

July 6, 1864.

Franklin Repository

WASHINGTON.

The Shadows of War—The Hospital—Hospitals of the Black Troops—The Despatch Bill.

Correspondence of the Franklin Repository.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 24, 1864.

At the present time our city is almost devoid of any sort of attraction interesting enough to call strangers to it, unless it be the numerous hospitals in which at present, are so many thousands of wounded heroes—brave men who have sacrificed all the comforts and pleasures of home, endured untold hardships and privations in periling their lives for their country.

In passing through the hospitals and looking on the hundreds and sick victims of this accursed rebellion, one's heart is filled with mingled pride and sorrow at the sight of the brave young men—the light and joy of many a home—cut down in the pride, strength and glory of all their young manhood. Yet it is wonderful to witness the uniform cheerfulness which they exhibit even while suffering from the severest wounds. In the hundreds of times that I have visited these hospitals, conversed with these patients and written letters dictated by them to friends at home, I have found no word of regret, but the same cheerful tone throughout, and in cases where death is inevitable, there is still the same satisfied look and expression which clearly shows their appreciation of the magnitude of the object for which they are sacrificing themselves.

Our hearts bleed for the mothers that bore noble men; for the young wives left desolate, for the sisters who will wait in vain for their return. Alas!

No more return.

All sisters, brothers all unite,

After the gallant charge of Duncan's Black Brigade on the outer works of Petersburg, who will stand up and say, "poor old slave" will not fight. As the blacks approached, the rebels stood upon their works with a black flag, taunting them to come on, with all the odious epithets which the genius of blackguardism has invented. Notwithstanding all this, the blacks rushed on undaunted, and after a terrible struggle, in which some rebel cannon were captured and immediately turned upon their late owners, and with the terrible bayonet dealt out death right and left, sparing none who fell in their way, taking not a single prisoner, they compelled the remainder to flee in utter confusion to the woods in their rear, and held the ground which to-day gives Grant a position where he can at any time lay Petersburg in ashes.

This heroic act of the colored soldiers has raised them very high in the estimation of our old veterans, and hereafter they will be found side by side in the hottest of the fight for their country and universal freedom, and so they will fight on, until no spot shall be despoiled by the footprints of a single slave.

The bill amending of the Enrolling-act was passed last night in the evening session of the Senate by a vote of 24 to 7. The Commutation clause is stricken out, and all drafts hereafter made are to be for such term of time as the President shall direct, not exceeding one year. Each district is to be allowed for the number of men volunteering up to the time of draft and that number deducted from the number to be drafted.

It is to be hoped that the House will yet acquiesce in this action of the Senate. The question is simply, shall the contest for the suppression of the rebellion be continued or abandoned? If it is to be continued, we must have the additional troops necessary to do so, and to get them the commutation law must be repealed. The cause requires the men, not money; and he who votes to exempt any drafted man capable of serving efficiently without furnishing an exemption, simply votes to insure the eventual success of the rebellion.

The news from the front is still very encouraging. Petersburg can be taken at any time. Grant sees fit. Grant is aiming at a deeper game than the taking of that town. One more move from the ground he yesterday occupied and Petersburg must fall without an attack on it.

S. C.

GRANT AND MEADE.

It is always interesting to know how great men appear in the discharge of grave and responsible duties, and perhaps there are no two men, upon whose actions will follow such stupendous results to the world or wo of our land, as of Lieut. Gen. Grant and Maj. Gen. Meade. The eye of the liberty loving world is directed to them, and every thing, either of incident or well digested and successfully executed plan, that tells of their respective characters, is taken up, read, studied and thought over as though in it were found the key that would unfold the secret of their power and greatness. The Tribune correspondent of the 20th ult., thus describes them, as they appear in the field in the line of duty:

You should see the brilliant cavalcade and hear the tramp and clangor of hoof and sabre when Grant and Meade and their staffs and the whole mounted retinue of headquarters go sweeping by. Of course the small man on the small black horse leading the troupe is Grant. If you did not know it before, the soldiers who rush out to the road, or half halt on the march and point him out to each other, have told you. The small black pacing horse, half a queen's pony, half a king's Bucephalus, with arched neck and champing bit, and small, alert, flexible ears, and short, mouse-like hair, and great tail curled royally like a banner; whose form is symmetry, spite of the sloping hips that belong to all pacer's whose muscles are watch-springs, whose impatient air seems to resent his small size—this little black imp of a horse, a horse that is "all horse," is "Jeff. Davis," and Grant is on his back.

The rider sits him with uncommon grace, controls him with one small gauntletted hand, never once regards the torrent of horsemen that follow, looks neither right nor left, but never fails to acknowledge with a quick gesture the salutes of the soldiers—all absorbed, all-observant, silent, inscrutable, he controls and moves armes as he does his horse.

The rider at his side is not less worth marking well. His horse is the ideal war-horse, tall and powerful, and horse and rider look like a picture of helmeted knight of old, gaunt, tall, grizzled, with the large Roman nose of will and power, and wearing a slouched hat, the wide brim bent down all round, but not concealing the lighting glance of eyes that are terrible in anger—such is Geo. G. Meade, noblest Roman of them all, relentless fighter, and

bold General, to whose hearty and wise counsels Grant does not, and the country should not hesitate to acknowledge the greatest indebtedness.

The ride has been from Cold Harbor to Providence Church, a distance of ten miles, and is made in the last two hours of daylight.

The location of the camp has been fixed, fires built, and inquiries are heard about the head-quarter train, which must arrive before tents can be pitched and supper had. The evening is chilly, and great coats are taken from the ponies of saddles and put on. Boxes and boards are made into seats, or rubber blankets are thrown upon the ground to lie on, and gather close to the crackling rail fire, and wait for the wagons. Grant and Meade are engaged in conversation upon indifferent topics apparently. Gen. Hunt and Barnard discuss guns. Gen. Ingalls sends a man every few minutes to find and hurry up the wagons. Mr. Washburne, here on a flying visit, has gone to sleep, his feet to the fire. Mr. Dana strides up and down as though the day had not afforded sufficient exercise. About 10 o'clock it is reported that the train will be up in an hour or two. In crossing a stream on a narrow dam one or two wagons had been capsized, hence the delay. Mr. Dunn remarks that it was "evidently a piece of damnable folly." Grant rises, steps towards the fire and says, "If we have nothing worse than this—" The sentence was never finished.

The correlative to the "if," may, however, be imagined. That it was not General was because at that instant the General took a brand from the fire and lit his pipe, an act incompatible with speech. The messenger who brings the report as to the wagons has brought a supply of bread and butter and gingerbread, and a pail of water has been fetched. Everybody laughters. (Mem: A phenomenon.) Dust is no respecter of persons. Gen. Grant is as dusty as I am. After lunch all light pipes, and smoke as vigorously and silently as Indians in Council waiting for the wagons. The writer, rolled in a single blanket, fails to sleep; at midnight is wakened to find tents pitched, everybody turning in, and the fire flickering low. The officer whose tent he shares informs him that breakfast is ordered at four o'clock. It seems just no time till the shrill-bugged reveille rouses the camp. Breakfast is dispatched, tents struck, horses mounted, all with astonishing elasticity, and again gallops headquarters cavalcade. Today Grant rides his war-horse "Cincinnati," a tall bay, the handsomest horse in the Army and the best.

Gen. Grant is the small man in stature, yet broad shouldered, firmly knit, well built, of strong muscular power, with a thoughtful, calm, cool and contemplative countenance; always digesting the grand plan of ultimate success, with the bravest army of modern age always moving before his mind's eye. He sees every move, knows its importance, and calculates as it wins.

Gen. Meade is the large, stout, able-bodied man, looking every what a soldier, with keen penetrating eye, of bold, intrepid, fearless character, who fights to win, who shares the soldier's privations and does not shirk his risk. To these representative men do we look for success. To them do we give our means and our power, feeling assured that both will be used for our benefit, in restoring the supremacy of our government and crushing the rebellion.

REBEL VIEWS OF OUR NOMINATIONS.

From the Richmond Examiner, June 13.

The Convention of Black Republicans in Baltimore have re-nominated for President of their country Abraham Lincoln, the Illinois rail-splitter, and for Vice President Andrew Johnson, known in the West as the Tennessee tailor, one of the meanest of that crew; whether they shall ever be elected or not depends upon the Confederate army altogether.

It appears also that Lincoln and his friends were lucky, for so far, in the ill success of Grant and Butler, and in their precise measure of all success. If either of these two had taken Richmond before the Convention, then Butler or Grant would have been nominated for President. If they had been already and decisively defeated, and their armies cut to pieces, then neither Lincoln or any other Black Republican would have had the slightest chance of election.

Lincoln, then, and his gang have been lucky as we said so far. But to win his election in November this indecisive work of the Federal armies, neither triumphantly victorious nor hopelessly cut to pieces—neither taking Richmond nor taking by Richmond—will do at all.

The Yankee nation is now holding itself prepared to put on its most gracious smiles and accord to us the same tender consideration which has been shown to the citizens of Vicksburg. Let them only haul down our flag on that auspicious morning, and read their Declaration of Independence on our Capitol Square and Lincoln is already elected President. In this stage of the business also, however, our army has a voice; and it shall continue to fame, repulse, and cut up the Federal forces, and finally drive them from the soil of Virginia, as we fervently trust, then this Baltimore nomination will not gain Lincoln a single vote in November.

In that case who will be the next President in the enemy's country? Not Fremont with his "radical abolition." The era for that school of politics will be past. But there remains another party—the Democrats, they being also divided at the present into War Democrats and Peace Democrats, but who could be Peace Democrats in the event supposed—that is, in the event of a total failure of the Federal campaign of 1864. Now the very latest intelligence brought us from that country by special channel informs us of these two further facts: that the popular mind became at once wildly agitated on the announcement of this Baltimore nomination; and that in Maryland, especially, disturbance was apprehended. In fact the Democrats of the North, who have waited four years, not too patiently, trusting to regain the power and profit which they but lately held to be a Democratic inheritance, must naturally be provoked beyond endurance at this audacious attempt of Lincoln and Secord to ride roughshod over them four years more.

We learn that the Democrats are now universally turning their thoughts to Franklin Pierce and the Connecticut Seymour as their nominees for President and Vice President. To give them the least chance of electing those two advocates of peace, Grant must be defeated, the invasion must collapse and die out, and the very name of war must become a word of horror, uttered with loathing and execration. Therefore, it is the interest of the Democrats to do their very utmost to weaken the Federal army, discredit Federal finance, in short to extinguish the war altogether, in order to extinguish the party which invented the war and governs it and lives by it.

The last insignificant fact, which comes to us by special advice is, that immediately on the Baltimore nomination, gold rose to one hundred and ninety-seven. Gold is a sensitive substance, and it feels another shiver, and sinks back a little more into its crypts, at the idea of another four years of Lincoln and Chase, and those dreadful paper-mills and steam-pressure, the smoke of whose fatal machinery ascend up for ever and ever.

Here, then are the elements of trouble and storm, which happily threaten to interfere, not with Lincoln's election, but with the peace of Yankee society. Before November the whole North may be writhing in intestine convulsions; her brute mass now pressing us so heavily that all we look to the Confederacy may be standing erect, redeemed, radiant, triumphant, shaking her invincible locks in the sun.

For all this we look to the Confederate Army. Lee, Beauregard and Johnson can both give the Yankees a President and make us rid of them and their President for ever.

THE ARMY BILL SIGNED.

The President has signed and approved the act to increase the pay of soldiers in the United States army. It provides that on and after the first of May, and during the continuance of the present rebellion, the pay per month of non-commissioned officers and privates in the military service shall be as follows:

Sergeant Major, \$26; Quartermaster and Commissary Sergeants of cavalry, artillery and infantry, \$20; Sergeants of ordnance, sappers and miners, and poutoniers, \$24; Corporals of ordnance, sappers and miners and poutoniers, \$20; privates of engineers and ordinance of the first class, \$18; and of the second class, \$16; Corporals of cavalry, artillery and infantry, \$15; chief buglers of cavalry, \$23; buglers, \$18; farriers and blacksmiths of cavalry and artillery, \$18; privates of cavalry, artillery and infantry, \$16; privates of musicians of artillery and infantry, \$22; leaders of brigades and regiments bands, \$75; musicians, \$16; hospital stewards of the first class, \$23; hospital stewards of the second class, \$22; hospital stewards of the third class, \$23.

All non-commissioned officers and privates in the regular army, serving under enlistments made prior to July 22, 1861, shall have the privilege of re-enlisting for a term of three years, in their respective organizations, until the 1st of August next, and all such non-commissioned officers and privates re-enlisting, shall be entitled to the bounties mentioned in the joint resolution of Congress, approved January 13, 1861.

In all cases where the Government shall furnish transportation and subsistence to discharged officers and soldiers from the place of their discharge to the place of their enrolment or organization into the service, they shall not be entitled to travel, pay or commutation of subsistence.

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The messenger who brings the report as to the wagons has brought a supply of bread and butter and gingerbread, and a pail of water has been fetched. Everybody laughters. (Mem: A phenomenon.) Dust is no respecter of persons. Gen. Grant is as dusty as I am. After lunch all light pipes, and smoke as vigorously and silently as Indians in Council waiting for the wagons.

Every family should seek first the utmost comfort for its own members that its means will compass and then, if there is a surplus of funds which they know not what else to do with, let it be devoted to the purchase of something to please the eyes of strangers—or rather to excite envy in their bosoms; for such things generally occasion far more envy than pleasure among rival householders. Those apartments of a house which are most used should receive the most attention. The dining-room and sleeping apartments should receive the most especial care, for on these does the health, (and consequently the comfort and happiness) of the family pre-eminently depend. In short, seek first your own comfort, and the "appearances" will take care of themselves.

The Washington Republican says—A happy

thought has occurred to the Secretary of war, which it gives us pleasure to record:

First. He ordered Col. Green to organize the Freedman's Village, for the protection of the black man and his family, upon the Arlington estate, belonging to the rebel General Lee. That village is a success.

Secondly. He has himself recently selected

a site upon the same estate for a national cemetery for the burial of loyal soldiers who die in Virginia, from wounds inflicted by Lee's orders.

General Meigs has been directed to supervise the laying-out of the grounds. How appropriate that Lee's lands should be dedicated to two such noble purposes—the free living black man whom Lee would enslave, and the bodies of the dead soldiers whom Lee had killed in a wicked cause!

Let this record stand to the everlasting credit of Secretary Stanton.

Success in life—Keep the law of duty now before you; let it be your never-failing pillar of light. Be brave, and on the square with your conscience to the last. Your success in life may not be equal to your hopes or your deserts; it is not man to insure success.

The best and wisest of us may fail in the struggle, but we may have our consolation even then.

To gain the world's applause, and snatched its fleeting spoils, is not man's sole and proper business here. Immortality smiles forth on the scene, and beckons him ever onward, in the race for those eternal honors which the world can neither give nor take away—the prize which all may strive for, and no one strive in vain.—Dr. Marland.

Professor S., of Dickinson College is not much given to joking. Occasionally, however, this vein of his disposition is excited, and then his fits are of the hardest kind, and double-edged. One morning, not long ago, he found a horse in the recitation room. The class had collected and with solemn countenances awaited the entrance of the Professor. He came in, looked around deliberately, first upon the horse and then upon the class, and remarked, at the same time twirling his shirt collar, "Ahem! You've got a new classmate, I see. I'm glad it's a horse, there were jackasses enough before."

How to SPOIL A GIRL.—Tell her she is a little lady, and must not run, and make her a sunbonnet a yard deep, to keep her from tanning. Do not let her play with her male cousins, they are so rude!" Tell her not to speak loud it is so masculine; and that loud laughing is quite ungentle. Teach her music, but never mind her spelling. Give her ear rings at six years of age. Teach her to set her cap for beaux at eleven. And after your painstaking, if she does not grow up a simpering, unreflecting nobody, that cannot answer a love letter without some smart old nun to help her, give her up—it is past all remedy.

BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH YOUR PILLOW.—The instant the head is laid on the pillow is that in which conscience delivers its verdict. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded by thorns. The softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy, one must be on good terms with one's pillow, for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard; yet it is never so delicious, so tranquil, as after a day or two which has performed some good act, or when one is conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

Poverty and Riches.—There is not such a mighty difference as some may imagine between the poor and the rich. It pomp, show and opulence, there is a great deal but little as to the pleasure and conveniences of life. They enjoy the same earth, and air, and Heaven bides and thirst make the poor man's meat and drink as pleasant and relishing as all the varieties of the sloping hips that belong to all pacer's whose muscles are watch-springs, whose impatient air seems to resent his small size—this little black imp of a horse, a horse that is "all horse," is "Jeff. Davis," and Grant is on his back.

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The following conversation with a wounded rebel in one of the Washington hospitals is reported: "What are you fighting for?" "Our independence." "Haven't you always had your independence?" "Yes, until this morn broke out." "Who fired first?" "Why, I suppose we did; as long as there was some firing to be done we thought we might as well commence!"