

Petersburg After the Evacuation.

A correspondent gives an account of his rambles through Petersburg since the evacuation, from which we make the following extracts:

Entering Petersburg at the poorer quarter of the town, I first met none but soldiers of the Ninth Corps, who were everywhere, and negroes. The blacks one meets in a newly captured rebel town are very different beings from those who wear the National uniform or are employed in non-combatant capacities in the service of the United States. The latter fully realize that all men are free and equal. His carriage is a constant declaration of independence. He holds his head erect, and walks off jauntily about his business or pleasure, taking his own time and route, yet never behindhand or out of the way when wanted. He never bows to any passer, unless it be a personal acquaintance. With the negro just released from rebel rule, the contrary is the case. He bows obsequiously to every passer, with the old habits of slavery too strong to be shaken off in an hour, but with a lurking smile of satisfaction on his face which seems to say that a salute to the delivering Yankee is a very different matter from a bow to the oppressing Johnny (as even the colored population learned to call the rebels before the town had been an hour in our hands). The negroes in Petersburg wear motley and outlandish garments, giving them the most grotesque appearance imaginable. They hang their heads like school-boys called up for punishment and sidle and shuffle in their gait, evidently because the manner is habitual with them. The lesson of freedom, however, is quickly learned, and in a few days they will have acquired much of the dignity of manhood, and carry themselves as citizens and not as cattle.

Pushing on, with the churches for a landmark, I soon reached the principal street of the town, and I found the white rebel citizens plentiful enough. All the stores were closed, but around every doorway stood groups of men in gray clothing, sometimes chatting with the Union soldiers, who by this time—for it was now nine o'clock—were as thick as bees on every sidewalk, and more frequently standing apart in sullen knots, talking only with each other, and staring in wonder at the cavalry patrols who were constantly galloping at full speed through the paved streets on mysterious missions, each man with clatter and importance enough for a whole squadron.

If the anonymous potentate who guides the course of fashion wishes to get ideas really ingenious and original in regard to male apparel, which shall relieve his inventive powers from further labor for the next five years, let him take an early trip to Petersburg, before the presence of commonplace Union garments has leavened the lump. Surely never since the days of Robinson Crusoe did any human being venture to array himself in daylight in such guise as do nearly every one of these proud Petersburgians. No words can do justice to the grotesqueness of these men's attire; no pen unskilled in the long obsolete technical epithets of the tailors of twenty years ago should ever attempt to describe it. The extraordinary character of the costumes of some of the younger men, who apparently aspire to be dandies, is most laughable. Yet the whole matter has its mournful side hinted at when some citizen gazes sadly at the dusty top boots of a Union cavalryman dashing past with the muttered remark that "them would have been worth a thousand dollars here yesterday;" or notes your glance at his own sleazy gray coat, and informs you that he paid twelve hundred dollars for it in Richmond. From what observations I could make during my brief stay in Petersburg, I should say rich or poor, has purchased a hat since the secession of South Carolina—and that at that date most of them had been for several months wearing out their old ones for the sake of economy.

The raiment of the negroes is a parody amounting to a broad caricature upon what is itself supremely grotesque, upon the dress of their masters. Some of the elder colored men are so singularly draped that you expect every moment that the one or two remaining buttons will give way and the whole fluttering mass of rags and streamers will fly to the winds in confusion. The ladies of Petersburg, only a few of whom ventured out to-day, have survived the ordeals of the rebellion, in the manner of dress, much more successfully than their lords. Most of them dress plainly and simply, and very many in black. It has been impossible to keep up with the fashion as to bonnets, and an unfashionable bonnet is an absurdity—so the fair daughters of Petersburg, with feminine tact, have discarded bonnets altogether, and wear instead a dark scoop hat, which I am not milliner enough to describe more definitely, which was in style three or four summers, but still frames gracefully and becomingly a pretty face.

I am compelled to say that there is very little loyal sentiment among the white residents of Petersburg. Perhaps there is not a city in the whole South more thoroughly imbued with rebel doctrines and more outspoken in their avowal, under all circumstances than this venerable town on the Appomattox. Some of the citizens were not unwilling to talk with the invaders on national affairs, but did not hesitate to avow their firm adherence to the cause of the rebellion, their hatred for the Union and everything therewith connected, and their determination to fight on to the contest until the Confederacy should achieve its independence. It should be remembered that these men were all exempt, and have already lost all their property, so that they risk nothing

by the continuance of the war. Many of the soldiers of Gen. Lee's veteran army speak very differently. I wish that I had time to recount to you fully some of the conversation of the citizens of Petersburg, exhibiting as they did, the most radical rebel feelings of any community in the South. I must relinquish the attempt, however, or resume it in a future letter. I should not omit to mention that the negroes of both sexes and all ages received our forces with the most cordial welcome, and seemed wild with delight that the Yankees had come at last.

General Sherman's Candor.

The following story bears some internal evidence of being true: On the arrival of General Sherman at Savannah, he saw a large number of British flags displayed from buildings, and had a curiosity to know how many British consuls there were. He soon ascertained these flags were on buildings where cotton had been stored away, and at once ordered it to be seized. Soon after that, while the General was busily engaged at his headquarters, a pompous gentleman walked in, apparently in great haste, and inquired if he was Sherman. Having received the affirmative reply, the pompous gentleman remarked that when he left his residence, United States troops were engaged in removing his cotton from it, when it was protected by the British flag.

"Stop, sir," said Gen'l Sherman, "not your cotton, sir, but my cotton; my cotton, in the name of the United States Government, sir. I have noticed," continued General Sherman, "a great many British flags here, all protecting cotton; I have seized it all in the name of my government."

"But, sir," said the Consul indignantly, "there is scarcely any cotton in Savannah that does not belong to me."

"There is not a pound of cotton here, sir, that does not belong to me, for the United States," replied Sherman.

"Well, sir," said the Consul, swelling himself with the dignity of his office, and reddening in his face, "my government shall hear of this. I shall report your conduct to my government, sir."

"Ah! pray who are you, sir?" said the General.

"Consul to her British Majesty, sir."

"Oh! Indeed!" responded the General. "I hope you will report me to your government. You will please say to your government, for me, that I have been fighting the English government all the way from the Ohio river to Vicksburg, and thence to this point. At every step I have encountered British arms, British munitions of war, and British goods of every description, at every step, sir. I have met them, sir, in all shapes; and now, sir, I find you claiming all the cotton, sir. I intend to call upon your government to order me to Nassau at once."

"What do you propose to do there?" asked the Consul, somewhat taken aback.

"I would," replied the General, "take with me a quantity of picks and shovels, and throw that cursed sand hill into the sea, sir. You may tell your government that, sir. I would shovel it into the sea, sir; and then I would pay for it, sir—if necessary. Good day, sir."

It is needless to add that Gen. Sherman was not again troubled with the officious representative of her Majesty's government.

Major Seward Recovering.

NEW YORK, April 16. C. S. Seward telegraphs Mr. Sanford, President of the American Telegraph Company as follows at eleven o'clock this morning: Uncle is as well this morning as the critical state will permit. He retains his mental faculties. The surgeon speaks very favorably. Poor Fred is utterly unconscious. He has not opened his eyes since 12 o'clock, Friday night. The Major will get along nicely.

—Gen. Grant has issued an order, dated April 11th, as follows: In the second paragraph of Special order No. 48 of the date of March 10th, 1865, suspending trade operation within the State of Virginia, except that portion known as Eastern Shore, and the States of North Carolina and South Carolina, with that portion of the State of Georgia immediately bordering on the Atlantic, including the city of Savannah, until further orders is revoked.

The American Citizen.



The Largest Circulation of any Paper in the County.

THOMAS ROBINSON, - - Editor.

M. W. SPEAR, Publisher.

BUTLER PA. WEDNESDAY APR. 19. 1865

"Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable." - D. Webster.

On noticing the guard which was thrown out immediately after the assassination of President Lincoln, a resident of Washington asked one of them what was the cause of the unusual caution. On being informed that the President was murdered, he replied that he was glad of it, whereupon the sentry discharged his musket at him, the ball passing through his body. He fell instantly a lifeless corpse, and was permitted to remain lying for some time, while the sentry was toasted and eulogized throughout the city.

We have heard of similar expressions in this vicinity. Such demerits had better not presume too much on the forbearance of the community.

Abraham Lincoln.

Surely "in the midst of life we are in death." But a short week since and we were all filled with joy at the final and crowning success of our arms in the reduction of the rebel capital, and the capture of its defenders. Now we mourn the loss of him whose vast and unbounded qualities as a Patriot and Statesman had enabled him to carry the Ship of State safely through the storm. In the many and varied engagements which he, as a public man, was called upon to pass through, he never knew defeat. He falls at last by the hand of the assassin. In him the cause of the Union has lost a great defender, and the cause of humanity an ardent friend. Of his deeds will be written the brightest pages of our nation's history, and on the blackest page of the history of that dying master, slavery, will be written the record of his assassination. A nation mourns his loss, and his great public and private virtues will be rehearsed for ages to come, and emulated by the friends of enlightened progress and the universal brotherhood of man, throughout the whole civilized world. Like Moses, he was the deliverer of his people. But, like him, too, he was not permitted to enter into the full enjoyment of the new life of the nation. So far as his own fame is concerned, it could have been little improved had he lived a hundred years. It is for the cause for which he so ardently labored that we mourn. His country can ill afford to lose his great talent now. But the God of nations, which has wrought such great miracles in our preservation, will raise up new deliverers. Let an abiding faith be exercised by all, and the more full fruits of Lincoln's wisdom and labor will soon be realized. May summer's brightest flowers ever bloom around his grave, in the sentiment of every true American.

What Next?

With the news of the surrender of Lee's army, and the undisputed occupation of the "Old Dominion" by the Union arms, the impression seems general that the war is over, and that our gallant armies will, in a very short time, be returning home. To us, this matter seems rather dark as yet. If the leaders apprehend personal danger, they will fly the country. They once go, the irregular bands that still infest some portions of the country will soon disband, and the people, if governed by no higher motive than necessary will soon rally round the government. But should those leaders, relying on the good offices of their northern friends (in this instance joined by Horace Greeley) conclude that they are not "born to be hung," they may fall back into Texas, they might be able to protract the struggle there during the remainder of the year. Be that as it may, reconstruction would go on in the mean time in all the states east of the Mississippi and the rebellion would be comparatively a small thing.

Sherman is about to move again, and there is every reason to believe that his move will be a brilliant success, resulting in the destruction or capture of Johnston's army—the only remaining rebel organization left respectable in numbers. We are already advised of the destruction of Forest's command, and report says he is captured. Gen. Wilson, of Gen. Thomas's Army, is moving with a large cavalry force upon Mississippi and Alabama. The most important points in the latter State are already occupied. Over the whole belt, called the "Cotton States," there seems to be no rebel force sufficient to deter the people from their efforts in favor of reconstruction. But everything requires time; their annual elections don't take place till fall. Unless the people were almost unanimous, they cannot get hold of the machinery of their State Government, except through the forms

of law. For this they must abide their time. In the meantime we must occupy the country.

"Our New President."

Hon. Andrew Johnson, who is now called to the Presidential chair by reason of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, was born of humble parentage, in Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, on the 29th of December, 1808, and is, therefore, in the 57th year of his age. He was left an orphan boy in his fifth year. After serving his full term as an apprentice to a tailor, and having made a trip into South Carolina, he settled in Tennessee, where he married. The straitened circumstances with which, in early life, he was surrounded, had prevented him from acquiring even a primary education. Fortunately for him, in his marriage he not only got a partner, but "an help-mate." From her he learned to spell and read, and to her, therefore, in a great measure, he owes his success in public affairs. We have not time here to give a detailed account of his public life. It is known to most of our readers. He was twice elected Alderman of the village in which he lived, having been put forward by the working men as the candidate identified with their interests. He was twice elected to the Legislature of Tennessee, and afterward to the State Senate. In December, 1843, he first appeared in the lower house of Congress, to which position he was elected five times, making a service in that house of ten years.

He was elected Governor of Tennessee in 1853, and re-elected in 1855, after which, in 1857, he was elected to the United States Senate, where the rebellion found him in 1860. Johnson was always a Jackson Democrat in politics; he was always an able opponent of some of the favorite measures of the Whig party; opposed to a general system of internal improvements by the general government, and a supporter of the Mexican war. He always acted with the Republicans in favor of the homestead bill. He supported Breckinridge for President in 1860, but when he found that he and his friends had made up their minds to force the country into a rebellion, he, like many other good men of the nation, "conferred not with flesh and blood," but hastened to expose and denounce them. When, in the winter of 1861, some one of them asked him, if he were in the possession of the Presidential office, what he would do with them if they would rebel, his reply was, "I would have you tried for treason, and unless a jury of your country found you not guilty, I would hang you." His State, with the rest, under the influence of her then Governor, Harris, rushed into rebellion, and, at the earnest solicitation of the President, he accepted the appointment of Military Governor, and took up his residence at Nashville; from which position he was called a few weeks since to enter upon a new field of usefulness; from which he has been suddenly called to duties of a still higher character. The death of Mr. Lincoln will, as a matter of course, involve the resignation of his Cabinet. The duty of calling around him constitutional advisers so devolves upon Mr. Johnson. His past history is a sufficient guarantee of his future as a patriot and statesman. The cause of the country may well be submitted to his keeping, with entire confidence that no great interest of the country will suffer in his hands. May the great God grant that he may be spared to the great work before him.

How Sudden.

It is indeed remarkable how suddenly changes take place in a great crisis like that through which we are now passing. It is within the recollection of most of us the position the Herald of this place occupied at the commencement of this war. Its sympathy for the cause of the rebels, as expressed in an issue of that paper early in April, 1861,—about the time Fort Sumpter was fired on—caused considerable commotion here. Threats loud and long, were made by the loyal people, that such sentiments should not be uttered with impunity, while the life of the nation was thus put in peril. Learning the feeling which its reprehensible course had produced, it first hung out the State flag; and, finally, to make assurance doubly sure, unfurled the Stars and Stripes. This allayed feeling. Nor was its editorial columns, so far as we are at present advised, used in the interest of the rebel cause for some time hereafter. We don't wish to examine all the changes through which the editorial columns of that paper have passed. The one which more particularly attracts our attention at present, is its change of front in reference to our recent victories. On Monday evening, the 3d inst., in consequence of the announcement that Petersburg and Richmond had fallen, our people felt joyful. Their demonstrations, however, were quite moderate, consisting in the ringing of bells, the playing of some of our national airs by the brass and martial bands, and the promiscuous congratulations of the citizens; yet, inoffensive, modest, and unassuming as this demonstration was, the editor of the Herald sees fit to give the use of his editorial columns to "Observer," to enter a formal protest (on behalf of the rebel cause, of course). That protest we published in our last issue. After perusing it our readers will be somewhat surprised on learning that a

change, quite as sudden as that of 1861, has taken place, and that the Herald now rejoices over that which so disturbed its temper the week before. The following is its language:

"We now have the reliable, gratifying intelligence that the army of Northern Virginia, under Gen. Robert E. Lee, have surrendered to our gallant and victorious forces commanded by U. S. Grant, thus indicating that by proper management on the part of those in authority, blood may cease to flow, the Union be reunited and peace resume its way through out the land. This is certainly just cause for rejoicing. Many are confident that the war could have been terminated years ago—but they nevertheless join in the general manifestations of joy and thank God that the bloody conflict is about to terminate. Those who have lost sons, brothers and husbands, who have contributed their last dollar to alleviate the afflictions of suffering friends, while they weep bitterly for those who perished in the struggle, rejoice with exceeding great joy that such scenes are not to be repeated, and that others may be spared the pains which they have endured. In fact, all honest men, women and children, possessed of a spark of humanity, manifest great joy that the war is about at an end. The most boisterous class however, are those who have profited most by the war, and contributed least to bring it to a close. They seem to claim credit for all the victories achieved by our gallant armies. Their claim will amount to but little, as a generous people will assuredly award the praise to the brave soldiers, instead of those who robbed them, or remained at home shouting for a 'vigorous prosecution of the war.'"

His Satanic Majesty, Government robbers, and those who have been profiting by the life-blood of their fellow men, may weep over the approach of peace. Let them weep. To see such monsters in distress will be additional cause for honest people to rejoice. The day that peace is fully restored and proclaimed throughout the land, will be acknowledged by all honest citizens as the happiest that ever dawned upon the American nation."

The true explanation to all this is found in the fact that, so far from being deterred from their grateful and joyous demonstrations by the growling of "Observer," the people, without party distinction, (not having the fear of the Herald before their eyes) met on Friday evening, the 7th inst., in the Court-house, for the purpose of more emphatically announcing their gratification at the great success that had attended our arms. Thus, finding that the mass of the people were together on this matter, our neighbor, concluding that prudence was the better part of valor, determined to "wheel in" and "throw up his hat." Perhaps he may feel a little disturbed for his consistency. Laying that aside, we have no doubt he feels the better for having performed this patriotic evolution. There is another point, however, to which it will be necessary to give some attention. It taught its readers to believe that the re-election of Mr. Lincoln secured us four more years of war, and the independence of the South. Its recent announcement, therefore, that our arms are victorious and peace and Union are at hand, will fall like a cold bath on many who believed its former predictions, but this it can fix at its leisure. For ourselves we are glad to see it, even at the expense of consistency, announce the fact that victory, Union, and peace are at hand.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FORT ETHAN ALLEN, VA., March 30th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—A few thoughts for the columns of your valuable paper, if not deemed intrusive. The stirring times in which we live will doubtless pronounce this effort "common place," yet it will serve perhaps, to insert in lieu of some old and worn out advertisement. News from this part of the army, calculated to interest the people, is indeed scarce; so accustomed to details of conflict and death, have they become, that nothing but open portraits, of fallen heroes, battle-fields or desolated homes, satisfy the popular mind. A few weeks ago I paid a visit to your pleasant village, and to my childhood home.

I would not wish to mar the feelings of the kind hearted people, who I know, feel a deep interest in their country's defenders; but I must say, a strange change has taken place in the sentiments of the people. Three years ago—"Do you live the lives of Christian's in the army?" was the very first question. Now it is, "How many fell in the last battle?" "Was the old flag victorious?" They do not even ask, "do you think the brave boys are rejoicing in their bloom and beauty of youth, who fell at the last battle, passed to that peaceful shore where the sounds of conflict never come, or the brave are no more called to die? A love for ones country is natural and right, yet the old motto, "God and our country," should not be reversed. The hour, though, is not far distant that will bring back to us the peaceful, happy scenes of four years ago. I need not say all the happy scenes. There are memories of the past that will never sicken many hearts through all of life's future years. How many, oh how many will never return to gladden the hearts of those who blessed them and bid them go and battle for their country and her glorious cause. Necessity demanded this, that we as a people, might be purified, and the model nation of the world triumph in the mighty struggle. Is the war drawing to a close? We of the army think it is, and although we expect to resign until the expiration of

our time, long before it is at hand the death-knell of rebellion will gladden our hearts.

Pardon a few words in defense of our regiment, 6th Artillery. A humorous writer from the 14th P. V. C., a regiment that has done nobly, pronounces us "Sunday soldiers." Quite a compliment. Our field and staff officers are all veterans. One third of the men can tell of hard battles—men from the Pennsylvania Reserves, and from other regiments, whose decimated ranks, at the expiration of their time, eloquently speak of what they have done.

A word for our company, (R) commanded by Capt. G. L. Braun, one of the first to respond to the Presidents call for men, when, in 1861 the rebels insolently menaced our country's capital. 1st Lt. Sr., W. H. H. Wasson, a member of company H, 102d P. V. I., while doing his duty as a private soldier, was twice severely wounded. 1st Lt. Jr., J. M. Kelsy, passed through the first three month service as a private, re-enlisted, and gradually rose to the rank of 1st Lt. 2nd Lt., Sr., R. O. Shira, a member of company H, 102d P. V. I., was wounded at the battle of Williamsburg, re-enlisted at the expiration of his time, was mustered out as a private, and promoted to a position which he richly deserved.

The history of the men is similar to that of the officers. If we are not now at the front, we have been there, and our history is one which we are not ashamed of. The boys from Butler county seem to enjoy themselves very well. Our situation is a very enviable one; but little duty and plenty of bean soup. There is no reason why we should not be contented.

LAMAR, JR.
CAMP OF THE 6TH PA. H. A.,
FORT ETHAN ALLEN, VIRGINIA,
April 4th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Supposing the people of Butler county, apt to believe any of your correspondents, if no contradiction or correction. I beg leave to correct the writer of an article, found in your issue of March 23d, in which he has tried to make an impression on the minds of the readers of your worthy paper, that the 6th Pa. Heavy Artillery is of little or no account to the army. In the first place he says that we are jubilant over the approaching draft, and that it is on account of our missing it. I will agree that we, or a great number of us, feel well satisfied that we came out when we did, and do not wait until we would be dragged out by the draft. In the second place he speaks of us being so fortunate as to serve our time, so far, in what he terms "Sunday soldiering." In the 3d place he says that our regiment is complaining that our friends do not come out here and cheer us up; that we are in a very lone place—in the fortifications around Washington. In the fourth place he boasts that they—the 14th Pa. Cavalry—have been out for two years, and have never been visited by any persons except Early, M'Asslin, Mosby, Imboden or Ross, a few of which would do the 6th Pa. Cavalry good, yet he says they never complain. He also says that our regiment must take a great interest in Poultry—judging from their anxiety to get home to see their Ducks. Then he closes by saying that we done well by coming out, that we might go home with the ones that crushed the rebellion, and share the honor with them. In answer to us being jubilant over the misfortunes of others, I for my part, do not feel in that way. I pity any man that is compelled to leave his home and family against his will, unless he has a copperhead, and then, hanging is too good for him. A man that will live in the north, and uphold the principles of the leaders of the south should be blotted out of existence. As for Sunday soldiering, I must, and am sorry to say that there is too much Sunday soldiering done throughout the whole army; but what he means by Sunday soldiering, is the garrison duty that we are doing here. I will inform Mr. W. that these Forts have to be garrisoned, and we were ordered here, and we will not be likely to leave here until we get orders to leave. We, as a regiment and as individuals, came out with the intention of obeying orders—we were ordered to these forts when we came out. We had not been long here when we got an order to march, and we all thought that the regiment was going down to Richmond, and all our boys packed up and was on the march in two hours, except a few sick that had been taken to the Hospital. We all felt that we were ready for any thing that might come in our way—as we have a Colonel that fears nothing. The first place we found our selves, was doing guard duty on the Orange & Alexandria R. R. We were there some time; then we got marching orders again, and were marched right back to Fort Ethan Allen, and when we got orders to march again we are ready. As I am complaining about our friends, I have never heard any complaints of that kind made; and as for being fond of poultry, I confess that we are; and we are annoyed a great deal by the squalling of chickens at night, when we are out on picket, as the 13th N. Y. Cavalry is lying outside of us, and cavalry is always dead on robbing hen-roosts; it is very tempting to hear them squall, knowing that we cannot have the pleasure of helping to eat them.

As Mr. W. thinks we would be benefited by a visit from Mosby, or some of his visitors, he might do well to invite, or drive him over to see us. I am satisfied he would find a gay set of boys, and it might be that we would escort him down to the capital, and make him safe in Abraham's bosom. With regard to the 6th Pa. H. A., sharing the honor of putting down this rebellion; I think they care little who gets the honor so the rebellion is crushed.

I am happy to inform you and the readers of your paper that the Butler county boys, as a general thing in this regiment, are well, and we are all enjoying over the downfall of that most cursed secession stronghold, Richmond. J. M. OAKLAND

Christian Commission.

The following sums were contributed for the Christian Commission, April 4th, and 5th, by citizens of Butler, and Butler county:

- W. O. Brackenridge, \$20 00
- Rev. Wm. P. Breadon, 5 00
- Rev. Loyal Young, 5 00
- J. B. Larimer, 1 00
- John English, 1 00
- Henry Whitnira, 1 00
- W. L. Bartley, 1 00
- Philip Burner, 1 00
- Thomas Clarke, 1 00
- David Pisor, 1 00
- Jonathan Sutton, 5 00
- John Forcht, 1 00
- Joseph R. Marshall, 5 00
- Ebenezer M'Junkin, 5 00
- Jno. N. Purviance, 5 00
- Lewis Z. Mitchell, 5 00
- Charles M'Cauley, 5 00
- Edward M. Bredin, 1 00
- John M. Thompson, 5 00
- John Purviance, 5 00
- William Stoops, 2 00
- Watson J. Young, 5 00
- Johnston White, 1 00
- Thomas Robinson, 6 00
- W. P. Braham, 5 00
- William S. Boyd, 10 00
- Cash, 50
- Mr. Pollock, 50
- John Kennedy, 75
- J. M'Clmonds, 2 00
- John Billingsby, 1 00
- Andrew Emerick, 1 00
- James Thompson, 1 00
- Jacob M. Zeigler, 5 00
- James Cramer, 1 00
- J. W. Starr, 1 00
- Thomas Watson, 1 00
- John Campbell, 1 00
- Robert Dunn, 1 00
- Thomas Perry, 4 00
- Alexander Armstrong, 1 00
- James Adams, 1 00
- M. W. Spear, 1 00
- James Mitchell, 5 00
- Allen Wilson, 1 00
- James S. Boyd, 5 00
- Cash, 1 00
- James Campbell, 10 00
- J. R. M'Junkin, 1 00
- Dr. Charles Illings, 1 00
- Mrs. L. Walker, 1 00
- Mrs. Sarah M. Walker, 5 00
- R. M. M'Leure, 1 00
- J. S. Greer, 1 50
- A. S. Kearns, 25
- C. Roessing, 1 00
- George A. Black, 1 00
- John Berg, 1 00
- D. T. Pape, 1 00
- Joseph Stehley, 1 00
- Theodore Huseleton, 2 00
- Wm. Haslett, 1 00
- R. C. & J. L. M'Abey, 10 00
- Adam Scriber, 1 00
- R. C. Rorland, 1 00
- G. C. Roessing, 1 00
- Geo. Weber, 1 00
- Adam Trotman, 1 00
- Eli E. M'ler, 1 00
- Geo. Vo.oley, 1 50
- C. Roekenstein, 50
- Mary Sullivan, 1 00
- S. R. Dieffenbacher, 1 00
- C. L. Dieffenbacher, 1 00
- Benj. Jack, 1 00
- B. Huseleton, 2 00
- Wm. Farnsworth, 1 50
- Geo. Frederick, 1 00
- Roessing & Stein, 2 00
- Peter Bell, 1 00
- M. Cypher, 75
- Charles Duffey, 2 00
- D. A. Heck, 1 00
- J. C. Reddick, 5 00
- M. Reiber, 1 00
- Dr. A. M. Neyman, 5 00
- Geo. Purviance, 5 00
- Mrs. Scott, 1 00
- J. J. Sedwick, 2 00
- I. J. Cummings, 5 00
- Wm. Campbell, 5 00
- James Bradin, 5 00
- Cash, 2 50
- Cash, 1 00
- Cash, 1 00
- Cash, 1 00
- Cash, 1 00
- M. Schneideman, 1 00
- Wm. Vogeley, 1 00
- A. B. Richey, 1 00
- Jacob Saux, 1 00
- Martha McGee, 1 00
- J. R. Shirley, 1 00
- David Shannon, 1 00
- Ella Cunningham, 1 00
- Mary J. Bredin, 1 00
- B. Kemper, 1 00
- S. G. Purvis, 1 00
- Cash, 50
- Geo. Reiber, 1 00
- Mrs. N. Bredin, 5 00
- Jas. A. Negley, 1 00
- Mrs. Mary Negley, 1 00
- Mrs. Fouser, 10
- Carrie A. Cratty, 50
- Mrs. McElvain, 50
- Mrs. Stoops, 50
- Cash, 1 00
- Cash, 1 00
- Mrs. E. J. Purviance, 3 00
- Mrs. J. Stewart, 1 00
- Cash, 10
- Mrs. Miller, 80
- Cash, 50
- Cash, 50
- W. Miller, 55
- Mrs. G. W. Reed, 1 00
- John Mitchell, 2 00
- Harvey Colbert, 3 00

—Gen. Grant according to last advices was at City Point. Gen. Lee was expected there on Tuesday, on his way to Richmond.