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VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

AT A MEETING OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION FOR THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, held at the Law Building on THURSDAY, the 24th day of October, it was resolved—

That this Convention is satisfied that the ...d of Election heretofore appointed by the Board of Police Commissioners are authorized ...yet, and they are therefore earnestly requested ...serve at the election on the 6th day of November.

That this Convention respectfully submits as candidates for election, on the 6th of November, the following persons:

For Governor,
BENJAMIN C. HOWARD.
For Comptroller,
A. LINGAN JARRETT.
For Judge of the Court of Appeals,
JOHN C. LEGRAND.
For Judge of the Superior Court,
BENJAMIN C. PRESSTMAN.
For Judge of the Court of Common Pleas,
J. C. BLACKBURN.
For Judge of the Criminal Court,
GEORGE H. BRICE.
For State's Attorney,
BERNARD CARTER.
For Sheriff,
CHARLES TOWSON.
For Clerk of the Circuit Court,
ROBERT J. KERR.
For Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas,
ANDREW J. GEORGE.
For Surveyor,
...WEN BOULDIN.
For Commissioner of Public Works,
...DALL BOLLMAN.
For House of Delegates,
...EWART,
...D. MILLER,
...MAS SAPPINGTON,
...GITTINGS,
...GNER,
...ENS,
...ORD,
...
...
...WSON, President.
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...nd Shoals, Fort,
...the distances are
...eet, and is the
...of Army ... and Travel ... America ...
...Linen, on rollers and varnished, $2.50.
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Also, LLOYD'S OFFICIAL MAP OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI. Price 25 cents.
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Sole Agent for the State of Maryland,
for Lloyd's Military Maps,
No. 74 West Baltimore street, near Gay,
oc25 Baltimore.

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DANCING ACADEMIES are now open.
AT CENTRAL HALL,
on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS for Ladies, Misses and Masters, and TUESDAY and FRIDAY NIGHTS for Gentlemen.
ALSO, AT POWHATTAN HALL,
MONDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS for Ladies and Juniors. Gentlemen's Class the same night. For particulars, call as above.

COAL,
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COKE!
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FOR CASH ONLY.
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☞Cash when ordered.
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oo 14-1m 32 Light st., near Lombard.

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...RILL'S RIFLE.
...L, THOMAS & CO.,
... Baltimore Street,
...LTIMORE.

The South.

[*From the London Quiver for Week.*]

CIVILE BELLUM.

"In this fearful struggle between North and South, there are hundreds of cases in which fathers are arrayed against sons, brothers against brothers.—*American paper.*

"Rifleman, shoot me a fussy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette,
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, Captain! here goes for a fine drawn bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, Rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel firs blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"Oh! Captain, I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of the fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and mastered me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold—
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way.
Scarce graving the picture so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! Rifleman, fling me the locket!—The sky,
My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree.
We must bury him, there, by the light of the moon!"

"But, hark! the far bugles their warning blate,
War is a virtue—weakness a sin.
There's a Yankee and Dixie around us to-night
Load, load, Rifleman, keep your hand in!"

FROM THE OWN UNITED STATES.

Order of Maj. Gen. McClellan in Assuming Command of the Armies of the United States.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Maj. Gen. McClellan to-night issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Washington, D. C., Nov. 1.

General Order No. 49.—In accordance with general order No. 94 from the War Department, I hereby assume command of the armies of the United States.

In the midst of the difficulties which encompass and divide the nation, hesitation and self-distrust may well accompany the assumption of so vast a responsibility; but confiding, as I do, in the loyalty, discipline and courage of our troops, and believing as I do that Providence will favor ours as the just cause, I cannot doubt that success will crown our efforts and sacrifices.

The army will unite with me in the feeling of regret that the weight of many years and the effect of increasing infirmities contracted and intensified in his country's service, should just now remove from our head the great soldier of our nation. The hero who, in his youth, raised high the reputation of his country in the field of battle, proved at the close of a long and glorious career to the world that American skill and valor could repeat, if not eclipse, the exploits of Cortez in the land of the Montezumas—whose whole life has been devoted to the service of his country, whose whole efforts had been directed to uphold our honor at the smallest sacrifice of life. A warrior who scorned the selfish glories of the battle-field, when his great qualities as a statesman could be employed more profitably for his country. A citizen whose declining years has given to the world most shining instances of loyalty in disregarding all ties of birth, and clings still to the cause of truth and honor. Such has been the career—such the character of Winfield Scott—whom it has long been the delight of the nation to honor, both as a man and a soldier.

While we regret his loss there is one thing we cannot regret—the bright example he has left for our emulation. Let us all hope and pray that his declining years may be passed in peace and happiness, and that they may be cheered by the success of the country and the cause he has fought for and loved so well.

Beyond all this, let us do nothing that can cause him to blush for us. Let no defeat of the army he has long commanded embitter his last years, but let our victories illuminate the close of a life so grand.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding U. S. A.

Col. Wilson's Report.

Col. Wilson, or as he is more familiarly known, "Billy" Wilson, has made an official report of his conflict on Santa Rosa Island, and it must be said that it is a curious production. Wilson, it should be remembered, has not enjoyed the advantages of a West Point education; he has had few opportunities of learning either the graces or the rules of literary composition; he is as rough in his style as in his manners; his knack at fighting is better than his knack at writing, and quite possibly it is so because he has had greater experience in the former line than in the latter.

He tells Gen. Arthur that his "new clothes were all destroyed," that the enemy's war-cry was "Death to Wilson" and that "five thousand dollars reward" was offered for his own head; but he congratulates himself on two facts—namely, that "his commission is safe," and that his "men have smelt gunpowder, and now they are all right."

Then he makes this little statement

"They are exhibiting my hair and head in Pensacola; the reward is already claimed; also an old flag which I nailed to a flagstaff on the Fourth of July, which has been hanging there ever since; nothing left, however, but the stars. The ladies have cut it up in pieces, and have it pinned on their bosoms as a trophy. Every one in Pensacola has my sword and uniform. I must have had a large quantity of hair, plenty of swords and uniforms. They say if I was to be taken alive I was to be put in a cage and exhibited."

The report concludes with these jerky and suggestive sentences, which sound very oddly in an official paper, but nevertheless tell the whole story.

"We lay upon our arms every night. I have slept but very little this week. I don't feel well; I have got the diarrhœa. We will want 800 uniforms.

"Your obedient servant,
"WM. WILSON,
"Colonel Commanding."

Medical assistance should at once be furnished, for he is evidently in a bad way.

☞It is reported in a Richmond paper that Mr. Paul Morphy, the famous chess player, "has kindly consented to be present" at the meeting of a Confederate chess-club in the Confederate capital.

LATEST FROM THE SOUTH.

We find the following extracts from the Richmond *Enquirer*, of the 26th of October, in our Northern exchanges:

A lady thus writes to the *Enquirer:*

LEESBURG, Oct. 21, 1861.

* * * You do not know what we have passed through since yesterday—a fearful battle, more stubborn than that of Manassas, the soldiers say, though, of course not so extended. Our men fought most bravely. I felt perfectly convinced that we could repel them, until about 4 o'clock, when a wounded soldier arrived and reported that our army was whipped, and that the Eighth Virginia Regiment was cut to pieces. Oh, what a terrible hour we then spent! About five o'clock there came in news that we had gained the advantage, and soon the cheers of victory shouted in our ears; and though the dead and wounded were coming in, and though we knew the sorrow that would be shed abroad, yet our hearts went up in thankfulness to God who giveth the victory.

It was a glorious victory, gloriously won. Many a noble spirit was sacrificed on our part; but we are the conquerors! We have about five hundred prisoners. Their loss in killed, wounded and prisoners is *at least* one thousand; ours is about thirty killed, among whom is Clinton Hatcher, of Loudon county, Donahue, of Loudon, and a son of Gov. Pettus, of Mississippi. Many are wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Tebbs, of the Eighth Virginia, was slightly wounded—a graze on the cheek. Colonel Burt, of Mississippi, was badly wounded in the thigh—not mortally. Dr. Martin, of Mississippi, was shot through the lungs—supposed to be mortally wounded. Lieut. B. G. Carter, Eighth Virginia, was wounded in the hand. Lieut. Flem (?) had his leg shot off, and Dr. Brock his arm. Young Ballard, of Richmond, is safe.

Our court-house was full of Yankee prisoners last night, who were sent off at four o'clock this morning, and it is now full again. They do not think the attack will be renewed again to-day, as their loss is so heavy.

We did not fire a piece of artillery, owing to the thicket on the Leesburg side of the battle ground, by Jackson's house.

It really was an awful battle. We saw the first of it from our garret window. There were three distinct conflicts. The firing of musketry on our side (for we had nothing else) was terrific.

GEN. ANDERSON'S BROTHER IN DURESS.

Charles Anderson, brother of General Robert Anderson, of Sumter notoriety, who lives in Texas lately concluded to sell out and remove to Kentucky. He started from San Antonio, and proceeded towards Mexico. When twenty-seven miles out, on his pilgrimage, he was overtaken by a detachment of our cavalry, sent for the purpose by Col. H. E. McCulloch. Mr. Anderson is a prisoner, but his family started for Ohio last

PROVISIONS FOR NORTH CAROLINA.

An arrangement has been made between the Confederate government and the State of North Carolina, by which the latter contracts to supply all the North Carolina soldiers with winter clothing, blankets, &c. Agents of the government will be appointed in every county of the State, authorized to purchase and pay for all the cloths, blankets, hats, shoes, socks, &c., required for the comfort and of our soldiers. * * *

This arrangement will be carried out by the War Department, and payment will be made at the commutation rate of twenty-five dollars for every six months of their service, &c.—*Eng.*

LETTER FROM PIXEY WOODS CAMP ON THE POTOMAC.

October 19th.—A correspondent of the *Enquirer* writes as follows:

On the morning the 14th instant the batteries at Evansport were "unmasked." * * * From "Possum's Nose" we could hear steamers tugging along during the night. * * * At one o'clock one came down firing at every object on the shore, over and around us. The batteries let it pass for the *largest* in sight. At length she cleared for action (the Pawnee) steamed up and came gallantly down. Our batteries presented the appearance of a fine thicket on the Point; but as the Pawnee came into range, the thicket tumbled into the river as if by magic, the Confederate flag ran up defiantly from three batteries, and our shots saluted the astonished Yankees. She answered boldly, and fired splendid shots. She was hit four or five times, but soon got out of range, and made Bull Run speed. No one was hurt on our side, nor were the batteries affected by the heavy cannonade.

From appearances the ship was injured seriously, and was glad to leave. * * Since then our batteries have kept up a fire on everything that has passed, and no sailing craft has passed except in the fog, or at night. * * This morning being very foggy, a schooner tried to slip by, but Providence favored our batteries, &c. * * All the batteries were opened—there came along two tugs, towing four large merchant ships. One of the tugs let loose one of the largest ships and deserted her. The others escaped, but not without carrying some dozen large balls in them. Capt. Nelson's company, from Dumfries, and men from the batteries, rowed out in long boats, and, amid the shouts of our regiments on shore, brought in the ship and schooner. Both are heavily laden, and are now unloading, under the guns of the Evansport batteries. The cargoes are valuable, and the ships worth no small amount.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES ELECTION.

The election for members of Congress is to be held on the first Wednesday in November, which election shall be conducted according to the permanent constitution and the laws of the several States in force for that purpose. In States which have not provided by law for such election, the same will be held according to the laws heretofore existing in States for the election of members of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

The appointment of electors for President and Vice President is also made on the day of the Congressional election—the first Wednesday in November. The electors are to meet in their respective States on the first Wednesday in December, 1861, and proceed to vote for President and Vice President.

Congress is to assemble in regular session, at the seat of government, on the 18th day of February, 1862. On the 19th day of February, it is provided that the President of the Senate shall open the certificates, and the votes for President and Vice President shall then be counted.

The President of the Confederate States shall be inaugurated on the twenty-second day of February, 1862.

RETIRACY OF LIEUT. GEN. SCOTT.

Major Gen. McClellan placed in command of the Federal Armies.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The following letter from Lieutenant General Scott was received by the President on Thursday afternoon:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Oct. 31, 1861.

The Hon. S. Cameron, Secretary of War:

SIR: For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse or to walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities—dropsy and vertigo—admonish me that repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man.

It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so late prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service.

As this request is founded on an absolute righ granted by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself in these momentous times from the orders of a President who has treated me with distinguished kindness and courtesy; whom I know, upon much personal intercourse, to be patriotic, without sectional partialities or prejudices; to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and of unrivalled activity and perseverance.

And to you, Mr. Secretary, whom I now officially address for the last time, I beg to acknowledge my many obligations for the uniform high considerations I have received at your hands.

I have the honor to remain, Sir, with high respect, your obedient servant,

(Signed) WINFIELD SCOTT.

A special Cabinet council was convened on Friday morning, at nine o'clock, to take the subject into consideration. It was decided that General Scott's request, under the circumstances of his advanced age and infirmities, could not be declined.

Major General McClellan was thereupon, with the unanimous agreement of the Cabinet, notified that the command of the army would be devolved upon him.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the Cabinet again waited upon the President, and attended him to the residence of Gen. Scott.

Being seated, the President read to the General the following order:

ORDERED.—On the 1st day of November, A. D. 1861, upon his own application to the President of the United States, Brevet Lt. Gen. Winfield Scott is ordered to be placed, and hereby is placed upon the list of retired officers of the army of the United States, without reduction in his current pay, subsistence and allowances.

The American people will hear with sorrow the retirement of the active commander of their army, while the President and a unanimous Cabinet express their own and the nation's sympathy in his personal affliction, and their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to his country during his long and brilliant career, among which will ever be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union, and the flag, when assailed by paracidal rebellion.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

General Scott thereupon rose and addressed the President and cabinet, who had also risen, as follows:

Mr. President—This honor overwhelms me. It overpays all services I have attempted to render to my country. If I had any claims before, they are all obliterated by this expression of approval by the President, with the unanimous support of this Cabinet. I know the President and this Cabinet well. I know that the country has placed its interest in this trying crisis in safe keeping. Their counsels are wise. Their labors are untiring, as they are loyal, and their course is the right one.

Mr. President, you must excuse me. I am unable to stand longer to give utterance to the feelings of gratitude which oppress me. In my retirement I shall offer up my prayers to God for this administration and for my country. I shall pray for it with confidence in its success over all enemies, and that speedily.

The President then took leave of General Scott, giving him his hand, and saying he hoped soon to write him a private letter expressive of his gratitude and affection.

The President added: "General, you will naturally feel solicitude about the gentlemen of your staff who have rendered you and their country such faithful service. I have taken that subject into consideration. I understand that they go with you to New York. I shall desire them at their earliest convenience after their return to make their wishes known to me. I desire you now, however, to be satisfied that, except the unavoidable privations of your counsel and society which they have so long enjoyed, the provision which will be made for them will be such as to render their situation as agreeable hereafter as it has been heretofore."

Each member of the administration then gave his hand to the veteran, and retired in profound silence.

The Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of War accompany General Scott to New York tomorrow by the early train.

The following is the response of the Secretary of War to the letter of General Scott:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington, Nov. 1, 1861.

GENERAL.—It was my duty to lay before the President your letter of yesterday, asking to be relieved under the recent act of Congress. In separating from you I cannot refrain from expressing my deep regret that your health, shattered by long service and repeated wounds received in your country's service, should render it necessary for you to retire from your high position at this momentous period of our history.

Although you are not to remain in active service, I yet hope that while I continue in charge of the Department over which I now preside, I shall, at times, be permitted to avail myself of the benefits of your wise counsel and sage experience. It has been my good fortune to enjoy a personal acquaintance with you for thirty years, and the pleasant relations of that long time have been greatly strengthened by your cordial and entire co-operation in all the great questions which have occupied the Department, and convulsed the country for the last six months.

In parting from you, I can only express the hope that a merciful Providence, which has protected you amidst so many trials, will improve your health and continue your life long after the people of the country shall have been restored to former happiness and prosperity.

I am, General, very sincerely, your obedient servant, SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott.

[*From the St. Louis Republican of Tuesday.*]

THE CAMPAIGN.

General Fremont may now be said to be in the heart of what was lately the enemy's country. On Saturday night he was encamped at Bolivar, in Polk county. His advance was expected to occupy Springfield Sunday night. The forces under Generals Hunter, Pope and McKinstry were rapidly moving ahead, and were beyond Warsaw on Saturday. They will not be far behind when General Fremont reaches Springfield, where we anticipate our next information from his command will be dated.

Little is known of the movements of the enemy in the Southwest. His advanced guards in several of the little towns above Springfield were last week withdrawn to the last named place and concentrated there to cover the removal of stores and munitions further South, which removal, at our latest advices, was precipitately going on. The appearance of Fremont's van, no doubt, hastened these arrangements pretty considerably. The whereabouts of General Price are still involved in doubt, our last intelligence locating his army at Greenfield, in Dade county, but still fleeing. As he does not seem to have directed his steps towards Springfield, it is inferred that he is seeking an outlet at the extreme Southwest corner of the State through Newton and McDonald counties. The long-talked of junction with McCulloch had not, it is believed, yet taken place up to Wednesday or Thursday last, though General Price was in diligent search of that warrior.

We have heard so much of the Confederates making a stand, with so many subsequent contradictions of their intention of doing so, that it appears useless to speculate upon a subject of such uncertainty. We have come to the conclusion that Price will make a stand only when he is compelled to do so. It is curious that if he actually meant to give the Federal forces battle, he did not halt on the south bank of the Osage and dispute the passage of that stream. It may be that now he designs to take position among the hills of McDonald county and endeavor to hold Fremont in check, as the natural defenses of that region are strong. We cannot see how he can afford to depart the State without abandoning the war in Missouri entirely.

CAMP HASKELL, HICKORY COUNTY,
Friday, October 25, 1861.

GEN. FREMONT AND HIS EXPECTATIONS.

We are again encamped on a very pleasant prairie, but will continue our march South in a few minutes, expecting to make some twenty miles further progress to-day. Gen. Fremont is in good health and appears in excellent spirits. *He seems to be in the expressive and confident of his ability to drive the Kansas line.*

General Siegel's division is encamped about a mile and a half from here on the eastern side of the State road. That division will move with ours to-day, and henceforth we shall probably remain together. Siegel's men are in high spirits, and have every hope of, and desire for a fight.

General Pope is now in command at Warsaw, and Generals Hunter and McKinstry are moving South, and I presume the latter has reached that place before the present time. In a few days, no doubt, we shall all be in one solid body.

Another report received here is, that Sterling Price is not far from Carthage, still retreating South with his forces. Whether he has or has not been joined by Ben McCulloch and his followers, is not stated, but it is generally supposed he has.

"MORE COPY."

Once in autumn, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, pondering over a memorandum-book of items used before—(book of scrawling head notes rather; items taking days to gather them in hot and sultry weather, using up much time and leather)—pondered we those times o'er. While we conned them, slowly rocking (through our mind quiver ideas flocking), came a quick and nervous knocking—knocking at the sanctum door. "Sure, that must be Jinks," we muttered—"Jinks that's knocking at our door; Jinks, the everlasting bore." But the form that stood before us, causing a trembling to come o'er us, and memory quickly bore us back again to days of yore—days when items were in plenty, and where'er this writer went to, he picked up interesting items by the score. 'Twas the form of "our devil," in an attitude uncivil; and he thrust his head within the open door, with "The foreman" *out o' copy*, he says he wants some more!" Yes, like a leader, the foreman wanted "more." Now the "local" had already walked about till nearly—he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—and walked through the so called Market, and the by-ways running into the portions of the city, both public and secluded had examined store and cellar, and had knocked to every door, if anything was stirring—any news occurring not published heretofore—and he had met with no success; he would rather kinder guess he felt a little wicked at that ugly little bore. The message from the foreman that he wanted "more." "Now, its time you were back in your office—office where your bones or the words that you have spoken—that all broken," (and we seized a [illegible] out of was lying on the floor) "take [illegible] or; tell the foreman there's no copy, you [illegible] the bore."—Quoth the devil, "Send him [illegible]" And our devil, never erring, still is there; still is flitting. Back and forth upon the lobby just outside the sanctum door. Tears down his cheeks are streaming—strange light from his eyes is beaming—and his voice is heard, still crying, "Sir, the foreman wants some more!" And his soul, pierced with that screaming, is awakened from its dreaming, and has lost the peaceful feeling, for the fancy will come o'er us, that each reader's face before us, bears the horrid words—"We want a little more!"

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The shipments of boots and shoes by rail and steamer from Boston to places outside of New England, during the past week, amounted, according to the Shoe and Leather *Reporter*, to 11,243 cases, 1,240 of which were sent to New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, including 108 to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, 3,698 to the Western States, 752 to the border slave States, and 53 cases to the British Provinces.