GRAND HAUL OF COUNTERFEIT ENS.

Eleven Presses Seized—Immense Amount of Counterfeit Money Found—All the Plates Captured—The Whole Gang Sent in Irons to Washington.

From The Missouri Republican, 6th.

The Democrat, which issued a paper yesterday, has the following, of which we avail ourselves:

The citizens doing business in the large cities of the United States have long been embarrassed by the circulation of immense quantities of counterfeit notes, on several of the most important banks of the country, and the United States Treasury, principally of the twenty-dollar issues and of the fifty-cent postal currency.

Several attempts have been heretofore made to get possession of the plates and arrest the counterfeiters, but without success. Large sums of the counterfeit twenties could be traced to the different paymasters' departments, many of them so well executed that it was impossible to distinguish them from the genuine bills; still no clue could be obtained as to where they were manufactured.

The immense quantity of the bogus currency which flooded the country at length drew the attention of the authorities at Washington, and Col. L. C. Baker, so widely known as a skillful detective, and who is now Chief of the National Detective Police, was invested with full power to examine the matter, arrest, commit, or make such disposal of prisoners as in his judgment should seem best, and also to call to his aid, in addition to his own force, such assistance as might be necessary in any department to which the interest of the service might call him.

With this authority from headquarters, Col. Baker, who has been in the Government service over three years, summoned his efficient force, and immediately set about ferreting out the counterfeiters. Believing, from the vast amount of spurious money in circulation in the West, that the manufactories were located in some of the principal cities of this department, he left Washington accompanied by his well-tried men, to commence operations here. Arriving in this city on Friday last, he was not long in obtaining such information as enabled him to make a successful effort by which he secured a variety of plates in the cities of St. Louis, Indianapolis, and Nauvoo, at all of which places the business was found to have been extensively carried on, the larger share of it being done in this city, where the principal manufactory and machinery were located.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

The first plate shown us was a five dollar plate on the State Bank of Iowa.

The second was a three dollar plate on the City Treasury Warrant of St. Louis, which was well executed and produced work, which in many instances good judges of our city currency were unable to detect. For this plate a large reward had been offered, but no clue could be obtained as to who was the possessor of it.

The third seized was a two dollar plate on the Bank of Rutland, Vt., which was also well executed, but did not bear the mark of as fine workmanship as the City Treasury plate of St. Louis, yet was sufficiently well executed to deceive even those who professed to be good judges of money.

The fourth and most important of all the plates captured was the United States twenty-dollar greenback series, which has perhaps produced nearly as many bills as the genuine plates. The process of working this note was somewhat different from the others, as to complete the bill requires four different plates, the first of which works the whole face of the note except the red star and figures two and cypher near the center of the bill, but which are somewhat separated from each other. The first of these plates is remarkably well engraved, and, with proper paper and ink, would produce even a finer appearance on the face of the bill than the genuine plate. The second plate on the face of the bill contains much less work, and is designed to fill in, in the large two and cypher near the center of the bill, and also some other smaller work. The last plate necessary to complete the face of the note is the red star upon the right of the bill, which is also well executed, and is worked last, with red ink. The face of the bill having been completed, a fourth plate is used, to finish the work on the back of the bill; after which, if there be no defect in the press work, or what is usually termed "working off," the bill is put through another process, called the "sweating process," to modify the color of the ink, soften the paper, and otherwise prepare the bill for market.

At the time the plates of the twenty were captured, the force were busily engaged in printing, and, unfortunately, one of the gang had to be shot before a complete arrest could be made. They were at this time working on the press at Indianapolis.

The fifth of the regular series of plates was one on the Pittsfield Bank, State of New-Hampshire, of the denomination of two dollars, and which was well executed, and had an extensive success.

The sixth and most important plate of the lot, except the twenty and fifty dollar plates, was that of the fifty-cent postal currency, which has been a source of so much annoyance. In this series only two plates were used, one to work the face of the check and the other the back. Both plates bear marks of having been used very extensively, as in one or two places the engraving and solid work are literally worn down, having, as has been admitted by one of the prisoners, been in use day and night. At the time of the capture of the plate, a whole tea-chest of the fifty-cent postal currency, amounting to probably fifty or sixty thousand dollars, was found in one place, and one of the prisoners acknowledges that he not unusually came into the city of a Saturday morning with two or three thousand dollars worth of postal currency, and always got rid of it before night.

Seventh plate. This was comparatively a new one, and was splendidly executed, and is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful counterfeit plates that has ever been executed in America. It is a ten-dollar, new issue, Treasury plate, had only been used to print about $30,000 worth, and at the time it was discovered was waxed over and buried—as was supposed—in a secure place. For printing the back of the ten, a different plate was used, but one which was equally well executed.

The eighth plate was of the denomination of twenty dollars, on the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, also tolerably well executed. Plate No. ten was of the denomination of twenty dollars, on the Bank of New-Orleans. Plate No. twelve was a twenty dollar bill on the State Bank of Tennessee. Plate No. thirteen was of the denomination of ten dollars, on the Bank of Louisville. The fourteenth and last plate discovered and seized was a splendidly executed plate for printing the new issue of fifty-dollar Treasury notes, and which had evidently not yet been used much.

CAPTURE OF DIES.

In addition to the wholesale capture of plates on the different banks above described, several important dies were also taken possession of, the first of which was a twenty-five cent die, handsomely executed and well calculated to deceive. A second one was a die used for making five dollar gold pieces, and the last and most important was the die used in making twenty dollar gold pieces. This had been the most extensively used of any of the dies.

THE PRESSES, INK, PAPER, &C.

The number of presses taken was eleven in all, the largest of which weighed thirty-six hundred pounds, and was used for working off the twenties, and was taken at the manufactory some seven miles from the city. Another was a small die press, which bore marks of having been considerably used.

Among the finest of the presses was a lithographic press, very beautifully finished, and used for printing the counterfeit postal currency. The second lithographic press was much heavier, evidently intended for printing tens and twenties. In addition to these, was an old-fashioned press, probably used before the business had attained its present flourishing condition. The rest of the presses were all well finished and perfectly adapted to the work for which they were intended. Not only were there plenty of presses of the very best quality, but there were also found some 25 or 30 cans of ink, of the different colors used in printing bank bills, and of a good quality. It was evident from the five large boxes full of material, consisting of paper, ink, pallet-stones, mullers, engravers' tools, and all the various implements used by professional printers in such work, that there was nothing wanting to successfully carry on their business.

Several large rolls of bank-note paper of a very good quality were also found on the premises, but good care was taken to have little either of material or implements exposed to view, as they usually kept their plates and other material buried; but even this did not long deter Col. Baker and his force from bringing them to light; and on Wednesday last several large boxes, carefully secured, left St. Louis for Washington City, where the men who had formerly used them had been sent in advance.

The dies were secured to the bottoms of small tin boxes and kept in a condition so as not to come into contact with any hard substance, and by putting on the lid they could at any time be safely buried.

THE MEN ENGAGED IN THE BUSINESS.

Probably one of the most important of the gang is Louis Speight, a resident of St. Louis, who spends nearly all his time at Nauvoo, who is not a "shover" of his money, nor even a manufacturer of it, but acts as adviser and agent. In appearance, he is intelligent, gentlemanly, prepossessing, and of superior ability. A second member of the gang is James Vezey, a farmer, living some seven miles from St. Louis, beyond the corral and race track. Vezey is a manufacturer of the "queer," and also a "shover." A third member is John Frisby, who resides in Nauvoo; he is a man of property there, and also a manufacturer and a "shover." A fourth, and one of the most adroit, is the notorious Fred. Beibusch, already convicted in this State for counterfeiting, and who was pardoned out of the Missouri State Prison by the President. On the very day after Beibusch was pardoned he went out and made an arrangement with the engraver, who got him up this ten dollar United States plate, new issue, which we have already described.

A fifth member of the concern is William Homer, one of the "shovers," and who resides at No. 442 Broadway, St. Louis. Homer also acted as a business agent of the manufacturers. The following will show as an example the method of carrying on their correspondence:

CORRESPONDENCE, PURCHASE OF LUMBER, ETC.

An agent not far up the country writes for some more of the money, and says:

"MY FRIEND HOMER: Our crops are looking very well up here. We have succeeded in driving the guerrillas out, and I hope to be in St. Louis in a few days, and I want to buy 5,000 feet of that 30 foot lumber. What will you sell it to me for?"

Another one from the country writes to him and says:

"FRIEND HOMER: I have sold all the sheep and lambs which I purchased from you the last time I saw you in St. Louis. They sell well here, but the stock is becoming pretty well known. Cannot you sell me some other kind of stock?"

Another one in Ohio writes that he is keeping a grocery, and says: "I made well on the last trade which I made with you, but I must have it in smaller volumes"—meaning that he wants some of the 50 cent issue.

Many letters of a similar kind were taken by the detectives.

A sixth member is from Nauvoo—John Brown—who was arrested some months since and taken to the Old Capitol Prison and after some time released, but has since been re-arrested. Brown was one of the "shovers," and had followed it for years.

A seventh member, now in the Old Capitol Prison, is Charles Bathaway, also a "shover," and a manufacturer. He figured principally as a horse and mule buyer for the Government. He and Sleight would not unfrequently buy $20,000 worth in a single week in Missouri, and pass them over to the Government, of course paying for them in their own money, and receiving in return for them money from the Government.

THE JOHNSTON FAMILY.

In addition to the seven members and agents above mentioned, the family known to the detective as the Johnston family were also engaged in this business. The family live in Indianapolis. The father of the family has served two terms in the penitentiary for counterfeiting, and has been the most expert engraver in the West. At the present time he has only been out of the penitentiary about two months. Mrs. Johnston is also engaged as one of the shovers of the money. Elijah Johnston is probably about 18 years of age, is very shrewd and sharp, and is also a shover. Thomas Johnston is also an engraver, and to do him justice, a very good one. Bob Johnston is one of the business agents. These parties, engaged with those before mentioned, formed the gang, with the exception of Dr. McCarty alias Woods, a dentist of Indianapolis, who acted as a useful man among them, furnishing money and assisting in printing and shoving, and also as an agent, letter-writer and dealer in twenty-foot lumber. The following is one of his productions:

"JUNE 13, 1864.

"DEAR HOMER: Would like to hear from you as soon as convenient. I saw Charley Bathaway and his friends last night. I told him that you had lost on the last trade you made, and he was badly disappointed when he heard that you did not see me. If I can assist you let me know. I will have as much as you want of the 20-foot lumber by Monday next, got up in good order. Let me know how you are getting along. P. Mc."

The whole gang have been forwarded to Washington in double irons, where they will undergo an investigation and be sentenced to such punishment as the authorities may see fit to inflict upon them. Great credit is due Col. L. C. Baker and his force for their untiring energy and skill in successfully ridding the country of a band of counterfeiters who have heretofore baffled all the detectives that have been sent in pursuit of them, and who even carried on a part of their operations within a few squares of the United States Detective Police office in this city.

Col. Baker also received hearty cooperation and valuable aid in the work from Gen. Rosecrans and Provost-Marshal-General Sanderson; also, from the local police of Indianapolis, where two of the plates, and two of the lithographic presses were taken.

The following is a copy of a

COMPLIMENTARY NOTE

sent to Col. Baker and signed by the Mayor and Controller of St. Louis:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, CONTROLLER'S OFFICE, ST. LOUIS, AUG. 3, 1864.

To Col. BAKER, Chief of the Detective Police of the United States, in the City of Washington, D. C.

SIR: The undersigned, Mayor of the City of St. Louis, and the Controller of said city, beg leave to return you our warm thanks for obtaining, through the diligence of yourself and those employed under you, the counterpart plate of the $3 plate "City of St. Louis Treasury Warrant." It being the counterpart of the original, has given us much solicitude, and also added to loss on the part of innocent holders of the spurious issue.

The information on which this is grounded was communicated to the undersigned this morning by J. E. D. Cousins, esq., Chief of Police of this city.

Respectfully, your obedient servants,
JAMES T. THOMAS, Mayor.
GEO. R. BUDD, Controller.

Heroism in our Army.

The following anecdotes illustrating the spirit of the brave men who are fighting the battles of freedom against treason and oppression, are from a correspondent of *The Detroit Tribune*:

A New Hampshire regiment had been engaged in several successive battles, very bloody and very desperate, and in each engagement had been distinguishing themselves more and more; but their successes had been very dearly bought, both in men and officers. Just before the taps, the word came that the fort they had been investing was to be stormed by daybreak the next morning, and they were invited to lead the "forlorn hope." For a time the brain of the Colonel fairly reeled with anxiety. The post of honor was the post of danger, but in view of all circumstances, would it be right, by the acceptance of such a proposition, to involve his already decimated regiment in utter annihilation? He called his long and well-tried chaplain into council with him, and asked him what was to be done, and the chaplain advised him to let the men decide it for themselves.

At the Colonel's request he stated to the regiment all the circumstances. Not one in twenty probably would be left alive after the first charge. Scarcely one of the entire number would escape death except as they were wounded or taken prisoners. No one would be compelled to go, if he did not go with all his heart. Think it over, men, calmly and deliberately, and come back at 12 o'clock and let us know your answer. True to the appointed time, they all returned. "All?" said I. "Yes, Sir, all, without exception, and all of them ready for service or for sacrifice." "Now," said the Chaplain, "go to your tents and write your letters—settle all your worldly business, and whatever sins you have upon your consciences unconfessed and unforgiven, ask God to forgive them. As usual, I will go with you, and the Lord do with us as seemeth Him good." The hour came, the assault was made, on these noble spirits rushed into "the imminent deadly breach," right into the jaws of death. But, like Daniel, when he was thrown into the lion's den, it pleased God that the lion's mouth should be shut. Scarcely an hour before, the enemy had secretly evacuated the fort, and the forlorn hope entered into full possession without the loss of a single man!

There is another anecdote which well deserves to be entered under heroism, if anything does. Hearing one day of four shipwrecked sailors who had been four days and four nights on the wreck, without anything to eat or drink, and who had just arrived, covered with erysipelas, and utterly destitute, I went over to the gunboat to supply them with shoes, &c. What was my surprise and delight to find that the gunboat was the Sassacus, and the captain Capt. Roe, whose famous attack on the Rebel ram Albemarle puts his vessel in the same category with the original Monitor and Kearsarge. In common with several other vessels of this class off the coast of North Carolina (none of them iron-clads however), the gunboat Sassacus had been assigned the duty of watching the Rebel ram and iron-clad Albemarle. The statement of Capt. Roe, as I drew it out of him, almost reluctantly, at three different times—I was on board his vessel preaching, &c.—was about as follows:

I had fully made up my mind what to do, if the ram came out, viz: to stand my guard and attack her. A candle shot from a musket I had often heard could be made to penetrate a deal board, and though I had never tried it, the principle involved might prove a correct one. Why not the momentum of a wooden vessel make up to some extent the difference in material. The hour of battle at length arrived. First of all, I briefly commended myself to God for wisdom and protection, and then summoned up all my energies of body and mind for the desperate conflict. Appealing to my officers and men, I found they were with me, heart and soul, every man of them. Though it was scarcely ten minutes from the time I ordered on all steam and told the pilot to steer straight for the ram and strike her amid-ships, but for my watch I would have believed that it was an hour.

All this while there was an irresistible impulse within me that said, "Do it, do it!" and I never hesitated for a moment. The officer of the Albemarle knew me personally, and as I afterward found, pointed me out to the sharpshooters in my exposed position, and the bullets whistled around me like hail. The heavy guns of the Albemarle opened upon us, and struck us again and again. On came the ram, running with all steam on, at right angles to the course of the Sassacus. On went the Sassacus, right to the mark at which I aimed her, and with the desired result. Our prow entered the side of the ram, just forward of the smoke-stack, and by the onward movement of the ram was bent in the opening like the half-shut blade of a knife, thus laying the two vessels side by side. The guns were so close that neither ship could run them out to their full length—the powder of each explosion blackening the antagonist's side.

A large solid shot went through the starboard boiler from end to end; ranging aft, it passed through a space of very little more than its own width, just missing the crank. Further aft, it passed through the bulkhead of the ward-room, smashing the locker, and glancing against a heavy stanchion, stowed itself away in one of the midshipmen's berths. Meanwhile the escape of steam scalded a large number of my crew. Right in the midst of the conflict they came running up to me on deck, their scalded flesh hanging from their arms and faces, saying, so piteously, "O Captain, Captain," like so many children, that it almost unmanned me. We had bags of powder in the tops to throw down the smoke-stacks of the ram, but did not succeed. With our hand grenades we were more successful; and the battle raged more fiercely than ever. By a great effort the ram disengaged herself from the Sassacus, and made for the shore and the protection of the fort—and there she has remained ever since. I felt, under God, that I had achieved a victory of which the service need not be ashamed.

BALTIMORE, AUG. 10.—FLOUR firm; sales 1,000 bbls. Ohio Extra at $12@$12 25. WHEAT very dull; sales 5,000 bushels Kentucky White at $2 75. CORN dull and drooping; White $1 75@$1 78. WHISKY dull and quiet at 94 79@$1 00. Groceries heavy.

CITY ITEMS.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NEW-YORK.—That "half the world does not know how the other half lives," will hold true of that larger half of the inhabitants of New-York, who, quiet, respectable people as they are, go to bed early and, lost in peaceful slumber, are unconscious of the busy scenes and sleepless activity of large numbers around them. Newspaper slaves, as we are, and therefore habitual night-workers and keepers of most improper hours, and strongly as we would warn our younger readers especially against falling into the same evil habits, we can yet assure them that, for once, a walk through the streets between one and two in the morning would afford them some little information, and supply material for serious reflection. Should their steps take the direction of the City Hall, they will see the lighted precincts where our police rendezvous, and where the night charges for drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and minor offenses are disposed of, while across the Park, in Printing House square, they will hear the ceaseless clatter of the printing machines, low underground, of THE TRIBUNE and its neighbor, as the flying press throws off the impressions of the paper for the coming day, at the rate of twenty thousand per hour. Down toward the Astor House one constantly meets or hears the tinkling horse-cars that supply the belated pedestrians of Third, Sixth or Eighth avenues with the means of reaching their homes. There is a Sunday silence along Broadway—that is, all the stages have ceased running—but the heavy teams, the hacks, the market carts, the solemn tramp of the policeman, as he glides in and out trying doors and shutters, the hasty tread of the steady "old party," ashamed of being seen out so late, the stealthy step of the thief, the shuffling, fluttering run of the "unfortunates," the brawl of the drunkard, the roistering merriment of the bacchanalians who have just left their orgies, the sounds of music and dancing from the various saloons and "hells," and the indescribable hum of all these varied noises, turn night into day and mock the silent stars. In the minor and second-class streets, though not those of the lowest class, one of the most striking features is the overflowing abundance and activity, at all hours of the night, of the colored people. Streets that in the day time might be passed through without the presence of a negro population being suspected, will be found at night to swarm with the, certainly not in this case, "children of the sun." What time they sleep or rest is certainly a mystery—at all hours of the night you will find the doors of their houses open, men smoking, talking, loafing, women washing, cleaning or cooking, and the only natural sound that strikes the ear is perhaps the cry of a sleepy and fretful child at the turmoil round it, while knots of "darks" dot the pavement, promenading, courting, or quarreling, as the case may be. Toward the North River night is rendered hideous by the cracking of whips, shouting of drivers, and the rumbling and jolting of produce teams, milk wagons, and kindred vehicles, over the ill-paved streets and on the river side. Along by Barclay street all night long is a busy scene that would do no discredit to a country market. All the liquor stores are open, and their flaring lights, flashing over the road, illuminate the motley group perspiring at the work which it is necessary to prepare for the morning market. Everybody is working with real, but notwithstanding everybody seems somewhat sleepy. There is a German butcher snoring away in his chair, with a fine sirloin serving for a pillow for his shaggy head. All the produce dealers and market gardeners are busy landing fruit and vegetables from the wharves on the river or the wagons, which line the street, with their patient teams munching the hay from their nets, and doubtless dozing and dreaming of the quiet stable away off in the country, and wondering why they should not be elsewhere an hour after midnight. Whence is that delicious fragrance, a thousand times surpassing in its delicate fumes all the efforts of the perfumer's skill. It comes from those hampers of peaches which are being unloaded. Of course there are many scenes beside these, many in the haunts and dens where the vicious herd, orgies of which one can hardly hear without blushing for our city, our country, and our kind that can find delight in such degradation. We gladly draw a vail of darkness over them.

THE NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Mr. Henry Grinnell of this city has heard from Capt. Hall's new Arctic Expedition. On the 13th ult. the vessel was at St. John's, Newfoundland, in a fog, all well, bound for the hyperborean regions of the north.

THE OLD JOHN-STREET CHURCH.—An appeal has been issued in behalf of the Old John-street Church, the homestead of American Methodism. It is in debt $12,000, which must be paid by October 30, or the Church will be sold! The congregation is poor, the church is needed for the comparatively churchless population down town. Who will lend a helping hand?

SMUGGLING.—John McGarva, one of the stewards of the steamship Scotia, was arrested on Tuesday night, by the United States Marshal, for smuggling. He was released on $1,500 bail to respond to the charge.

[Advertisement.]

CITIZENS AND STRANGERS would be entertained by visiting the large collections of Heads, Human and Animal, at the Phrenological Museum, No. 389 Broadway. Examinations, with full written descriptions of character given when desired, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N. Y.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS—Aug. 10.—Before Justice LANNARD.

DECISIONS.

Francis G. Young agt. M. P. Moore.—If defendant, within 20 days after entry of this order, pay costs of trial and costs of this motion to plaintiff, and give a bond with surety in the sum of $2,000, to be approved by a justice of this court, to pay such judgment as may be recovered by plaintiff then now trial granted; otherwise, motion denied with costs.

Benjamin C. Smith agt. Peter McGavy et al.—Motion denied, with $10 costs.

Orlando S. Murray agt. Robert L. Maitland.—Motion denied, defendant to have 20 days to answer complaint.

Herman M. Schabe agt. Andrew S. Stone.—Substitution granted on payment of costs of C. H. Smith since he was substituted, and $10 costs of motion to C. H. Smith.

Catharine Geary agt. Eliza Duffy et al.—Motion granted.

Abram Van Nostrand agt. Maggie A. Van Nostrand.—Judgment of divorce granted.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE—Aug. 10. Before Commissioner Osborn.

MUTINY.

Daniel Branch and Oscar Bee were brought up on a warrant, charging them with riotous and mutinous conduct on board the brig Chimborazo, while that vessel was lying at the port of Trinidad. The accused were held for examination.

Attack Upon a Railroad Train—Three Persons Killed and Four Wounded.

We learn that on last Saturday morning a train was attacked twenty miles below Huntsville and one mile above Point Rock Station.

The train left Huntsville at 6 a. m., arriving at the point of attack about 8 o'clock, and on account of the insecure state of the road the train was proceeding slowly, when suddenly about 30 or more guerrillas commenced firing from a cut in the road. At first their volley was scattering, killing Mr. Fred. Wright, Superintendent of Repairs; the second was directed at the engine and caboose cars particularly, and did but little damage; but the third volley was far more fatal, almost sweeping the top of the train, wounding Capt. Stoddard of the 12th Indiana Cavalry in the arm, and slightly in the mouth.

The train dashed on under the guidance of Engineer Wm. Malby, till it reached Point Rock, where the wounded were put off, and by order of Lieut. A. S. Coe, Military Conductor, a portion of the train instantly dispatched to Larkinsville for reinforcements.

The train would have been a valuable prize to the scoundrels, for there were two car-loads of muskets and rifles aboard.

The list of killed and wounded is as follows: Killed—Fred. Wright, Superintendent of Repairs; two soldiers, names and regiments unknown. Wounded—Capt. Stoddard, 12th Indiana Cavalry; ——— McIlvehill, section boss; Thomas C. Ross and Samuel Lamont, brakemen.

The attack was conducted with the most thorough desperation, and is one of the most fatal we have had to record for some time. Hardly one of the employees in the conductor's caboose escaped with whole clothing. The car was a perfect sieve. (Huntsville Dem., 3d.

A Remarkable Stroke of Lightning—The Whole 19th Missouri Regiment Stunned and Blinded—Five Men Killed and Eighteen Severely Burned.

From The Chattanooga Gazette.

A most remarkable stroke of lightning occurred in the Camp Fuller Brigade, near Rossville, Ga., July 14, 1864, killing and wounding about fifteen soldiers, and killing and shocking severely several teams, a description of which may be interesting to your readers.

Mr. Pollock, regimental wagon-master, a scientific gentleman, who observed the beginning of the storm closely, relates that about 6 o'clock p. m. the heavy clouds gathering in the west divided, one part passing southward and the other passing northward, both emitting lightning and rain, and finally coming together again right over the 19th Army Corps, camped on the high hills on the south bank of the Chattahoochee, at Rossville Bridge. At the moment of the union of the two clouds the most vivid and incessant flashes of lightning were emitted, followed by thunder peals almost equalling our own cannon, with deafening, stunning—almost appalling effect.

The discharge that did the principal damage in the 19th Regiment Missouri Infantry, an observer relates, descended from the cloud at a very low altitude, and shot across the road, a livid, horizontal volume of flame, about the thickness of a man's body. It struck a tall oak about ninety feet high and thirty inches thick, on a high point of ground, and descended, splitting it from the heart, but throwing no splinters. At the base of the tree, where a large number of soldiers had bivouacked, the fluid seemed to leave the tree and its roots and dart out in every direction in a great number of livid jets, similar to those of a large mass of pig iron at a white heat under the trip hammer, except, instead of flying in sparks, they were in continuous streams. All this was only the work of an instant. Nearly the whole regiment was stunned and blinded. Many lay shocked to insensibility. A whole six-mule team, at a distance of twenty yards, were thrown down. Just at this juncture the discharge of the cloud seemed to strike in rapid succession at other places in the brigade, I have since learned, killing and wounding men and animals.

Now for a description of *freaks*. Those little jets running from the trunk of the column of the electric fluid, something like the roots and fine rootlets of a large tree, penetrated everything they came in contact with, more penetrating than a bullet; and some of them were no larger than a knitting-needle. In their punctures they made no indentation like a bullet, but burst their way. Everything they touched—blankets, clothing, hair, skin, paper, &c.—had the appearance of vitriol sprinkled over them. The appearance of the vicinity generally was that of a large quantity of vitriol having burst and sprinkled in fine jets around. I examined one soldier's knapsack and contents. One little jet, about the size of a buckshot, had entered it, penetrated twenty-six folds of his blanket, penetrated through his portfolio, through letters, envelopes, quires of paper, daguerreotypes, and the brass clasp of the portfolio. Several men were burned, and the appearance of the skin is like that of scalding water having run from the head to the heels, singing hair, and burning the skin to a blister, and in some instances deep into the flesh.

Eight guns standing by the tree were discharged without injury to the guns. Corporal John Taylor, Co. I, and private John Hensel, Co. I, were killed. Eight members of the same company were severely burned. Those near the tree received currents of fluid, which ran along their bodies. Those at a distance bore the appearance on the skins of having stood in the spatters and concretions of molten iron from a trip-hammer. Three men of the 21 United States battery were killed. A white four-mule team, with driver and negro man, on the opposite side of the river were killed.

Examining the topography of the country, I am of the opinion that the vast number of arms, muskets, and steel cannon drew these two clouds together over that spot, as it was no higher than many other hills in their course in the vicinity. The clouds passed low in their whole route for miles, but did not unite nor discharge until arriving over the 19th Corps, which was camped close together. Yours, WM. HENSHREET,
Captain 18th Missouri Infantry.

A Trip in a Fire Balloon.

M. Eugene Godard made an ascent at Cremorne Gardens, London, July 30, in an enormous balloon of his own construction, which he styles "The Eagle." In this machine M. Godard discards gas, and goes back to the ordinary original Montgolfier balloon, which is commonly known as a "fire balloon." Last year M. Nadar's "Giant" balloon was a subject of international interest, but the "Eagle" far surpasses it in size, and the following statistics may not be uninteresting. It is 117ft. 7in. in height, 95ft. 9in. in circumference, 30ft. 6in. superficial, 30,000ft. in area, 2,005 lbs. in weight, 408,558ft. cubic contents. In the center of the car is an 18 ft. stove, including the chimney, 980 lbs. in weight; three cylinders, three inches apart from each other, invented by M. Godard with a view to counteract the effects of the radiated heat upon the occupants of the car. Inside the car is a metal colander to intercept sparks. The combust ble employed is rye straw cleaned from the ears and compressed into blocks.

The total weight of the balloon (including the grappling iron cords, 400 pounds; two supplementary pumps, 150 pounds, and combustible, 500 pounds) is 4,625 pounds. The inflation only took 45 minutes, and Mr. Godard says that under favorable circumstances he can fill and start in less than half an hour. At a quarter to 8, the whole fabric stood up among the trees and poles of the ground, and the various ropes that held it to the earth were cut away one by one. M. Godard ran rapidly around the solid wicker car, shouting orders through a speaking trumpet with pardonable excitability. Two gentlemen took their places in the car. Mr. Frowse and an officer in the Guards, and a third heavy military gentleman leaped in, much against M. Godard's wishes. Many were left behind who had purchased seats, but who had doubts at the eleventh hour. The final rope was cut away, and the huge ball, half the hight of the monument, rolled rather than rose toward the east side of the Gardens. Here it met a firm, lofty pole, to which some of its detaining ropes had been attached, and this pole was bent crashing on to the roof of a theatrical Swiss cottage, which broke like a piece of ornamental pastry.

For a few seconds the balloon seemed to return to the Gardens, and to descend toward the grass, while the stokers were seen desperately throwing the small trusses of compressed straw into the mouth of the furnace. M. Godard raved through his trumpet, and the excitement caused several ladies to faint, and a large portion of the crowd to rush panic-stricken toward the hotel. In less than a minute, however, the Eagle had regained her buoyancy. One of M. Godard's companions gives the following account of the voyage: "Let the reader imagine that he has been riding on the engine of an express train; let him then conceive that this engine, with the fire roaring in the furnace, has suddenly leapt into the air, and he will get some faint notion of the situation. There was not much wind, and the balloon, slowly rising, took its course to the south-eastward of London.

At times, it seemed quite becalmed, and during these intervals of quiet, those who looked out over the panorama of London owned that the sight was well worth the risk. The red light glared out and was seen afar; the heat was almost painful, but neither among Englishmen nor Frenchmen was a murmur heard, as steadily, one after one, the trusses of straw were passed into the fire. At no time did the balloon ascend much above half a mile, and at no time did that ugly, roaring, crackling clamor cease! But M. Godard was blind and brave; his fellow-countrymen were courteous and courageous, and the Englishmen held their tongues. At length, after crossing and recrossing the river, it was determined to descend.

Three times already had the balloon passed over the Thames, and when it was resolved to alight, M. Godard was over the Isle of Dogs. He had fixed his eye, however, upon the Greenwich marshes as an open space in which the descent could be safely attempted. Very nicely and skillfully calculated were his maneuvers. Traversing the Thames at an exceedingly low elevation, the balloon just grounded upon the shore, within a dozen yards of the water. Distinctly to understand the fierce excitement of the next three minutes, it should be borne in mind that the fire was still roaring merrily away; that the machinery, so admirably for its special purposes, would have ceased and have had there been anything like a general upset; and that at this particular moment six men could exert very little control over a balloon capable of containing four hundred and sixty thousand cubic feet of air. Touching the shore, the balloon tore away, the big canvas flopping, the bright fire burning, whilst right in front rose a stone embankment.

The shocks were rough, and had the travelers been novices in this particular method of locomotion, we might now have some awkward casualties to relate. Just before each bump, however, the men made a little leap, and thus basked its force, as a cricketer to catch a ball draws back his hand instead of controlling it. Still, with all these precautions, it was a nasty drive; it occupied perhaps a minute—it seemed half an hour—and there was a strong inclination to cheer when the threatening stones were passed. On now into a potato field; another rise; a wild tendency to leap at a chimney; a strong 'exhibition' of restraint in the shape of a hundred sensible Englishmen tugging away at the ropes, and obeying the orders that were given—and the whole thing was over."

A Frightful Affair at Niagara Falls.

It has been known that Farini, the funambulist, who, several years ago was Blondin's rival on the tight rope at Niagara Falls, was making preparations to ford the rapids above the American Fall on a pair of iron stilts, contrived for the purpose. The exhibition was to have come off on the 12th. Early yesterday morning, we learn, the fool-hardy man went out to rehearse the dangerous feat. He succeeded in getting more than half way across, at a point between the Falls and the Goat Island bridge, when one of his stilts broke or gave way, and he was instantly in the rapids.

Fortunately, the place of his accident was directly above Robinson's Island, a small piece of wooded land which lies to the right of Long Island, and very near the brink of the American fall. He succeeded in struggling to the shore of this island, and dragged himself from the water. He had apparently sustained a painful injury on one of his limbs.

The poor man was soon discovered sitting very composedly on a log at the edge of the Island. A large and not very sympathizing crowd collected on the Goat Island bridge and elsewhere, but up to yesterday afternoon not an effort had been made to rescue the unfortunate man. In fact, our informant tells us that in a few hours public curiosity seemed to have sated itself and scarcely any excitement was visible.

Farini's frightful perch is about 800 or 1,000 feet below the bridge before spoken of, and undoubtedly a rope could be floated to him, and thereby a cable perhaps be swung, by which, if the man is not too much exhausted or injured, he might be able to effect an escape. It is feared, however, that before anything is done he will be incapable, from lack of food and nervous excitement, to help himself.

At present he can be distinctly descried, cool enough apparently, but making not the slightest effort to attract attention or signal for relief. He is in his tights and bareheaded, and is seen frequently to rub and press his wounded limb. A more frightful predicament than he is in could not easily be conceived.

We understand that some persons suppose Farini to be playing a practical joke, or to be practicing an advertising dodge. It is scarcely possible that this can be the case, or that any such felicitous results can come from such a desperate looking state of things. [Courier, this morning.

The above is one of the periodical Niagara Falls "sensations," gotten up for the purpose of putting money in the purses of the enterprising citizens doing business in the lager beer and sandwich line forninst the great cataract. Were we, one day, to see some chap hung, drawn, quartered and thrown over the center of the Horse-Shoe Fall, we should not be surprised to meet him apparently sound and in good health the next morning—so little confidence have we of the reality of the wonders of that wonderful place.

We are informed this morning that the "unfortunate and foot-hardy man"—the individual with the excellent cognomen—is "still on the island." Our informant further went on to state that Farini left the island last night, took his ease at his inn, enjoyed a refreshing season of rest, and returned early this morning. It is understood that the parties interested have contributed liberally towards making up a purse wherewith to reward the adventurous man.

The latest rumors are that a sealed can, containing a quantity of food, was let down to him last night; that young Robinson—a son of the man who piloted the Maid of the Mist on her perilous voyage through the rapids—is constructing a boat with which to attempt the rescue of Farini, and the attempt will be made this afternoon. The farce will doubtless be "played out" to-day. [Buffalo Courier, 9th.

from New-York to Otsego.

One of our reporters, who left last week on a trip to Otsego County, sends back the following notes by the way:

APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY.

The crops on the sandy plains between Albany and Schenectady are stunted and dwarfed, so that corn, instead of attaining its graceful symmetry and hight, is short and bushy, scarcely able to hit its little tassels from the ground, and there are whole fields of ripened oats whose stalks are not more than a foot in length. The pasture fields are brown, and so bare there seems to be little prospect of their revival under the influence of the recent rains. In some places near the track the ground is covered with ashes and the blackened trunks of trees—the result of late fires caused by sparks from the locomotives. The wheat, barley and rye crops were gathered in good season, and in good condition, and the uniform evenness of the stubble shows that mowers and reapers did the work of men who are harvesting in Virginia and Georgia—men whose scythes are swords, and whose crops are the great armies of enemies who seek the overthrow of our Government and the perpetuation of Slavery. West of Schenectady the pastures are somewhat greener, the hay and oat crops are heavier, the corn is more vigorous, the potato plants have a healthy appearance, gardens are promising, and the orchards, though not overladen with fruit, afford indications of an excellent quality of Fall and Winter apples. The sheep, cattle and horses in that part of the country are fat and sleek as usual, showing no signs of impoverished bins and exhausted hay-lofts. The provident Dutch farmers of the Mohawk Valley generally have a supply of oats, hay and corn on hand, so that the severest drouth seldom pinches their stock. Notwithstanding the late rains, the water is so low in the Mohawk River that a child could wade across it in many places. The usual picture of luxuriant meadows, waving fields of broom corn and other crops common to that part of the country, will not be seen this season, but they will not prove a total failure as some Jeremiahs predicted—indeed they bid fair to be remunerative in some localities.

HOPS.

Several counties in the State of New-York are noted for the peculiarities of their produce—Orange, Ulster, Greene, and Delaware for a prime quality of butter, Herkimer for its cheese, and Otsego for its hops. In the last named county a number of farmers have acquired ample fortunes by raising hops, and speculators have retired rich with the fruits of their enterprise. This year, however, hops generally are in a poor condition, and the best yards will scarcely yield half a crop; some of them are so poor they will not pay for picking, and a number of farmers have concluded not to go to the expense and trouble of gathering them this season. The failure of the hop crop is due not so much to the drouth as to the lice that cover the leaves, and in some instances the vines, and absorb the nutriment to such an extent that when the vines are cut no juice exudes from them. Generally, at this time of year, the hop-poles, wires, and lines are loaded with the luxuriant leaves and vines of the hops, forming one of the most attractive features of rural beauty in this delightful part of the country, and the farmers daughters look forward with pleasant expectations to the time when they shall meet their companions under the green shade of the overhanging vines, and with singing, story-telling, and good cheer earn money enough to replenish their wardrobes and toilettes for a year to come. Now the prospect is unpromising. Farmers ask 20 cents per pound for the old hops "held over" from the last harvest. Speculators are riding here and there, making but few contracts, however, being unwilling to pay the price demanded by the hop-growers. Last year the crop was very much impaired by the troublesome little visitors that seem determined to devour it now. If farmers would spare the birds, they would be less troubled with bugs, worms, flies, and all sorts of destructive insects.

PRICES IN THE COU