

# Bedford Gazette.



VOLUME 58.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2982.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 6, 1861.

VOL. 5, NO. 17.

**THE BEDFORD GAZETTE**  
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## Select Poetry.

### THE PRINTER'S HOHENLINDEN.

A country paper smarting under the delinquency of its subscribers, gets off the following for New Year's lament:

In seasons when our funds are low,  
Subscribers are provoking slow,  
And few supplies keep up the flow,  
Of dimes departing rapidly.

But we shall see a sadder sight,  
When duns come in from morn till night,  
Commanding every sixpence bright  
To be forked over rapidly.

Our bonds and due bills are arrayed:  
Each seal and signature displayed,  
The holders say they must be paid,  
With threats of law and chancery.

When to despair we're almost driven,  
Their precious little fan in living,  
When our last copper's rudely riven  
From lands that held it lovingly.

But larger yet the duns shall grow,  
When interest is added on below,  
Lengthening the chain a foot or so,  
While gazing at them hopelessly.

'Tis so, that scarce have we begun  
To plead for time upon a dun,  
Before there was another one  
Demanding pay ferociously.

The prospect darkens; oh, ye brave!  
Who would our very bacon save;  
Waive, patrons! all your pretenses vain!  
And pay the printer honestly.

Oh, it would yield us pleasure sweet,  
A few delinquents now to meet,  
Asking of us a clear receipt,  
For papers taken regularly.

### THE TALE HE TOLD THE MARINES.

Now mind I will not guarantee the truth of this. I can only tell you as he told it to us. It sounds improbable, certainly, but no one can say it is impossible. What is there to prevent a lady, if she is inclined, from —? But that would spoil the story. And there is no law of nature, I suppose, to restrain a man, who is so devoid of gentlemanly feeling as he is —. But that would tell you what is coming. It is no good saying he was intoxicated, because I defy you to get drunk on sherry and soda-water; and to lay it to the heat of the season is absurd, for it was a remarkably cool evening for August. No! Jenkyns is a man who has had some strange experiences, and this was not the least strange among them. Still, mind, I will not guarantee the truth of this; though, by the way, you don't often find a man tell the same tale twice exactly in the same way if it is not true, and I have heard him tell this twice. The first time was at a dinner at Lord —. Well! it does not matter where. It is sometimes advisable not to mention proper names. I don't think mentioning this would do any harm, though—at a dinner at Lord's cricket ground, and the second time was on the occasion of which I am speaking, when I found him drinking sherry and soda-water and smoking cheroots with three officers of marines, one of them with five gloves (lady's six-and-a-half), and a withered rose before him, was telling how— "after leading me on this way, after gaining my affections in this treacherous manner, by Jove! she throws me over and marries Blubber."

"It's like the sex," says the second marine.  
"It's woman that seizes all mankind," said the third marine.

"It reminds me of what once happened to myself," said Jenkyns; "you know the story," he continued, turning to me. "So just order yourself some sherry and soda-water; ah! and while you are about it just order some for me too, and you can pay for them both when they come; then I shan't be put out. Paying for anything always puts me out. Thank you! I'll try one of your segars. Well, gentlemen," turning to the marines, "some time ago, I was staying with Sir George P—, P— House, P—shire. Great numbers of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything, in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the stunning epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke."

"One good point in her character, at any rate," said the third marine.  
"Just like the sex!" said the second marine.  
"Ah! she was a stunner," continued Jenkyns, "you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to be my wife.  
"Don't be a fool!" she said. Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on."  
"Oh! Fanny," I exclaimed; "don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—"  
"I tell you what it is, now," she replied, angrily, "if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat."  
"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, "I did drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. Jenkyns," said I to myself, "Revenge! Revenge! I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner table, I perceived that every eye had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. Jenkyns," said I, "Revenge!" The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly waited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.  
"Am I to lose my air expedition?" she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car, "some one understands the management of this thing, surely! Nobody! Tom!" she called out to me, "you understand it, don't you?"  
"Perfectly!" I answered.  
"Come along, then!" she cried, "be quick; before papa comes back."  
"The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said:  
"How jolly!"  
"We were higher than the highest trees when she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked like mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.  
"I understand the going up part," I answered; "to come down is not so easy," and I whistled.  
"What do you mean?" she cried.  
"Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard," I replied, sutting the action to the word.  
"Don't be foolish, Tom!" she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.  
"Foolish!" I said. "Oh, dear, no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air, I like to go this pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!" and over went another sand-bag.  
"Why, you're mad, surely," she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.  
"Only with love, my dear," I answered, smiling pleasantly; "only with love for you, Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife."  
"I gave you my answer the other day," she replied; "one I should have thought you would have remembered," she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.  
"I remember it perfectly," I answered, "but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags, I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, as the cabin would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkyns."  
"I won't," she said; "I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus."  
"You acted in a very lady-like way the other day, did you not?" I rejoined, "when you knocked me out of the boat?" She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. "However," I went on, "it's no good arguing about it—I will you promise to give me your hand?"  
"Never!" she answered; "I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?"  
"She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely, well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkyns was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul."  
"Come, Mr. Jenkyns," she said suddenly, "come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this."  
"I continued the execution of the Dead March.  
"But if you do not begin the descent at once I will tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground."  
"I laughed, seized another bag, and looking steadily at her, said:  
"Will you promise to give me your hand?"  
"I've answered you already," was the reply.  
"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.  
"I thought you were a gentleman," said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; "I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I am mistaken; why, a chimney sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?"  
"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the goddess of Anger of Bractees—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:  
"I command you to begin the descent this instant!"  
"The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes silence, I took up another bag, and said:  
"We are getting rather high, if you do not decide soon we will have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?"  
"She sat in sulky silence at the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:  
"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you."  
"I can't! I can't!" she answered.  
"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would best me, after all, for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:  
"Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there."  
"I took up the fifth bag.  
"Come, my wife in life, or my companion in death! Which is it to be?" I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.  
"Come, Fanny, give me your promise!"  
"I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag into the car, and saying: "Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your hand to the lowest groom in your stables; endow with your priceless beauty the chief of the Pauki-wan-ki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command." I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a quivering expression upon her face:  
"You need not throw the last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."  
"With all your heart?" I asked, quickly.  
"With all my heart," she answered, with the same strange look.  
"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended.  
"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take the oath; "Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which, she assured me, had been given with all her heart.  
"You villain!" said Sir George, advancing towards me with a horse-whip in his hand.  
"You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back."  
"Sir George," said I, "villain and Jenkyns must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble," and snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. "And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good morning. Miss P—, I forgive you." And I retired.  
"Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"  
"As I said before, it's like the sex," said the second marine.  
"Yes, all mankind is seized by woman," said the third marine.  
"It's just my case over again," said the first marine. "After drawing me on in that way—after gaining my affections in that treacherous

manner, by Jove! sir, she goes and marries Blubber!"  
Well, it does sound improbable, certainly—very improbable. But, I said, before I began, that I would not guarantee the truth of it. Indeed, if you ask my candid opinion, I don't think it is true, but yet the marines believed it. Chambers' Journal.

"RIDIN' ON A RAILROAD KEER!"—A most veracious chronicler relates, in the following fashion, the experience of a young lady from the rural districts who lately visited the city, accompanied by her peculiar swain, and appreciative view of the elephant:  
Getting into one of the city cars for a ride, the maiden took a seat, while the lover planted himself on the platform. The graceful vehicle had sped but a few short blocks, when the beneficent young conductor insinuated himself into the popular chariot for the purpose of collecting expenses. Approaching the rustic maiden, he said affably:  
"Your fare, miss."  
The rosebud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself on her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The justly popular conductor was rather astonished at this, and ventured to remark once more:  
"Your fare, miss."  
This time the pink deepened to carnation, and the maiden fingered her parasol with pretty coquettishness. The conductor really didn't know what to make of this sort of thing, and began to look a little foolish; but as a small boy at the other end of the car began to show signs of a disposition to leave without paying for his ride, the official managed to say once more:  
"Hem! miss, your fare."  
In a moment those lovely violet eyes were looking up into his face through an aureole of bliss, and the rosy lips exclaimed:  
"Well, they dew say I'm good looking at him; but I don't see why you want to say it out so loud!"  
It was not a peal of thunder that shook the car just then. Oh, no. It was something that commenced in a general titter, and culminated in such a shattering guffaw as stentorian lungs alone are capable of. In the midst of the cacophonous tempest, the "lover" came to the rescue of his Doxiana, and, when the "pint of the ball" thing" was explained to him, his mouth expanded to the proportions that might have made Barnum's hippopotamus die of jealousy on the spot. The pair descended from the car amid a salvo of mirth, and when last seen were purchasing artificial sweetmeats at a candy shop.

**A CONTENTED FARMER.**  
Once upon a time, Fredrick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride and espied an old farmer ploughing his acre by the way side, cheerfully singing his melody.  
"You must be well off, old man," said the King; "does this acre belong to you, which you so industriously labor?"  
"No, sir," replied the farmer, who did not know that it was the King. "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."  
"How much do you get a day?" asked the King.  
"Eight groschen" said the farmer.  
"This is not much," replied the King; "can you get along with this?"  
"Get along, and have something left."  
"How is this?"  
The farmer smiled, and said:  
"Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for my self and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend; and two I give for the Lord's sake."  
"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the King.  
"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; I keep them; this is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for the children, that they may receive a Christian instruction; this will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake."  
The King, well pleased with this answer, said: "Bravely spoken, old man! Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"  
"Never," said the farmer.  
"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."  
"This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.  
"Then I will do it for you," replied the King. Throwing his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming: "The coin is also genuine; for it also comes from Lord God, and I am his paymaster."

**PERSONAL SECURITY.**—"Will you do me a favor?" said young George Brooks to his wealthy friend Simon Hanson.  
"What is it, George?"  
"I wish you to lend me a hundred dollars, Sir."  
"Call at my counting house," rejoined Hanson.  
George was not long in paying his request.  
"What security can you give me, young man?"  
"My own personal security, Sir."  
"Very well, get in here," said Hanson lifting up the lid of a large iron chest.  
"Get in here," exclaimed George in astonishment. "What for?"  
"Why, this is the place I keep my securities."

A very religious old lady, when asked her opinion of the organ of a church, the first time she had seen or heard one replied:  
"It is a very pretty box of whistles, but, oh! it is an awful way of spending the Sabbath!"

**The Schoolmaster Abroad.**  
**EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.**  
Friends of education who wish to enlighten the public on the subject of teaching the young idea how to shoot, are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of "Bedford Gazette."

**IRREGULAR ATTENDANCE.**  
No. 1.  
Irregular attendance is, probably, one of the most formidable evils with which our common schools have to contend. Many schools, of fifty pupils, show an average of only thirty or thereabouts; and the aggregate result for the State is but little better. The baneful influence of this thing is not confined to absentees alone. It extends to the whole school, destroying the interest of pupils and frustrating the plans of teachers. The connection of the subject, which is indispensable to real progress is broken up; classification is made next to impossible; and in too many instances all interest is destroyed. The evil is ruinous. Where is the remedy?  
We are of opinion that the fault may be found in the teacher, in the pupil, or in the parent, and that in most instances it will be found in the teacher. "Attendance" is made an evidence of professional skill by the late instructions of the State Superintendent, and we think justly so. If a proper interest is awakened in the mind of the pupil, and the school is made pleasant and attractive, there will be few vacant seats in most schools. But if the teacher can neither make the school attractive nor profitable, pupils will seize upon every pretext to be absent; and the importunities of the child seconded by the selfishness or indifference of the parent will generally succeed. On the contrary if the teacher is able—as every teacher should be—to imbue the mind of his pupils with interest in their studies, and make them eager to be present at school, few parents will prevent them. A few pupils may have an unconquerable repugnance to schools and books, and a few parents may be selfish or indifferent, but the great majority of both will heartily second the efforts of the teacher who knows his duty and does it.  
There is a pecuniary view of this subject, which we will present in a future number. N.

**HINTS CONCERNING SMALL CHILDREN.**  
Some of the greatest difficulties that many teachers have to meet, says the Clinton Democrat, arise from the youngest children. It is often pleasant to see their eagerness to go to school with their brothers and sisters; and their smiles sometimes add cheerfulness to the place, without interrupting business; but more frequently they cause disturbance, and baffle the teacher in all his efforts to keep the others attentive and orderly.  
Many teachers suffer small children to attend their schools, out of respect to their parents, or for some other reason, while they feel that they get little good and do much harm. Intelligent persons know, too, that the trouble they give is not generally intentional, but arises out of some natural cause, such as inconvenient seats, want of change, of exercise or of appropriate occupation.  
Now most district schools are so illy provided for the comfort of young children, and most of them are conducted on a system so illy calculated to keep them interested, that probably many teachers of such schools may think the difficulties above spoken of can never be obviated. When it is possible, the small children may be placed in a separate room, with great advantage, under the care of a female; but in many districts this is not easily done.  
It happens, however, that some schools in different places have been so improved, both in arrangements and methods of teaching, that these evils have been almost entirely removed.  
To which we would add, that one of the greatest obstacles to success in the teacher's calling is, that some parents send their children to school too early. We believe that a child can be dismissed from the parental roof and placed under the care of the teacher at so early an age that it not only causes a great deal of trouble to the teacher and annoyance to the school, but is more or less ruinous to the child itself. A great many parents send their small children to school, because they are the source of a great deal of annoyance at home, and they are shipped to the school room, so as to "get rid of them." This is altogether wrong, and should not be tolerated by the teacher. We do not believe that the school room should be converted into a nursery; not at present, at least, when no arrangement is made in our system for a proper person to take care of the "little ones."  
Neither should a child be allowed to come to school before it has learned the letters of the alphabet; which can easily be done by the parent, to the great relief of the teacher, and benefit of the school. A vast deal of time is taken up in teaching small ones their letters, which could be devoted to the more advanced pupils, and would be devoted to them, if parents would consult the interest of their larger children, and not imagine that the school room is a nursery for the reception of their children before they have any idea how the first letter of the alphabet looks, or before they have attained the age required by the school law.

**OUR CHIP BASKET.**  
A coquette is equal to a dozen high winds in throwing dust in one's eyes.  
New Orleans has been perfectly blockaded for two weeks past.  
The captain of a ship is not governed by his mate, but a married man generally is.  
If flesh is grass, when should we prepare for mowing? In the hey day of our youth.  
The cause of many a bender—too much "whiskey straight."  
What eyes has Rosecrans fixed on Floyd? His Buckeyes, to be sure.  
Women should set a good example, for the men are always following after the women.  
What throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with? A sore throat.  
If a fat hog comes to five dollars, what will a lean one come to? To a bucket of slop.  
A man who likes to hear a woman scold has just hired a saw-filer to play him to sleep.  
Home Guards are great safeguards. Guards that are safe enough from fighting, at any rate.  
A young lady at Niagara was heard to exclaim, "What an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace overdress."  
"Don't you mean to marry, my dear sir?"  
"No, my dear widow, I'd rather lose all the ribs I've got than take another."  
Young ladies are like arrows—they are all in a quiver till the beaux come, and can't go off without them.

**BALL'S BLUFF PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.**  
Their Reception by the Crowd.  
From an interesting article in the Richmond Dispatch of the 25th, we quote as follows: The announcement in the newspapers yesterday morning that a large number of Federal prisoners, captured in the battle at Leesburg, would arrive some time during the day, excited the curiosity of our inhabitants, and by nine o'clock a considerable crowd assembled at the Central depot with a determination to wait for the cars no matter what time they come in. Shortly before half past ten o'clock the dismal whistle announced the arrival of the train, which soon made its appearance, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the sentinels were enabled to keep the impatient throng from trespassing upon the reserved territory. Files of soldiers extended down Broad street for some distance, leaving an avenue between for the prisoners to pass through. The train consisted of several burden cars, at the doors of which several armed Confederate soldiers were stationed as custodians of the "foreign element" within.  
Some time elapsed before the public generally was permitted to see the prisoners, and the latter meanwhile were treated to a few buckets of water, which seemed to be quite acceptable. The arrangements being at length completed, the first detachment of prisoners, composed of twenty-two commissioned officers, passed through the lines. These officers are generally men of fine appearance, and as they passed along in the presence of the crowd, they seemed to regard their situation as anything but agreeable. The remaining prisoners, non-commissioned officers and privates, were then marched out in detachments, and formed on Broad street between files of soldiers.  
The whole number of captured Yankees was 525, viz: 22 commissioned officers, 149 from the Fifteenth Massachusetts regiment; 93 from the Forty second New York; 184 from the First California; 72 and one negro from the Twentieth Massachusetts; one from the Fortieth New York; one from the Pennsylvania cavalry, and one from the Third Rhode Island battalion. They were very well dressed, and many of them wore comfortable overcoats. Some few had lost their hats, and some were bareheaded, having pulled off their shoes to swim the Potomac during the panic, and were rescued from watery graves by our advanced forces.  
The juveniles among the crowd indulged in some derisive remarks, and a portion of the prisoners displayed considerable impudence. One fellow said that their turn would come by and by, and that Lincoln and Scott would both be in Richmond before a great while. Another remarked to a bystander that they had fought for the Southern soldiers to make them hunt, and the bystander reckoned that they fought pretty well when they were found. The negro prisoner was an object of no little curiosity, and he seemed quite uneasy. He says his name is Lewis A. Bell, and that he was free in the District of Columbia; but some of our citizens thought they had seen him before, and it is very probable that he is what the Yankees term a "contaband."  
The guard, commanded by Capt. O'Neil, of Georgia, formed a square, and, with the captives in the centre, marched down Broad to 19th, thence to Main, and down Main to 25th street, followed by an immense multitude of persons. After some little delay, the prisoners were marched into Mayo's factory, corner of 25th and Cary streets, where they will have ample opportunity for reflecting upon the uncertainties of war. The occupants of another prison in the neighborhood crowded the windows to get a view of this large reinforcement, but the spectacle did not seem to afford them much gratification.  
The special train in the morning brought information that another lot of the Leesburg prisoners were behind, and preparations were being accordingly made to receive them. The train arrived at a quarter past four o'clock, with the pub-three cars full of Yankees, numbering 131. A number of whom were commissioned officers—Capt. G. W. Rockwood, of the 15th Massachusetts, and Lieut. Charles M'Pherson, of the Tamy Regiment, of New York. The crowd about the depot conversed freely with the prisoners, but no rudeness was exhibited to them. They were very soon marched to the factory to join their comrades in capti-