishing Creek took place. Our loss was great. Supposed to be eight hundred killed and wounded, and a great many taken prisoners. We will try them again at our breast-works if they come to us."
At the bottom of the paper, upside down, is a name I cannot make out, and then "Polasky."

Here is another paper which is evidently the result of a council of war, held before this force came across on the north side of the Cumberland:

"The result of your crossing the river now will be that you will be repulsed and lose all the artillery taken over."
"Dec. 4, '61."
"Another Wild Cat disaster is all we can look forward to."
"We will cross over and find that the enemy has retired to a place that we will not deem advisable to attack, and then we will return to this encampment."
"LOUIS."
"Estill is a Colonel from Middle Tennessee, Fulkerton is a Major, and one of the big heads of the Secession party in Tennessee. It seems that there was opposition in the camp to move on to this side of the river, but old Zolicoffer, the head devil of the army, ruled the worst and did come over. Some of these predictions proved strictly true; it turned out to be a "Wild Cat" disaster, only worse, and they did lose all their artillery; and more than all, the old devil Zolicoffer, lost his life. The rout has been complete and total. His whole force is entirely scattered, and if the victory is followed up across the river, they will never rally together again."

It is now nearly three o'clock in the morning while I write, and with a few reflections on this already long letter—perhaps too long—shall be closed.

What a lucky thing that Zolicoffer was bold enough to attack our force; had he not done so, no battle would have been fought here for a long time. And this victory cannot be credited to the skill of a Brigadier General. The battle was entirely accidental, the position, and the men themselves, led by their Colonels, fought the battle and won it. The Tenth Indiana got into the fight supporting their pickets, the Fourth Kentucky and Ninth Ohio rushed in, without orders, to support the Tenth. Whether the Second Minnesota had orders to go in or not, I do not know. And these four regiments did all the fighting that was done; and that was enough to whip the eight regiments Zolicoffer had in the engagement. If these Brigadier Generals must be paid big wages by the Government, why just pay it to them and let them stay at home, for they are no earthly use among us. Let the men go ahead and wind up this war, it can be done in two months. Secret—do something.

Would that some scribe pen could give you a full and complete account of this rout. I considered it my duty to do my best in an attempt to describe it, but it has been hurriedly written, with a willing but weary hand, so excuse the confused parts of the letter.

FELIX.
The Ninth Ohio, which some way I came very near omitting, deserves especial praise.—Colonel McCook rushed his men up just about the time the Tenth Indiana was giving ground. And the Indiana boys say the Ninth fought like tigers, and are just such backers as they would always like to have.

A pair of stockings sent by the ladies' committee for the use of some gallant volunteer, was accompanied by the following verse:

Brave sentry, on your lonely beat,
May these blue stockings warm your feet;
And when from war and camps you part,
May some fair knitter warm your heart.

A SAD STORY.

The following touching relation is an extract from a private letter of Lieut. Col. Hawley, dated Tybee Island, December 29th, and published in the Hartford Press:

Poor Dolph! Do you know the Dolphs that live near you? Well, their son who belongs to Company D, got news that his wife, two children, and sister had all died of diphtheria. How he cried. Poor fellow. We comforted him all we could. I spoke pleasantly to him when we met, and hoped he was getting along well. I believe he heard the other day that his mother was sick too. Somebody came to the supper table last night and called for the doctor to see a crazy man, and soon after a man said that Dolph wanted to see me. I went to his tent. There were half a dozen of his comrades there. One dim candle stuck in a bottle showed me the rifles stacked around the centre pole—the cartridge boxes, bayonets and knapsacks. The ground was covered with the splendid long noses they had pulled from the live rats. Dolph sat squat on the ground, his face and hands were dirty, his fingers constantly picking something, his body moving, his head turning wildly from one side to the other, his eyes unceasingly swelled with weeping.

"Hallo, Dolph, how are you?" And he peered up toward my face.
"Col. Hawley," said somebody.
"Yes," said he, "that is Col. Hawley," and he took my hand with a tight grip. "Col. Hawley, look at my baby, my poor sick baby."

He had a little pile of moss, and on it lay his cartridge box, carefully covered, all but one edge of it, with his blanket. That was his baby! And he turned his blanket down as tenderly as the cartridge box were a delicate little baby. He spoke brokenly and at intervals, but with a quick and mournful voice—

"Poor baby—both babies sick—sister sick—and he pointed to where he supposed they lay—poor baby—very sick. Give baby some water." And he leaned on one elbow and affectionately held a leaf up to the cartridge box, as if baby would drink. He seemed to consider himself in his own home, and the family sick but living, but then he would say—

"Won't let me go home—no—no—no—(water a few rounds) no—no—won't let me go home;" his hands constantly fidgeting over something. Then he considered them all dead, and he by their graves. "Sister," and he laid his hand down on one side; "baby," hands down again to mark each grave; "baby—wife—mother. Oh, yes, mother is dead—won't let me go home."

I kept his hand ten minutes and sat down by him, and put my hand on his shoulder, and tried to compel him to listen. I told him that his babies were happy and his mother was not dead (is she?) and it would be a good boy and sleep and get well he should go home.

"Mother's here and said she didn't get that money. You didn't send it to her."
"O, yes, I did, Dolph, here is the receipt of the express company. She's got it now. You told me to send it to my wife right there at Col. F—', you know. She has got it before this time."

"Well—poor baby"—and he put "trees" over their graves, &c. I had to work some time to get him to take some medicine—an opiate—but it had little effect. "I've built six forts," said he, "mounted six cannons. I'm going to take down that fort to-morrow—that one over there—Palasky, I mean."

Four men were going to watch with him—(the tears came into all our eyes, sometimes, I think) and I told them to move the rifles and bayonets. He caught them at it and shouted, "Let my rifle alone. Give me my rifle." And I let him take it, seeing it was not loaded, and he went furiously to work cleaning it. Finally he passed it to me to "inspect," and I slipped it away.

I think it is the most affecting case of insanity I ever saw. I couldn't make him believe that we should send him home, but we shall. The men take as good care of him as they can. He has slept but an hour out of the last twenty-four, and is ceaselessly active as a canary bird, hopping about in his cage. He sees for me again to-day, but he could not confine his attention to anything. "Poor baby" is his principal remark, and he still tends his cartridge box. "A soldier's life is always gay," the song says. A sad story, isn't it?—We hope his insanity is caused partly by fever, and if we can get him home quietly sick with that, perhaps he will come out all right. If not I'll see that he goes straight to the Insane Retreat at Hartford, and with him money enough to keep him while

ENGLAND AND THE TRENT SETTLEMENT.
The first words of response from England to the action of our Government in the Trent affair, have reached this country. We have only a brief statement, in a telegraphic despatch to Queenstown, the general tone of the press in London; but that seems to be quite satisfactory. In such a many-headed institution as the press of the British metropolis, there are always conflicting views. It is the business and the interest of the journals to differ from one another, and it is especially so when American subjects are under consideration. So it is not surprising that there is a want of unanimity concerning the manner in which the Trent affair was settled.

But the despatch says the news of the settlement "was received with the greatest satisfaction;" and of this there can be no doubt however much the ill-arranged portion of the London press may grumble. A fact is mentioned in the telegraphic news, that is more significant than columns of editorial comment and criticism would be. That is, that as soon as the news were received, consols went up from 1 to 1 1/2 per cent. Cotton, too, advanced and the market grew excited, with large transactions going on. When consols and cotton talk, they tell more truths than editors. In this case, consols say "there will be no war with the United States." Cotton repeats the remark, with the addition that "there will be no breaking of the Southern blockade." This is the precise meaning of the rise in consols and cotton. It is much more important than the most blarney leader of the Times.

We are curious to know whether the adjustment of the Trent affair has opened the eyes of the English public to Dr. Russell's want of sagacity and veracity. For the very same budget of news which the fact of the surrender of Sibley and Mason is announced, contains an extract from one of his letters to the Times, in which he says they will not be surrendered. His falsehood and the actual fact are thus brought side by side, and the British public can form some idea of the value of the information he furnishes to them. Those that have believed his reports must have been looking for news, by the next steamer of the rising of the American mob, or *demos*, as Russell calls it, which was to overthrow the administration of President Lincoln in case the rebel emissaries were surrendered. It was ungracious in us not to rise, according to Russell's programme. Has the fact of our acquiescing in the course of the President opened his eyes to the real character of the American people, as loyal, patriotic and submissive to the powers that be?—*Phila. Bulletin.*

LETTER FROM HON. JO. HOLT ON THE APPOINTMENT OF SECRETARY OF WAR.
In a letter from Hon. JOSEPH HOLT to Lieutenant Governor STANTON, he uses the following enthusiastic language respecting the appointment of Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, as Secretary of War, viz:

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 16, 1862.
"The selection of the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War has occasioned me unalloyed gratification. It is an immense stride in the direction of the suppression of the rebellion. So far as I can gather the popular sentiment, there is everywhere rejoicing over the appointment; but that rejoicing would be far greater did the people know, as I do, the courage, the loyalty and the genius of the new Secretary, as displayed in the intensely tragic struggles that marked the closing days of the last Administration.—He is a great man, intellectually and morally—a patriot of the true Roman stamp, who will grapple with treason as the lion grappled with his prey. We may rest well assured that all that man can do, will in his present position be done to deliver our poor bleeding country from the bayonets of traitors now lifted against its bosom."

Sincerely yours,
J. HOLT.
Hon. B. STANTON, Columbus.

ENGLAND AND THE TRENT SETTLEMENT.

The first words of response from England to the action of our Government in the Trent affair, have reached this country. We have only a brief statement, in a telegraphic despatch to Queenstown, the general tone of the press in London; but that seems to be quite satisfactory. In such a many-headed institution as the press of the British metropolis, there are always conflicting views. It is the business and the interest of the journals to differ from one another, and it is especially so when American subjects are under consideration. So it is not surprising that there is a want of unanimity concerning the manner in which the Trent affair was settled.

But the despatch says the news of the settlement "was received with the greatest satisfaction;" and of this there can be no doubt however much the ill-arranged portion of the London press may grumble. A fact is mentioned in the telegraphic news, that is more significant than columns of editorial comment and criticism would be. That is, that as soon as the news were received, consols went up from 1 to 1 1/2 per cent. Cotton, too, advanced and the market grew excited, with large transactions going on. When consols and cotton talk, they tell more truths than editors. In this case, consols say "there will be no war with the United States." Cotton repeats the remark, with the addition that "there will be no breaking of the Southern blockade." This is the precise meaning of the rise in consols and cotton. It is much more important than the most blarney leader of the Times.

We are curious to know whether the adjustment of the Trent affair has opened the eyes of the English public to Dr. Russell's want of sagacity and veracity. For the very same budget of news which the fact of the surrender of Sibley and Mason is announced, contains an extract from one of his letters to the Times, in which he says they will not be surrendered. His falsehood and the actual fact are thus brought side by side, and the British public can form some idea of the value of the information he furnishes to them. Those that have believed his reports must have been looking for news, by the next steamer of the rising of the American mob, or *demos*, as Russell calls it, which was to overthrow the administration of President Lincoln in case the rebel emissaries were surrendered. It was ungracious in us not to rise, according to Russell's programme. Has the fact of our acquiescing in the course of the President opened his eyes to the real character of the American people, as loyal, patriotic and submissive to the powers that be?—*Phila. Bulletin.*

LETTER FROM HON. JO. HOLT ON THE APPOINTMENT OF SECRETARY OF WAR.
In a letter from Hon. JOSEPH HOLT to Lieutenant Governor STANTON, he uses the following enthusiastic language respecting the appointment of Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, as Secretary of War, viz:

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 16, 1862.
"The selection of the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War has occasioned me unalloyed gratification. It is an immense stride in the direction of the suppression of the rebellion. So far as I can gather the popular sentiment, there is everywhere rejoicing over the appointment; but that rejoicing would be far greater did the people know, as I do, the courage, the loyalty and the genius of the new Secretary, as displayed in the intensely tragic struggles that marked the closing days of the last Administration.—He is a great man, intellectually and morally—a patriot of the true Roman stamp, who will grapple with treason as the lion grappled with his prey. We may rest well assured that all that man can do, will in his present position be done to deliver our poor bleeding country from the bayonets of traitors now lifted against its bosom."

Sincerely yours,
J. HOLT.
Hon. B. STANTON, Columbus.

PORT ROYAL ITEMS.
Port Royal correspondent of the Boston Journal, under date of Jan. 16th says:
During a reconnaissance up Warsaw river, and near Savannah, a few days since, some of our troops found two rebellious sportsmen who were out on a gunning excursion, who seeing our men and supposing their friends, had quite a chat together. After gaining considerable information from them they were informed that our men were for the Union, and they were Rebels, and we must therefore take these prisoners of war upon which they were exceedingly surprised, and one of them expressed himself in very bitter terms toward the Union and said he would give five thousand dollars if the Savannah people only knew they, the Lincoln troops, were so near, in which case the Rebels would come down on them and eat them up. They are now boarding at the expense of Uncle Sam, and are safely lodged.

The rainy season will soon set in, and we shall have less of fine weather than formerly. It is plowing sea on here now, but I have not seen any one indulge in that agricultural pursuit. The only plowing I've seen here was that of the shot and shell. Samto asked me a day since: "Maasa, who's gwine to do the plowing and hoeing?" "Yankee," says he. "Will you help, Sambo?" "Yaw, 'ise just do chile for dat, sure."

We hope after this war is over "C. S. A." will be the motto of the South—"Can't Seede Again."

ANOTHER FLOOD IN SACRAMENTO VALLEY.
SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 17.
During the past fifty hours it has rained hard almost incessantly, and the storm still continues. Yesterday at noon the water in the Sacramento commenced rising again, and the third complete inundation was unavoidable. The area of land now overflowed is about twenty miles broad and two hundred and fifty miles long, making upwards of three millions acres, mostly arable land. This unprecedented succession of tremendous storms has washed the mining regions where the ground was previously upturned and dug over, producing great changes and rendering probable a large increase of gold produce from Lacer diggings the ensuing season.

Slander not others because they slandered you.
Dress plainly—the thinnest soap-bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.