

The Franklin Repository.

BY MCCLURE & STONER.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

THE DIFFICULTY AT WAYNESBORO.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BATTALION PA. CAVALRY, Camp near Waynesboro, Sept. 24, 1863.
Editors of the Franklin Repository:—Seeing an article in your paper to which I deem it my duty to reply, I hope you will give me space in your columns to make an explanation. On the evening of September 21st, I returned to this place late in the evening from Greenestown, where I had been all day on duty. On my arrival, I found in progress a political meeting, and having at present no voice politically—not having the right of suffrage—I deemed it prudent not to attend. After having my horse cared for, I accompanied by a gentleman of the town, walked to the further end of town, where we remained some time, and returned to the hotel. I supposed at that time the meeting was almost over. I stepped into the parlor of the hotel and found quite an agreeable company of ladies and gentlemen, with whom I was enjoying myself, until a gentleman came in and told me there was a difficulty between some of my men and the citizens, which was the first intimation I had of any soldiers being in the town. I immediately started to the door to enforce my authority as an officer with the soldiers. My reception when arriving at the door was—"He is a traitor," and was struck by two or three persons. At the same time I ordered every soldier to leave the town, and then asked for the person or persons who struck me. No one appearing willing to say who it was, I then found every thing quiet, when I mounted my horse and rode out of town. Now, those are facts that I am prepared to prove at any moment; and I feel confident that you, as gentlemen, will make the necessary correction. It may be necessary to say, as I have since learned, the officers for McClellan were given at the suggestion of some ladies who were in conversation with the soldiers at the time. I do not think their intention was to interrupt or annoy any one—it was done hastily and without thought.

As for the term of Copperhead applied to me, I care not, as my attachment to the army for more than two years will give the lie to that. I merely ask to explain, as my character as an officer and a soldier has been brought before the public, and there is nothing a true soldier prizes so high as his character as a soldier and a gentleman. Hoping you will give this a place in your columns, I am gentlemen. Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
B. M. MORROW,
Major 1st Battalion 22d Cavalry.

We give Maj. Morrow the benefit of his statement in our columns, and if we had before doubted his complicity in the disturbances at the Waynesboro meeting, his own awkward evasions must settle his guilt, either by direct effort or by tolerating disorder on the part of his command.

On one point we are constrained to deny the correctness of Maj. Morrow's statement. He did not behave in the quiet, orderly manner he represents. He was intoxicated, as a multitude of most reputable witnesses have testified over their own signatures, and indulged in the most profane and ungentlemanly language to and of the Union men participating in the meeting; and members of his command, who were intoxicated, openly declared that the Major was on a spree and they would do as they pleased. If he had been sober, and meant to do his duty, he would not only have ordered the men of his command out of town, as he alleges he did; but his self-respect as an officer, if not his regard for the peace of the town, would have made him enforce the order. He either did not give such an order, or he permitted his command to defy it insolently, for they did not leave town. On the contrary, they remained until the Union meeting was broken up, all the time creating disorder by yelling "Jolly," "Woodward," and "McClellan," and committed numerous outrageous acts of violence upon citizens. The President of the Union meeting was cut in the neck with a knife, and narrowly escaped a mortal wound, and others were treated with like brutality. And when the Union meeting closed, the soldiers called for Jolly and huzzed for Woodward and McClellan, and finally did get one of Maj. Morrow's commands to make a regular copperhead speech. Where was the sensitive Maj. Morrow, who as he says, "prizes nothing so high as his character," when all these disgraceful scenes were transpiring? Does he falsely about having ordered his men out of town, or was he too drunk, too copperheadish or too cowardly to enforce it? One or the other he must plead guilty to, and either stamps him as utterly unfit to have a command of any kind. This sooner he is dismissed the service the sooner will the honor and dignity of the profession be vindicated.

Maj. Morrow has a right to be a Democrat and a Woodward or a McClellan man, or anything else he pleases; and he has a right to attend Union or Democratic meetings when such attendance does not conflict with his military duties; but we insist that he has no right to get drunk and let his men loose and get drunk with him, solely for the purpose of interfering with a political meeting of any kind. That he should be a violent copperhead when drunk, is most natural for a drunken officer is the most brutal and degraded of all men, and if there be a latent spark of the traitor in him, it will crop out as surely as the sparks fly upward. We kindly advise the Major to leave the service at the earliest possible period. He can resign by stating the truth—that his "character as a soldier and a gentleman" is impaired by occasional intoxication and fits of hostility to Union men, and he will doubtless be taken at his word. Once free, he could redeem something of his manhood by going openly into the rebel ranks, or he may play the part of a cowardly copperhead at home, as the latter seems to be "constitutional" according to modern Democratic construction. One thing, however, he cannot and shall not do—attend Union meetings, and the sooner he learns this lesson the better!

A WORD TO WOMEN.

The loyal women in every community have exerted a vast influence in sustaining the war and the government. Let them remember that in no way can they better uphold their country at this hour than by influencing votes for Curtin and against Woodward. They can influence fathers, husbands and sons. To the young women we would say, that if after trying all their persuasive eloquence on their suitors they prove to be incorrigible Copperheads, give them the mitten at once. Don't waste a smile on a fellow who refuses either by bullet or ballot to help put down the rebellion. Make these bucks face the Union music square, or go under! The sick and wounded soldiers everywhere bless our noble women. They will bestow upon them additional blessings if they aid in electing the soldiers' truest friend, Andrew G. Curtin.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Alexander Clugston, Jr., a man of about 40 years of age, who was in the employ of Mr. Jacob Frey, of Quincy township, was so shockingly mangled by a threshing machine, on the morning of the 21st inst., that he died shortly afterwards.

He was driving the horses, and while getting off the platform he made a mis-step, and became entangled in the counter and strap wheels, which were uncovered, crushing one of his legs up to the body, and receiving other injuries, which terminated his existence in a few hours.

Though a mute, his generous qualities of heart won for him a large circle of friends, who mourn his sudden departure, and his remains were borne to the cemetery at Brown's Mill, attended by a large concourse of friends.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.—On Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Simmers, who resides on Catharine street, had occasion to leave her yard, where she had a fire burning, on an errand to a neighbor, leaving a child about five years old there until her return. Mr. Byers, a neighbor, alarmed by the child's screams, proceeded to the yard and found it enveloped in a sheet of flame. With much difficulty he succeeded in extinguishing it, burning himself severely in his humane efforts. The little sufferer lingered until Sunday morning, experiencing intolerable agony, when death came to his relief. It is not known how the fire was communicated to the child's clothes.

POSTAL.—According to the new postage law, which went into operation on the 1st of July last, postage on all mail matter, and box rents, are required to be paid quarterly in advance. The quarters commence on the 1st day of January, April, July, and October. Post Master Deal gives notice that on and after the 1st of October, the provisions of the following section of the law will be strictly enforced:

Sec. 3. And he further enacted, That no mail matter shall be delivered by the Post Master until the postage due thereon shall have been paid; and no box, at any Post Office, shall be assigned to the use of any person until the rent therefor has been paid for at least one quarter, for which the Post Master will give a receipt, and keep a record thereof in his office, which record shall be delivered to his successor.

BURGLARY.—On Saturday night last, says the Shippensburg News, Keller's Drug Store was entered by some persons, and a money drawer with all its contents taken. Fortunately the drawer contained but a small sum of money.

On the same night the cellar of the "Traveler's Rest" Hotel was entered, and a keg of whisky taken therefrom. The supposition is that the same persons were the perpetrators of these several acts, and that they were in search of "something to drink," which they finally obtained in the cellar, referred to.

TESTIMONIAL TO GEN. SMITH.—The ladies of Carlisle have raised a handsome sum of money for the purpose of presenting a suitable testimonial to Gen. Smith, for his gallantry in defending that place against the rebel attack on the 1st of July last. The gifts are a beautifully chased solid silver pitcher, with an appropriate inscription, and an exquisitely painted photograph of himself.

KILLED.—Capt. A. J. Stevens, nephew of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, was killed in the battle of Chickamauga creek. He commanded the Battery company raised in this vicinity by the late Lieut.-Col. Housum, which was originally attached to the 77th Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was a brave and faithful officer. Peace to his ashes!

We call the attention of Farmers to the advertisement of Agricultural Implements &c. in to-day's paper. The facility afforded for receiving articles in this line by the Cumberland Valley Rail Road gives Mr. Parsons an advantage over more distant dealers. His stock is as large and varied as any establishment in the eastern cities.

RETURNED.—John Forney, the man who shot Lieut. Ford, of the Provost Guard, near McConnellsburg, last January, and who was taken out of jail and carried off by the rebels during their first raid, in June last, returned on the 21st inst., and surrendered himself to await his trial at the October term of Court.

ACCIDENT.—Patrick Coyle, of this place, had his left leg badly fractured by being knocked down and run over by a Market Street Passenger Railway car, at Twenty-second and Market streets, Philadelphia, on Saturday, the 19th inst. He was admitted into the Pennsylvania Hospital.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Glance at the Leaders of the Contest of 1860 and of the Contest of 1863—Political Changes in favor of the Union Cause—Prominent Democrats in every part of the State supporting Curtin.

Editorial Correspondence of The Repository.

PHILADELPHIA, September 28, 1863.

The shifting scenes in the political world are worthy of note in this vital struggle for loyal supremacy in Pennsylvania. In 1860 I bore some humble part in the canvass that brought ANDREW G. CURTIN into the gubernatorial Chair of this State, and ABRAHAM LINCOLN into the Presidency. It was my lot to stand at the political helm and by sleepless vigilance guard against the strategy and assaults of the foe. When I now look out upon the present, so fraught with momentous issues to the loyal cause, and then turn back to the struggle of three years ago: recall the giants who then confronted us in the name of Democracy, and glance at their respective positions in the present contest, it would seem that Democracy had faded from history, while some deformed, untimely birth had stolen its garments and claimed its inheritance. Then Cass thundered from the Premiership that Democracy was the cause of the people and of the country. Now, with the wisdom of patriarchal years to ripen his judgment and give lustre to his ardor for his country, he appeals to his old associates to save the government by the defeat of the so-called Democracy. Dickinson and Dix, Cochrane and Sickles, and others of eminent fame, made the Empire State resound with their eloquence in behalf of Democracy. Now they speak with earnestness heretofore unknown, declaring that the life of the Republic depends upon the defeat of the Democracy. Stanton was the wheel-horse of the Douglas Democracy in Western Pennsylvania and Ohio, and resisted the election of Lincoln and Curtin with all his characteristic energy and ability. Now he declares that Slavery must die if our Nationality would be saved. Halleck was one of the ablest of Breckenridge's defenders on the far-off Pacific's slopes; Meade, in that great conflict, cast his vote and power against the Republican candidates; Grant, Rosecrans, Meagher, McClelland, Logan, Burnside, Rosseau, Butler, and many others, who have won distinction at the head of important commands, all supported one or the other of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency in 1860, and all now turn imploringly to the people to sustain the government and their war-worn veterans in the field, by voting the Union ticket. Nor is this change confined to starred officers who have met our country's foes in deadly battle. Scarcely a division, brigade, regimental or line officer, or a private in the ranks, whatever may have been their political affinities when they entered service, who do not now appeal to their friends at home to give heart and hope and strength to the shattered ranks of our brave soldiers, by answering back to their crimsoned victories in the field with Union victories at the polls at home. I could name scores of officers from Pennsylvania, who went out Democrats, who now prefer to sacrifice the Democratic party to the sacrifice of the Republic, for the preservation of which they have perilled their lives.

Around me, here in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, I find strange names in the proceedings of Union meetings. Hon. N. B. Browne was Buchanan's Post Master here in 1860, and contributed as much of means, ability and character to the Democratic cause as any other man in the State. He now labors day and night to secure the re-election of Gov. Curtin. With him I just now recall the names of the eloquent Dougherty, Judge Knox, then Democratic Attorney General; of David Paul Brown, one of the ablest stumpers in the State; of Townsend Yardley, then Democratic member of the Legislature; of J. C. Owen, then a Democratic leader, now commanding a brigade in the Army of the Potomac; of Grund, then the ablest of Democratic writers—since editor of the Age; of Benjamin H. Brewster, the leading Democratic lawyer; of Dr. Gehard, and scores of others I do not now remember, all of whom deserted the Democratic party because they regard it as faithless to the cause of the government in this trying crisis. It is to these men, and to the thousands who are rallying with them, that we shall be indebted for the overwhelming Union triumph in Philadelphia on the second Tuesday of October.

Elsewhere in the State the same evidences are apparent to a greater or less degree, of the disintegration of the old Democratic party. In the North such men as General Lilly, Hon. M. M. Dimmick, Hon. Jere Shindel, Judge Cool, and others, who have been consistent and earnest Democrats, have taken a bold stand in the support of Curtin. These men do so in the face of the dominant party—they sacrifice all hopes of political preferment thereby; but they regard the preservation of the government as their highest and most sacred duty, and they feel that they cannot preserve it by a Democratic triumph. In the interior and Southern counties I notice the names of such men as Jas. L. Reynolds, brother of the late lamented General; Henry S. Magraw, for three years Democratic State Treasurer, Major Kepper, John H. Brandt, Thomas C. McDowell, formerly one of the editors of the Patriot and Union; Foster and Blair, of Centre; the last named the Democratic candidate for Senator but two years ago; John Scott of Huntingdon; Rowe and Nill of Franklin, and hundred

reds of others—all of whom in 1860 were leading and earnest opponents of Governor Curtin, and who now support him solely because they feel that his election will cheer the loyal hearts of this continent, while his defeat will give new life and new power to the waning cause of treason.

In the west the venerable Judge Wilkins, brother-in-law of Hon. Geo. M. Dallas—who has been legislator, U. S. Senator, Cabinet officer, foreign Minister, and again State Senator, holding all these positions as a Democrat—will cast perhaps his last vote for Andrew G. Curtin, and his first vote against the Democratic party. He has been spared beyond the period allotted to mortals, has justly shared largely of the honors of his country; and now, although his eye is dimmed, his step feeble and his head whitened with the frosts of nearly four-score winters, his intellect is unclouded and his heart beats true to the Republic that has grown up with him to be the proudest, the noblest Nation of the world. Nor is he alone in his patriotic work. Such men as Col. Roberts, Mr. Wood, Dr. Gross, Judge Cunningham, Judge Shannon, John Findlay, and hosts of others, who three years ago were the leaders of the Democracy in the West; who shared most largely of its honors, and were most potential in its councils, are all now arrayed against the Democratic party, and with one voice they declare it faithless to the country. I do not pretend to give one-tenth the names I have noticed in this canvass which in 1860 were to be found only in the organizations against Gov. Curtin, for in every district in the State there are more or less of patriotic Democrats who have resolved that they cannot support the Democratic party without peril to the Republic. On the other hand, I have yet to notice the first prominent name as a supporter of Judge Woodward, that was on the list of the friends of Gov. Curtin in 1860.

Will the loyal masses of the Democratic party not heed this concurrent testimony from their old and tried leaders? These men are not candidates for office—they do not as a class seek political honors—they hope for nothing in thus separating from old party associations, but the common good of a common country; and they of all men are entitled to respect and confidence. I doubt not that thousands of men unknown in the noisy whirl of politics, will quietly deposit their ballots with their old and patriotic leaders, in behalf of the government, and against the Democratic party. Enough, I cannot doubt, will do so to make Pennsylvania speak trumpet-tongued to the world that the Republic must live—that Treason must die!

A. K. M.

NEW YORK.

A Day's Shopping on Broadway.—Le Maison de Violet. A Lesson in French Pronunciation. Stewart's. A Shipwrecked Correspondent.

Correspondence of The Franklin Repository.

NEW YORK, September 28, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—The present letter is calculated to teach a great moral lesson, and is intended particularly for the ladies. I propose to give a careful history of one whole day's shopping—real woman's shopping—on Broadway. Permit me to pluck a quill from a Canary's wing, wherewith to write the dainty words.

It was nine o'clock, A. M., and a beautiful, bright morning, when accompanied by a lady friend, I started out to attend to a few little commissions for some friends in the country. We first went to the "Maison de violet," to get some of Jouvin's gloves—(mind you must call it "Maysong du veohlay," and Jouvin you must call "Jewwang.") After submitting to a number of questions, such as, "Is ze feengares long ou shoort?" "Do you wish zis colare, vich is so bootfool as nevare vas?" "Does ze laydie veer her cloves to peench?" etc., etc., we made our selections, and walked a little further down to Stewart's. But first let me tell you something about STEWART'S, even though it has never struck the enterprising gentleman to increase his business by advertising in our paper. Mr. Stewart has a wholesale establishment further down Broadway, occupying the entire space between Chambers and Reade sts., his retail house being at the corner of Broadway and Tenth st., close by Grace Church, which points out the rose-colored path to Heaven. The building is a huge pile of marble, dear knows how many stories high—a temple dedicated entirely to dry goods. The building is so high, or the ladies are so loaded down with dress, that there is an arrangement by which the customers are taken up and down a hatchway, like packages. The rooms are full of clerks, with all sorts of beards and moustaches and bald heads; with real, solid, heavy old fellows, that look like Englishmen, who seem to have nothing to do but watch the clerks and each other, bow to the ladies, and say, "this way, madame—gloves, miss? turn to the right, then to the left—stockings, sir? third room to the left—shawls, ladies? second floor, up stairs—carpets? down stairs, if you please. You will hear the clerks rapping with their lead pencils on the various counters, crying "cash, cash, CASH!" corresponding to an Indian's war-whoop, or the Caliph Khaled's battle cry, indicating the death of another enemy. "Cash" you will find to mean a small pert boy, half a fathom long, who carries the cash received to the cashier, and brings back the change to the clerk, who

then hands it to the purchaser. Each floor is one entire room, but the first main floor is so arranged that there is a variety of aisles for different classes of goods. Well, we went into Stewart's, and asked to see this, that, and the other thing, not taking what we didn't want, but quietly having our own way, notwithstanding the skillful clerks tried their best to get off their old goods. Having really a curiosity to see some of those extravagancies that I had often heard of, I got them to show me some Cashmere shawls, varying in price from \$500 to \$2,000, some linen collars for two, three, four and five hundred dollars, and various other little articles that would make a woman worth something to her husband. Some of the clerks almost overpowered me with their dignity. One had a way of saying "y-e-e-e-s" that made me fairly shrink within myself, and another had his hair arranged in a mode that aroused my envy and admiration to such a degree that I have not yet recovered from the effects. Go where I will, do what I may, that head of hair haunts me. The only thing I ever saw that could approximate it was a wax figure in a hair-dresser's show-window. It was marvellous. In time, however, I believe a man could get over it—a woman never. Having made our purchases, we retired as gracefully as possible, with only two accidents, viz: the knocking the breath out of one lady with my elbow, and half tearing the skirt from another by tripping on it with one of my feet, only too thankful that I had not put both my feet upon it, in which case partial nudity would surely have been the result to the lady, and the police court to me.

We then went to Utsdel, Pierson & Lake's, where they have on their windows "Jei Von, partie Française"—here we talk French, and bought some goods. Thence to Arnold, Constable & Co's, then to Le Boutellier Bro's, and after that I became hopelessly mixed up. Like a sailor fallen from the yard arm into the stormy sea, breasting the waves gallantly, his head appearing occasionally upon the top of a foaming wave, I struggled against hope, and was finally flung panting and breathless upon the rocky shore of my hotel as the sun was going down in the disturbed west. Ribbons and velvets, gloves and gaiters, silks and merinos, shawls and cloaks, corsets and hoop skirts, handkerchiefs and veils, collars and cuffs, flowers and feathers, bows and belts so inextricably interwoven in my brain, that nothing but "a lodge in some vast wilderness" can ever restore my peace and quiet. I have wondered since what use I was, for the most hopeless inanity characterized my movements during the latter half of the day, and were it not for the deficiency in my purse and the huge pile of "things" I would fain believe that I had been the victim of a dire attack of delirium tremens. The pleasantest memory of the day's toil and toil and turmoil (as a darkey preacher would say) is the undefined reflection that, hustled as I was in the dense crowd of lady buyers, I damaged more dry goods than I purchased.

BRIEF WAR ITEMS.

Gen. Scott still walks erect and enjoys good health. He is writing without the aid of spectacles a history of his campaigns. Seven deserters substitutes were shot in the Army of the Potomac last week. Prompt punishment awaits this class of deserters, without any hope of pardon.

The expedition sent from Natchez to Alexandria, under Gen. Crider, succeeded in destroying all the works at the last named place, and captured several cannon.

A list of all officers who are deserters from the army will soon be published, with their dismissal from the service. The list is formidable and disgraceful.

Brig. Gen. Fitz Henry Warren has been ordered to report to Major-General Banks, and will leave for New Orleans after a ten days' leave just granted him has expired. The steamer Marcella was recently captured by guerrillas on the Mississippi river. Three militia men going home on a furlough, and who were taken with the boat, were murdered in cold blood.

Late Santa Fe papers represent that Col. Carson was making good progress in the Navajo country. He had encountered and routed several bands of Indians, and captured a large lot of horses and sheep.

All officers and enlisted men now on parole, who are absent from the camps to which they belong, whether with or without authority, must immediately report at said camps. Disregard of this notice will be treated as desertion.

A soldier correspondent writes from the Army of the Potomac concerning the bill of fare enjoyed by himself and comrades. He says the vegetables are gathered after dark, as they are considered more wholesome when thus collected.

It has been ascertained that Jeff Davis called together the half-million negroes to work upon the last ditch. Humphrey Marshall has announced his intention of perishing in it, which is probably the cause of its immediate enlargement.

The corps of colored troops organized under the auspices of Gen. Banks is rapidly filling up. Fifteen thousand colored soldiers have already been mustered into service, and recruits are still coming in very rapidly. The maximum strength of the corps is twenty-five thousand.

Rear-Admiral Porter writes to the Navy Department that there has been but one attempt to obstruct transportation on the Mississippi, resulting in the repulse of the Rebels. His gunboats pick up deserters from the Rebels army of Gen. Price every day.

A survey of Admiral Farragut's flag-ship Hartford, now at the Brooklyn navy yard has resulted in the discovery of two hundred and nine shot marks upon her hull, bulwarks and spars. Her lower masts have been condemned, being badly injured by shot.

Rebel dispatches state that national forces are landing at Round Island, making it a base of supplies for their advance on Mobile. Round Island is off the coast, opposite the town of Pascagoula, which is distant about forty miles by land from Mobile.

It is now stated that the leading Foreign Ministers here have long known that the British Government had determined to prevent the Angola-Rebel Rams from sailing, as Mr. Adams is now authoritatively assured they will do.

Advices from Martinsburg state that last week Gen. Kelly, expecting a raid up the valley, kept his troops under arms to repel invasion. Capt. Bailey of the 1st N. Y. Cavalry, went on a reconnaissance as far as Strasburg on Saturday last, and returned with thirteen prisoners, 19 horses, and 1 wagon.

The Providence Journal, in reference to the "regular, persistent, plucky, and thoroughly scientific way in which Gen. Gilmore is making his sure approaches upon Charleston," and the probable obstacles he has yet to encounter, says: "What we want is the harbor and the site of that city; it will suit us equally well with or without the buildings upon it."

Lieut. Col. Hays, with three hundred men of the 100th Ohio, were attacked near Tilford, ninety-three miles up the Railroad, by eighteen hundred rebels under Dickson. After fighting gallantly for two hours, our forces, losing heavily in killed and wounded, were finally compelled to surrender to overpowering numbers.

The soldiers of the Army of the Potomac have perpetrated the following:

EPITAPH ON FLOYD.
Floyd has died, and few have sobbed,
Since, had he lived, all had been robbed;
He's paid Nature's debt, 'tis said,
The only one he ever paid.
Some doubt he's regained his breath,
But now he's cheated even death.
If he is buried, O, ye dead, beware,
Look to your windings, of your shrouds take care,
Lest Floyd should to your coffin make his way
And steal the linen from your mourning day.

Despatches from Gen. Burnside contain very encouraging views. He finds plenty of forage and food in the country which he now occupies, cattle alone, excepted, and says he will be able to raise and have organized from five to ten thousand loyal Tennesseean recruits within the next two months. The refugees from Rebel cruelty—men who have bitter wrongs to avenge against the Rebel authorities and guerrilla chiefs—are crowding into his lines so numerously that all officers of his staff and army who can possibly be spared from other duties are fully employed in the work of drilling, organizing and equipping these new and fiery volunteers.

A correspondent has sent us the subjoined account of the doings of Uncle Samuel within the last two and a half years, and we submit that no one can say that he has been liberal, considering the times:—

1st. It confiscated their cotton, but in return gave them "Wool."
2d. It has exercised a "Foster-ing" care over North Carolina.
3d. It gave them a "Pope" to control their misguided zeal.
4th. Notwithstanding the financial condition of their country it established "Banks" in New Orleans.
5th. It furnished them with a "Butler," and "Porter."
6th. When the slaves in South Carolina fled from their masters, it sent them a "Hunter" who found them by hundreds.
7th. When they invaded Pennsylvania to reap a harvest, it furnished the "Sticks" and gave them "Meado" to cool their heated blood.

SING! FOR THE PRIDE OF THE TYRANT IS BROKEN!—These are the jubilant words with which the Knoxville Bulletin announces the deliverance of East Tennessee from Rebel rule. It adds:

"Vindicated and avenged, our people stand to-day under the old flag of their fathers, borne into their midst by one worthy to be their deliverer, the chivalrous hero of New-Berlin. The symbols of rebellion are gone, the idols of the temple of Baal are broken, and the false gods our people so gloriously refused to bow down and worship, have been removed from our sight forever. The world's history cannot, we honestly believe, show a counterpart to the scenes our city has witnessed during the last two days. Men, women and even prattling babes, hailed the old flag with such emotions as made it apparent to every one of the gallant army of our deliverers, that here in East Tennessee had been the home of such deep and fervent patriotism as brightened and made glorious the annals of our revolution. Such patriotism wintered in Valley Forge, and during the present war, has marched through dismal swamps and mountain paths, seeking everywhere the enemies of constitutional liberty, smiting him hip and thigh. Such has been, such is the patriotism of East Tennessee. It is in the spirit of vain-glorious boasting that we write these words. The world will in time know how the spoiler came and took to himself the heritage of our people; how men have fled from the despotism at Richmond to a more than promised land across the mountains, and there take arms in their hands, faced about ready and eager with mailed hand to drive treason and oppression from their land. To day they are here—their mission is accomplished, and we are free."