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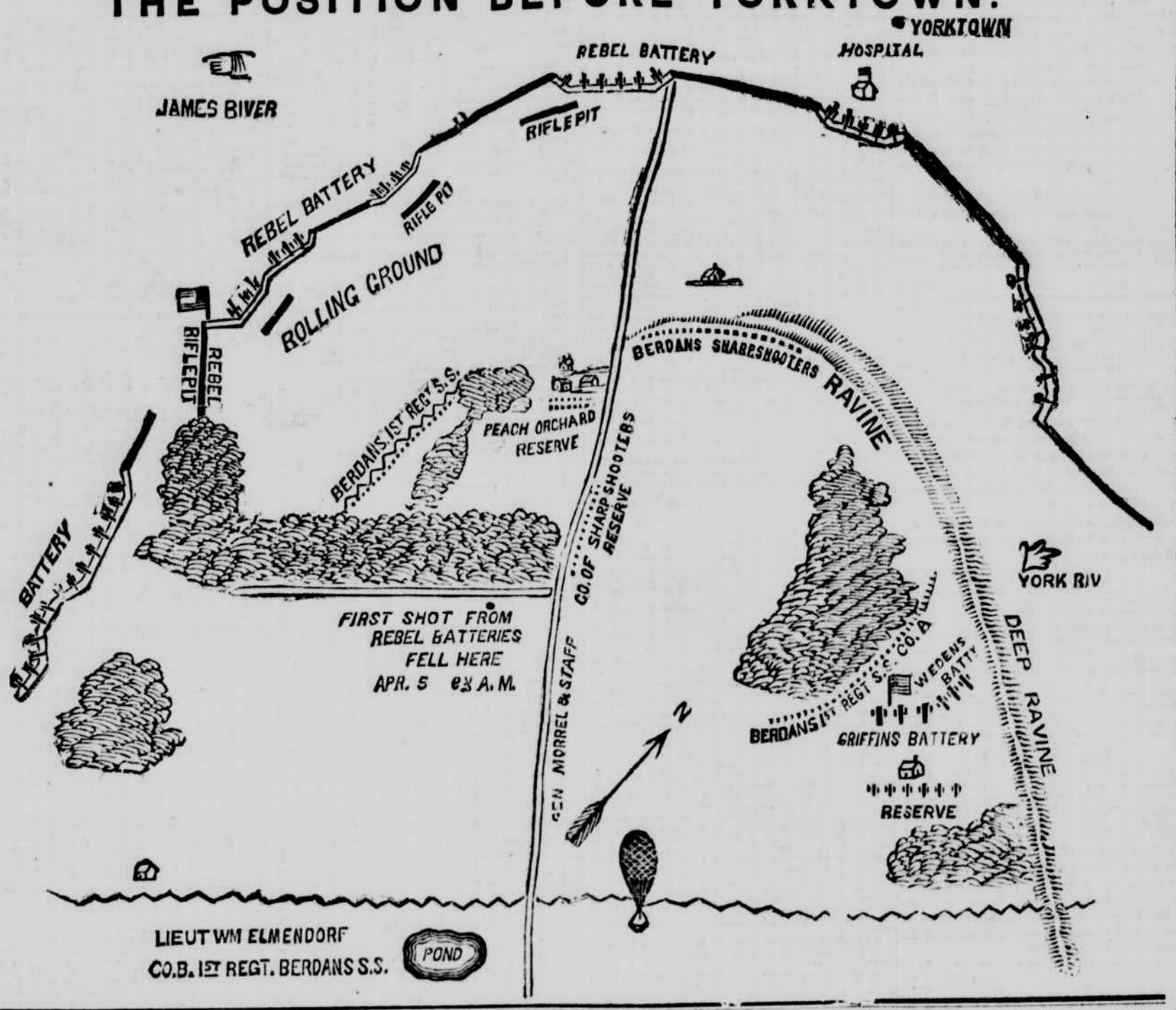

OFFICAL.—WAR BULLETIN.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Wednesday, April 9, 1862.

ORDER GIVING THANKS FOR THE RECENT GREAT VICTORIES OVER THE REBELS AND TRAITORS.

Ordered, first: That at meridian of the Sunday next after the receipt of this order, at the head of every regiment in the armies of the United States, there shall be offered by its Chaplain a prayer, giving thanks to the Lord of Hosts for the recent manifestations of His power in the overthrow of the Rebels and traitors, and invoking the continuance of His aid in delivering this nation, by the arms of patriot soldiers, from the horrors of treason, rebellion and civil war.

Second, that the thanks and congratulations of the War Department are tendered to Major-Gen. Halleck for the signal ability and success that have distinguished all the military operations of his Department, and for the spirit and courage manifested by the army under his command, under every hardship and against every odds in attacking, pursuing, and destroying the enemy wherever he could be found.

Third: That the thanks of the Department are also given to Gens. Curtis and Sigel, and the officers and soldiers of their command, for matchless gallantry at the bloody battle of Pea Ridge, and to Major-Generals Grant and Buell, and their forces, for the glorious repulse of Beauregard, at Pittsburg, in Tennessee, and to Major-General Pope, and his officers and soldiers, for the bravery and skill displayed in their operations against the Rebels and traitors intrenched at Island No. 10, in the Mississippi River. The daring courage, diligent prosecution, persistent valor, and military achievements are unsurpassed.

Fourth: That there shall this day be a salute of 100 guns from the United States Arsenal, at Washington, in honor of these great victories.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, April 9, 1862.

GEN. HUNTER'S DEPARTMENT.

It is understood that the Department of the South, of which Gen. Hunter has been put in command, will be thoroughly reorganized. Gen. Stevens will be followed North by his Brig.-Gens. Wright and Viele, but it is not known who will fill the places they vacate. It is also believed that Gen. Hunter will rightfully treat South Carolina and Georgia as Rebel and not as "sovereign States."

EMANCIPATION IN THE DISTRICT.

The vote by which the House refused to reject the District of Columbia Emancipation bill was even stronger than was anticipated. Several Democrats and several ultra Conservatives voted with the Republicans. The bill must now wait until the special order—which is the Pacific Railroad bill, now before the Committee of the Whole—is disposed of. A majority can then insure its consideration in committee. Debate will doubtless be limited, and the bill will be reported and finally passed at an early day.

TREATIES RATIFIED.

The Senate, in Executive session, to-day, ratified two treaties—the commercial treaty with the Ottoman Porte, to which reference was made last night, and the Mexican extradition treaty, negotiated by Minister Corwin. The former, which is extremely liberal in its provisions, provides for its continuance for fifty years. One stipulation of the latter, to the effect that the local authorities of the frontier States of the respective parties shall deliver up persons for whose surrender application is made, without the delay and expense of an appeal to Washington or the city of Mexico, elicited much discussion, and was finally passed by barely one more than the constitutional majority—27 to 13.

POLYGAMY.

The bill punishing Polygamy, introduced by Representative Morrill of Vermont, is precisely the same as that passed by the House two years ago, with only this change—the old bill did not apply to the District of Columbia—the new one embraces all Territories. The Mormon laws and regulations on the subject are abrogated.

THE PRISONERS MADE IN HAMPTON ROADS.

The Navy Department has received a letter from Peter G. Hargous, Master's Mate of the Congress, dated in a tobacco factory in Richmond, giving the names of the crew who are with him there. Thirty are well; one has lost a leg, and the other was badly burned. The names of all will be telegraphed you to-morrow.

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

An unexpected indifference, if not opposition, is developing itself in the House, to our U. S. Bankrupt Law. The country have taken it for granted that that subject would be considered, and some bill passed. The pressure for it has therefore, not been as great as it would otherwise have been. Yet, toward 100,000 names are on the files of the two Houses, praying for it, and the creditors entered quite as earnest as the debtors.

COMMISSIONERS OF PEACE.

Senator Trumbull introduced to-day a bill which was referred to the Judiciary Committee, and which provides that Commissioners now or hereafter appointed by any Circuit Court of the United States, with authority to arrest, imprison, or hold to bail for crimes or offenses against the laws shall exercise the same powers as Judges of the District Courts to hold to security of the peace or for good behavior in cases arising under the United States Constitution or laws, and that all bail bonds in criminal cases and bonds to keep the peace and for good behavior, shall, until discharged, be a lien upon the real estate of the principles in the bonds situate within the State where the bonds are taken.

THE ISSUE OF TREASURY NOTES.

The statement that ten millions of United States notes will be issued daily by the Treasury, is entirely erroneous. The principal issues will be in the small denominations; consequently, but small amounts comparatively can be issued daily.

THE CONFISCATION ACT.

We hear the Hon. Wm. H. Polk speaks strongly in favor of a Confiscation act. This kind of legislation, he says, will make the Rebel planters speedily declare their position.

SEQUESTRATION OF PROPERTY.

On Friday, in the Confederate States Court at Richmond, $50,000 or $60,000 worth of property owned by alien enemies was sequestrated. The average amount sequestrated daily is about $40,000.

NORTHERN COAST DEFENSES.

The Secretary of War has submitted to Congress a communication on the Northern Coast Defenses, inclosing an elaborate report from Edwin F. Johnson of Connecticut, well known as a practical civil engineer, and connected with the Joint Commission of 1817 and 1819 for running and marking the North-Eastern boundary line. Mr. Johnson recommends the passage of Senator Morrill's bill, and the adoption of the policy of placing in the hands of the President the necessary power to accept loans of money from the several States for public defense, as therein proposed. Among the modes of defense contemplated is the use of railway and floating ball-proof batteries, in addition to the ordinary system of fortifications. His report is the result of careful examination of all the matters in question, including a long list of documents, based upon a thorough acquaintance with the physical geography and the topographical features of the country.

THE TARIFF AND REVENUE SYSTEM OF THE NETHERLANDS.

James S. Pike, Minister to the Netherlands, in transmitting to the State Department a copy of the tariff and revenue system of that country, concludes his dispatch as follows:

"It will be observed that there is no direct tax on personal property or income, as such taxes are believed to stand in the way of industrial and commercial development, and to operate to expel capital.

"The late decisive successes of the Federal Government in Tennessee have produced their natural effect on this side of the water. When Charleston and Savannah shall have fallen, and our gunboats traverse the Mississippi River, all interest in the affairs of the Confederate States will cease in Europe."

GEN. POPE'S MANEUVER.

About two weeks ago, Commodore Foote, in telegraphing to the Navy Department, said, Gen. Pope intended to make a transverse movement, which would astonish "Secesh" on Island No. 10. The fulfilment of this prediction is already known to the country.

CONFIRMATIONS.

The Senate was several hours in Executive Session to-day. It confirmed several military appointments, of low grade, and Samuel E. Brown of Ohio, to be Attorney of the Territory of Colorado.

COUNCILS OF WAR.

Secretary Stanton holds every morning what he calls a Council of War—at which the heads of the several bureaus, including the Adjutant General and Quartermaster General, confer respecting military operations with the Secretary, and Major-Gen. Hitchcock, who is installed as consulting military officer in the Department.

THE CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTNESS.

The Treasury Department will redeem one-fifth of the certificates of indebtedness already issued, when presented by the original holders.

THE REBELS ARRESTED AT CADIZ.

Our Ex-Consul at Cadiz and the Lieutenant of the Sumter, the two Rebels, seized at Tangiers under the orders of our Consul there, and shipped to the United States, are expected to arrive within a day or two. The international question raised in the case is already undergoing examination.

OUR RECENT VICTORIES IN CONGRESS.

The synopsis of the newspaper report of the Tennessee battle was read both in the Senate and House. It was listened to with unusual silence. In the latter branch there was some slight applause, which suddenly ceased. The latest dispatch from Commodore Foote was also read, and this was enthusiastically received in the House.

State Newspaper Association—Adjournment of the Assembly.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

ALBANY, Wednesday, April 9, 1862.

The State Newspaper Association organized by electing Mr. C. Comstock of *The Atlas and Argus*, President, Mr. Platt of Poughkeepsie, and Mr. Park of Onondaga, Vice-Presidents, and Mr. Caldwell of Syracuse, Secretary.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

Everything Satisfactory at Yorktown.

THE BATTLE YET TO COME OFF.

Detention of the Merrimac by the Storm.

READINESS OF THE REBEL FLEET.

THE ATTACK UPON YORKTOWN.

BALTIMORE, Wednesday, April 9, 1862.

The Old Point boat has arrived. She left Fortress Monroe about 8 o'clock last night.

The Merrimac is confidently expected, with seven other gunboats, on the first favorable day.

The weather is cold and foggy; wind north-west.

The latest news from Yorktown by telegragh, 8th, is that everything is progressing satisfactorily. A battle is not expected within a day or two.

An order has been issued from this Department (Fortress Monroe) announcing that Capt. Wm. D. Whipple, Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. A., has been appointed by the President an additional Aide-Camp to Gen. Wool, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Lieut.-Col. Whipple will continue to perform the duties of Assistant Adjutant-General, and Chief of Staff of Gen. Wool, which office he has filled with great ability and success since September last.

The American's special correspondent says that the storm which arose on Monday afternoon, and continued through Tuesday, doubtless prevented the Merrimac's coming out as she intended. She is now looked for confidently as soon as the weather permits. A gentleman who was on board the steamer Rancocas when she went up with a flag of truce on Monday, says that the Merrimac was then lying off Craney Island. The Yorktown, Jamestown, Teazer, and four small tugs, were in company with her, all under steam. No particular change in the appearance of the Merrimac, from that presented when she was down before, was noticed. It was the impression of those on board the Rancocas that the whole fleet were on their way down the river when the flag of truce appeared.

The weather has moderated since morning, with some prospect of clearing up. The storm must have been severely felt in the army now advancing up the peninsula, deprived, as they are to a great extent, of shelter and tents, and compelled to a constant watchfulness in the face of the enemy. The roads, none too good before, will be brought to a horrible condition, and the public must not be impatient in expecting early results in this direction. We have enlarged reports here as to the number of Rebels on the peninsula, the formidable character of fortifications, number of guns, &c., but exaggeration is the forte of rumor, and it is safe to deduct one half of it; whatever the force may be, however, they will be overcome.

From Our Special Correspondent.

SHANTY ADJACENT TO CLARK'S HOUSE, ABOUT TWO MILES FROM THE REBEL INTRENCHMENTS IN FRONT OF YORKTOWN, YORK CO., VA., Sunday Noon, April 6, '62.

My superscription is a rather lengthy identification of locality, but I cannot condense it. I write on the day subsequent to that witnessing the beginning of the attack upon Yorktown, in an outhouse appertaining to the abandoned edifice of a Virginia doctor at present appropriately occupied as a hospital for Gen. Porter's division. I sit amid drums, knapsacks, haversacks, tube, musical instruments, and miscellaneous military paraphernalia, upon an inversed tin canister (in which I have but limited confidence), using my note-book for a desk, and alternately a drum and my knee for a table. Two or three good fellows in attendance are discussing a fragmentary turkey (killed, plucked, and cooked by one of them), of which I have gratefully accepted a portion. I slept last night luxuriously in one of the upper rooms of the abandoned edifice; where I shall sleep to-night the Lord only knows.

A RIDE ACROSS COUNTRY.

In concluding my last letter, dated Deep Creek, or Young's Mills, relating the occupation of a Rebel camp by the division under the command of General Keyes, I expressed my intention of rejoining that of Gen. Heintzelman immediately. That involved my retracing my steps for three miles or so and striking across the country till I regained the road to Yorktown via the Big and Little Bethels, by which the main bulk of the army was marching onward to the subjugation of Dixie. This, I undertook, accordingly, albeit with a lively recollection of Olmsted's experiences of travel in the Old Dominion. I left my night's quarters, and the ruined church, the more unwillingly, because the scouts had brought in news of another Rebel battery ahead, mounting three guns and commanding the road, and everybody was preparing for action. Knowing, however, that THE TRIBUNE was very efficiently represented by my comrade, and that my duty lay with Heintzelman, I got to horse in good time and turned his head, temporarily, in the direction of Newport News.

It had lightened continuously during the night, but the day broke splendidly, inciting hopes that yesterday's signs of coming storm might not be fulfilled. I rode past the long train of Keyes's still advancing troops, now in the open, now skirting the fragrant pines, through a creek or two, beyond, a ford and deep gully (not unlike that fronting the Rebel camp I had left), and a mile further on it turned off on the sinister hand, for 'cross country and Big Bethel.

I had the entire road to myself, meeting nothing living upon it excepting a few crows, which, disturbed at the noise of my horses' feet, flew cawing off from their feast on the proverbial early worm, into the pines. It was a forest road, the branches of the trees often menacing an incautious rider's face. Pines, snake-fence, neglected fields, deserted farm-houses and huts, generally standing amid little orchards beautiful with peach and apple blossoms — these were the itinerary of my journey. These, and a drenching shower of rain which convinced me that the weather signs of Fortress Monroe still held good inland, made me congratulate myself on my precaution in having provided myself with a waterproof overcoat. Donning it, I dismounted, to visit a farm-house exhibiting signs of inhabitation. Two Secesh dogs barked at me, and a grim-looking, reddish-haired old farmer, Secesh also, directed me to turn to the right, where the road forked. A negro girl leaning on a fence, not far from a white man, *ploughing*—the first time I have witnessed any agricultural labor in progress in Virginia—confirmed the advice; I followed it, and, in due time, emerged where the blue overcoats of Uncle Sam's volunteers were streaming through the deserted embankments of Great Bethel.

THE MARCH TO YORKTOWN.

I have written of an army on its march before. Pressing on with some difficulty among the men, horses, and *impedimenta*, I had reached Half-way House (so called from it being equi-distant, 12 miles, from Fortress Monroe and Yorktown), and was stopping to return the friendly greeting of Col. Riley of the 40th New-York (the Mozart Regiment), when again the heavens grew dark—ominously so. Before, behind, the horizon became of a deep indigo hue, turning rapidly to black. On with overcoats! out with oil-cloth capes! horse-blankets! anything capable of sheltering the human form from the fury of the aqueous element! for it's coming, and in pailsful!

I endured it, sitting on my horse, among the Mozarters, until the rain streamed into my boots, notwithstanding my India-rubber overcoat. Then I rode to an adjacent house, put my horse into a stable, partly occupied by soldiers, and entered the tenement, full also. Perhaps a score of Uncle Sam's boys, volunteers from New-Hampshire, Maine and New-York regiments, damp enough, and surrounding at a respectful distance the mistress of the mansion, a gaunt, elderly woman, who knitted querulously. Beside her was a white child, and a slatternly negro girl, of the Topsy order, all white-eyed astonishment at the irruption of the devastating Yankees into the premises. Only a few sticks were smoldering on the hearth; the courtesy or shyness of the soldiers had prevented the request for more. I made it, offering payment and obtained them.

The woman professed limited Union sympathies—of course. Her husband was a preacher and a farmer. "Our people"—the Rebels—had drafted him; her son, a boy of twelve, had gone to some place of safety, only "baby" remained. I inquired if we Yankees had proved the depredators supposed, and if we had pillaged or inflicted injury upon the country folks. Keeping a wary eye on the closed door of her "hennery," through a side window, she replied, "No, she couldn't say they had," and presently she started up in alarm, with a cry that the soldiers were trying the door, and I have no doubt they were.

She possessed sundry specimens of Confederate shinplasters, and clung fondly to the hope that they'd be worth something some time. I read upon one of them the words, "After the acknowledgment of the Confederate States by the United States," and decided that the "day after never" might have expressed the equivalent of the date.

Onward again—"forward to Richmond!" through roads rendered horribly muddy by the rain-storm which has just overblown itself, by fields that are mere quagmires, or jungles of rotting corn-stalks, along the open, through forest, thicket, streamlet and meadow—onward! Bayonets, plodding and plashing men, mules tugging at wagons and ambulances, body "mired" in the intolerable road, cattle (for some of us take with us our own beeves), train after train of artillery—a martial procession that seems to have no end and no beginning—such is the aspect of the march to Yorktown. Gens. McClellan, Heintzelman, Porter, Hooker, and Hamilton, are ahead, and the booming of cannon tells us the attack has commenced.

THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHT.

How shall I describe the memorable hours that followed, until, tired out, sick, and sad at heart, at the sounds and sights of human agony presented by the rooms beneath (I have said I slept in a house occupied as a hospital), and with an awed consciousness of the horrors involved in war, that found its only fitting expression in a fervent, involuntary prayer to Almighty God that this one night be brief, very brief—I retired to the sleep that comes of fatigue and exhaustion. Then the boom of cannon made the casements rattle, and the glare of some distant conflagration on the left lent an additional terror to the dreary landscape. Now the sun is shining on as beautiful a Sunday as ever invited man abroad to bless the Creator for existence, and my task is to narrate the first day's doings of the attack on Yorktown.

An on-looker, a mile or two behind the action saw nothing but camps, marching men, distant woods, rising grounds, and puffs of smoke; heard nothing but the firing of target rifles and the report of cannon. What I have since gathered is necessarily imperfect; all accounts at this time of writing must be so.

The day, then, was devoted to sharp-shooting and artillery practice on both sides. The accompanying plan, for which I am indebted to Lieut. W. Elmendorf of Col. Berdan's 1st Regiment will enable you to understand the localities.

The Rebel entrenchments, it will be seen, extend in the shape of a semi-circle from York toward James River. They are high earthworks, mounted with heavy barbette guns—32-pounders. Situated on an open plain, with Yorktown at less than a mile's distance in the rear (its house-tops and windows, crowded with spectators, were visible to our men during the action), defended by rifle pits in front, the rolling ground which slopes downwards, the position is emphatically a strong one—it may yet cost us much blood to win it. The line of earthworks is about a thousand yards from the woods displayed on the map, joining them at either side; the land not muddy but rising to the sandy plain above mentioned. The shortest range obtainable by our sharp-shooters at the enemy behind his intrenchments was about 750 yards, from the Peach Orchard marked on the map, the scene of the hottest firing.

The number of the enemy has been estimated with the usual vagueness, at from 1,500 to 5,000. Troops were observed pouring in, in a stream, at one period of the day; three regiments and two squadrons of cavalry being remarked among them.

BERDAN'S SHARP-SHOOTERS.

The action commenced at 6 a. m., under General Porter, who had the command of the right wing. First of all, Col. Berdan's Sharp-shooters, belonging to the division, advanced as skirmishers, to clear the woods and reconnoiter, the troops supporting them. These deployed to the right and left plunging in the bushes and availing themselves of any stone, tree, or log that might afford shelter. Companies A and G were on the extreme right, before the 5th Massachusetts Battery; Companies C and E, and part of F, distributed along the fence on the left; Companies B and H acted as a reserve. Over three-quarters of a mile was thus entirely covered by the Sharp-shooters. But for their admirable pluck, skill, and adroitness, our troops would have been exposed to a murderous fire from every tree and thicket in front of the Rebel intrenchments.

Col. H. Berdan and Dr. Snelling (Surgeon of the Regiment, now deservedly promoted to the Brigade Surgeonship) followed by three orderlies, had ridden to the horizontal belt of woods exhibited in the map, when the first Rebel shot came whizzing over their heads; another compelled them to seek cover in the bushes. There they remained until the men were fairly deployed, the shot and shell playing fast and furiously about them; the sharp-shooters lying on their stomachs and progressing reptile-fashion to every favorable point for assailing the enemy. Twenty minutes subsequent the 5th Massachusetts, under Capt. Allen, came up, and turning to the right went to work vigorously on the battery fronting them. The ambulances, meantime, under cover of the woods, awaited their ghastly freight, and did not wait long.

The shelling of the Rebel battery on the right continued for three-quarters of an hour, when another opened upon us, and from thenceforth a continuous fire was kept up all along the line, the enemy in the rifle pits and from behind his intrenchments endeavoring to pick off our men, who returned the compliment under cover of the woods.

At first the Rebels were very daring, springing on the ramparts and cheering, but the deadly results of this braggadocio speedily taught them caution. Our men could see them fall; could perceive their comrades catching them or pulling them down from behind. The first Rebel killed, conspicuous from his white shirt, fell while hurrahing and waving his hat upon the breastworks. He was picked off by Truman, a sharp-shooter of eleven years' experience in the Rocky Mountains. So terrible a fire did Berdan's men keep up that the Rebels found it next to impossible to load and man a gun. They put up planks and endeavored to effect it under their shelter, and actually dismounted a piece, brought round the parapets and sent its contents scattering through the peach orchard with such savage haste that they did not wait to remove the rammer. Still they could not dislodge the human hornets crouching within its friendly shelter. Ping! ping! ping! spit! spit! patter! patter! went the rifle-bullets, and boom! sounded the artillery, cutting and crashing through the trunks and branches. Col. Berdan estimates that at least 150 cannon-balls tore through the peach orchard during the day's fight. One shell exploded in the upper chamber of a house at the right, near Berdan's reserve. These brave fellows, by the way, 150 yards in the rear, were at one period, subject to a cross fire, in which one man was killed, and the rest, amid a storm of shot and shell, obliged to shift their position. I am informed by Lieut. Winthrop (brother to the Major of that name, killed at Great Bethel), that the dead man, Phelps, was a model soldier; also, that he expressed a presentiment of his impending fate.

As I have previously stated, my record is necessarily imperfect, including all I could collect yesterday and this morning. I hear that the 4th Michigan Regiment behaved nobly; that there were many acts of heroism performed by others deserving mention. There occurred one mistake, too, by which a company of the 22d Massachusetts were led into the open field on the left, involving the loss of seven killed and some wounded. Exposed to a murderous fire, they had to retreat at a double-quick run. The 62d Pennsylvania, Col. Black, (Moorhead Rifles), had better fortune. When the attack commenced they advanced up the road, and for at least an hour occupied a dangerous position near the right of the Peach Orchard, presently advancing in that direction and permanently occupying it in spite of persistent shelling on the part of the Rebels, with one man mortally and two slightly wounded. The 9th Massachusetts, Col. Cass, were still further on the right and remained there. The New-York 14th on the extreme right, in a hollow amid some pines, sheltered in some degree by the inequality of the ground, occupied the nearest position to the Rebel works, always excepting Berdan's sharp-shooters.

CLOSE OF THE DAY.

At 4½ o'clock, p. m., the Stars and Bars were still flying over the Rebel intrenchments. At dusk, their band struck up *Dixie*, and then played the *Marseillaise*, while their men gave three cheers, followed by the discharge of three pieces of artillery. After that, the night was only broken occasionally by stray picket firing, and the distant boom of cannon, away to the left, in the direction of Gen. Keyes's *corps d'armee*. We expect there has been fighting in that quarter. I add as complete a list of the killed and wounded as I have been enabled to obtain, conclude my letter, and go in search of food and quarters for the night. How I shall transmit this to you, or when you will get it, I have at present not the slightest idea.

KILLED.

David Phelps, Co. H, Berdan's Sharp-shooters, killed by a shell striking his shoulder. He was from Columbia County, N. Y.

—— Hide or Ide, Co. E, Berdan's Sharp-shooters, killed by a musket-ball striking him in the head. He was from New-Hampshire.

WOUNDED.

Freeman Leary, 3d Massachusetts Battery.
William Rumbach, 62d Pennsylvania, foot broken by round shot.
Sergt. James Way, Co. C, Berdan's Sharp-shooters, wounded with a Minie ball in arm.
Timothy Donahoe, 3d Massachusetts Battery.
James W. Tompkins, 4th Michigan.
George Field, 22d Massachusetts.
M. C. Barrett, 22d Massachusetts.
John Collingil, 22d Massachusetts.
Corporal A. O. Emerson, 22d Massachusetts.
Charles James, 22d Massachusetts.
Frank S. Smith, 22d Massachusetts.
Silas W. Bailey, 22d Massachusetts.
Lieut. W. D. Morris, 22d Massachusetts.
C. H. Tucker, 3d Massachusetts Battery.
Cyrus Wilcox, Berdan's Sharp-shooters, slightly.
Adam Musser, Co. I, 62d Pennsylvania, severe concussion of loins; shot across the back.
Corporal C. W. Peck, Co. F, Berdan's Sharp-shooters, Minie ball in the calf of his leg.
John Reynolds, 4th Rhode Island Battery, wounded by explosion of shell. Suffered amputation.
M. C. Brookins, Assistant to Hospital Steward.
F. G. Snelling of New-York.
R. Tilet of New-York.