

# Clearfield Republican



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G. B. GOODLANDER, Editors.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN

TERMS—\$1.25 per Annum, if paid in advance

VOL. XXXIII.—WHOLE NO 1748

CLEARFIELD, PA WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25, 1863

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.—NO 33.

## HOW I TURNED TIGER

BY PHOENIX ST. JOHN.

[The following extraordinary narrative of American life is related almost in the words of the person whose life it is. It is correct and true in every detail.]

In the year 1842, I resided in White co., Arkansas, situated about twenty miles above Montgomery's Point, a cultivated bluff at the junction of White river with the Mississippi. I had been out in these parts some years, located on a comfortable farm, and, though I say it myself, respected and liked by all the neighborhood. I was about four and twenty, and all I wanted to make me supremely happy was to become possessed of that idol of a young man's heart, a good and pretty wife. I had no difficulty in finding among the unsophisticated damsels of White county ample choice; but my eyes were, perhaps, more elevated in their aim than my means, for I selected as the future partner of my home the only daughter and heiress of excellent Judge L.—. Fortunately in this section of the world, fortune is not an absolute necessity. I was considered industrious, honest, and likely to make my way, and the Judge readily received my addresses, and even accepted me as a candidate, on the contingency of my winning the affections of Lucy.

Lucy was a very peculiar girl. Fair haired and blue eyed, quiet and unassuming, bearing the character of one who said very little. There was a rare fund of energy in her disposition. To look at her one would have supposed her incapable of opposing the slightest evidence of will in others. I soon saw, however, that it would take time to win her affections, but once won, they would be unchangeable. I discovered after a while that I had a rival, one Herod, who lived on the opposite bank of the Mississippi in Washington county, Missouri. This man was about 40 years of age, rich, handsome and feared. He had originally been a wood chopper, but by some unaccountable means, he had grown wealthy, and dealt largely in negroes. The Judge never said a word against him before his daughter or before me. I knew, however, he did not like him. At length, in the spring of 1843, he proposed formally, and the Judge referred for answer to his daughter, who took a day to consider. In the afternoon of the same day, I rode up to dine with L.—, who told me what had happened and gave me a strong hint to do likewise. I did so. After dinner, when the blacks had retired the old man addressed his child, spoke of the two offers she had received, and informed her of Herod's real character.

"And now, girl, speak up," said the Judge, "which will you have?" "If James is pleased with so stupid a girl, there is my hand," Herod had been a member of the celebrated pirate band, headed by Merle, and when this was broken up, started in business on his own account. He would go to a negro, present to be a hot abolitionist, and ask the poor devil to run away to the North. But the money was wanting for the journey; so at a short distance from the first start, Herod would sell the negro, with his own consent, and plan to meet him outside the plantation, and travel on with the price received. Dark rumors were about as to what became of the negro afterwards.

A kind and affectionate smile accompanied these words, and I was a happy man. A note was at once sent over to Herod, politely declining the honor of his alliance. No answer was ever received. There were in those days, as in all new locations, bands of men styling themselves Regulators, who ruled the land by Lynch law, composed sometimes of just men, and sometimes of ruffians. The Regulators of Washington county went by the name of Hyenas, and those of White county by that of Tigers. Whenever anything went wrong, when gamblers became noisy and impatient, when any set of men became disagreeable, or when persons expressed sentiments disagreeable to the settlement, these bands would turn out and regulate the country. The Hyenas were headed by Herod; the Tigers by L.—; and the first bore as infamous a character as the latter bore a good. In 1843 there was a vast quantity of counterfeit money about, sham bank notes, and others, since called shillings. Much inconvenience was experienced on the banks of the Mississippi from the quantity passed in the wood yards. All along the shores of the great river, both in White county and Washington county, there were men improving the cypress swamps. They cut down the trees, and piled it in cords along the shore. The steamers going up and down took in their wood here, and paid in notes. The wood yard men were ignorant and were easily imposed upon. The steamboat clerks took advantage of this to swindle them.

I was over in Washington county arranging some business connected with my marriage with Lucy, when I heard that Herod had turned out with the Hyenas to regulate the country. He announced that every man found with counterfeit money in his possession should be tried by Lynch law and hung. I put up at a squall in one night near a wood yard. The hint of the wood yard was within thirty yards of the tavern I slept in. About daybreak I was awake by a great noise, and, looking out, I saw the Hyenas were upon us. Each man was mounted and well armed, with Herod in a green blanket at their head. I peeped cautiously through a loop-hole, and discovered about fifty prisoners, their hands tied with cords behind their backs. One of the Hyenas knocked at the door of the wood chopper's hut, and cried out, "Jim Brown, turn up!"

"Look out, you regulating scoundrels!" was the only answer, succeeded by a rifle shot. The speaker fell dead beside Herod. Two pistol shots followed, and in a short time, another discharge of a gun, was descending himself against the Hyenas. They flew to cover and unswerving their rifles set to work. But Herod kept close, and, while his shots told, theirs were useless. Herod stormed with rage, and amidst blasphemous oaths, bade his men break the woodman's door open. Two advanced cautiously with heavy logs in their hands, and eating them simultaneously, the door yielded. A general rush was made, and in five minutes more the old wood chopper and his wife were prisoners. Herod grinned a horrid smile, and had the three dead Hyenas and the five wounded carried into the inn, in the room in which I now stood. The landlord and I submitted to be searched, but as no counterfeit money was found on either him or me, we were not included among the prisoners. Herod bade me, in a hoarse voice, stay to the trial, in order that I might report to the Tigers, how, properly to regulate the country.

Lots were drawn, and Lynch's jury of thirteen were soon chosen, Herod being the Judge, and the trial at once commenced. "Old Brown, of Sixty-six Island," as he was termed, was the first prisoner summoned, his wife being put up at the bar beside him. The sturdy old woodcutter boldly told them that they were a set of brigands and thieves worse than Merle, the Watno pirate, and that he had every right to defend his home against their invasion. The wife refused to answer a word. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and Herod ordered them to be hanged. A tree stood near the inn door, and over the branches of this several ropes had been thrown. The unfortunate couple made no resistance, and ten minutes after they had ceased to exist. Then took place one of the most fearful scenes I ever witnessed or heard of. The scoundrel, under Herod's orders, took a log, nailed it board in the centre, and on this fastened the several heads of the husband and wife—their bodies being strapped to the extremities of the log. The whole was then set afloat in the stream, to be picked up next day at Montgomery's point, and make the whole world ring with horror against America generally, because of the inhuman act of a band of monsters.

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I need only add that twenty-seven men were found guilty that day and hanged, their only crime being their incapacity to distinguish bad from good paper money. I was grateful when Herod let me go with a message for Judge L.—, to the effect that, if next day, he did not turn out with the Tigers and regulate White county, the Hyenas would come over and do it for him.

"You jist may tell the old badger," he said, "that I'll pay him a visit to-morrow, and I'll clear my score against him, his daughter, and the Britisher who wants to marry her. He had better raise a good stake to buy me off."

Though considerably startled, I indicated my readiness to carry his message, and five minutes later I was on my road, mounted on a good horse, and moving along towards a ferry some miles off. I had not got very far away when I heard the galloping of horses behind me, and I distinctly saw Herod and half a dozen Hyenas in chase of me. Doubtless some one had told him who I was. I looked to my horse, which was fresh and strong. I moved at rattling pace, but yet I heard the rattle of whips behind me, though I could tell they were not gaining ground. My sole chance of safety was the ferry boat.

If that was on the other side I was lost. Yet, I resolved to sell my life dearly. A way I saw, keeping my good steed up to the mark, and soon was in sight of the ferry. The boat was about to start, with several passengers and one horse. I knew that if old Jerry saw Herod in chase he would be afraid to take me. I made a desperate dash therefore, down to the ford, entered the boat, drew my horse after me, and then bade the ferryman strike out!

"Quick! for your life, man! I am a friend of Judge L.—, Herod and his gang are after me, with blood on their hands!"

ed as her worthy father. She heard my narrative with intense horror, and became so roused as to express a hope that the Hyenas would come and receive a lesson. The evening was spent in preparations for the wedding and for defence. The house was large and well capable of defence. Scouts, too, were posted on wood piles, near the river's bank, to give notice of the approach of the enemy, who would make Merle's raft, on Sixty-six Island their rendezvous. But we had no tidings of them that night, and early next morning, in the presence of all our immediate friends, I and Lucy were married. It was a serious marriage, because we all knew what terrible events the day might bring forth. A band of inhuman ruffians, the scum of the Mississippi, were coming on an errand of murder and robbery to our peaceful home, and a happy and delightful event perhaps, to be stained by dreadful scenes.

Lucy and I sat in the Judge's parlor, near an open window, about one o'clock, watching the Tigers collecting. They were farmers and wood choppers, laborers and hunters, all sturdy men, devotedly attached to Judge L.—. "Lucy," said I, taking her hand in mine, and gazing at her soft blue eyes, "I must turn Tiger for one day." "James," she replied quickly, "you must, but be careful and wise. My life now hangs on yours." The look she gave me, as she spoke, proved that, quiet as she was, she could feel deeply, and I felt my affection redoubled.

"James," suddenly cried the father as the Tigers stood in good order under the window, "tell the Tigers why I called them out!" I rose, and leaning against the bar of the open window, addressed the assembly. I was reckoned a good hand at a speech, and my feelings were deeply roused. A dozen groans of sorrow interrupted me, and when I ended by offering to volunteer with the Tigers, a shout of applause greeted me.

L.— then made me come down and write out the necessary warrants for the arrest of Herod and his gang, which he and five other magistrates signed. Scarcely had we done so, when a horseman dashed up, with the news that Herod and his men were close at his heels, as if expecting to effect a surprise.

The Tigers fell in, Judge L.— heading about a hundred of them, they took up a position in front of the house, which I, with as many more, hid ourselves in the cypress grove. Another party, equally as strong, were concealed in a plantation.

About ten minutes later, the Hyenas came in sight, with Herod at their head. They rained up within twenty yards of Judge L.— and the line of Tigers. "Well, Judge," cried Herod, "I see you've obeyed orders. You are going to regulate the country." "I am going to regulate a murderous thief," called Herod, "thundered the Judge." At the same instant we sprang forward, and the astonished Hyenas saw that they were surrounded by six times their own number. Not a man ventured to offer resistance, save Herod; but his own people fell upon him and the gang of ruffians were our prisoners. Judge L.— made me pick out the thirteen members of Lynch's jury, who were heavily armed, and marched under a strong escort to the County prison. The rest were at once well flogged with hickory switches, and turned writ, without horses or arms of any kind; and then all excitement and fear being over, we thought only of the more happy events of the day. The principal Tigers remained, and a merry time we had of it. I can only add, that this marriage, was the commencement of a long series of happy days, unshaded as yet by one cloud. I had found a good, noble, excellent girl for a wife, and I strove to be happy, so I was.

Herod and his associates were condemned to death; but the jailer being bribed, they ultimately escaped to Texas, where, under another name, I fear he has continued his atrocities. We were never afterwards troubled with such fearful scenes, and this check to the Hyenas was a heavy blow to Lynch's law; which is, thank Heaven, falling daily into greater disrepute. As education, enlightenment, and civilization, progress in the States it must entirely disappear, and Hyenas and Tigers will be spoken of as things that were. For myself, I was amply satisfied with appearing in the character once; and my wife tells me, that I show to much greater advantage in a milder part.

## AMERICAN AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

The civil war in the United States is again becoming an important topic of discussion in Europe—especially in France and England. Recognition of the Southern Confederacy is boldly urged upon both these governments. We give two papers on the subject. The first is an extract from a recent speech of Sir Robert Peel, Chief Secretary of Ireland, and the other from a leading Parisian journal.

From the Manchester Guardian, Jan. 26.

In the course of a lecture delivered on Tuesday evening by Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M. P., in connection with a literary society at Faneley, the Right Hon. Baronet made allusion to the products of America. He said that he could not leave the subject of America without referring to the struggle which was going on there, because the mind of every Englishman was turned to that fratricidal, stupendous and most unfortunate war, and they would gladly, without interfering personally, see the termination of that struggle. He was one of those who hoped, as an individual, to see the States ultimately become separated and independent of each other—(cheers)—for he was convinced that such a course would tend to further the emancipation of the slaves. (Cheers.) For this simple reason: If they saw the continent again united they would see again confirmed the state of things which existed before the breaking out of the war. There was a *provisional and abominable* proclamation of President Lincoln, in which he said, "You are rebels, your slaves shall be emancipated, but you States that remain united shall keep your slaves." (Cheers.) He said that if they followed the course of the battles which had taken place, they might almost fancy that they saw the *God of battles fighting for the South*. At all events, the courage, vigor and patriotism with which the South had fought were certainly a strong proof of the existence of a feeling on the part of the South that they were fighting in a good and true cause. He would wish very much that there was a patriot in the Northern States of America who would address President Lincoln, and press upon him the folly of persevering in the war which he had commenced. He had been reading *just* previously to the meeting a speech of Lord Chatham, which he made in the House of Lords, and which might now, in 1863, be most aptly placed in the mouth of some Northern patriot. In 1776 America declared its independence of Great Britain, and in 1777 an address of congratulation was brought up in the House of Lords intended to be presented to his Majesty upon the progress of the war, and to show how really the people of England were to be backed up; and on the occasion Lord Chatham, although infirm, went down to the House and said—"Let us open our eyes to the disaster which threatens us. That people whom we lately spurned as rebels is now our avowed enemy. We have not to wage war against barbers and against brigands, but against undaunted and virtuous patriots. You cannot make them respect you. You call them rebels—what are they rebels for? Surely not for *defending their inalienable rights*. Your trade languishes, your taxes increase, your revenues diminish; a gold at this moment is at forty-two premium. And why? Because you wish to continue this cruel, vindictive and self-destroying war. Their objection is not to be acquired by force of arms; their affection may be acquired by conciliation and justice." (Cheers.) These very words, continued Sir Robert, and they were spoken in 1777 by Lord Chatham, were applicable to the war in America at the present moment. He believed, as he had said, that emancipation was more likely to follow separation than union, and he should, as a member of Parliament, be glad to be able to look back to 1863, and say that he belonged to a government headed by a man who sees the most popular statesman that ever ruled the destinies of England, which, by acknowledging the independence of the South, led also to the emancipation of the slaves. (Cheers.) They would, by recognition, put an end to the most wicked and most abominable traffic, which he believed in his heart, the councils of hell imagined for the degradation of a large portion of the human race. (Loud cheers.)

The Paris Opinion Nationale—The organ of Prince Napoleon says: "A symptom has appeared in certain English and French journals to which it is desirable to call attention. Those organs prophesy to Europe a manufacturing crisis infinitely more serious than those of Lancashire and of the Seine-Inférieure, and in devising the means of warding off that scourge they exclaim, 'The cause of the evil is in America, and it is from that country that the infallible remedy must be demanded. Cause the blockade to be raised, and you will soon have the three millions of bales of cotton which are piled up in the warehouses of the Southern States. Re-establish peace, and this very year the slave States will furnish you with their annual tribute of textile material.' Haste, they add—and this is the characteristic point, the vital knot of their reasoning—hasten, if you will not allow yourselves to be overwhelmed by the rising flood of distress. The preparation of the cotton plants take place in the spring, and on the regularity of the agricultural operations in April depends the fate of our workmen. Not a moment is therefore to be lost. The Cabinet at Washington must be acted on at any price, peace must be imposed on the men of the North, and the great division must be effected, even were America afterwards to perish in consequence. Endeavors are therefore being made with redoubled energy to bring about an immediate and energetic intervention, and it is wished to lead the

Emperor Napoleon and the French Cabinet to that step. As to questions of right, or principle, and of the future, they are little thought of; the interests of the present moment only are attended to. The French government comprehends the situation in a different manner, and we congratulate it on so doing. It deplores the disasters of the American war, expresses wishes for the re-establishment of peace, and gives counsels to the Washington Cabinet which will, we hope, be favorably received. The French government thinks that a reconnoissance to the friendly offices of one or more neutral Powers has nothing incompatible with the legitimate pride of a great nation. It does not dispute the right of the federal government to decline the co-operation of the great maritime Powers of Europe. It only asks whether, in settling aside any foreign intervention, the Washington Cabinet may not honorably accept the idea of direct conferences with the authorities who represent the Southern States?"

GIRLS ON ICE—Don't imagine for an instant, girls, that learning to skate is the least bit calculated to inspire you with any pleasing emotions. Far from it. I will tell you how it will be. You will say to John Henry— "How I would like to know how to skate." John Henry will say— "Certainly, my love. Of course." The next time he comes he will bring you a pair of Conover & Walker's boots. He will say— "To-morrow evening, darling at half past five." To-morrow evening you will get your skates about half past six, with a strong determination to show John Henry what a graceful little fairy you are on ice!—He leads you from "terra firma" to "terra aqua," which you at once discover to be a different kind of "terra" altogether. You bow to John Henry, and lift your right foot, which causes you to hop seventeen different ways at once. John Henry tells you to do as he does. You try to do so, and immediately—some one falls. You look around to see who it is, and the thought strikes you "hercules it is myself!" You are picked up, and fall down eleven times without stopping.

Your skates are loose. Of course they are, or you could strike out. John Henry loosens an tighten your straps in the usual way. You strike out with hands and feet, with energy and enthusiasm. The former you plunge into John Henry's countenance, and with the latter you succeed in laying him out alongside of yourself. You rise, and he rises partially up, and you throw yourself into his broad back in an inhuman way. You hoarsely whisper: "John Henry I shall faint if you push me down again!" He helps you up, and you knock him down five times without stopping. At last you let him stand. He persuades you to release him, while he wipes the sweat from his noble brow. You nobly grant the loan; and, after superhuman exertions to maintain the perpendicular, you quickly slide slanting helplessly into John Henry's plain as a look can, John Henry, why do you push and throw me down in this disagreeable way?"

He looks at his watch. "Is it possible?" Eight o'clock, and your mother said you must be at home at nine! Your prayers have been answered; and it is he that wants to go home and not you. You go home, and find your pious, you think a few very mild bad words about skating in general, and learning to skate in particular.

Four days after, when you are just able to walk around the house, without tripping—if you are reckless of life and limb—regardless of sprained ankles—or married to a fellow that your father and you don't skate, it'll be ten to one, though, that you never try it again the second time. So much on ice.

The Liverpool Standard, Jan. 25.]

About midday yesterday the officers and crew of the United States steamer Hatteras were left on shore in this city on parole, that they will not take up arms or fight against the Confederate government until regularly exchanged by the United States government as prisoners of the Confederate States.

We gather the following additional particulars:

On Sunday, the 14th inst., at about half past two o'clock, the Brooklyn steamer of 21 guns, Commodore Pell, lying at Galveston, Texas, discovered a sail, which she supposed to be a merchantman running the blockade, and immediately signalled the Hatteras to give chase. The Hatteras pursued her until dark. The Alabama then hoisted and awaited their approach. The Hatteras was prepared and all the men went to quarters. She spoke the stranger who replied she was "The Majesty's steamship Petrel." Capt. Blake, of the Hatteras, responded, in the meantime, the Alabama attempted to manoeuvre to the stern of the Hatteras. While on the port quarter Capt. Blake said he would send his boat on board; and while in the act of lowering the boat the Alabama sent a blank cartridge across the Hatteras. She hailed her and said she had no boat, as she was the Confederate steamer Albatross. Captain Blake then gave the order to fire, and the engagement ensued. In about ten minutes a hole was discovered between wind and water in the Hatteras. Fire broke out in the fore peak in the lower deck, but was put out. A shot was sent through the steam chest. She then surrendered, being completely disabled. The Alabama sent all her boats to take the crew off, and in a few minutes after this she sank. Only the ship's papers were saved.

THE PRIVATEER ALABAMA. Particulars of the Engagement with the Hatteras—One Hundred and Sixty-five of the crew of the Hatteras Saved—Forty-three Drowned.

It was stated yesterday that the Confederate privateer Alabama had arrived at Port Royal, Jamaica, and landed the officers and crew (165 in number) of the U. S. gunboat Hatteras, recently sunk by her at Galveston, Texas, during an engagement. The crew of the Hatteras are to be sent home on board the American Vice Consul for that purpose. The Kingston (Jamaica) papers have the details of the engagement between the Alabama and Hatteras. They give a Confederate version of the affair, as will be seen by the following:

THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE ALABAMA AND HATTERAS. (From the Kingston Journal, Jan. 22.)

This famous event is now at Port Royal, having arrived there in gallant style, we are informed, at eight o'clock on Tuesday night. No little surprise was felt by the good folks of the town when what they regarded as a French steamer turned out to be the famous "No. 201." The object of her visit was soon made known. It appears that she was hard pressed by the fleet sent out for her capture, and when all Galveston Commodore Semmes conceived the idea of making one of the intrepid desolators desolate. The gunboat Hatteras was in full chase, and the Alabama then turned head and pretended to be running away, and thus dangled her pursuer in following up the chase. At last she turned round and prepared for battle, sending into the Hatteras a broadside, which sunk her in thirteen minutes. She took off the officers and crew and came into Port Royal for the purpose of landing them. They were landed over to the American Consul, and Semmes then proceeded to Spanish Town to obtain the Lieutenant Governor's permission to refit his ship before leaving.

Another statement is that she carried French colors and only made known who she really was when she came up with the Hatteras and was prepared to give her a broadside. The Alabama has certainly been severely riddled. Forty-three of the crew of the Hatteras were drowned.

The Alabama is a raskish looking vessel. She was built at the Birkenhead Works at Liverpool, by a subscription of 200 merchants of that place and other ports holding business relations with the Southern States, and was presented as a gift to President Davis, who appointed Commodore Semmes to be commander. That officer and his lieutenants left Liverpool in the Alabama, equipped as a storeship, and were in a few days after joined at an appointed rendezvous in the placid waters of the Azores, to leeward of Terceira, by a merchant vessel bringing a complete equipment in men, guns and ammunition.

The Alabama is a screw steamer, built of wood and coppered, is two hundred and ten feet in length, narrow, painted black outside and brown inside, has a round stern, and bow scarp hollow, deck flush, with a bridge forward; is armed with three ten 82 pounder cannons on each side, and one 68 pounder pivot gun, and is prepared to mount a howitzer and steam chaser. She is built with a great part of her rigging of wire rope; her sails are in every respect adapted for a vessel of the utmost speed; under canvas she runs thirteen knots an hour, and fifteen knots under steam; her steam is got up in twenty minutes, but she seldom resorts to the use of it unless in chase, or on exceptional emergencies.

Further Particulars. [From the Kingston Standard, Jan. 25.]

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The Case of Gen. McKimstry.—The general order embracing the findings and sentences of the court-martial in the case of Gen. McKimstry, at St. Louis, covers 63 pages of foolscap, the sentence is that he be dismissed from the service.

The resignation of Gov. Steiwer of North Carolina is said to have been accepted by the President.

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Another statement is that she carried French colors and only made known who she really was when she came up with the Hatteras and was prepared to give her a broadside. The Alabama has certainly been severely riddled. Forty-three of the crew of the Hatteras were drowned.

The Alabama is a raskish looking vessel. She was built at the Birkenhead Works at Liverpool, by a subscription of 200 merchants of that place and other ports holding business relations with the Southern States, and was presented as a gift to President Davis, who appointed Commodore Semmes to be commander. That officer and his lieutenants left Liverpool in the Alabama, equipped as a storeship, and were in a few days after joined at an appointed rendezvous in the placid waters of the Azores, to leeward of Terceira, by a merchant vessel bringing a complete equipment in men, guns and ammunition.

The Alabama is a screw steamer, built of wood and coppered, is two hundred and ten feet in length, narrow, painted black outside and brown inside, has a round stern, and bow scarp hollow, deck flush, with a bridge forward; is armed with three ten 82 pounder cannons on each side, and one 68 pounder pivot gun, and is prepared to mount a howitzer and steam chaser. She is built with a great part of her rigging of wire rope; her sails are in every respect adapted for a vessel of the utmost speed; under canvas she runs thirteen knots an hour, and fifteen knots under steam; her steam is got up in twenty minutes, but she seldom resorts to the use of it unless in chase, or on exceptional emergencies.

Further Particulars. [From the Kingston Standard, Jan. 25.]

About midday yesterday the officers and crew of the United States steamer Hatteras were left on shore in this city on parole, that they will not take up arms or fight against the Confederate government until regularly exchanged by the United States government as prisoners of the Confederate States.

We gather the following additional particulars:

On Sunday, the 14th inst., at about half past two o'clock, the Brooklyn steamer of 21 guns, Commodore Pell, lying at Galveston, Texas, discovered a sail, which she supposed to be a merchantman running the blockade, and immediately signalled the Hatteras to give chase. The Hatteras pursued her until dark. The Alabama then hoisted and awaited their approach. The Hatteras was prepared and all the men went to quarters. She spoke the stranger who replied she was "The Majesty's steamship Petrel." Capt. Blake, of the Hatteras, responded, in the meantime, the Alabama attempted to manoeuvre to the stern of the Hatteras. While on the port quarter Capt. Blake said he would send his boat on board; and while in the act of lowering the boat the Alabama sent a blank cartridge across the Hatteras. She hailed her and said she had no boat, as she was the Confederate steamer Albatross. Captain Blake then gave the order to fire, and the engagement ensued. In about ten minutes a hole was discovered between wind and water in the Hatteras. Fire broke out in the fore peak in the lower deck, but was put out. A shot was sent through the steam chest. She then surrendered, being completely disabled. The Alabama sent all her boats to take the crew off, and in a few minutes after this she sank. Only the ship's papers were saved.

The Case of Gen. McKimstry.—The general order embracing the findings and sentences of the court-martial in the case of Gen. McKimstry, at St. Louis, covers 63 pages of foolscap, the sentence is that he be dismissed from the service.

The resignation of Gov. Steiwer of North Carolina is said to have been accepted by the President.

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