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Grant's "On to Richmond" movement continues—but not without fierce resistance on the part of Lee. The terrible battle of Tuesday afternoon at Spottsylvania, of which our full dispatches elsewhere will give the reader a vivid account, was fought about twelve or thirteen miles beyond the field which witnessed the fierce conflicts of last Thursday and Friday. So we will probably have to mark the progress from point to point of the opposing armies—the one retiring after defeat from this line of defence, which they have found indefensible, to that lying next behind, which they may hope to find *otherwise*—till at length the deadly race and pursuit reach the fortifications of Richmond. Unless some unforeseen and almost inconceivable event should intervene to change the course of things, such must be the programme of the war during the coming week or two in Virginia. We can now venture, with greater confidence than ever before, to look steadily forward to the end—or at least the beginning of the end·Lee's army fights, and probably will continue to fight, even as well as our own. But every battle thins its ranks, and they can never again be filled, for every available man had been drafted into them, before this campaign opened. Therefore, these successive battles, even if they were not also defeats, themselves involve the catastrophe—now so clearly inevitable. Though it has been as yet impossible for Grant to make any of his battles with Lee decisive, the very succession of battles which he has fought, however indecisive each might be considered if it stood alone, will as certainly attain a decisive result, as the process of subtraction will reduce a number indefinitely by repetition. Still, it is possible that Grant's combinations—the co-operation of Butler, Crooks and Sigel, in due time and place—may hasten a decisive result, without altogether relying on the more gradual results of the depleting process just indicated.

Richmond and the Rebellion.

The Richmond papers of Friday last express great fear for for the safety of that city. The *Whig* seems to think there is not only danger impending over the rebel capitol, but over the rebel cause. In discussing the matter it says:

"The people of the Confederacy have made up their minds, unwisely, that the war must end one way or the other this year, forgetting, quite, that there can be but one way. If Lee should fall and his army be successful, we greatly fear that the majority of the people *would begin to look the other way*. But neither the loss of Lee, nor the reverse of his army, nor the two together, will justify the contemplation of that other way."

Notwithstanding the opinion of the *Whig* about the justifiableness of so doing, it seems highly propable that the "majority of the people" would not only "look" and "contemplate" *that other way*, but actually set off at a good round pace to get into it, under the fullest sense of conviction that there was no other safe or even possible way anywhither.

How Prepared Coffees are Made.

The editor of the Baltimore American, who admits himself to be a great lover of coffee, says he has recently received two serious checks to his enthusiasm. One was the assurance of an old traveler from the East, that his Mocha was not Mocha, and the other is related below:

Visiting recently the Commissary Department of one of our large military hospitals, we noticed several barrels of dried coffee grounds, the purpose thereof excited our curiosity. The polite Commissary informed us that they received twelve dollars a barrel for the grounds, and thus added materially to the "Slush Fund." But "what is it purchased for?" we persisted. "Well," said he, hesitatingly, "it is reormatized by the transforming hand of modern chemistry, and put up in pound papers, which are decorated with attractive labels and high sounding names, and sold at prices which create astonishment at the small margin left for profit.

The Siege of Charleston.

In addition to the news from Hilton Head given in our dispatches elsewhere, we copy the following telegram from a late Richmond paper:

Charleston, May 6.

The bombardment of Fort Sumter continues with spirit. From Friday morning until dark on Saturday, 395 mortar shells were thrown at the fort from the enemy's batteries.

This severe fire was likewise kept up on Sunday. Twelve shells were thrown into the city on Saturday and ten on Sunday. Several more vessels, heavily laden, passed the bar on Saturday, going southward. It is not unlikely that these may be a portion of reinforcements for Farragut.

Strength of Johnston's Army.

Referring to the strength of Johnston's army the Cincinnati *Gazette* remarks: There has been an impression that Johnson was weakened to re-enforce Lee; and this impression is strengthened by a report of a fight south of Richmond, in which D. Hill was engaged. He was with Johnson in the battle of Chattanooga. Our correspondent in Gen. Sherman's army estimates Johnson's original force at 35,000. To this he thinks Polk's corps of 20,000 has been added; also 10,000 from Charleston and other points south. If these estimates are correct, Gen. Sherman, with the advantage of position against him, cannot be expected to gain an easy victory.

Promotion of Red River Heroes.—A Washington telegram of Tuesday says: The President has nominated Col. Fessenden, of the 30th Maine Regiment, severely wounded on the Red River, as Brigadier-General, and was immediately confirmed without reference. General Andrew Jackson Smith, who bore a conspicuous part in the recent engagements on the Red River, was nominated to-day by the President a Major-General. It will be remembered that Gen. Smith drove the enemy six miles, and his conduct throughout displayed the highest generalship, and his nomination would have been confirmed without reference had the President indicated the vacancy to be filled in accordance with the now imperative rule of the Senate.

From Banks' Army.—An officer, direct from Banks' army has arrived in Cincinnati, who reports that the entire loss in the Red river campaign, in men, was 4,600, killed, wounded and missing. The mismanagement of operations, he says, was not exaggerated in the reports which have been published. The feeling in the army against Gen. Banks was very strong. There was no truth in the report of a battle at Cane river. Gen. Banks' army has been reinforced, and was 4,000 stronger than when it first advanced.

On the 26th ult., at White Creek, Vermont Jabez Knapp, at the tender age of 88, was married to Thankful Williams, who was only 81. The census shows that Vermont is almost stationary in population. If this style of marriage prevails to any extent, there can be no surprise at the facts told by the census.

From Little Rock.—Advices from Little Rock, Ark., to the 5th inst., state that Gen. Steele was fortifying against any possible advance of the rebels.

"RECONSTRUCTION."

SPEECH OF HON. THOMAS WILLIAMS, OF PENNSYLVANIA,

Delivered in the House of Representatives on Saturday, April 23d, 1864.

[CONCLUSION.]

And now let us inquire whether the forfeiture of the estates and property of the traitors—of those who have been in arms against us—whether they consist of lands or slaves, is required for these purposes. If it be, there is an end of the question. I have no desire, individually, that anything shall be done for purposes of vengeance only. "*Væ victis*" is not the maxim of a humane conqueror. "*Parcere subjectis, debellare superbos*" is the rule by which I would be governed. I would not exclude the idea of mercy. I agree with the great poet of human nature, that

"It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
And earthly power then shows likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

I am not clear, however, as to the wisdom of a proclamation of amnesty in advance as a measure of pacification, without limits as to time, and where submission after conquest, and when it is no longer a virtue but a necessity, is to be rewarded with the same impunity as a voluntary return to duty before that time. But what is the offence, how much have we suffered from it, and how is its recurrence to be prevented?

I think I may safely say that human history presents no parallel to this rebellion. Since the revolt of the rebel angels there has been no example of an insurrection so wanton, so wicked, so utterly causeless, and so indescribably ferocious and demoniac as the present. It was not the case of the oppression of a Government whose weight had borne heavily upon the people. It was none of a violation of the fundamental law. The object was not redress, like that of our Revolution, but destruction. It was a rebellion against the majority rule for the purpose not of reforming, but of overthrowing the Government, and erecting upon its ruins another of an oligarchic cast, whose corner-stone was property in man. It was the product of a system which threw all the lands of the South into the hands of a few men. It involved an act of aggravated treason against a humane, paternal, and unoffending Government. It has been conducted with a degree of inhumanity that has no example except in barbarian wars. It has involved to us an enormous expenditure of money and of blood. Its suppression has become impossible without removing the cause of strife, and disabling our enemy by liberating his slaves, and arming them against him. It cannot be repaired. There is no reparation possible that would be commensurate with the injury. Can you breathe new life into the bones that ornament the necks and fingers of southern dames, or bleach unburied, without even the humble privilege of a grave, on southern battle-fields? Can you reclothe them with the comely vesture that has been given to the vultures of the southern skies? Who shall restore the shattered limb: who fill the vacant chair at the family fireside; who give back the husband and the father, or dry the tears of the widow and the orphan? What trump but that of the dread archangel, who gathers the tribes of the earth for the last solemn judgment, shall awaken the gallant dead who sleep in bloody garments in their beds of glory, from their deep repose? Mock not the grief that is unutterable by the suggestion of indemnity or reparation. "Give back my legions!" was the passionate exclamation of the Roman Augustus, when a swift messenger brought to him the tidings of the slaughter of Varus and his brave companions in the forests of Germany. "Give me back my children!" is the wailing cry that will burst from the bosom of the American mother, who weeps like Rachel for her first born, by the waters of the Merrimac and the Ohio—or mock me not with the idea of reparation. There is no reparation for it, as there can be no punishment, except in the divestiture of the rights, and the seizure of the estates of the guilty leaders. There is no security except in the distribution of the latter, and the complete exorcism of the hell-born and hell-deserving spirit that has wrought all this world-wide ruin.

These things are necessary. Is there anything in the law of nature to prevent them? Gentlemen object that to seize the inheritance would be to visit the sins of the guilty upon the innocent. They plead for the wife whose counsels have driven the husband into rebellion. They weep crocodile tears for the offspring who have been taught to spit upon the flag of their country, who are without title until the decease of a parent who may happen to die intestate, and upon whom no law of nature, but only the law which he has violated, would in that case have devolved the succession. The widow and the children of those, however, who have fallen in the effort to suppress this unholy rebellion have no share in their sympathies. The chances of war may strip them of their inheritance, but that makes no difference with them. They take no account of the fact that Nature and Providence have alike decreed that the sins of the fathers, and even their misfortunes, shall be visited upon their children, and that law which authorizes the sale of the estate for the debts of the former has everywhere affirmed its justice. The misfortunes of a northern man and his death in righteous battle at the hands of a southern assassin, may reduce his offspring to beggary. All this is right; but to allow the family of a traitor who has dealt a foul blow at the social state, and stricken down all the securities of property, to suffer, is regarded as a great injustice The felon-brood may run its plowshare over the bones of the loyal martyr, while his children are perhaps eating the bread of charity in their northern homes, and it is all right, because the former are the salt of the earth, and a just punishment would only exasperate them into a new rebellion. Let them rebel. A just poverty will render their efforts harmless, and by teaching them the value and respectability of labor, make them only wiser and better men. With my consent they shall never trample upon the relics of a northern soldier. I would carve out inheritances for his children upon the soil that his sword has ransomed, and his blood baptized and fertilized. God's justice demands it, and the heart and conscience of the American people will say, Amen.

But gentlemen here insist that we cannot subdue the revolted States, and ask triumphantly where there is an independent Government with ten millions of people, maintaining itself for three years, that has ever been conquered? What do they mean by this language? Do they intend that we shall not conquer them if they can prevent it? Why do they insist on exaggerating the numbers, and prowess, and resources of the enemy, and ignoring the facts of history, to show that subjugation is impossible? Do they participate in the feeling which they have done so much to inspire, that one of this barbarian rabble which claims to belong to the master race, and rejoices to hear itself called a nation of Cavaliers by degenerate spirits on this floor, is equal to at least six Northern freemen with all the advantages of an unbounded credit and a high civilization? When they say here, and say to the country, that twenty-three millions of white men, with four millions of blacks, all battling for liberty, and with these great advantages in the struggle, are unable to subdue less than four millions of their own race, without credit or resources, and with no higher inspiration than slavery, they libel the people of the North, by declaring in effect that they are not worthy to be free. But what do they propose in view of these opinions, supposing them to be true? They say that they wish to preserve the Union, but that this is not to be accomplished by fighting for it. They desire to treat for its restoration. Their nostrums are, in the language of a gentleman from Indiana, "conciliation and concession." Well, the former has been tried under border State counsels. We carried on the war for eighteen months on the principle of doing as little harm as possible to our enemy. They have declared, however, again and again, that they will only treat on the footing of their entire independence. Negociation admits the fact of secession, if not the right, and involves only the alternatives of recognition or reconstruction on such terms as they may choose to dictate. Do gentlemen here propose to avoid dismemberment, and preserve the Union by going into the confederacy? Is this the concession that is to be the peace maker? No. Gentlemen here may humble themselves to the dust, and confess their unworthiness in the presence of this superior race, but they have mistaken their masters, the people, if they suppose that they have any idea of falling into the barefooted procession of mendicants which is endeavoring to find its way South, in order to kiss the black stone at the Mecca of treason, to which they turn so reverentially in their speeches here The people are high spirited if their servants are not. They know that if we have not whipped the rebels it is only because we have taken counsel from the men who thought we could not. They intend to clear up this aspersion on their manhood by showing that they can not only subjugate the rebels in the South, but that they can do the same, if necessary, with their sympathizers in the North. They have made up their minds to chastise the self-abasing thought out of those who have entertained it, and to preserve this Union at every sacrifice, and woe to him who ventures to gainsay their decision.

But then there is a difference of blood, which renders conquest, and would, by the same logic, render a harmonious reunion impossible. Gentlemen on the other side insist upon distinguishing, to their own disadvantage, between the North and South in this particular. They tell us that the latter are a nation of Cavaliers, while we are only Puritans, or Quakers, or Pennsylvania Dutch. Well, if it were true, and they were twice as numerous as they are, there is nothing in the facts of history to warrant the servile reiteration here, of the Richmond vaunt that they cannot be conquered, and will die in the last ditch, if necessary. The little island of Great Britain holds in bondage the Celt of Ireland and the hundred millions of India, while the Mantchou Tartar dominates over three hundred and fifty millions of Chinese. Alexander left the world as a legacy to his generals, and the Ottoman still sits upon the Bosphorus, and sways his scepter over the imperial city of the East. But it is not true. Gentlemen on the other side are as much out, I think, in their ethnology as in their history. There is no distinction of blood, and none of habit or opinion, except that which must prevail between a higher civilization and a lower one. If they mean that the men who colonized the South were a superior variety of the same stock, they speak in ignorance of the fact that the New England Pilgrims were the very highest and purest type of the genuine Englishman, abandoning high social positions and comfortable homes in the quest of liberty in the New World, while the colonists of the South were, with a few exceptions, a motley and miscellaneous herd of mere adventurers, some flying from their creditors at home, and others rejected by the stomach of the Old World, and vomited *per force* upon our shores. If they mean that they are of the class which believes in the divine right of kings, in the idea of an exclusive caste, and that free society is a failure, then they are perhaps right. But these opinions were not imported by them. They are of indigenous growth. They are the legitimate offspring of the institution which turns the man into a chattel, and makes him the property of his fellow. They are the results of a social system that ignores the idea of Republican equality, and cannot possibly exist, as it never yet has existed, in any other than an essentially aristocratic State, which it must necessarily engender, if it does not find it ready-made. In this sense of the word they are indeed a sort of bastard Cavaliers—with this difference, however—that the type of the class was a pattern of knightly faith, who honored and worshipped his God, his lady, and his king, while this, the counterfeit presentment, is a sort of Jonathan Wild—half highwayman and half footpad—rejoicing in treason, murder, perjury, and robbery, and signalizing his faith and gallantry by lynching Methodist preachers, selling or burning negroes, or hunting them with bloodhounds, and persecuting helpless and unoffending Yankee school ma'ms. And yet there is not a miserable sand-hiller in the Carolinas who does not claim, upon Northern testimony, such as we listen to here, a lineal descent from the companions of the Conqueror, and strut and swagger with an air even more lordly than the sans-culotte Musquito king, or the equally ambitious and pretentious native of the Gold Coast, who, in complete destitution of all nether integuments, buttons up his superior man, and treads the deck of a man-of-war in the regimental coat of a British officer.

There is one fact, I admit, and it is the only one, that does seem to indicate an ethnological difference, and that is that the newly invented Cavalier, like the Frenchman, and the Spaniard, and the other dark-skinned races of southern Europe, crosses readily with the black man as the Teuton rarely does with either the black man or any of the Celtic tribes, whose politics, ignoring generally the individual man, know no Government without a king, as their religion knows no church without a Pope. The blood of these two great families of man, flowing side by side in parallel currents for more than a thousand years in France, has never intermingled, and the example of the French and Spanish settlements in Louisiana, Florida, and the Canadas, is evidence that they do not intermingle here, but that the Latin races, like the Indian, are dying out under the shadow of the paler Northman. I leave the negro, however, and his place in nature and the social scale, to the ethnologists, like the gentleman from Ohio, only advising further researches in this new and interesting branch of political science. I am not personally averse to these speculations I do not know whether the question of politics may not turn out at last to be no more than a question of ethnology. Setting the darker races aside, I have been sometimes tempted to think that I could almost determine *a priori* from the physiognomies around me here, the political complexions of the men to whom they respectively belonged. On this hypothesis I should have put the gentleman from Ohio just where I find him.

I do not, however insist upon the fact just mentioned as conclusive upon the point of consanguinity, and am still willing to confess, if their friends here will consider it no disparagement to the chivalry, that we belong to the same family. I would not underrate the stock, either in its courage or capabilities. They are just as good in that respect as ourselves, and no better. That we do not harmonize is only attributable to the institution that makes them fierce and proud and barbarous, and haters of everything that savors of democracy. Take that away, and we shall run together again like two globules of mercury. Take that away, and there never was a people more homogeneous than ourselves, with the exception of the one disturbing element, the Celtic Irishman, who, with high courage and quick and generous impulses, if he cannot be absorbed—or, if gentlemen on the other side prefer the etymological hybrid, *miscegenated*—will probably be subdued into habits of republican obedience, under the instruction of the Yankee schoolmaster. Take that away, and we shall have no one cause of discord left.

Rather, however, than do this simple thing—demanded as well on grounds of consistency as of security—gentlemen on the other side, who admire the Cavalier and dislike the Puritan, would prefer to treat with the former at the expense of the latter. In the Cincinnati Convention of 1856, a delegate from Pennsylvania declared that in case of a separation that State would go with the South, New York was expected to take the same direction, and upon these assurances the South went out. The programme was that the pestilent Puritan, who would think and talk at all hazards, because he claimed it as his birthright, must be excluded. There was no place in any plan of reconstruction for him. New England was to be left out in the cold.

Leave out New England in the cold. Well, I am no Yankee. No drop of my blood has ever filtered through that stratum of humanity. I claim, however, to be a man. I think I love liberty above all things. I know that I can respect and admire courage, and constancy, and high thought, and heroic achievement, wherever I may find them. I would not quarrel with even an overstrung philanthropy. I can always excuse the errors that lean on the side of virtue, and find fanaticism much more readily in that devil-worship of slavery, that would be willing to sacrifice not only all New England, but even the Union itself upon its horrid altars, than in those noble spirits whose sin is only their excessive love for man. I may speak therefore, without prejudice.

Leave out New England in the cold! I doubt whether even this would chill her brave heart, or quiet its tumultuous throbbings for humanity. Though no ardent southern sun has quickened her pulses, or kindled her blood into lava, no frigid neutrality has ever frozen her into stone, when the interests of liberty appealed to her for protection. She has been ever faithful to the memory of the great idea which brought her founders across the ocean, as the only colony that landed in this newly discovered hemisphere upon any other errand than the search for gold. I cannot forget that it was this proscribed race that inaugurated the Revolution, by forging in their capital the thunderbolts that smote the tyranny of England, and dyeing their garments with its first blood upon the commons of Lexington. Leave out New England in the cold! You may look unkindly upon her, but you cannot freeze her into apathy any more than you can put out the light of her eyes, or arrest the missionary thought which she has launched over a continent. It was not New England that stood shivering in cold indifference when the boom of the first rebel gun in Charlestown harbor thrilled along her rock bound coast. Taking no thought of cost or consequences, she rushed down like an avalanche, to avenge the insulted flag of our fathers, and Massachusetts was glorified by a second baptism when the blood of her sons dyed the paving-stones of the city of Baltimore. I would it had been my own great State, whose drum-beat was the first that waked an echo in these Halls, which had won the honor of that sacrifice. But it was not so ordained.

Mr. Kelley. With the permission of my colleague I will remark that five companies of Pennsylvania troops came trough Baltimore on the 18th of April, a day preceding the appearance of the sixth Massachusetts in that city, and the blood of some of them was shed, though not unto death, in the streets of that city. He may therefore truthfully claim that the first blood shed in this war was that of Pennsylvanians.

Mr. Strouse. Allow me to say that the first blood shed was the blood of a negro from my district who accompanied the first companies that came here for the defense of the capital.

Mr. Kelley. Yes, the first man that bled in this war was a negro by the name of Nicholas Biddle, a constituent of my colleague. [Laughter.]

Mr. Strouse. I did not say he was a constituent of mine.

Mr. Williams. Leave out Massachusetts in the cold! What matters it that no tropical sun has fevered her northern blood into the delirium of treason? I know no trait of tenderness more touching and more humane than that with which she received back to her arms the bodies of her lifeless children. "Handle them tenderly," was the message of her loyal Governor. Massachusetts desired to look once more upon the faces of her martyred sons, "marred as they were by traitors." She lifted gently the sable pall that covered them. She gave them a soldier's burial and a soldier's farewell, and then, like David of old when he was informed that the child of his affections had ceased to live, she rose to her feet dashed the tear-drop from her eye, and in twenty days her iron-clad battalions were crowning the heights, and her guns frowning destruction over the streets of the rebel city. Shut out Massachusetts in the cold! Yes. You may blot her out from the map of the continent: you may bring back the glacial epoch, when the arctic ice-drift that has deposited so many monuments on her soil, swept over her buried surface—when the polar bear, perhaps, paced the drifting floes, and the walrus frolicked among the tumbling icebergs—but you cannot sink her deep enough to drown the memory of Lexington and Concord, or bury the summit of the tall column that lifts its head over the first of our battle fields. "With her," in the language of her great son, "the *past* at least is secure" The muse of history has flung her story upon the world's canvass, in tints that will not fade and cannot die.

But while we are told by gentlemen on the other side that we cannot conquer the South, we are somewhat inconsistently charged in almost the same breath with a desire to protract the war for the purpose of perpetuating our own power, and asked imperiously how long it is to continue, and when and how it is to end. Allow me to say in the first place that the prolongation of the war is not the means which a rational man would adopt to secure the ascendancy of the Republican party. No administration in any free country has ever been strong enough to stand up successfully in the face of a long and expensive war, where results have proved incommensurate with means, and enormous armies that wanted to fight, were compelled to stagnate in inglorious repose. None has been strong enough to carry on its shoulders many such generals as the unready captain who is the idol of the Democracy, or him who was just half an hour too late at Williamsport. No rebellion was ever put down by heroes of the Fabian type, or instrumentalities like the spade. No country is rich enough to hold such masses of men inactive for indefinite periods of time, and under the command of generals who fortify when they ought to attack, and turn away whenever the enemy turn upon them If there is anything I dread and deplore it is the tenacity with which such men are retained after repeated failures. If there is anything which gentlemen on the opposite side desire, it is to see this struggle protracted under the auspices of just such leaders, who have invariably been their especial favorites, until the patience of the country is exhausted, and its credit entirely ruined. I think I understand them. They want no Grants or Butlers; but they know that another McClellan will arm them with the argument that a Republican Administration is inadequate to the times. They do not want this war to terminate until the next Presidential election.

To the question, however, how long it is to continue, an apt response might readily be found in the stormy exordium of the Roman orator, when he drove the infamous Cataline from the hall of its august Senate: "How long, O Cataline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long will thy unbridled audacity parade itself insultingly here?" That, however, would savor too much of the Yankee by answering one question with another. Allow me, then, to respond a little more directly, that it will continue just so long as the interrogator and his confederates here and elsewhere, shall continue successfully to embarrass the Government in its prosecution, and to encourage protracted resistance by assurances so often repeated on this floor, and so eagerly caught up and reiterated by the rebel presses, that we cannot conquer the insurgents. The last hope of the rebels is confessedly in the success of their sympathizers here.

But these gentlemen, the neutrals of the border and the *conservatives* of the North—Arcadians all—have, I think, about performed their mission. They have done, not the work they intended, but the one they have been put upon by the great Ruler of nations. It was a bloody work, but it was, perhaps, a necessary one. A blow struck at the heart of the rebellion at its outset in the spirit of the proclamations of Fremont and Hunter, would probably have made an end of it for the time being, while it preserved its cause. The conservative statesmen were wanted to make the remedy radical and sure, by prolonging and exasperating the strife, and intensifying and universalizing the very partial abolition feeling of the North. It was the voice of Jehovah that spake from the very throats of those engines that hurled their defiant missiles against our flag at Sumter, just as the same voice thundered from the clouds and darkness of Sinai, when it promulgated to the world the great law of humanity. It was the great proclamation of freedom to the oppressed—anteceding that of the President by nearly two years—that pealed in the ears of the lordly chivalry, who held high carnival on that memorable day on the boulevards of Charleston. The light that blazed from the muzzles of those guns flashed over the American firmament with a radiance like that which floated chaos, at the fiat of Omnipotence, on the first morning of creation. Thinking people saw it and rejoiced. It was "the beginning of the end" of the long agony under which this nation had been sweating, as it were, great drops of blood. The war had become a necessity, which politicians were powerless either to postpone or avert. Though no abolitionist—till then—I saw it and rejoiced along with them, I thanked God—as I do now—that by an act of sublime justice, such as the pen of inspiration had never recorded, and the genius of the drama never imagined, He had put out the eyes of the slave-owner, and guided his own hands to the pillars of the temple which protected him; that He had made him drunk with arrogance, and decreed a transcendant suicide, by making himself the Nemesis—the instrument of the great work, which no merely human agencies could have accomplished. But that work would have been imperfect without more; and, by an act of justice equally sublime, He called into the counsel the statesmen of the border, along with the advocates of human bondage in the North, and neutrality and conversation stood hand in hand by the bedside of the sufferer, helping it into eternity, and mistaking all the while—like the lachrymose and lugubrious gentleman from Indiana—in the sepulchral gloom of that chamber of mortality, the unburied and offensive corpse over which he still sobs, for the image of a dead or dying Union. If the border States, if Kentucky especially has suffered—as she is claimed to have done—if her dwellings have been desolated and her soil drenched with the blood of her people, she has to thank her statesmen, as we of the free States do for all the sacrifices it has cost us to save the negro, while we were throwing away the priceless jewels of the North. If, instead of a neutrality which was only another name for treason—which the law of Solon would have denounced as the worst of crimes, and the fierce genius of Dante would have gibbeted in immortal and withering verse—if, instead of denying to the General Government, and even to her own citizens, the privilege of organizing troops upon her soil, she had but opened her arms to a deliverer, a hundred thousand northern bayonets would have belted her round as with a wall of fire, and no hostile foot would have left a mark upon her soil. She chose the other part. *Neutrality* flashed slowly into the sickly and livid hue, the pale, disastrous twilight of *conservatism*, and sat upon her chest and ours until the pulses were almost hushed; and, as a consequence of all this, the bravest of her sons have died ignobly in the effort to destroy the Union of their fathers, and the most honored of her names have gone down in darkness among the nameless and undistinguished dead, and found a new sleep in felons' graves, unkenneled, unanealed—"unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

But what is to be the end? Who doubts it that trusts in Providence and knows that God is just? In the darkest hour of our trial, when the gallant bark that bears our fortunes had disappeared among the mountain billows that threatened to ingulf it, and the lowering clouds shrouded in temporary darkness the glorious constellation of our fathers—when all monarchical Europe clapped its hands and sang peans of joy, as the great Republic reeled and staggered under the felon blows that were so treacherously aimed at her life by the hands of her own unnatural children—I, for one, never doubted or faltered. I knew that its timbers might be strained, and its prow dip deeply in the trough of the sea, but I read "*resurgam*" on its keel. I had a faith that it must come up again, with the old flag—that God-blessed banner of our fathers—type of regenerated humanity—symbol of hope to the nations—still flying at its peak, its only stain washed out, like the star that guided the magi over the plains of Bethlehem, to light the oppressed of the Old World to a knowledge of their rights and capabilities. If it might be permitted to the great captain who conquered the liberties of Rome, to say to the trembling pilot, "Why fear you? You carry Cæsar," how much more may we—with such a freight as no vessel ever bore since the ark of the patriarch rocked upon the heaving tides of the deluge, or grounded upon the lofty summits of Ararat—say to the trembling cowards who despair of the Republic, and even yet sit down and ring their hands like women over the impossibility of saving it, "O ye of little faith! Up, if ye are men! A world's hopes are staked upon your manhood!" Yes, there is no throb of this great heart that does not pulsate through the nations, as they stand at gaze, looking with suspended breath, upon the swaying fortunes of this Titanic struggle. It is the great battle of the ages. It is universal humanity in its last death wrestle with the powers of despotism. It is a narrow view of this controversy to suppose it a question of freedom to the negro only. The chain that binds four millions of black men, and as many whites both North and South, reaches not only to far distant Africa, but grasps in its iron links the men of all climes and complexions, from the green island that hangs at the belt of Britain, to the gorges of the snowy Caucasus—from the Hindoo who bathes in the Ganges, to the Calmuck who pastures his flocks upon the steppes of Tartary.

I trust we shall not either ignore or underrate our mission. We are in the midst of a new experiment upon the grandest theatre that the world ever saw. God has so fashioned this country as to make it an indissoluble unit. What He has so joined together, all the powers of earth and hell cannot rend asunder. The man who would consent to divide it on any terms, is like the false mother, who was willing to take the mutilated half of the child. The individual who would treat for its severance, or even send an embassy to those who insist that nothing short of this will satisfy them—if an American—is a man I cannot comprehend. I do not claim any more natural sensibility than other men, but when the dome of this Capitol first rose before me in the spring time of life, I looked upon it with a feeling to which no words of mine could give expression. It was not the colossal pile of masonry—it was not the Doric column, or the storied architrave; or the frescoed wall, or the tesselated floor, or any of the wonders of Grecian or Italian art, which the last few years, have so multiplied around us. It was the great *thought* of the Union, embodied—it was the great *fact* of the Union, idealized in stone; it was the starry ensign that fluttered over these Halls where the nation's Representatives were assembled; it was the reflection that there, under that banner, in these seats, and hanging in these galleries, were congregated the representative men of half a continent—from the icy lakes of the North to the orange groves of Louisiana—from the men who hunted the moose on the hills of the Aroostook, to those who followed the buffalo over the great prairies of the West; men who never met elsewhere, but were here commingled in common brotherhood, in devotion to the one great idea, for the development of which this vast continent seems to have been specially reserved.

Away with the jargon of art in such a presence as this! Blood, pulse, and heart confessed the power of that overmastering thought. It was a part of the education of the boy; and as I come back now, in the maturity of years, to take my seat in these halls—enlarged and beautified as they have been—as one of the Representatives of a domain which dwarfs the empire of the Macedonian—to realize that yonder imperial bird, which stoops over your head—the sea-eagle of the Vikings—a little rapacious perhaps at times—has swept within almost a generation, with a pinion stronger than that of the eagle of the Cæsars, over a region almost as wide as any that ever owned their sway, while the establishments of the Old World have paled with affright at the rush of its mighty plumes—blood, pulse, and heart still recognize the sublime idea that was responded to by the bounding pulse of boyhood. God of our fathers! what an inheritance for humanity, and what a theatre for the sublimest of its developments; and what a trust too for us who have been summoned here in the hour of the nation's agony, to witness the new birth that is to be the resurrection to a new and better life! And who is the degenerate American in this great assemblage that would even hold counsel with those that would imagine its dismemberment? Who is it that in view of the past fate of all who have faltered in the hour of the nation's trial, and of the resistless current that is now drifting the feeble and the faint-hearted into oblivion, will be foolhardy enough to attempt to stem that avalanche of opinion which has just swept down from the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and will strew all the other States with monuments of the public wrath in the wreck, that it is making of the anti-war party of the North? Thank God! the dark hour has passed. The skirts of this mighty storm are drawing off. The fields that have been watered by its bloody shower will soon be green again. We shall come out of this war with a development of muscle and of manhood that will shame our former degeneracy, and make the world tremble as our power. We shall have passed the ordeal that was to try us as a nation, when we shall have walked the burning plowshare of revolution—as we shall walk it—with our garments unsinged, and demonstrated—as we shall demonstrate—under trials that would have shaken down the proudest monarchies of Europe, the intelligent, affectionate and unwavering loyalty of a self-governing people, and the sublime energy and indestructible vitality of the republican idea. Our Government will be no longer an experiment, but a fact of history; and we shall resume our no longer questionable rank among the great Powers of the earth, as first among our peers—the great Republic of the Western Hemisphere, one and indivisible.

General Wadsworth.

Brigadier General James Samuel Wadsworth, killed in the late bloody conflict at Chancellorsville, was born at Genesee, New York, Oct. 30th, 1807. He was educated at Harvard and Yale colleges, studied law at Albany, and completed his course in the office of Daniel Webster. In 1861 he was appointed a Commissioner to the Peace Convention at Washington, and at the opening of the war was one of the first to offer his services to the Government. In April he was commissioned Major-General by Gov. Morgan, but the appointment was subsequently revoked and the Commission withdrawn. In June he was appointed volunteer aid on the personal staff of Gen. McDowell, was present at the battle of Bull Run, and commended for his bravery. He was made Brigadier General of volunteers August 9th, 1861, and was assigned to a command in the advance under McClellan. In March, 1862, he was appointed military Governor of the district of Columbia, and with command of the defenses at Washington. In 1862 he was the candidate of the Union party for Governor of New York, but was defeated by Horatio Seymour. In December following he was assigned to a command with Burnside and after the latter's disaster at Fredericksburg, we believe was out of active service. During 1863, he was engaged in various commissions, and among others went to Louisiana to investigate the condition of the freedmen, and, as our readers will remember, made an elaborate report to the President. He also took a deep interest in the freedman's villages in Virginia and South Carolina. Upon the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac by Gen. Grant, he was assigned to a position, and in the advance to Richmond, gallantly died a soldier's death. Gen. Wadsworth came from one of the best and most esteemed families in New York, and inherited from his father and brother a large fortune, to which he added largely by his energy and industry. He was probably the wealthiest man in New York out of the city, and it is said could walk from Genesee to Rochester over his own soil. He was a large stock grower, and made immense importations of cattle. But immediately upon the fall of Sumter he abandoned wealth and a beautiful home, and offered his services to his country, and from that time until the canvass in which he was engaged, we believe, he never visited his home, but confined himself arduously and devotedly to his duties. He was a good man and a pure patriot, and dies without a stain upon his fair fame.

Gen. Butler "Tells the Story."

Yesterday the telegraph made an attemp to put us in possession of the following important dispatch from Gen. Butler, but only succeeded in making out a few sentences:

Washington, Tuesday, May 10, 1:30 p. m.

Maj. Gen Dix: I forward a dispatch this moment received from Gen. Butler. It Tells The Story. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

Headquarters near Bermuda Landing, May 9, 1864.

To Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Our operations may be summed up in a few words:

With 1,700 cavalry we have advanced up the Peninsula, forded the Chickahominy, and have safely brought them to our present position.

These were colored cavalry, and are now holding positions as our advance toward Richmond.

Gen. Kautz, with 3,000 cavalry from Suffolk, on the same day with our movement up the James River, forced the Blackwater and burnt the railroad bridge at Stony Creek, below Petersburg, cutting in two Beauregard's forces at that point.

We have landed here, intrenched ourselves, destroyed many miles of railroad, and got a position which, with proper supplies, we can hold out against the whole of Lee's army. I have ordered up the supplies.

Beauregard, with a large portion of his command was left south of the cutting of the railroad by Gen. Kautz. That portion which reached Petersburg under Hill I have whipped to-day, killing and wounding many, and taking many prisoners, after a severe and well contested fight.

Lieut. Gen. Grant will not be troubled with any further reinforcements to Lee from Beauregard's forces. Benj. F. Butler.

General Sedgwick.

Major-General John Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, who was killed at Spottsylvania Court House on Monday, was a native of Connecticut, and graduated at West Point in 1837. He distinguished himself at Contreras and Cherubusco in the Mexican war. He was appointed Brigadier-General of volunteers August 31, 1861. When Gen. Stone was arrested, he took charge of his command on the Upper Potomac. During the Peninsula campaign he led a division of the 3d Army Corps. He was commissioned a Major-General of volunteers, July 4th, 1864. He was seriously wounded and carried off the field at Antietam, and on his recovery in December was assigned to the command of the Sixth Army Corps, formerly Burnside's. At the battle of Chancellorville he captured the heights of Fredericksburg, but was afterwards compelled to retreat across the river with heavy loss. In the late re-organization of the Army of the Potomac, he was assigned to the command of the Sixth Corps.

General Webb.

Brigadier General Alex. S. Webb, who was killed in Thursday's battle, was the youngest son of General J. Watson Webb, Minister to Brazil. He graduated at West Point in 1855, entered the army as second-lieutenant of the Eighth Artillery, and first saw service in Texas. His rank in the regular army was captain in the 11th regiment of infantry. He was also acting Inspector-General, under the act of July 17, 1872. He was commissioned brigadier general about a year ago, and distinguished himself at the battle of Gettysburg. At the time of his death he commanded a division under Gen. Warren.

A Travelling Postoffice.—Under the immediate superintendence of A. M. Zeveley, a travelling postoffice has been established between New York and Washington, on the line of the New Jersey Transportation, Philadelphia and Baltimore and Baltimore and Ohio Companies, which promises to facilitate the work of distributing mail matter destined for places diverging from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The first car to be used in this service arrived at Jersey City on Tuesday. It is 40 feet long, and fitted up with boxes, pouches, bags, desks, &c. Two other cars, each 50 feet long and 12 feet wide, designed for the same service, are nearly completed, and will be in readiness in a week.

TELEGRAMS.

FROM THE POTOMAC ARMY.

The Enemy Fortifying their Position During Tuesday Night.

SITUATION WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

The Success of Sherman and Butler Announced to the Troops.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AND ENTHUSIASM

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON!

The Battle of Wednesday.

GENERAL ASSAULT AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Most Magnificent and Terrible of the War!

OUR FORCES VICTORS ON EVERY SIDE.

Advance of Our Army!!

THE BLOODY WORK OF TUESDAY.

Butler's Movement South of Richmond.

New York, May 12.—The *Herald's* special says that on Tuesday Gibbons' and Barlow's divisions were withdrawn from the south bank of the Po, the latter division closely followed by the enemy, who were checked by our artillery posted along the ridge commanding the river. Early in the day the whole army began to be straightened into line of battle and renewed the engagement. Skirmishing was kept up during this time between the advanced lines of the two armies, the enemy bestirring himself as though he intended offensive operations. Our line was formed with the Second corps on the right, the Fifth in the centre and Sixth on the left, with Burnside's corps in the rear of our left for the protection of our immense trains and to act as a reserve in any emergency. The country here is quite rolling, with studded groves, pine and hard wood, and affording much better facilities for handling troops and using artillery than about the Wilderness. The enemy, during the night, strengthened his formidable position with rifle pits, breastworks, barricades, &c., rendering it stronger than any line of defence occupied by him since leaving his earthworks on the Rapidan.

Thus matters stood until far into the afternoon when the fighting became quite sharp at intervals at different points but without anything definite. Five o'clock was fixed for a grand assault.

General orders, announcing the success of Sherman in the West and Butler on the James river were read to the troops, producing the wildest excitement, and as the hour approached for an attack the enthusiasm of the troops became almost ungovernable.

Grant was surrounded by his staff; Meade, Hancock and Warren, all stationed on eminences within sight of each other, while the great columns of our army gathered together for a great struggle.

Just as the attack was about to be made, the enemy advanced on our right, threatening to press back that portion of the line, discontinuing for a time our plan of attack. Troops were hurried to support the right, but Barlow succeeded in checking the rebels, sending back such reinforcements with word that he had enough and some to spare.

The most determined and persistent effort which has been made ever since the commencement of the war, was made in the fight in this locality to turn our right. Charge after charge was made by the enemy on our right with four columns. Our men repulsed each charge valiantly. At length the 5th corps drove the enemy, compelling him to fall back into his third line of defenses.

The effect of this repulse was apparent. The rebel dead at points lay piled in heaps. One of these gallant charges was made by the brave General Rice at the head of his column as he has been in every fight. Busy in the midst of this terrible conflict was General Warren. He rode up and down his lines directing the movements regardless of the flying shells and bullets. Another horse was shot under him, the third within the last four days.

We made a general assault at 7 o'clock. It was the most magnificent and terrible one of the war. The batteries, through the cutting down of some trees, were placed in very advantageous positions, as likewise the batteries of other corps. Simultaneously these cannon hurled their murderous missiles into the ranks of the enemy, accompanied by a general volley of musketry, and from this hour till dark the combat deepened. Night left us victors on every side.

Our lines now advanced, and we had taken more prisoners than we had lost, but it has been another expensive victory. Our losses are heavy, but believed that of the enemy far exceeds ours.

It is expected the battle will be resumed this morning. Our troops are still in good spirits, and there is no give way to them.

Washington, May 11.—A special to the *Times* says that a distinguished officer who left Grant in the saddle at 10 o'clock this morning, sums up the bloody work of yesterday thus: The battle opened all along the lines. Longstreet's corps, under Hill, held the rebel right resting about 20 miles northeast of Spottsylvania, and Grant pitted Burnside's 9th Corps against it. At a given moment in the afternoon Burnside precipitated his entire command, except colored troops, upon the rebels' right, driving and completely crushing it, and capturing three rebel brigades and four pieces of cannon. The fight continued with a ferocity never before witnessed until nine o'clock, and night closed upon the bloodiest field produced in this war.

The losses on both sides are stated to be very large.

Of the rebel brigades captured some escaped during the awful carnage which followed, but 1,200 of the captured were sent to the rear. This morning our informant talked with some of them before leaving to-day, and acknowledge that they had been in every principal battle of the war, but never experienced such terrific fighting.

The battle ceased at 9 o'clock, our line having advanced. Burnside occupied at the end of the conflic, the entrenchments held by Longstreet's force at the beginning this morning.

The fight was not renewed up to ten o'clock, at which time Burnside held his position. Lee's army was then contracted into a sort of horse-shoe in and about the town of Spottsylvania Court House.

Gen. Stevenson is killed.

Butler's movements south of Richmond have been felt and appreciated.

Washington, May 11.—During the last twenty-hours about 7,000 men from the army of the Potomac, wounded Thursday and Friday, arrived here. Comparatively few of them are suffering severely from injuries, and many will soon be returned to the army.

Accounts from the Army of the Potomac concur that there was heavy fighting yesterday, and about five o'clock in the afternoon an attack was made upon the rebel batteries. It is stated that after the assault continued for some time, and it was found that the rebel batteries could not be carried without probably a great sacrifice of life, the effort for the time was abandoned.

It is reported here this morning that General Warren was wounded yesterday and died on the way to Fredericksburg. The rumor is repeated to-night and generally believed.

The fighting yesterday afternoon is said to have been very severe, as heavy artillery was brought into action on both sides. The result, so far as known this forenoon, was to our advantage. The rebels attempted to get in the rear of our army to obtain supplies, but were driven off with loss. Fighting was renewed to-day.

Washington, May 12.—Gentlemen prominently connected with the Government are in good spirits to-day in view of recent movements. Other movements are in progress which will soon be publicly developed, forming part of the general plan looking to success.

Burnside sent word to his friends in Washington that everything looked very favorable and hopeful.

The *Tribune's* special says that Burnside advanced to Spottsylvania Court House that morning, driving the rebels before him, and now holds the place. Dale's rebel brigade, 2,400 strong, was captured by a charge of the Vermont brigade, but nearly half of them escaped.

FROM CAIRO AND BELOW.

Destruction of Three Government Transports.

GEN. BANKS STILL AT ALEXANDRIA.

Reported Federal Success at Bolivar and Jackson, Tenn.

GENERAL STEEL FORTIFYING LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Cairo, May 11.—The dispatch boat General Lyon, from below, reports that on the 5th the transports City Belle, Emma and Warner in passing a battery, twelve miles below Alexandria, were fired upon and destroyed. The gunboat Signal was also destroyed by the battery, and the gunboat Covington set on fire to prevent her from falling into the hands of the rebels. This battery composed the guns captured from Banks.

Gen. Banks remains at Alexandria and is strong enough to resist any attack that may be made upon him.

During the fight above Alexandria, when the gunboat Juliet was destroyed, the Cricket, Admiral Porter's boat, suffered severely, both engineers being killed and many of the crew wounded.

Forrest, Chalmers, Roddy and Lee are said to be at Turpulo, where they were to have a grand review on Saturday last.

An escaped Federal cavalry officer reports a Federal success at Jackson and Bolivar, Tenn.

The steamer Belle of Memphis arrived from Memphis with 104 bales of cotton. The steamer Commercial had arrived at Memphis from Little Rock with 917 bales of cotton. Steele's forces were actively engaged fortifying the town. All was quiet on the Arkansas river. The rebel cavalry had gone in the direction of Port Smith. It is rumored that they had taken Dardanelles, a small town below Fort Smith.

He said the rebels did not carry out their system of slaughter of colored troops at the battle of Saline river, but took many of the wounded, dressed their wounds and sent a flag of truce to Steele for an exchange. The reason assigned for this is great. During the whole of Steele's campaign he took no prisoners in the vicinity of the Bluff.

Eight hundred bales cotton were sold at Memphis on Saturday; 600 bales brought 71c., the remainder 74@75. Total receipts for the week, 3,176 bales; shipments, 2,200; middling to strict middling, 72@73; good, 75@76; fair, 77@78.

Cairo, May 11.—The Silver Moon, from Memphis for Cincinnati passed here last night with 1,077 bales of cotton. The St. Patrick passed up with 700 bales for Evansville.

Gen. Canby and staff arrived this morning on route to his command.

It is reported the rebels boarded the steamer Emma on Red River, forced the crews to the hold, and then set fire to the boat. The report is not vouched for.

On Saturday night a small band of guerillas passed between the camp and the picket post of the expedition sent out by General Prince from Columbus, Ky., under Col. Moore, encamped near Mayfield, and captured the entire picket post without our forces seeing them.

Memphis, May 10.—Advices from Vicksburg state that an expedition left there for Yazoo City, with a large force, and an engagement was anticipated. Forrest has passed South. Sturgess was unable to come up with him.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

The Rebels Driven Back.

EVERYTHING MOST SATISFACTORY.

Tunnel Hill, Ga., May 11.—After heavy skirmishing, in which all the Corps participated, the enemy were driven back to Rocky Ridge and Buzzard Roost Mountain, from which we are fast expelling them.

Everything is going on in a most satisfactory way. D. Cunningham.

Latest From Europe.

Halifax, May 12.—The steamer Africa, from Liverpool on the 30th and Queenstown on the 1st, has arrived.

The Danes had evacuated Frederic and withdrawn to Furnis Island.

LATEST.

Liverpool, April 30.—Breadstuffs firm; provisions quiet and steady; produce quiet and steady; cotton buoyant, with an advancing tendency; consols, 91¼@91⅜; Illinois Central, 22a20 discount; Erie, 62a64; the rebel loan has advanced.

Sigel's Forces.

Buffalo, May 12.—No confirmation has been received here of the rumor of Gen. Sigel's having formed a junction with Gen. Grant.

Additional Lists of Wounded Pennsylvanians.

The following additional lists of wounded Pennsylvanians have just been received:

Armstrong A 138th	Geer Dwight 61st, face
Armstrong A 158th, leg	Geigen Sergt J 49th, leg
Brigly Dan 61st, jaw	Guinens Jas 61st, hip
Bowman Joseph 71st	Gifford A A 119th, arm
Danks Col 63d	Hay John 142d
Boyer S 72d	Hellings Jno P 119th
Baxter Col 72d	Huey Peter 61st, groin
Beegle John 110th, shoul	Harper Jno 61st, neck
Boyer S 72d, stomach	Holstetter Andrew, 45th
Boens F R 119th, arm	Herbot H 119th, arm
Biggins Jno 95th, arm	Hoobe Chas 142d, hand
Bradly Peter 61st	Hoff U F 119th, [illegible]
Conn N G 61st, shoulder	Helman Danl 68th, leg
Curran D 119th, hand	Haines Phillip 67th, shoul
Cooper W A 119th	Howard Con 128th, arm
Cox J D 61st, scalp	Holbroyd Jos 119th, arm
Cuthbert J P 119th, hand	Johns M 11th
Craig Jos 119th, knee	Jost Nicholas 96th, arm
Cushen H 119th, foot	Keating Martin 142d
Caton Martin, 142d, arm	Keck H 119th, hand
Clark Jas E 91st, shoulder	Kockenpenger Lt Col 71st
Cooper Corp L 119th, arm	Lorby J S 119th, should'r
Davis A 6th, wrist	Lair Geo 119th, lung
Dateman O A 45th	Lynch Jas 61st, hand
Dickie A 142d	Lockhart Capt 72d
Dawson Capt 61st, leg	Lovitt Lt G G 119th, knee
Donnegan Jno 95th, hand	Lutts Geo K, 61st, neck
Davey Mark 67th, finger	Leddy Andrew, 61st thigh
Enock C W 95th, hand	McClellan H, 119th, neck
Endy F 95th, finger	Miller J Lt 105th, severe
Elliott Tim 193d, leg	McDelde Adjt 71st
Ellett Robt 119th, scalp	Marks Aaron 61st, thigh
Eick Charles 96th, leg	Martin Chas 61st, r shoul
Eick Joseph 96th, hand	Murry Jos 61st thigh
Eguer B H 119th, finger	Moore Jacob 119th, leg
Eceven Sergt D B 93d, arm	McNaughten Jno W 103th
Freedman Morris, 150th,	McNorton J W 102d, sick
Farley Hugh 61st, knee	Miller Jos 118th, hand
Flyn J M 119th, knee	Methemer H C 96th, thigh
Fisher W C 119th, knee	McGowan S 95th, arm
Fry Reuben 119th, arm	Moore J 95th side
Gudger Jonas, 48th	McKinley J W F, arm
Gump Henry 91st, knee	Nicholas Jas 119th, breast
Gifford Adjt 106th, arm	Wyle Joseph, 68th arm
Saml Hooley D 7th hands slightly.	Paten Geo 61st arm
Joseph Budd F 100th right arm flesh.	Pyke Isaac 119th leg
	Parley John 118th both thighs.
Thos Arrow F 100th neck flesh.	Preston E 137th back
	Piper F 95th scalp
John Simms K 90th leg flesh.	Robinson T G 61st knee
	Romads Wm 110th thumb
Henry Baugham 106th.	Robins J S 119th
1st Sgt Chas W Clendenin K 143d arm amputated.	Ransher J F 119th ankle
	Roberts Jacob 61st groin
Louis J Yale K 143d finger	Rover Capt 72d
George Cooper B 11th chest died.	Sigafoos Leon 119th thigh
	Sholas C W 93d shoulder.
Walt Hoffman 142d ankle	Segaborg Fred 138th head
Geo H Ludwig 11th knee	Showers Ml 67th shoulder
David Cowan 11th abdm	Trueman Morris 155th
James Hunter B 11th breast flesh.	Taylor J L 61st arm
	Teller M 119th hand
Richard H Parker B 100th finger flesh	Jas Bell H 100th foot slightly.
Baker Cheeline, B 105th hand	Wm Harbison K 99th head
	Watt Wm, 115th, scalp
Steele A, 11th	Wireman G H, 119th, hand
Stannard Capt, 72d	Wright Capt, 57
Snoddy Saml, 84th	Walker G, 95th, thigh
Sider Gwiner, 57th	Waller Geo, 95th, thigh
Sydick Irwin, 61st thigh	W Warnan G R, 61st, elbow
Steward Dan, 61st, groin	Whittaker Capt, 72d
Vennete J, 53d, side	Wissener J H, 11th, arm
Woodford Wm, 61st	Welhour Fred, 83d, groin

EIGHTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA.

John R Gaslin, I, leg amputated	Chas Farley, D, arm
	David Amman, B, face
C W Bremendaffer, A, jaw	R Babb, D, side
J B Shorkle, K, head	Jos Isaacs, B, side
J Poulden, I, hand	Jas E Morter, F, foot
Corp J L Hore, E, leg	Geo R Mountain, K, shell, foot
C H Codtract, B	
J A Snodden, B, shoulder	John Tyley, D, leg
John Chester, B, shoulder joint	J P Hillborn, K, finger amputated
Wm Queen, C, shoulder	H J Mohon, F, face
Corporal J Gallagher, E, thumb	Albert Dickerson, F, arm
	Robert Dene, K, hand
E Forsed, E, sides	1st Lieut J Lyes, I, thighs flesh
H Pickle, A, hand	
Lt Col Miltan, sides	J D Shade, F, arm
L J Brennan, G, leg	Corporal H W Williard, D, chest
Austin Silwuther, E, finger	
G M Causelim, F, leg	Walter Barrett, I, arm

The following were wounded in the engagement of the 7th inst., while cutting the railroad between Richmond and Petersburg. They were sent to the McClellan General Hospital from City Point on the 8th instant:—

A H Mains 76th	L W Thomas 76th
E Sweeny 76th	J Jenkins 76th
H Hyot 76th	C Young 76th
H Maul 76th	W Smith 76th
L E Marks 76th	Jas Rumboth 76th
J D Peterman 76th	W H McMillen 76th
W S King 76th	Sergt L Warren 76th
W B Adams 76th	T Montgomery 76th
J W E Young 76th	Charles Coffin 76th
D Johnson 76th	S Mackanah 76th
D Schultz 76th	J Leader 76th
J Hagarty 76th	V Langhafer 55th
B Grage 9th	J Munger 76th
D Davis 76th	T Ramage 76th
F Klatz 7th	J L Carr 55th
R H Domming 76th	F Benjamin 76th
D Johnson 76th	P A Miller 76th