

# THE COLUMBIAN

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENTS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER 30.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,641.

## Poetry.

### "It is More Blessed."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;  
Give! as the waves when their channel is risen;  
Give! as the soft, girlish sunshine are given;  
Lazily, sweetly, joyfully give.  
Not the waste drops of thy overflowing,  
Not the faint sparks of thy breath ever glowing,  
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing,  
Give as he gave thee, who gave thee to live.  
Pour out thy love like the rush of a river  
Washing its waters forever and ever;  
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;  
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.  
Scatter thy life in the summer showers pouring;  
What if no bird through the air should be soaring?  
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?  
Look to the life that was lavished for thee.  
So the wild wind strews its perfumed carcases,  
Evil and thankful the desert it blesses,  
Blister the wave that its soft pinion presses,  
Never it ceases to whisper and sing.  
What if the hard heart give thanks for thy roses?  
What if the rocks by thy bosom are pressed?  
Sweetest, music with minor-keyed notes,  
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.  
Almost the day of thy giving is over;  
Ere from the grass die the beautiful clover,  
That with have vanished from friend and foe lover;  
What shall thy longings avail in the grave?  
Give us the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,  
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking,  
Soon heaven's river thy soul-veiled sinking,  
Thou shalt know God and the gift that he gave.

### Ode to Tobacco.

"Thou who, when Jem's attack,  
Biddst them advance, and Black  
Care at the hosannas' back  
Perching, unobscured;  
Sweet when the moon is gray;  
Sweet, when they're closed away  
Lunch and at close of day  
Possibly sweetest:  
I have a liking old  
For thee, though manifold  
Stories, I know, are told,  
Not to thy credit;  
How one (or two at most)  
Brought me a pipe, and I  
Useless, except to rest—  
Doctors have said it:  
"How they who use faces  
All glow by slow degrees  
Bright as chameleons,  
Merge as lizards;  
Go mad, and beat their wives;  
Plunge (at last) into the mire;  
Razors and carving knives  
Into their gazards.  
"Confound such knavish tricks!  
Yet know I live or die  
Smokers who feel my  
Bills with their neighbors;  
Some—who, I'm glad to say,  
Acknowledge Mrs. J.—  
Duly absent—  
After his labor."  
"After his use had your goose  
Cooked by accident;  
Still why deny its use?  
Thoughtful take it:  
We're not a tubercle-er;  
Smash, in a fresh cigar:  
Smash, in a tobacco-er."  
Hear ye, ye hear ye!  
Kisses and Deviations by C. S. C.

## Selections.

### Incidents of the Late Flood in California.

Correspondence of the Lockport (N. Y.) Journal & Courier.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 23, 1861.

FRYE, BISHOP. I am gratified to learn that you have not forgotten my name and post-office address. I did not find this out by any letter from you, as you are probably aware; for I have had but two from you since leaving Lockport in 1852, now nearly ten years ago. A paragraph in your paper conveyed the fact, as it occurs the question of ferry, and there plenty of apples in Sacramento. Now, "plenty" as applied to the article of apples in Sacramento and in Lockport, does not express exactly the same meaning. With you it means two "bits"; a bushel; here, it means to or three fair apples for the same sum.—There are some fine specimens, however,—enough to denote the adaptability of the climate to their production and they are becoming more abundant, but, like "the last best gift," with whom they are somewhat associated in holy writ, they are still deplorably scarce in these parts.  
It would seem as if the elements were jealous of this quiet serenity pervading our Pacific land, and in consequence of the quietness of war, for the past month has been one continued storm throughout California, Oregon, the Great Basin, etc. It was the severest storm known in the country since its settlement by Americans. In this immediate neighborhood it culminated on Monday, and in the morning a disastrous flood ever experienced in Sacramento. In portions of the city the water runs twenty-five feet in depth, while in crossing J and K streets, the highest in the place, I had to wade waist deep to reach my room.  
The damage has been immense, and is estimated at from \$1,500,000 to \$2,500,000. Everybody has suffered. Water is a great traveler, and no respecter of persons. The rich man has lost his thousands; the poor man, his cow or his horse,—or perhaps his house, furniture or clothing. Some fifty-ninety, the water has been almost nothing. At one time it was placed at 200, but there is now no evidence of more than one death from the flood in this city. Mark Hopkins, formerly of your place, sustained changes to his stock of hardware to the extent of \$10,000. John Webster, also a Lockport man, is loser to a considerable extent. Engle, a Wisconsin man, is among the most active in devising practical means for the future defense of the city, its drainage grading, etc.  
But the details you will receive by telegraph or in your California exchanges, if they ever reach you. If they do not come to you more steadily and regularly than eastern papers reach us, they will be of little use to you, indeed. This letter, ever though written two weeks after the occurrence, may yet reach you before the newspapers which detail it. Details, however, would possess little interest, and a few incidents may give you a more vivid idea of

the matter, as well as exhibit the spirit of the people, and the recuperative spirit of the place, much more truly than would a column of figures and statistics. In truth, the hardships and mischances, the scenes and scenery, the incidents and accidents, the sayings, doings and transpirings generally of the past few days will form an eventful chapter in the history of Sacramento that will possess peculiar interest in the future, not only to her present citizens, but to those in other localities who have ever dwelt within her walls.  
The morning after the flood I met a citizen, who, notwithstanding heavy losses, wore his customary cheerful look.  
"You have lost your house, I hear?"  
"Yes."  
"And all your furniture, of course?"  
"Yes, but I have saved my family."  
"What is the damage on your stock of goods?"  
"About five thousand dollars."  
"Heavy, isn't it?"  
"Yes, but it's in—on the rats."  
"That man was never content to be a miser, and he has not been a miser since." A few somebody was bantering a citizen along, and we have them here by hundreds—the right men in the right place, for once.  
Walking on the levee the same evening, I met another of the losers, which is equivalent to saying any one of our 15,000 inhabitants. He had his two hands in his two empty pockets, but his step was assured, and his face was cheerful and hopeful, and he was singing as if it were his vesper hymn—a popular ballad—laying especial emphasis upon the chorus:—  
"What can't be cured  
Must be endured."  
"How high did the water get on your floor?"  
"I'm tired of a resident of one of the most favored localities of the city."  
"Just high enough to take the starch out of my shirt collar," said he. But as if anxious to maintain the good standing of real estate in his neighborhood, he added: "But then you know I am a very short man."  
The man who was bantering a citizen along, the magnificent watercraft which his ranch presented, to which he promptly responded: "I wouldn't give a copper for a man that couldn't have a lake of his own."  
How a single act of kindness makes all the world akin—especially such heavy touches to a member of the Hercules class. They contributed over thirty thousand dollars in money, food and clothing for those rendered needy by the late calamity in this city.  
A friend resides in the southern portion of the city. Farther than the trifling inconvenience of having three feet of water on his property, San Francisco makes a note. They are somewhat noted among his acquaintances for his strong, likes and dislikes, and the earnest terms in which he sometimes expresses them. He has been, for some cause or no cause, particularly down on San Francisco, in times past—frequently wishing the place swallowed up, or down by an earthquake. But he takes a different view of it now.  
"A few nights since," said he, "I read of the action of the people of San Francisco in relation to the sufferers by the floods in Sacramento and elsewhere; and would you believe it? (and his voice grew husky) I could not help blubbering right out, like an old fellow."  
For the credit of humanity I am happy to know there are many such "old fellows" in our city.  
Yes, these San Franciscans are masters in their way. They can touch the gaffer, as well as strike the sterner chords of humanity.  
I heard a citizen exclaim, "Their sympathy is indeed heartfelt."  
"Deeper than that deeper than that," remarked his companion.  
I did not entirely follow his meaning until he said the aid of a rope line, I ascertained the relative height and depth of the heart and pocket.  
While a flood is not in itself necessarily witty, it still may be the cause of wit in others. A joke cast a temporary shade over the solemnity of one of our wealthiest citizens. An interested San Franciscan inquired concerning his circumstances.  
"I'm in liquidation," was the answer.  
"What?" said the other with a start; "I supposed he was rich."  
"I say nothing on that point," said the Sacramento man. "What I know is that his trunk and things have been in 'soak' for a week or two."  
It was some time before the Franciscan saw the matter in its true light. When he did, he made this remark:  
"Let us liquidate."  
Which they did.  
I saw a hunting outfit yesterday partaking somewhat of the unique. It consisted of Frenchman, a cabin and fixed bayonet, the whole making a combined effort to fix a wounded goose that had been left by its flock, and was paddling among the willows on an overflowed reach near Sutterville. The hunter blazed away, and missed the bird.—He fired again, hitting it in the same place. Then with the characteristic impetuosity of his race, and the accompanying "bang," he brought his bayonet to the charge, and rushing into the willows, was lost to view.—Shades of Mars! A soldier of the empire—perhaps a hero of the Malakoff—charging on a wounded goose! What a burlesque on war! Will it all amount to the same in the end, and the prospect of glory on the battle field—snatching the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth?—generally proves like our friend's exploit—a wild goose chase.  
The recent visitation of Jupiter Pluvius transformed Sacramento from the City of the Plains into the City of Ferries. With the receding waters the ferry-men see their boats, and their fading from their vision—coasting, slipping through their fingers—dripping, squirting from their boats. At the lower end of Fourth street we heard a consultation yesterday on this matter between two of these:  
"Any, Jakey," said one, with most lugubrious air, "I'll give you a dollar for a faller for a day or two more at this rate there won't be no more use for a boat."  
"True for you, Tammus," said the other with an equally gloom countenance, "it is a getting 'errible low' 'errible low!"  
A joke is attributed to a grave Senator. Meeting him recently, he was accosted by a friend:  
"Did you save your library, Mr. H.?"  
"Yes, sir; all in one volume."  
"Ah! pray what volume is that?"  
"A volume of water, sir."  
On Monday morning, the Monday morning—man with his wife and child might have been clinging for life to the roof of a frail wooden structure, while the frigid and turbid waters surged and roared around them, and momentarily leapt rather than crept upward to their last precarious foothold. The husband hailed a passing boat:  
"Help! for God's sake, help!"

"I'm not on it," said the boatman.  
"What will you charge to take an off?"  
"Now you're talking sense. Twenty-five dollars a head."  
"I haven't got so much money about me, said the man on the house-top.  
"Nuf sed," and the boatman moved off.  
"Hold on," said the husband and father.  
"Well, speak quick—the time is money."  
"And life!" said the other. "What will you take me off for?"  
"Fifty dollars."  
"I will give it."  
The boat was backed and the husband embarked. The boatman gave a few strokes of the oar, and then stopping asked for his fare. The passenger put his hand in his pocket and, not withdrawing it immediately with the coveted gold, the boatman said angrily:  
"Well, you're long enough about it! I'll be obliged if I believe you have any money!"  
"No, but I have what is better in a case like this," said the other, drawing and casting a look at the boatman's wife.  
"Now villain, turn back and get my wife and child!"  
MORAL.—There are worse things in the world than cooked Derringers.  
I think I did wrong in calling that thing a boatman. I should have used the term "pirate," had it not been for the fear that some of our San Franciscans might call me to account for the implied insult.  
But here is an incident related of a true boatman—one of the many who achieved noble and heroic acts on that day:  
"Halloo boatman."  
"Halloo yourself, and see how you like it."  
"I want you to take a load of furniture."  
"Can't do it till the women and children are safe."  
"I'll give you your own price!"  
"Human life before money."  
"A hundred dollars for a load!"  
The boatman shook his head, and every vigorous stroke of the oar said "No!"  
"Two hundred!"  
"Not for a thousand," was the reply wafted back from the receding boat.  
A little fellow, of apparently ten years, but with a head that could see his body and go it twenty times better, applied for relief to a member of the Hercules class. He was situated at the Pavilion, one day last week.  
"Well, my lad, what can we do for you?"  
"I want a suit of clothes, sir."  
"Why, you seem to have on good, comfortable clothing."  
"Yes, but I want a Sunday suit."  
"Well, I'm no sartorialer. Black pants and a blue jacket with brass buttons, a soldier-fashion cap and long boots will do."  
"I regret to inform you, my little man, that there is not a suit of that description in the house."  
"I don't look at a single of pity, indignation and contempt he took his departure, and contented himself with such a one-hour institution!  
"Mike did you lose your house?"  
"Yes," said he, as if proud of the locust-quality of his hitherto stand, well-behaved domicile. "Yes, I was just second thought the cap. She went off in grand style, passed the break more smoothly and sailed more gracefully, made better time, acted more ship-shape generally, and broke into small or pieces than any house going."  
"Literally a fine house, eh?"  
"A heap."  
"Do you save your furniture?"  
"No, not only is all the furniture lost, but the entire family wardrobe—and a bottle of capital brandy."  
"Why, you have lost everything!"  
"That is my impression, too."  
"Had he been a millionaire he could not have lost money and yet not been heartened follow, when advised to apply to the Howards for the relief which would have been freely given, declined, saying there were poorer ones than he. We believe him.—There are rich poor men and poor rich men the world over.  
One of the most touching instances of affection between man and brute that I have ever heard of, was related to me as having occurred during the rush of waters and general consternation of Monday—Blue Monday. A man was seen amid the flood holding in his left hand a dog, and in his right hand a stick of dynamite. He was about to throw the stick into the water, and the dog, who was very tame, was seen to place his paw on the man's arm, and to look at him with a look of such pleading and faithfulness, faithful he, to his canine friend. At the last moment, and rarely in time to save him, a boat approached, into which he first carefully placed his charge, and then embarked himself.  
He gave a sigh of relief, cast a look at the dog, who was whining and barking at his feet, and then in a half-musing, half-cautious and apparently indifferent manner remarked:  
"I wonder what has become of my wife and children."  
The proprietor of one of the city bowling alleys, on entering his establishment on Tuesday morning, and witnessing the scene of desolation therein presented, struck an attitude worthy of Forrest or Mureeday, and apostrophized thus:  
"The pins are down,  
O, car-ded spile,  
But what water below to set 'em upright!"  
"Yes," Magic, charming monosyllable!—under certain circumstances. A friend—we are all friends in Sacramento now—told us of a little incident, "just nineteen years old, which fell into the great deep, yesterday, and which he had the exquisite pleasure of rescuing.  
He was endeavoring to walk on one of the sidewalks of Seventh street, which footway has a sideward slope of some forty-five degrees, and was covered with an unctious coating of mud, slipped and fell into the mud and water in the street, which reached his waist. She then, as Tom expressed it, "heaved overboard," and went head to foot. Tom is bashful, very—especially towards ladies—but this was no time to stand upon ceremonies. In the exigencies of the times the lady had fortunately discarded her hoops, so Tom was enabled to approach sufficiently near to proffer assistance. Extending his hand he asked in the blandest manner possible:  
"Will you allow me, Miss, the pleasure of helping you out?"  
In liquid tones she answered:  
"Yes."  
It was the first time a pretty woman ever said "yes" to me, said Tom, "and it has been pretty effectually disabled, except on Commodore Foote was wounded twice, but not fatally.  
Official Despatch from Com. Foote.  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The following despatch was this morning received at the Navy Department, from Flag Officer Foote:

her classically close fitting drapery and disheveled hair the same fully up to my head level of forehead."  
"I have just seen her safe at home," continued Tom, with a gratified air, "and have a standing invitation to call soon and often."  
Tom is good looking, and the lady is fair, and something may yet come of that little duck—for love, like hoops, often commences on a very small capital.  
P. S.—It is a terrible position to live within the grasp of two such capricious rivers—as the Sacramento and American.—Another flood is upon us. The American has risen ten feet in the last twelve hours and we are momentarily expecting its torrents in the streets. The alarm bells are ringing as if to repel a hostile attack. But how unavailing! The Sacramento is twenty-two feet above low water mark.  
I have had some thoughts of sealing this, putting it in a bottle and throwing it overboard. But on mature reflection have concluded to entrust it to Uncle Sam's care; as, in the event of a storm, I have the most confident reliance in him. Long may he wave! Yours, aqueously, O. L.

## THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

### BOMBARDMENT OF FORT DONELSON.

#### Desperate Fighting on Both Sides.

#### ONE OF GEN. GRANT'S BATTERIES TAKEN BY THE REBELS.

#### IS RETAKEN BY OUR FORCES.

#### THE REBELS' PRINCIPAL REDOUBT TAKEN.

#### IT COMMANDS THE WHOLE REBEL FORT.

#### OUR GUNBOATS BADLY DAMAGED AND FORCED TO WITHDRAW.

#### THE REBELS RAISE THE BLACK FLAG.

St. Louis, Feb. 16.—The city is perfectly wild with excitement and rejoicing at the announcement, just made public, that the American flag now waves over Fort Donelson.  
The loss has been heavy on both sides. One of General Grant's batteries was taken by the rebels, but was soon recaptured by our troops.  
The gunboats are said to be badly damaged.  
We expect the particulars of the victory to-night.  
St. Louis, Feb. 16.—[Special despatch to the St. Louis Democrat.]—Commander Foote reached here at 12 o'clock last night on board the gunboat Conestoga. He stormed Fort Donelson on Friday afternoon with the "Iron Brigade," consisting of Pittsburg, Carondelet, Tyler and Conestoga. After fighting a little over an hour he withdrew. Fifty-four were killed and wounded on our gunboats, Pilots Italy and Linton being among the wounded.  
Commodore Foote, while standing on the pilot house of the Louisville, his flag-ship, was slightly wounded.  
The St. Louis was hit by 61 shot.  
Two of the gunboats were disabled.  
The Tyler and Conestoga remained out of the range of the enemy's guns.  
The line of battle was as follows: The St. Louis on the right, near the Louisville, the Pittsburg, and the Carondelet on the left.  
The enemy's firing was very accurate.—They had three batteries—one near the river's edge, one fifty feet above this, and a third fifty feet above the second. The upper one mounted four 12-pounders. This was held in reserve until our boats got within 400 yards of the fort.  
Our fire was directed principally at the water battery. One of the enemy's guns burst, and a number were dismounted. The enemy could be seen carrying the dead out of their trenches.  
The iron gunboats were left up the Cumberland, except the Conestoga. She left there yesterday morning.  
A rifle gun on the Carondelet burst, killing six men.  
The rudder of the Pittsburg was shot away.  
The mortar boats were here yesterday morning for Fort Donelson.  
The above is gleaned from statements made by gentlemen who were aboard the St. Louis during the engagement.

### LATER.

A gentleman who left Fort Donelson yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and reached here at noon to-day, says that the fight had been a most intense one, and that the rebels were warring over them.  
The forces were breast to breast, and the fight was to be renewed.  
The rebels were on the steamer Mississippi, and were on Fort Donelson, with fifteen hundred men, and were on the river, bringing a military mail and despatches, and one hundred and fifty wounded to the hospital at Paducah.  
The fight commenced on Thursday, and was continued on Friday and Saturday. The fight during the latter day was desperate.  
The Illinois Eighteenth regiment suffered severely, and the Iowa Ninth sustained considerable loss.  
Swartz's battery, which was taken by the enemy, was recaptured by our troops.  
The rebels were wounded and two killed. The loss is heavy on both sides.  
The upper fort was taken at 1 o'clock, and the Union flag now floats over it.  
Our troops behaved with great gallantry. The gunboats St. Louis, Louisville and Pittsburg were disabled.  
The rebels were on the mortar gunboats at Paducah, going up.  
The upper redoubt taken by our troops commands Fort Donelson, and Gen. Grant telegraphs that he would be able to capture that fort to-day, Sunday.

### THE OFFICIAL DESPATCHES.

St. Louis, Feb. 16.—Despatches received at headquarters say that all the gunboats were pretty effectually disabled, except on Commodore Foote was wounded twice, but not fatally.  
Official Despatch from Com. Foote.  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The following despatch was this morning received at the Navy Department, from Flag Officer Foote:

U. S. FLAG-SHIP St. Louis,  
Near Fort Donelson, Va.,  
YANON, Feb. 15, 1862.

I made an attack on Fort Donelson yesterday at 3 o'clock P. M., with four iron-plated gunboats, and two wooden ones, and after one hour and a quarter severe fighting in the latter part of the day, within less than 400 yards of the fort, the wheel of the vessel and during the two boats unmanageable. They then drifted down the river.  
The two remaining boats were greatly damaged between wind and water. This vessel alone received 59 shots, and the others about half that number each. There were 64 killed and wounded in this attack, which we have reason to suppose would have been many more, could the action have been continued, have resulted in the capture of the fort bearing upon us, as the enemy was running from his batteries, when the two gunboats drifted helplessly down the river from the disabled steering apparatus, as the relieving tackles could not steer the vessel. We were, however, returned to the river battery guns, and again hotly poured their fire upon us.  
The enemy must have brought over twenty guns to bear upon our boats from the water battery and the main fort on the hill, while we could only return the fire with fifteen guns from the four boats. One of the rifled guns aboard the Carondelet burst during the action. The officers and men in this hotly contested but unequal fight behaved with the greatest gallantry and determination, all deploring the accident which rendered two of our gunboats suddenly helpless in the narrow river and swift current.  
On consultation with Gen. Grant and my own officers, as my services here until we can repair damages, by bringing up a competent force from Cairo to attack the fort, are much less required than they are at Cairo, I shall proceed to that place.  
I have serious doubts as to the Tennessee river, to render the railroad bridge impassable.

A. H. Foote, Flag Officer,  
Flag Officer Commanding the Naval Force,  
Western Division,  
GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

Further Particulars.  
CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—The following special despatch has been received by the Tribune: ULYSSES S. GRANT, near Fort Donelson, Feb. 15, 1862.—The firing commenced again to-day at daybreak, and was continued at intervals all day long. Up to 4 o'clock no movement or assault by the land force had been made.  
The night before last an attempt was made by the rebels to take Taylor's battery on both sides. They were repulsed by our regiments, and driven back beyond their entrenchments. Our loss in wounded is considerable, but not more than three or four are dangerously wounded.  
Six gunboats arrived yesterday and commenced an attack on the fort at 2 P. M. The firing was rapid and severe, and lasted for an hour and a half. The iron gunboats fell back. The iron gunboats went within three hundred yards of the fort.  
All the rebels' river guns except six were either dismounted or silenced.  
The first shot fired from the St. Louis disabled the rebels' 128-pounder. The Louisville received 57 shots, two of which took effect, one striking the starboard side of her deck, passing through the entire length of the boat, killing three men, and breaking her tiller rope a short distance from the pilot house. The ropes were then managed by some of the hands, when a shell from the Tyler, which lay some distance astern, burst over the Louisville, scattering the men at the tiller rope, and so much disabled the steering apparatus that the boat was compelled to fall astern.  
One shot struck the Pittsburg in the bows and caused an immense hole in her, which caused her to drop out of the action. The shot struck the pilot house of the St. Louis, passing through it between the legs of the pilot without injuring him. All the boats were more or less injured, but none but the Louisville were disabled, therefore it will require a much longer time to reduce this fort.  
The rebels have raised the black flag, and it can be seen flying from the bank, a short distance above.

our prisoners. Five thousand escaped, and the balance are reported killed or otherwise disabled.  
Our loss is not stated, but the slaughter in our ranks is mentioned as having been terribly severe.  
DESPATCH FROM COM. FOOTE.  
He is about to Proceed Against Clarksville.  
CAIRO, Feb. 17, 1862.  
Gen. Grant has just arrived from Fort Donelson, and brings information of the capture of that place by the land forces yesterday morning, with 15,000 prisoners. Generals Johnston and Buckner are taken prisoners.  
The loss is heavy on both sides.  
Floyd escaped with five thousand men during the night.  
It is expected that the gunboats as soon as possible will proceed up to Clarksville. Eight mortar boats are on their way with which I hope to attack Clarksville. My foot is painful but not dangerous. The army have behaved gloriously. I shall be able to take two iron-plated gunboats with me, as the others are disabled.  
I hope the war is arranged. The particulars will soon be given.

### THE SURRENDER.

#### Reception of the News at St. Louis—Great Rejoicing.

St. Louis, February 17.—Fort Donelson surrendered at 9 o'clock yesterday morning to our land forces. Several gunboats were present at the time.  
An immense amount of war material is being sent to the relief of the city.  
Floyd skulked away during the night before the surrender.  
The gunboat Carondelet, Capt. Walker, which arrived at Cairo this morning with the news, brought a large number of our wounded to the Paducah and Cairo Hospitals.

This city is wild with excitement and joy. The cheering news was read at the Union Merchants' Exchange, creating the most intense enthusiasm. The "Star Spangled Banner," "Flag of Our Union," and "Red, White and Blue," were sung by all present in the afternoon, after which they marched to headquarters, some 1,200 strong, where three rousing cheers were given for General Halleck and Commodore Foote.  
General Halleck appeared at a window and thanked the people for their hearty demonstrations, and said:  
"I promised, when I came here, with you and me, that we would not leave you from your State. This has been done, and the enemy is now virtually out of Kentucky, and soon will be out of Tennessee."  
More cheers for the Union were given, and the Star Spangled Banner was repeated, and then the crowd dispersed.  
Floyd, the thief, stole away during the night, leaving with him a thousand men, and is denounced by the rebels as a traitor.  
I am happy to inform you that Flag Officer Foote (though suffering with his foot), with the noble spirit characteristic of our navy, notwithstanding his disability, will take up immediately two gunboats, and eight mortar boats, which he will make an immediate attack on Clarksville, if the stage of water will permit.  
We are now firing a national salute from Fort Cairo, General Grant's late post, in honor of the glorious achievement.  
(Signed) GUY V. CURRY,  
Chief of Staff of Engineers.

Additional Details.  
CHICAGO, February 17.—A special despatch to the Times, dated "Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862," says: Fort Donelson surrendered at daylight this morning unconditionally. We have taken Generals Buckner, Johnston, Bushner, and fifteen thousand prisoners, including Gen. Buckner and Johnston.  
General Smith led the charge on the lower end of the works and was first inside the fortifications. The Fort Henry runaways were all here bagged.  
The prisoners are going on board the steamers for Cairo.  
Our loss is heavy, probably four hundred killed, and eight hundred wounded. We have a large per centage of officers, among them General John B. Bristow, of the Twenty-first Illinois, White, of the Thirty-first and Smith of the Forty-eighth. Colonels John A. Logan, Sawyer and Ransom were wounded.  
Major Post, of the Eighth Illinois, with two hundred privates, are prisoners, and have gone to Nashville. They have been taken up the river before the surrender in a skirmish.  
The enemy's loss is very great but not so great as ours, as they fought behind entrenchments, whilst our brave fellows had nothing to shelter them from the iron storm.  
We should have taken them by storming on Saturday if our ammunition had not given out at the night.  
McClelland's Division, composed of Generals Oglesby, Wallace and McArthur's Brigades suffered terribly. They were composed of the Eighth, Ninth, Eleventh, Eighteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, Thirty-third and Forty-ninth Illinois. General Lew Wallace with the Eleventh Indiana, Eighth Missouri and some Ohio regiments, participated in the assault.  
Taylor's, Willard's, McAllister's, Swartz's

and De Cusses' Batteries were in the fight from the commencement.  
The enemy turned our right for half an hour, but our lost ground was more than regained.  
Gen. Lanman's Brigade of Gen. Smith's Division was the first in the lower end of the enemy's works, which was done by a charge of bayonets.  
As nine-tenths of the Rebels were pitted against our right, our forces on the right were ready all night to reconnoitre the attack on Sunday morning. They were met on their approach by a white flag. General Buckner having sent early in the morning a despatch to General Grant, surrendering the works. The outworks of the fort extended some five miles.  
The Trophies.  
The Rebels lost 48 field pieces, 17 heavy guns, 20,000 stand of arms, besides a large quantity of commissary stores, etc., etc.  
The Enemy Demoralized.  
The Rebel troops are completely demoralized, and have no confidence in their leaders, as they charge Pillow and Floyd with deserting them.  
What Our Troops Endured.  
Our troops from the moment of the investment of the fort, on Wednesday last, lay out their arms night and day, half the time without provisions, all the time without tents, and a portion of the time in a heavy rain storm.  
Aid for the Wounded Soldiers.  
INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 17.—A special train left here to-day with physicians and twenty-five volunteer nurses, with quantities of hospital stores to relieve the wounded at Fort Donelson.  
A citizens' meeting has been called to make arrangements for taking care of the wounded that will be sent here. Governor Morton leaves to-night for Fort Donelson.  
Our Loss.  
CHICAGO, Feb. 17.—A private message this evening to the Sanitary Commission from Cairo says our loss at Fort Donelson is estimated at 300 killed, 600 wounded and 100 missing.  
From Bowling Green.  
Further Particulars of the Retreat of the Rebels from Bowling Green.  
CINCINNATI, Feb. 16.—The Commercial has received the following relative to the evacuation of Bowling Green by the rebels.  
On learning that the rebels were retreating, forced marches were ordered by Mitchell, and, if possible, the railroad and the spike road were to be broken by the Rebels. They had, however, been destroyed when General Mitchell reached the banks of the river.  
The brigades of Breckinridge and Hindman were until Thursday evening at Woodland Station. The rebels left nothing at Bowling Green, except a few old wagons, and part of the town is reported to have been burnt.  
It is believed there are no rebel forces now in Kentucky east of the direct road from Bowling Green via Franklin to Nashville.  
Crittenden is trying to organize another army at Cambridge (on the south bank of the Cumberland, east of Nashville). This is the only rebel force from Bowling Green to Nashville.  
Breckinridge and Hindman's brigades have fallen back on Russellville (about thirty miles southwest of Bowling Green) on the road from Bowling Green to Nashville, where Buckner's and Floyd's brigades were stationed for some time. Hardee and Johnston were also believed to be at that point on Friday.  
It is presumed, with the exception of the above brigades, the whole rebel army lately at Bowling Green has been moved to Fort Donelson and Clarksville. What movement may have been made by the rebel forces since Thursday can only be conjectured, but the probabilities are they have concentrated their whole force on the Cumberland. If, however, they have not done so, the divisions of Nelson and Mitchell will be ample to cope with all they may have between Bowling Green and Nashville.  
It is believed that the divisions of McCook and Thomas embarked at the mouth of the Salt River on steamers for the Cumberland, on Saturday night and yesterday. The troops that have been in the camp of instruction at Bardonia were at Louisville yesterday embarking for the Cumberland river.  
Three Indiana regiments with a battery of artillery leave New Albany to-day. The aggregate of these reinforcements is probably 40,000 men.  
General Euell, we understand, goes with General McCook's Division to take command in person on the Cumberland, where our forces will by to-morrow night number 80,000 men. While he presses the enemy on the Cumberland with his tremendous force, his flank and rear are pressed by the heavy divisions under General Mitchell and General Nelson.  
Since writing the above we learn that the regiments now in the Ohio camps are ordered at once to the Cumberland.  
The Latest from Bowling Green.  
LOUISVILLE, Feb. 17.—Bowling Green advances say Gen. Mitchell captured five locomotives at the depot, and scattered the last of the retreating Rebels, killing some fifteen.  
FROM MISSOURI.  
General Curtis Pursues Price, Scattering his Army, and Makes More Prisoners Than He Can Take Care Of.  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—This forenoon General Halleck telegraphed to General McClelland the gratifying news that General Curtis' pursuit of Price's fleeing army has so far been eminently successful. He had up to yesterday captured one Colonel, one Lieutenant Colonel, two Captains, and more privates, etc., than he could by any possibility take due care of. This means, evidently, that he has succeeded in breaking up Price's army.  
A BRILLIANT EXPLOIT ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.  
Gen. Lander Attacks and Dispurses a Rebel Camp.  
A Number of Important Prisoners Taken.  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The following special despatch from General Lander has been received at headquarters:  
PAWPAW, Va., Feb. 14.—8 o'clock P. M. Major General G. B. McClelland.—The railroad was opened to Hancock this morn-