

The Rebel Confederacy arms Indians and Slaves to Aid in Breaking up the Union.

ASTOUNDING, revolting, horrible as the caption of this article may seem to those simple persons who believe that the Secession leaders have any other aim in view save their own aggrandizement, testimony brought from various quarters where the rebel army has been operating—from Virginia, from East Tennessee, from Arkansas, from Minnesota, the theatre of the most awful massacre ever known on this continent, and lastly, from Lebanon, Kentucky—with "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ," proves that the Southern Oligarchy has enlisted under its "stars and bars," Indian savages, and degraded negroes, to fight against the soldiers of the Union. We do not deny that the whole scheme has been thoroughly matured, by which those slaves who shall consent to fight in the rebel ranks, or act as guerrillas, or as spies, are to be rewarded with their freedom at the end of the war. That the promise of the Confederacy to these slaves would be kept, were it to be established, we of course do not believe for one moment. The rebel leaders are not too honorable to lie to and deceive ignorant slaves, just as they have deceived white men; but still we doubt not that the promise has been made. It is an undeniable fact, as has been repeatedly stated by the French and English journals, by foreign correspondents, and a few days since by a member of the French Legation in Washington, that the Rebel Commissioners and JOHN SCHILLER have made semi-official propositions that the Confederacy, for the sake of obtaining foreign help, would establish a system of gradual emancipation. Here we have the grand plan of the members of the Richmond Junta; the arming of slaves to fight in their ranks, and gradual emancipation. No man can regard these things as improbable, who will consider that JEFF. DAVIS, FLOYD and SEYMOUR, would a great deal rather see every slave set free and themselves at the head of a successful government, than to see slavery preserved and themselves defeated and tried as traitors. What revolutionist ever hesitated between success and glory, and defeat and infamy? Does any man or woman pretend to doubt that JEFF. DAVIS would prefer emancipation, negro soldiers, and a perpetual dictatorship, to defeat, humiliation, and death on the gallows? The only question for a rebel leader to decide in this matter would be: "Will the use of slave soldiers increase my chances of success?" And in the face of the tremendous army now placed in the field by the United States, and with the knowledge that this great force can readily be doubled, or tripled, who can doubt that desperation might easily impel them to adopt this measure? No man can doubt it; no man does doubt it; and the first faces the loyal men of the South in the field, the awful certainty confronts the freemen of the East, of the Middle States, of the North-West, and of the Border States, that the wretched authors of the Southern rebellion, frenzied with the lust of power, have armed slaves and Indian savages for the purpose of destroying free government, and breaking up the Union. This miserable, purse-proud, and domineering cotton oligarchy, enraged at their expulsion from power, dare to tell the people of this Republic that rather than see the majority rule they will place the dagger and the torch in the hands of their negroes to burn the dwellings, and cut the throats of loyal men. They say in effect to the people, "Be our slaves, or we will whip you into submission by the help of our slaves. Mechanic, laborer, white mud-sill, acknowledge that we are the "master-race," the divinely appointed rulers of this country, or we will arm the serfs who toil on our splendid plantations, and chastise you for your audacity." How the "poor white trash" will relish this peremptory language of the plantation, made emphatic by the crack of the driver's whip, we leave for them to answer. Perhaps the response may not be altogether submissive; perhaps they may tell these arrogant scions of a parvenu aristocracy, an aristocracy with little brains, less cultivation, and still less breeding; an aristocracy which has no basis to support its absurd pretensions but that of wealth; that the freedom of twenty-three millions of white people is a much more important matter than the preservation of the property of less than two hundred thousand rebel slave-holders. Is it too much to say that the world would embrace the declaration, and history record it with approval?

Union men now see how very lightly they are calculated by the rebels. They are held as of less importance than slaves. JEFF. DAVIS would far rather see one million of thick-lipped, and woolly-headed Africans shipped into Dixie, fresh from Congo, than see one million of loyal white men enter his dominions. Hence he arms his black battalions, and sends them out to burn bridges, to cut telegraph wires, to throw cars off the track, to steal horses, and to shoot loyal white men, so that he may be lord of the Cotton Confederacy. It is well for our Government, our fellow-citizens, our officers and soldiers that they are not only fight-

ing against white rebels, but the slaves of white rebels, as far as they can be used. Our Government, and our liberties are assaulted, by the black vassals of the Southern conspirators.

If such be the execrable means employed against the Government, by the rebels, would not the Government be justifiable in turning this engine of destruction upon their own ranks?—Will any man excuse the rebels for arming slaves to fight for them on the plea of necessity and then say that the Government may not use the same agents to protect itself? This is a dangerous weapon that the Confederacy is handling; and no one need wonder if it finds to its sorrow and consternation that the handle cuts worse than the blade. If the rebels flatter themselves that they can arm their negroes, to conquer us, and the government, controlled by such things as the Cincinnati Enquirer and VALLENSHAW, still forbear to snatch this club from their hands and break their heads with it; they deserve themselves most woefully. Once let us understand that slaves are to stand under the flag of treason, to shoot down our kindred, and we will assuredly let the conspirators taste the death in the cup which they have brewed. For one slave who can be placed in the rebel ranks, a thousand can be easily induced to fight against the rebels. The Federal armies have marched through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia and other Southern States, and instead of inciting insurrections, have suppressed them, even interposing in behalf of the worst rebels. They have tampered with no man's slaves; their actions have proved clearly that they did not intend to war against slavery. And in return for their kindness, these ruffian masters send out the very slaves we sent back to them, to assassinate our soldiers and rifle the pockets of the slain; they send them to fire upon our trains, upon our ambulances, filled with the sick, upon our pickets who are guarding rebel property. These ingrates know little of the temper of the men with whom they are trifling. They take them for simpletons, for men without spirit or courage, who will submit to anything. These outrages will be terribly venged; and delay will only serve to make that vengeance more terrible.

Rebel Growing. If any of those impatient persons who think that if they only had the control of the army and navy they could put down the rebellion in thirty days, suppose that they are the only parties who are in trouble, they are greatly deceived. A late number of the Richmond Examiner shows that there is loud grumbling and cursing among the rebels, as well as on the other side, and that rebellion is by no means the dashing and successful movement which some imagine it to be. Listen to what the rebel journal says: "We are now, so far as the public interests will allow to be revealed even to Congress, without anything, except that notable Secretary, Mr. Mallory, a navy department, navy bureau, and swarms of navy clerks, which the vast establishment of Great Britain would scarcely suffice to keep employed. It has been proposed, through the press, to put Mr. Mallory into the Merrimack No. 2, and to blow both up together."

Cormorants prey on the rebel treasury (wonder what they find there?) as well as at Washington; and rebel clerks, quartermasters and officers cook up their heels and lounge around hotels just as some of ours do. We have suffered no disasters nearly so great as the suicide of the Rebel Navy. Let us, then, be patient. Day will break after while.

If we succeed in quelling the rebellion, we shall come out of the strife with all our good traits and qualities purified, refined, and exalted. We shall be more thoroughly nationalized, more cautious and frugal, more sober and prudent, more enterprising, industrious and temperate, more courageous and devoted. This great nation will then have been welded in the furnace of trial by the hammers of adversity. "But if we fail?" What then? Ah, no mortal tongue can describe the humiliation, the debasement consequent on the disorganization of the nation. We shall sink to the profoundest pit of cowardice, effeminacy, listlessness, filth, ignorance, debauchery, want of all manly feeling and enterprise—so low and degraded that even Mexico shall point to us and exult that the wronged children of Montezuma have lived to see the European race more infamous, more degraded than themselves. "If we fail?"

Some faint-hearted people seem almost inclined to despair, because the rebels have gained some trifling advantages over the Federal army in some recent engagements. Well, the Indians in Minnesota killed some five hundred white persons lately without losing a man; but does any man feel the least doubt that the Indians will shortly be cut to pieces? Why the Hebrews, God's chosen people, were sometimes defeated by the uncircumcised Gentiles, when God was leading them to the Promised land. It is by trials, and adversity that nations, like individuals, are trained and educated for great purposes; and he is a dastard, unworthy the name of man, whose spirits sink at every reverse. He who can endure nothing but success will never have eyes that.

If they register in the other world all the lying rumors which are circulated in this, we are sure that the clerk who has charge of the Nashville department has seen all his quills to a stump long ago.

Secession Veracity.

The following dispatches from Rebel papers are almost as reliable as the veracious reports circulated by the Rebels in this section:

LYONSBURG, Aug. 4.—The following special dispatch was received by the Republican this morning from Charlottesville, dated the 4th: "The National Intelligencer and Baltimore Sun of late dates have been received in Staunton. They announce the resignation of Seward, and state that the Governors of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Connecticut refuse to send more men into the field."

This rebel dispatch states positively that Washington and Baltimore papers "have been received." No doubt about it for the Agent saw them. We may mention in this connection that Secessionists have been stating that the Louisville Journal of last Sunday contained some dreadful news for the Federal cause, and that a copy of that date is in this city. It is sufficient to say in reply to this that the Journal is not published on Sunday; and if any such paper is in the city, it is no doubt a spurious copy, manufactured for effect by the Rebels. The Journal of Friday charges that such a bogus paper has been published in Lexington.

Dashing Movements.

Rebels profess to believe that their Generals move with much more daring than ours do, and timid, loyal people who don't look at the record of this war, sometimes talk as if they believed the absurd assertion. Now, the contrary is just the fact; for no rebel officer has made such a march as MITCHELL did through Alabama; as CURTIS did through Virginia; and as STONE did through Missouri. Our armies have pushed boldly through the very heart of the rebel territory, and captured their chief cities, and in hardly an instance have the Confederates dared to attack them. In spite of all their boasts that Federal troops should not live upon their sacred soil twenty-four hours, they have lived and grown fat upon it. The rebel officers have never dared to meet our forces on anything like equal terms.

The immortal three hundred Spartans who fell at Thermopylae had this noble epithet carved on their monument: "Go, traveler, and tell Lacedaemona that we died in obedience to her law."

And shall twenty-three millions of Christian people show less devotion to the laws, less patriotism than those heroes of Greece? If three hundred Spartans stood up in that mountain pass against the five millions of XERXES, to defend the institutions of LYCURGUS, shall not the American people defend the institutions of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON and HAMILTON, against the minions of that miserable charlatan and traitor, JEFF. DAVIS.

We have been very skeptical as to the intention of the rebels to attack Cincinnati, and the Louisville Journal shares in the same skepticism, but will be seen in the following extract from its issue of last Friday:

It is now entirely evident that the rebels in this State have no present intention of attacking Cincinnati. Their manifestations in that direction have all been made with a view of diverting attention from their real designs. The "Kirby Smith," who twelve miles out of Cincinnati on the Lexington road, received the flag of truce accompanying the ambulance, was a bogus Kirby SMITH—patched up for the occasion.

Louisville is the contemplated place of rebel attack. Four columns, one of them the large column of Bragg, are at this very time advancing toward our city. Seven thousand infantry, cavalry and artillery, are already at Lebanon. The whole rebel plan is as clear as noonday. And yet, under all these circumstances, thousands and thousands of troops are ordered from here to Cincinnati! How the rebels must laugh and grin in their sleeves!

But Louisville needn't be alarmed. She will have all the help she needs.

Niggers

Of all the sights on this earth of ours that tourists travel to see—at least of all those which I have seen—I am inclined to give the palm to the fall of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of his creatures. This is a strong word, but, as far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious and so powerful. I would not by this be understood as saying that a traveller wishing to do the best with his time should first of all places seek Niagara. In visiting Florence he may learn almost all that modern art can teach. At Rome he will be brought to understand the cold hearts, correct eyes, and cruel ambition of the old Latin race. In Switzerland he will surround himself with a flood of grandeur and loveliness, and fill himself with the capability of working. Any one of such journeys may be more valuable to a man, —say, any one such journey must be more valuable to a man, than a visit to Niagara. At Niagara there is that fall of waters alone full that is more graceful than Giotto's tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not more astounding in their solitude. The valleys of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica are less green. The finished glare of life in Paris is less invariable and the full tide of trade round the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful—Anthony Trollope.

The Song of the Camp.

A CHORUS OF REBELS. "Give us a song!" the soldiers cry, The water-trodden garret, The broken-down fence, the low camp and the weary way of banishment.

The dark night, in quietude, Lay, calm and throbbing with life, And the weary march of the Rebels, Who sought the land of freedom.

The Ironsides a Great Success.

The United States iron-clad frigate "New Ironsides" returned to Philadelphia on Tuesday evening last, direct from Fort Monroe. On the way up from the Breakwater she made ten miles an hour, against a strong head wind, and against the tide part of the distance. The machinery worked admirably, and Capt. Turner expresses his entire satisfaction with the vessel. On Wednesday, the crew of the Ironsides was transferred to the receiving ship Princeton, preparatory to the vessel being towed to the central pier at the navy yard, which was done on Thursday morning. Her spars are to be put in at once, and as soon as that is done, and some alterations made to the steering apparatus, she will leave for the South. The Philadelphia Inquirer, in noticing the arrival of the "New Ironsides," says that all hands are satisfied with the working of the vessel and the machinery. Very little jarring is experienced from the engine, the vibrations being scarcely apparent. This is rarely the case in any war vessel. The machinery is up to the expectation of the builders. With sixty revolutions per minute the vessel attains a speed of 7.5 miles per hour. Her contractors are so confident of the success of the vessel, that they have increased her speed to at least nine knots per hour. The guns are removed from the ports and placed as nearly as possible in the center of the vessel, and are properly fastened, so that no motion or rolling can loosen them. The vessel has two wheels, one on the spar deck, to be used regularly, and the other on the gun-deck, to be used during action.

Directly in front of the wheel is the pilot or look-out house; which is constructed of iron-plates six inches in thickness on the outside, and nine inches above the spar-deck. A winding staircase leads to the upper portion where the Captain and his staff are seated, and permits out the motion of the vessel during the contest, and also directs the firing. This structure is so constructed that if a shot should strike it, it would glance off. For a vessel of the weight and size of the Ironsides, the engine and boilers are surprisingly small. Everything is carried on with the greatest precision in the mechanical department. The armament consists of fourteen 11 inch Dahlgren guns, and two two hundred pound rifled Parrot guns. These are on the gun-deck. On the spar-deck two smaller Dahlgren guns are placed, one at the bow and one at the stern.

REALITIES.—There is life and death going on in everything; truth and lies are always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying aloud and sneering. A man in life, a humorist in writing about life, always over to one principle or the other, and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business Harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking to him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I dare say most of us here have had, at a ball, looking at a young man, and the relics of an orgy, a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the Cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the rain. The Congress now is dead, and her soul choked in mire and sin. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revivified in its many organs. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered you gashly yellow frame-work. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See, there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the fragrant perfume, her looking-glass, and her shoes used to dance to. Instead of a fact, we find a grave-stone; and in place of a woman a few bones.

GUNS AND ARMOR.—Another trial has been made in England with the Armstrong 200 pounder smooth-bore gun against iron plates, at a range of 300 yards. The large shell, containing a portion of the side of a new class of steam frigates. The armor was 5 1/2 inches thick instead of 4 1/2, as in the Warrior, but the thickness of the tank backing was reduced from 15 inches to 9. For the first three trials the shot was of cast iron, and the charge 50 pounds as usual. No. 1 struck and pierced the centre plate, damaging but not passing through the inner skin and framing. No. 2 struck the upper plate, and went completely through armor, timber and skin. No. 3 was directed against the lower plate, and, like No. 2, passed quite through the target. At the fourth round the gun gave way, the breech being blown backward to a distance of 50 or 40 yards.

How the Rescued from the Missing Boat of the Golden Gate got to Manzanilla.

The arrival of the steamship Orizaba yesterday morning, with nineteen of the missing passengers and crew of the ill-fated Golden Gate, and news that four more were safe at Manzanilla, created a sensation in the city. The list of these saved ones will be found below. There were no females among them. They were in the boat that had not been heard from at Manzanilla when the St. Louis left to come up. A narrative of their adventures can not but be interesting. For it was we are in the main indebted to Charles A. Bedford, one of the number.

The Golden Gate, it will be remembered, was lost Sunday, the 27th of July. These twenty-three saved, James Scott, the third mate, being in command, were in a large boat, which, with the other boats, lay to, the north of Manzanilla on the Sunday night, but in the morning was out of sight. When morning broke they were rather surprised to see themselves alone on the ocean. Believing themselves still north of Manzanilla, they started for a headland that looked like that of Manzanilla Harbor, but when they reached it they found out their mistake. Still they rowed South until Monday afternoon, when it was decided to beach the boat and travel overland down to Manzanilla—a sad decision they were laboring under, not knowing that in the long night they spent upon the ocean their boat had drifted past Manzanilla and away to the south, nearly eighty miles. About five o'clock they beached the boat on a fine sandy beach, upon which the surf beat very favorably, as all were saved. The "ducking" nobody cared about, for the sun beat hotly down upon the sand. They saved the boat, too, hauling it up high and dry on the shore.

There were two brothers in the party, Amos F. and E. J. Clark. One of them had saved \$5,000, and when the boat approached the surface he was told to tie it to the boat for security; but this he had not time to do, for the boat capsized, and the next thing they knew they lay upon the beach, with the boat atop of them, and Clark, who thought he still held the money, came out with some few dollars, the greatest kindness on board. Hon. A. A. Sargent was guilty of giving to Bedford, Storms and the two Clerks his entire traveling wardrobe—four the black cloth suits—keeping nothing but what was on his back. Hon. T. G. Phelps was also very kind, and, with the United States Marshal Randall, raised the two men some few dollars from those on board, which was divided equally among the neediest of the saved.

Mr. Bedford tells us that there are fine cotton and corn plantations on the road from the Alcade's place to Colima, and the country between that and Manzanilla is much the same. Two of the party were guilty of mean actions—Max Sargent and S. Francis. Mr. Hiss asked Sargent if he wore drawers, and offered, if he did, to pay him \$10 for them. Sargent said he didn't wear any; but after awhile, Selligson, feeling uncomfortably warm, pulled off his pants, and lo! he wore drawers. As for Francis, he pretended that he had no more than forty or fifty dollars, which was loose in his pocket, although the party suffered most from lack of money. It was afterward ascertained that he had \$4,000, and when they reached Colima he learned that his wife, with some \$3,000 on her person, was also saved. Despite all this, when asked if he needed money assistance, he earnestly answered "Yes!" But he didn't get any.

It is believed by the saved passengers that the lost treasure of the Golden Gate is deeply buried in the sand, and can not possibly be saved. Captain Hudson had chartered a schooner, and made several trips back and forth to the wreck. The mail bag had been cut open and rifled. Thirty-five bodies, washed in, had been buried on the sea along with the wreck. They had been plundered of everything valuable. A number of scoured twenty dollar pieces had been brought to Manzanilla by the natives. Captain Hudson will probably be here by the next steamer.

Heroic Conduct of Two Ladies.

The conduct of two young ladies of Danville on the occasion of the arrival of the rebels at that place was equal to our idea of Spartan courage. For many months a beautiful specimen of the national flag has floated from the residence of Mrs. Taylor, an estimable widow lady, and when the rebels took possession of Danville it was not natural that they should seek to remove the hated emblem. A squad of half-a-dozen men was sent to Mrs. Taylor's residence to take possession of the flag, but were confronted at the door of the residence by Miss Maria and Miss Mattie Taylor, the two accomplished and charming daughters of the patriotic widow, the young ladies announcing their determination to defend the cherished banner. The volunteers half-dressed returned to their commander and reported that it would require a force equal to a full company to capture the flag, and a company was accordingly dispatched to make the capture. Arriving in front of Mrs. Taylor's residence, the commander of the company demanded the surrender of the flag; but the two young ladies again made their appearance, bearing the flag between them, each armed with a revolver. In response to the demand for the flag, the ladies informed their persecutors that they would never surrender it to rebels, and drawing their pistols, vowed that they would shoot the first rebel that polluted the sacred emblem with his foul touch. The company of rebels retreated, leaving the ladies in quiet possession of their flag, which they yet retain.

New Advertisements.

THEATRE. Thursday Evening, Sept. 18, 1862. The INVISIBLE HUSBAND!

SOLDIERS RETURN! NOTICE. A FOUR BOOK OF ICE IN THE HANDS OF THE GOVERNMENT, we are unable to sell only one copy of each, and that a prescription from a physician is required. The book is the Standard Book, and will be kept open for that purpose. SARGENT, GUNTER & CO. September 18, 1862.

Recruits Wanted! FIFTEEN RECRUITS ARE WANTED FOR Battery "A," First Tennessee Artillery, who will receive the regular BOUNTY, \$3.00 per month, and clothing. In addition, THREE DOLLARS, paid at once as they enlist, by recruiting officers. Office next door below the City Hotel. 1862-3.

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Fine Haversacks, Fine Trunks, (Copper Riveted), Fine Valises, French Canteens, 3 Row Gold Embroidered SHOULDER STRAPS, Fine Embroideries, of all kinds, Gold Buttons, Silk Rubber Coats, Rubber Blankets.

All styles PAPER COLLARS; BRATS and TRIMMINGS, all kinds; SILK and BUSTING FLAHS; FINE CASHMERE SHIRTS; LINEN SHIRTS, GAUSE SHIRTS, GAUSE MESHES and LINEN TUBED UNDERSHIRTS; DRAPE and BUFF GAUNTLETS, GLOVES, &c., &c. 1862-3.

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We have a large lot of READY-MADE CLOTHING, SUITABLE GOODS for Gentlemen's wear; DRESSING SUITS, &c., in the latest style of NEW YORK; HATS, BOOTS, &c., &c. Persons wishing anything of the kind for the approaching winter, we would do well to enquire of us, while they can. We have also a large lot of READY-MADE CLOTHING. SINGLARS & BROS., 71 East Side Public Square, (Opposite City Hotel).

GROVER & BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES FOR SALE. MACHINE NEEDLES For Grover & Baker's, Wheeler & Wilson's and Howe's Machines. ALSO, MACHINE OIL, And every thing pertaining to Sewing Machines. All kinds of MACHINES REPAIRED, At W. FREEMAN'S, Wall Paper Store, Cor. Duane's Street and Public Square, 1862-3. BY F. SPARKS.

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