

The Franklin Repository.

BY MCCLURE & STONER.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1863.

VOL. 70.—WHOLE NO. 3,616.

Franklin Repository.

NEW YORK.

Softened in Gotham—Efforts to Sell Confederate Money—Vexatious Delay—Strikes a Dealer and is Taken in and Done for.

Correspondence of The Franklin Repository.

New York, July 31, 1863.

Well, Colonel, if you must have my story for your paper, I suppose you must, but I think that the telling of it to you personally ought to be enough. But for mercy's sake don't let Hazlett put it up in big headings, like—

! Softened in New York!
! How Softened Got Clear of his Confederate Money in New York!!
! Sophisticated among the Brokers and Breakers of New York!!

Running of the Blockade!
Nassau is not on an Island in N. Y. Bay, etc. I for I well know the propensity of an old printer. To begin—

You know we made a large sale, in fact a wholesale, to the Rebels, while they occupied our town, and having on hand some thousands of their money, I concluded to go to New York to try to dispose of it at any price. My friends considered it madness, and prophesied all sorts of failure, seizure of the money, of my person, robbery, murder, arson, entire worthlessness of the money, etc.; but I had made up my mind to make the attempt to make a spoon or spoil a horn, in a word—it is not treason to make the remark—to die in the last ditch. I started to New York, reached New York, unfurled my banner to the breeze, (having first mailed it to the printer) and went out to sell my money.

New York is a large place, quite large, and I felt morally certain that there were many folks in New York who did not wish to buy Confederate money, many who might possibly feel insulted to be asked to buy it. However I made a beginning by visiting a friend, who told me that he had a friend living over in Bushwick who had informed him that he had a friend who had hinted darkly (one night) that "he knew what he knew."

With this clue we two started out, went to Bushwick, found our man had gone to Greenpoint—went to Greenpoint, where they told us he had gone to City Hall, Brooklyn, where we found him. He very kindly volunteered to aid us hunt up this friend of his "who knew what he knew," and off we started. It was high noon by the City Hall clock, and of course it was time to be hungry and thirsty; so we refreshed ourselves and off we went. We very nearly, several times, came upon this wonderful fellow "who knew what he knew," but managed to miss him from five minutes to an hour and a half wherever we went. In and out we dived, up and down we trotted, hither and thither, till night stopped our search. Supper for all of us, and to bed. Here endeth the first day.

Early next morning (that is, early for New York) we started anew and found our man, "who really did know what he knew," for he was one of that kind—moderately tall, moderately stout, moderately well shaped, moderately good looking; but very fast physically and metaphysically speaking—in some respects indeed he might be described like an old game, as "fast and loose."

We three now emerged from—never mind where—and "the hunt was up." Did you ever see a pack of dogs after a hare or a fox? Can you imagine three crazy men playing "Pussy-wants a corner," "I spy," or "Hide and go seek," for a day? We were in brokers' offices, Lager-Beer saloons, counting houses, eating houses, government contractors' offices, Delmonico's, stores, snops, markets, cellars, attics, along the wharves, through Wall St., through the Custom House—like a blood-hound our guide followed the slightest scent, for three whole days until we found a customer—that is, he didn't want to buy "but he had a friend, who wanted to buy, and he'd let us know to-morrow, after seeing this dear friend who wished to purchase." I was now on the track, and did not need any longer my knowing friend, so when the morning came I went alone to see the man who didn't want to buy Confederate money, but who had a friend that wanted to buy some. I found him at home, and was informed that his friend couldn't tell till 3 o'clock—at 3 o'clock I returned, and to my disappointment was put off till 2 o'clock next day—got mad and thought I'd try another track—did so, and may I be blessed if it didn't bring me right back to the man I had left—tried a third way, and came back to the same place—began to think I certainly had hold of the right man, and returned at 8 o'clock next afternoon. I found my gentleman in and was told in a tone of gentle commiseration "that his friend had made out so badly in the last lot he had bought, that he preferred not risking it again." "He was sorry," he said, "to have given me so much trouble, and to have taken so much pains himself, for nothing, but hoped in a day or two to report another chance, as he had several friends that occasionally dabbled in such ventures." "For," he added, "when a man once gets into a business of this nature, it's hard to break himself of it."

I left with unmistakable marks of vexation and chagrin on my face, and was almost in despair. I felt a little ashamed too, for I had almost sworn to get clear of my money and here it was yet in the side pocket of my coat, a pestilent witness of my failure.

Well, next morning I received a note from my broker telling me he wished to see me,

and upon my calling in, was informed with some glee and rubbing of hands, "that he had just received an offer of \$1,500 for my scrip—would I take it?" "Would not I!! I pulled out my money to make the transfer, but was informed that the party was not yet ready to complete the sale, but would be prepared by 2 o'clock same afternoon, so I could do no better than submit as gracefully as possible to the infernal precision of a careful business man. At 3 o'clock, you may be sure, I was on the spot, and found my friend coolly reading the *Express*, and smoking his cigar with an air that showed him to be "at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind." I counted out my money, which he took in his hand, and throwing down \$900 in greenbacks to me, he said: "there is my friend's *clinch* money, twenty per cent. I'll take yours to him and return to you instantly, if he is in; but if not, I may have to wait for him a little while." I waited about half an hour, and began to feel uneasy, but was reassured by a very respectable old Englishman's running in and calling out, "Sir, if you're the gentleman waiting for Mr. —, he wished me to stop in and tell you that he is still waiting for his friend, and cannot account for his protracted absence." This enabled me to put through another half hour with some little patience again. I was beginning to wax impatient, when the office boy came in, and I concluded to pump him, and was rewarded by receiving the following astounding information: "The office I was in belonged to a gentleman-out of town—my man had in some way or other occupied it for the last few days—the old gentleman who had been in a short time before was an accomplice of the rogue who had my money, and the boy had heard the one say to the other, down at the lower door, 'The steamer sails for Nassau in half an hour and I must be going.'" I rushed out into the street, looked this way and that, made my complaints to the Chief of Police, learned that the fellow had really gone to Nassau, that the \$300 he had given me was counterfeit, and—that that's the way I got clear of my Confederate money. JAMES SOPHTHED.

New York Quiet—Gov. Seymour and Bishop Hughes—Incidents of the Riots—Fernando Wood—Coney Island—Sea Bathing and Baked Clams.

Correspondence of The Franklin Repository.

New York, Aug. 1, 1863.

New York is quiet, not quiet like Chambersburg, but quiet relatively, compared with its former self, before the riots. Business seems very much prostrated, and the business community appear to avoid talking on the subject, being heartily ashamed of and seriously alarmed for the business character of their city, for safety, both as a place of resort as well as investment. There is some little satisfaction in knowing that New York city, the city whence emanates the charge that we sell water in our hospitable valley for 10 cents a glass, has been humiliated by one of the most outrageous and senseless popular outbreaks of the present century. I have heard but one opinion of Gov. Seymour and of Bishop Hughes—utter contempt and condemnation. The only excuse made for the Bishop is that he is old, an invalid and extremely timid, and that he was heartily frightened at the time he made his celebrated speech, in which he was afraid of calling white white, and intimated that black was only a shade of white. The New York papers at the time gave you many incidents of the riots, but were very careful not to tell all. Here are one or two that I can vouch for: A friend of mine, from Philadelphia, was in a crowded street-car which was stopped, and every man and woman in it was robbed, he losing his pocket book and a valuable watch. The ladies in the car were compelled to give up even their ear and finger rings, some being treated with unnecessary violence and with indecency. It was quite a common thing for families to have all their valuables, such as gold and silver plate, packed to move at a moment's notice, the carriages and horses ready day and night. The owner of a livery stable, an acquaintance of mine, was informed during the riot that he must discharge his negro (he had in his employ one negro and six Irishmen). That man has now working for him seven negroes and no Irishmen. Bad as the actual riot was, the excitement, the fear and dread; the exaggeration and unnecessary alarm was much greater. So many residents of Brooklyn, Hoboken, Jersey City, Staten Island and other suburbs of New York not being able to return home as usual in the evening, gave the impression that they had perhaps lost their lives. In a word, no newspaper account can give even a faint idea of the Reign of Terror. But I am not afraid to say that there will not soon be another outbreak.

By the by, I saw Fernando Wood the other day. He was crossing in a ferry-boat with me, and I had a good look at him. He had on a pair of well blacked boots (stockings most likely underneath), white pants, do, vest, black frock-coat with the usual number of buttons, high black stock, huge standing collar, a yellow leghorn hat with a black ribbon to it. I looked very closely but could not discover whether he had on underclothes or not. He was of medium height, spare, rather awkward and of the crocodile style of face generally, particularly about the jaw; and which he carried about with him an air of injured innocence that irresistibly reminded one of Mr. Pecksniff. I followed Fernando from the boat, and got my mind jumbled up with Fernando, Don Fernando and



Major General Ulysses S. Grant.

Major-General Ulysses S. Grant is a man of about forty-one years of age and was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio. He entered West Point in 1839, and graduated on the 3rd of June 1843, the next day he received his brevet as 2d Lieutenant of the 4th Infantry. He received his full commission as Captain, September 30, 1845, and with this rank participated in the Mexican Campaign under Generals Taylor and Scott. He was breveted 1st Lieutenant September 8, 1847, for Molino del Rey, and Captain, September 13, for Chapultepec. He gained great distinction during this important struggle and was especially complimented in official reports. He held the position of Regimental Quartermaster during part of the time. In 1852 he was ordered to Oregon, and in August, 1853, was promoted to captain. He resigned on the 31st of July, 1854, and first settled in Missouri, but afterwards, (1856,) in Galena, Illinois. From this privacy he was drawn out by the rebellion, and acted first as aid to the Governor of Illinois, April 15 to June 20, 1861, and afterwards as Colonel of the 21st Illinois Volunteers, commanding Brigade. He was appointed a Brigadier General, in July, 1861, with commission dating from May 17, 1861. He, while in command at Cairo, secured Paducah, and with it Kentucky. In November, 1861, he fought the battle of Belmont, and in January, 1862, conducted the famous reconnaissance to the rear of Columbus. On the 6th of February Fort Henry fell, and ten days after Fort Donelson capitulated to General Grant's de-

Fernando Po, and could not separate one from the other. Now before I die, I want to see Fernando's bro. Ben, the Benjamin of the Wood family—Heaven save us all from lignification.

I was on my way to Coney Island when I met the Hon. F. W., and had a great mind to turn back, for the little mythology I had learned at school taught me that the old Romans (and they knew something,) always turned back from an enterprise, if they met a snake. Suppose you go with me to Coney Island, and take a bath and have a clam-bake here goes. Coney Island, like everything else around and about N. Y., is a false pretense, in other words what a friend of mine once described as a "no such a thing." I mean that Coney Island is not an Island excepting when the tide is up—this same tide always being sure to flow after you get on the Island. It is situated on the lower part of Long Island just outside of the narrows, partly opposite that forsaken point of land called Sandy Hook, (from which the Jersey men get their character). The surf here is excellent, and apart from a little danger and no preventive, the bathing is excellent. Its short distance from N. Y., not more than 10 miles, renders it a great place of resort for working New York, and the way the people, with their sweethearts, and wives, and children enjoy the fun is a caution and an envy to the pampered rich. Gentel people dare not go here to bathe, it is too common. As the old sea captain said "water may be a good thing in its place, but for a steady drink give me Rum"—so I say about Coney Island. "Rockaway, Long Branch, Atlantic City, Cape May, and Newport may do in their places, but for a regular place give me Coney Island. I heard Judge J. S. Black once say to a friend about starting for England, "go to an English horse race, for there you'll be sure to find England in a nut shell," and to compare small things with great I say, if you want to see New York *New Yorkers*, go to Coney Island on a hot Saturday evening. But I'm not getting on—started at 4, with a pair of horses valued at 2,000, (the owner a friend driving), reached the Island at 5, had a bath, then 100 baked clams, then whatever you please to take, and then the ride back.—Mems. The sea smells like rotten oysters, which causes it to be so invigorating. The road to Coney Island is as smooth as a board, and as level as a barn floor. Clams taste better at Coney Island than anywhere else.—The fact is, after you have filled yourself with clams, you want more; and instead

versed, and you'll find that "what goes down must come up." Well, after being knocked down a half dozen times, and being frightened almost to death by nearly losing your drawers, you emerge feeling as though you'd like a band of music to precede you playing "Hail to the Chief," but looking like a drowned rat. If it be not forgotten, you will find a tub of water at your door to wash off the sand from your feet. A good many use the same tub of water, which makes no difference, for no one is dirty that has bathed in the Atlantic. You dress yourself with one hand, keeping the door shut with the other. Dressed, you feel like a King, and gauged by the appetite "King of the Cannibal Islands."

PHILADELPHIA.

The Union State Convention—Gov. Curtin—Large Sales of Government Securities—Jay Cooke—Increase of Foreign Emigration—The Christian Commission—The Draft.

Correspondence of The Franklin Repository.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 1, 1863.

Pittsburg is just now the centre of attraction for politicians, and our city will be well represented at the State Convention on Wednesday next. It is understood that the present excellent incumbent of the gubernatorial chair has a clear majority of the Convention, and that, although he formally declined several months ago, he cannot, under the circumstances, refuse now to be a candidate. And if pure Patriotism, untiring energy in the arduous duties which the war has thrown upon him, and devotion to the interests of the soldier, give any claim to public favor, then Gov. Curtin has earned a re-nomination. That the people will ratify the nomination, over such a candidate as Judge Woodward, who lacks all the earnestness of popularity, and who occupies a chilling position on the war question, can scarcely be doubted.

No better evidence of faith in the stability and resources of the Government is needed, than the success of the Government loan, under the auspices of Jay Cooke of this city. The subscriptions frequently reach two millions of dollars daily, and this comes from all classes of people, and from all points of the compass. It is an encouraging fact, too, that while we are in the midst of a frightful war, and of necessity accumulating an enormous national debt, that the immigration from Europe is much greater this year than for many years past. Foreigners rightly think that the United States have yet a great future, although her own sons, with parried hands, would destroy the Government under which they have grown to greatness.

The Christian Commission, whose headquarters are here, deserve the liberal support of all the friends of the Union; and I know of no better avenue, by which donations can reach the suffering soldiers, than this. The managers are gentlemen of the highest character, and their supplies are distributed with good judgment and economy. The medical department of the army is not so organized, as to meet the requirements of the sick, wounded and dying soldiers; and without the aid of these voluntary associations, it is frightful to contemplate the additional loss of life, and amount of suffering, that would result from conflicts like those we have recently passed through.

The draft progresses quietly, but always attracts a crowd in the ward which is being drawn. I was present at the drawing in the Fifth ward this week. A very large crowd of men and women in the street witnessed the process. There was no noise nor confusion, and all listened intently to the names as they were read aloud. The cards were taken from the wheel by a blind man, who never saw daylight, but whose eyes were bandaged in compliance with an order to that effect. At the conclusion he sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and all then dispersed in good order.

The weather has been intensely hot for the last week, and many have gone to the seashore. There is little business doing, and if it were not for the excitement caused by returning volunteers, the city would be very dull.

PROTHONOTARY.

In your last issue, you very properly offer your columns to any one who may wish to present the claims of his friend to the Union party of Franklin county, for nomination, at the next Convention.

Maj. K. Shannon Taylor has announced himself a candidate for Prothonotary. This is the second time he has been before the party for nomination—the first time standing second in the Convention. He was a Lieutenant in the three months service, which settles the fact of his patriotism and devotion to his country. He has been a life long opponent to the Democratic—now disloyal—party, and in every campaign was always found ready to do any work assigned him, which not unfrequently was at a sacrifice of time and money. After his defeat three years ago, he entered the campaign spiritedly and did yeoman service for the whole ticket. He has recently lost, in company with his father and brother, a large drove of cattle, taken by the rebels during their recent invasion of our State, which amounts to several thousand dollars. He is not able to suffer this loss, and in common with many other of our citizens, deserves our sympathy. We think his claims deserve some consideration,

and feel confident that should he succeed in getting the nomination, he will make a strong election. SOUTH WARD.

GOV. CURTIN AND THE MILITIA.

The 20th Regiment, under command of Col. Wm. B. Thomas, was discharged on the 26th ult., when a handsome stand of regimental colors was presented to them by Gov. Curtin, who acted as the organ of the donors. On the same day the Blue Reserves were discharged. Before they left they were addressed by Gov. Curtin as follows:

Officers and men of the Blue Reserves: I meet you here this morning with an unusual degree of pride and pleasure. I have had my eye on your regiment ever since last fall, when I had the honor to address you, at Hagerstown, after the enemy had abandoned that region, where you had gone to meet him; but without the opportunity then to fight him. From what I then saw I was convinced that your city, your State, and your country, could rely upon you should any emergency thereafter call you into the field. My conviction of that time has now become a confirmed, an established fact.

The insolent traitors are again here, and the effort to invade our State and threaten our capital and our homes, and our officers and men, have been among the first to meet and repel him. Your conduct has done him honor. Your city and your State are proud of you. You met the assault of the enemy near where we now stand, in advance, foremost among all our citizens, when his legions and cannon threatened our capital. You followed him and met him again at Carlisle, and withstood gallantly his storm of shot and shell during that anxious night when I beheld the glare of the fire of Carlisle barracks from the dome of the capital, and the roar of his cannon could be heard during the whole night by the citizens of Harrisburg, then deeply concerned for your fate, for the news of a surprise upon you came with the report that you were all cut off. But thanks to your courage and sense of duty, it was the enemy that had given way—not you.

You have withstood without a murmur, through storm and privation of every kind those long, dreary and exhaustive marches over mountain passes and by-roads, leading you ultimately again into the presence of the enemy, our traitor, our rebel foe, at Hagerstown. There you fought, charged and repelled him, with a daring and courage that would have done honor to the valor and conduct of the hardest tried veterans in arms. That charge, considering the circumstances under which it was made, and taken in connection with its results, would have honored any war-worn veterans of the Army of the Potomac. As reported by the gallant Gen. Kilpatrick, who ordered the charge, and by other citizens who witnessed it, any one of the regiments of that old army would have been proud to have had it inscribed upon its banners, and that the annals of war contained the history of a few more gallant charges.

What a record for your city, State, and country is yours. You had been in the service but a short month, when you met the enemy in this gallant charge at Hagerstown, and I will venture to say that no body of men have ever made a prouder record than you have made during a campaign of but one short month—a campaign distinguished in every way by endurance, privation, fortitude under difficulties, as well as by conduct, gallantry, and courage in battle! You have illustrated the honor of your State; and the people of your city are now prepared to do you honor; and to-morrow, when you return to your homes, you may expect to meet and receive an ovation from six hundred thousand grateful people of your noble city, presenting themselves before you, to welcome you home and do you honor. May you long and happily live at home! May your homes be happy homes to you! May God bless your people, your city, and you! May He look after, take care of and prosper your wounded! May you properly honor your dead!

My own energies have been incessantly engaged in doing all in my power, as the representative of your noble old Commonwealth, to put an end to this rebellion. May it be crushed speedily. May the traitors here as well as in the south—traitors everywhere—meet their merited doom! And should any of them dare to attempt an invasion of our soil again, I know, and our people know, that they can rely, as they have before relied, on your arms, courage and patriotism, as well as upon those of our own people, to meet and overthrow them. Then, who rallied to the defence of our Commonwealth, none of them, shall be forgotten.

May you, officers and men, receive the reward you merit. Your conduct has won for you, during your brief but gallant campaign the hearts of the people of your Commonwealth; and the record of your deeds will forever form a prominent and spirited chapter in its history.

The above is a substantial, but hasty sketch of the Governor's speech, taken from memory, immediately after its delivery. In many respects it is literal, but taken together, it is substantially the same.

At the conclusion of his remarks the Governor was received by the men with three times three of the most enthusiastic cheers, and with every demonstration of regard and confidence. His eloquence and plaudits touched their hearts, and he and his morning's visit will never be effaced from their memories.

The Boston Post, is the leading and most influential Democratic paper in New England. It differs with the administration on many points, but it is not false to the country. In a recent article on the draft it breathes a true patriotic tone. It says: "The realities of war have come more directly to our own doors than heretofore. The army must be reorganized. There is no time for the dilatory process of volunteering. The enforced filling of the national ranks comes at a moment when, if the demand cannot be said to be gracefully yielded, it must be confessed that it is at a time when the national pulse beats the highest in the exultation of victory. It is a summons to join, not a discomfited and broken-spirited soldier, but a band of heroes, the monuments of many a well-fought field."

Let those who wish to see bright stars in the darkest night look at the American flag.