The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $1,50 a year in advance.

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The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

Friday, January 23, 1863.

NOTICE.

We have not the time nor the inclination, to dun personally, a large number of persons who have unsettled accounts upon our books of several years standing. We shall, therefore, from day to day, without respect to persons, place into the hands of a Justice for collection, all accounts of over two years standing. All those who wish to save expense, will do well to give us a call.

WE MUST GO TO FLAX RAISING

We have always advocated the raising of more flax than our farmers have raised for many years past, but we have plead with little effect. The low price and superabundance of cotton, was in the way. We could make the cheap cotton supply the place of linens, and, although they would not wear so long, nor do as much service anyway as good linen, yet the low price and the ease with which it came to our hands, made it more economical to buy often, than to go to the labor and trouble of growing flax and manufacturing it by hand. But times have changed, and, as a natural consequence, we must change with them. At any rate, we must change our labors so far as to bring the flax culture back upon our farms again. Cotton, through its agents, has committed suicide. It has been wounded in the "house of its friends." They tried to make it king, but a *cotton king* is a poor monarch. It is a very useful and convenient servant, but the world and its people lived, and lived very comfortably and happy too, before cotton was known a great deal, either in the commercial or domestic world, while flax was considered indispensable as a contributor to the comforts and necessities of life.

Owing to Yankee ingenuity in the invention of the cotton gin, and the power loom, cotton, for a time, threw flax into the shade, and gained a tall ascendancy. So infatuated did its votaries become, that, like Nebuchadnezzar, they thought they were rulers of the universe, and could put the whole world under their feet.

It is possible that their insanity, like that of the crazy king above named, may become cured by efficient *depletion* and meagre diet. Cotton is now sixty cents per pound, and all the fabrics made from it, from paper up to muslin, must, of course, take a corresponding price. To obviate this, and relieve our necessities, we must again open the flax culture, and open it too on a scale corresponding to the demand for it. For the single purpose of manufacturing paper from it, we think it will become a highly remunerating crop. We all know that linen paper is the best, the strongest and the most durable. The farmer need not fear the labor its culture demands, for the improvements which have, within a few years, been made in the mode of dressing, and preparing it for manufacture, are such as to take away more than one-half of the hard work which used to be required in pulling, rotting, breaking, swingling and hatcheling before it was ready for market and use. Where the soil is clean, or not too much infested with weeds, flax, when ready for harvest, may be reaped, or cradled, or even mowed. The improved modes of rotting, it will reduce the bark or outside covering of it in two or three days, and machinery, operated by horse, water or steam, will break it and relieve the fibre from its covering all ready for spinning in a very easy and expeditious manner. So there is little else for the farmer to do than to sow and harvest it, which he can do with the same amount of labor that he bestows upon wheat, barley or any other grain. Experiments have for some years past been very successfully conducted, which prepare from the flax fibre, what is called "flax cotton," a substance which, to the eye, has every appearance of cotton. It however requires a different kind of machinery to spin it—though for the purposes of paper making, it is then all ready for use. Mr. Allen, of Rhode Island, and his associates, are still experimenting in this line, and have already reduced the preparation of flax cotton to a system, and are urging its adoption as a regular branch of production and manufacture in New England. Now is the time for them to press the subject upon us with redoubled faith and zeal, and now is the time for the farmers, throughout the free States, to listen to them, and aid them and all the rest of us by the abundant production of flax which shall supply the "plentiful lack" of cotton. It can be easily raised among us. It requires only a fair soil and simple culture. It requires no tropical sun to grow or to ripen it. It requires neither the sweat of the slave nor the lash of the overseer to gather and prepare it for use. It requires no impoverishment of the soil, no change in the routine of farm operations. Your land can be laid down to clover or grass with it as well as with grain. It requires only a moderate share of faith, and a corresponding amount of good works, and the thing is done.—[*Maine Farmer.*

When the Rose is in Bloom.

BY T. W.

Here embalmed is the last of a maid—
The beloved of the young and the old;
Just sixteen short summers had played
In her ringlets of auburn and gold;
Her eye had the light of the skies,
And her brow the pure thought of the wise.

This maiden one day while alone—
While straying to all the wild flowers,
Which so early in beauty had blown,
Heard distinctly, o'erawed by its power,
A voice like the harp of the wind,
Which melted like bliss in her mind.

Far down through the balm-laden air,
So sweet that it languishly died,
Fell the accents in tremblings so rare,
As if nature in reverence had sighed:
"Come away, come away to the blessed,
While flowers in their glory are dressed."

Then echo the broken strain led,
"Yes, come to the up-land of light,
Where the flowers their glory ne'er shed;
And the year hath no winter nor night;
Where the garlands of peace and of love,
Like a crown, shall adorn you above."

Her heart, by the spirit's own law,
Divined what this language conveyed,
Though no form by her pathway she saw,
She knew that an angel there strayed;
Then replied amidst the stillness of doom,
"I'll come when the rose is in bloom."

The season enhanced ev'ry scene
Till melody filled the new grove;
Hill and dale seemed to vie in their green,
With the blue of the welkin above;
And the light more life-fraught each morn,
Fired the train of his millions newborn.

"Oh! The Spring," cries a patient with zeal,
"Oh! The spring-time so hopeful and dear;
Hath it balm my afflictions to heal?
Oh! What music it wafts on my ear,
And the air how it cloys with perfume;
Heavenly parent, the rose is in bloom."

Next noon-tide there wended a crowd
To the home where the fair maid dwelt;
But she, like a queen in her shroud,
Sways the hearts that with sorrow there melt;
While her bosom, now breathless and cold,
Wears a rose in its snowy-white fold.

And that visage, so peerless and young,
Seems to breathe yet one sentence for earth:
They die not unwept and unsung,
Who live in their deeds and their worth;
Whom clarity mourns at the tomb—
For them shall the rose ever bloom.

Special Message of the President to Congress.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—The following message was sent to Congress today.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

I have signed the joint resolution to provide for the immediate payment of the army and navy of the United States, passed by the House of Representatives on the 14th, and by the Senate on the 15th inst.

The joint resolution is simple in authority, amounting, however, under existing circumstances, to a direction to the Secretary of the Treasury, to make an additional issue of one hundred millions of dollars in United States notes. If so much money is needed for the payment of the army and navy, my approval is given, in order that every possible facility may be afforded for the prompt discharge of all arrears of pay due our soldiers and our sailors. While giving this approval, however, I think it my duty to express sincere regret that it has been found necessary to authorize so large an additional issue of United States notes, when this circulation and that of suspended banks together have become already so redundant as to increase prices beyond real values, thereby augmenting the cost of living to the injury of labor, and cost of supplies to the injury of the whole country.

It seems very plain that the continued issue of United States notes without any check to the issues of suspended banks, and without adequate provision for the raising of money by loans, and for founding the issue so as to keep them within due limits, must soon produce disastrous consequences, and this matter appears to me so important that I feel bound to avail myself of this occasion to ask the special attention of Congress to it. That Congress has power to regulate the currency of the country can hardly admit of a doubt, and that judicious means to prevent deterioration of this currency by reasonable taxation of bank circulation or otherwise, if needed, seems equally clear. Independently of this general consideration it would be unjust to the people at large to exempt banks enjoying the special privilege of circulation from their just proportion of public burthens. In order to raise money by pay of loans, and most easily and cheaply, it is clearly necessary to give every possible support to the public credit to that and a uniform currency, in which taxes, subscriptions to loans and all other ordinary public dues may be paid, is almost if not quite indispensable. Such a currency can be furnished by banking associations authorized under a general act of Congress, as suggested in my message at the beginning of the present session.

The security of this circulation by pledge of the United States bonds as herein suggested would still further facilitate the loans by increasing the present and causing a future demand for such bonds. In view of the actual financial embarrassments, of the Government, and of the greater embarrassments, sure to come, if the necessary means be not afforded, I feel that I should not perform my duty by a simple announcement of my approval of the joint resolution which proposes relief only by increasing circulation, without expressing my earnest desire that a measure such in substance as I have just referred to may receive the early sanction of Congress.

By such measures, in my opinion, will the payment be most certainly secured not only to the army and navy, but to all the honest creditors of the Government, and satisfactory provisions made for the future demands on the Treasury.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Particulars of the Victory in Arkansas.

CAIRO, Jan. 17.—The Memphis *Bulletin* of Wednesday has the following, direct from parties arrived at Memphis from Arkansas Post, on the despatch boat Kellogg:

On Saturday, the main position of the enemy was attacked with the three iron clad gun-boats, Louisville, Cincinnati and Mound City, and three light-draughts, the latter having entered the Arkansas river from a branch of the White river, which approaches the fort forty miles above the mouth. Arkansas Post is a place situated at a favorable location for defence, on a bend of the river, of irregular, horse shoe shape. It has, for some months, been much boasted of, by the Confederates, as a spot so fortified as to be extremely formidable. At a point one mile below the fort, where persons in the fort were unable to see what was done, troops were disembarked. Gunboats proceeded up the river, taking positions above the fort as well as below, so as to be able to rake it with their heavy pieces. The land forces, meantime, arrived.

The rear division, under Sherman, found, in proceeding back some distance, that a bayou hindered progress in the way desired, and he returned and chose a route more favorable for intended operations. Another division, meantime, took up a line of march somewhat nearer the locality of the fort, and escaped the obstruction of the bayou. Other obstructions existed, however, in the shape of rifle-pits, which became necessary to flank by advancing to the firthest extremity from the river. This was not done without considerable skirmishing, which consumed the remainder of Saturday. There was some loss in these proceedings, and about sixty of the enemy, most of whom were wounded, got into the Federal lines by mistake, and were taken prisoners. It was nearly dark before the Federal forces had so far advanced as to have the fort in full view, ready for storming next morning.

While their operations were proceeding on land, the gunboats had taken positions, and a little before dark a smart artillery fight took place, which the early closing in of darkness cut short. The first shell fired by the enemy struck a lieutenant of the 113th Illinois, shattering his leg. The next morning the land forces found that the enemy, having lost their rifle-pits, had thrown up new entrenchments.—These they proceeded to attack, and also to secure a position above the fort as well as below. The ground near the fort was divested of timber, except in a particular portion, which was useful for cover, and prostrate trees and brush were so disposed as to present the greatest possible amount of obstruction.

As the two sections of attacking land forces advanced, they decreased the distance between them more and more, approaching the position of surrounding the fort. A reinforcement of two thousand men arrived to the rebels from Fort Charles, on the White river, twenty-five miles distant by land, and it was with difficulty this force made a junction with the main body of rebels. They succeeded, however, by taking advantage of the shelter offered by a ravine. Meantime, the casual firing of artillery from gunboats and in reply, which had been partially suspended by the necessity of supporting the land operations, grew more vigorous, and at one o'clock heavy firing commenced between the fort and gunboats, and was sustained three hours and a half so incessantly that there were only occasional intervals at which the strained ear for a second was relieved from the thundering roar. The casematting of the fort presented a formidable appearance, which seemed to some extent to justify the boasting that had been made of its impenetrability. There was a thickness of three feet of solid timber, covered with railroad iron, the whole looking as if it could resist the utmost force of cannon shot.

To the deep dismay of the defenders of the Post of Arkansas, the balls from the monstrous guns of the boats shattered their most formidable defences, and penetrated and demolished strongholds they had reared with so much skill. The battered rails of iron came tumbling down, and the strong ribs of timber were blown with fatal effect among the ranks they were to have saved. Dismounted guns fell into common ruin, proving the dreadful power of gunboats with their mighty armaments.

The second shot fired by the Federals at the commencement of the contest of three hours, penetrated a casemate of the fort and killed seven men. By another shot, one of the enemy's caissons was exploded, causing the death of six men and nine horses.—With their casemates demolished, their defences exposed to a raking fire never before surpassed for violence, and storming parties closing in upon their rear, but one course was open to the enemy.

After a loss of about two hundred men killed, wounded and missing, and somewhat heavier on the part of the attacking party, the commander of the post, Gen. McClernand, took the whole force, about 4,800, prisoners, 2,200 or 2,400 of whom are on the sick list. The gunboats which had inflicted so much damage, escaped without serious injury.

Prisoners declare that if our arrival had been postponed another day, they would have given us a much stiffer fight, as large reinforcements would have joined them. In reply to questions as to the number of men and state of fortifications at Pine Bluff, Little Rock, and points on White river, the prisoners advised interrogators to go and count and observe for themselves. The prisoners were sent up the river, starting on Monday, and will probably be here (Memphis) to-day.

It is thought probable St. Charles, on White river, will be next reduced, then Pine bluff, and finally Little Rock.

In addition to the above, I have seen a slip from the Memphis *Enquirer*, which says two regiments of rebels arrived at the fort the morning after the surrender, and entered with flags flying and drums beating supposing it was still held by the rebels. They were captured, of course, swelling the list of prisoners to over 5,000.

The Pirate Alabama.

A superseded boatswain of the Alabama makes a statement of the building of the Alabama, published in the English papers, from which we take the following:

The "290" was built by Mr. Laird, the eminent shipbuilder of Birkenhead, under contract with a Mr. Butcher.—She was regularly contracted and paid for; and as nothing transpired during her construction to warrant the supposition that she was destined to hoist the ensign of the Southern Confederacy, no laws of neutrality were infringed (indeed, it was hinted that the vessel was intended for the service of the Emperor of China.) Her keel was laid in the beginning of this year (1862) and she was launched in April thereafter, though she was not ready for sea for the succeeding three months.

The "290" is not, as is commonly supposed, an armor-plated vessel. She is simply a large wooden screw gunboat; such a vessel as is in European navies styled a corvette. She is very strongly built, of the best materials, and is constructed to carry ten guns, viz: one rifled 100 pounder; one 68-pounder, and eight 32-pounders—*i. e.*, four 32-pounders on each broadside, throwing collectively 127 lbs solid shot at each discharge, and two pivot guns. She is bark-rigged, and is fitted with a pair of very powerful engines, by Penn, of London. At her launch, her owners not having finally decided on the name she should bear, she was then, and for some time subsequently, distinguished as the "290." She left Birkenhead toward the end of July, ostensibly on a trial trip, having on board a large party of ladies and gentlemen. On getting out of the Mersey this party was sent back in a tug-boat, and the "290," as had been previously arranged, neglected to return to Birkenhead, but steamed direct for the island in the Atlantic where she was to take in her guns, ammunition, etc. On leaving England, the "290" had a crew of ninety-three men, for the most part *belonging to the English Naval Reserve, all being trained gunners*, and the majority old men-of-war's men. She was temporarily commanded by Captain Bullock, (a strange coincidence,) who had under him the proper complement of commissioned and petty officers.—Captain Bullock having learned that a Federal man-of-war, the Tuscarora, lay in wait for him in St. George's Channel, took his departure by what is known as the North Channel, thus eluding his Federal enemy; though, even had he been intercepted, the northerner would have found himself in a dilemma, as the "290" had a set of English papers, and other presumptive proofs of her neutrality, in the face of which it might have been difficult for her captor to have acted. The "290" at this time carried no guns or other warlike stores, but consisted merely of the hull, spars, and engines, excepting of course, coal and other requisites, to enable her to reach her destination, which was Tarissa, one of the Azores or Western Islands, belonging to Portugal. This destination the "290" duly reached, after a fine run of eight days, and came to an anchor in Tarissa Roads, nothing of any moment having occurred to break the usual monotony of a sea voyage.

Some time before the departure of the "290" from the Mersey, a large bark left the Thames (cleared for Demarara, West Indies,) to meet the "290" at Tarissa, and then transfer to the latter vessel the guns and stores destined for her, and which formed the cargo of the bark. Some reason was required to be assigned to the Portuguese authorities for the "290" having anchored in their bay, and, accordingly, the excuse furnished to them was that her engines had broken down.—This plea was accepted as a valid one, and during the week that intervened betwixt the arrival at Tarissa of the "290" and the bark, the crew of the former vessel were engaged, ostensibly, in repairing her engines, but really in preparing her to receive her guns, etc. During this interval large parties of the inhabitants of Tarissa made daily visits to the "290," their curiosity evidently excited by the warlike appearance of what laid claim to be an English merchant vessel. Many pertinent questions were asked by the Portuguese, and were as ingeniously evaded or met by the officers of the "290." Among other things, the Portuguese wanted to know why the vessel had so many ports, and were told that, as she was bound to a warm climate, they were necessary for ventilation; and when they were asked why they had such a numerous crew, the reply was that, as she was going on a surveying expedition, she required to be well manned. Many similar questions were put and in like manner answered; but it was all in vain to attempt to undeceive the Portuguese, and they would persist in calling her a "Frigata Inglesi."

About a lapse of a week from the arrival of the "290," the bark abovementioned sailed in and anchored, her captain alleging as a reason to the Portuguese officials that his vessel had sprung a leak, which would require to be repaired ere she could resume her voyage; and on this understanding the Portuguese at once placed her in quarantine (which in the Azores lasts three days.) On the day after the bark's arrival, Capain Bullock, of the "290," being anxious to get his guns on board, hauled alongside of the bark, and erected a pair of large shears to effect the transfer of her cargo from the bark's hold to the "290's" deck.—This brought out the Portuguese in a fury that their rules should have been broken by the "290" having dared to communicate with a vessel that had still two days' quarantine to run, and they angrily demanded to know the reason why their regulations had been infringed. They were told that the bark was in a sinking state, and the erection of the shears was accounted for by urging the necessity for an immediate temporary transfer of her cargo, that the leak might be reached and stopped, and Captain Bullock finally succeeded in bearing down all opposition by feigning to get in a passion, saying he was doing no more for the bark than any Englishman would do for a countryman in distress. The Portuguese left the vessel, and the transhipment proceeded without further hindrance from those on shore.

About the afternoon of the second day, and when the transfer was nearly complete, the British screw steamer Bahama came in, having on board Captain Semmes and the other late officers of the Sumpter, besides the remainder of the "290's" armament, and an addition of twenty odd men to her crew. On the Bahama's arrival and anchorage on a somewhat similar pretext to those given to her two predecessors, the Portuguese fairly lost all patience, and peremptorily insisted on the instant departure of all three vessels. The Bahama at once communicated with the "290," and having handed over to the latter vessel everything destined for her, got up steam and left, followed by the "290" towing the now empty bark. All three went, not to sea as they had been ordered to do, but to Angry Bay, a bay in the same island, and only a few leagues distant from Tarissa Roads. Here they remained unmolested until noon the following day, a Sunday, when, for the second time, all three vessels were ordered out of the Portuguese waters.—All the "290's" guns being now mounted, and the vessel otherwise ready for a cruise, the order was obeyed, and all took their departure, the bark as before in tow of the "290," which, having conveyed her well out to sea, cast her off, and with a favoring breeze, she steered for Cardiff, to bring out a further supply of coal for the "290's" use.

The "290" and the Bahama now steamed round the island, and Captain Semmes, coming out of his cabin ordered his first lieutenant to muster the crew aft. This having been done, and all the officers assembled on the poop in their full uniform—i. e., Confederate gray frock coat and trowsers—Capt. Semmes enjoined silence, and read his commission as post captain in the Confederate navy. It was a document duly attested at Richmond, and bore the signature of "Jeff Davis, President Confederate States of America." He then opened and read his sealed orders from the President, directing him to assume command of the Confederate man-of-war Alabama, hitherto known as the "290" in which, having been duly commissioned, he was to hoist the Confederate ensign and pendant, and "sink, burn, and destroy everything which flew the ensign of the so-called United States of America." Captain Semmes then ordered the first lieutenant to fire a gun, and run up the Confederate flag and pendant. The gun was fired by the second lieutenant, Armstrong, a relation of the famous inventor, and ere its smoke cleared away, the stars and bars of the young Confederacy were floating on the breeze, and the ceremony was complete, Captain Semmes declaring the vessel henceforth to be known as the Alabama to have been duly commissioned. The next step was formally to engage the crew to serve and fight under the Southern flag, which having been done, the men were addressed by their captain in an eloquent and stirring speech, in the course of which he said there were only four vessels in the United States navy that were more than a match for the Alabama; but, he said, that in an English-built heart of oak, as she was, and surrounded, as he then saw himself, by British hearts of oak, he wouldn't strike his newly-hoisted flag for any one of the four. Of course, this elicited a hearty burst of cheering for the President, States, and captain, and when it had subsided, Captain Sommes said the Bahama was on the point of leaving for England, and intimated that, if any of his crew repented of the step they had taken, they were free to return in her. This alternative none would accept, and Captain Bullock and a few of the other officers who had taken the "290" from England to the Azores, finding their occupation gone, through the arrival of those who had held similar appointments in the Sumter, having gone on board the Bahama, that vessel and the Alabama, amid hearty cheering from the crews of both, parted company, the former pursuing her course back to England, the latter in chase of a Yankee whaler, which she has captured and burned. This was her first prize, and her subsequent career is now so famous as to make a single remark superfluous.

The Alabama's crew receive from the Confederate Government half the value of every American ship and cargo they destroy, and each of her crew is now worth several hundred pounds.—All obligations to them have hitherto been faithfully discharged *in gold*.—The Alabama is supplied with coal from Wales by three sailing vessels thus constantly employed.

Philosophy of Deep Plowing.

There was a time when the cultivated soil was merely scraped, when the ponderous plow, drawn by four horses, laid bare the earth but a few inches below the surface. But the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" hardly goes back to the easy going time, and now manufactures successively out-do each other in the production of implements by which the soil is thoroughly and deeply pulverized. That deep plowing is beneficial to the soil is admitted by every intelligent farmer, but the particular soil most benefited by it, and the proper time for the performance of the operation, are subjects on which a variety of opinion prevails. Stiff clay soils are the most benefited by deep plowing, and the results are still more satisfactory when the subsoil is of the same nature as the supersoil. If the farmer cannot extend the superficial area of his farm, he can, at least, add the cubical contents of its productive portion. By thoroughly breaking up the subsoil, it is exposed to the action of the air, the mineral food of the plants becomes liberated from its latent state and made available, and the sourness, which is a frequent property of the subsoils, disappears. In the working of stiff soils, the labor expended in pulverizing will be highly productive; but care should be taken that the quantity of subsoil brought to the surface is not greater than a winter's frost is sufficient thoroughly to disintegrate. If the land has been recently drained, and the underlying soil exhibits a bluish tint, not more than one and a half inches should be turned over on the surface soil. If too large a quantity of the infertile subsoil be brought up, the fertility of the land may be seriously impaired for several years. The remedy in this case is the repeated and careful tillage of the surface soil, and the abundant application of manure. If, however, the subsoil be merely broken up by the subsoil plow or the spade, and not brought in quantity to the surface, the pulverization may be advantageously made to extend to a much greater depth, and small portions may from time to time be brought to the surface in the course of tillage.

Deep cultivation is inapplicable in the case of sandy soils, except when they rest upon a stiff subsoil, which, however, is rarely the case. If there be simply a thin strata of stiff clay beneath the sandy soil, it should not always be broken through, as it may prevent the moisture passing away too rapidly as drainage. When friable soil rests on chalk, gravel or sand, deep plowing should not be performed; neither is the operation desirable, but the reverse is the case in any kind of highly manured land. We have often known the manure to be plowed in so deeply that its decomposition took place after the lapse of several years. Manure, to be efficient, must be as close to the surface as possible, in order that atmospheric influences may decompose it speedily, and that the nourishment afforded by it may be within easy access of the rootlets of the plants. The proper season for deep plowing is in the autumn, in order that the soil may be exposed to the winter's frosts and rains—those potent agents by which the dormant elements of fertility are set free and made available for the summer's crop.

—*Agricultural Review.*

A Story of Harper's Ferry.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

During the "dark days" of the rebellion, early in the summer of '61, Harper's Ferry was occupied in force by the rebels, and the Government was desirous to obtain a knowledge of the *status* of affairs there—an object not easily accomplished, on account of the constant and watchful care of the enemy, and the sharp severity accorded by the foe towards any one suspected as a *spy* in their camps. A young New England Volunteer, Harry B——, presented himself one morning to a high military functionary in Washington, and proposed to undertake to learn what was going on at that place.

"It is a hazardous operation," said the official, gravely.

"I am aware of that," responded the youth, "but I take the chances."

"Your success shall be amply compensated," said the other. "If you are discovered, however, do you know the penalty?"

"Death," replied the youth, firmly.

"You are right, young man. Go, then—and return assured of reward, if successful."

The young volunteer received his instructions, went to camp at the Relay House, and at dark he sallied forth in citizen's dress, passing the other pickets with the countersign and a cheerful "good night." At daybreak, he reached the station, from which the cars ran up by the Ferry, and occupying himself till afternoon, took the cars as a through passenger. Arriving at Harper's Ferry, the train did not stop. He watched his opportunity, as the cars moved slowly round the curve, and dropped down from the rear platform upon the road-side, and crept into the woods.

The night was cloudy, and Harry had been crouching beneath a thick fir tree a few moments, calculating what he should do next, when he heard footsteps approaching. It was the rebel guard! There were four of them. They came directly to the side of the tree where he lay concealed.—But it was very dark. He felt safe.

"Hold on, Barker," said one.—"Give us a light." Harry trembled perceptibly!

"Hammond's came up to-day."

"Of the Third?" asked another.

"Yes, old Georgy's alive, an' the Third's out yonder at the foot o' the lane."

A match was lighted—the glare fell upon the tree, through the branches of which Harry could plainly see the rebel's features—but he held his breath, and his presence there was not suspected!

"Got the countersign, Barker?

"Yes, *Old Dominion*, forever!"—said his companions; and they moved on and passed out of sight. Harry had the password.

Thus armed, our volunteer hastened "down the lane," determined to see "Hammond," wherever he was.

"Halt! Who goes there?" Shouted a sentinel.

"A friend," replied Harry.

"Advance, friend, with the countersign."

"Old Dominion," said Harry, promptly.

"Right. Pass on, friend," was the cheering answer. "Which way?"

"I'm looking for *Hammond*. He's down here somewhere, I learned."

"Of the Georgia Third?"

"Yes," said Harry, "yes."

"Half a mile on you'll find the camp. Good night."

He passed the guard safely, and soon found Hammond.

"Some mistake," said Harry, at a loss for other subterfuge. "Had you a relative?"

"Edward," said the rebel.

"Yes, 'Ned,' we used to call him."

"At Savannah?"

"Did you know poor Ned?"

"As well as I did my own brother." (Harry never had a brother.)

"He's a goner!"

"Dead?" exclaimed Harry.

"Killed at Vienna."

"Poor Ned! I would like to have seen him," continued Harry, "poor fellow."

"Well, come in," insisted Secesh.—"You were his friend—be *mine*. Come in." And into the little tent Harry pushed behind his acquaintance, who was very anxious to do the honors to his brother's friend.

"What might I call you—"

"Smith," said Harry—(believing that he might as well be called by this as by any name.)

"Stopping long here, Smith?"

"No—no," replied Harry. (Indeed he intended to get away as soon as possible.)

"Take a drink—here's to poor Ned."

"To poor Ned," said Harry, gulping down the whiskey. And then he pumped his friend Hammond discreetly, until he ascertained the strength of the enemy in that stronghold; who was in command; what was the artillery and field force; what were their designs at that time; how they were disposed, and what was their grand plan, and then he bade Mr. Hammond of the Georgia Third, good night, inviting him to call upon him at the village, next day.

Harry passed the guard again safely, crossed the bridge, walked three hours before daylight next morning, met the return train, came down towards the Relay, and, on the same evening after leaving, reached the outmost picket without a scratch. Next day he proceeded to Washington, waited on the Secretary, laid before him the facts he had learned, and, one week afterwards, I saw him with a first lieutenant's straps on his shoulders.

"Bravely earned!" said the official, when he presented him with his commission.

Harry B——is now a Captain in the —th Regiment, and has proved one of the best and bravest soldiers in this war.

Hear an Irish Patriot.

"Let the politicians who have been using us long enough, stay at home if they will, but let us go and fight the battles of the nation, and when we come home, a grateful nation will extend to us sufficient to meet our wants. I have always been a Democrat. I was going to say that I am still; but I will not allow any politics to interfere with the discharge of my duty. I take the KNOW NOTHING BY THE HAND AS A BROTHER if he carries the musket or sword alongside of me in this contest. I do not care where the man comes from, or what may be his shade of politics, whether he is a REPUBLICAN, an ABOLITIONIST, or something else—it is a perfect matter of indifference to me. I only want to say that I know no man but as he discharges his duty to that flag; and, as I said in Baltimore, men were never called upon in this world to perform so sacred a duty as you are, my countrymen, not only for your own sake, but for the whole country with its coming generations of men."—[Speech of General Corcoran at Philada.

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