

# ROBINSON'S

BY S. J. ROW.

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## THE SWEET IN THE CHURCH.

It sweetly stole through tinted pane,  
With mild and mellow light,  
And stayed within the sacred fans,  
As though it loved the sight.  
It played on childhood's cloudless brow,  
In warm and rosy rays,  
And gave the mother's pallid cheek  
The bloom of other days.  
It touched the old man's silver head  
With amber's softest hues,  
And followed o'er the hallowed font  
A peaceful rainbow throw.  
It lit the sculptor's classic group,  
On monumental stone,  
And lingered long with faith and hope,  
And round the mourner shone.  
It o'er the blessed altar hung,  
And crowned the priest with gold;  
A royal robe the surplice seemed,  
And fell in purple fold.  
More bright than Aaron's breastplate glowed  
The holy book of God,  
And gems and jewels of every floor  
Whereupon the people trod.  
Even thus the Spirit's living light  
With all our lives surrounds,  
And that heavenly gift may seek  
Within the Church's bound.  
Then come, by font and altar come,  
With faith and works of love,  
And darkest days shall brightly beam  
With radiance from above.

## LOVE AND WAR:

### PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

It was during the height of the excitement which the war of 1812 had awakened all over our country, that I was one evening called from a brief moment of repose upon the sofa, after a fatiguing day. When I entered my office, I found a tall, slender youth pacing the floor with quick, irregular steps, apparently greatly excited. I suppose that the calm, almost cold manner, which I instantly assumed might have had a sedative effect upon him, for he ceased his hurried tramp and came forward, although he was still perceptibly trembling; but, as evidently, not from any lack of courage—rather with excess of that quality, if one might judge by the light within his dark eye. I have observed that the bravest sometimes tremble under any strong emotion.

He briefly stated his errand. He had enlisted in the army; but, unfortunately, as he seemed to think, his nearest friends thought him too feeble in organization and too frail in health to undertake it, and had procured a substitute, expressing their earnest desire amounting to command that he should stay at home.

He had thereupon resolved to come from home to be thoroughly examined by a physician, and so submit to his decision as to the expediency of such a course as that of becoming a soldier.

I looked at the young man before me with an earnest desire to relieve the anxiety under which he seemed to suffer. He was very handsome, with dark, wavy hair, fine-cut features, and eyes black and piercing. I did not like the quick, shifting color that came and went on his cheeks; but, excepting that, after a long and strict examination, I saw nothing which could physically prevent him from following his inclination in joining his regiment, which he stated was to go immediately.

With what rapture he received my decision I have no words to relate. He wrung my hand a dozen times, almost shouted his thanks and his joy, and then in a momentary re-acton the poor fellow actually sat down, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed. I saw the glittering tears roll out between his fingers, and knew at once that he was one of those beings "made up of fire and dew," whose rich, rare natures yield thoroughly to the pressure of strong emotions. They melt, it is true, but it is as iron melts, from the powerful and irresistible heat within.

He had walked several miles to see me, and after hearing his whole story, I forbade him to leave my house that night. Soon we were seated together at a small table which Mary had set by the parlor fireside, by my request, and her fresh green tea acted as a complete soothing to his nerves.

He proved to be the son of an old college mate of my own, who had married one of Mary's dearest friends. It was not at all strange that I had lost sight of Austin Rea, since that Mary had never seen Jane Norwood since her marriage. Such things happen every day. New scenes, new associations, new duties and new, and new, new disappointments—all these, if they do not destroy the memory of old friends, are still sad hindrances to its refreshment, unless their presence is about us. And so it happened with us. Now, I saw my old friend and Mary saw hers, revived in the person of this youth, to whom my heart had warmed from the beginning, with a strange and unaccountable ardor.

He soon attained perfect ease in conversing with me about his family, and told us in a manner and unembarrassed way that his parents and sisters were not the only ones he should leave mourning for his absence. There was a certain Agnes Dale—a fair, dove-eyed, gentle girl, who would weep if the soldier did not return. Yet I found that this gentle being had never uttered a single word to keep him at home. Bravely she had hidden him go it his country needed him, and there was no mark of disease that would prevent him. A heroic girl he said she truly was, keeping her tears hidden from his sight, and working for him, with her own dear hands, until his mother and sisters had taken the opposing side and begged and prayed him to stay.

He would not trust to the worthy doctor who jogged around his five miles' circuit, with his harmless medicines in his saddle-bags, and who possessed very little knowledge of that wonderful structure—the human frame—although unrivaled in his treatment of fevers and coughs. So, he had made a faint call upon an old uncle near the city and had posted up to Boston to "take advice," stumbling by the merest chance upon me, just as I took him home the next morning, just to see Austin Rea once more, and Mary accompanied me. It was a hurried call, but full of old remembrances. I convinced the anxious parents that all was right with young Austin. And I interceded with them for a cheerful consent.

The pretty Agnes Dale was staying there, and I made her acquaintance, too, promising the young man that I would be her friend during his absence. I would be, after he was actually gone, I went down again, taking her back with me on a visit

which was often repeated. We became so much attached to this beautiful girl, that we were never happier than when her mild, peaceful face was lighting up our parlor. Having scarcely any relatives, she was delighted to be with those who supplied the place, as we earnestly desired to do to her. To us she could talk freely of the absent soldier, and still better, she could more easily obtain news of the army and its progress.

Still, the time wore on heavily; and often the pale cheek and sunken eyes of Agnes attested to a wakeful night or a night of painful dreaming.

Austin was with the troops at New Orleans, under General Jackson. He had been promoted, and now Ensign Rea bore the colors of his country—proudly, no doubt, as he should have done. His tall, finely formed figure must have been not only conspicuous as standard bearer.

The eighth of January, 1815, had passed; and soon after, we learned, disastrous news of our absent soldier. I call him ours, for so dearly had Agnes Dale wound herself about our hearts, and so pleasant were our remembrances of the brief time in which we had known her lover, that it really seemed as if they both belonged to us. We had adopted them both as heart children—second only to the human blossom that clustered, by right of birth, around our fireside.

I read the news before I went home and carried the paper that contained it directly to Agnes. She looked up eagerly.

"Oh, that is good of you," she exclaimed, before she had read it. "I hope you have good news."

I pointed to the paragraph which detailed the events of the battle and gave the names of the wounded at the hospital. Among them was the name of Ensign Rea; and tribute was paid to the gallant manner in which he defended the flag he bore, even after he was struck down, clasping it to his breast, while it was bathed in his blood.

Agnes read it without a tear. "Brave heart and true!" was all she could trust herself to say. We waited, of course, with the greatest anxiety, until we heard that the wounded soldiers were to be sent home. As Austin's death had not been reported, we hoped a great deal and tried to imagine that he was not seriously hurt. This hope, however, was dispelled by a letter, written for him by some more fortunate comrade, and forwarded to my care. This was all he wrote:

My Darling Agnes:—I am lying, badly wounded, in the hospital—so badly that I fear you will be horribly shocked, should I live to reach home once more. Prepare yourself for the worst. I am an object painful to behold; yet the love of life is not dead within me, nor will it be, unless you turn away from me in disgust. I cannot dwell on this. Austin.

She sat as if transfixed, for a long time. At length she said: "Doctor, do you think that Austin believes that this circumstance can weigh an atom against my true love for him?"

I looked at Mary, who sat by Agnes with one hand in hers and the other would carelessly, but he had decided to look at the answer, as I felt the warm, loving gaze that met me.

"Ask Mary, Agnes! She can tell you best." And I left them, whispering over the poor et contrite of the question; of which Mary afterwards told me that she supported life for, and poor Agnes the against.

No man escaped the brave girl's lips that night; but her cheek grew paler from this time until it resembled the waxen tressures that twine their long stems in our New England ponds. And still there was the love-light in her eyes—bright and undimmed as ever. It was the evidence of her hope and trust in God and in her soldier—in God, that he would restore him, and in himself, that nothing in life could separate his heart from her own.

The pealing notes of the cannon had announced the glad news of the peace of 1815. Everywhere, bells sounded upon the ear, borne through the clear March air. Everywhere, triumphant shouts were arising from assembled multitudes.

A letter from Austin's faithful comrade told Agnes when to expect her lover. Again he had asked what, to him, seemed a fearful question—if her love could survive personal deformity and disfigurement.

"And what answer did you make?" I asked smilingly. "I wrote Austin that if enough of his frame was left to hold his soul, I would marry him!" she answered, her eyes glistening with love and pride.

And rigid, and Mary near her, apparently trying to infuse some of her own strength and gladness into her. The sailors were near when the coach door was opened, and while they were lifting him out as tenderly as a woman handles an infant, I ran into the house.

"Courage, dear woman!" I said; "it is a battered frame but it holds a noble soul." It was just what I wanted to do, to make Agnes cry. A burst of tears relieved her, and she awaited patiently the men's entrance with their precious burden. Then she went up to the coach where they laid him, and regardless whose eyes were upon her, she kissed the still white brow, and parted the long wavy hair caressingly above it.

Austin could not trust himself to speak, but he wept like a child. Mary and I left them together. Too sacred are such scenes for even the dearest friends to witness.

Were they married, do you ask? Certainly. Do you think that Agnes Dale could be false to that noble heart? True, he generously released her—but she would not hear of it; and when the old father and mother came up, they witnessed the wedding with a great, calm joy at their hearts, that nothing else could have imparted.

About one year after their marriage a letter with a broad seal arrived from England, declaring Agnes Dale to be possessed of a large amount of property, inherited from her father, the Bank of England. The whole family repaired to England, and I have never seen them again. Austin and his sweet wife still live—and modern science supplied his deficiency of limbs with very tolerable substitutes, as I learn from their letters.

**CROOKED SPINES IN GIRLS.** It is a sad fact, that nearly every young lady in fashionable life has lateral curvature of the spine. This comes on at the age of ten or eleven, and continues slowly but steadily to increase, unnoticed even by a mother's watchful eye, till the child is really deformed; one shoulder is much larger and higher than the other, and one hip higher, so that the dress-maker is obliged to put cotton in the dress, to make the back look flat and square.

The boys—their brothers, have no such trouble; why should they? The question may be asked by every thoughtful parent. I answer that improper dress and other physiological errors, in which girls constantly indulge, produce this mischief. The dress of the girl is always tighter than her brother's, and this is begun while she is quite young, to give her form; the mother says, as if God did not do this when he made the child.

This constant pressure upon the muscles of the spine, which are designed to keep it straight, causes absorption of those muscles, and as the right arm is used more than the left, the spine is drawn under the right shoulder blade, thus making it project. The muscles are so weakened by absorptions, they cannot bring the spine back to its proper position, and you have a case of lateral curvature.

In addition to this tight dress, I have seen girls of thirteen and fourteen wear corsets on. Often these are adopted by thoughtless mothers, in the hope to straighten the child, but under their cruel pressure the difficulty rapidly increases, till the poor deformed girl is sent to a spinal institution to be treated. While this difficulty is gradually increasing the young girl is sent to school, to spend five or six hours each day bending over a desk, and when she returns home, instead of being allowed to play ball or any other active game in the open air, as her brothers are placed on a high piano stool, where her toes just touch the floor, with nothing to protect her back. In this position she must sit one long painful hour. Do you wonder she has a crooked spine? I wonder that any escape, for all are obliged to pass through the same killing ordeal.—*Levis's Gymnastics.*

**MUSQUITOES AND THE BLOCKADE.** The editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette* is perfectly jubilant at the effect the blockade of the Mississippi has had upon Mosquitoes. The editor says the "cool spell" may have had its effect in producing this happy state of affairs, but we verily believe we are indebted to the stoppage of steamboat connection between Cincinnati and New Orleans for no inconsiderable amount of it. Mosquitoes among the most unbearable of Southern hum-bugs.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, speaking of Abdul Medjid, says that it is matter of history that no Sultan of the Ottoman race has been legally married since the days of Bajazet the Great; by his capture by Timur, after the battle of Angora, the Sultana was treated with gross insult, and to guard against the shadow of a chance of such a disgrace recurring no inmate of the seraglio has for more than 400 years been a legitimate wife, according to Mussulman law.

It is said that Judge Wayne, of the U. S. Supreme Court, though a citizen of Georgia, is now in Washington for the purpose of taking his accustomed seat upon the bench. In the general bankruptcy of character with which so many of the foremost men of that State have allowed themselves to be carried away by the secession mania, the firmness of this distinguished jurist is the more admirable. All honor to Judge Wayne.

**SENATOR WILSON AT BULL RUN.**—It is said that while Senator Wilson was making his masterly retreat in Virginia, on being impaled by a teamster, whose wagon he sought to occupy, he protested, in plaintive accents, that he was Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. The response of the teamster was to the point, "Henry Wilson be d—d. I have kicked him off the wagon six times already."

**SAND FOR BEDDING FOR HORSES.**—Mr. Small, of Dundalk, Ireland, a veterinary surgeon, of considerable experience, states that sand is not only an excellent substitute for straw for horses' bedding, but superior to straw, as the sand does not heat and saves the hoofs of the horses. He states that sand is exclusively used for horses' beds in his stables.

In the Italian war, it is said, officers went into conflict armed and uniformed like privates; this being deemed necessary, on account of the introduction of rifles, to prevent the commanders from being picked off. Why should not this practice be initiated with us?

## BUTLER ON THE CONTRABAND QUESTION.

The following interesting letter from General Butler has been received at the War Department:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA, FORTRESS MONROE, JULY 30, 1861.  
"Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War—Sir: By an order received on the morning of the 26th July, from Major General Dix, by a telegraphic order from Lieutenant General Scott, was commanded to forward to the troops of this department, four regiments and a half, including Colonel Baker's California regiment, to Washington via Baltimore. This order reached me at 2 o'clock A. M., by special boat from Baltimore. Believing that it emanated because of some pressing exigency for the defence of Washington, I issued my orders before daybreak for the embarkation of the troops, sending those who were among my very best regiments I had. In the course of the following day they were ordered to Baltimore with the exception of some 400 for whom I had not transportation, although I had all the transport force in the hands of the Quartermaster here, to aid the Bay Line of steamers, which, by the same order from the Lieutenant General was directed to furnish transportation. Up to and at the time of the order, I had been preparing for an advance movement by which I hoped to cripple the arm of the enemy at Yorktown, and especially by seizing a large quantity of negroes who were being pressed into their service in building the intrenchments there. I had five days previously been enabled to mount for the first time, the first company of Light Artillery which I had been empowered to raise, and they had but a single rifled cannon, an iron six pounder. Of course, everything must and did yield to the supposed exigency of the moment. The order was to forward the troops from this department, while it weakened the posts at Newport News, necessitated the withdrawal of the troops from Hampton, where I was then throwing up intrenched works to enable me to hold the town with a small force, while I advanced up the York or James river. In the village of Hampton there were a large number of negroes, composed in a great measure of women and children of the Hampton, fleeing across the creek within my protection, who had escaped from manning parties of rebels who had been gathering up able-bodied blacks to aid them in constructing their batteries on the James and York rivers. I had employed the men in Hampton in throwing up entrenchments, and they were working zealously and efficiently at that duty, saving our soldiers from that labor under the gleam of the mid-day sun. The women were earning substantially their own subsistence in washing, mending, and taking care of the clothes of the soldiers, and rations were being served out to the men who worked for the support of the children. But by the evacuation of Hampton, rendered necessary by the withdrawal of troops, leaving me scarcely 5,000 men outside the Fort, including the force at Newport News, all these black people were obliged to break up their homes at Hampton, fleeing across the creek within my line of protection and support. Indeed it was a most distressing sight, to see these poor creatures, who had trusted to the protection of the arms of the United States, and who aided the troops of the United States in their enterprise, to be thus obliged to flee from their homes, and the homes of their masters, who had deserted them, and become not fugitives from fear of the return of the rebel soldiery, but fugitives from the hands of the men who had wrought for us, and to carry off the women, who had served us to a worse than Egyptian bondage. I have, therefore, now within the Peninsula, this side of Hampton Creek, 900 negroes, 300 of whom are able-bodied, 30 of whom are substantially past hard labor, 175 women, 225 children under the age of 10 years, and 120 between 10 and 18 years, and many more coming in. The questions which this state of facts present are very embarrassing.

"First—What shall be done with them? and Second—What is their state and condition? Upon these questions I desire the instructions of the Department."

"The first question, however, may perhaps be answered by considering the last. Are these men, women and children slaves? Are they free? Is their condition that of men, women and children, or of property, or is it a mixed relation? What their status was under the Constitution and laws we all know. What has been the effect of rebellion and a state of war upon that status? When I adopted the theory of treating the able-bodied negro fit to work in the trenches, as property liable to be used in aid of rebellion, and so contraband of war, that condition of things was in so far met as I then and still believe, on a legal and constitutional basis. But now a new series of questions arise. Passing by women, the children certainly cannot be treated on that basis; if property, they must be considered the property of the State, and as the property of the State, of course, in no possible legal relation, could be treated as contraband. Are they property? If they were so they have been left by their masters and owners, deserted, thrown away, abandoned, like the wrecked vessel upon the ocean. Their former possessors and owners have causelessly, traitorously, rebelliously, and to carry out the figure, practically abandoned them to be swallowed up by the winter storm of starvation. If property they do not become the property of the State? But their salvors, do not need and will not hold such property, and will assume no such ownership; has not therefore all proprietary relation ceased? Have they not become thereupon men, women and children? No longer under ownership of any kind, the fearful relics of fugitive masters, have they not by their masters' acts, and the state of war, assumed the condition, which we hold to be the normal one, of those made in God's image. Is not every constitutional, legal, and moral requirement, as well as the runaway master's relinquished slaves, thus answered? I confess that my own mind is compelled, by this reasoning, to look upon them as men and women. If not free born, yet free, manumitted, sent forth from the hand that held them never to be reclaimed.

"Of course if this reasoning thus imperfectly set forth is correct, my duty as a human man is very plain. I should take the same care of these men, women and children, homeless, as I should of the same number of men, women and children who, for their attachment to the Union, had been driven or allowed to flee from the Confederate States. I should have no doubt

on this question, had I not seen it stated, that an order had been issued by General McDowell in his department, substantially forbidding all fugitive slaves from coming within his lines, or being harbored there. Is that order to be enforced in all Military Departments? If so, who are to be considered fugitive slaves? Is a slave to be considered fugitive whose master runs away and leaves him? Is it forbidden to the troops to aid or harbor within their lines the negro children who are found therein, or is the soldier, when his march has destroyed their means of subsistence, to allow them to starve because he has driven off the rebel master? Nor shall the commander of regiment or battalion sit in judgment upon the question, whether any given black man has fled from his master, or his master fled from him? Indeed, how are the free born to be distinguished? Is one any more or less a fugitive slave because he has labored upon the rebel entrenchments? If he has so labored, as I understand it, he is to be harbored. By the reception of which are the rebels most to be distressed, by taking those who have wrought all their rebel masters desired, masked their battery, or those who have refused to labor and left the battery unmasked?

"I have very decided opinions upon the subject of this order. It does not become me to criticize it, and I write in no spirit of criticism, but simply to explain the full difficulties that surround the enforcing it. If the enforcement of that order becomes the policy of the Government, I, as a soldier, shall be bound to enforce it steadfastly, if not cheerfully. But if left to my own discretion, as you may have gathered from my reasoning, I should take a widely different course from that which it indicates.

"In a large State I would put down a servile insurrection. In a state of rebellion I would confiscate that which was used to oppose my arms, and take all that property, which constituted the wealth of that State and furnished the means by which the war is prosecuted, beside being the cause of the war; and if in so doing, it should be objected that human beings were brought to the free enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, such objection might not require much consideration.

"Pardon me for addressing the Secretary of War directly upon this question, as it involves some political considerations as well as propriety of military action.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
"BENJAMIN F. BUTLER."

**A SUGGESTION TO VOLUNTEERS.**—The *New York Examiner* says, "A medical friend, whose European experience gives value to his testimony, and whose heart has been pained at the number of deaths which have already taken place in our army from the loss of blood from wounds begs us to suggest that the *perchloride of iron*, an article to be obtained from all our larger druggists, checks hemorrhage, even from large blood vessels, promptly and effectually. Four or five drops are sufficient to check completely the flow of blood from anything except the largest arteries, and a half teaspoonful will arrest bleeding even from these. He advises that each non-commissioned officer should be provided with a small flat tin bottle of this, containing say a couple of ounces, which he can wear in his breast pocket, and that the bottle should be wound around it a little lat cotton, on which the iron could be dropped, or poured, to apply it. This simple device would have saved several valuable lives at the affairs at Vienna and Great Bethel. Will not the Sanitary Commission see to this matter?"

**SOUTHERN COTTON AND NORTHERN SHIPPING.**—In one of his recent letters to the London *Times*, Mr. Russell relates a curious suggestion made by a French gentleman, now in New Orleans, to some ardent cotton planters there. He stated to them that even if the blockade were broken by England and France, as they hoped it would be, the available shipping of these two nations would not suffice to carry the cotton crop to Europe, and that without the aid of the immense mercantile marine of the northern states southern cotton would lie and rot in southern ports, even were they open." It is a calculation more curious than useful, but it is another instance to show how accurately the ties were fitted together which these rebels are endeavoring to tear asunder.

**A VERY HUMILIATING FACT.**—A Memphis paper denounces the administration at Washington for its tyranny, because of the "humiliating fact that planters, farmers, lawyers, doctors, artisans and thrifty industrious laborers—gentlemen all, whether rich or poor—are dragged to measure their lives with the outcast population of northern cities. "Dragged" is a good word for the process adapted to the rebel army. But our boys who volunteer will overlook the humiliation of fighting with such unwilling soldiers.

**EXTENDING AN ARTILLERY COMPANY ON THE FIELD.**—Lieut. Col. Stahel, of the German Rifles, discovered an abandoned battery on the day of the battle, and instantly adopted it, forming an artillery company from his regiment to work it. Horses, caissons, guns, were all left together, and Lieut. Col. Stahel believes that after thus disgracefully deserting their trust, the former officers and men will not be likely to attempt a reclamation. He therefore regards the battery as his own.

**OCCUPATION OF THE TRAITOR MAURY.**—Capt. Maury, who for the last ten years has exhibited such a genius for stealing the honor of other's achievements, and who has been the pet of every administration for many years, is now engaged in planting submarine batteries in the southern harbors to destroy Federal ships-of-war.

As we stand by the sea-shore and watch the huge tides come in, we retreat, thinking we will be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in the world; they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

You lost two legs in the army, you say "what did you gain by it?" asked a gentleman of a Chelsea pensioner. "Single blessedness, sir," he replied, "for after that, no woman would marry me."

Many men die martyrs, and then have an impartial judgment passed upon their lives, just as the poor whalers are killed first and tried afterward.

Mr. Cleland's appointment as Brigadier General is very gratifying to his many friends. Jeff. Davis refused to release Messrs. Margaw and Harris till the war is over.

The navy department will at once issue proposals in connection with the construction of twelve side-wheel steamers, and one or more of the iron class vessels, recently authorized by Congress.

Arrangements have been made for having divine service for the rebel prisoners here, at which they express much gratification.

The bark Glen, of Portland, with Government coal, was captured a week ago and taken into Beaufort, North Carolina, and the rebels have been sent to Raleigh, North Carolina, for safe keeping.

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The U. S. gun-boat Flag brought thirty-six pirate prisoners, taken from a rebel vessel of war off Charleston, on the afternoon of the 1st instant. The rebel craft was sunk by a broadside from the United States frigate St. Lawrence. Five of her men were drowned, but the remaining thirty-six saved, and are now prisoners. They were put on board the Flag, where they have been heavily ironed and under a constant guard. They are a villainous looking set of fellows. The vessel that was sunk was formerly the United States revenue cutter Aiken, that was seized by the secessionist at Charleston, last November.

The Navy Department is in receipt of a letter from Commander Goldsboro, of the United States Steamer Union, dated Hampton Roads, August 5th, in which he says the brig ashore near Cape Hatteras, about which there was so much speculation, proved to be the B. F. Martin, of Boston, which had been in the possession of the rebels. Commander Goldsboro adds that the men were unloading her, when he sent out a party who, after shelling the place, set fire to the vessel and effectually destroyed her cargo.

On the 13th of July off St. Marks, Florida the Mohawk captured the sloop George B. Stock, attempting to run the blockade. There were six passengers, including the wife and children and servants of Adjutant General Holland, of Florida. Mrs. Holland claimed the secession flag to be her private property, and secured it to her person. As the captain could not obtain possession of it without violence to a lady who was in a delicate situation, he desisted from taking the prize.

It appears by other official advices from the Gulf Squadron that on the fourth of July, off Galveston, the U. S. steamer South Carolina captured six schooners, on the fifth two, and ran one ashore; on the sixth one ashore, and on the seventh one, making eleven sail destroyed or captured. A portion of them had cargoes chiefly of lumber. Among other things captured were thirteen mail bags containing express matter.

The frigate Wabash has arrived from off Charleston for coal and water, having been relieved by the Roanoke. She recaptured the schooner Mary Alice, of New York, which had been taken by the piratical schooner Dixie. The prize crew are now prisoners on the Wabash. She also took the brig Sarah Star, bound from Wilmington to Liverpool, with turpentine and rosin, and sailing under English colors.

An Irishman, a deserter from Manassas, who had been impressed into the rebel service, came within our lines to-day. He says that the enemy retain their old position, but they are very badly fed, and much disorganized since the late battle. He also states that large numbers of men are being impressed into the rebel service, foreigners especially being selected.

A detachment of the 28th New York regiment surprised a squad of rebel cavalry at a house opposite the Point of Rocks on the 5th, killing three, wounding five, and capturing seven, with their horses. The party recrossed the river without loss. It is reported that a considerable body of rebel cavalry re-occupied Martinsburg.

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## THE JOURNAL.

### SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS.

The Quaker city picked up on the 7th near the capes, a small boat containing ten ship masters and seamen who had escaped from Fort Oregon, North Carolina. They give some startling intelligence of the doings on the North Carolina coast. At Hatteras inlet there are three steamers and a pilot boat privateer. One of them, the Gordon, runs the blockade at Carolina and of the whole coast up to Hatteras inlet, ten days ago, since which time she has captured the brig Wm. H. McGilnery, of Bangor, from Cardinas, with molasses, and the schooner Protector, from Cuba, with fruit. The names of the privateers are "The Gordon" and "The Collee," a side-wheel steamer formerly running between Old Point and Norfolk, the steamer "Marion," formerly a Norfolk pilot boat. All of them are armed with rifled cannon. Those from Norfolk were taken by the canal to Albemarle Sound. Newburn, North Carolina, is the head quarters of these pirates. Ten gunboats are being collected and mounted at Norfolk to be taken down the canal. Crews for them are being shipped at Newburn.

A battle occurred on the 6th at Dug Spring, nineteen miles south of Springfield, Mo., between the Federal forces under General Lyon and the rebel troops under Ben McCulloch. Eight of the Federal troops were killed, and thirty wounded. The rebels lost forty killed and forty-four wounded. General Lyon took eighty stand of arms and fifteen horses and wagons. A body of U. S. Cavalry, two hundred and seventy in number, made a charge on the rebel infantry, said to have been four thousand strong and cut their way through them, and returned with a loss of only five men. The charge is described as most gallant as well as terrific. Several of the rebels were found with their heads cloven entirely through by the swords of our dragoons. The enemy retired during the night, and General Lyon took possession of the field.

A gentleman connected with Gen. Banks' division was at the Ford on the 3d, thirty-two miles below Sandy Hook, and reports that he witnessed there the interesting spectacle of a Federal and rebel picket meeting midway in the river. They exchanged a Baltimore Sun for a Richmond *Enquirer*, and after taking a friendly drink together, exchanged cantents. The rebel picket stated that there were but four regiments at Leesburg, and these were raw militia undergoing drill and discipline. He also stated that there were no large bodies of rebel troops north of that point or east of the Alleghenies. This, however, is in part discredited.

The U. S. gun-boat Flag brought thirty-six pirate prisoners, taken from a rebel vessel of war off Charleston, on the afternoon of the 1st instant. The rebel craft was sunk by a broadside from the United States frigate St. Lawrence. Five of her men were drowned, but the remaining thirty-six saved, and are now prisoners. They were put on board the Flag, where they have been heavily ironed and under a constant guard. They are a villainous looking set of fellows. The vessel that was sunk was formerly the United States revenue cutter Aiken, that was seized by the secessionist at Charleston, last November.

The Navy Department is in receipt of a letter from Commander Goldsboro, of the United States Steamer Union, dated Hampton Roads, August 5th, in which he says the brig ashore near Cape Hatteras, about which there was so much speculation, proved to be the B. F. Martin, of Boston, which had been in the possession of the rebels. Commander Goldsboro adds that the men were unloading her, when he sent out a party who, after shelling the place, set fire to the vessel and effectually destroyed her cargo.

On the 13th of July off St. Marks, Florida the Mohawk captured the sloop George B. Stock, attempting to run the blockade. There were six passengers, including the wife and children and servants of Adjutant General Holland, of Florida. Mrs. Holland claimed the secession flag to be her private property, and secured it to her person. As the captain could not obtain possession of it without violence to a lady who was in a delicate situation, he desisted from taking the prize.

It appears by other official advices from the Gulf Squadron that on the fourth of July, off Galveston, the U. S. steamer South Carolina captured six schooners, on the fifth two, and ran one ashore; on the sixth one ashore, and on the seventh one, making eleven sail destroyed or captured. A portion of them had cargoes chiefly of lumber. Among other things captured were thirteen mail bags containing express matter.

The frigate Wabash has arrived from off Charleston for coal and water, having been relieved by the Roanoke. She recaptured the schooner Mary Alice, of New York, which had been taken by the piratical schooner Dixie. The prize crew are now prisoners on the Wabash. She also took the brig Sarah Star, bound from Wilmington to Liverpool, with turpentine and rosin, and sailing under English colors.

An Irishman, a deserter from Manassas, who had been impressed into the rebel service, came within our lines to-day. He says that the enemy retain their old position, but they are very badly fed, and much disorganized since the late battle. He also states that large numbers of men are being impressed into the rebel service, foreigners especially being selected.

A detachment of the 28th New York regiment surprised a squad of rebel cavalry at a house opposite the Point of Rocks on the 5th, killing three, wounding five, and capturing seven, with their horses. The party recrossed the river without loss. It is reported that a considerable body of rebel cavalry re-occupied Martinsburg.

The navy department will at once issue proposals in connection with the construction of twelve side-wheel steamers, and one or more of the iron class vessels, recently authorized by Congress.

Arrangements have been made for having divine service for the rebel prisoners here, at which they express much gratification.

The bark Glen, of Portland, with Government coal, was captured a week ago and taken into Beaufort, North Carolina, and the rebels have been sent to Raleigh, North Carolina, for safe keeping.

M'Clelland's appointment as Brigadier General is very gratifying to his many friends. Jeff. Davis refused to release Messrs. Margaw and Harris till the war is over.