

NEW YORK HERALD.

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THE DAILY HERALD, THREE CENTS PER COPY. THE WEEKLY HERALD, EVERY SATURDAY, AT FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

THE CALIFORNIA EDITION, ON THE 3d, 13th and 23d OF EACH MONTH, AT SIX CENTS PER COPY, OR \$3 PER ANNUM.

ADVERTISEMENTS TO A LIMITED NUMBER, WILL BE INSERTED IN THE WEEKLY HERALD, AND IN THE EUROPEAN AND CALIFORNIA EDITIONS.

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING. NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway.—THE DUKE'S MOTO.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway.—TRUE TO THE LAST. WINTER GARDEN, Broadway.—NATALIE.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—THEMIS OF DEATH—DAY AFTER THE MARRIAGE—TWO GALLOPING SLAVES.

BOWEN THEATRE, Bowery.—GHOST OF ABERDEEN—SANDERS OF INDIA—MARY FRICK.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM, Broadway.—THE PYTHON—JUNGLE—ANTHROPOLOGY—WATER, &c. AT ALL HOURS.

BEVANT'S MINSTRELS, Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway.—ROMANIAN SONGS, DANCES, BURLESQUES, &c.—THE CHIEF.

WOODS' MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway.—ETHIOPIAN SONGS, DANCES, &c.—THE GIGANT.

IRVING HALL, Irving Place.—THE STREPTOCHORD. AMERICAN THEATRE, No. 44 Broadway.—BAILEY'S PATRIOTIC BURLESQUES, &c.—MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway.—CHRISTIANITY AND LECTURES, FROM 9 A. M. TO 10 P. M.

BOULEVARD OPERA HOUSE, Brooklyn.—ETHIOPIAN SONGS, DANCES, BURLESQUES, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE COUNTRY. Advertisements for the WEEKLY HERALD must be handed in before ten o'clock every Wednesday evening.

THE SITUATION.

The draft, which commences in the Sixth district and Ninth ward at ten o'clock to-day, will, in all probability, be conducted without any display of violent resistance. Preparations are made to repress any such demonstrations by an overwhelming military and naval force.

Mayor Opdyke still refuses to sign "the three million ordinance," unless certain amendments of his suggestion are made, the principal point of which appears to be that the drafted parties entitled to claim relief from their indigent families must be actually at the place of rendezvous before the money shall be paid.

Our news from the Army of the Potomac is without importance to-day. The rebels have extended their lines of pickets from Madison Court House to Fredericksburg, Longstreet's corps occupying the right, Hill's corps the Rapidan from Madison to Ely's Ford, Ewell's around Gordonsville, and Stuart's cavalry still at Culpepper.

ton. Another fight upon the historic theatre of Manassas and Bull run may possibly be in contemplation.

General King is closely pressing the guerilla chief Mosby, and has driven him beyond the Blue Ridge, where he is very likely to be demolished.

We publish in this day's HERALD interesting extracts from the Mobile Evening News of the 3d instant, which portray in rebel language the condition of things in the bogus confederacy.

From the Southwest we hear that the moon tains in Northern Alabama are filled with deserters from the armies of Bragg and Johnston. West Tennessee is entirely cleared of guerillas.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

By the arrival of the Asia off Cape Race we are in receipt of two days later European news. The Polish question still engages the attention of the three great European Powers—France, Great Britain and Austria.

The war feeling in France is in the ascendant, and operates to the decline of rentes on the Bourse.

The Car still continues preparations on a large scale to put down the revolution and to meet the contingencies of a rupture with the other Powers.

In England the federal conscription is not looked upon as a menace to the British government.

The commercial intelligence shows little change. In Liverpool, on the day of the sailing of the steamer, the sales of cotton amounted to 7,000 bales, the market closing firm.

A meeting of politicians, mostly of the Bell-Everett party, was held at Rochester yesterday, for consultation with reference to the coming Presidential campaign.

The draft will take place to-day in Syracuse, New York.

The banks of Rochester have signified their willingness to loan money to the city for the benefit of the indigent families of drafted men; but they will not advance funds to pay the three hundred dollars commutation or to purchase substitutes.

The Albany Evening Journal, which is usually tolerably correct on New York politics, but when it advances beyond the confines of the State is sure to get befogged, has made up a table showing the relative strength of the two parties in the next United States House of Representatives, which contains a number of gross inaccuracies.

The Board of Supervisors held their weekly meeting yesterday afternoon. The special committee appointed to consider the claims of sufferers from the draft riots reported an ordinance in favor of appropriating \$1,000,000 for the settlement of claims of this description against the county. It was adopted. No further business of importance came up.

The New York Tattlers, in Sixth avenue, corner of Third-ninth street, was totally destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon. There were about sixty horses on the premises, and, notwithstanding every exertion was made to save them, twenty-five perished in the flames.

The Sanitary Commission of Boston have chartered a vessel to be loaded with supplies for the soldiers now operating against Charleston. She will sail to-day.

The Washington Star says we have between seventy and eighty thousand rebel prisoners, and Jeff. Davis has about thirty thousand of our men, awaiting exchange.

The Republican State Convention of Minnesota will meet to-day, for the nomination of candidates for State officers. A Governor is to be elected this fall.

The paper mill in Poquonock, Connecticut, owned and run by Buckland & Co. was destroyed by fire on the 16th inst. Loss \$25,000.

The American Telegraph Company has opened an office for general business at the Atlantic Docks, near Hamilton avenue ferry, South Brooklyn.

The market for beef cattle ruled heavy, under an enormous supply, the largest for nearly a year—the aggregate number on sale at all the city yards, and those sold at Bergen and direct to butchers, being 6,422 head.

The stock market was very active and buoyant yesterday, the leading stock being Erie, which sold at 116 1/2.

Cotton was dull and heavy yesterday. Flour was active, but rather cheaper, wheat quiet and declining; corn in fair demand and advancing. Provisions were in moderate request, as likewise were hops, yellow, white, tobacco and hog products.

The Rebel Cotton Loan in England and the Cotton in the South.

The principal organ in England of Jeff. Davis and his Southern confederacy—the London Times—for the encouragement of English noodles disposed to dabble in the so-called Confederate cotton loan, has lately published a statement from a Mr. McRae (no doubt from Mississippi), Confederate agent for this loan, in which he says that "the purchases of cotton by the Confederate government will probably amount to five hundred thousand bales; that this cotton is principally in Georgia and Alabama, and some also in Eastern Mississippi, North Carolina, Louisiana and Texas, and is stored on the plantations of planters, from whom it was purchased, in sheds or warehouses, three hundred feet from other buildings, and that the capture of all the Confederate seaports would endanger the loss of a single pound of cotton, as there are no stocks of cotton at any of them," &c.; and, as it is perhaps from this report of McRae that this rebel cotton loan rattled in London to twenty-five per cent discount, after it had fallen to thirty-five, we think that a few facts, of later date than those of McRae, from the cotton districts, will be sufficient to prove the insecurity of his Confederate cotton sheds, however remote they may be from Southern seaports.

The following letter, for example, of the rebel Secretary of the Treasury, will prove to be exceedingly interesting to the London speculators in this aforesaid Confederate cotton loan:—

THEATRE DEPARTMENT, C. S. A., TREASURY DEPARTMENT, C. S. A., Hon. J. A. Simons, Secretary of War, Richmond, July 15, 1863.

The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson exposes to the enemy the cotton purchased by the government in Mississippi and Louisiana. I fear that many of the planters, in whose care this cotton was, will probably leave their plantations, so that there will be no person to whom the duty can be entrusted of preserving the cotton, if it can be preserved, or of destroying it where it is likely to fall into the hands of the enemy.

In pursuance of this recommendation, J. D. De Bow, general cotton purchasing agent of the rebel government, in a card to the Mobile Advertiser, dated Uniontown, Alabama, July 25, announced that he had instructed his agents in Mississippi to apply the torch to all stores of Confederate cotton "whenever in imminent and manifest danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, but only in such cases." He declared it of the "last importance, however, that cotton should not be a trophy of the enemy." Next, our news despatches from the Southwest informed us that over a wide extent of country in Northern Mississippi the air was filled with the smoke and the horizon was illuminated at night by the fires of the rebel cotton burners.

Considerable quantities of this Confederate cotton have also been captured or destroyed by the forces of General Banks in Louisiana; and the routes pursued by the cavalry expeditions from the army of General Rosecrans, in Northern Alabama and Georgia, have been illuminated by some rebel bonfires of the same combustible. But the worst of it is, to the English Confederate cotton bondholders, that nothing but the torch or some other mode of destruction can prevent the other four hundred thousand bales of [C. S. A.] cotton from being gobbled up by the advancing hosts of the Union, whether in Alabama, Georgia, Northwestern Louisiana or Texas; for all those States are now absolutely at the mercy of the overwhelming armies of Grant, Banks and Rosecrans.

Since the last of May last the operations of Grant and Banks alone have resulted in rebel losses of soldiers—killed, wounded, captured and missing—equal to an army of seventy-five thousand men; and the fragmentary armies remaining to Joe Johnston and Bragg are rapidly disintegrating and dissolving from want, disease, despair, demoralization and desertion. When the heats of this tropical summer shall have given way to the cooler atmosphere of autumn, there will not be a Confederate cotton shed in the cotton States the contents of which will be worth insuring to Jeff. Davis at five cents a pound.

We do not believe, however, that this wholesale destruction of cotton commenced by the rebels in Northern Mississippi will be much longer followed up. As the conviction which is now taking root among the Southern people that the rebellion is a failure extends among them, they will begin to cast about to save something from the general shipwreck of their fortunes. Spoiled of everything of immediate value, except their cotton, it will constitute their sole dependence for the supply of their families with the indispensable articles of subsistence and clothing which they will need for the first year of peace.

THE EXILE OF CAPIRENA.—It is some time since anything has been heard at this side from the illustrious Italian patriot, Garibaldi. We had been in hopes that he had got entirely well of his wound, and that he was again in a condition to perform his part in the movements that are about to take place in Europe in the interest of his oppressed nationalities. It will be seen, however, by the following letter to a friend in this city, that he is still suffering from the tedious injury in his leg which has given him so much trouble. We hope that the anticipations that he expresses of his speedy recovery will be realized, and in the meanwhile we give his letter, knowing that it will afford gratification to his numerous admirers on this side:—

DEAR FRIENDS.—I have not at this moment any likelihood of going to sea, therefore it is impossible for me to please you for the time. My health is getting better every day, and I hope soon to see my wound completely healed. I enclose my thanks for the coal oil which you promised to me. I will send my fishing boat with it, as soon as I receive it, in your honor, O. Captain Panzani. My respects to your wife, and for yourself accept a squeeze of the hand from, yours most truly, G. GARIBALDI.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY AT ITS LAST GASPS—SIGNS OF APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

From all quarters come unmistakable signs of the great rebel confederacy going to wreck. The capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and Lee's disastrous failure in the invasion of Pennsylvania, have routed out at home and abroad the last remnants of confidence or hope in the final success of the rebellion. The Confederate loan in London, made on terms so favorable to the lenders that they overlooked the question of probabilities entirely, fell from a premium of two or three per cent to twenty-five and thirty per cent below par, and in a few weeks hence it will probably have gone down to zero.

The English government has had a new vision in regard to the morality of fitting out pirate ships, and that business seems about to be abandoned, as unprofitable and somewhat dangerous, by Mr. Laird and his pious coadjutors. The principal journal published in the rebel capital of a rebel State, and under the eye of the rebel Governor—the Raleigh (N. C.) Standard—denounces fearlessly and severely the treachery of the rebel leaders; charges them with having precipitated a causeless war, against the reason and convictions of the people, and proposes that the State shall send commissioners to Washington to arrange terms of negotiation for peace.

In other articles this same rebel paper represents the Southern people as ground to powder by the secession demagogues who have their heels on the people's necks, and declares that there is springing up in North Carolina a public opinion which Richmond despotism will not be able to withstand. It says to the citizens of North Carolina—"If this is your government, say so; if not, say so." These denunciatory articles are reproduced in the Richmond papers; and even a correspondent of the Mobile Tribune, writing from the Confederate capital, ventures to say that "the time has come when every State in this confederacy must depend upon itself."

And all these murmurs and menaces are accompanied by real defection from the rebel ranks. It will be seen by our despatches this morning that Bragg, with twenty-five thousand men still on hand, has lost ten thousand by desertion; that Joe Johnston's army, now numbering twenty-five thousand, has been reduced one-third by the same cause; that the mountains in Northern Alabama are swarming with these deserters, and that Governor Shorter, of that State, has been driven to the desperate expedient of issuing an address urging the impressment of slaves into the rebel service. Add to all these signs of approaching dissolution the comparative worthlessness of Confederate scrip, of which it takes from twelve to fifteen dollars to buy one dollar in specie, and the most obstinate copperhead in New York, as well as the most sympathizing friend of the rebels in Great Britain, must recognize and admit that the days of Jeff. Davis' Richmond despotism are numbered; that the Southern confederacy will soon be reckoned among the things that were; that the Mississippi repudiator will ere long be exposed to another howl of denunciation from victimized capitalists in England; that there will be a long bill of damages to be presented to John Bull, the piratical impresario, with a demand for immediate payment, and, finally, that the American republic will soon be restored, with largely developed power, to its position as the freest, greatest and most prosperous nation of the earth.

Another throng going a begging.—Although there are plenty of candidates for thrones among the cadets of the royal families of Europe, they have become rather difficult of late. The fate of King Otho has in part reduced the value of that kind of stock in the market. None care to accept a position out of which they may be kicked before they get comfortably seated in it. We suspect that Napoleon will have some difficulty in finding a candidate for the new empire that he has created. The recent victories of the North, and the conviction that has grown on the European mind of the speedy restoration of the Union, are said to have indisposed the Archduke Maximilian to accept it. If he refuses it will go a begging; for the jealousies of the European governments will prevent its being bestowed on any but a prince who would be unsupported, and therefore utterly powerless to hold it. The Union once restored, France will not attempt to keep an army of occupation in Mexico. What, then, would be the fate of a foreign prince forced upon the acceptance of the Mexican people? Undoubtedly that of Turbide. Where is the scion of any royal family—the Coburgs not even excepted—who will be found ready to accept such a prospect? In the military occupation of Mexico Napoleon has made an acquisition which threatens to prove as burdensome to him as that of the elephant to the poor Arab. By and by he will feel equally thankful to any one who will take it off his hands.

THE MOUNTAINS FILLED WITH DESERTERS.—Accounts continue to come in that the mountains in Alabama are filled with deserters from Bragg's and Johnston's armies, all determined to defend themselves to the last sooner than re-enter the rebel service. Our government should take advantage of this fact and endeavor to send an expeditionary force to the relief of these men. It would greatly increase the disposition of the disaffected in the military service of the South to return to their allegiance to the Union if they were sure of protection from the federal government. Nothing has done us more harm than the practice of advancing our armies into places that we were unable to hold, compelling the inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance, and then abandoning them to the mercy of the enemy. The policy that we recommend is a different one; for by aiding those who have become well disposed towards us, and who will be thereby placed in a condition to aid themselves, we sap the very vitals of the rebellion and paralyze its strength.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The great prices of showmen has got a new idea. This is nothing less than exhibiting a number of live specimens of the Indian savages who have been devastating our Western borders. These rare curiosities are now in the Museum, and may be seen at all hours. No more unique entertainment could well be conceived, but the expense is very heavy.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.—Among the intelligence brought from Europe by the Asia, which we publish this morning, will be found an editorial article from the London Globe, the organ of Lord Palmerston, chief of the British Ministry. That journal takes occasion to say that the draft of three hundred thousand men called for by the President of the United States is not a menace to England. This may be true or it may not. But the question arises, why does the Globe take pains to make the assertion? The only answer is the old proverb that "a guilty conscience is its own accuser;" or, as Shakspeare has it, "conscience does make cowards of us all."

For the last thirty years the statesmen of Great Britain and her abolition propagandists have been working heaven and earth to break up the American republic, which they envied, hated and feared. And since the war began, under professions of strict neutrality, they have favored in every way the insurgent States of the South—first acknowledging them as belligerents, and then permitting even vessels of war to be built for the confederacy in the principal shipyards of England and Scotland. While they expressed their horror of negro slavery, they patting on the back that section of the republic which holds slaves. Their policy has been crooked, tortuous and dishonest in the extreme. The hostile spirit shown to this government in the British Parliament and in the British press, with a few exceptions, is so manifest that it speaks for itself, and cannot be explained away by any diplomatic blarney. The Globe, therefore, conscious of what Great Britain deserves at our hands, has gloomy forebodings of the destination of the three hundred thousand men now being raised under the Conscription act. Like Macbeth, it sees a dagger in the air and a flaming sword suspended over the head of Britannia, but puts on the semblance of courage, and assures its readers that there is no ground for fear.

Should France force on a war with Russia Garibaldi will not wait patiently the progress of his cure. An event of that sort would promptly call him into action, by reviving his hopes of accomplishing the only remaining objects of his glorious career—the liberation of Venice and of Rome.

OBITUARY.

Death of Prof. Clement C. Moore, LL. D. Died, July 13, at Newport, R. I., after a short illness, Clement C. Moore, of New York, aged 84 years.

This was announced a few weeks ago the death of one whose name will live long after him in the minds of the young through many generations, as the writer of the Christmas poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," and who will be long remembered among the scholars of the land as a valuable translator and interpreter of Hebrew language, and a profound Biblical scholar.

Clement C. Moore, LL. D., was a son of the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Moore, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, and was born at Groton, Long Island, about the year 1778. In 1799 he graduated a bachelor of arts at Columbia College, and, applying himself to the study of Hebrew, he published in 1807, in two volumes, a Hebrew and English lexicon, with notes, a grammar, and a complete vocabulary of the Palestine. This work stamped him as a Hebrew scholar of the first order, and entitled him to be considered the pioneer in America of Hebrew lexicography. The publication of this work led to a more general study and rendered more easy the cultivation of that ancient language and literature in our theological seminaries. But previous to devoting himself to the prosecution of these higher and grander studies, Mr. Moore had contributed largely to the lighter literature of his day, through the columns of the Port Folio and other periodicals, and, as a critic, his abilities were shown in a pungent review of contemporary American poetry. On the establishment of a diocesan seminary in New York, Dr. Moore was appointed professor of Biblical exegesis, a department of instruction which he held with distinction, and the position of the institution with the general theological seminary at New Haven, in 1821, under the name of the "General Protestant Seminary." Of this institution he was reappointed, with the title of Professor of Hebrew and Greek Literature, which was afterwards changed to Oriental Literature, and he continued to hold it until his death. He was afterwards distinguished by the title of Emeritus Professor, in June, 1850. His published works, apart from those of a scholastic character, consist of a collection of poems and "The Grange and the Grange," a collection of poems and a grave and meditative ode. One of the former, "The Grange," is a beautiful and touching poem, which will continue to be committed to memory by successive generations of young Americans, and will live therein, as it has done in the hearts of the young men of our country, as the benefactor of benighted old Santa Clara. It is reproduced:—

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads; And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap— When out on the roof-top there came a sound, As if from the chimney—'Twas the old Santa Claus! He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with soot and soot; And a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. How rapid was his flight, and how he whirled about, And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name— "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet! on! Comet! on! Dunder and Bismol! To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall! Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all! As dry leaves before the winnowing fan, So he whirled and whirled, and he whirled about, And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of such little hoofs, As I drew in my head, and I turned out doors, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with soot and soot; And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack. His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry! His cheeks, how they blushed! and his lips, how red and red! His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the board on his chin was as white as the snow. The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the end of it smoked, and it smoked with a smoke. He had a broad face and a little round belly, That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of my grief. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know he had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger as light as a feather, He gave us a nod, and he vanished with a jerk. And giving a nod, up the chimney he ran, He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew, like the downy feathers, As I heard a merry, merry laugh from Mr. St. Nick. "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

In some lines written in 1823 by Mr. Southey, the English poet, there is a description of Dr. Moore, who was a portion of his own country, after its annexation to the United States. He served two years at Vancouver's Island, and after the rebellion broke out was ordered to the East, where he was stationed. Subsequently he was placed on the retired list, in consequence of old age and infirmities of health. He died after thirty years of service in the army, and was one of the few of whom are in the Union and one in the rebel army. He also leaves several children.

Colonel B. L. Bell, United States Army. Colonel B. L. Bell, of the regular army, died in Baltimore on the 16th instant, after five months' illness, from old age and an enfeebled constitution, caused by hard services. He was the oldest cavalry officer in the service, having been through the Florida and Mexican wars, and was twice brevetted for gallant services. He built all the forts from the western border of Texas to the Pacific, and was the first to enter California after its annexation to the United States. He served two years at Vancouver's Island, and after the rebellion broke out was ordered to the East, where he was stationed. Subsequently he was placed on the retired list, in consequence of old age and infirmities of health. He died after thirty years of service in the army, and was one of the few of whom are in the Union and one in the rebel army. He also leaves several children.

Incident of the War. Commemorative Conduct of a Rebel Officer. In the History of the 11th Mass. Regt. is graphically appended a number of interesting circumstances connected with the death of the late Captain David Brown, of the Seventy-ninth New York regiment, who was wounded and subsequently died on the field at the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

It appears that after Captain Brown fell his sword, scabbard and belt were taken from him by the rebel soldiers. He subsequently came into the custody of Colonel James Herbert, of the First Maryland Battalion of the rebel army, who did all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the dying officer. Capt. Brown took from his person several letters and forty-seven dollars in gold, and gave them in charge of Col. Herbert, with the request that they might be sent to his wife in New York. Colonel Herbert assured him that his request should be complied with at the first opportunity. This occurred over two years ago. A few days since the subject letter was forwarded to the Herald, with the request that it would be published, for the information of Captain Brown's relatives:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD. On the 21st of July, 1861, at the battle of Manassas, our Bull Run, I came across a Rebel soldier, who was lying on the ground, apparently dead. I took his pocketbook in charge, in which I found \$47 in gold. I wish now to give this to his wife or children. I gave the Captain's name, and he was very kind and did all that could be done to alleviate his sufferings, and stayed with him until his death. On his person I found two or three letters, and a few dollars in gold, all of which I have now in my possession, subject to the order of the relatives of the deceased Captain. I was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg, and am now lying in the United States Hospital at that place. COLONEL JAMES HERBERT, First Maryland Battalion, C. S. A. For JAMES LAWREN.

August, 1863. One or two days after the first paragraph was published, giving the substance of the letter, Mrs. Brown called at our office and we gave her the original of the above letter. She at once repaired to Gettysburg—saw the rebel soldier, who is suffering from a severe wound, and received the money and letters exactly as they came from the hands of the Rebel soldier, and which Colonel Herbert carried on his person for over two years. Mrs. Brown also received the full par of her husband's last words, and the comforting consolation that she received a Christian burial under the direction of Colonel H., who buried his remains at the MeLean house, near Manassas, where a headstone marks the place where the gallant soldier lies buried, and can be recovered and removed at the pleasure of the relatives.

This incident shows that, notwithstanding the desperate and semi-barbarian which have frequently been exhibited on the field by the rebel soldiers towards the Union prisoners, it happily finds a noble exception in the conduct of a Rebel soldier and a devoted family, he has himself possessed of the true instincts of a gentleman and a soldier.