

The World in a Nut-Shell

Governor Pierpont alone has recommended over one thousand of the twenty thousand dollar clause for pardon. As the world moves—so does the poor—prisoner. Thomas Wisman was shot and instantly killed, by his brother Richard, in New York on Saturday. Cause—whiskey. A Convention of deaf mutes is to be held at Saratoga on the 30th instant, to organize an association. Texas is divided into three military districts. Gen. Turner commands the district of Galveston, relieving Gen. Grand. Mrs. Sarritt, previous to execution, gave her counsel an acknowledgement for three thousand five hundred dollars. General Merritt's cavalry force has reached Austin, Texas, and placed the national flag over the State Capitol for the first time in four years. The Tennessee Colored Men's Convention assembled in Nashville on Monday. The object is to petition the Legislature and send delegates to Washington to ask the right of franchise. The Petersburg City Council has before it a memorial to President Johnson, asking him to have removed from the Appomattox river the obstructions placed there by the rebel authorities. Outrages upon colored men in Richmond are becoming more numerous. The proscribed people petitioned Gen. Terry for redress, but thus far the Gen. has not been able to remedy the evil. Major Gen. Geary recently turned out of his house some Harrisburg copperheads for talking treason, telling them at the same time he had seen men hanged for saying less than they uttered. The Freedmen's Bureau daily receives accounts of gross outrages committed on the colored people by their former masters. In the interior of the South, the planters appear to be determined to make as much out of the negroes by compulsory labor as possible, before the authorities interfere. It is said that much discontent prevails among the troops in and about Richmond, because the commissary and quartermasters stores are deficient, and there is no present prospect of being either paid or discharged. Several recent outrages have been attributed to them. Five million of dollars will go to New Orleans by the next steamer, in the hands of one paymaster, for disbursement to troops about to be mustered out in Texas. Secretary Harlan and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs returned from Philadelphia last evening, where they had a lengthened interview with several prominent Quakers, relative to the establishment of industrial schools in New Mexico among the Indians. An extensive fire occurred at Galveston on the 2d, involving a heavy loss. It was doubtless the design of the parties to burn the town. The transactions of the villains in Galveston was never before equaled. The notorious guerrilla, Moseby, was arrested in Alexandria to-day, and will be held subject to the orders of Gen. Augar. He is charged with violation of his parole. One hundred letters per day, on an average, are received by General Underwood, President of the Military Commission, for the trial of Wirz, the Andersonville jailor, from officers and soldiers who suffered imprisonment there, begging to be named as witnesses against the wretch. Many of them offer to come at their own expense. The London correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, says: John Stuart Mill declared yesterday in my hearing, that he regarded the negro suffrage question as the most momentous one ever brought before a country, and as involving interminable troubles and obstructions, or unexampled peace and prosperity in its decision. He regards the negro as in every way fitted to be at once enfranchised. It is represented in our Virginia dispatches that there is much oppression of the freedmen in the southeastern portion of that State by the planters. The negroes are promised only five to ten dollars per month, and are told that they are not yet free, and will not be until a special decree giving them their liberty is issued by the Government. There is also said to be much opposition among the old Virginia aristocracy to Northern emigration to the State of Virginia. Mr. Burlingame our minister to China is now home on a short visit. He says that our merchants are highly esteemed in China; that our commerce is rapidly increasing; and that our relations with the government and the people are most amicable. Many large English houses, anticipating a long war here, speculated largely in the cotton of other countries, that they are either ruined or seriously embarrassed. The Chinese have translated and published Wheaton's International Law as the standard authority. Estimating the national debt at twenty-five hundred millions of dollars and apportioning it according to the white male adults over twenty years of age in the different sections of the country, it has been found that the proportions of the New England States, is \$308,689,582; of the Middle States, \$740,195,842; of the Western States, \$898,288,781; of the Southern States, \$461,929,846; and of the Pacific States, \$86,896,677. This calculation makes the South responsible for over four hundred and sixty millions of dollars of debt. Colonel Thomas, Assistant Commissioner of Freedmen in Mississippi, writes to Gen. Howard that he has issued a circular directing clergymen in that State that they will hereafter be required in performing the ceremony of marriage between colored persons, to add to the ritual as the final words, "In accordance with the ordinance of God, and by authority of the United States of America, I pronounce you husband and wife."

The Fiendish Tortures.

ANDERSONVILLE HORRORS CONTINUED. THE "DEAD LINE" DESCRIBED. DEATH COURT TO END MISERY. How the Dead Were Buried.

Mr. Ambrose Spenser, whose first letter we published a few days ago, has contributed another painfully interesting narrative in relation to the inhuman monsters who tortured our soldiers in the prison at Andersonville. We reproduce the material portion of his statement: I have referred to the quantity and quality of the food given to the prisoners, and have since been asked if the country was really so destitute of provisions as to require it. At the post-quartermaster's at Anderson, nine miles from Andersonville, there was turned over to the United States Government, nearly two hundred thousand pounds of bacon and an immense amount of corn and other produce; a larger quantity was stored at Albany, forty miles lower down, and very considerable stores at Oglethorpe, eighteen miles above Andersonville. These amounts were continually increasing from tithes and purchases, so that it will be seen that there was no lack of provisions in the country wherewith to furnish the prisoners food. I have heard much of what is termed the "dead line;" few, however, know what is meant by it. After the completion of the prison and its use, those confined there were accustomed to approach the stockade and look through the openings between the posts, or talk to outsiders. After the assumption of command by Major Wirz, he caused the prisoners to be notified that if they approached within thirty feet of the stockade, they would be shot by the guards upon the outside. This limit of thirty feet was unmarked by any line whatever; it was made, and left to the arbitrary determination of men on guard, a majority of whom were as incapable of judging of distances of 30 feet, as were the poor prisoners who were doomed if they transgressed it. The consequence was that weekly, ye daily, the prisoners were shot down by the guards, when these thought they had transcended the imaginary line which separated thirty-seven thousand human beings from certainty. Upon one occasion, a prisoner who had been confined there for more than a year, rendered desperate by hunger, want and filth, preferring death to a life so unutterably miserable, after writing a last fond letter to his wife in Indiana, and bidding his friends around him farewell, deliberately advanced towards the side of the stockade and calmly received the well directed shot of the sentinel that released his soul from the tortures which he could not endure, and which his manhood sunk under. The southeast corner of the interior of the stockade was the favorite spot for this kind of practice by the executors of Major Wertz's will; for at this point the brook or stream to which I have already referred entered the limits of the prison. Here the water was least tainted and befouled by the drainage of the hill, and afforded a somewhat more palatable drink; of course this point was sought in preference to any other. But woe to the unfortunate wretch who ever reached with his arm beyond the prescribed bounds, to dip up a cup of better water than the reeking current below him offered! A sentinel's bullet sent one more spirit trembling to its God, while the wretch's body lay prone and washed in the very water that his less fortunate comrades must drink, until necessity forced its removal. How many were slain in this manner will never be known until the records of a book unscanned by mortal eyes be made up in figures of living light. At a short distance from the stockade was the field where the remains of the dead prisoners were supposed to be buried. As if the tortures and degradations of their wretched life were insufficient, the culminating stroke was given by their mode of interment. In long ditches, scarcely two feet in depth, without coffin or cover, without even the ordinary decent composing of their limbs, but carelessly hurled into the bed which was to be their last, thirteen thousand eight hundred shrunken, ghastly bodies have been tossed; and there they lie, an "army of martyrs," whose cry will go up to heaven's gates in unceasing pleas, asking vengeance for the "deep damnation of their taking off."

The American Citizen.



The Largest Circulation of any Paper in the County.

THOMAS ROBINSON, - - Editor.

M. W. SPEAR, Publisher.

BUTLER PA. WEDNESDAY AUG. 16 1865.

Republican Ticket.

STATE SENATE. JOHN N. PURVIANCE.

LEGISLATURE. HENRY PILLOW.

COUNTY TRESASURER. WM. F. MOORE.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY. W. H. H. RIDDLE.

COMMISSIONER. WM. DICK.

AUDITOR. J. C. KELLEY, 3 years.

COUNTY SURVEYOR. NATHAN M. SLATOR.

During the last week this locality has become quite sickly; dysentery and flux seem to be the prevailing diseases. This is the usual season for these diseases to make their appearance. People cannot be too careful in reference to their food, particularly with their children. Vegetables should be used with great care.

The Democracy.

Of this county met in convention on Monday and put in nomination a ticket to be supported by the "Untrified" at the fall election. The following is their ticket: For Senate—Jno. C. Coll, Esq., of the Herald; County Treasurer—Jacob Reiber, Summit; District Attorney—Robert M. Lure, Esq.; County Commissioner—Lieut. C. S. Barclay of Middlesex; Auditors— We congratulate our opponents on being able to get respectable men in sufficient number to fill up their ticket. We did not suppose that there was that many men in their party so "public spirited" as to agree to be victimized by a copperhead nomination. And we are the more surprised to see soldiers accept such company, and lend their reputation, as patriots, to galvanize disloyalty and latent treason! The more so when there is not the shadow of a chance for the election of a single one of them. What wry faces the Murrin's and the Car's, the Downey's and the Denney's, the Doughieries and the Gallaher's will make when they come to vote for one of "Lincoln's minions," as they were in the habit of calling them. Of the avowed sentiments of the convention we can say nothing, not having seen them. We understand, however, that one of the old "standbys," who still votes for "Jeneral Jackson," offered a resolution affirming the stability of slavery, and was soon called to order for his imprudence. This is a hopeful sign. It is an evidence that even some of the Democracy have realized that the world moves.

We have not learned the exact number of districts represented, but from the best information we could learn, the convention was not half full. If it was intended by this movement to demonstrate the fact, that the party "still lives," it was the greatest failure we ever witnessed. The few members that did attend this convention (I hadn't even spirit enough to get tipsy! A low day, indeed with the Democracy!

Since our last issue, we have received a letter from Hon. Thomas Williams, informing us that he has written to the Secretary of war in behalf of the 14th Pa. Cav., and also a copy of the dispatch of that gentleman, informing him that the subject had been referred, by him, to the Adjutant General, for examination and report. This is "so far, so good." Mr. Williams also assures us, that he clothed his appeal to the Secretary in such form as he supposed would obtain for the matter a fair consideration. For this prompt response to the wishes of their friends, on the part of Mr. Williams, the 14th have a right to be grateful, as they doubtless will. What the report of the Adjutant may be is as yet unknown. We have also received a letter from a member of Co. 'E,' (formerly 'L') of that Regiment, informing us that he had been reduced to the ranks "for entire worthlessness," on account, no doubt, of his

active part he took in demanding justice at the hands of the authorities. We are intimately acquainted with this gentleman. He is our personal friend; and we can in all safety say that, in point of genuine patriotism, true manhood and mental culture, he is the equal of any officer in the regiment, and we have no doubt the superior of many, and yet he is reduced to the ranks as a mark of reprobation!

Mr. Williams in his letter already referred to, assures us that Mr. Stanton is "a just man" &c., we will not join issue on this point at present. We have always believed Mr. Stanton to be a patriot, and a man of great talent, but whether all his official acts have been marked by justice and wisdom can be better inquired of hereafter—when all the evidence is before the public.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Citizen. Mr. Editor:—As day succeeds night and night day, so joys and sorrows succeed each other in fast rotation. Time with lightning speed ushers into existence, rain and sunshine. Each concomitant train of evils brings forth its fruits; and if we examine and enumerate the fruits of any great evil, our minds sink back appalled at the enormity of the destruction that follows the train. Take for example the horrid evils of the intoxicating bowl, and let any candid mind watch the monster but a few short months, and however skeptical he may be in regard to calling it the agent of the Devil; I presume that after a careful consideration of the subject his opinion will be changed. A few days ago, business called me to my old native village, and the news that awaited me there would have been astonishing to any one having less acquaintance with the principals of the tragedy. A mother and five children were taken by force to the place where the largest portion of the drunkard's families will eventually go—to the poor house; and the sole cause of all this is whiskey. Both the parents were otherwise healthy, the only difficulty was that they had formed a debasing appetite for strong drink, which had proved their ruin; the only mystery to me is, why the husband was not taken along; the wretch stood unmoved, while the wife of his youth was bound and taken off with her offspring, and seemed to desire nothing but the poisonous liquid fire. Here, ye advocates, for the "good creature" is something for you to look at; you can here, where men can be carried by this demon of destruction; and yet, peradventure, men of moral character, that witnessed this transaction, will sign their names to a small document next spring in this same village, declaring that the landlord is a good sober citizen, and they think selling liquor is useful in the community. Well, if making paupers, and filling the jails, poor houses, grave-yards and perdition is necessary and useful, then, selling liquor is an honorable and useful occupation?

Could we but read to-day the hearts of millions of our race that have been bitten by this serpent, and see there the deep agonies and groans of anguish, sorrows and lamentations depicted upon their sad hearts, and then be permitted to look down into the dark caverns of the lost spirits, and as the smoke of the torment rolled up forever, and the cries would reach our ears from the dark pit of eternal night; as the question would be asked them, what brought you here? the roll of muttered voices would bring the sorrowful answer, intemperance led us on from step to step, till we landed here— "This is no overdrawn picture, but something that challenges our candid attention, and determine what we are called on to do to drive this great evil from our nation. If we see our brother about to truth heading over a steep precipice, if we put not forth every effort in our power to save him, we may be justly called his murderer. Here our brothers, sons and friends are plunging by scores into ruin and woe. The demand and imperative duty resting upon every philanthropist should impel him to be on his guard and use all his best resources for God and suffering humanity. Here is the largest field of usefulness in which to operate. People need not think that Rumblers and whiskey imbibers will fly at the first approach of Temperance Reform; they have taken a strong stand and will make a stubborn resistance.—But it is the decree of high Heaven, that this monster that bith like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, be driven headlong from the face of our fair earth. No doubt the reproach of the taxological part of the world will fall thick and fast upon the heads of those suppressing the traffic; but when the storm blows over and the inebriate is restored to his family; and plenty takes the place of want, and the sanctuary is filled with pleasant and sincere worshippers, and midnight revellings and street fights are heard no more, it will be an ample compensation to that person to know he gave his aid and influence to so worthy a cause. D.

Mary Harris, the murderess, passed through Chicago a few days ago on her way to her home in Iowa, under the name of Mrs. Phillips, to avoid curiosity.

Is the Rebellion Ended?

Armed rebellion, as it existed three months ago, is practically at an end. Nowhere in all the expanse and magnitude of our country is there any violent resistance to the United States by any combination of men with arms in their hands. But, no common observer of events can fail to see that there is an unarmed rebellion of proportions sufficiently considerable to attract the attention not only of all loyal citizens, but of the Government itself. It is true that it may not at all times be warrantable to treat these coalitions of enemies as we should an armed band of disloyalists; nevertheless the safety of Republican institutions—the peace and prosperity of the people, and permanent tranquility of every portion of the Nation—may force the necessity upon the Government to deal with these disturbers of law and order.

Who can look at the conduct of a set of political miscreants in the city of New-York, occurring a few days ago, in which the escape of Jeff. Davis, the traitor among traitors, without punishment, was the motive of their joint action, and in which the Mayor of the city, a wretch named Gunther, was one of the prominent participators?—They say that their intention is only that he shall have a fair trial, &c., as though there was any purpose to confine him to any other kind of trial. The very act, as proclaimed, is an offence against the Government, and shows the desperate character of these New-York secessionists, assisted as they are at every step they take, by avowed rebels from the extreme South, who should not for an hour be allowed their unconstrained freedom.

At the convulse that assembled through the medium of printed circulars, at which it was boldly announced that his object was to raise funds to defend Jeff Davis when he should be brought to trial, the speeches showed very precisely the tenor and temper of those assembled. A rebel from Atlanta—a rebel dyed in the wool made a speech to this band of Northern traitors which was as defiant and insulting to the Government as the most abandoned scoundrel within the lines of the late rebellion could have desired. He proclaimed that slavery was not dead, but only sleeping—that the rebellion, though for the present defeated, would bide its time and suddenly make its appearance in another and be trusted a more successful way; and that every Congressman who might be elected from Alabama in the future, would favor southern independence.

This was the kind of treason that the private convulse of New-Yorkers, with the southern sprinkling, uttered, but not boldly uttered in that city only a few days ago. We say not boldly uttered, because no one except those nursing the same infamous sentiments were allowed to be present. The Government may or may not (probably not) have had a spy among this precious party. Probably, however, it is well informed of all that transpired, and will act as it may seem justifiable by what they may do in the future as well as in the past.

These humanitarian gentlemen must have entertained a prodigious, elevated opinion of the petticoated chief, to overlook his fiendish cruelties, not only to the Union prisoners, but to the southern conscripts their families. They must have overlooked Dr. Backus's intention to introduce yellow fever into New-York and Philadelphia, as he did in New-York, by which thousands of victims. They must have overlooked the charming arrangements of Davis, agent to throw railroad tracks, meet with peaceful citizens, men and women, and children, off the track over some bridge or in some deep gully, they must have overlooked Mr. Kenney's plan to destroy utterly New-York. They overlooked carefully any insignificant matters like these. Their object was of another nature—one of higher purpose and higher wisdom—one worthy of the noblest efforts of New-York humanity. It was the safety and freedom of the man who ordered all these—who inaugurated the rebellion—who presided over its destinies—by whose order hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed, hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans were made—the prosperity of half a nation destroyed for a quarter of a century to come—and all for the philanthropic end of overthrowing the wisest and best Government the sun ever shone upon. Truly Jeff. Davis deserves the love and charity of Mayor Gunther and his political confederates of New-York.

These events, taken in connection with many others of recent development, should not and cannot mislead any one. There is an underecurrent of mischief which it behoves us to all watch and resist with all means ample as they are, we have at command. That many of the leading rebels of the South, with their special friends, big and little, of the North, mean, if they can, to nurse slavery quietly and persistently, though they have only a single straw to support them above water, the signs of the times fully warn us. The meeting at New-York apprizes us in unmistakable terms as to the lengths and breadths to which they will resort to carry their point, however reckless or infamous that point may be. Slavery may be dead, but not so dead that it may not be resurrected—not so deeply buried that it may be exhumed—unless the most ceaseless vigilance shall be maintained—unless we meet at the threshold every seeming look to its galvanizing, whatever form the attempt may assume. A death-blow may be long in bringing a monster to his

nees; and if to his knees, in knocking and keeping the breath out of him. Let us be sure first that he is positively dead, and then let us watch the corpse until the last obscurities are performed and the last mourners have removed their black habiliments. It is only by the steady pursuit of such a course, and its complete accomplishment, that Slavery may be regarded as Dead, and the Rebellion at an End.—Gen. Telegraph.

Ulric Dahlgren.

The month of March, 1864, is memorable in Richmond for one of the grandest Union raids that up to that time had menaced the Confederate capital—a raid which was the immediate precursor of Gen. Grant's famous campaign from the Wilderness to James River. The history of this raid is too familiar to the minds of all our readers to make necessary any recapitulation of it, even if it occupied with our space. It is known that Col. Dahlgren, after the attack on Richmond on Tuesday, the 1st of March, did not succeed in forming a junction with Gen. Kilpatrick, and while pushing through King and Queen County, toward Gloucester Point, was killed on the night of Wednesday, March 2d, near Walkerton. It is also known that his body was brought to Richmond, but what disposition was made of it by the Confederate authorities was kept a mystery at the time, and the facts, even to this day have never been published. We purpose to give them to the public for the first time, vouching for their entire authenticity.

When intelligence was received in Richmond of the death of Col. Dahlgren, messengers were dispatched to bring it to the city for identification. It reached the city on Monday, March 7, by the York River Railroad, and laid during that day at the depot, where it was examined by large numbers of persons. His death had been caused by a gunshot wound in the head. The little finger of one hand had been cut off on the field where he fell by some one anxious to secure, with the least trouble, a valuable diamond ring. That night the body was carried to General Elzey's office, in Belvin's block, in a common pine coffin, of the kind then used for the burial of soldiers, which in turn was placed in a box, and was transferred to Oakwood Cemetery, a mile east of the city. The hearse used on this occasion was a four mule street wagon, and the attendants consisted of a Confederate officer of inferior rank and two soldiers. Arriving at Oakwood, which was the burial place of all soldiers who died at Chancellorsville, Howard's Grove, and other hospitals in the eastern portion of the city and suburbs, the negro grave diggers and other attendants about the cemetery were driven off and ordered to absent themselves until notified that they might return. One of the negroes, now living in the city, having his curiosity excited, secreted himself in the woods near by, determined to see what was to be done.

The two soldiers dug a grave, placed the box in it, and covered it up. They then shouted to recall the attendants of the cemetery, and getting into the wagon, returned to the city. The only circumstance in the proceedings that struck the negro as unusual, was the mystery observed and the circumstance of the box, no corpse ever having been brought there before except in a pine coffin; but these having been a great deal of talk as to what was to be done with the body of Col. Dahlgren, he at once decided that this could be no other than the corpse of that officer. He, however, kept his opinion to himself at that time.

The question what had been done with the body of Dahlgren? was the subject of inquiry and conversation for many days in Richmond, to be revived from time to time up to the day of the evacuation. And there were many stories on the subject—that it had been burnt, sunk in the river, &c. A city paper of that day announced, with a solemn and knowing air, that it would never be found until the tramp of doom should sound. A number of Union men of the city, believing it possible that it might be recovered, were anxious to secure and preserve it for the family of the deceased. Prominent among them was Mr. F. W. E. Lohman, a grocer doing business near the New Market. Mr. Lohman at once began his inquiries and investigations—which, in the then state of popular feelings, it was necessary to conduct with great caution—determined, at whatever cost and risk, to ascertain its fate. After nearly a month's patient and untiring inquiry, he, with the assistance of Mr. Martin Meredith Lipscomb, whose business it was to attend to the interment of all the Union prisoners who died at this post, made the acquaintance of the negro grave-digger whom we have mentioned as being the sole spectator of the burial of Col. Dahlgren. They found him at Oakwood, pursuing his regular business. When first approached on the subject, he protested that he would have nothing to do with the matter. But after repeated assurance by Mr. Lipscomb, whom he knew well, that he might rely upon Lohman and that no harm should befall him, he consented, on Mr. Lohman's giving him a \$100 note, to point out the grave. This he did by walking near and casting a stone upon it, while Lohman and Lipscomb stood at a distance. He was afraid to employ any other method lest he might excite the suspicion of the superintendent of the cemetery or some of the attendants. The grave lay among thousands of those of Confederate soldiers. Subsequently, after a great deal of persuasion and the promise of a liberal reward, the negro agreed to meet Mr. Lohman at the cemetery on the night of the 6th of April, at 10 o'clock, and exhume the body.

The appointed night having arrived, Mr. Lohman, his brother, John A. Lohman, and Mr. Lipscomb, started for the cemetery in a cart drawn by a mule. The night was dark and stormy, and well suited to conceal their movements. The party left the city at 9 o'clock, and reached their destination about 10, and there found waiting for them the gravedigger and two assistants. The negroes being assured that all was right, began their work of exhumation, the three white men remaining with the cart outside the in-

closure of the cemetery. The heavens were hung with their deepest black; no object ten feet distant could be distinguished, and no sound broke upon the loneliness of the place save the howling of the winds and the chopping of the resurrectionist's spade. Once the mule, snuffing the tainted air of the city of the dead, attempted to break away, but was quickly quieted by a firm hand.

In twenty minutes from the time the negroes began their work they approached the cart, bearing between them the coffin, which being badly made, fell to pieces as they rested it on the ground.—It was then discovered that the body had not decomposed in any perceptible degree. Mr. Lohman satisfied himself of the identity of the corpse by passing his hand over it. The little finger, torn off to secure the jewel it bore and leg lost in battle were missing. He paid the negro with whom he had contracted \$1,500, and placed the body in the cart, the party started on their return. The mule, alarmed as animals frequently are with drawing a dead body from the first time, became difficult of management, and with the darkness of the night, made the first part of the expedition one of no little peril. More than one hour was spent in reaching the gas lights of the city on Church Hill. It was part of the plan to convey the body to the house of William S. Rowlett, a Union man, living on Chelsea Hill, a half mile north-east of the city, there to remain until a metallic case could be procured for it. From Church Hill, Mr. Lohman drove down Broad st. to Seventeenth st., thence up Seventeenth st. to its northern terminus, and thence up the hill to Mr. Rowlett's, reaching the last place at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 7th of April. Here the body was wrapped in a blanket, and Mr. Lohman came to the city in search of a coffin, which he obtained by the aid of Mr. Lipscomb. On his way into the city from Rowlett's Lohman notified a number of persons of Union sentiments, among whom were several ladies, where the body had been placed, and they hurried out to see it. Several of these persons had seen Col. Dahlgren while he was exposed at the York River Railroad depot, and immediately recognized the body as his.—The metallic coffin having been procured, and the body placed in it, the two Lohmans, at noon on the 7th, set out with it concealed, in a wagon loaded with young fruit trees, for the farm of Robert Orricks, a Union man, living in Henrico, two miles from Hungary station.

At 4 o'clock that evening they reached Orricks's, and buried the body under an apple tree, in a field, avoiding the grave yard for fear of exciting inquiry, which might lead to discovery. The rest of this story may be told in a few words. Orricks, some months after the second burial of Col. Dahlgren, succeeded in getting through the Confederate lines, and seeking an interview with Commodore Dahlgren, informed him of what had been done to secure him the body of his son. The corpse of the soldier laid in this, its second grave, until the evacuation of Richmond, when an order having been sent for it by the War Department it was again disinterred by the two Lohmans and sent to Washington.

It has been our object to lift the veil of mystery from an obscure and interesting event. In doing so, we have confined ourselves to facts strictly relative to the secret fate of Col. Dahlgren's body from the time of its arrival in Richmond which, until after the capture of the city, remained, to all except the few individuals named by us in the course of our narrative, one of the most impenetrable mysteries of the war. Many Confederate officials knew that the body had been deposited at Oakwood, but they were ignorant to the last that it had ever been removed. It has at length found its last earthly resting place.

THE REBEL GOLGOTHA.—Capt. Jos. M. Moore, A. Q. M., who left Washington several weeks ago, in charge of a party of mechanics, &c., for Andersonville, Ga., for the purpose of giving decent burial to the remains of our soldiers, who were cruelly murdered there, writes to J. E. Potts, chief clerk in his office, under date of July 26, that they had arrived at Andersonville, and were encamped within one hundred yards of this prison pen. The Captain describes it as "a pen in the fullest sense of the word—a human pen, where 30,000 of our soldiers were huddled together in an inclosure not 200 yards long and scarcely 100 wide, where they were exposed to the rays of an almost tropical sun for months, resulting in the death of thousands." The Captain also says: "This pen should not be destroyed, but it should stand until its stockade falls to the ground from decay, so that the unbelieving of the North may be able to look on this ground and convince themselves of the inhuman cruelties perpetrated by the South on our prisoners."

NEW ORLEANS, August 11.—Cotton active; sales of 12,000 bales midding at 40¢11c. Sugar active. Freights unchanged. Large quantities of cotton are arriving daily at Houston. Major General Merritt arrived at San Antonio on the 1st. The San Antonio Herald is informed that there are thirty thousand troops at Victoria, Green Lake, Iowa, and Indianola, 5,000 of which are colored.

Robberies by negroes are becoming fearful in Texas. Reports from that quarter indicate a cheerful disposition on the part of the people towards the restoration of the State to the Union.

The heavy rain storm on Wednesday occasioned general destruction of property in Illinois. Railroad tracks and bridges were washed away in many places. The thunder and lightning were terrific at several points. At Morris a Mr. Brayton, returning from his farm with his son in a two-horse wagon, his son and both horses were instantly killed, and himself knocked some distance from the wagon and badly injured. At Matterson a German family returning from the field were struck, the daughter fifteen years old being instantly killed, and the parents seriously hurt.