INTERESTING FROM NEW ORLEANS.

THE LATE EXODUS OF REBELS.

Particulars of the Trip to Dixie.

THE RECENT FIGHT AT GALVESTON.

The Capture of the Queen of the West.

UNION PRISONERS RELEASED ON PAROLE, &c., &c., &c.

The steamship Columbia arrived from New Orleans and Havana at this port yesterday morning, bringing interesting news and a large number of passengers from those places. The Columbia left New Orleans on the 27th of February, and arrived at Havana on March 2. Passed steamship Marion on February 28, bound to New Orleans, crossing the bar. Left Havana on same day of arrival. On the 3d, at eleven A. M., signalized steamship Eagle, Adams, from New York for Havana, off Cape Florida.

Up to the departure of the Columbia nothing of a military character of moment had transpired.

General Weitzel has a strong force in the Lafourche country, and was watching the enemy in that region.

General Grover was still in command at Baton Rouge. It was rumored that he had refused to recognize the negro regiments, and that General Banks had issued a special order commanding him to treat the troops in question as equals, since they had been organized by his predecessor.

Business in New Orleans was dull. There was a little doing in sugar and cotton; but transactions were confined principally among speculators. Confederate notes were selling at 40c. a 46c. to cotton and sugar speculators.

Our New Orleans Correspondence.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Feb. 27, 1863.

Departure of Paroled Rebel Prisoners—Incidents of their Departure and Trip to Baton Rouge—Narrow Escape of Five Rebel Soldiers from Death—Arrival of Six Hundred Exchanged Union Prisoners at New Orleans—Interesting Account of their Stay Among the Rebels—The Fight at Galveston—The Crew of the Harriet Lane at New Orleans—List of Released Prisoners of the Queen of the West—Celebration of Washington's Birthday in New Orleans—Presentation to Colonel French—Loss of the Union Gunboat Kinsman—Nine of Her Crew Missing, &c.

In consequence of an announcement in the official journal that the steamer Empire Parish would leave the foot of Canal street at one o'clock on the 20th ult., with such paroled rebel prisoners as were desirous of being exchanged, long before that hour a dense mass of living humanity was seen moving along the several streets leading to the place of embarkation. As is usual on such occasions the feminine element was predominant, while here and there were seen the gray uniforms of the rebels all wending their way to the centre of attraction.

By ten o'clock the levee was densely crowded, leaving scarcely room to stir. Every window was ornamented with faces in all styles of beauty and ugliness; and as each rebel soldier passed by handkerchiefs would be waved and cheer after cheer would resound on all sides.

In order to check any hostile demonstration that might be made a battery of field pieces was placed in position and the services of a military guard were held in requisition. In consequence of this arrangement the secessionists have promulgated the absurd story that General Banks had the artillery down to the levee for the purpose of shooting down the women; and a story that five or six women had been run over by the gun carriages was industriously circulated. There is not one word of truth in the report, which was gotten up undoubtedly for the purpose of inflaming the passions of the men, and to stir them up to the commission of some deperate act which could have resulted only in their own destruction. Great has been the maneuvring at this supposed act of atrocity. General Banks has been stigmatized as being worse than Butler, who, the secessionists declare, would never have done such a thing, "bad as he is."

As on the last occasion of a flag of truce being sent to Madisonville, the representatives of the press were furnished with one general pass for the whole body; and it was intimated to the gentleman to whom it was given that the hour of departure had been changed to three o'clock. At that hour I went on board, when the first thing that attracted my notice was a rebel soldier undergoing the operation of being searched by a special officer, who had been detailed for that duty. The process was not a very pleasant one, and could not be borne without wincing. Pockets, cap, the linings of coats and other garments, including even that precious article of attire, sacred to the sterner sex—namely, the *ægis virili*—were all subjected to the manipulation of the officer. Nay—and my modest pen blushes as it records the fact—that same sacred garment underwent, in more than one instance, the desecration of a partial removal. The search, however, did not result in the discovery of anything very dreadful—only a few small parcels of medicines, some newspapers, vials of ink and nineteen miniature "secesh" flags. The newspapers, medicines and some of the flags were seized; but a number of the latter escaped seizure, for they were triumphantly, but not defiantly, displayed by their owners on gaining the deck of the rebel flag of truce boat.

I took a survey of the motley crowd with which the saloon was filled. There were present a goodly proportion of Union officers, many of whom were engaged in conversation with the rebels. Among these latter I recognized a number of my old acquaintances with whom I made the passage from Donaldsonville some few months ago, after the fight by Bayou Lafourche, where they were taken prisoners. Towering aloft among his comrades, whom he overtopped by the head and shoulders, was a private of the Crescent regiment, named Lee, but whom his comrades designate as General Lee. The "General" is stout in proportion to his height, and consequently is a good mark for a bullet. But though a Shiloh man, and though he has been engaged in several other battles, he has not yet been wounded. All the rebels—both officers and privates—sported "bran" new uniforms, and several of the officers wore their side arms.

At five minutes to four o'clock in the morning we left the levee, a pilot having come on board; but our sorrows were not at an end. We had scarcely left the dock when we ran foul of a ship, damaging our port paddle wheel to such an extent that we were compelled to run over to Algiers, not a mile above where we had started from, where we remained till Sunday afternoon. Expectations were rife during the day that the Samuel Hill would come out and take us all off and up to Baton Rouge; but there was no appearance of her. Besides, Boreas Æolus and other fellows of that ilk seem to have had some extra hands at the bellows—he knew their business. It blew very hard all day right in the teeth of any vessel that should attempt to get up the river.

We had several sensations on the 21st. On that morning, shortly after breakfast, a great commotion was heard on the upper deck; on examining the matter it was found that what was thought to be a secession flag was waving at the end of a wharf on the New Orleans side. The Union officers were naturally very indignant at this as an insult to the Union flag, and they were not backward in expressing themselves to that effect. Special Order Connell, who was on board, was ordered to go over and arrest the ringleaders, which resulted in the arrest of John Crebbin, Jacob Samuels and Jane Hinch, the woman who waved the flag. Samuels is a mere boy, and ought to his we received a good birching, to teach him to behave himself in future. Crebbin made some show of resistance, and forced the officer to arrest him, but the sight of a pocket pistol, in the shape of a revolver, brought him to his senses, and he surrendered at discretion. A launch belonging to one of the vessels-of-war was put in requisition, and the prisoners were taken on board the Empire Parish. On examining the supposed rebel flag it was found to be merely a red handkerchief, with a yellow fringe, while a couple of small white handkerchiefs tacked down the centre formed the "bars." There was no Union—that being probably considered unnecessary by those who repudiate the Union in toto. Altogether this improvised flag seems to be more appropriate, from the absence of the Union, than that adopted by Secessia. The political cowards at Richmond, styling themselves the Congress of the Southern Confederacy, could adopt it very advantageously.

I should have mentioned before that the military guard on board the Empire Parish consisted of Company A and Company C of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts regiment. Company A is commanded by Captain Bickerman, and Company C by Captain Hyer. The other company officers on the boat were First Lieutenant E. W. Eastman, Lieutenant T. Fitzgibbons and Second Lieutenant C. W. Dexterman, of Company A; Lieutenant J. T. Robinson, of Company C. Colonel Clarke was in command. Major Keye was the exchange officer. He it was, too, who attended to the commissariat department.

During the whole of the 21st we were anxiously expecting either the Laurel Hill or the Iberville to come to our relief, but neither of them made their appearance. It transpired that both of them were required to take troops up to Baton Rouge, which they did—the latter during the night and the former on the following morning. Late in the afternoon Colonel Clarke went over to New Orleans, and had an interview with General Banks on the necessity of providing transportation for the prisoners. The matter was becoming serious, as the provisions on board the vessel were exhausted and the prisoners' rations had to be restricted to a couple of biscuits. To do them justice, they did not complain, but philosophically made the best of a bad job. That night there was no noise, and people were enabled to indulge in the luxury of a good sleep.

Next morning, by some means I did not ascertain, some salt mackerel were procured for the prisoners' rations. It was quite amusing to witness the jollity of the men over what they facetiously termed their sumptuous fare, consisting of mackerel and "hard tack." Presently we received the welcome intelligence that a steamer would come to our relief at ten o'clock that morning. Nor were we disappointed, for precisely at ten o'clock the fine seagoing steamship New Brunswick ran alongside of us, and shortly after the prisoners and the Union troops began to remove to their new temporary floating house. At twelve o'clock everything was in readiness for a start; but we had to await the arrival of Colonel Clarke, with orders.

Previous to the departure of the New Brunswick, the three prisoners who had been brought on board, together with three rebel soldiers who had not been properly registered, were taken back to New Orleans, where it is probable they were let at large, the soldiers, of course, on parole.

This is a good opportunity of taking a glance at the personnel of the persons. They were nearly all young men, and a great number of them were quite good looking. There was one old fellow among them, however, upwards of sixty years old, who had the rank of full private. He possessed all the fire of youth, and had fought at Shiloh. In his more youthful days he was a great traveller in the far West, and had had many a brush with the Indians. He had in him at the time a bullet from an Indian's rifle, which (the bullet, not the rifle) had never been extracted. The old man possesses a beard that Aaron himself would not have been ashamed of. But of him more anon. I learned from one of the prisoners that nearly all of them were married men.

At about three o'clock Colonel Clarke arrived, and a quarter of an hour after the New Brunswick cast off from the Empire Parish and proceeded up the river, amidst the waving of innumerable handkerchiefs from the shore and on board the Empire Parish, to which vessel quite a crowd of women had obtained access.

We found the accommodations of the New Brunswick, though more limited, far superior to those of the Empire Parish. There were means of separating the more noisy privates from the more quiet officers, which the Empire Parish does not possess. The result was the enjoyment of a quiet night.

All the way up I had an opportunity of witnessing how nearly the river had risen to the top of the levee. In some places the water and the levee were nearly flush. Two or three feet more rise will serve to flood the entire country. At such an elevation the back country could be seen to great advantage. The large forest trees back of the clearing were visible to the roots; but when the river is low you cannot see much below their middle. The consequence of the present height of the river is an optical illusion, which a stranger to the perfectly level character of the country would labor under—that is, the trees in the background present the appearance of a range of hills, with trees growing on their sides and summit. But of course those who are posted know very well that there are no hills to be seen for several hundred miles.

I may observe that all this time, and until we parted with the rebel prisoners, the best feeling existed between them and the Unionists, and the utmost harmony prevailed among both parties.

During that night we stopped at Donaldsonville for two hours, in order to take on board some more prisoners for exchange. We were to have received fifteen, but only seven were forthcoming. With these we again started, and arrived at Baton Rouge about half past nine o'clock on Monday morning, the 23d. Here we waited for a few minutes, when we resumed our course a mile further up the river, where we found the rebel flag of truce boat Frolic awaiting our arrival. Running alongside of her the preparations were soon made for the transfer of the prisoners. We had none to receive in exchange. The officer in command of the rebel boat was Colonel Comanche. He is a tall man, with florid countenance and rather sandy beard and hair. Major Watt, a stout, aristocratic man, with gray hair on his head and all over his face, but good looking withal, putting one in mind of a good dinner, with a bottle or two of excellent port—that much-to-be regretted tradition of the past—was the exchange officer. The Major wore a spotless white vest and a citizen's black frock coat, on each side of the collar of which was a five-pointed star—the rebel insignia of the rank of major. The rank and file presented a marked contrast to the prisoners we had on board. The former were very shabbily attired in all sorts of poor attempts at uniforms, which were all exceedingly dirty, as were the faces of their owners. Soap seems to be as scarce as salt among them, and the men looked as if they had not washed for a twelvemonth, or, perhaps, which is nearer the mark, they had washed so often in Mississippi water that they had become veneered in its mud, without receiving any of the benefit traditionally supposed to belong to the cleaning properties of water in general.

Preliminaries having been arranged, the rolls were called alphabetically, and each non-commissioned officer and private, on hearing his name, stepped on board the Frolic.

The commissioned officers were the last to go on board the Frolic. Their names were not called out, but each gentleman reported himself as he stepped on board, and his name was ticked off on the list. General Clarke was the last to leave. He was very carefully removed on a mattress. His wife and two or three other ladies followed immediately.

All this time the most friendly feeling existed between the Unionists and the rebels, between whom a constant interchange of visits were kept up on both vessels. When the business was all over Colonel Clarke invited all the rebel officers on board the New Brunswick, where a parting glass was drank in some excellent champagne. This was followed by a general handshaking all round, and the rebel officers left, impressed, no doubt, with the idea that a Yankee is not such a very dreadful animal after all.

The New Brunswick was now cast off from the Frolic, when three hearty cheers for Colonel Clarke burst from the rebels. Cheers were about being given for some of the other officers when an accident, which might have proved fatal, occurred, effectually precluding any further demonstration of the kind. The wave caused by the paddles of the New Brunswick made the Frolic careen slightly to the port side, throwing down a pile of fuel wood, which struck five rebel soldiers who stood on the guards, carrying them overboard. Two of the men were instantly grasped by their comrades, and rescued with some difficulty. The other three caught hold of the starboard paddlewheel of the New Brunswick, upon which a cry was raised, "Stop the wheel." This was done with admirable quickness, or the men must have been inevitably lost. Fortunately the boat of the New Brunswick had been lowered. It was quickly manned, and the three men were rescued, apparently none the worse, "barring" a good ducking, and, perhaps, all the better for the washing, which they sadly needed. No lives were lost.

We left Baton Rouge at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d, and arrived at Carrolton about eleven o'clock, remaining there for the night. At daylight next morning we started for New Orleans, which was soon reached.

The total number of prisoners transferred to the Frolic was three hundred and thirty-nine, of whom twenty-five were officers. They embrace members from the Crescent regiment, the Eighteenth, Twenty-third, Thirtieth and other Louisiana regiments, with a sprinkling of artillery and infantry.

The Iberville returned from Baton Rouge on Wednesday, bringing with her six hundred and thirty-three exchanged Union prisoners from Galveston, Texas, viz:—two hundred and fifty of the Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers—with the Rev. Mr. Sangler—who were captured at Galveston on New Year's morning; two hundred and seventy three men of the Eighth regulars, who were basely surrendered by the traitor Twiggs at the commencement of the rebellion, when he was in command of the Department of Texas. There arrived also eighty five of the crew of the Harriet Lane, together with four engineers of the same vessel and Surgeon Penrose. Twenty of the crew of the Harriet Lane make up the sum total.

These men give full accounts of the disaster at Galveston, but the HERALD has already published such graphic descriptions of the affair that it would be a work of supererogation to repeat the story, even if space admitted. There is one feature worth noticing, however, and that is that an intelligent soldier of the Forty-second Massachusetts and apparently an equally intelligent sailor of the Harriet Lane unite in saying that during one period of the fight the rebel General Magruder was in full retreat, to which end he had spiked and abandoned nearly all his guns, numbering many batteries. The terrific attack on the Harriet Lane by the rebel gunboats, however, turned the tide of victory and enabled the rebels to rally, when the Harriet Lane was overpowered by the sheer force of overwhelming numbers.

The following interesting account of the adventures of the Union prisoners is given by Sergeant William H. Hunt, the soldier already referred to:—

On Thursday, January 22, the prisoners were removed from Houston by railroad, and made fifty-three miles in fifteen hours. They passed through a wild and desolate country, and arrived at Beaumont on Friday, and were quartered in an old sawmill, which was full of hogs and vermin. The hogs were turned out, but the vermin remained. Prices in Beaumont were no improvement on those in Houston. Lard, $1 per pound; butter, $2; coffee, ditto; flour, $120 per barrel; calico, $2 per yard; white cotton cloth, $2 per yard; tobacco, $2 and $3 per pound; black pepper, $5 per pound; cream of tartar, $3 50; whiskey, $400 per barrel, and poor at that.

The prisoners left Beaumont January 29, embarking on the steamer Roebuck, a miserable old craft. They went down the Neches river and across Sabine Lake, plainly descrying one of our gunboats with the glasses.

The original design was changed, and the prisoners were taken to Burr's Ferry, the furtherest point up the Sabine river accessible with the steamboat. The prisoners were six days on this wretched old vessel, and one of their number, David Chapin, private, of Company I, died on the passage, and was buried by his comrades at Stark's Landing.

The soldiers were here put into deserted old log huts of the filthiest description, and kept five days, during which Henry C. Sella, private, of Company D, died from sickness contracted on the voyage.

Monday morning, February 9, the bugle sounded at an early hour, and the prisoners took up their line of march for Alexandria. It was fine travelling for twenty four hours, through a high pine country. It gradually grew lower, and the travelling became bad. The prisoners were urged on constantly, and even some of the mules of the baggage train dropped with exhaustion. One rainy morning the road lay for five miles through a swamp, where the water was above the knees of the men.

This wearisome march continued without interruption until the 12th in the afternoon, when the prisoners came in sight of Alexandria—a handsome little village, once prosperous, but, like everything else in Dixie, about "played out." They remained here, awaiting orders, until Sunday morning, when they were turned out very suddenly at half past three o'clock in the morning, and hurried off up the river to get out of the way of Uncle Sam's gunboats, which they said were coming up the Red river to take the place. They went twenty miles and remained until afternoon, when word came of the capture of the Queen of the West, and all returned.

The same night everything was put on board the steamboat, and they started for Vicksburg direct, as it was supposed; but the order was countermanded, and the teams were put on shore, and the steamer left with the prisoners and sailed direct for Fort Hudson. Here a lieutenant colonel came on board, took command and examined the papers, and ordered the vessel to the other side of the river, where she remained over night, within two and a half miles of the Union pickets.

GOING OVER TO THE UNIONISTS.

During the night the two stewards cut down the lifeboat and deserted over to the Union lines. Two of the engineers, one deck hand, five of the guard and two negro firemen also deserted the rebel craft at Baton Rouge.

On Tuesday morning the prisoners were transferred to our flag of truce boat, having come down to the point fixed for the exchange. They had been previously paroled at Alexandria.

MRS. LINCOLN'S BROTHER AT HOUSTON.

The rebel officer who called the roll of our prisoners at Houston is Lieutenant Todd, a brother of the wife of President Lincoln. He is tall, fat and savage against the "Yankees."

KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The following is a list of the killed and wounded of the Forty second Massachusetts:—

Company G—Privates F. Knott, killed; J. L. Parker, wounded in shoulder, severely; G. R. Derry, in the arm, slight; E. P. Beable, in the hand, severely; T. T. Sweetser, in the mouth, slightly.

Company D—Lieutenant W. H. Cowdin, wounded in the back severely; privates J. O'Shaughnessy, right leg amputated; E. T. Josselyn, wounded in the head severely by a piece of shell; T. Fiske, in head, slightly; T. Morrill, in hand, severely; D. J. Sullivan, hand, slightly.

Ordnance Sergeant D. Wentworth, wounded in right leg, severely; Quartermaster Sergeant H. Foster, in hand, slightly.

UNION OFFICERS RELEASED ON PAROLE.

The following is a list of the United States officers taken prisoners at Galveston, and released on parole, who arrived here on the Iberville:—

Rev. Dr. Sawyer, Chaplain 42d Massachusetts.
Dr. T. N. Penrose, Surgeon, Harriet Lane.
Acting Paymaster R. J. Richardson, do.
Third Assistant Engineer J. E. Cooper, do.
Third Assistant Engineer ——, do.
Third Assistant Engineer A. T. F. Mullen, do.
Acting Master's Mate, E. M. Davis, do.
Paymaster's Clerk, J. C. Toplin, do.

PRISONERS CAPTURED ON RAM QUEEN OF THE WEST AND RELEASED ON PAROLE.

The following is a list of the prisoners captured on board the United States steam ram Queen of the West, in Red river on the 14th inst., and sent here on the Iberville:—

Carroll Smith, private Co. C, 63d Illinois.
J. Bates, First Sergeant Co. I, do.
Charles D. Faulkner, Co. I, do.
Wm. Brown, private Co. H, do.
—— McCulloch, private Co. F, do.
L. C. Jorbal, private Co. K, 18th Illinois.
Daniel S. Booth, Assistant Surgeon, Queen of the West.
G. S. Eddison, mate, Queen of the West.
J. W. Foster, carpenter, Queen of the West.
John Foley, deck hand, Queen of the West.
John Williams, cabin boy, Queen of the West.
F. S. Duncan, second mate, Queen of the West.
E. G. Heisteen, private.
T. F. Rice, private.
Thos. L. Williams, private.
Richard Grove, blacksmith.
Christopher Lanner, private.
G. W. Hill, steward.
George Watson, deck hand.
George W. Bailey, private.
William E. Taylor, engineer.

The following are the prices in Houston, which the Sergeant says were not improved on in Beaumont:—

Molasses, 50c. and 65c. per quart; bread, 25c. and 50c. a loaf, such as can be bought in Boston for 4c.; butter, $1 25 per pound, made of goats' milk, and strong enough to draw a handcart; army shoes, such as are given to our soldiers at $1 87 per pair, are sold at $8 and $9. A good pair of boots brings $35, and shoemakers charge $12 for topping a pair. Flour $60 per hundred; meal $6 a bushel, ground cobs and all; nails, $125 a keg, worth $5 in Boston.

The prisoners seem to have enjoyed tolerably good health.

Washington's birthday passed off quietly in this city, but not without some attempt at celebration. Precisely at noon on the 22d a national salute was fired from all the vessels of war in port, keeping up a continual roar and enveloping the locality in clouds of smoke for several minutes. As the day fell on Sunday this year, the annual ball did not take place until the evening of the 23d, when a large concourse of beauty and fashion graced the Union ball in Masonic Hall. The ballroom, which was handsomely decorated, was crowded. All passed off as "merry as a marriage bell," and the party separated at a late hour (next morning) well pleased with the entertainment.

On Saturday night Colonel Jonas H. French, Chief of Police and late Provost Marshal General of Louisiana, was presented with a magnificent testimonial, in the shape of a massive service of plate, by the members of the police force. The testimonial, which consisted of eleven pieces, of exquisite workmanship, was manufactured at a cost of $1,390, and accompanied by resolutions eulogistic of the manner in which the Colonel had performed the duties of his office. The presentation was made in the City Hall, the speech being made by Colonel Field, which was responded to by Colonel French in appropriate terms.

The following is the inscription on the salver:—

Presented to Colonel Jonas H. French, Chief of Police and late Provost Marshal General of Louisiana, by the Police of the city of New Orleans, and employes under him as Provost Marshal General of Louisiana, as a mark of confidence and esteem in him as an able and meritorious officer, February 22, 1863.

I regret to have to record another loss in the navy. The gunboat Kinsman is no more, having been snagged and sunk a mile and a half below the mouth of the Atchafalaya river, on Monday night, while proceeding to her regular nightly picket duty. Captain Wiggins made the most strenuous efforts to save her, but without avail, for she sunk in about seventy feet of water, after having been run on a bank, from which, however, she swung off into deep water. Nine men are reported drowned, the rest—officers and crew—having been rescued by the steamers Diana and Estrella. The Kinsman was an ironclad boat, which has done good service, especially in the recent fight on the Teche. She carried one thirty-two-pounder Parrott gun and two thirty-two-pounder brass howitzers.

News from Fortress Monroe.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 6, 1863.

The steamboats Utica and Long Island have arrived.

The Georgiana leaves her old route to Baltimore, for a few days, to ply between here and Yorktown, in the place of the Thomas A. Morgan, which is to be thoroughly repaired by new boilers, &c. The Louisiana takes the place of the Georgiana, between here and Baltimore, for the time.

All is quiet here. Also at Suffolk, Norfolk and Yorktown.

OUR FORTRESS MONROE CORRESPONDENCE.

FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 26, 1863.

The Contraband Recruiting and General Dix—How and Why the Rumor Was Set Afloat—Gen. Keyes, &c.

A short time ago an article appeared in one of the New York dailies stating that preparations were going on for recruiting contrabands for the quota of black militia from Massachusetts, by direction of Governor John A. Andrew, of the Bay State, and by sanction of Major General Dix. As the paper in which this statement appeared has not yet corrected the misstatement of this affair, I have been requested to do so through the columns of the HERALD. It is due to Major General John A. Dix, than whom no abler and more efficient officer is entrusted with an important command, to give to the public the exact state of this recruiting business.

When the Secretary of War authorized Governor Andrew to fill up the quota of militia from Massachusetts, he (Governor Andrew) communicated with Mr. C. B. Wilder, superintendent of contrabands, asking his assistance in recruiting such able bodied negroes as remained in this vicinity. Mr. Wilder, I am told on the highest authority, refused to have anything to do with it, and replied to the Governor to this effect. Neither Major General Dix nor the Secretary of War sanctioned any recruiting of blacks in this department, and none has been going on. The report has doubtless been started with the view of injuring Major General Dix politically; but his integrity and true patriotism and devotion to his country are so well known that it is almost needless to say that he keeps aloof from any political machinations, and carries favor with neither party.

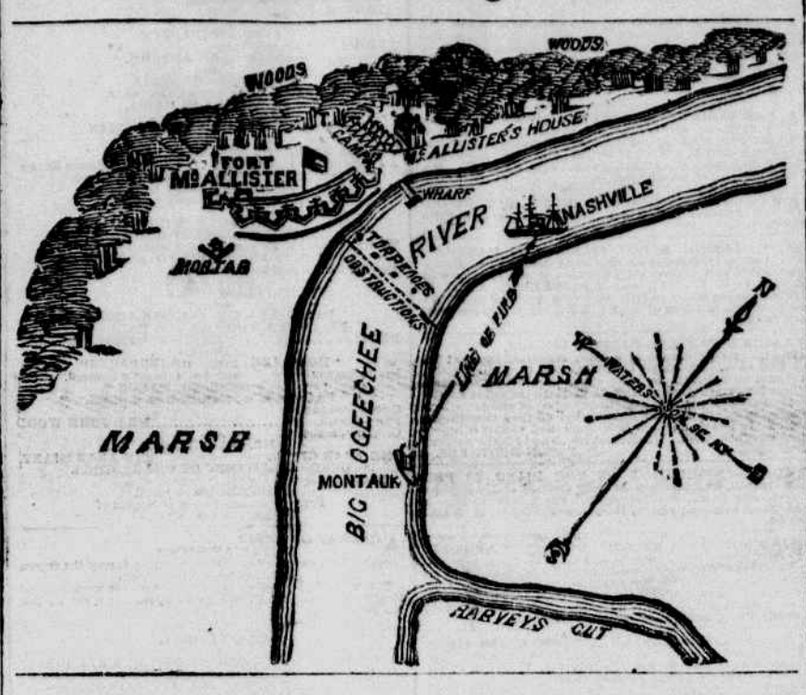
The fact of the business is, that out of some six or seven thousand contrabands in this department there are not four hundred capable of bearing arms; and such able bodied negroes as the government is compelled to feed are profitably employed in the Quartermaster's and other departments, while the women, children and indigent negroes are quartered at Craney Island, and are only a tax to the department.

There is no truth whatever about this recruiting business. This is a military post, and neither the State of Massachusetts nor any other State has any right whatever to come here to fill up its regiments with whites or blacks.

Major General Erasmus D. Keyes, commanding the Fourth army corps, arrived this morning from Yorktown, on business with Major General Dix. He returns this afternoon to his command.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE NASHVILLE.

Scene of the Operations of the Iron-Clad Montauk in the Ogeechee.



According to the rebel accounts, the Nashville, in going up the Ogeechee river on the 27th ult., grounded on the sandbar before Fort McAllister, and was discovered by the Union fleet. An iron-clad (probably the Montauk) opened fire across the marsh at the Nashville at thirty minutes past seven o'clock, and continued it till ten o'clock, when an incendiary shell struck the Nashville and set her on fire, and she became a total wreck. The fort fired upon the iron-clad and hit her twice. The other gunboats of the fleet fired at the fort, but did no damage.

Theatrical.

MISS PROVOST'S NEW PLAY AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

A new sensation drama, called "Lucie D'Arville," was produced at the Winter Garden on Monday, and repeated every evening. Miss Mary Provost, who enacted the principal character, is also the translator of the play, which is of French origin. The original title of the piece was "La Fausse Adultere," and it was written by M. Mocquard, Napoleon's private secretary. Mocquard was at one time a prominent criminal lawyer, and this play is said to have been founded upon incidents which occurred within his professional experience.

It is not every lady who can fit her own dresses, nor every actress who can write her own plays. Whatever "Lucie D'Arville" may have been in French, it is a mere skeleton of a play in English. There is no filling in, no attempt at concealing the plot, no pretence of harmonizing the incidents. The dialogue runs smoothly enough; but the language is always commonplace, and sometimes worse than commonplace. The *langue Française* is admirably adapted to such plays; for it expresses a great deal more than is said by the characters. When a French play is literally translated all the life seems to leave it. This is the fault of Miss Provost's "Lucie D'Arville." To make a successful piece of it she should have taken the incidents and clothed them in entirely new language, expressing the sense and not the mere literal meaning of the French words.

"Lucie D'Arville" is an extraordinary melodrama. In the first act Lucie (Miss Provost) marries Eugene de Senneville (Mr. Barrett). Eugene becomes suddenly rich on the very day of his marriage. The Count and Countess de Senneville, Eugene's proud relations, regard Lucie as an interloper, and determine to rid themselves of her, so that they may secure Eugene's money. For this purpose they bring forward the Chevalier de Vittrey (Mr. Hagan), a rejected lover of Lucie's, and determine to give him a chance to seduce their sister-in-law. Their opportunity comes in the shape of a masked ball, which begins act second. Eugene wears a black domino and Lucie a pink ditto. The Countess dresses up the Chevalier in a black domino and Lucie's maid in a pink ditto. The result is that Lucie goes off with the chevalier, thinking him her husband, and Eugene stays with the maid, thinking her his wife. The Countess excites Eugene's jealousy by telling him that Lucie married him for his money and has now eloped with De Vittrey. Eugene pulls off the mask of his supposed wife and discovers the maid and his mistake. Gardiner and Popelin, a couple of good natured lawyers, follow Lucie to the Vittrey house, and marvellously return in time to lead Eugene thither. In the next scene De Vittrey is discovered endeavoring to force Lucie to commit adultery. Just as he is about succeeding in rushes Eugene, swords flash, De Vittrey is wounded, and Eugene runs away, believing his wife guilty.

Act third begins in a prison, where Lucie is confined—why or by whom the play does not inform us. In these days of arbitrary arrests this reticence is not to be wondered at, however; and so, laying the blame upon Secretary Stanton, the audience accepts the prison. Gardiner and Popelin bribe their way in and give Lucie a set of duplicate keys, how obtained it is useless to inquire. The Count and Countess enter and offer Lucie liberty if she will annul her marriage. Lucie refuses the offer, and in this scene Miss Provost is especially natural and effective. Next comes the garden of the chateau. Lucie has escaped from the prison, like a Jack Sheppard in petticoats, and, finding all the doors of the chateau locked, she climbs up the lattice work to her husband's window, is pulled in, tells the truth, and the whole truth, and a reconciliation follows. In act fourth the Count and Countess, defeated in their previous scheme, contrive another. Eugene is now to be locked up as a lunatic, and De Vittrey is to have another chance at Lucie. Eugene goes out, and Lucie is left alone. De Vittrey enters and informs her that he has bribed the servants and given her opium, and that, in about fifteen minutes, she will be his. The opium begins to work. Lucie begs for mercy. De Vittrey is as merciless as a stage villain should be. Lucie snatches his sword and dares him to come on. Just then the opium gets the better of her and she falls. De Vittrey exclaims, "Now she is mine," and rushes upon her. Gardiner and Popelin enter with a pistol in the very nick of time, and down goes De Vittrey and the curtain. The boys in the gallery of the Winter Garden applauded this rather suggestive scene rapturously. The ladies and gentlemen in the dress circle and parquet were evidently astonished, and some of them left the house.

In act fifth Mr. Hind, as the Magistrate, refuses to grant the "interdiction of lunacy" against Eugene unless he can examine the patient. Eugene enters, looking for his wife. Lucie is wheeled in on a sofa. In a little while she recovers from the opium, and tells her husband that she has been ruined, describing the process minutely up to the time she fell senseless on the floor. What happened afterwards she don't know. Gardiner and Popelin conclude the story, and Eugene dashes away to give De Vittrey his dues. They meet in the last scene. Eugene calls De Vittrey a liar, thief and coward, in poor Greeley's most approved style. De Vittrey won't fight because Eugene is a lunatic. Instead of knocking De Vittrey down, Eugene shoots him in the back. Everybody enters, and Eugene is (very rightly) arrested as a murderer. Lucie protests against this on the ground that Eugene is a lunatic. Mr. Hind, with an utter ignorance of the law, says, "True," and Eugene is (very wrongly) released. The play bill calls this a "happy denouement," and the play ends. We give it this extended notice because we wish to protest against this play in particular and all such plays in general. A drama which begins with an attempt at rape and ends with a murder is not calculated to please this community or to benefit the stage. That class of pieces ceased to be popular, even with the Bowery audience, several years ago. The French may like such scenes, and perhaps they are not so repulsive when disguised in the *double entendre* of the French language; but in broad, honest English they are entirely gross and abhorrent.

It is characteristic of the careless management of the Winter Garden that "Lucie D'Arville" was put upon the stage with no new scenery, and that two of the actresses announced on the play bill—Miss Ada Clifton and Miss Fanny Brown—did not appear on the stage. Miss Provost played her part very nearly, and was called before the curtain several times. Mr. Barrett, in a few fiery scenes, carried off his share of the honors of the evening. Mr. Davidge was a capital Popelin—he is always good—and Mr. Morris excelled any of his previous efforts as Gardiner. Mr. Hagan, as the villain De Vittrey, was all that could be desired. The other parts were all badly filled; but Mrs. Howard, who played the Countess, took Miss Clifton's place at short notice, and is not to blame for her sins of omission and commission. The masked ball scene was extremely stupid, and the prison and trial scenes inappropriate. Unless the management expends more pains and spends more money upon scenery, dresses and appointments, the Winter Garden will soon lose all claim to be considered a first class theatre. It is now far behind every other place of amusement on Broadway and the Bowery in these respects. We hope this hint will be taken.

Obituary.

Hon. WILLIAM FOSTER died in Boston, on the 25th inst., at the advanced age of ninety-one years. He was born in Boston on the 10th of January, 1772. In early life he went to Europe where he spent seventeen years in France and Spain. When he returned to Boston he had nearly forgotten the English language, and we have heard him remark that the French and Spanish languages were ever afterwards more familiar to him for use in conversation than the English. He remained at home but a few months, when he returned to France, and was there through all the bloody revolution of 1790 to 1793, and an active participator in many of the exciting events of those times. He was at one time the President of a Jacobin club. After his final return home, Mr. Foster was a somewhat prominent politician in the democratic party.

Democratic Union Association.

A meeting of the Democratic Union Association was held last evening at the headquarters, Broadway. The orator of the evening was

Hon. C. L. VALLANDIGHAM, who, on entering the room, was warmly applauded. Being introduced by the President

He said he was present to speak regardless of threats, and if those disagreeable consequences were to be dreaded, he was careless of consequences. He was there to speak as a freeman, coming at considerable inconvenience, because the times demanded that all personal considerations should be set aside for the public good. Men in power at Washington, threatening to reorganize a reign of terror, must be told that their projects will not be permitted to succeed. Instead of crushing out the rebellion, they have been endeavoring to crush out the spirit of freedom, and to crush out the spirit of democracy in the land. The people would not surrender a jot or title of their inheritance of freedom to be wrested from them. Nothing but these considerations could have brought him here to-night; but he was glad to be present to look upon men who were determined to meet any emergency that might be pressed upon them by the government. He would say to the administration, lay not your hand upon the fabric of the constitution. You may lop off the branches if you will; but if you strike at the root the people will then take the matter in their own hands. He said this though he was no revolutionist. This is not a Cooper Institute meeting; but it is a spontaneous one, not gotten up by programme. Those Cooper Institute meetings had no effect here; they were mostly got up for effect upon the people in distant parts of the country. The men who spoke sought for power. I speak for liberty. (Cheers.) They spoke to men in power. I speak to the people. (Cheers.) This is the difference between the meetings. What has been the financial legislation of the Congress of 1861? What was the currency? Gold. What is your currency now? Greenbacks. To what extent? Nearly one hundred millions. Your public debt was seventy-one millions. You would compromise on that to-day, and those who hate the word compromise most would gladly compromise for seventy-one millions. What is the debt now or prospectively? Twenty-two hundred and seventy-seven millions. This was the result of late legislation in Congress. The purse is now unqualifedly and absolutely at the disposal of the President of the United States. Such a power would formerly be considered the highest stretch of despotism. The power was given to control what was in part the life blood of the nation—business and currency. Part of the power was given to enable the President to enter into the negro trade. The compensated emancipation scheme was nothing more than "greenback abolitionism." (A voice—"What can we do?") We'll see. We have the ballot box, and we shall see that the principles of the ballot box will be carried out in all its integrity. We must submit to constitution and law if they conquer us; but if we conquer them they must submit—by the Eternal, they must and shall. The other great power given to the government was that of the sword—the sword which would never have been drawn if the Crittenden resolutions had been accepted. A power to call out nearly a million of volunteers was given to the President. Added to this, Congress has passed a conscription bill, which was in itself an admission that they cannot get any more men to enlist—a bill which undertakes to support a standing army of three millions for three years or during the war. How long will that be? Congress has given the whole military power of the country to the President, coward like, under the form of law, but by abuse of the constitutional power. Congress has given the President the power to establish a dictatorship. But for the amendment to the Militia bill the President would have been dictator, unquestioned and uncontrolled as Cincinnatus, without a particle of his virtue or his patriotism. Congress has also given to the President the power at his own will to suspend the writ of habeas corpus; but when this question comes to be tried in the courts of New York or Ohio the judges will pronounce it unconstitutional and illegal. If there was anything to make complete, as inexorable in its character as that of the worst despotism of the Old World—of ancient or modern times—of Bomba of Naples, I am unable to comprehend what it is. When an attempt is made to deprive us of free speech and a free press the hour shall then have come when it shall be the duty of freemen to find some other efficient mode of redress. (Applause.) But he did not fear that the administration would attempt any exercise of such despotic power if the people showed their determination to uphold their own rights. No tyrant acting wisely has ever attempted to tyrannize upon his people beyond that measure of tyranny which he found them ready to submit to. He did not speak as a revolutionist. For nothing equal to the grand convulsive revolution of such a people as we are, of such a temper and such a will, inheriting all the ferocity of the Anglo Saxon race, was ever seen. I do not desire to see it. But, then, we must not be reduced to slavery. But if it be necessary that lives shall be given up in this country, in the midst of these terrific scenes of which I speak, then I trust there is enough yet of manhood, aye, enough left in the men of this generation to vindicate the truth of the word of Holy Writ—that God made man and breathed into his nostrils and made him a living soul. (Applause.) He charged that the feeling lately exhibited by soldiers in the field, as to the action of the democrats and secessionists in the North, emanated solely and entirely from the officers, the major generals, brigadier generals and colonels, who draw large sums from the public Treasury. The resolutions sent from the Army of late were got up by those in power, by the Governors of Ohio, of Illinois and of Indiana. The powers at Washington and these men prepared all these resolutions and sent them down to the army for the purpose of bringing back the idea that nobody, perhaps, was going to be hurt but somebody badly scared. He was for the war for the Union. (Applause.) But he was for a peaceful reunion of the States. He was for peace, because, if they permitted the administration to exercise the tremendous powers it now exercises, and the war still continues, we will not have a remnant of our liberties left. He was not for peace on any terms. He was for an honorable peace. His theory was, drop the war. Let parties in the South be organized on other questions than repelling invas