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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

TERMS—\$1 25 per Annum, if paid in advance.

VOL. XXXIII.—WHOLE NO. 1717

CLEARFIELD, PA WEDNESDAY, AUG. 6, 1862.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.—NO. 3

Republican Gossip.

TEXT:—"And they took it in their vessels with their lamps."
 My BRETHREN.—We will open upon this occasion, by singing to the long meter, what the Democrats (who can't go to heaven) might call a negro song, but which, my brethren, is properly a colored Sam. And while your preacher thrums out, you will please sing, particularly the sisterhood, as I like to hear their voices-ah!

From Africa the negro came,
 Arise my brethren, bless his name!
 Stand up, my brethren, bless the day
 The negro came from Africa.

He is the object of our love,
 In him we live; in him we move,
 For him we preach—for him we pray—
 For him we meet from day to day.

Remember 'twas the white man's sin
 Which played his feet and bowed his chin,
 His shins were straight as straight could be
 Till they were bowed in Sla-vi-rec.

Then, brethren, hear your blessings rise
 Upon his heels, his lips, his eyes—
 Upon his feet, upon his shins,
 Both played and bowed for white man's sins.

My BRETHREN.—Your minister intends to show, on this occasion, that there is only one scriptural party, and that is the G-r-e-a-t Republican party. If any man can, rebut your minister, let him make an endeavor.

I will prove that there is only one scriptural party by a text from the New Testament scriptures in these words:—"And took it in their vessels with their lamps." Now brethren, her's a scriptural rule: "And they took it in their vessels with their lamps." Who was it, my brethren, that took the oil in the lamps? Who?

That was the Douglas party. They held great meetings; and they carried a banner with thirty-four stars, and on the banner was written "Popular Sov-reignty." But what was the oil? and what was the vessel? and what was the lamp? All their cry was Constitution and Laws. But you may search the scriptures from Dan to Bursheeba, so to speak, and from kiver to kiver, and you can't find Popular Sov-reignty.

And that was the Bell party. And they met in great meeting, and carried a banner with thirty-four stars, and on the banner was "Constitution and Laws." But what was the oil, my brethren? and what was the vessel? and what was the lamp? All their cry was Constitution and Laws. But you may search the scriptures from Dan to Bursheeba, so to speak, and from kiver to kiver, and you can't find Constitution and Laws.

And then, that was the G-r-e-a-t Republican party. Ah, my brethren, in fact I see them now ah! I see't! I see what was the vessels, and what was the lamps, for they were every where. Ah, my brethren, they didn't carry Popular Sov-reignty; and they had no banner with Constitution and Laws on; but they took it in their vessels with their lamps, according to the New Testament scriptures. Now if any person thinks he can rebut your minister, let him make the endeavor-ah!

Gen. Wm. S. Ross.
 Our people were not surprised last week at the nomination by the Republican State Convention, of our fellow townsman, Gen. Ross, as their candidate for Surveyor-General. We knew for some months past, that the Abolitionists had arranged, through the secret league of which Hosea Carpenter is President, to "rope in" some fishy Democrat to place on their ticket along side with a full-bloom Republican, and we were assured by various manoeuvres that they had fixed upon Gen. Ross. His nomination, therefore, was but the completion of an underdog plan, and consequently surprised nobody. He was to be the stoolpigeon by which Democratic voters were to be entrapped, because he had called himself a Democrat.

As we are credibly informed, he first started out, when a young man, by opposing Gen. Jackson in 1828, and supporting Adams. His next step was in 1841 in co-operation with the wife of the District as a candidate for Speaker in opposition to Gen. Beaumont, the regular Democratic nominee. While in the Senate he again illustrated his attachment to the Democracy by bolting the caucus nomination and assisting in the election of Simon Cameron. Gen. Ross then subsided into private life, and pursued a course politically which gave him the character of anything but a Democrat—until the rebellion broke out and a fine opening was presented by hollow professions of Union made by the Abolitionists (who had control of the government) for just this sort of fishy material. He was just last year nominated by the Republican Convention as a candidate for the legislature, and elected by less than a hundred votes. Although he called himself a Union Democrat, he acted with the Republican party through the whole session. He voted, among other things, to stifle the voice of old Luther by denying to Messrs. Welch and Trimmer their seats, and installing the two Abolition candidates, Hall and Russell, whom the Supreme Court have decided had not the slightest right there. By this act he assisted in throwing the last House of Representatives into the hands of the Republicans—thus again illustrating his claim to the title of Democrat. In addition, it is said he also voted against paying Messrs. Welch and Trimmer (the Democratic candidates) their mileage and expenses in contesting their seats.—*Lucerne Union.*

How the Slaves went South.

The Boston Gazette, published in old Massachusetts, and dated July 17, 1758, contains the following advertisement:
GREAT BARGAINS!
 "Just imported from Africa, and to be sold on board the brig Janney, William Elley, Commander, now lying at New Boston, a number of like negro boys and girls, from twelve to fourteen years old. Inquire of said Elley on board said brig, where constant attendance is given."
 "Note.—The above slaves have all had the smallpox. Treasurer's notes and New England rum will be taken as pay."

There is a good text for a long sermon. But the subject requires but a few words. Massachusetts, now so piously hostile to slavery was at that date, and for half a century later, the great slave trader of the Western Hemisphere. Her ships, her men, her money and her enterprise took to that trade as naturally as a duck takes to water. There were thousands of her people who engaged in the "sum of all villainies," as John Wesley denominated the slave trade, but not the ownership of slaves. Massachusetts money and Massachusetts ships invaded the barracoons and the coasts of Africa, mainland, and thousands of boys and girls from twelve to fourteen years of age, were brought to New England for use there, or for sale to the fathers of the present rebels of the South.

New England people were the "man stealers" for the colonies of Britain, and for the States which now comprise rebellious Dixie. There was money in the business—there was gain—there was self and up to the year 1808 when the vile trade was abolished, no one ever heard a Massachusetts man denouncing this trade in human beings. When her old slave ships were worn out, she could turn an honest penny at some other traffic, she became suddenly conscientious and has continued to kick up a fuss generally with those who own the negroes which she sold to them. Her conscience, which seems to be an India rubber one, has been drawn into many shapes on this vastly mischievous subject.

Captain Elley seems to have had a sharp eye to business, and he gives the gratifying announcement that "all the slaves have had the smallpox." To show the vast philanthropy of Massachusetts—she was always full of religious sentiment—he proposed to take New England rum as pay! This rum he would sell or trade on his next voyage, to pay for a new batch of negroes, adding to his profits on both species of property. It was a sharp dicker, to be sure, and eminently worthy of some people who don't live quite a thousand miles from Boston, Massachusetts feters were placed upon the limbs of the slave, and New England rum debased the soul of the captive.

Lord save the world from hypocrisy, and ransom those who deserve the contempt of man and the dire judgment of Heaven!
THE ARCH TRAITOR OF THE NORTH.—Unquestionably the arch traitor of the Union is not Jefferson Davis, but Wendell Phillips. Davis is a criminal of lesser magnitude. A speech of Phillips' is published in one of his New York radical organs (the Times), in which he avows that he has been a traitor and disunionist for upwards of thirty years. "To-day," says this demagogue, "Jefferson Davis is doing less to break this Union by his armies at Richmond than Lincoln by his Cabinet policy and delay in the city of Washington." This is true of the traitor Phillips himself, and not of Mr. Lincoln. Had there been no Wendell Phillips, no Garrison and no Greeley, there would have been no Jefferson Davis at the head of a rebellious confederacy. Secession is the spawn of abolition. From anti-slavery disunion the Southern rebellion has derived its being and all its vitality. Had the abolition traitors been crushed in time there would be no necessity for waging war against Southern insurrection to-day.

Phillips gloats over the disasters to our army because the atrocious policy of Fremont and Hunter was not adopted, and because the negroes were not armed to cut the throats of all Southern white women and children, after the approved model of the St. Domingo massacre, which he is accustomed to hold up for the admiration of mankind. He confesses that it is not the restoration of the Union he desires to see, but the abolition of slavery, and hence his aversion to McClellan and his disparagement of his services. He says the reason why that general has failed is that George Washington and the other sages and patriots who drew up the constitution in 1787 tied up one of his hands; whereas the first use Fremont made of his sword was to cut the restraint of the Constitution. Here is a plain avowal that Phillips and the radicals are leagued to overthrow the constitution—an avowal that they want to inaugurate a reign of anarchy and blood, like the desperadoes of the French Revolution.

If Jeff. Davis and the other leaders in the Southern rebellion merit the extreme penalty of the law, what less do such Northern traitors as Robespierre Phillips, Lloyd Garrison and Horace Greeley deserve, who have been laboring with all their might to overthrow the Union for the last thirty years?—*N. Y. Herald.*

SUMMER RESIDENCE IN CANADA.—It is stated that some of the dwellers on the Northern borders of Maine have taken up summer residence in Canada, to avoid being drafted. They offer to work for their board until it is decided whether the State will be obliged to have recourse to this resort to fill her quota.

Look at it, White Men!

The emancipation of slaves in the District of Columbia was celebrated at the National Hall, in Philadelphia, on Thursday last, by a motley mixture of whites and blacks. We have only room to copy from the Ledger of Friday the following remarks of one of the speakers:

"Rev. J. Lolla Martin, a young colored minister, from Boston, spoke at some length. He was glad to unite in the celebration which was to commemorate the isolation of slavery in the District of Columbia. This was one step taken by the nation towards justice. It might be the beacon light on which to hope that hereafter property in man will not be recognized. He hoped that soon the Government would be able to proclaim liberty throughout the whole land and to the inhabitants thereof. Viewed in itself, the liberation of a few hundred bondmen may not appear to be much, but it may be auspicious of something more potent. It may have its influence upon the millions who are still held in bondage. The blacks, even if they be freed, would not be subjects for emigration. They would be free men in a free land to remain in the same territory in which they were born. The whites have always looked upon the blacks with disdain, but the time will come when the colored race will not be frowned upon. When no longer held by despotism, throughout the Southern States by amalgamation with the whites, they will establish a society, if not a nation of people far superior to any other produced by any nation in the world. They will cultivate literature, art, science, and manufactures will flourish with a degree of success heretofore unparalleled. The freedom of the black must be obtained no matter how whether through the preservation or dissolution of the Union. Before the South will give up and be conquered by the North, against whom she will ever bear the utmost enmity, she will free her slaves and then help her fight the North. The colored people have been refused when they wanted to fight under the 'star spangled banner.' They were told that it was for the Anglo-Saxon alone. But their freedom and liberty must be attained and to get it, no matter what banner they rally, they will even fight for Jeff. Davis, if by so doing, they receive their freedom."

What do you think of it, white men? Is this the feast to which the laboring class of the North are invited? These woolly heads intend to amalgamate with the whites, and establish a society "far superior to any ever produced by any nation in the world." And to accomplish this they do not intend to leave the country, either, nor do they care whether their freedom is obtained "through the preservation or dissolution of the Union."

Is this treason, or is it not? What does Forney say on the subject?—*Leicester (Pa.) Intelligencer.*

The Debt We are Piling up.

The New York Christian Advocate comments on the National debt, as follows: "They tell us of an expense of nearly seven hundred millions in a year. Can we appreciate such a sum? How little do we know of the distance to the sun? Nine hundred millions of miles! Start a railroad train for such a journey. Let it stop at no planet for wood and water, or passengers. Place on it a little infant. The infant becomes a man, reaches the allotted age of man, but earth is not reached. Let another take his place, live his threescore years and ten, another and another, and still with no pause for repairs, or to cool its burning axle, the journey's end is not attained. The fifth man's dying eyes are looking forward millions of miles for the journey's end. But we are here talking of seven hundred millions, not of ninety-five."

For a hundred years and more, churches have been gathering property from the United States. Subscriptions have been nobly doled, dying men left their accumulations to their loved churches, and in this time the evangelical churches have got together about fifty millions of property—not enough to pay the price of victory for one month.

We have a missionary society. It gathers each year from nearly a million of people. It throws its beneficent influence into nearly every part of the world. But its whole yearly revenue would endure the draft of the United States Treasury only one hour of the ten in the day.

Seven hundred thousand men are drawn from the pursuit of industry. It is far more impoverishing than if a million of paupers were thrown on us to support, for then the laborers and producers would remain at work—now they are far worse than idle.

Their weapons are costly equipments, the standard of perishability, harvests perish, and cities are ruined by their presence. England is contributing fearful amounts of want and starvation to swell the price of victory; France loses the sale of twenty-five millions of its wares; and interior Europe and parts of Asia are paying portions of this stupendous cost of victory.

To DESTROY HOUSE FLIES.—It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper (not red) is a poison for many insects.—The following simple mixture is said to be the best destroyer of the common house fly extant: Take equal proportions of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar, say enough of each to cover a ten cent piece; moisten and mix well with a spoonful of milk (a little cream is better) keep that in your room and that will keep down the flies. One advantage over other poisons is, that it injures nothing else; and another, that the flies seek the air, and never die in the house—the windows being open.

Fourth of July Reflections.

The Pittsburg Post, publishes a very able article on this subject in which the sneers of the New York Tribune at "sentimental Unionism" are answered at length and with ability; the article closes with the following retort on Republicanism:

But there is another and sadder record of the past year to which we turn with apprehension and pain. High places in the nation are not filled by those who are "clear in their great office." We have seen a general relief of his command because gross neglect and shameful extravagance were laid to his charge. We have seen a minister of war removed for imputed corruption and the imputation was so well sustained that he was strongly censured by the solemn vote of his fellow-partisans in Congress—some of them, perhaps the guilty sharers in his peculations. We have seen the personal liberty of the citizen outraged by arbitrary arrest and imprisonment. We have seen generals made and unmade, with or without cause, even as the breath of a perfect despot may set men up or cast them down! We have seen the most shameless political crimes committed in the name of "liberty!" We have seen all grades of functionaries, from the meanest political jobbers to grave Senators, charged with robbing the Treasury in all manner of ways, direct and indirect—yes, and the charges proved! We have seen corruptions which have made all previous corruptions that history has recorded, shrink into trifling peccadillos! We have seen the Constitution trampled under foot, not only in the vital matter of suspending the habeas corpus, but in the inferior but not unimportant business of our national currency, which has been corrupted and destroyed, while specie is being fast driven from the country! We have heard grave Senators denounce all who might plead for sparing the Constitution, as traitors and dangerous men, and we have seen taxes levied which we cannot and must not avoid or evade, but which appeal every citizen, and which many believe will result in their utter ruin!

But these are not all the calamities to which we might point, as occurring or originating in the last year. We could make a schedule at which patriots would grow pale, but we stop from very weariness, and with an involuntary shudder.

The Era of Paper Money.

To found Paper Money Stock Banks upon a Federal Paper Money Grand Bank, that is to say, to stand credit upon credit,—air upon air,—the last crowning scheme of Mr. Chase, is now under discussion.—One error, in Finance, as in Morals, ever tempts to another. He who sins once, must sin twice, to hide Sin No. 1, and so on, ad infinitum. If people everywhere, would only bear in mind, that Gold is the World's Standard,—the Standard of all Mankind,—and that no one's local Legislature can change the World's Law, the Universal Law,—then, perhaps, Reason would stand some chance of being heard. Gold is not at a premium of 16, 17, or 18 per cent. Paper is 15, 16, or 17 below the par of Gold.

Mr. Chase saw,—if he did not foresee,—that his paper money would go below the gold par,—and, hence, demanded that reversal of the Constitution, which made his paper "legal tender," in lieu of the Constitution's legal tender of only silver and gold. Now, he sees, or ought to see, no act of Congress can change the universal law of gold. But, what next? Why, the re-institution of the old National Bank system,—the Nicholas Biddle thereof, to be called "the Controller of the Treasury,"—with this addition,—innumerable State Banks, founded on that irredeemable paper, that is to come from the paper mill in Washington. Pelion upon Ossa! Air on air! Froth on froth!

But, what can be done? The answer is,—"Take the back track, in everything, as fast as possible." But, to take the back track is not now possible! What next? The "PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN" suggests:—

1. To prohibit the exportation of specie. 2. To lay an export tax on specie. 3. To tax bank notes. 4. To prohibit bank currency. 5. To have shiplinters issued by the City Governments."—*N. Y. Express.*

THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.—We congratulate (says the Providence Post) our ultra Republican friends who patronize the Louisville Journal from sympathy for its persecutions at home on account of its sound Union principles, upon having an opportunity of reading some plain talk in its columns. That paper concludes an article denunciatory of the abolition emancipation schemes as follows:—"In no event will we submit to the execution of such projects; in no event will we recede on account of their adoption. We will neither surrender our rights or forsake them. We will maintain our constitutional liberty at all hazards, and as a necessary step towards that end, we will maintain the Union in a like manner.—We are for the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was! We ask for nothing more; we will submit to nothing less. We speak purely as American patriots. Let abolitionism and secessionism alike take heed, here we plant ourselves. If Republican leaders imagine they can dislodge us by 'unconstitutional projects' on paper, let them, if they will, try the fatal experiment. The nation, to be sure, will suffer new trials, and new perils, but amidst the convulsions of the unnecessary evils, one blessing at least will blossom forth. The Republican party will cease to exist. It will be swallowed up utterly and forever. It will be buried in the same grave with secession!"

Edmund Dexter, a wealthy citizen of Cincinnati, died in N. York last week.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

The Flagg of Truce—City Point—A Scene of Devotion—The Monitor—The Rebel Troops—Next and Fashionable Attire—Conversation with Rebel Officers—Afflicting Scenery—Production Feeling Again at Bailey—No One Loses Sight of South—Rebels Building Fortifications all Around the Union Army, &c.

The following interesting letter we find in the New York Express:

HARRISON'S LANDING, July 23d.
 I have just returned on the Spaulding from City Point, where we now send flags of truce two or three times a week, in order to get possession of our wounded soldiers. The boat left this place about noon yesterday, and soon reached her destination, passing on the way the little Monitor, besides other vessels yet to win a name in action. At City Point all seems desolation. The wharf was destroyed some time since by our gun boats, and the houses are nearly all perforated with shot, some being level with the ground. Walking around Confederate soldiers, who seemed to regard our presence with the utmost unconcern. But the only flag to be seen was our own, which floats from the stern alone in its glory."

Captain Hopkins, who commands the post at City Point, was early on hand, and came to the wharf, bearing a white flag, which, being fastened to the wharf, was a signal that all was right. Col. Switzer, of the Union army, then joined Capt. Hopkins, and the two walked over to an old building, used as the post office, and settled the preliminaries. Next, a guard were marched down the road, and after removing their arms were placed upon the railroad track, while a guard of Union cavalry, dismounted, prevented communication between the boat and shore.

The first thing that struck my eye was the dress of the rebel soldiers. It was of excellent material, fashionably cut and well made. There was an air of neatness about the men which caused general astonishment. As there seemed to be no exceptions, a general conclusion was arrived at that the men in these fine uniforms were kept for the special purpose of meeting our flags of truce, although the officers assured me that quite all the Virginia troops made just as good an appearance. The men were exceedingly intelligent in their looks, and very pleasant in their conversation. When a large crowd left the boat to gather "reliefs" upon the shore, they managed to become entangled with the vessels, and for some minutes quite a good humor, asked and answered questions, and discussed the question of secession. The rebels used the old logic, while we, the whole discussion resulting in an agreement to disagree, of course. The Federal guards were obliged to interfere, and sent the boat's party back, much to the regret of not a few, who seemed perfectly fascinated at the sight of a real, live, gray-hulled rebel.

The rebel officers were invited to the saloon, and for an hour engaged in conversation about the rebellion, at the same time partaking of Union hospitality. At this time, Capt. Hopkins, a Confederate Surgeon, and two or three petty officers, were present. All of them were extremely polite, but all seemed to feel at home, and enjoyed the opportunity of expressing their opinion, as if it gave them extreme pleasure. In conversation with Captain Hopkins, who, by the way, is a fine descendant of Stephen Hopkins, a signer of the declaration of independence, I ascertained that the Confederates lost in the late battles 15,000 men, all told. He says that our losses are known not to be less than 25,000 to 30,000. Upon assuring him that this was a great exaggeration, he said that upon very high authority, he understood that they had buried 10,000 of our men on the field—that there were yet some 5,000 wounded men only fit for hospital, under their care, and that, finally, they were in possession of 10,000 prisoners of war. Upon suggesting to the Captain that the rebel loss at Malvern Hill must have been very severe, he said, "There's where you folks have all made a great mistake: Our men at that action by quietly upon the ground, and your grape and canister passed over them." We happened to know, however, that the rebel masses were hurled against our artillery, only to be driven back with frightful slaughter. The captain said he was one of the last Union men in Virginia, but could not stand the tyranny of Lincoln's administration.

Finally, the train arrived. It was a long one, twenty-six cars in all, and had on board 800 of our poor maimed soldiers. When it turned the curve, and our flag waived in sight, our crippled boys burst in a loud cheer for the emblem of their country, and as if animated by the sight, dozens on crutches came on unaided, and hobbled over to the boat. It was an affecting sight indeed. Young men, with scarcely an exception, some had lost arms, others legs, while nearly all were maimed for life. A few sick from fever were carried to the boat, pale, emaciated, and apparently near the end of their sufferings. Little did they look like the gallant soldiers who, a few days since, were so full of life and military spirit. I heard some wandering in mind, and I heard one poor delirious boy ask where the Philadelphia boat was. He wanted to see his mother before joining his comrades again. There were yet others who bore up with a fortitude most astonishing. But we have become so accustomed to these sights that our hearts are quite hardened. It is wither to say that the rebels treated our men with kindness, and assisted in carrying many of them upon the boat.

With the train came Dr. Cullen, Confederate medical director, Colonel Moore, First Virginia, Lieut. Owens, Washington Artillery, of N. Orleans, and others whose names I have forgotten. For an hour

there was a pleasant social time, but when I had begun to exhibit its legitimate effect, a stranger would never have thought that the men were enemies. They exchanged tokens, made promises, expressed regret at their position as foes, and offered to do every thing that they possibly could do, without compromising their military character. But with all this freedom, all this general expression of respect, personally, not one word of kindness for the old Union fell from their lips. The New Orleans officers, in particular, were extremely bitter against Gen. Butler for his "confession women" order. "I tell you," said one, "that order cost you many a life during the week of fighting. The Unionists went in with 'Butler' as their war cry, and it often rallied them to face and beat your artillery." Hunter's proclamation, and all these foolish untimely things, which good men Nova think unfortunate, were on every rebel's tongue during a very earnest though, tho' useless discussion of the question by several officers. If the men we met at City Point are a sample of the general run South, I am satisfied that the whole lot are incurable. Some one said, during the talk, "we rely upon the Union feeling South more than even our arms, hoping that by its development the people will gradually return to their first love." "Union feeling South," replied a rebel officer, "just let me say to you, that for one Union man South there are three secessionists North, and the sooner your government realizes the fact that we are united the better."

About the late battles they had nothing to say, except when first spoken to upon the subject. Then they were jubilant, and one remarked, that fifty thousand men could not take City Point, as there were enough men there to drive that number into the James river. The fact is, that the rebels are building batteries all around us and the force at City Point is used as a support. Should an attempt be made on Fort Darling, by land, it might be intended to operate against our advance. But of the fact that a heavy force is at City Point there is no doubt. In conversation, on shore, with a soldier from Caroline county, he told me, that all the way from Richmond they had camps of men. This man was the only really generous fellow I met. He was sorry that war existed, and a tear glistened in his eye as he remarked, that it was hard to fight against the old flag, then in sight. But we were wrong, he thought, and, being wrong, ought to be the first to cry "peace!"

To sum this whole visit up, it seems perfectly plain that it is useless to talk of Union sentiment in the rebel army. It has no existence, in my judgment, at all. The advice of an officer to a listening throng is applicable here, and I give it for the consideration of your readers. "There is one way in which you can defeat us. Put every man you have in the field, meet us at every point, fight until there is not a Southern regiment or soldier left, and the thing is accomplished. Then you can have the country in welcome. Make your people understand this matter, and open their eyes to the solemn truth, that if they insist on a restoration of the Union, it can only be gained by a war which will make the South without a living man, and leave the North desolate beyond recovery."

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

Correspondence of the Associated Press.
 FORTRESS MONROE, July 27.—The steamer State of Maine arrived at Fort Monroe this morning, at 7 o'clock from City Point, with 350 released prisoners from Richmond. They were brought down to City Point in baggage cars, in charge of Dr. Cullen, medical director of Longstreet's division, and received by Col. Switzer, of Gen. McClellan's staff. Every courtesy was shown these prisoners, and our sick and wounded whilst in prison were kindly treated.

Dr. Burritt, the surgeon in charge of the State of Maine, says the released prisoners were visited at Harrison's Landing by Gen. McClellan and one of his staff officers, and the medical director of the army of the Potomac, Dr. Setrorman, who also examined the condition of the vessel.

The prisoners were brought down in freight cars, for which the rebel officers apologized, saying that all their cars were occupied in sending troops to Gen. Jackson. In reply to a question where Jackson was, it was replied that nobody knew where Jackson was, but they knew enough of him to reinforce him.

The rebel are building three iron-clad gunboats as Richmond; one, the "New Merrimack," is nearly completed, and ready for the guns to be put on board. Another, called the "Lady Davis," is now being iron-clad, and the third one is on the stocks, not so far advanced.

A rebel soldier said their camps were about 31 miles back out of the way of the shells of our gunboats.

Gen. McClellan was glad to see the returned soldiers and conversed freely with them. One of them remarked that he hoped to get well and help take Richmond, to which the general replied, "You will have to make haste, then."

It is reported that the rebels have succeeded in driving off a large quantity of cattle belonging to the army.

There has been and still is a considerable number of rebel troops along the James river, and between City Point and Richmond, and also at near Petersburg, but those at Petersburg appear to be moving towards Richmond. One of our returned soldiers saw five trains carrying troops from Petersburg toward Richmond.

Fifteen rebel prisoners were brought to Fortress Monroe this (Sunday) afternoon, from Suffolk, having been captured near that place yesterday. Among them are two commissioned officers.

Two sons of the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge are in the Confederate army, one of whom belongs to Morgan's guerrillas.