The South.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Nov. 1.

THE NEWS.

The accounts from Missouri are very obscure. It is now admitted by the Federal authorities that they do not know where General Price is. It seems probable that his movement South is to effect a junction with McCulloch, and in pursuance of orders from Gen. A. S. Johnston, to await his arrival before fighting a battle. When Fremont encounters Johnston, who enjoys a high reputation, he will find his match.

The Confederates are strengthening their batteries on the Lower Potomac, and have seized two vessels laden with Government stores, which undertook to run the blockade.

There is a very current rumor in town that the Confederates have crossed at Edwards' Ferry and have attacked General Banks with success. We know nothing of the authenticity of this report. The Associated Press telegrams state that on day before yesterday the Confederates had possession of Harrison's Island.

From other quarters we have not a line of important information.

THE APPROACHING ELECTION.

In an article which we published yesterday afternoon, upon the subject of the election about to take place on Wednesday next, we spoke of the privileges of voters, and the duties which by sequence followed. We had not at that time seen the extraordinary article in the *National Intelligencer* which will be found in another portion of to-day's paper, and which to our mind changes the whole complexion of matters. The *Intelligencer* for some time past has enjoyed confidential relations with the Administration; has been the recipient of its bounty, and its utterances, to a large extent, may be regarded as "by authority." We feel quite certain that the article to which we have directed attention had its origin in high quarters, and its intimations are plain that if the "Peace" party should succeed in electing their candidates in Maryland they will not be permitted to occupy the places to which they may be chosen, and more than that, that their friends and supporters will with them incur the common danger of arrest and incarceration.—Under these circumstances the candidates and their friends can judge what is best for them to do. Such a confession of our condition it is indeed humiliating to us to make, but facts are exceedingly stubborn things and have to be respected. We have eaten the bread of humility for some time past, and the easiest way, under existing circumstances, is the best way. When your head is in the lion's mouth, it is not worth while to provoke him to bite it off. An official assurance, however, that a fair and square election will be permitted, and its result respected, would alter the case entirely, and we think it the duty of the candidates to ascertain that fact. If they are, however, willing to take the risk, without further inquiry, heir friends will doubtless back them up.

From Fortress Monroe.

The steamer Louisiana, Capt. Pearson, from Old Point and Fortress Monroe, arrived this morning at about 7 o'clock, and reports nothing of special interest.

A flag of truce went over to Norfolk yesterday, with three ladies and a small number of Confederate prisoners, but brought nothing in return. Nothing furtner had been heard from the fleet since the tug returned day before yesterday.

On Wednesday a Federal scouting party went out from Newport News in search of wood, and were fired into by a small body of Confederate cavalry, wounding one of the scouting party, and in return had three of their men wounded.

It was thought that the flag of truce would be continued as usual from to-day.

Time Works Wonders.

There was a German Mass Meeting at Front street Theatre last night, which, *mirabile dictu*, was addressed by Hon. Henry Winter Davis, Ex-Know Nothings and patriotic Germans fraternized upon the stage.

Military Movements.

Eight Regiments from Pennsylvania and three from Massachusetts are now *en route* for Washington and will pass through this week and next.—This will add some 9 to 10,000 men to the Federal army.

Report of Adjutant General Thomas on the State of Affairs in Missouri and Kentucky.

The New York *Times* reviews editorially the report of Adjutant General Thomas to the Secretary of War, in the case of Fremont, and with regard to the affairs of Kentucky, and finally winds up by declaring:

Such is a digest of the main facts revealed in Adjutant General Thomas' report, and the authority on which they are given. We repeat that their publication is the most disastrous blow that the National cause has yet received. The report of Adjutant General Thomas, intended for the private information of the President, revealing the constitution of Fremont's army, its defective equipment and arming, its confusion and imbecility, its lack of transportation, and the deep conviction of one of the most skillful Generals in it, that its head is wholly incompetent and unsafe to be entrusted with its management, is presented to the world in minutest detail, so as to reach Ben. McCulloch, Sterling Price, and General A. S. Johnston, to be read for encouragement at the head of their columns, and to nerve them for their fight. And in order that they may have no sort of difficulty in bagging the Union party and its imbecile head, they are advised as to the very order of march that the divisions of the doomed army will observe while passing through the country. If the Confederate leaders wish any more encouraging or fuller information, we do not know where they will find it.

And so of Kentucky. The Southern Confederacy is distinctly told that Gen. Sherman is not sustained by the people of Kentucky; that he has no hope of saving that State to the Union, and that he is preparing only for a hopeless fight before the State is given up. With what a yell of delight will this news from the War Department be hailed in Buckner's camp, and by Zollicoffer's savages! How will the pious Rev. Bishop Polk rub his hands over the document, and felicitate himself upon the abandonment of the contest by the Nationals! How will the implacable revolutionists at Richmond revel in triumph as they see their despotic dominion extended over unresisting kentucky, to the Ohio river.

A VOICE FROM SOMERSET COUNTY.

The Hon. James U. Dennis, of Somerset county, having been tendered the States' Rights nomination for the Senate, declines upon personal grounds. In his letter of declination he states that he regards the Union as virtually dissolved, and adds:

Can the Union be reconstructed, that is the great question of the day. I doubt not there are many, both North and South, who do not want it reconstructed upon any terms—of such, I am not one. I have always been and am, a Union man, believing Secession to be neither a right nor remedy for us, but I want the Union under the Constitution our Fathers made existing, in accordance with and by that Constitution. I want no Union without the Constitution, but I want the *Union and the Constitution*. I do not think that, the Union can ever be restored by the course of policy pursued by the administration. The Constitution preceded the Union and made it, and even as I write, I glance upon the paper of to-day and find that under the very shadow of the National Capital, a Federal Judge is arrested and imprisoned by Federal authority, because he issues the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, in the language of Judge Morsell, "because he does what his oath and the law compel him to do." The great writ itself, which amid all the throes and convulsions that have shaken Monarchical England, has been there untouched by the hand of power, for two hundred years, has become in free America, a mere nullity, and the mandate of the law, speaking through the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, *is less regarded than the verbal order of a petty corporal.*

It is useless to specify violations of constitutional principles, the daily prints teem with them, and they are admitted and attempted to be justified upon the plea of "necessity." I had supposed that law, not necessity, ruled in this land, that from the President to the tenant pauper of the alms house, "law was the rule of civil conduct," but it seems I was mistaken, and the author of "the irrepressible conflict" has found "a higher law," in "necessity," "military necessity." It is no answer to this, to point to the revolution and rebellion of the seceded States, Maryland is not in them or of them, she has not seceded, nor has she thrown off her allegiance. I am not justifying or vindicating them; by their own acts they must stand or fall. Secession is revolution, and those seceding must take the risk, and if they fail must pay the penalty of failure.

The sovereignty of this nation is in the people, they have expressed their will, in the form of law, whatsoever powers they have so given, can rightfully be and should be used for the maintenance of the public weal, and no power not so given can be rightfully assumed by those in power.

Still I would not, if for no other reason, I would not yet, for the sake of helpless women and defenceless children, have this fair land become the scene of bloody warfare amid contending hosts, "for all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, whilst evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have been accustomed." Hundreds of thousands of infuriated men are now in arms, in opposing ranks in hostile array. Missouri is almost a desert waste, almost in a worse condition than when the wild Indian tracked his game through her forests, and before the foot of the white man penetrated there. Kentucky seems destined in terrible reality again to become "the dark and bloody ground." The waters of our own Potomac, as they leave our Southern border, are rolling down in an outsanguined tide. If it be possible, let turn this march of desolation and of woe, if we cannot stay it away from our people and our land.

Public opinion in this land is all powerful, and is certain ultimately to prevail, and whilst we will uphold and sustain, so far as in us lays, the Constitution and the laws of the land in their integrity and entirety, let us with an unfaltering trust appeal to that public opinion, again and again, and yet again, if need be, trusting that He "who can touch the mountains and make them smoke." will in his own good time save and deliver us.

THE OPERA TO-MORROW NIGHT.

The success attending the Concert at the New Assembly Rooms last night has induced the management to favor us with Donizetti's piquant opera, *Don Pasquale*, one of the very best of his efforts in the comic vein. This will be followed by the *Miserere* from *Il Trovatore*, and Herr Mollenhauer will give the *Carnival of Venice*, which was so flatteringly received last night, and Schubert's *Ave Maria*. The leading vocal parts will be sustained by Miss Hinkley and Signori Brignoli, (who is now in the city,) Susini and Mancusi, who will be sustained by a full orchestra, under the skilful direction of Signor Muzio. For the benefit of our readers we give the plot of *Don Pasquale:*

Don Pasquale was a rich, credulous, but good hearted old bachelor, who lived in one of the middle Italian States. He had but one relation, a nephew, by the name of Ernesto, a fine young man, who had always lived on the purse of his uncle, and in the natural course of events would inherit his wealth. Uncle and nephew had lived together in peace and harmony, until the former got it into his head to provide for Ernesto a wife, a wealthy widow, by which marriage he would become comfortably settled in life. Unfortunately for the uncle's fond plans, Ernesto had already formed an attachment to a young girl of much beauty and many accomplishments, but of very limited fortune (Norina) and refused to obey his wishes. Don Pasquale became enraged at this resistance, swore he would disinherit Ernesto, and resolved to settle himself in marriage, in order to have somebody else to leave his money to than his ungrateful and undutiful nephew, Ernesto.

As Don Pasquale had always kept himself aloof from the other sex, he was at loss upon whom to fix his choice, when he bethought himself of a Doctor Malatesta, who had been friend and physician to him a good many years, and who might be just the person to find him a suitable wife. Accordingly, the Doctor was sent for, and made acquainted with the project of his patron. Now, Doctor Malatesta, besides being sensible of the absurdity of the old bachelor's resolution, was a friend to Ernesto, and immediately made up his mind to save Don Pasquale from just ridicule and bitter repentance, and Ernesto from the fate of poverty. He informed his patron that he had a sister who had just finished her education in a convent, and come on to visit him; that he thought her a capital match for his esteemed friend; that he would introduce her to him, and, if the impression were agreeable, the marriage might at once be consummated. Don Pasquale was delighted, and asked that the girl should at once be brought to him. Malatesta went off and straightway informed Norina of the mischief that was brewing, and the means he had devised to prevent it. These were no less than introducing Norina to Don Pasquale as his, Malatesta's sister, spoken of previously, marrying her to him by a sham notary, and then leaving it to the wit and ingenuity of Norina to disguise the bridegroom so thoroughly with matrimony that a document would at last reconcile all parties, restore Ernesto in the affections of his uncle, and procure Norina's hand for him.

Norina did not hesitate to accept the part assigned to her in this plot. She accompanied the Doctor to Don Pasquale's residence and by well affected modest looks and simplicity, so charmed the old bachelor, that he desired to marry her immediately. Ernesto, who had been informed of the intrigue, came just in time to witness the ceremony, which was conducted by a fictitious notary. No sooner were the nuptials celebrated, when to the great astonishment of the good Don, with whom order and economy were the leading rules of conduct, and who imagined his young wife a pretty slave, Norina began to assume the airs of a mistress. She dismissed old servants, overthrew the order of the household, ordered new furniture, carriage and horses. In vain Don Pasquale remonstrated; she must and will have her say. He spoke authoritatively, she laughed at him; he pleaded moderation, she scorned him, and recommended him to go to bed, as she had made up her mind to go to the theatre with Ernesto. As she left the room she dropped a note, which Don Pasquale quickly picked up as soon as his spouse had left the room. His consternation was indescribable, when he discovered by its contents that his wife had made an appointment to meet a lover that very evening, by the pavilion in his garden. Doctor Malatesta was immediately sent for, and of course, was not long in coming. Don Pasquale was furious, talked of exposure; punishment, divorce, &c., but the Doctor soon convinced him that in just rage he would probably go too far, and persuaded him to grant full power to solve these difficulties himself, the Doctor.—"Everything," said the old husband, "only get rid of this woman."

At 11 o'clock Don Pasquale and the Doctor repaired to the garden, where Ernesto and Norina enacted the scene of an interview. They just caught a glimpse of the figure of Ernesto, muffled up in his cloak, who then slipped off to the house. They seized Norina, who boldly asserted that she was there alone, had seen no one, and was to meet no one. Don Pasquale had the garden searched. Nobody could be found. Norina denied all charges made against her. Don Pasquale proposed to buy himself off; she would not listen to it. At this juncture, the Doctor dropped the remark that she would have to share her authority, at any rate with Norina, who was shortly to be the house as the wife of Ernesto. Don Pasquale at first was greatly shocked at this indiscretion of his manager, but perceiving the well feigned consternation of his wife at these views, he avowed his consent to this stratagem, thinking to drive her out by the new comer. And so he did, as he immediately found out, though not exactly in the manner in which he thought; for, no sooner had he given his consent to the marriage of Norina and Ernesto, when the latter stepped forth, took Norina by the hand, and asked the blessings of the thunder struck uncle. Doctor Malatesta explained the deceit which had been practiced upon him, and as Don Pasquale felt so happy at being at peace once more, he united the hand of his nephew with the hand of Norina.

From the London Chronicle of Oct. 15.

THE COMING BATTLE AND COTTON.

Every arrival from America brings with it the notes of preparation for the coming battle between the Federalist and Confederate armies on the Potomac. * * * * * * We have already stated our conviction that victory by the Confederates, giving them possession of Washington, and making them the *de facto* masters of the situation, would cause their immediate recognition as an independent sovereign Power, by the Governments of France and England. But it may be that they have lost, or will lose, the battle, and be driven still farther back into Virginia; or that this battle—so confidently expected—may be yet delayed, and the actual state of suspense prolonged. In either case the position of the cotton interests in England would be intensely aggravated, and no hope could be entertained that the Federal Government would either raise the blockade of the Southern ports, or be able to get possession of the cotton crop in time to supply the wants of ourselves, of France, and other manufacturing nations. What is to be done in such a contingency? Who is to answer the question and meet the exigencies which are involved?

France, as was seen by a paragraph in our journal yesterday, has already started the initiative, which of right belonged to England. Several of the Chambers of Commerce have taken the bold and decisive measure of memorialising the Emperor to raise the blockade and acknowledge the Confederate States. In how far this example may act on our own manufacturing towns remains to be seen. Are our sagacious business men resolved to await the progress of the campaign on the Potomac? Or are the complications of trade so intricate, that any decisive measures of compulsory pressure must be deprecated as unwise? We hope and believe that the two Governments at least, are acting in concert. France assuredly expects that "England will do her duty" in this case. That duty is, beyond doubt, to be ready and well prepared to effect, in conjunction with her ally, a prompt, a humane, but not premature, solution of this question, unmoved by the false pretexts of Federalists partizans, or the convulsive sophistries of their British organs, as to the war being one between freedom and slavery.

We learn that our Cabinet is to assemble "for the dispatch of business" on the 1st of November. The proper season for the dispatch of cottons will not wait so long, and the unemployed workmen, gazing on the stagnant machinery of Lancashire, may become more impatient and more troublesome as time advances. In fact, the symptoms of a crisis is perhaps more imminent than it seems to be to short-sighted politicians and disciples of the *laissez faire* principles of a cold and remorseless political economy.

ANECDOTES OF EDMUND KEAN.—Mr. Howard Paul, who is the London correspondent of the New York *Illustrated News*, relates, in a recent letter, the following anecdote:

Mr. Lewis, who has been connected with Drury Lane for many years, told me a characteristic anecdote of Edmund Kean, which has never appeared in print, and which you shall have. It seems that the great tragedian and Charles Incledon, the popular singer, were one day walking in Bond street, when they were met by Lord Essex, who bowed distantly to Kean, albeit they were on terms of intimate friendship. The next day Kean found a note at the theatre from my lord, desiring him to call at his house. He went, and contrary to the usual custom, was ushered into the library, where Lord Essex received him. The usual formalities over, the nobleman said to the tragedian, "My dear Kean you will pardon me. You know how greatly I admire your genius, but I was startled yesterday on seeing you on promenade, arm in arm, with that singing man, Incledon." "My lord," said Kean, with flashing eye, "Pray don't excite yourself—now don't, my dear Kean," pursued my lord, "out of respect—I may say reverence—I beat to you a wonderful genius prompts me to this exploitation."—"Lord Essex!" cried Kean, rising, drawing himself up, and casting a withering glance at his noble patron, "twelve years ago my time's worth was in what it fetched; Charles Incledon, my friend, supplied the means to procure it, and when Edmund Kean forgets his friends may God forget him!" And from that hour the two men never exchanged courtesies. When one remembers the magnificent voice and impassioned power of the one of the great Edmund, this little episode must only have lived in the memory of the lordly Essex. Kean, by the way, afterward married an heiress—Miss Stephens, if I remember aright.

HATTERAS.

The Boston *Courier* contains an interesting account of Hatteras and its surroundings, from which we make the following extracts:

The people of the banks differ but little in general appearance and character from the fishing population of the coast further north. Possessing but few schools, they are hardly so well educated as most of the coast population of the North, of the present generation. Living in a milder climate, they hardly have the stern courage and endurance of their Northern brethren; but they are still a hardy, industrious, simple and honest people, skillful fishermen and good sailors and pilots. From observation I should say that the bankers of Hatteras, while a little below the people of the Maine coast and of Cape Cod, were as much above the same class of the Long Island and New Jersey shore. They live by fishing and wrecking. Many of the young men leave the banks and serve in the mercantile marine and navy. The population is nearly stationary, and numbers, perhaps, on the Hatteras bank, 200 families, or 1,000 people. They are a moral people, most of them church goers and church members. Some of them by prudence, and good fortune, which has thrown the salvage of valuable wrecks into their hands, are in comfortable circumstances, but most of them depend upon their daily labor for the support of their families. This, by the course of the war, is now arrested. Commerce, in its present condition, will furnish but few wrecks, and for the fish they catch there is now no market, even if salt could be procured to cure them. The oath of allegiance to the Union which they have taken, has cut them off from intercourse with the main land, where their fish in ordinary times is bought by the farmers for the use of their families and slaves. Even those who have money to buy are suffering want, for no one on the island has anything to sell. By order of Generals Mansfield and Williams, small quantities of flour have been issued to them from the government stores, but this can serve only as a partial and temporary alleviation of their wants. Long before Spring the slender savings of most of the people will be exhausted, and famine will be among them.

THE INLET.

Hatteras Inlet was formed in September, 1849, by a fierce storm which broke through the sand beach, at a point about a mile north of the present channel and between where Forts Hatteras and Clark now stand. It has worked itself gradually southward, and is still apparently progressing slowly in the same direction, washing away the north end of Ocracock Island, and throwing up the sand upon the southern point of Hatteras. It is about three-quarters of a mile wide, from shore to shore, and about the same length from the Sound to the sea. The tide along this coast, although it only rises and falls about two feet, is yet sufficient to produce a six-mile current through the inlet, which, half the time running in and half the time running out, scours out the channel and keeps it twenty-five or thirty feet deep; but throws up on the outside a bar having sixteen feet of water, and on the inside an inner bar or "swash" three miles wide, and allowing with difficulty and at high water the passage into the Sound vessels drawing seven feet. Between the two bars is safe anchorage for twenty or thirty sail. Here now usually lie a number of gunboats, with the storeships of the Government, a couple of light ships taken from their stations and brought here by the Confederates, and half a dozen old schooners taken down by Commodore Stringham, for the purpose of carrying out the original plan of destroying the forts and then obstructing the channel by sinking these hulks across the inner bar. According to the fishermen and coast pilots, any such attempts at stopping the inlets will fail, for in a single night a new channel would be formed by the force of the tide. A large number of rivers pour their waters into Pamlico Sound, and this water must find its exit to the sea. This it does by the inlets, and chiefly by that at Hatteras, and it would appear to be extremely difficult if not impossible, to prevent the existence of a navigable channel through.

THE FORTS.

Nearly a year ago, in December, 1860 the Confederates began, with great secrecy, to make preparations for the fortification of the two great inlets to Pamlico Sound, at Hatteras and Ocracoke. A thousand negroes, under the superintendance of skilful engineers, were put to work. Fort Hatteras, placed upon the sandy point of Hatteras Island, thrown up by the sea within the last four years, by the progress of the inlet southward, is pronounced by competent judges to have been built with great skill, and in the most perfect and thorough manner possible. Its cost could hardly be less than $125,000. It stands about 200 yards from the north bank of the inlet, and 150 yards from the Sound beach, leaving about half a mile of sand beach between it and the sea. First surrounding an area of about two acres, rows of piles were driven as far as possible into the sand. Upon these, tiers of strong barrels filled with sand were closely piled, forming an octagonal wall or embankment thirty feet wide at the base, tapering to twelve feet at the top, and twelve feet high. This wall is then covered with thick turf, carefully cut in square pieces, which are fastened in their places by long wooden pins. Around the inside heavy timber platforms are arranged, to support the guns, which are well mounted upon good carriages. The fort is thus an open earth-work, with a shallow ditch around it, filled by the tide. Upon each side of every gun high and thick piles of peat turf, beautifully cut and laid in courses pinned securely together, protect the gunners. In the middle of the fort is a large bomb-proof, built of heavy timber, covered with sand-barrels, and these again with turf pinned down—within this is the magazine. Around, within the fort, are disposed the tents of the soldiers and officers, including the headquarters of Brigadier General Thomas Williams, commanding this post. The fort is at present manned by Company C, 1st Artillery United States Regulars, Captain Lewis O. Morris.

Fort Clarke is a square redoubt somewhat more than a mile north east from Fort Hatteras. It has a few heavy guns. No troops are encamped within it, but around it are the tents and cabins of the 9th New York (Hawkins' Zouaves) and 20th Indiana, which latter regiment, since their return from above, have thrown up a line of entrenchments north of Fort Clark, extending entirely across the Island, and amply sufficient for the protection of infantry.

VALUE OF THE INLET TO THE CONFEDERATES.

Through this inlet, totally unknown to the Federal Government, and consequently unguarded, the Confederates have been able, since the commencement of the blockade, until the capture, not only to send out numerous privateers to prey upon our commerce, but to carry on an almost unrestricted foreign trade. Under the shelter of the guns of Fort Hatteras, were constantly lying three or four swift gunboats. From lofty lookouts erected on the beach, vessels were visible a long distance at sea, and the moment one was signalized, these gunboats rushed out and seized them as easily as a cat does a mouse. Hardly a day passed without a capture of this kind, and this piracy was carried on for months, not only uninterrupted, but almost unknown to the Government. When at last escaped prisoners, and coasting captains who had learned of the existence of the inlet, or perhaps entered it before the war, had by their repeated and urgent representations succeeded in making the government officers aware of what was going on at Hatteras, an expedition was sent down and the place easily taken. The vessels captured at the anchorage, one a large, fine brig, loaded with cotton, and others with freights of pitch, turpentine and rice, testified to the activity of the Confederates' outward trade, and the eight or ten valuable prizes which sailed unsuspectingly into the lion's jaws during the ten days after the capture, showed that an equally extensive import trade was going on. The captain of one of the prizes said to his captors that he saw the Pawnee lying at the anchorage, but mistook her for an English gunboat. This showed the reliance placed by the Confederates on English sympathy and connivance, and it would be well to inquire whether English ships of war do not clandestinely visit the numerous bays and inlets of the coast, yet very imperfectly guarded. I was assured by an old coast pilot, that below Savannah there were four inlets, all of which were unguarded by, and even unknown to, the blockading squadron, and all of which had as much or more water on their bars than Charleston harbor. Now cotton could be, and unquestionably is, easily taken down by the inside passages of the coast, and shipped to Europe from these inlets.—There are many more rat holes to be stopped, and plenty of work for our new gunboats and as many more.

VISIT TO THE "HERMIT OF CAPRERA."

Cor. of the North American and U. S. Gazette.

TURIN, Oct. 7.—*Dear Sir:*—A visit to the "Hermit of Caprera" has been the most agreeable and interesting excursion that I have made since my last letter. Being aware that anything which has reference to Gen. Garibaldi never fails to excite a deep feeling of interest, I have decided to offer to your readers a few particulars of my visit. On the morning of the 28th September last, I left Genoa, on board the steamer Georgie. The weather was exceedingly fine; the sea perfectly calm and the wind favorable, so we had all reason to anticipate a happy passage. Nor were we disappointed in our expectations. The accomodations on board were very good and the society quite pleasant. Early the following morning we arrived at Maddalena. Here I was obliged to engage a sailing boat in order to get to Caprera.—Caprera is nothing else but a barren islet that the magic name of Garibaldi has caused to emerge from obscurity and made immortal. The house of the General is seen at a considerable distance, as it stands on the declivity of a rock. In less than two hours I landed at Caprera. But before reaching the house I had to walk for about twenty minutes under a burning sun, through a steep and rugged path, where the eye looks in vain for a green spot, because no other trace of vegetation is here to be seen but some shrubs of myrtle burned by the sun. No sound is heard but the roar of the wide waters when they charge the shore.

But this stillness, how well it seems to harmonize with the austere character of the noble patriot who dwells there. That matchless sky, that beautiful sea with its hundred islands, those distant mountains of Sardinia and Corsica, that seem to come out of the water and kiss the heavens, form an ensemble of grandeur and sublimity which agree perfectly with the lofty thoughts and generous aspirations of the great patriot. Approaching the house, I saw two Garibaldians in the shirts polishing some firearms. I inquired after the General, and begged that a letter should be conveyed to him. The first thing that strikes a visitor is the humble abode of this great man. A poorer dwelling place can scarcely be imagined. Immediately I was introduced into the room where the General was lying down on a couch. He had been confined to his room for more than three months. [illegible] extreme affability. The first [illegible] but expresses himself with [illegible] ities, and always speaks to the point. Our conversation lasted about twenty minutes. Then the General requested me call again the next day. Mrs. Canzio, Garibaldi's daughter, performed gracefully the honors of the house. After dinner I rambled on the island in company with some intimate friends of the General. Every one of them had fought under him in the Italian campaigns, and had many interesting stories to relate. Late in the evening I returned to Maddalena. The following morning I went once more to Caprera. I found the General in better health and very good spirits.

After a short conversation I bade the General adieu, and we parted just as if we had been ancient friends. While the boat was gliding away, I kept my eyes fixed on that humble abode until it was lost in the distance. I confess that I am but little susceptible of enthusiasm for great men. Had I seen Garibaldi, surrounded by all the splendor of a throne, I might have looked on him with indifference. But to see the conqueror of a kingdom in that deserted islet, in that humble house, lying down on that poor couch, I felt an emotion that I have no words to express. The same day I left Maddalena, and twenty-four hours after I landed at Genoa. This short visit to the great Italian patriot shall always live in my memory as one of the most delightful reminiscences of my life.

Yours, respectfully,

JOSEPH ANTONI.

[*From the New York Tribune, Oct. 31.*]

A GENERAL TRANSFER OF PRISONERS

Yesterday, by virtue of special orders from the Government to Col. Martin Burke and Colonel Loomis, all the prisoners—military, naval and political—in Forts Lafayette and Columbus, were placed in charge of a strong escort for transfer to Fort Morgan, in Boston harbor. The order was originally received on Saturday last, was countermanded, but being yesterday reissued, the prisoners were aroused at an early hour, and ordered to prepare for embarkation. Everything being in readiness, the Fort Lafayette prisoners, to the number of 107, were brought under guard to the wharf, and, with their effects, put on board a large ferry boat, which conveyed them to Governors Island. The ferry-boat came alongside the steamboat State of Maine, which had been chartered by the Government, and was lying with steam up alongside the wharf at Fort Columbus, and the prisoners were marched up on board and collected on the hurricane deck, where the roll was called for the second time. Meanwhile, similar preparations for departure had been made at Fort Columbus, and Col. Loomis, Capt. Updegraff, and the other officers, were busily attending to getting the prisoners' baggage in readiness, and placing and detailing the guard.

The Confederates, Col. Pegram, "Commodore" Barron, and the other Hatteras Inlet exiles of all ranks were hard at work packing their effects with their own hands, in the absence of the faithful contrabands, who, in a similar case, would have performed the ungrateful office for them. Marshal Kane and the other prominent prisoners were very loth to leave their comfortable quarters for the uncertainties of Fort Mott, as casemates, and some were vehement in vituperation against the Government for their removal. A guard of about 200 regulars in charge of their officers was detailed to accompany the prisoners on the State of Maine, and these being formed in double lines, the prisoners were marched between them to the boat. When all were safe on board the lines were cast off, and the noble steamer moved away from the wharf with her load of nearly 800 prisoners and 300 soldiers. Orders for the release of the senators, and Messrs. Shields, Gilchrist and Schoff, prisoners in Lafayette, were received by Marshal Murray yesterday morning, but officer Sampson, who was charged with the delivery of the order to Col. Burke, reached the fort some time after the parties had left.