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jy28-30t

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NATIONAL BANK

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DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY AND FINANCIAL AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

10-40 LOAN.

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This Loan, issued under authority of an act of Congress, approved March 3, 1864, provides for the issue of Two Hundred Millions of Dollars ($200,000,000), United States Bonds, redeemable after ten years, and payable forty years from date, IN COIN, dated March 1, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of

FIVE PER CENT.

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INTEREST

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C. H. CLARK,
President.
ap3-tf

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jy30-15t

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# The Press.

VOL. 8.—NO. 3. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1864. FOUR CENTS.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1864.


## THE ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG.

### Complete Details—Grant's Plan of Attack—The Mine Explosion—The Charge upon the Breach—A Fou d'Enfer—Conduct of the Colored Troops—The Final Repulse.

The letters of half a dozen different correspondents furnish us with abundant details of the late well-planned attack on the rebel entrenchments before Petersburg. We have carefully collated them, and are now able to present a full and connected account of the battle, from its inception to its disastrous end. The failure, and the slaughter of our troops, is ascribed on all hands to somebody's blundering, but who that somebody is no one seems bold enough to say. There seems to be a general desire that the causes of the failure be ascertained by a court-martial, and the author or authors of them meet with severe and merited punishment.

THE PLAN.

The strategy of the affair, which is to be credited entirely to Gen. Grant, is assumed to be faultless, and the main complaints hinge on a series of mistakes in the tactics—of stupidity in carrying out the orders of the commanding general. The mine was admirably prepared, but there are some complaints that the abattis in front of the works was not included in the destruction. Our troops, when they charged into the yawning chasm, were thrown into some confusion by the obstructions in front of the works. This, however, is an objection of little importance, since however steady may have been the lines of our troops, the terrible fire of the enemy would have broken and thrown them into disorder.

General Grant early discovered that with the passage of the James was exhausted all possibilities of a movement by the left flank; with Richmond as the objective point. Nothing, therefore, remained to General Grant but to assault the rebel lines. From day to day with shovel and pick our men advanced, until the intervals between the rifle-pits of their enemy was in some places less than 150 yards. The ground is broken by hills and ravines and sloping into ravines intersecting each other at every angle, and some of the eminences are very thickly wooded. Over this almost impracticable ground our men have slowly advanced, until *only one hill* remained to be taken so that our guns could entirely command the city. It is called Cemetery Hill, and, like its namesake at Gettysburg, has now become historic. Its crest, crowning with grass, is not more than 600 yards from our advanced works. Its sides are indented with earthworks, plitted with redoubts and redans, edged with serried salients, containing all the skillful defences known to skillful military engineers. The point to us was of vital importance, and accordingly Generals Hancock, Sheridan, and Burnside were, as we learned yesterday, sent across the James river to the vicinity of Malvern Hill. The demonstration is alleged to have had its effect, although, in view of the heavy columns that opposed us at the assault, it is to be presumed that Lee was not weakened to any great degree. Be this as it may, correspondents assert that the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad was kept busy all day Friday and Friday night transporting troops to the rear. The bearing of these strategems was an entire secret in our army, being only known to the corps commanders, whatever may have been suspected or known by Lee.

The tactics proper were assigned to Gen. Meade, under whose direction the subsequent assault was made. His arrangement of troops and order of battle were as follows:

On Friday night the 9th Corps was withdrawn from its position in the centre of the main line, and massed to the rear and right of the mine. Behind it was the colored division as a relief and support. The 18th Corps was also to be withdrawn from the main line, relieved by the 3d Division of the 2d Corps, that had the day before recrossed the James river and massed in a position to the right of and in close supporting distance of the 9th Corps. The 5th Corps was to leave its line thinly picketed, and to be massed to the left of and close to the 9th Corps. The 1st and 2d Divisions of the 2d Corps were to recross the James under cover of reserve before the commencement of the attack, to the right of and behind the 18th Corps. The cavalry corps was also to return to the rear of our line around the rebel right, and to operate upon and sack Petersburg from its southern and southwestern approaches. The 1st Division of the 9th Corps was to avail itself promptly of the consternation created among the enemy by the explosion of the mine, push forward formed in column of attack, and carry the intervening rebel works. The 2d and 3d Divisions of the 9th Corps were to follow the 1st, to the right and left of it, and take position with it on Cemetery Hill. The 5th and 18th Corps were to close up as soon as the enemy's line was broken.

Collaterally, but in unison with the advance of the infantry, every piece of siege artillery posted along the line was ordered to open simultaneously upon the enemy at a given signal made by the explosion of the mine containing eight tons of powder, which was placed directly beneath the rebel battery which Burnside was to assault. Not only were the siege pieces to open a fierce fire, but all the field artillery which could be got into position after the opening of the battle was to advance as opportunity offered, and bring their batteries into play. Upon this awful fire of heavy guns it was natural that great stress should be placed, in the expectation that the shock of its suddenness would have a demoralizing effect, and so make the way of the infantry easier.

EXPLOSION OF THE MINE.

Thus far the plan was very good, but now for the execution of it. Everything seemed favorable. No moon shone, the morning was black in its darkness, the hour of the explosion—3.30 A. M.—was come, and the fire was lighted. It went out. Again it was lighted, again was it extinguished. This was a misfortune unexpected. An officer of the 48th Pennsylvania ventured into the shaft, and found that the fire went out at each splice of the pine tube. Time was consumed, and when all was again ready it was found daylight. A third time the fire was lighted, and required no relighting. The army waited in suspense, crouching on their arms behind the earthworks in the gray light of the morning. None knew the locality at which the terrific upheaval was about to take place. But suddenly there was a dull, rumbling thud, preceded by a quaking and upheaval of the earth in the immediate vicinity. The earth was rent asunder, a little course of the excavation, heaving slowly and majestically to the surface, and folding sideways to exhibit a deep and yawning chasm, comparable, as much as anything else, to a river gorged with ice, and breaking up under the influence of a freshet. But there was a grander effect than this observable also. Where the charge in the burrow was heaviest, directly under the rebel work, an immense mass of dull red earth was thrown high in air, in three broad columns, diverging from a single base, and assuming the shape of a Prince of Wales' feather, of colossal proportions. While the huge mass stood poised for a moment in the air it was a magnificent object of contemplation. The interstices within—it seemed made of layers and shafts of sand—were lit up with the lurid flash of the exploded gunpowder, and the variegated aspect of the whole—and there illuminated—reminded one of the pictures of Mounts Vesuvius and Etna in eruption. After pausing a moment, down it sank again, like a fountain when the water is suddenly shut off, and the air became filled with dust. Those near the spot say that clods of earth weighing at least a ton, and cannon, and human forms, and gun-carriages, and small-arms, were all distinctly seen shooting upward in that column of horror, and fell again in shapeless and pulverized atoms. The explosion fully accomplished what was intended. It demolished the 8 x-gun battery, and acted as the wedge which opened the way to the assault.

The awful instant of the explosion had scarcely passed when the dull morning air was made stagnant by the thunder of our artillery. From ninety-five pieces, posted in very favorable commanding of the enemy's position, there belched out sheets of flame and milk-white smoke, while the shot and shell sped forward, screeching, howling, rumbling, like the rushing of a hundred railroad trains. But why attempt to give an idea of such indescribable and awful sounds? The sudden transition from utter silence to fiercest clamor was terrible. First a Rodman thirty-two pounder on our front was plainly distinct; but soon the whole length of the line became enveloped in the discharges, and the air was filled with the tremendous concussion. At first the rebel artillery did not respond, but soon their thunder was added to ours, until the very earth seemed to sway and rock beneath the awful din.

THE CHARGE IN THE BREACH.

In the midst of this fire, our troops were to rush through the breach, and beyond upon the second line of works crossing the crest of Cemetery Hill. The 14th New York Heavy Artillery and the brigade of Colonel Marshall had the advance, but as the terrific mass of earth loomed up so suddenly and so near them, a momentary fear was felt that it was one of our own forts which had been mined by the enemy. The delusion was an optical one, but still had its effect in restraining the impetus of the first onset. We will not say that the men became panic-stricken; but they hesitated, and the line of battle swayed. At last the efforts of the officers prevailed, and the brigade—but not until some five or ten minutes had elapsed—charged with a wild cheer. The 1st Brigade, under the gallant Bartlett, was at their heels, and together Ledlie's whole division charged through the breach. What few of the enemy were near by surrendered without a shot. But the sight that met them must have been appalling. Bodies of dead rebels crushed and mangled out of all resemblance to humanity, writhing forms partly buried, arms protruding here, and legs struggling there—a very hell of horror and torture, confined to a space of fifty feet in length, and half as many wide. But the time was not favorable to the play of humane promptings. This chaos of mangled humanity mixed with debris of implements and munitions of war must be unheeded. Enough for the storming party to do was found in exhuming two pieces of rebel cannon with their caissons, and, in obedience to the law of self-preservation, turning these guns upon the enemy, who was throwing into the crater a shower of shells and Minie balls from the hill beyond, and from points on either side, which they had held on this first line. Getting these pieces still held on this first line. Getting these pieces into position promptly, and under cover of their fire, the assaulting column was reformed, and, at the word of command, dashed forward once more to storm the crest of the hill. It was a task too great. They gallantly essayed it, and nearly gained the summit, subjected all the time to a withering fire, which increased in fierceness at every step, until they became the centre of a converging storm of shot and shell. Attacked on the right flank and the left flank, in front and rear, they were compelled to fall back to the partial protection of the crater, leaving their course thickly strewn with the dying and the dead.

THE CHARGE OF THE COLORED DIVISION.

In rear of the main column of attack the colored division had been formed with a view to passing the other divisions, when they had gained the outer line, and making this a starting point for the continuance of the charge. The 1st Division held the centre, with the 2d and 3d on either flank, and now the 4th advanced beyond. The troops were in two columns each brigade constituting a column. Their splendid discipline could not but be observed, and in the early part of the contest no soldiers behaved more gallantly. They charged upon the next and an interior line of the enemy, and for a time gained decided advantages, as is attested in two rebel battle-flags which they captured and brought off with them. But the rebels, exasperated as we know them now to have been at sight of the negroes, fought with the fury of devils, and reinforcements coming to their aid—our signal officers counted six brigades hurried from a camp beyond the town—the tide of battle turned. The colored troops gave way, broke in confusion, when the rebels, having repulsed their charge, charged them in turn, and then they ran, a terror-stricken, disordered mass of fugitives, to the rear of the white troops. In vain their officers endeavored to rally them with all the persuasion of tongue, sabre, and pistol.

About 1,000 of them rushed over the parapet into the interior of the crater, which the explosion had caused to make a pit-like form, and was already crowded to overflowing with officers and men. The negroes tumbled headlong down the sloping sides, when a scene of inextricable confusion ensued. Efforts were made by officers to get them out of the work and form outside, but they failed, and the strangely mingled mass of human beings continued to crowd the pit, the upper portion of which was about one hundred feet in diameter.

Happily about this time the rebel cannonade materially slackened, the white troops recovered their stamina, and our lines were straightened just in time to receive a fierce rebel onset. The shock was fearful, but was repulsed. While this fighting was going on, some of the colored troops, estimated at five hundred, clambered out of the crater, and fled in wild disorder to the rear.

THE RETREAT.

The white troops now left in the works were exposed to enfilading and cross-fires, but soon the order came to fall back. The whole army returned to their old positions, but retreat for those in the crater was impossible. Hemmed in on every side, they were captured. General Bartlett and all his staff and many regimental officers were among the prisoners. The losses of this disastrous day were great, too great when we consider nothing was gained where so much was promised by the known ability of our leaders. The bare figures are furnished in another portion of this issue.

## The Burning of Chambersburg—The Town Desolated—Sufferings of the Inhabitants—An Appeal for Aid.

(Correspondence of The Press.)

HARRISBURG, August 1, 1864.

I avail myself of the loan of your paper to acquaint the public with the deeds done at the ill-fated city of Chambersburg. I do this in haste, on behalf of the sufferings and distress of her sorrowing people. I will simply narrate what my own observations and the undoubted testimony of her best citizens have taught me to be facts. I propose no sensation story to arouse the sensibilities of our Christian people, but will present an unvarnished picture of the realities, which are enough to cause the most stony hearts to cry out for vengeance. A chapter of woe has been written at Chambersburg that will startle the whole civilized world.

On the morning of the 30th July, at 4 o'clock, a squad of General McCausland's cavalry, in charge of Major Harry Gilmor, approached the suburbs of the city on all sides, firing some shells, and meeting with no opposition, they stopped at the residence of Colonel Boyd, of the 18th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and asked for breakfast. The Colonel being absent, they were met by his estimable lady, who was aroused from her bed, and proceeded to comply with their demands. Her servants having all left in fear, she informed them she could not at once give them some food, but would attend to him shortly. It took some time to prepare a cooked breakfast. They chose the former, which they took away to their pickets, and, after some time, returned with the vessels. They then occupied the town, which they found unprotected. A large number went to the Franklin Hotel and demanded breakfast, which was procured. In the meantime, General McCausland had made a pecuniary demand upon the citizens of $500,000, $100,000 of which, I believe, was to be in gold. The banks had removed all their money, all the councilmen but one had left, and the people were utterly unable to respond to this demand. About eight o'clock, the people were given ten minutes to leave their buildings, when a systematically arranged plan of firing the whole of the burnt district was commenced. No pen can delineate the scene of confusion and grief that followed. Camphène was poured profusely over the most combustible materials, and in the time that it takes to write this the city was in flames. The inhabitants scarce knew what they did, or what to save first. In one instance, a man had to bury his dead wife in the garden to keep her body from the devouring flames; in another, a father his child. The sick barely escaped, borne upon the shoulders of their friends; cows and pigs were consumed alive in their stables. Two colored women who had fled for safety into the garret, fearing captivity, were consumed alive. A sick colored man, who was so feeble as scarcely to be able to leave his bed, was so burned before he escaped as to die the same day. A gentleman told me he begged for a little time to get his blind and aged father and mother away, but the house was in flames ere they left it, losing all their clothing.

Through walls of fire on either side, and crackling flame and suffocating smoke, the father, mother, and their children had to fly for safety, carrying such parcels as they could bear. In very many cases they saved nothing but the clothes upon their backs. The horses had all been sent off, and the only means of transportation was what they could bear away in their arms. Delicate women put forth superhuman efforts, and carried immense weights, while others could barely, in their anguish, support themselves. Scenes were potent at the heads of families, of innocent and defenceless women, and they were made, in the presences of their crying children, to ask pardon for their frenzied remarks. By some they were jeered as they labored in their suffering. Oh, God! are there any still who sympathize with those who did this thing? Let them go to the blackened and desolate homes of Chambersburg; let them see the broken hearts that death will soon claim; let them go to the asylums for the maniac, and ask if there are any from Chambersburg; let them go to the alms-house and ask if any have been affluent, and how came their poverty. Let the reader draw a picture: to-day you are in the enjoyment of wealth and luxuries, to-morrow the clothes upon you are your all. If you have a family of children depending upon you, in such an hour of trial, what will you do with them? If there is a mother in our whole land who can feel, let her respond to the feelings of a mother, and give to these afflicted. Let the little children who are blessed with comfort and plenty respond—let the manufacturer, the merchant, the contractor, who are growing rich, respond, and quickly brighten the gloom of these desolate homes. Organize in counties and cities, without delay, and appoint your treasurers to receive for the "Chambersburg fund." The people appeal to you in words of searching fire for aid. They will appoint their committee, and will equitably distribute your alms. In the name of God and humanity, let me entreat you to this. If your hearts are still unmoved, go to Chamber burg and hear the sad voice of the broken spirit, and your eyes will be baptized with tears of kindness and charity.

The immense paper-mill, the flouring-mills, the axe factory, the chair factory, the carriage factory, the distillery and brewery, and all the places of business that gave employment to the poor, are swept away. The court-house, the printing offices, the city hall, the bank, and all the hotels are gone. The finest private residences, two churches, and ten stores are destroyed. The jail, public school, railroad shops, and the warehouse of Oaks & Caufman, are undisturbed.

The railroad took down to-day some car loads of provisions, and they will be looked for with anxiety daily, as those who are left with homes are seriously taxed in supporting their destitute neighbors. As the kind offering of a lady who had her house filled with thirty of these, I carried a basket full of provisions to a poor family, whose all to eat was but a quarter of a loaf of bread. Send flour, meal, rice, potatoes, groceries, candles, materials for clothing for men, women, and children; send money to build up again these once happy homes; or shall they, like the Acadian farmers of Grand Pré, be driven from their homes by fire and sword, and, with the ever-yearning spirit of Evangeline, wander forth hopelessly seeking rest and peace.

Dr. Richards, their surgeon (formerly of Eutaw street, Baltimore,) upon the pleading solicitation of a lady acquaintance whom he met to save her house, would not brook the meeting of the *magnanimous* general, but gave her his horse, which she rode, saying that "McCausland was drunk, and a perfect devil." It is said that some of these "devils" wept at the misery they had created. A young lady told me that one carried a large bundle on horseback out of the city for her while she led her little brother and sister through the fiery streets. At one point she had to turn back and seek some other outlet, as to proceed would have been destruction. Individual cases of suffering and losses could be given, almost without number, that would harrow your souls to their very depths. I leave to the just indignation of the American people the case of their own epithets to express their feelings at such a diabolical and fiendish act. My vocabulary fails me.

From the most careful estimate, not less than $4,000,000 would be required to restore to the people what they have lost, at the present high prices. Nearly three hundred houses, factories, and mills were consumed, with all their material. The loss of some was not less than $60,000. Chambersburg was a wealthy place and a beautiful town in the heart of Cumberland valley.

I have nothing to offer as to why this city was not better protected by the military. The general impression was that if General Couch had remained even with two or three hundred men, he could have kept the rebels at bay until the arrival of General Averill's command. There was great indignation expressed. There were not over from 300 to 500 rebels in the city at once. General Averill is in as rapid pursuit as the jaded, fatigued condition of his command will admit. Yesterday evening they were certainly back in Maryland. W. W. T.

[We are indebted to the author of the above, a prominent civil engineer of Baltimore, Maryland, for an interesting map of Chambersburg accompanying this letter, which shows very clearly the district devastated by the fire. Territorially, about one-half of the town is burned, which, however, embraces the centre of wealth and population. Did our columns permit we should willingly publish the map.—ED.]

## Down East and Three of her Generals.

*To the Editor of the Press:*

SIR: What say you to a glass of soda-water from Down East? The atmosphere being luminous just now, and the fogs having retreated to the hyperborean regions of our Nova Scotia neighbors, permits a whipped syllabub, or a tumbler of sparkling frost, may not be unwelcome or unlimely for your Philadelphians.

Have you ever happened to set your foot in Portland? If not, the sooner you do, the better it will be for you. You remember the answer of a Down-Easter to somebody who, meaning to be severe, said to him: "Ah! from the East, hey! Why I thought the wise men came from the East." "I well; and the further you go West the more you'll think so," said the Yankee.

Just now Portland is waking up, or turning over in her sleep rather, and revealing ten thousand beauties heretofore overlooked. Her large houses are finding their way into the outskirts, and beautiful grounds are fast embellishing themselves, at the western end, where one of the most beautiful panoramas, including the White Mountains and the broad, blue sea, with many a snug village and stretch of wilderness, opens upon you at every step, with a continually changing variety. At the other, or easterly end, the elevation is literally heaped with houses of another type, comfortable, roomy, unpretending, and full of encouragement for people in moderate circumstances.

Manufactures are increasing, and movements are in progress for establishing another large public house of the very best character, a marine railway, a dry-dock, and a rolling-mill, and for supplying the city with an abundance of the best water from Lebago lake. The population has increased by about one-sixth since last fall, owing to the establishment of ship yards, a glass factory, and a shovel factory. It is now somewhere about 20,000, and what is more, the people, who know where the first snow is likely to fall in case of a rupture with England, are beginning to arm for the defence of the city. To-night three new companies will be organized, and they are to be got ready for service at the forts, and there drilled by men who have smelt gunpowder. By the twelfth of next month a thorough inspection of the coast defences, from Portland to the furthest part of Down East, will take place, and the Washington Cabinet, and all the chief bureaus, and the War Department, will be personally represented. If we are caught napping now we deserve to lose not only Portland, (the Halifax and Quebec of our seaboard, and the best of breakwaters for Boston and New York in case of war,) but more. The fall, with the settlement of that northeastern boundary swindle.

Oddly enough, there are no less than four generals here just now: Major Gen. Franklin, Brig. Gen. Dow, Brig. Gen. Fessenden, and Brig. Gen. Shepley; Franklin waiting orders, after his marvellous escape and rapid recovery; Dow, so much talked of and exclaimed: "There he is!" as he again, standing at the captain's window!" The mate, though in view of the captain's window, saw no figure near it, nor at any other part of the quarter-deck. Nothing looked round and round. Next day the report went from one to the other that a ghost was on board, which filled some of the sailors with alarm, while others made a jest of it. Next night a boy (a stowaway) was so dreadfully alarmed in his bunk by something he saw or felt (we do not know which) that he leaped out, and fell through the open scuttle—couldn't keep awake, but lay still and waited for a chance of escape. Two openings occurred, but on the whole he forbore. It was very dark, and he might jump and run; of course, the chance of hitting him with a ball was not worth mentioning; but then, if he were not hit, there would be so many after him that he would certainly be retaken. At last they stopped, and then men were detailed to guard him. He grew more and more sleepy, and got stowed away in the angle of a fence upon a pile of straw. One man stood sentinel over him, but two others lay down, one on each side of him. After awhile, the fourth man, and the captain, a Marylander by the name of Gilmor, came to finish the arrangements. Finding the sentry on guard, he quietly stole behind him and, in a foreign language, and having previously supposed there was a combination against him, thought the threats were made against him, and therefore resolved to protect himself. A few hours after the jesting we have briefly explained took place he stabbed the two men who principally carried on the joke, with the ferocity of a fiend incarnate. The others were killed or drowned, principally by the Imperialists. They were all old rebels, and richly deserved their fate, for the diabolical cruelty they had practiced during their present raid. In one village only eighty inhabitants were butchered, because they had pulled away wooden bridges which the rebels happened to require. During the pursuit the bodies of villagers, whose throats were cut because they were unable to keep up with their captors, were found at frequent intervals. The villagers followed up the Imperialist troops and ferreted out rebels who had escaped notice by hiding, stripped them and bamboozled them, after which they were allowed to go free.

"Outside the north and east gates of Chang-chow, about half a mile from the city, are ranges of huts, in which, seeking what they can find, live up from the Imperialists, are hundreds of gaunt, wretched people, dying of hunger and disease, horribly and loathsome to look upon. The living are too weak and indifferent to bury the dead, and the bodies remain where they fall, and decompose in the roads, unless eaten by the dogs. We cannot describe the horrors that meet the eye at every step, better than by quoting the words of our correspondent:

"It is horrible to relate, but terrible to witness. To read that people are eating human flesh is one thing; to see the bodies from which that flesh has been cut is another. Even in this case, however, without a certain degree of loathing. The poor wretches have a wolfish look about them that is indescribable, and they haunt one's boat in shoals, in the hope of getting some scraps of food; their lamentations and moans completely take away any appetite which the horrors one has witnessed might have left one. I ought to be tolerably case hardened by this time, but no one could witness, unmoved, such scenes as these."

BURNED TO DEATH.—Mrs. Silas Rump, of Brandon, says the Springfield *Republican*, was burned to death, a few days since, under the most shocking circumstances. With her husband, she was perfectly harmless, and could read, write, and converse as rationally as any other individual. That he was regarded as insane was not to be wondered at, as he was placed in a home against his will, one which every feeling of a weak and sensitive nature revolted from. Nothing could be found on his person, no friendship's sympathies, none of the every-day pleasantries of life which give a charm to existence, and to which this youth had been accustomed from his childhood; and, all this with *no hope of change*. We think this would have been enough to have deranged a strong mind; what wonder, then, if a weak one sank under such a hopeless fate? If this young man had, according to our judgment, been placed in charge of a very *cheerful*, intelligent travelling companion, of enlarged mind and moral worth, and made with him a tour either through our own vast and beautiful country or Europe, he might have been restored to a sound mind and a life of useful activity and happiness. This was certainly worth trying for; and he had a right, which wealth can give him, of having the opportunity of testing it. Any means which *might* have resulted in his restoration.

Again, the article from the *Post* says: "Many are incarcerated against their will; thrust in by friends (?) who wish to rid themselves of them, in order to possess power over their wealth or their persons. The misguided judgment of friends keeps many there who ought to be restored to home and the loving care of relatives." Also: "All asylums, city, corporate, or private, should be examined thoroughly, strictly, and *often*." Now, then, here is business of great importance for some of our noble-minded philanthropists. Let a thorough inspection of these institutions take place forthwith, by a disinterested committee, without any bias *whatever*, from either directors, guardians, physicians, or nurses, and let *all* who are harmless, or not proper subjects, be sent to their homes, if they have them, and our word for it, some of our "model institutions" would be thinned off about one-fourth. We speak from experience, having given the subject much attention for years, as well as having had, now and then, a peep behind the scenes.

In this connection we beg leave to refer to the case of a silly, harmless being, whom our citizens will remember by the name of John Toby, who was in the habit of attending our lectures, concerts, &c. Some time since we missed John, from our places of fashionable resort, and upon inquiry found he had been sent, since his father's death, by his relatives, to an insane institution. We were much shocked at this, as he was as harmless as an infant, and his father would never give his consent to have him confined while he lived, and by his making a very handsome provision for him for life; no doubt intended him to have a comfortable home and enjoy his liberty as heretofore. We do not know to which of the institutions he has been sent, but leave heard it was Blockley. We trust the proper authorities may investigate into this case, as well as that of many others who are deprived of their liberty by the heartlessness or cupidity of their relatives.

Yours, very respectfully, JUSTICE AND MERCY.

ARREST OF REBEL SYM