

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1862.

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## THE MAN OF STEEL.

In days when old Democracy  
Ruled in place of power that be,  
There lived a Minister of War,  
Whose name has been recorded far,  
A man of steel, a hero great,  
A fox at home, a knave in State,  
With ready hand to operate,  
And much from little to create,  
And cunning to conceal.  
A man with weighty cares annoyed  
Was that great soldier, John B. Floyd,  
He figured light at the public bore,  
And then went on from bad to worse:  
Stole U. S. arms and many a keel,  
Robbed the mints of the Commonwealth;  
Robbed all with whom he had to deal,  
And when he had no more to steal,  
He stole himself away!  
Then straight to Dixie's Land he went,  
With wrathful mood and soul intent,  
To bear Secession's battle-brunt—  
The invader's onset to confront.  
But war he found to be no sport,  
When death around him held his court,  
And cannon belched their loud report,  
That Donelson was not his forte,  
And so he stole away.

Whether has fled the gallant (?) Floyd?  
Is he by richer spoils decoyed?  
Would he prove his instinct true,  
And cheat the hangman of his due,  
Perchance he thinks, as well he may,  
(Perverting thus the minstrel lay)  
That he who steals himself away  
May live to steal another day,  
And thus his hand improve.

## LITTLE EDDIE, THE DRUMMER BOY.

A REMINISCENCE OF WILSON'S CREEK.  
CAMP BENTON, Mo., Dec. 20 1861.—A few days before our regiment received orders to join Gen. Lyon, on his march to Wilson's Creek, the drummer of our company was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day we were to march, a negro was pressed within the limits of the camp, and brought before our captain, who asked him "what business he had within the lines?" He replied, "I know a drummer that would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it." He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that if he would enlist for our short term of service he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this, he must be on the ground early in the morning. The negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there appeared before the Captain's quarters, during the beating of the reveille, a good looking, middle aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly looking boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age. Her story was soon told. She was from near Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and all their property destroyed. She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, but not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought that if she could procure a situation for her boy as a drummer for the short term that we had to remain in the service, she could find employment for herself, and perhaps find her sister by the time we were discharged.

During the rehearsal of her story the little fellow kept his eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of the Captain, who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out, "Don't be afraid, Captain, I can drum." This was spoken with such confidence that the Captain immediately observed with a smile, "Well, well, Sergeant, bring the drum, and order our fife to come forward." In a few moments the drum was produced, and our fife, a tall, round-shouldered good natured fellow from the Dubuque mines, who stood when erect, something over six feet in height.

Upon being introduced to his new comrades, he stooped down, with his hands resting upon his knees, that were thrown forward into an acute angle, and after peering into the little fellow's face a moment, he observed, "My little man, can you drum?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "I drummed for Captain Hill in Tennessee." Our fife immediately commenced "straightening himself up until all the angles in his person had disappeared, when he placed his fife in his mouth and played the "Flowers of Edenburg," one of the most difficult tunes to follow with the drum that could have been selected, and nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing himself to be a taster of the drum. When the music ceased, our Captain turned to the mother and observed, "Madam, I will take your boy. What is his name?" "Edward Lee," she replied; "and placing her hand upon the Captain's arm, she continued, "Captain, if he is not killed—here her maternal feelings overcame her utterance, and she bent down over her boy and kissed him upon the forehead. As she arose, she observed, "Captain, you will bring him back with you, won't you?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "we will be certain to bring him back with us. We shall be discharged in six weeks."

In an hour after, our company led the Iowa lot out of camp, our drum and fife playing. "The girl I left behind me," Eddie, as we called him, soon became a great favorite with all the men in the company. When any of the boys had returned from a horticultural excursion, Eddie's share of the peaches and melons was first apportioned out. During our heavy and fatiguing march from Bolia to Springfield, it was often amusing to see our long-legged fife wading through the mud with our little drummer mounted upon his back—and always in that position when fording streams.

During the fight at Wilson's Creek, I was stationed with a part of our company on the right of Totten's battery, while the balance of the company, with a part of the Illinois regiment, was ordered down in a deep timbered ravine upon our left, in which it was known a portion of the enemy was concealed, with whom they were soon engaged. The contest in the ravine continuing for some time, Totten suddenly wheeled his battery upon the enemy in that quarter, when they soon retreated to the high ground behind their lines. In less than twenty minutes after Totten had driven the enemy from man throughout the army, "Lyon is killed," and soon after, hostilities having ceased upon both sides, the order came for our main force to fall back to Springfield, while a part of the Iowa lot and two companies of the Missouri regiment were to camp upon the ground and cover the retreat next morning. That night I was detailed for guard duty, my turn of guard closing with the morning call. When I went out with the

officer as a relief, I found that my post was upon a high eminence that overlooked the deep ravine in which our men had engaged the enemy, until Totten's battery came to their assistance. It was a dreary, lonesome beat. The moon had gone down in the early part of the night, while the stars twinkled dimly through a heavy atmosphere, lighting up imperfectly the surrounding objects. Occasionally I would place my ear near the ground and listen for the sound of footsteps, but all was silent save the far off howling of the wolf, that seemed to scowl upon the night air the banquet that we had prepared for him. The hours passed slowly away, when at length the morning light began to streak along the eastern sky, making surrounding objects more plainly visible. Presently I heard a drum beat upon the morning call. At first I thought it came from the camp of the enemy across the creek; but as I listened I found it came from the deep ravine; for a few minutes it was silent, and then as it became more light I heard it again. I listened—the sound of the drum was familiar to me—and I knew that it was our drummer boy from Tennessee, beating for help the reveille.

I was about to desert my post to go to his assistance, when I discovered the officer coming with two men. We all listened to the sound, and were satisfied that it was Eddie's drum. I asked permission to go to his assistance. The officer hesitated, saying that the orders were to march in twenty minutes. I promised to be back in that time, and he consented. I immediately started down the hill through the thick growth, and upon reaching the valley I followed the sound of the drum, and soon found him seated upon the ground, his back leaning against the trunk of a fallen tree, while his drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered me, he dropped his drumsticks and exclaimed, "O, corporal, I am so glad to see you! Give me a drink," reaching out his hand for my canteen, which was empty. I immediately turned to bring him some water from the brook that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by, when thinking I was about leaving him, he commenced crying, saying, "Don't leave me, corporal—I can't walk!" I was soon back with the water, when I discovered that both his feet had been shot away by a cannon ball. After soothing his thirst, he looked up into my face, and said, "You don't think I will die, do you? This man said I would not—he said the surgeon could cure my feet." I now discovered a man lying in the grass near him. By his dress I recognized him as belonging to the enemy. It appeared that he had been shot through the bowels, and had fallen near where Eddie lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he had crawled to him, took off his buckskin suspenders, and corded the little fellow's legs below the knees, and then lay down and died. While he was telling me these particulars, I heard the tramp of cavalry coming down the ravine, and in a moment a sound of the enemy was upon us, and I was taken prisoner. I requested the officer to take Eddie up in front of him, and he did so, carrying him with great tenderness and care. When we reached the camp of the enemy he was dead.

It is now two weeks since I made my escape from McCulloch's grasp. I have re-enlisted for the war, and as we are likely to be in camp for some time, I may write again of other scenes through which I have passed.

REBEL INTERMENTS.—A special correspondent, writing from Manassas, says: "One visitor made a thorough examination of headboards which uniformly mark the graves of the numerous rebel soldiers who died in camp. Our Government is now for the first time advertising for headboards. Each slab at Manassas and Centerville tells the name of the deceased, his State, his regiment, and the day of his death. But six States were represented in these extensive cemeteries. The highest numbered regiment from Virginia was the forty-seventh. The highest from Georgia, which came next, was the twenty-sixth. The other Gulf and Atlantic states appeared to have no western numbering above twenty. The Western and South Western States, except Mississippi, were not represented. On the whole, according to the data of these graveyards, there were at no time one hundred and eighty regiments at Manassas and Centerville."

ENGLISH BARBARITY.—A portion of the London press are throwing up its hands in holy horror over the "barbarity" of filling up Charleston harbor with stone laden vessels, and invokes the guardians of civilization, "to take the matter in hand. If the 'guardians of civilization' are going to have a sitting on the 'barbarities' of war, I propose that they turn their attention to matters in regular order. I venture, therefore, to direct their investigations to the practice of lashing prisoners, taken in battle, to the muzzles of cannon, and firing them off by platoons. This did England do. The sickening details may be found in the record of the rebellion in India about four years ago.

CONSISTENCY.—In the Senate of the United States, on the 5th instant, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported a bill to reduce the pay of officers and attaches of the Navy Department. He remarked in reporting that bill, that "it would not be called up until after Congress had acted on the bill regulating the pay of Congressmen." He said he thought the bill should be passed, but that Congress ought first to show some willingness to reduce their own pay."

The bank of the Ohio, at Vanceburg, Ky., gave away, and with it its honest faith into the water. The water now extends into the land some three hundred feet, that much of the bank having "evacuated." The miniature bay thus formed is about one hundred by three hundred feet.

THE PEACH DELAP.—From present indications, says the Delawarean, the largest peach crop ever gathered in Delaware will reward the labors of the husbandmen this year. So far everything has been favorable, not a bud has been blasted or a tree killed by the frost.

The Charleston Mercury says that the Yankees talk of planting cotton and corn in South Carolina and Georgia. For the present, they will most likely direct their chief attention to planting guns. They think that these will shoot better than cotton and corn blades.

## SKETCH OF CAPTAIN J. ERICSSON.

John Ericsson was born in 1803, in the Province of Vermland, among the iron mountains of Sweden. His father was a mining proprietor, so that in his youth he had ample opportunities to watch the operations of the various engines and machinery connected with the mines. At the age of ten years he constructed with his own hands and after his own plans, a miniature sawmill, and also made numerous drawings of complicated mechanical contrivances, with instruments of his own invention and manufacture.

In 1814 he attracted the attention of the celebrated Count Platen, who had heard of his boyish efforts, and desired an interview with him. After carefully examining the various plans and drawings which this youth exhibited on this occasion, the Count handed them back to him, simply observing, in an impressive manner, "Continue as you have commenced, and you will one day produce something extraordinary." These few words of kind encouragement from so distinguished a personage sunk deeply into the mind of the young mechanic, and he continued him in the career on which he had entered.

Immediately after this interview Ericsson was appointed a cadet in the corps of engineers, and after six months' tuition, at the age of twelve years, was appointed *nivellur* at the Grand Ship Canal of Sweden, which connects the North Sea with the Baltic, under Count Platen. In this capacity, in the year 1816, he was required to set out the work for the canal, and on the one hundredth and first working day, she was launched. This is a clerical which has never been equaled in this country or in England.

COUNTERFEITING REBEL NOTES.—A few days ago the Government detectives found that an ingenious Yankee was printing a large amount of Rebel Treasury notes, of different amounts, mostly, however, of large denominations. They arranged a time, and made a descent upon the "Yank" when he was surrounded by all his Confederate patrons, and really cannot be surprised at the appearance of the officers, but went quietly with them. He said he was engaged in crippling the rebel treasury, and thought it very strange he should be molested, as he thought that was their weakest point. "How is this?" asked the astonished officer. "You see," said the "Yank," "these are better than the original article; the originals are worthless; they are unauthorized by law; so I am counterfeiting. I have not attempted to pass the money, and really cannot see how I am doing wrong." "Ah!" said the detective, "of course you are not going to pass them, but you are going to furnish them to the enemy." The "Yank" then owned up that he was sending them down to flood the South, and destroy the confidence of the people, when they suddenly found the whole country flooded with a spurious issue, and their only circulation rendered worthless. An investigation showed that he had really sent several hundred thousand dollars through the South, via Tennessee, and sold them at from thirty to fifty cents on the dollar. The case was duly reported to Secretary Seward, the whole apparatus seized and the man allowed to go on parole for the present. The Secretary frankly admitted that this is the toughest case he had met during the war, and he forthwith turned it over to the Secretary of War, who has not yet concluded what to do with the case. Samples of genuine and bogus are here, and it is freely admitted that the "Yank" has got up a superior article, which is very difficult to detect.

PURSUIT OF A TRAIN OF CARS.—In one of the published accounts of the results of Com. Dupont's secret expedition to the Florida coast, the following particulars of an exciting chase occur: As the fleet approached the fort, a train of cars were seen leaving Fernandina, and as the track runs some miles along the shore of the ocean, Mr. Dupont sent one of the gunboats in pursuit of the train, and the race took place. The steamer threw a shell at the flying train, and some of them falling in such close proximity that some of the fleeing rebels jumped from it and took to the bushes. Among the latter is said to have been the late Senator Yulee, of Florida, accompanied by his servant. The train, of course, outran the gunboat and escaped.

BAD PLACE TO PUT MONEY.—The *Easton Express* says that a few days ago a rich farmer of Mount Bethel, had nine hundred in notes that he did not know exactly where to place for safety, but at last concluded to put it in a stove in his house that was very seldom if ever used. A short time after he had deposited it there, one of the females of the house made fire in the same stove, while the old man was absent, when the money was burned up, the girl not being aware of its having been hidden there, and in a very few minutes the old man's nine hundred dollars were in ashes. This is said to be a fact. The name of the farmer was given to us. He will probably never put money in a stove again for safe keeping.

FIRE ARMS.—The total amount expended by the Government in the purchase of fire arms since the beginning of the rebellion is twenty-two million dollars. Col. Schuyler, who purchased arms in Europe for the Government, has reported at Washington. The entire purchase of arms abroad amounts to near three thousand stand. The arms ought to be good as the highest prices were paid—averaging, it is said, \$16 a gun—making about five millions of dollars' worth.

A NEW CURR.—A singular addition to ethnological science has been made in the Guthrie Gray Regiment, in service in Western Virginia, where for weeks at a time with not feet had been so thoroughly soaked that every corn and bunion in the Regiment was killed. We mention this curious fact for the benefit of those troubled in this manner, and hope that every man so afflicted will immediately enlist.

FOUR.—The body of the late Jesse Dress was found on Sunday last in the Schuykill river, one mile from Schuylkill Haven. He has been missing since the 9th of November, 1861. It was at first supposed that he had been murdered, but since, it is believed that he was intoxicated, and falling in the water was drowned. His body was still in a good condition, and money was found in his clothing.

The leading rebels of the South are now urging the destruction of cotton and tobacco. Why don't you defend them, rebels? Haven't you heard that the cowardly Yankees won't fight?

1839, then being thirty-six years old. His first great achievement after his arrival, was the building of the United States steam frigate Princeton, the first vessel that steam was ever introduced into with the works below the water line. She proved a complete success. About the same time he planned the French frigate Pomone, fifty guns, which is at present in our waters; she also proving a great success. Captain Ericsson after the completion of these vessels, gave his whole time to his favorite work, the completion of the calorific engine, which he has since brought to great perfection though on a small scale. His next undertaking was the planning and invention of the steam engine, which is familiar to all our readers. He did the whole work, from the time her keel was laid to the moment that her paddles were first turned, in the brief space of seven months. Although not answering all that was commercially expected of her, she was an entire mechanical success, speaking more than words of the great genius of the inventor, and as a marine steamer she has never been equalled much less surpassed. The name of Captain Ericsson has been comparatively unheard of for some time past, until the commencement of another new idea of his, as illustrated so satisfactorily in the new noble steam battery Monitor. He signed the contract for her construction on the 5th day of last October, and on the 31st of December—being a period of two months and eight days—her steam machinery and propeller were put into operation, and on the one hundredth and first working day, she was launched. This is a clerical which has never been equaled in this country or in England.

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## THE WAR—INCIDENTS AND NEWS.

### TREASON—INTERESTING DISCLOSURES.

Among the documents found in the city of Fernandina, Florida, lately taken possession of by Com. Dupont, is a letter dated Washington, Jan. 7, 1861, written by D. L. YULEE, the United States Senator, addressed to "Joseph Finegan, Esq., Tallahassee, Florida," which gives us a most interesting glimpse of the secret doings of the chief secession conspirators at that period. Curiously enough, the telegraphic columns of the *New York Times*, of that day, contained the following Washington dispatch: "The Southern Senator last night, (January 6th.) held a conference, and telegraphed to the Conventions of their respective States to advise immediate Secession."

The letter below, which has been furnished to the *Times*, is a report by Yulee, who was present at the above noticed conference, at which the resolutions appended to the letter were passed. Finegan was a member of a "Sovereignty convention," so-called, then sitting in Tallahassee. The letter is as follows:

"WASHINGTON, JAN. 7, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR.—On the other side is a copy of resolutions adopted at a consultation of the Senators from the Seceding States—in which Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi and Florida were represented. "In lieu of the meeting was that the States should go out at once, and provide for the early organization of a Confederate Government, not later than 15th February. This time is allowed to enable Louisiana and Texas to participate. It seemed to be opinion [sic] that if we left here, force, loan and volunteer bills might be passed, which would put Mr. Lincoln in immediate condition for hostilities—whereas if [sic] by remaining in our places until the 4th of March, it is thought we can keep the REPUBLICANS FROM EXERCISING ANY LEGISLATION WHICH WILL STRENGTHEN THE HANDS OF THE INCOMING ADMINISTRATION. "The resolutions will be sent by the delegation to the President of the Convention. I have not been able to find Mr. Mallory this morning. Hawkins [the member from Florida] is in Connecticut. I have therefore thought it best to send you this copy of the resolutions. In haste, yours truly, D. L. YULEE. Joseph Finegan, Esq., (Sovereignty Conference,) Tallahassee, Florida."

The following is a copy of the resolutions to which reference is made in the above:

"Resolved, 1. That in our opinion each of the Southern States should as soon as may be, secede from the Union.

"Resolved, 2. That provision should be made for a Convention to organize a Confederacy of the Seceding States, the Convention to meet not later than the 15th Feb'y, at the City of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama.

"Resolved, That in view of the hostile legislation that is threatened against the Seceding States, and which may be consummated [sic] in original, for it seems his secession mania extended even into orthography] before the 4th of March, we ask instructions whether the delegations are to remain in Congress until that date for the purpose of defeating such legislation.

"Resolved, That a Committee be and are hereby appointed, consisting of Messrs. Davis, Slidell, and Mallory, to carry out the objects of this meeting."

How accurately was the plot of these traitors carried out. They did the old Buchanan's hands most effectually. The letter is written on the 7th of January. Two weeks after, on the 21st, Jeff. Davis withdrew from the Senate, Mississippi having withdrawn on the 9th. The other conspirators staid until their States went out. Florida and Alabama went on the 11th, Louisiana on the 26th, and Texas on the 1st of February; while the "organization of the Confederate Government" took place at the very time appointed, Davis being inaugurated on the 18th day of February. What stupendous treason! The like was hardly ever known. If these men do not meet their well earned punishment at the hangman's hands, his office should be abolished forever. The *Times* well remarks, in closing its notice of this letter:

"But how has Time brought round his revenges. A little more than a year after the date of this epistle, Yulee, the writer of the letter, and Finegan, the correspondent to whom it was addressed, were both at Fernandina, Fla. Suddenly before their affrighted gaze the fleet of the Union makes its appearance in the harbor. They and the rebel soldiery are fain to take to flight by the railroad, away from the wrath to come. And they are just in time, for one of Dupont's gunboats sent a shell into the rear car, and Yulee had but time to escape to the lagoons where he will have ample opportunity to meditate on the sacredness of that oath which he took to support the Constitution of the United States. Moreover—for this affair, like the rest of the rebellion, is full of its dramatic elements—this same Florida railroad along so plays a not unimportant part in the farce-fiasco of Yulee, Florida and Secession. He and Finegan—Jew and Irishman—were contractors on it, and the Senator was constantly chasing Government for fat mail contracts and subsidies. He succeeded better than he deserved; but it is well known that it was because his Jew heart did not get all it craved that he urged the secession of Florida—and, like the late Judaea, threw away a pearl richer than all his tribe."

Newbern, N. C., taken by Gen. Burnside. The steamer Commodore arrived at Baltimore on the 18th direct from the Burnside expedition, and reports the capture of Newbern, and the defeat of the enemy, and the capture of a large number of artillery. Our troops landed on Thursday evening the 18th near the mouth of Swan Creek, on the west side of the Neuse river, 15 miles below Newbern. Owing to the dense fogs, the naval vessels did not participate in the fight. Our troops advanced along the country road running parallel with the Neuse river, but a mile or two in the rear. The road was skirted on the west side by a railroad and a dense swamp. All along the river side were a series of batteries, which were taken by our troops, one after another, after some bloody hand to hand con-

tests. Our troops were divided into three brigades, under the command of Generals Reno, Foster and Parks. We advanced gradually, the enemy deserting their guns until we reached a line of earth-works extending across the road from the river to a swamp on the westward about two miles long, behind which were stationed formidable batteries and defended by a force about 10,000 strong. The fight was a desperate one, as the earthworks were very strong, and were located about two miles south of Newbern, and between them and the city ran the river Trent. The country road and the railroad passed through these works, and crossed into the city by bridges. In front of these works the rebels had felled a large number of trees, forming an almost impenetrable abatis. Here the flying rebels were rallied and made for a while a desperate stand. Our troops behaved with the steadiness and courage of veterans, and after nearly four hours of fighting, when their ammunition was all spent, the order was given to charge and they carried the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet—the rebels flying in all directions, leaving everything behind. We captured three light batteries of field artillery, 45 heavy siege guns, large stores of fixed ammunition, 3,000 small arms and 200 prisoners, including one Colonel, three Captains and four Lieutenants. The enemy left a large number of dead on the field. They escaped by cars to Goldsborough, burning the bridges over the Trent and Clamont, and set fire to the city of Newbern. No extensive damage was done to the place as the loss of the enemy is not known but must have been pretty severe. Before our troops reached the last named work they encountered another which had been deserted before they came up. It was in front of the last fortification that the greatest loss was sustained. Our entire loss is estimated by Major Johnson at 31 killed, and about 400 wounded and missing. Rev. Benton, Lt. Col. Merrett and Adj. Stearns were killed, and Maj. Legendre mortally wounded. Among the captured prisoners was Col. Avory, who cursed his soldiers as cowards. Just as the battle terminated, the fog lifted and enabled our gunboats, which had been impatiently waiting for an opportunity to participate in the fight, to come up the river, and our troops were furnished with means of transportation across the Trent, river to Newbern. The rebels attempted to fire the town out, but the flames were extinguished by citizens, who extinguished the flames as fast as they were started by the soldiers. None of our generals, nor any of the staff officers, were either killed or wounded. The officers of the rebels left all their private traps behind in their final retreat, and the men threw away everything. The rout was complete.

FINDING OUT THEIR SECRETS.—A correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from Roanoke Island, says:—From papers found on the rebel flag-ship we learn that they are building six gunboats at Norfolk; also that a contract was signed in Charleston the day that city was so nearly burned for the building of ten gunboats there; the machine shops were all burned, which prevents the boats from being built. We also learn from the same source that everything is to be got in readiness by the rebels to burn Norfolk the moment it becomes evident to them that they cannot hold it. The letter from President Davis to the rebel flag officer goes on and says: "the importance of suppressing the Union sentiment existing among the people on these Sounds without a moment's delay; a growing danger springing up in the different sections of the confederacy, which will soon, if not put down, give us more trouble than the Northern foe."

SCENES ON THE CUMBERLAND.—There were heart-breaking scenes on board the frigate Cumberland during her engagement with the rebel monster Merrimack. Two of the gunners cannot be named, when the ship was sinking, clasped their guns in their arms, and would not be removed, and went down embracing them. One gunner had both his legs shot away, and his bowels opened and protruding, but he made three steps on his raw and bloody thighs, seized the lanyard and fired his gun, falling back dead! Another lost both arms and legs, yet lived, and when they would assist him, cried out, "Back to your guns, boys! Give 'em thunder. Hurrah for the flag!" He lived until he sunk.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Many exaggerated statements having been made as to the mortality in the army, it is ascertained from official sources that the number of deaths among the regulars stationed here for the quarter ending with March, 1861, was 28; for the quarter ending with June, 33 regulars and 46 volunteers; for the quarter ending with September, 56 regulars and 749 volunteers; for the quarter ending with December, 108 regulars and 2,970 volunteers—making, 3,990, of which 100 were from wounds. The above deaths were in 257 regiments, including those of the army of the Potomac.

ROLLA, March 18.—A short time since, anticipating the rebel movements in Texas country, Mo., Gen. Halleck ordered five companies of troops and two light steel six pounders, mounted on two wheels, and drawn by two horses, under Col. Wood, to repair to that vicinity. Finding no enemy there Col. Wood pushed on to Salem, Fulton county, Arkansas, where he encountered a largely superior force of rebels, and after a short fight routed them, killing about 100 and taking many prisoners. Among the latter are three Colonels. Our loss is about 50 killed and wounded.

LIEUT. WORDON.—This gallant officer, who commanded the Monitor, and was the only one wounded in the battle, was, at the commencement of the rebellion, at Norfolk, after having conveyed dispatches from the Government to the National Fleet at Pensacola, and imprisoned several months at Montgomery. He was exchanged a short time ago, and was immediately assigned to the Monitor. It is to be hoped that he will experience but little inconvenience from his wounds, and soon give the Merrimack another trial.

Among the prizes captured by the Federal soldiers at Fort Donelson was a rifle said to be worth one thousand dollars. Its breech is formed with the finest gold. It belonged to a hotel-keeper in Memphis, Tennessee, and was won by him at a horse-race.

The Kanawha river has been spanned by a military wye-bridge, at Gauley, and our troops were, at last accounts, pressing southward towards the railroad in Tennessee, driving the rebels before them.

Four hundred and ninety-one of the rebel prisoners at Alton, Illinois, have taken the oath of allegiance and been released.