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By M. Fields. ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1861. Vol. VII.—No. 6.

Poetry.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash,
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles;
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones, who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word—
What though her heart be rent asunder?
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle;
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few warm words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of honor.

An Interesting Story.

THE "MAKEWAKE'S" DOG.

Loftus his name was—Lofty we most called him for short; but with strangers he answered to "Mister Loftus," nothing less than that. Passengers and visitors to the ship used to try and make friends with him in the usual coaxing way, but he never took the least notice of them. If they had anything to say, they must call him by his proper title—talk straight out, with no nonsense about "good fellow," or "fine old dog," or any such phrases; then he would listen respectfully, and understand what was said, too.

I sailed in the Makewake with him going on eight years, but will say I never had a better shipmate. Orderly and good natured, he never made the least trouble, and wouldn't allow anybody else to either, if he could help it. I don't think he would interfere between the officers and the crew, but when we were bringing emigrants Lotus would always put a stop to disturbances among them. He would single out the leader in the fight, throw him, and hold him down until the others came to the rescue.—Sometimes he had to throw two or three, but the steerage soon learned to stow shilalahs whenever Mr. Loftus appeared. I remember one time, we were lying in the Wellington Dock at Liverpool, taking on a lot of Fardowners, and the steward had some difficulty with one. His only argument was a rope's end, and, when Lofty thought the poor greek had enough he intimated as much quite plainly. But by some means the steward contrived to get a line in his collar and to make it fast in the main rigging; then the Fardowner had to suffer. Pretty soon the dog parted the line with his teeth, quietly went ashore, and rolled himself over and over in the thick, black tide-mud—stole on board again and crawled, whole length, into Mr. Steward's berth. After that he wouldn't go to market for a long time, and, on the whole, I think the steward got rather the worst of it.

He did all our marketing—Loftus did, and never once made a mistake, to my knowledge. They would try tricks with him sometimes, but were very likely to pay for it by loss of his custom. He was acquainted with most of the market-men, and if one did not treat him well he would go to another.

I sailed in Stirling and Field's Line five years before I got to be first mate, and then the very next voyage I came near losing the number of my mess.—While we were in Liverpool the cholera broke out among the shipping, and we lay in that steaming mud-hole from the first of July until the last of August before we could get men enough to take the craft to sea. Meantime we lost poor Captain Hepworth—the best officer in the line—and I came pretty nigh going too. Loftus watched me and tended me like a true friend, and I do believe if it hadn't been for him I never could have pulled through, for there was hardly any one to even pass a cup of water.

When the new captain came down from London he called on me, and I did not like his looks at all. He was smooth spoken enough, but his eyes were vicious, and I felt sure we should have trouble. He said the ship was quite ready for sea, and as soon as I was able we would set sail. Not to make further detention, I was carried on board in a cot, and we hauled out of dock on the next tide. In the cabin I found another cot, beside which a young lady was sitting with a fan, while Captain Darcy was busy preparing the state-room. I then learned that our cabin passengers were an old man named Archer and his granddaughter Jennie.

Poor old Mr. Archer! He was far too ill to undertake such a voyage, but he insisted on going with the ship, feeling sure he should recover when the cool Atlantic breeze began to blow. Well, the first Sunday at sea we buried him.

Little Jennie Archer was left entirely alone, without a friend in the world save an aunt in Brooklyn to whom she was going. The good, strong-hearted girl bore up bravely in that sorrowful time, and even in her deepest grief found opportunity to render me a thousand kind services. When I first began to crawl out into the cabin, I noticed Capt. Darcy's evil eye often wandering towards her with a very peculiar expression that alarmed me. I was troubled and didn't know what to do. I could not say anything to Jennie, and, unable to stand alone, I could not in any way protect her. In this difficulty Loftus came to my aid. He would guard the lone girl far better than I, and his dislike to Capt. Darcy was stronger even than mine.

And so I contrived that Jennie and Loftus should become great friends. She was the kindest and gentlest little soul that ever lived, and the dog learned to love her more than he ever did any human being. Lofty never had a mistress, the Makewake was his mistress, and he clung to the ship through all her changes of crew, officers, and owners. But to Jennie he seemed to attach himself as dogs usually do to their owners, or even more closely. After fairly understanding that she must be watched and protected, he hardly left her an hour in the day, and slept before her door at night.

By the time I was able to go about a little—and out on deck when the sun was not too warm—Jennie Archer had quite won my heart, and I was much hurt to find that she grew more reserved as health returned to me; the little womanly ministrations, which had been so grateful, were gradually discontinued. Yet we were very friendly, and being the only idlers in the after part of the ship, we were with each other a great deal. Our long pleasant evenings on deck and morning readings in the cabin, were the happiest hours I had ever known. But I did not believe that I was making any progress in her affections—that is, I did not think that she would ever care for me as I did for her. I was pleased to see, however, that the Captain's attempts to be agreeable were quietly but decidedly repulsed. He saw it, too, after a while, and his hateful disposition thereafter began to show itself. He persecuted poor Jennie without mercy, whenever he could find an opportunity, and though Loftus and I were seldom off duty, he yet contrived to make her suffer from his spite in a thousand ways. Her simple dignity and unswerving faith in herself during these trials made me love her very dearly. She never complained to me at all; not even when I found her, one time, weeping, heart-broken, and frightened, with little bits of a note from him scattered over the floor.

Captain Darcy made no secret of his rage and vengeful temper; he seemed to consider that he owed defeat to me, and hated me accordingly. "You think yourself d——d smart," he would say, "but I'll show you I'm not the man to be baulked by any such whelps as you and that dog. You may do your d—est, but I'll master her yet, and then I will settle with *you*, young man."

I didn't mind his threats much, knowing him to be cowardly, like other mean souls; but I kept closer watch than ever over Jennie, and fed Loftus with my own hand, to which care I think he owes his life.

On the thirty-fifth day out we were off the Banks, and about noon I went up with Capt Darcy to take the sun. Lofty assisted in the observation, as he always did with the utmost gravity, and Miss Archer added her smile to the brightness of the hour, happy—thought I—to know our voyage was so nearly done. While working up my calculations I noticed the Captain hastily descending the cabin gangway. I thought it odd he did not wait for the result, and directly I was further surprised to find that Loftus had also disappeared. I didn't think much about it all, though. I was alone with her for, perhaps, the last time, and I lingered a good while before going below to make my entry in the log. It seemed to me that she had never looked so kindly upon me as then, and I came very near telling her how dearly I had learned to prize her favor, and asking that it might be mine forever. But I felt as though that would be taking a certain advantage of her heeding a protector, and in some sort presuming upon the claim I might be supposed to have—so the words which trembled on my tongue were not spoken. I afterwards wished they had been.

Entering the cabin at last, we were startled by sounds of strife, evident struggling, fierce growls, and a storm of curses. For the first time Jennie's courage gave way; yet even then she seemed more hurt than afraid, as she leaned against me, sobbing, "Oh, Heaven! he is in my room!"

And so indeed it was. Crouched down in one corner—a pitiable sight indeed—lay Capt. Darcy with Loftus' teeth in his throat. He still clutched the leather belt which contained Jennie's little fortune, and in a sailor's bag at his feet I found everything else of the least value which she possessed in the world—even the letters to her friends.

Loftus must have seen indignation and horror in my face, for he immediately renewed his attack with the utmost ferocity, and it was by Jennie's best efforts he was prevented from killing the wretch on the instant—he wouldn't listen to me at all. As it was, Capt. Darcy had to be carried ashore when we arrived, and I remember they used the very same cot that I was brought aboard in. During the fever which followed he was delirious part of the time, and I had gathered from his wild talk that he had hoped, by reducing Jennie to utter poverty, he could make her dependent upon him and submissive to his will.

Thanks to Loftus, the robber was caught in the act, and I half envied the dog his reward of fond gratitude. He accompanied her to Brooklyn, when her friends came for her, and after that he used to run over there every day or two. As the captain's duties fell to my hands, I was unable to leave the ship for more than a week, but as soon as I could get off, I made a visit to Jennie in her new home. A very nice place it was, away out on Clinton avenue, and I found her delighted with it, as well she might be. Her friends, too, were just the pleasantest sort of people, and received me very kindly. But somehow I felt disappointed and uncomfortable, though I couldn't tell why for the life of me. Jennie's manner was the same to me it had always been, except a little embarrassment at first. She was very friendly and confiding as ever; yet I felt that in Clinton avenue she was very far away from me and from the life we had lived together. Then there was a good-looking young chap at the house who played on the piano and sang with Jennie, and who had all those pleasant little accomplishments which show cultivation and good breeding. Well, I liked him—I hadn't any spite at all—but couldn't help thinking that 'longside his fine gentleman's graces my plain sailor ways appeared to small advantage. So I did not enjoy my visit as I had anticipated, but went away as early as possible, vexed and dissatisfied with myself and everybody else.

Captain Darcy got an idea into his unsettled mind that Jennie and I were going to proceed against him for piracy on the high seas, and though I assured him that neither of us had any such intention, he became frightened, and suddenly disappeared from his hotel before I believed him able to go about. I have never seen him or heard of him from that day to this. When I reported his flight to Stirling & Field, our owners, they seemed rather glad than otherwise, and much to my surprise immediately offered the command of the Makewake to me.

During the long days of convalescence, when I could do but little else, I had dreamed again and again of the time when I should be captain of the Makewake, and be in a position to offer Jennie Archer a home as well as a heart. These had been visions of happiness to me; but now, when they might be realized, their brightness faded fast—it seemed highly improbable that I should ever make Jennie an offer of anything at all, and being captain of a liner didn't amount to much any way. However, I accepted the proposition gladly enough, and therefore staid by the ship more closely than ever.

Loftus still continued his visits to Clifton Avenue, being over there, indeed, at least half the time, though he always came home at night. My first experience there had not been of a sort to encourage my going again—so, when the Makewake was nearly ready for sea, I sent by Loftus a note to Jennie, apologizing for not calling and saying good-bye. Of course I half hoped he would bring some little reply from her—and so he did. She wished particularly to see me, and begged I would come to her before I sailed. Well, I was delighted! I spread all the light canvass I could carry, and bowled over there—gay as a lark. The very first thing I saw was Jennie walking around the grounds with that good-looking young fellow—talking so earnestly and gazing up to his face in such a charming way—it just took me flat aback; I wished myself aboard ship again and outside the Hook. I don't know but I might have run away, only Loftus attracted the children's attention, and then 'twas too late.

I had not been in the house ten minutes, when I noticed an understanding of some sort between Jennie and the handsome young gentleman. They had consultations and side glances, and looks towards me—as I thought—and, finally, it ended in his presenting to me, on behalf of Miss Jennie Archer, a very fine gold chronometer and chain. He delivered it with a little speech, of which I hardly heard a word—I was so confused. Passengers aboard ship often met in the cabin on coming into port, and gave the officers something or other to remember the voyage by, and I had certain phrases which were always used on such occasions. I got them off now as well as I could, and sat down in a corner to think the matter over.

I don't like people who are over sensitive, easily grieved, and perpetually feeling hurt. I think it generally shows a mean disposition; but I do suppose that was about my state of mind. This, thought I, is what she wanted me for. This watch means payment in full of all demands against her; and she didn't want me, even while going to Liverpool and back, to have an idea that she was under any obligations to me. A valuable gift settles the old accounts, and leaves her free to open new books. What a fool I have been! But I'll not be any more—I'll never trouble her again, that's certain.

Such bitter, gloomy reveries as these kept coming all the afternoon. Meantime I hardly knew what to do with the watch. I carried it about in my hand a long time, and finally shut up the velvet case containing it, and stuck it into my coat pocket. I thanked Jennie in an awkward, cold way, and felt an ugly satisfaction in noticing how surprised and grieved she looked. I do not think, however, that any one else perceived my spiteful temper. I never had better success among young folks than that afternoon. I determined to show that I did'nt care for any one particularly, and tried my best to be entertaining and agreeable to all the girls in the house—succeeding, as I said, better than ever before. But my heart—the whole time—was filling more and more with sad, troubled emotions. Gradually pride and vexation gave way to the old tenderness for Jennie, and as I thought of the long, weary hours I had to pass, without a hope of her, in the very place where we had so lately been happy together, I realized how dear she had become to me—how utterly desolate and lonely I was destined to be. At last, I could keep up the appearance of cheerfulness no longer, and determined to steal away; never to return.

I looked all about, quietly, for Loftus, and after some time found him in a little summer house in the garden. 'Twas now quite dusk but with him I recognized Jennie, her arms about his neck, her face hidden in his long fleecy coat. She started as I spoke, and would have run away, but Loftus was seated upon her dress and would not move. "I'm sorry to part old friends," I said, "but Loftus and I must go now, Miss Jennie. I wanted to say "Miss Archer," but couldn't.

"And are you going away angry, when we have always understood each other so well?"

How ashamed and repentant I felt, finding the poor girl had been crying. "No, indeed, Jennie," I answered; "I am not angry now. Forgive me for hurting you by accepting your present with so bad grace—I was vexed then, but am not any more. Believe me, I do understand and see; you could not have told me in a more delicate way. Good-bye, Miss Jennie—do not feel troubled about me; I'll try never to think of you again as I used to."

"What have I done so dreadfully wrong that you should change so? Only the watch? Is that all?"

"Pray don't think you have done wrong. You have always been fair and sincere with me, and I have only myself to blame. I shall esteem and respect you as ever."

"We may be friends, then? You will visit me when you return?"

"No, no, Jennie, I could not do that. If you ever need me, I shall only be too happy to serve you; but, otherwise, I hope this will be our last meeting in the world. After all you have been to me, and all I have dreamed you might be, I could not bear to see you happy with another, even though he is more worthy of you."

She turned away, covering her face with her dear little hands, sobbing as if her heart would break—"Oh, mother, what shall I do! what shall I do!".

I had been standing at the door of the summer house, much farther away from Jennie than I used to be in our talks aboard the Makewake, and Loftus did not understand it all. He walked from one to the other, growling, troubled and perplexed. When Jennie began to cry he seized my arm, dragged me across the floor, and pulled me down at her feet.

The darling girl put both her arms around my neck, nestled her beautiful head upon my shoulder, and without a word did understand each other right well at last.

We have often tried to persuade Loftus to stay at home and keep Jennie company while I am away in the Makewake, but he never would desert the ship. Whenever we arrive in New York, though, the instant we touch the deck, he bounds away to tell his dear mistress her husband has come home.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE POOR AND THE COMING WINTER.—In view of the near approach of winter, and the scarcity of employment, a contemporary gives the following advice:

"Let every man, woman and child save now; let them even pinch themselves and families now to prepare for darker times ahead. The winter is rapidly approaching, when the want of warm clothing, comfortable fires, unbroken shoes and a host of other necessaries will be severely felt, if unprovided for now. Every shilling now squandered in dissipation or unnecessarily wasted, robs your family of some comfort. Every hour of idleness, when work may be obtained, is a crime. Look to it, men with wives and little ones, that when the hour of gloom and distress shall arrive, you shall have saved, even though it be but a few dollars, for that time of need. He who neglects this plain *duty* is worse than unwise—he is wicked."

VIRTUE OF BORAX.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly one-half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines, requiring to be stiff, a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet-table.

☞ A reverend gentleman of New York is represented as having asked, "When will the war begin in earnest?" Would it not have been a more Christian question to have asked, "When will this fratricidal war cease, in earnest?"

☞ A subscriber to a moral reform paper called at the post office the other day and inquired if the "Friend of Virtue" had come. "No," replied the postmaster, "there has been no such person here for a long time."

The War News.

FROM THE SOUTH.

The Cincinnati Gazette contains extracts from Richmond papers of the 6th and 7th instant. We copy the following:

Confederate Camps on the Potomac.

Correspondence of the Richmond Examiner.

PASSES THROUGH THE LINES.

NEAR THE POTOMAC, Sept. 5.—Reaching Manassas—not until past five o'clock in the evening—it became necessary even for the returned soldiers, as well as the civilians, to obtain passes through the line. It was found impossible for civilians, under a recent order of General Beauregard, to obtain passes to any of the advanced regiments; but availing ourselves of the intention of joining a regiment for the particular occasion of one battle at least, we are permitted to pass forward in the direction of the Potomac.

COUNTRY AROUND MANASSAS.

The whole country about here appears to be one vast camp. The scenery at Manassas, reaching across the broad plains to the azure combs of the Blue Ridge, is at any time extensive and pleasant; but with the camps of the Louisiana and Georgia regiments dotting the meadows, or showing through the vistas of the beautiful woods of this section, the effect is most decidedly picturesque. Add to these a quiet September night, with the camp fires ranged on the low hill sides, and the songs of the soldiers coming slowly but regularly to the ear on the quiet air, and the scene is so diversified and enlivened as to captivate the dullest taste, and stimulate it with emotions of the beautiful.

About a mile up the road from the Junction is the headquarters of General Johnson—a plain, yellow painted farm house, with the old Virginia porch and the indispensable shade trees. The General himself looks like a plain Virginia farmer. Of course there is no intelligence to be obtained here of the movements of the army, although it seems an especial point with some of the officers at headquarters to persuade civilians that there is no prospect whatever of a battle to gratify their curiosity, or whatever propensity may have hurried them to the theatre of war.

POSITION OF OUR LINES.

Whatever these intimations of officers may be worth, it is very certain that the present position of our lines is critical, if it does not positively denote an intended engagement. Of course it is proper, from prudent and circumspect considerations, that I should give no information I have obtained of the disposition of our forces beyond such general statements as may be innocent, and at the same time possibly interest your readers. Circumstances may occur at any time to throw off the restraints of secrecy and admit the readers of the Examiner to the full knowledge of the present movements.

There are two opinions here as to the intention of advance movements which have taken place all along our lines. Should the attack come from our enemy, we will not, you may rest assured, be unprepared to meet it. All our regiments have been under marching orders for the past few days. Gen. Longstreet's command is in occupation of Munson's Hill. In other directions our lines are within three miles of Alexandria. This is all the enemy knows and is likely to know, notwithstanding his persistent efforts, by the skirmishing of a day or two past, (probably continued to-day,) to get around Munson's Hill to discover what is in the rear of our extreme advance. This is not likely to be discovered without a battle, and when the enemy chooses to offer it, we may presume that he will not be declined.

SKIRMISHING ALONG OUR LINES.

The skirmishing between our lines at any moment may bring on a general action. And again, such a result may be deferred for weeks. In the affair of outposts on Thursday last, at Falls church, between a portion of Gen. Early's brigade and the enemy, every preparation had been made for a general action, which, however, was declined by the enemy. This affair resulted in the loss of two of our men, with a repulse of the detachment of the enemy, with fourteen killed and some eight or ten prisoners in our hands.

ACTION NEAR MUNSON'S HILL.

A report, however, has reached here—the extreme right of the advanced lines—of heavy skirmishing at Munson's Hill. A large detachment of the enemy is said to have been repulsed, with some 150 killed. There is no doubt of the erection of a battery by our forces at this extreme position on our advanced lines.

The extent of the action and the loss of the enemy is variously reported. The enemy were engaged at Hall's Hill, which is in advance of Munson's Hill, about a mile from Arlington Heights, which position had been held by the enemy for some days, and which they were engaged in fortifying. The enemy were repulsed, and Hall's Hill is now occupied by our forces, under Gen. Longstreet. The occupation of this position by our troops is positive, and is now the extreme point of the advance of our lines.

SPIRIT OF THE SOLDIERS.

The best spirit prevails in our camps. Not a word of discontent is heard, or any other anxiety than that of engaging the enemy. Ill health, the incubus of inaction, the encroachments of disease, the melancholy spectacles of soldiers' burials in the drear and distant valleys about the camps, are endured alike with fortitude, and lightened by hopes of better days. There seems to be but one general expression for a march upon Washington. Its comfortable winter quarters and its vast storehouses of provisions are objects of no ordinary regard to our army; and we are convinced that our troops will never fight better than when the watch-word is distinctly passed of "forward to Washington."

The disappointment at not following up the victory of the 21st of July is only more extreme in the camps than it is in Richmond. The lack of means of transportation is treated as an inadequate excuse for not moving an army twenty miles from its position. The last doubtless is, that the extent of the enemy's rout was not known by our Generals until the Tuesday following. The next general action will be, if not on the works of Washington, at least in such a position as to be followed up. This, at least, is positive, and so much your readers may take as a basis of their expectations of the future.

HEALTH OF THE CAMPS.

The health of the camps is very bad indeed, but out of the number of cases but very few result fatally. The prevalent diseases are measles, mumps, and a mild form of typhoid fever, not dangerous, unless symptoms of pneumonia are superinduced. The lowness of the country, the great fall of rain, and the corruption of the atmosphere about Manassas, by causes which might certainly be corrected in the extreme filth of the camps, have surrounded our brave soldiers with almost every circumstance calculated to excite malarious diseases. The water, too, is bad, and its supplies scant. An artesian well is being bored within a few steps of the railroad station.

The hospital accommodations are probably not as extensive as the necessities of the army require, and the transportation of the sick to the towns continues daily. A number of farm houses in the neighborhood of the camps are converted into hospitals. Many of the Sisters of Charity are at Manassas as nurses, and give a beautiful and benevolent aspect to every scene of suffering and sickness accessible to their walk of charity. Their presence about the camps in their simple garbs, and with their plain and cheerful looks, is one of those spectacles of the loveliness of the sex more pleasing to a heart of human sympathies than

"All the beauty ever throned womanhood."

A RIDE OVER THE MANASSAS BATTLE-FIELD.

Early yesterday morning, before breakfast, I took a rapid ride over the famous battle-field, about six miles from the Junction. The effect was not appetizing. Believe me, it was terrible. The field of battle stretched desolate, but not blank, before the eye. The sky above seemed dead, as it but imperfectly lighted up in the dark, drizzling rain the horrors of the scene of death. Most of the Yankee dead had been merely covered up in shallow trenches, and from these broken mounds black and putrified limbs stretched out to the sight. Here was a head partially uncovered, with the hair dropping off at the touch of the finger—there a bunch of ghastly and putrified fingers clenched over the shallow earth of its grave. The stench was almost intolerable, even in the morning air. An army surgeon, who accompanied us in our visit to the field, says that on visiting it but a day after the battle, he found the corpses with which it was strewn black as negroes.

The field itself shows no signs of the scars of war. The grass has grown again; but the torn and mangled timber in every direction shows the terrible effects of the fire. Even in little trees, scarcely the thickness of the arm, five or six shots can be pointed out. In one part of the field the eye of the visitor is attracted by a little pine copse all crushed and mangled by the fire of the artillery. Just on its skirt is a collection of small stones, with a shaft of smoothed oak timber standing upright among them, and bearing the name of "Bartow." It was here where the gallant Georgian met his glorious fate. In another part of the field a shaft of cedar marks the spot where Gen. Bee fell.

ARREST OF ALLEGED TRAITORS.

The Richmond Examiner says John S. Bowers, George Pitcher and Ludwig Hest, residing, when "at home," in the vicinity of Martinsburg, Va., were on the 5th taken to that city, under custody, by way of the Central railroad, and committed to prison to await a future investigation into the charge of treason against the Confederate States, upon which they are held.

FEDERAL PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

The Richmond Examiner says:

Notwithstanding the large number of Federal prisoners confined in Richmond, but two have as yet contrived to escape, and since the appointment of Captain Gibbes, of Florida, to the post of provost marshal, not an escape has been attempted even. Under the rules recently instituted by this vigilant officer, all newspapers are denied to the prisoners. The coffee and sugar with which they have been heretofore liberally supplied, has also been stopped, a measure rendered necessary by the scarcity of those articles. The prisoners, it is said, will be shortly removed into the interior.

AID FOR NORTH CAROLINA.

The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg Express writes under date of the 6th:

Our enterprising townsman, Joseph R. Anderson, has been appointed a brigadier general, and assigned to the department of North Carolina. He embarked on the Southern train this afternoon for Newbern. General Anderson will make a capital officer. He is a graduate of West Point, where he obtained a thorough military education. He is of commanding figure, in the prime of life, having just attained his 49th year, and in the enjoyment of excellent health. An immense quantity of arms and amunition will follow him.

From the Richmond papers of the 11th we take the following:

THE BATTLE OF CROSS LANES.

The Whig has a long account of this battle. The Confederates killed were Lewis Thomas, A. L. Stute, Wm. Parsons and James Felts, besides twenty-two wounded.

Subsequently a command under Col. Jenkins was suddenly attacked, and was compelled to retreat with one killed and several wounded. Col. J. was seriously hurt by his horse falling.

THE SKIRMISH AT HAWK'S NEST.

The Enquirer has a letter detailing the particulars of this skirmish, heretofore reported by telegraph. It claims that Gen Wise drove back the enemy with a considerable loss to them, and none on his side, save one wounded.

THE SOUTHERN LOAN.

The response is general and earnest to the call, and many millions are already pledged. The sugar, cotton, tobacco, rice, and grain producers vie with each other. In a single county (Adams) in Mississippi, the aggregate reaches over 22,000 bales of cotton, which cannot in value fall short of 1,000,000, and before these subscriptions are closed, it is believed that their aggregate will swell to 50 or 100,000,000.

Inactivity of the Southern Army.

A letter in the Savannah (Ga.) News, dated August 27th, says:

The chief topic of conversation here is the inactivity of the army. Much criticism has been passed upon Gen. Beauregard, and those who are believed to direct the movements of the army, more particularly respecting his failure to occupy or destroy Alexandria and Washington city. Congress called for information on this point, and the President referred the inquiry to Gen. Beauregard, who, in his answer, placed the blame where it really belonged. He had been for weeks almost beseeching the War Department to supply him with the material needful to carry on the war—men, ammunition, provisions, wagons; but the quartermaster's and commissariat departments being in incompetent hands, the day of battle came and found our generals without the means of carrying the army forward. Quite an acrimonious debate sprung up in the House upon the reading of this answer, in which Messrs. Miles and Chesnut, of South Carolina, who had been on the staff of Gen. Beauregard at Manassas, and had supported him in a most gallant manner during that eventful day, found it necessary to vindicate their great chief from the aspersions which certain members were disposed to throw out against his military reputation. Since the 21st July many circumstances have combined to keep our troops in a stationary position. Rain has fallen in great quantities and almost incessantly, rendering the roads impassable for heavy wagon transportation, and the marching of large bodies of troops, and there has been a great deal of sickness among our soldiers—probably 20 per cent are at this time unfit for duty. Our generals, however, have been strengthened by new accessions almost every day, and the railroads continue to transport regiment after regiment.

Slave Property Declared Free.

ST. LOUIS, September 12.—Provost Marshal McKinstry will issue the following proclamation to-morrow:

The Major General commanding the Western Department having satisfactory evidence that Thomas L. Smead, of the city and county of St. Louis, and State of Missouri, has been taking active part with the enemies of the United States in the present insurrectionary movement against the Government, and the Military Commission now in session at the arsenal in this city having reported the facts to these headquarters as the result of deliberation, the Major-General commanding has executed and ordered to be published the following deeds of manumission:

Here follow two deeds declaring by the authority of law and power invested in the Commanding General, Frank Lewis and Hiram Reed, heretofore held to service or labor by the said Thomas L. Smead, to be free and forever discharged from the bond of servitude, giving them free right and authority to have, use and control their own labor or service as to them may seem proper, without any accountability whatever to said Thomas L. Smead, or any one to claim by, through or under him.

The life of Judge Ryland, late of the Supreme Court, who is in the hands of the Confederates, has been threatened, if Capt. Magoffin, lately sentenced in Lexington to be hung, is executed.

☞ One Scotchman complained that he had got a ringing in his head. "Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked his worthy crony. "No." "I'll tell you; it's because it's empty." "And have you never had a ringing in your head?" quoth the other. "No, never." "And, ye ken the reason?" "No." "It's because it's cracked."