WHAT I SAW IN TENNESSEE....IV.

BY EDMUND KIRKE.
Author of "Among the Pines."

The States of Kentucky and Tennessee have been made one vast battle-ground by this war. Every county and every township has been the scene of some fierce struggle, or the theater of some bloody drama, whose memory will live for generations. Grass-grown cross-roads, where rude guide-posts point ways no traveler ever went; sleepy hamlets, unknown to the census-taker and the tax-gatherer, where the spelling-book and the mail-bag never were seen; lonely log meeting-houses, where some ignorant pastor doled out to a scanty crowd of more ignorant "white trash" weekly portions of "wholesome admonition," and—the country newspaper; have become world-famous. Distant lands have heard of them; distant times will speak of them, and romance and poetry will couple their names with heroic deeds, and make them holy places in our nation's history.

At every station on the Nashville road the traveler sees indications of the fierceness of this struggle, and evidences of a valor worthy of the most heroic ages. At Munfordsville, on a little mound overlooking the Green River, is a low earthwork encircled by a shallow ditch, and inclosing less than an acre of ground. There Col. Wilder and a small band of raw Indianians arrested the northward march of Bragg's army for 40 hours.

"It is the whole of Bragg's force! It is madness to resist! We must surrender!" exclaimed one of Wilder's lieutenants.

"I know we must surrender. But we'll do it when they make us," replied the brave commander.

Five thousand Rebel muskets belched fire upon them during six hours, but crouching behind those mud walls that handful of brave men sent back a storm of ball that mowed down the advancing ranks as the reythe mows down the Summer grass.

"Surrender at once, or we'll give no quarter," was borne to them by the flag of truce.

"We ask none," was the sole reply, and the work of death went on.

Fifteen thousand men, six deep, their bayonets gleaming in the sun, then enveloped that little hill, and again and again, within thirty feet of that frail breastwork, poured in their deadly volleys, but at each discharge clear and loud rang out the words: "Aim low, boys. Let every shot tell!" and broken and decimated the assailants fell back to their quarters.

At sunrise of the third day another flag approached. "You are brave men. We would spare your lives. We have posted cannon at every angle. We can level your intrenchments in half an hour!"

"I do not believe it; convince me of it, and I'll surrender."

They led him out. He saw the guns, and surrendered.

"If he had held out another half hour I should not be here to tell you of it," said the quiet young corporal who told me the story.

Into a stagnant pool at the left of the fort 350 mangled Rebels were thrown at nightfall. Seven hundred now lie buried in the woods hard by. How great a grave-yard for so small a town.

But I cannot particularize all that I saw, where at every bridge was a stockade, and on every hill a battle-field.

Here and there broken cars and charred rolling-gear strewn along the track reminded me that the guerrillas had been recently at work. At Bowling Green, in the bed of the Big Barren—a little stream which runs near the town—I saw the fragments of a train that, with its freight of mules, had been burned on the bridge only three weeks before, and at the station next south of Gallatin, a similar wreck; but, closing my eyes on these relics of an almost savage warfare, and these uncomfortable reminders of personal danger, I perched my legs on the seat just vacated by the Abolition philosopher, and soon fell asleep.

I was dreaming of home, and of certain flaxen-haired juveniles who are accustomed to call me "Mister Papa," when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a gruff voice said to me:

"Don't want to 'sturb yer, stranger, but there haint nary nother sittin'-place in the whole kear."

I drew in my extremities, and he seated himself in front of me. He was a spare, muscular man of about forty, a little above the medium hight, with thick sandy hair and beard, and a clear, full, gray eye. There was nothing about him to attract particular attention except his clothing, but that was so out of all keeping with the place and the occasion, that I opened my eyes to their fullest extent, and scanned him from head to foot. He wore the gray uniform of a Secession officer, and in the breast of his coat, right over his heart, was a round hole, scorched at the edges, and deeply stained with blood! Over his shoulder was slung a large army revolver, and at his side, in a leathern sheath, hung a weapon that seemed a sort of cross between a bowie-knife and a butcher's cleaver. His head was covered by a moose-colored, low-crowned hat, and falling from beneath it, and tied under his chin was a white cotton handkerchief stiffly saturated with blood. Nine butternut-clad natives, all heavily armed, had entered with him and taken the vacant seats around me, and at first view I was inclined to believe that in my sleep the train had gone over to the enemy and left me in the hands of the Philistines. I was, however, quickly reassured, for, looking about I discovered the Union Guard and my fellow-travelers all in their previous places, and as unconcerned as if no unusual thing had happened. Still, it was singular that no officer had the new comer in charge; and more singular that any one in the uniform he wore should be allowed to carry his arms so freely about him. After a while, having gleaned all the knowledge of him that my eyes could obtain, I said to him in a pleasant tone:

"Well, my friend, you seem to take things rather coolly."

"Oh, yes, Sir! I orter. I've been mighty hard put, but I reckon I'm good fur another pull now."

"Where are you from?"

"Fentress County, nigh onter Jimtown (Jamestown). I'm scoutin' it fur Burnside—running boys inter camp; but these fellers wanted ter jine Cunnel Brownlow—the old parson's son—down ter Triune. We'd put plumb fur Nashville, but had ter turn norard, case the brush down ther air thick with Rebs. They'd like ter a hed us."

"Oh, then, you wear that uniform as a disguise on scouting expeditions?"

"No, Sir; I never hed sech a rig on afore. I allers shows the true flag, an' thar haint no risk, case, ye see, the whole deestrict down thar are Union folk, an' ary one on 'em would house'n me of all Buckner's army wus at my heels. But this time they run me powerful close, an' I hed ter show the Secesh rags."

As he said this he looked down on his clean, unworn suit of coarse gray, with ineffable contempt.

"And how could you have lived with such a hole there?" I asked, pointing to the bullet rent in his coat.

"Oh! I war n't inside uv hit jest then, though I warrant me, he war a likely feller thet war. Hit wus hard ter do hit—but I hed ter. This war he;" and taking from his side pocket a small miniature, he handed it to me.

It was a plain circlet of gold, and attached to it was a piece of blue ribbon. One side of the rim was slightly clipped, as if it had been grazed by the passing ball, and the upper portion of the ivory was darkly stained with the wearer's blood; but enough of it was unobscured to show me the features of a young man, with dark, flowing hair, and a full, frank, manly face. With a feeling akin to horror I was handing the picture back to the scout, when in low, stammering tones he said to me:

"'Tother side, Sir! Luk at 'tother side."

I turned it over, and saw the portrait of a young woman, scarcely more than 17. She had a clear, transparent skin, regular oval features, full swimming black eyes, and, what must have been, dark, wavy brown hair, but changed then to a deep auburn by the red stains that tinged the upper part of the picture. With a feeling of intense loathing, I turned almost fiercely on the scout, and exclaimed: "And you killed that man?" "Yes, Sir, God forguv me, I done hit. But I couldn't holp hit. He hed me down—he'd cut me thar," turning up his sleeve, and displaying a deep wound on his arm; "an' thar!" removing the bandage, and showing a long gash back of his ear. "He hed his arm ris ter strike agin—in another minhit he'd hev clav my brain. I seed hit, Sir, an' I fired! God forguv me—I fired! I wouldn't a done hit ef I'd a knowd thet," and he looked down on the face of the sweet young girl, and the moisture came into his eyes: "I'd hev shot 'im somewhar but yere—somewhar but yere!" Saying this, he laid his hand over the rent in his coat, and groaned as if he felt the wound. With that blood-stained miniature in my hand, and listening to the broken words of that ignorant scout, I realized the horrible barbarity of war.

After a pause of some minutes the native resumed the conversation.

"They killed one on our boys, Sir?"

"Did they! How was hit?"

"Wal Sir, ye see they b'long round the Big Fork in Scott County; and bein's I war down thar, an' they know'd I war a runnin' recruits over the mountains ter Burnside, they tell'd me they wanted me tu holp 'em git 'long with the young Cunnel. They 'd rather a notion ter him—an' he air a feller that haint growd everywhar—'sides, all the folks down thar swar by the old Parson."

"Well, they ought to, for he is a trump," I remarked good-humoredly, to set the native more at his ease.

"Ye kin bet high on thet; he haint nothin else," he replied, leaning forward and regarding me with a pleased, kindly expression. "Every un down my way used to take his paper; thet an' the Bible war all they ever seed, an' they reckoned one war 'bout equal ter 'tother. Wall, the boys thort I could git 'em through—an' bein's it made no odds to me whar they jined, so long as they *did* jine, I 'greed ter du hit. We put out ten days, yesterday—twelve on 'em, an' me—an' struck plumb fur Nashville. We lay close daytimes, 'case, though every hous 'n ar Union, the kentry war swarmin' with Buckner's men, an' we know'd the'y let slide on us jest so soon as they could draw a bead. We got 'long right smart till we fotched the Roaring River, nigh onter Livingston. We'd 'quired, an' hedn't heerd nv ary Reb bein' round; so, foolhardy like, thet day we tuk ter the road 'fore hit war clar dark. We hadn't gone more'n a mile till we come slap outer 'bout eighty Secesh calvary. We skedaddled fur the timber, powerful sudden; but they war over the fence an' on us, 'fore we got well under cover. 'Bout thirty on 'em a'lid thar nags, an' come at us in the brush. I seed twarn't no use runnin'; so I yelled out: 'Stand yer ground, boys, an' sell yer lives jest so high as ye kin!' Wall, we went at hit ter close quarters—hand ter hand, an' fut ter fut—an' ye'd better b'leive thar war some tall fightin' thar fo 'bout ten minhits. Our boys fit like fien's—thet little chunk uv a feller thar," pointing to a slim, pale-faced youth, not more than seventeen, "laid out three on 'em. I'd done up two myself, when the capt'n come outer me—but, I've telled ye 'bout him;" and drawing a long breath, he put the miniature in his pocket. After a moment he continued:

"When they seed the Captin war done for, they fell back a piece—them as war left on 'em—ter the edge uv the timber, an hollered fur 'tothers ter come on. Thet gav us time ter load up—we'd fit arter the fust fire with knives—an' we blazed inter 'em. Just as we done hit, I beer'd some more calvary comin' up the road, an' I war jist tellin' the boys we'd hev ter make tracks, when the new fellers sprung the fence, an' come plumb at the Secesh on a dead run. Thar warn't only thirty on 'em, yit the Rebs didn't so much as make a stand, but skedaddled as of Old Rosey himself had been arter 'em."

"And who were the new comers?"

"Some on Tinker Beaty's men. They'd heerd the firin' nigh two mile off, an' come up suspicionin' how things war."

"But, are there Union bands there? I thought East Tennessee was overrun with Rebel soldiers?"

"Wall, hit ar; but thar's a small chance uv Union goorillas in Fentress and Preston County. They hide in the mountins, an' light down on the Rebs, now an' then, like death on a sick parson. Thar's ar places in them deestricts that a hundred men kin hold agin ten thousand. They know 'em all, case they was raised thar, an' they know every bridle-path through the woods, so its well nigh unpossible ter koteh 'em. I reckon thar's a hundred on 'em, all mounted, an' bein's as they hain't no tents, nor wagins, nor camp fixin's, they git round mighty spry. Thar scouts is allers on the move, an' wharever thar's a showin', they pounce down on the Rebs, cuttin' 'em ter pieces. Thet 's the how they git powder an' provisions. They never trouble peaceable folk, an' haint no sort o' 'spense ter Guverment; but they does a heap uv damage ter the Secesh."

"Well, they did you a 'powerful' good turn."

"They did thet; but we lost one on our boys. He war only sixteen—brother ter thet feller thar," pointing to a young man sitting opposite. "They hung his father, an' now they 's killed him," and he drew a deep sigh.

"Why did they hang his father?"

"Wall, ye see, they 'd kunscripted him—he war over age, but they don't mind that—an' he desarted, meanin' ter git ter the Union lines. They kotched him in the woods, an' hung him right up ter a tree."

"Was only one of your men hurt?"

"Yes, two more on 'em wus wounded too bad ter come wuth us. The calvary toted 'em off ter the mountins, an' I reckon they 'll jine 'em when they gits round. But we left elevin uv the Rebs dead on the ground."

"Could your men have killed so many! The cavalry had a hand in that, I suppose?"

"Yes, they killed two—thet's all. They couldn't git at them, they run so. We done the rest."

"You must have fought like tigers. How many were wounded?"

"Nary one; what wan't dead the boys finished."

"You don't mean to say that your men killed the wounded after the fight?"

"I reckon they did—some four on 'em."

"My friend, that's nothing but murder. I hoped the Rebels did all of that kind of work."

"Wall; they does—snuff on hit; an' I never could bring my mind ter think it war right or human; but I s'pose thet's case I never hed a father hung, or a sister ravig'd, or a old mother shot down in har bed. Them things, you knows, makes a difference."

"And have any of your men suffered in such ways?"

"In sech ways! Thar haint one on 'em but kin tell you things 'ud turn yer blood ter ice. D'ye see thet feller thar?" pointing to a thin, sallow faced man, two seats in our rear. "Not two months gone, some twenty Rebs come ter his house while he war layin' out in the woods, an' toted his wife—as young an' purty a 'oman as yer own sister—off 'bout a mile, an thar tuk thar will uv her—all on 'em! She made out ter crawl home, but it killed har. He warn't wuth har when she died, an' he'd hev gone clean crazy ef he hed been. He 's more'n half thet now—crazy fur blood! An' kin ye blame him? Kin ye 'spect a man thet's hed sech things done ter him 'll show quarter? 'Taint in nature ter do it. All these boys hes hed jist sich, an' things like hit; an' they go in ter kill or be kilt. They doan't ax no marcy, an' they don't show none. Fifteen thousand on 'em ar in Burnside's an' old Rosey's army, an' ye kin ax *them* if they don't fight like devils. The iron has entered thar souls, Sir. They feel they're doin' God service—an' they ar—when they does fur a Secesh. An' when this war ar over—ef it ever ar over—thar'll be sech a reckonin wuth the Rebs uv East Tennessee as creation never know'd on afore. Thar won't be one on'em left this side uv hell!" This was said with a vehemence that startled me. His eyes actually blazed, and every line on his seamed face quivered with passion. To change the subject, I asked:

"And what did you do after the fight?"

"Not knowin' what moight happen, we changed cloes with sech uv the Rebs as hed gray 'uns, and put North—plumb fur the mountains. Nigh onter Meigsville we come onter a Union man, who helped us to cut some timber, an' make a raft—fur we 'lowed the Secesh would track us wuth hounds, and ter throw 'em off the scent we hed ter take ter the water. We got inter Obey's Fork, and floated down ter the Cumberland; hidin' in the bushes on this side in the day-time, an' floatin' at night. We got nigh onter Carthage, an' knowed the river wan't safe no longer, so we left hit an' struck 'cross fur the railroad. Thet kentry ar full uv Rebs, but bein' the Secesh cloes an, we made oct ter git 'nuff ter eat till we got yere."

We had crossed the Cumberland, and were then approaching Nashville. Its beautiful suburbs, though covered with the early foliage of Spring, wore a most desolate appearance. Splendid plantations, and charming gardens were overrun with weeds; magnificent villas were heaps of ruins. How fearfully have their owners expiated the mad crime of Secession! How have they sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind!

At the station house we ran the gauntlet of another set of military officials. Passes were examined and luggage was looked into, but after a while the Colonel and I squeezed out of the crowd, and into an omnibus. "I go to the 'Commercial,'" he said to me. "I've tried the St. Cloud, and I'm disposed to see if the other is quite so bad."

"Well, I'll go with you. I'm familiar with Southern hotels, and don't expect much."

If I *had* expected much, I should have been disappointed; for truth compels me to say—and I've been somewhat of a traveler and seen strange lodging-places in my time—that the "Commercial Hotel" of Nashville is the filthiest, buggiest house, public or private, I ever passed a night in. In any Northern town it would be indicted as a nuisance, calculated to breed pestilence and bad morals among the people. Biscuit, heavy as lead; steak, tough as leather; coffee, thick as mud; and corn-cake so saturated with smoke that all its original flavor had departed, was its unvarying bill of fare. No, not unvarying, for a small fee to the ebony waiter did procure me some sirawberries, and for them I blessed him, and of them I made my supper.

Being fatigued with my journey, I asked, early in the evening, to be shown to a room, and a servant conducted me to a dingy apartment in the rear of the house, where I had full advantage of all the fumes and perfumes of the kitchen. Its dimensions were about eight feet by twelve, and its walls were smeared with soot and tobacco juice. Its bare floor, which had never known a mop or a scrubbing-brush, was coated with a layer of soil thick enough to raise a crop of potatoes. But the bed, and the curtains, and the linen! (though, to be exactly truthful—it wasn't linen). These I must leave to the reader's imagination, for no description would do them justice. Suffice it to say that after an hour's persistent effort, I did effect an improvement in them; and then, "wrapping the drapery of my couch" about me, I lay down, but not to "pleasant dreams;" for at that moment the darkies in the barber's shop below-stairs struck up "de banjo an' de bones," and for two mortal hours I had to listen to all the Ethiopian songs, written and unwritten, in existence. In sheer desperation I finally got up, took a seat by the window, and to the intense delight of the sable melodists, joined in the refrains. To give the reader an idea of what I had to endure, and of what "public sentiment" among the darkies of Nashville may be supposed to be, I subjoin one of the songs which I tried to take down in the dark:

"I'll give you a song to suit de times.
Called bobbin around, bobbin around;
You'll see dar 's reason in de rhymes,
As dey gwo bobbin' around.
Ole Rosey's down in Tennessee,
Bobbin' around, bobbin' around;
An' sittin' all de darkies free,
As he gwo bobbin' around.

He'm straddled on de big ole gray,
Bobbin' around, bobbin' around;
An' all Secesh—dey clar de way,
As he gwo bobbin' around;
Dey yere de Union fife and drum,
Bobbin' around, bobbin' around;
An' know de judgment-day am come,
Wen dey am bobbin' around.

Ole masss see dat big war hoss,
Bobbin' around, bobbin' around;
Says he: 'You Pomp—it all am loss,
Fur Rosey's bobbin' around!'
He used to cut a mighty dash,
Bobbin' around, bobbin' around,
But now he tuk a brandy-smash,
An' did gwo bobbin' around.

He hob as bad dat down he fell,
Bobbin' around, bobbin' around;
An' neber ris nis ebb no—well—
Dis side—a bobbin' around.
He lost dis rig afore to pay,
Bobbin' around, bobbin' around;
I reckon he'll play it all de day,
An' dun—gwo bobbin' around.

Come all you darkies jine de song,
Bobbin' around, bobbin' around;
You all am free—so gwo it strong,
As you gwo bobbin' around.
De big fis' ash no more will be
Bobbin' around, bobbin' around;
Far Rosey's down in Tennessee,
An' he am bobbin' around."

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the good-natured darky who led the minstrels put his head out of the window, and said to me: "Now, massa, we'll 'clude de ex'cises ob de evenin' by singin' Ole John Brown, wid de variations; an' you'm 'spec'fully 'vited to jine de chorus."

I did "jine de chorus," and therefore the reader is deprived of the "variations," which I might otherwise have committed to paper. However, if he is curious about them I can gratify him with others equally as good, for while I was in Tennessee I assisted at the martyrdom of "Ole John Brown" at least twenty times, and each time it was done with "variations."

Nothing, perhaps, so forcibly illustrates the progress of Emancipation sentiment in the army, and among the people of Tennessee, as the wonderful popularity of that song. It is sung by every one, high and low, and everywhere its spirit is felt. Truly, John Brown's "soul is a marching on!"

Board of Supervisors.

OFFICIAL.] STATED SESSIONS, July 16, 1863.

The Board met, pursuant to adjournment, in their Chamber, No. 16 City Hall.

Present, Councilmen Sandford, Webster, Gross, Haviland, Gaw, O'Brien—6.

A quorum not answering to their names on roll-call, the Clerk declared that the Board stood adjourned until Monday, the 20th inst., at 4 o'clock p. m.

JAS. M. SWEENEY, Clerk.

FROM MISSOURI.

Honor to our Victories—The Helena Prisoners Arrived—The Emancipation Ordinance a Swindle—Progress of Radicalism—Guerrilla Leader Killed—Arrival of Sick and Wounded, &c., &c.

From Our Special Correspondent.

ST. LOUIS, July 11, 1863.

In the absence of any war news from this State, our citizens rejoice with loyal men everywhere over the excellent news from East and South. All honor to Gen. Meade and the glorious Army of the Potomac. Glory to Gen. Grant and his gallant men. God speed the right, and insure the speedy crushing of the Rebellion.

A few days ago, the steamer Silver Moon arrived here, with 800 prisoners, captured at Helena, by Gen. Prentiss. The steamer tied up to the levee awhile, and immense crowds visited the spot—some to sympathize with the prisoners, and throw them apples, oranges, and cake—but the majority from sheer curiosity. The sights on board were the same as usual on such an occasion. The prisoners were filthy and morose. One of the officers good-humoredly related to a squad of the Provost Guard officers his surprise and that of his companions at the unexpected *denouement* at Helena. They were so sure of victory over the handful of troops stationed there, that some of the officers gave away their extra shirts and clothes to their men, expecting to capture enough at Helena for all. Their game was to use the siege guns at Helena in a battery to stop river steamers. They thought it could be done so quickly that even gunboats might be stopped. The result proves the vanity of human calculations.

Of all the transparent humbug dodges ever attempted to be inflicted on a free people the Emancipation ordinance passed by the State Convention has obtained the fewest adherents. The people are already in arms (figuratively speaking) against the swindle, and meetings are being held all over the State to protest against it. Last night one of the largest popular assemblages ever convened in this city, took place in the Court-House rotunda—the crowd being so great inside, that a separate meeting had to be organized outside for the accommodation of the people. Mayor Chauncey I. Filley presided, and several popular speakers were present. Among them Gen. George B. Smith, an old political war-horse from Pettis County, a native of Virginia, and a slaveholder in Missouri for quarter of a century. The Convention swindle was denounced and resolutions adopted preliminary to holding a mass convention of delegates from every county in the State to insist upon a new convention fresh from the people, to revise the action of the late session.

Friends of freedom abroad must not be deceived by the outside gloss of this scheme to prolong Slavery as a State institution for about forty years, on the plea of Emancipation in 1870, and an apprenticeship thereafter. The Convention very foolishly made two mistakes—but they omitted these errors, the people might possibly have accepted their ordinance, rather than be bothered by the agitation. First they refused to submit their action to the people, as if afraid of popular condemnation. Second, they discriminated in favor of Slavery by exempting slave property from taxation. It is the last clause which excites the chief discontent, and the one which will kill the measure ultimately. The ball is in motion, and will not stop until another Convention is elected whose members have some claim to impartiality and conscience, which the last body had not in any sense.

There is nothing specially striking regarding guerrilla movements of late in the interior. Yet so apprehensive are we lest something may occur that armed escorts are provided for every wagon train and army courier going the least distance in the country. One of the worst guerrillas who has ever infested this state is dead, Colonel B. F. Parker, who had a commission from the Rebel War Department dated Sept. 19, 1863, was shot by some soldiers about ten miles from Lexington, on Wednesday the 1st inst. Parker has executed about forty Union soldiers and citizens, in retaliation for the lives of bushwackers, shot by order of General Blunt. It was Parker's gang who committed the barbarous outrage of killing in cold blood the nine negroes found on board the steamer Sam Gaty, last March, on the Missouri River. The villain is probably roasting now for his crimes, if not he ought to be.

There are about 5,000 sick and wounded soldiers, including convalescents, in the hospitals in and around this city. There are still some 7,000 spare beds. About 500 sick and wounded men arrived from below yesterday on the steamer Continental, having been transferred from Memphis by order of the War Department. The accommodations for suffering soldiers here are first class, and it seems strange that so many men are left in hospitals, with inferior treatment, farther South, when they might be comfortably and humanely treated here.

A public demonstration will take place to-morrow in honor of our recent victories. The city is well set off with flags and streamers already, but the display to-morrow promises to exceed any former attempt since the commencement of the war. In the evening a grand illumination will take place and a display of fireworks. The weak-kneed Unionists, who wish to preserve their credit with both sides and avoid anything which might irritate their Secession neighbors, are in tribulation about to-morrow. If they celebrate, or if they don't, they are in a fix. One side or the other will be offended.

The wholesale escapade of colored chattels from their so-called masters in the interior of this State continues unabated. Montgomery County has of late been a gainer by the departure (without leave), of a considerable number. Fifty-four left Danville in one night. In almost every instance, the slaves form their plans in secret and carry them out under their master's noses without discovery. Who can say that the same result will not follow the advance of the Union armies in the Gulf States, or that the President's Proclamation is a nullity?

No man can envy Gen. Schofield his position as commander of this Department. If the questions submitted to the General were only military in their character the General would get along well enough, but he has political issues to meet daily. If he faithfully carries out the President's injunction to steer clear of affiliation with both parties in Missouri, he will be a military miracle. The thing is impossible, for with the variety of questions before him, one side or the other must be chosen, and whichever is selected will please one and offend the other party invitably.

Steamboatmen are complaining of low water on the Mississippi above this point. There is only three feet and a half to Keokuk, and even less above that point, which seems an exceedingly low business for the Father of Waters. There are several thousand tuns of ice waiting a rise to be shipped to this city in barges, but at the present stage of water, the navigation of barges is unsafe.

An additional lot of Southern sympathizers are to leave here in a day or two for Dixie, in charge of Capt. Jas. F. Dwight, Assistant Provost-Marshal-General.

The Summer is now at its full heat here, the mercury ranging from 92 deg. to 96 deg. daily.

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.—The United States Christian Commission claim:

I. That their organization is efficient, complete, and economical, to a degree not surpassed by any other.

II. That through them the gifts of the people reach the soldier promptly, without any material diminution for salaries, rent, or expenses. In illustration of these points, they appeal to the following:

At Carlisle the delegates of the Christian Commission were the first volunteer agency on the ground—were under fire during the bombardment—took the wounded from the field to the hospital—nursed, supplied, and cheered them, and brought them into Harrisburg.

At Gettysburg, they with their stores were as promptly on the ground.

Over 200 men, from many different places, have been sent as delegates to Gettysburg, most of whom are still on the field, at work day and night, relieving, cheering, and comforting the suffering and dying.

Money has been converted into the articles most needed, which have been sent forward, by kindness of the Railroad Companies, in express passenger trains, and also by express.

Over a thousand boxes of stores have gone promptly forward to Gettysburg for distribution by the delegates. One large lot, under pressure of demand from the battle field, has been purchased, packed and shipped on Sabbath day.

Money has also been given with a generosity unparalleled. Churches and citizens of Philadelphia, and many other places, have done nobly. Among them, the city of Boston deserves special mention. Their "voluntary offering," to the Christian Commission, subscribed on the Exchange, already amounts to twenty-six thousand dollars, and is not yet completed.

TRAVEL RESUMED.—Stage and railroad travel was resumed yesterday. The trains on the Harlem and Hudson River Railroads made their accustomed trips.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange....JULY 16.

5,000 U. S. 6s, '81, Coup. Clean	106¼	300 Reading R. R.	105⅞
10,000 U. S. 5s, '74, Coup.	97½	600 do	108
3,000 North Carolina 6s	60	300 do	106⅛
1,000 Missouri State 6s	69½	200 do	b10. 106⅛
15,000 do	69½	1000 M. S. & N. I. R. R.	80
4,000 Alt. & C. H. Inc. Bds.	82	300 do	b30 80½
5,000 Chic. & N. W. 2d Mtg. 5s	70	350 do	79½
1,000 Pitts. F. W. & Ch. 1st	103	200 do	b10 80
5,000 Pitts. F. W. & Ch. 2d	101	40 Mich. Cen. R. R.	109
10 Continental Bank	93	50 M. S. & N. I. G. s. ex div.	111½
20 Merchants' Ex. Bk.	24	50 do	111½
1000 American Gold	126½	50 do	s30. 111
32000 do	126	100 do	110½
50 Del. & Hud. Canal Co.	142	50 do	109¾
50 Cum. Coal Pref.	27½	600 Ill. Cent. R. R. Scrip	103
200 do	b30 22½	200 do	109½
250 do	22	200 do	b10. 109½
150 Pac. Mail Steam. Co.	235	1000 Cleve. & P. R. R.	b10 93
10 do	236	1000 do	93
100 do	239	200 do	b30 93½
75 do	242	13 Gal. & Chic. R. R.	95½
225 do	244	100 do	96
100 do	246	100 do	96½
350 N. Y. Central R. R.	113½	200 do	96½
250 Erie R. R.	96½	28 Cleve., Col. & C. R. R.	157
300 do	96½	400 Cleve. & Tol. R. R.	112
100 do	96½	24 Chic. & Rock I. R. R.	95½
500 do	b10 96½	250 do	96
100 do	b10 96½	200 do	96½
300 Hud. Riv. R. R.	c.173	200 do	b60 97
100 do	c.177½	100 Mil. & P. Du C. R. R.	36½
300 do	c.10.160	250 do	59
200 do	c.5.165	500 P., Ft. W. & Chic. R.	69
200 do	c.5.163	50 do	69½
200 do	c.5.163	200 do	b30 69½
100 Harlem R. R.	s60.108	100 do	86½
1000 do	109	100 Alton & T. H. Pref.	72
200 do	b4.109	50 do	72½
1000 do	108½	250 Chic. & N. W. R. R.	35
200 do	109	100 do	35½
500 do	109½	400 do	36
50 Ill. Cen. Full Sta.	s30 95½	100 do	36½

SALES AT THE PUBLIC BOARD AT 4 P. M.

10,000 American Gold	126½	300 Erie Railway	b5 97½
100 Cumberland Coal	21½	500 do	97½
100 N. Y. Central R. R.	122	200 do	97⅜
400 Erie Railway Pref.	103½	300 do	b10 97
500 Harlem Railroad	111½	300 do	97½
200 do	s3.111½	600 do	97
100 Reading Railroad	109½	200 do	s7 98
100 M. S. & N. I. R. R.	b3 80½	200 Clev. & Pitts. RR.	95½
500 do	s3 80½	200 do	95½
400 do	80½	400 do	b10 96
100 do	s5 80½	50 do	96½
200 do	80½	100 Pitts., Ft. W. & Ch.	71½
1000 do	81	100 Mil. & Pr. du Ch.	59½
400 do	b5 81	300 Galena and Chicago	88½
200 do	81	100 Chic. & Rock Island	96½
100 Illinois Central RR.	109½	100 do	b10 96½
		200 do	96½

THURSDAY, July 16—P. M.

The increasing success of the authorities in overcoming the disturbances which prevailed during the last three days, have restored confidence in business circles to a considerable degree, and Wall street is resuming its ordinary activity. The Stock market was strong this morning, and all the leading shares were higher, with an increased business. The successes of the national armies on the Mississippi and the Potomac impart considerable impulse to the speculative feeling. The business of the morning was much lighter than usual, however, only 25,000 shares being sold. The heaviest transactions were in Harlem, Pittsburgh, Reading, Hudson River, and Michigan Southern. The speculative furore in Pacific Mail has increased, and after opening at 235 it was rapidly run up until it reached 246 at the Board, and afterward sold for 252 in the street, against 239 at the Board yesterday, showing the unprecedented advance of 50 per cent. in two days. Cleveland and Pittsburg took quite a turn for the better and sold at 93@93¼, 4¼ advance, and was higher later in the day. Harlem old was active, and sold as high as 109, 2¼ advance. Erie old sold at 96¾, ¾ advance, and subsequently was higher. Hudson River sold regular at 177½@178, about the same as yesterday, and at the same time at 160 seller 10 days. Michigan Central was quiet and ½ higher. Southern old brought 79¾@80 on the call, 1½ advance. Government Stocks were firm, but not very active. The Coupon Sixes of 1881 brought 106¼, ¼ advance. After the session of the morning Board the speculative fever increased, and all the favorite shares advanced still higher. Pacific Mail sold up to 252; New-York Central, 123½; Erie, 97½; Reading, 110; Cleveland and Pittsburg, 95½@96¼. Pacific Mail, however, declined 6 at the Second Board. The great advance in the Street after the First Board brought out a large amount of this cash stock, and under a disposition to realize the profits of the rise there was a slight panic, and the stock fell off. Nearly all other stocks continued buoyant as the day advanced. Harlem advanced to 112½ under an active demand. Erie rose to 98; Southern old, 81¼; Illinois Central, 109½@110. Pacific Mail closed at 240½, 11½ below the street price of the day.

Freights continue very dull and rates are drooping, though in the absence of transactions of moment rates are nominally unchanged. To Liverpool the engagements are 14,000 bushels Corn in bags, at 5½@6d, closing at the inside rate, and 50,000 bushels Grain per Great Eastern, at 6d. The carrying rates are as follows: To Liverpool—American, Flour, 1s. 9d.; Wheat, 6d.; Corn, 5d.; Heavy Goods, 7s. 6d.@20s. Foreign, 2s.@2s. 1½d.; Wheat, 7d.; Corn, 6½d.; Heavy Goods, 22s. 6d.@25s. To London—American, Flour, 2s. 4½d.; Wheat, 8d.; Corn, 7½d.; Heavy Goods, 22s. 6d.@25s. Foreign Flour, 3s.@3s. 3d.; Wheat, 9d.; Heavy Goods, 27s. 6d.@30s.

There is no change in the condition of the loan market. Money is very easy at 5@7, more generally 6 ⅌ cent, but business has not become active enough yet to cause much of a demand.

Gold declined further to-day. At one time it reached 125¼, but closed at 126¼.

Foreign Exchange was active in the morning at 139, but closed dull at 138½.

The subscriptions to the National Five-Twenty Bonds to-day amounted to $315,900; $162,500 were deposited on temporary loan.

In the Dry Goods market there is no change of importance to record since the close of last week. The market has remained very quiet and unsettled, the excitement in regard to the riots preoccupying all the attention of our merchants, many of whom have been busy in removing their families from the city. The tendency of prices is downward as soon as public affairs become sufficiently settled for trade to revive again. The decline in gold must affect the prices of all kinds of merchandise. Nevertheless, there are some descriptions of standard cotton goods whose value will be considerably sustained by their scarcity. Standard brown and bleached goods are quite scarce, and few are making, as the chief force of the mills is engaged on light weight low priced goods. They will have to experience a decline to some extent, however, in all probability. At present the general price on standard heavy Brown Sheetings is 30c., though occasionally a small lot can be picked up for 27 or 28c. Lonsdale bleached Muslins are quoted at 30c. by the Jobbing Houses, but have been offered in one or two instances, in small lots, at 25c. Prints are down about ¼c. but do not sell. Woolen goods remain very quiet and unsettled, and it is difficult to give any idea in regard to positive values, on account of the variation which each manufacturer makes according as his qualities and styles differ from other makers. Low priced light and medium weight all wool cassimeres range from $1 25@$1 50; new styles of fine, heavy, first-class goods at $1 75@$2 50. Foreign goods are quiet and lower, in proportion to the decline in Exchange. There is no disposition to buy or to urge sales.

The Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad Companies have declared a dividend of 5 ⅌ cent (free from Government tax) on the earnings of the last month. The Market Fire Insurance Company will pay 45 ⅌ cent in scrip to policy-holders, 6 ⅌ cent interest on outstanding scrip, and 6½ ⅌ cent semi-annual dividend to the stockholders, payable on demand—all free of Government tax.

It is reported that the Erie Directors will declare on Tuesday next a dividend of 7 ⅌ cent on the Preferred and 6 ⅌ cent on the Common stock.

The following is a statement of coal transported on the Delaware and Hudson Canal:

	For the Week ending July 11.	For the Season.
Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.	29,745	290,963
Pennsylvania Coal Co.	24,028	207,331
Total tuns	53,773	498,293
For the same period last year:		
Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.	....	111,187
Pennsylvania Coal Co.	....	114,324
Total tuns	....	225,511

The earnings of the Terre Haute and Alton Road for June, 1863, were:

Passengers	$42,902 04	
Freight	75,583 56	
Mail	1,762 00	
Express, &c.	3,331 16	
		$123,778 76
For June, 1862		62,194 04
Increase over 80 per cent		$59,584 72

The Ocean Queen brings $194,400 in gold to-day from California.

W. T. Coleman's Circular, dated San Francisco, June 22, says:

There is no pressing demand for money, but the market is still fairly active at the old rates—1@2 per cent per month for first-class paper in bank. The requirement is chiefly owing to the prevalent movement in mining stocks, which have again attracted very marked attention, especially those of established and unquestionable character. The transactions have been large and the advance important. The wants of the mercantile classes are quite moderate, and capital for all legitimate purposes is within easy reach. Exchange on last steamer day ruled at 30@35 per cent. premium on gold for currency bills on the Atlantic cities; 40@5 per cent. premium for coin payments; 46d. for bankers' sterling at 60 days, and $4 87½@$5 for bankers' francs.

FOREIGN IMPORTS *at New-York in June.*

	1861.	1862.	1863.
Entered for Consumption	$1,829,583