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The Rebel Army in Virginia.

A mysterious thing is the Rebel Army in the "Old Dominion," if the telegraph is to be credited. That veracious authority stated its strength, before the Bull Run battle, at fifty or sixty thousand. After the battle it was reported at ninety thousand. Since that, they tell us forty thousand have advanced into Maryland, though exactly where they are stationed does not appear. The latest figures are two hundred and forty thousand, quite a respectable body of man, so far as numbers are concerned. Whence these troops have been so suddenly procured is not so clear, nor do we opine it will be soon, for the whole tale may be set down as a pleasant fiction.

General George B. McClellan.

An exchange furnishes the following sketch of General McClellan, upon whom all eyes are now turned as the military chieftain who is to lead the Grand Army to victory:

General George B. McClellan is the son of Dr. George McClellan, late of Philadelphia, who was a man of rare talents in his profession—one of the boldest and most successful surgical operators of his day.

The present General, George B. McClellan, was his second son, born in Philadelphia, in December, 1826, and is now less than thirty-five years of age. At the present time, his elder brother is a physician, in large practice, in Philadelphia—Dr. H. B. McClellan. George was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and, having a taste for military matters, was, at an early age, placed at West Point School, and, having made great proficiency, was, on the breaking out of the war with Mexico, appointed a Lieutenant in the army, at twenty two years of age, and was attached to the corps of Sappers and Miners, on their march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and shared in all the battles of the veteran Lieutenant General Scott. During the Crimean war, he was dispatched by the Government, as one of its most trusty and talented officers, to visit Sebastopol, and learn more of the tactics of European war; and his report to the Government is a masterpiece—as his late official war despatches are—of how much information can be conveyed in a few words.

General McClellan is a man of great scientific military attainments, and was in the Engineer Corps of the army. He was selected by the Government to accompany Governor Stevens on his Survey of the Northern Pacific Railroad route across the Rocky Mountains, some three years ago.

He is indeed the *young* flower of the American army—quick in perception, of indomitable perseverance and energy, possessed of a veteran's judgment in war matters, and as brave as Cæsar, and executes his plans, when formed, with the rapidity of lightning—as witnessed in Western Virginia, where he has swept the armed rebels out of existence, with the swiftness of a Bedouin of the desert.

He has many of the war qualities which characterized the young Napoleon, who, at twenty-six years of age—in 1796—at the head of seventy thousand men, ascended and descended the Alps, and, on the plains of Lombardy, defeated the veterans of Austria, at a single blow.

When the rebel war broke out, George B. McClellan (having resigned from the army) was the Vice President of the Illinois Central Railroad, and its Superintendent of passengers and transportation—called to this important station on account of his admirable administrative qualities.

In person he is robust and healthy—about 5 feet 9 in height—and ever restless as to doing something. His habits are good; he neither drinks wine nor uses tobacco.

Mr. McClellan's family are of Scotch ancestry, of martial spirit, with great hatred of oppression. One of Gen. McClellan's ancestors was in the battle of Culloden, and his great-grandfather was Gen. Samuel McClellan, of the American Revolution.

The promise of young McClellan's youth has been more than confirmed in the successful career of his yet early manhood, and if he is placed at the head of the Grand Army by Gen. Scott, he will either carry his legions to victory or himself to the grave.

When McClellan is ready, *then* the country may look forward with entire confidence that he and his gallant men will sweep the rebels out of the *whole* of Virginia, as he has already effectually done from a part of it, in a brief campaign of about two weeks from the day he put foot on the "sacred soil."

GEN. FREMONT'S AIDS.—The Hon. John P. C. Sharks of Indiana is to be one of Gen. Fremont's volunteer aids. The coolness and intrepidity which he displayed at Bull Run the other day, where he was four hours under fire, assisting the wounded, and during the retreat rallying the fugitives, evince military qualities which fit him for the post tendered him. The Hon. John A. Gurley of Ohio is another volunteer aid to Gen. Fremont.

Items.

The excess of females over males in Great Britain is 514,041, by the last census.

India-rubber has been put to a new use in making car is which cannot be defaced easily and are almost indestructible.

A careful investigation shows that during the flag fever not less than 17,000 flags were made by the principal dealers in New York City. On the 4th of July, more than 30,000 flags were flying in that city alone.

Nothwithstanding the American troubles, the Glasgow Herald says there never has been so many United States ships loading and unloading in the Clyde as at the present time.

Kossuth has established himself definitely in Lombardy; he has leased Villa Serbelloni, on Lake Como, where he has carried twelve hand printing presses, and engaged printers to print bank notes.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR.—Extensive preparations are being made in Chicago for the approaching State Fair. $12,000 in cash premiums are offered. Over three thousand miles of railway passenger trains will be run at half fare during its continuance.

J. S. Herrick, Esq., of Ravenna, has been added to the editorial staff of the Cleveland Daily Leader, and his busy labors, and energetic zeal in gathering up "the latest news," local and general, are clearly discernable in the student, variety and importance of news daily and promptly furnished by that wide-awake and excellent paper. We congratulate the Leader upon the accession to its staff of so much newspaper experience, and our friend upon his attainment of so desirable a position.—*Ravenna Democrat.*

FROM CAIRO.

CHICAGO, Aug. 1.

Scouts, just arrived in, report Jeff. Thompson with 5000 rebels, encamped 30 miles south of Bird's Point. There are three thousand between Charleston and New Madrid, and seven thousand at the latter place.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, August 1.

It is said that the New Brigadier Generals will be selected by the President as their services may be required.

Soldier's Letters.

The following order has been made by the Post Office Department for the execution of the new law respecting soldier's letters:

Postmasters at or near any camp or point occupied by the United States forces will mail without prepayment of postage any letter written by a soldier in the service of the United States and certified to be such by the Major or Acting Major of the regiment to which the writer is attached. The envelope should have plainly stamped or written on its face the certificate "Soldier's Letter," signed in writing by the Major or Acting Major of the Regiment, describing his regiment by its number and its State. The postage due on such letters will be collected at the office of delivery. Commissioned officers will prepay their postage as heretofore.

JOHN A. KASSON,
First Asst. P. M. General.

The Post Office Department has issued the following:

Postmasters will take notice that all prepaid letters to soldiers, in any regiment in the service, and directed to them at points where they have been stationed, may be forwarded whenever practicable, to any other point to which they may have been ordered, without further charge thereon for forwarding. (Signed)

J. A. KASSON,
Assistant Postmaster General.

Rebels at Aquia Creek.

Commodore Craven, of the Potomac Flotilla, made a reconnoissance in the vicinity of Aquia Creek on the 30th ultimo, and thus reports to the Navy Department:

"At about 10 o'clock, as I was passing Potomac Creek, I discovered an encampment of the rebels upon Marlborough Point, and at the same time a battery of about five heavy guns on the southern bank of the creek. With a view of ascertaining if the rebels were there in force, accompanied by the steamer Reliance I opened fire upon the encampment, which was promptly returned by a concealed battery on Marlborough Point, the first shot from a rifled cannon taking effect upon our port wheel-house, but not doing any material damage. The little Reliance gallantly tried her best to reach the rebels. Having accomplished the object of my visit, and found out that our guns had not sufficient range to be effective, I pursued my course. At Marlborough Point at least one regiment of men is encamped. They have mounted at least five rifled cannon, in addition to the five on the south side of the creek. Several officers of my vessel and of the Reliance thought that they saw signs of the rebels having been at work throwing up batteries of earthworks."

A Zouave in the Enemy's Camp.

When the Fire Zouaves stormed the masked battery at Bull Run, and were forced to fall back by the grapeshot and cavalry charge, one of them was stunned by a blow from a sabre, and fell almost under one of the enemy's guns. The Secessionists swarmed around him like bees, but feigning death, in the excitement he was unnoticed, and when a sally was made managed to crawl back into the thicket inside the Confederate lines. Here he waited some time for an opportunity to escape, but finding none, concluded he would make the best of a bad bargain, and if he was lost, would have a little revenge beforehand. Hastily stripping the body of a Confederate near by, he donned his uniform, and seizing a rifle made his way to the entrenchments, where he joined the secessionists, and, watching his opportunities, succeeded in picking off several of their prominent officers whenever they advanced out upon the troops. Here he remained some time, until, thinking it best to leave before his disguise should be discovered, joined a party who were about to charge upon our forces, and was, to his gratification, again captured, but this time by his own men. Our fire proved very destructive to the enemy, and cut down their men by hundreds. In the battery where the Zouave fell, he afterward counted thirty five dead bodies lying close together, and the bushes were full of the wounded who had crawled off to get out of the way.

Prince Napoleon.

We copy from the New York Herald the following interesting items in regard to Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde, recently arrived at New York.

"Prince Napoleon, first cousin of the French Emperor, and the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the *Galant roi* Victor Emanuel, King of Italy—those are such arrivals as it does not fall to our lot to chronicle every day; and the event has no 'political significance'—being mainly for the benefit of the Princess health—it is yet one that in ordinary times would have made a great sensation in the city.

"Prince Napoleon, ('Plon' 'Plon,') as everybody knows, is a son of Jerome Napoleon by his second wife, and stands, next after the Prince Imperial, heir to the throne of the Napoleons. He is about forty years of age—stoutish, about five feet eight, not particularly Napoleonic in physiognomy, and as we saw him yesterday afternoon on Broadway in a summer suit of linen and straw hat, looked like any ordinary *bourgeois gentilhomme.*

"His Princess Clotilde (Marie Therese Louise Clotilde, to write the name in full,) is a daughter of Victor Emanuel, and it will be remembered that the union, a couple of years ago, was looked upon as a 'political marriage.' The alliance was determined upon by an intimate understanding between the two Sovereigns, and the reciprocal interests of France and Piedmont, and the negotiations to bring it about were delayed more than a year. She was born in 1843, and is consequently at present in her nineteenth year, and is *petite*, of Italian complexion and features, and very prepossessing and unassuming in manners. With the Princess, as her first maid of honor, is the Duchess d'Abrantes, also quite young and very pretty.

Among the suite of the Prince are two Colonels of the Empire, M. Ragon and M. Ferri Pisani, both of them Aids-de-Camp, the former Governor of the Island of Guadalupe, now a Commander in the French Navy, M. Bonfils, and Maurice Sand, son of Madame George Sand, the illustrious novelist, and himself an author of mark."

ARMS FOR OUR GOVERNMENT.—The Providence (R. I.) Post, says:

"The Providence Tool Company have made a contract to manufacture 25,000 muskets of the Springfield pattern for the Government. They will begin their preparation at once at their large workshop in this city. They will proceed immediately to construct the requisite machines, and will as soon as possible begin the manufacture of the muskets. They have able and experienced men to supervise the work.

Col. Colt, of Hartford, has contracted to make 25,000 muskets also. Two other parties, whose names we have not learned, have contracts to furnish the government with 50,000. These these four contracts are for 100,000 muskets."

FEMALE CAVALRY COMPANY.—A cavalry company, composed of young ladies, has recently been formed at Pittsfield, Mass., under the name of "Di Vernon Phalanx." Miss Pinkie Pomeroy is the Captain and Miss Anna Kipp is the Lieutenant.

Close of the Campaign in Western Virginia.

Our special dispatches of last night announce that General Cox has driven Gen. Wise and his rebel band from Western Virginia, our troops holding Gauley Bridge.—This bridge is within five miles of Staunton, which is connected with Richmond by the Virginia Central Railroad, the distance being about one hundred and twenty-five miles. This ends the campaign in Western Virginia, unless Wise should return with reinforcements from Richmond, in which event he would meet a warm reception, as Gen. Cox will, of course, fortify his position, which is known to be a very strong one. It is barely possible that Wise is trying to entrap our forces by leading them beyond Gauley, where they will be in the enemy's country, when Wise will fall upon them with a recruited army. There is little danger, however, of Gen. Cox going "forward to Richmond," or so nigh to it as to be overpowered. Nor does the precipitate retreat of the rebels, leaving behind them one thousand muskets and other accoutrements, look very much like a strategical move, but rather a flight for safety.

Thus have the oppressors been forced from the truly "sacred soil" of loyal Western Virginia. But a few weeks have elapsed since their armed hosts marched forth for the avowed purpose of inflicting penalties upon their brethren because they remained true to their country and to themselves, and now the last miserable remnant of their defeated and demoralized army barely escapes our brave troops, who have killed their great leader, captured hundreds of their number, and secured a great portion of their arms and munitions of war.

All this has been accomplished under the skillful direction of the young hero of the West, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, aided by the brave troops of Ohio and Indiana. What other States can show such a record of the campaign? Let those who have mocked at the misfortunes and embarrassments of Ohio—such as are naturally incident to the sudden organization of a large military force in a peaceful community—ask themselves this question.

Soldiers' Trip from Washington.

COLUMBUS, July 30th 1861.

EDITOR LEADER:—We are out of Virginia, and once more within the borders of the Old Buckeye State. We left Washington, last Friday morning at eight o'clock. Nothing worthy of note transpired until we reached Baltimore. There we found the streets lined on either side by the citizens, who received us with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs and flags—yes, and the glorious old Stars and Stripes. At one window I saw a lady holding a little child, whom she was teaching to wave the flag that has floated over us so long in triumph. If mothers everywhere had taught their children to reverence that banner, we should not have had to leave our homes to defend and uphold it within our own borders—aye, on our own hearth stones, as it were. As we advanced, the throng became more intense, cheering us onward, nor did we receive a single insult while in the city of Plug Uglies.

All through Maryland we met with a hearty welcome and no insults. Flags were seen waving at almost every house, we passed, and fair women welcomed us, not only by the waving of hankerchief and smiles, but by kindly greetings where we stopped. If we were to judge of the Union sentiment in the portion through which we passed, by what we saw, we should say they were all for the Union, but appearances are sometimes very deceiving.

When we got to Harrisburgh we had to wait a long time before we could get cars to bring us to Pittsburgh, owing to there being so many regiments ahead of us. At Harrisburgh we lay in an open field, beneath a scorching sun, with nothing to eat except what little we could by of two or three cake peddlers that come along, which amounted to about as much, as the story has it, as his satanic majesty's shaving the hog, a great cry and little wool, for there was a great deal of hard talking and very little eating done that day.

We left Harrisburgh about 9 p. m., stowed away as before in a lot of freight cars, but not quite as many in a car as before, yet we managed to get a pretty good night's rest, in fact, the first we had had for a number of nights.

In the morning we had a splendid breakfast on what some of the boys call "Government pies," and cold water for coffee.—These Government pies are very hard, round crackers. How old they are I can't tell; they are so old they can't tell their own age.

Arrived at Altoona about noon; got a pretty good meal; found ladies very kind—gave us bread, meat, cheese and coffee, now quite a variety after fasting so long.

Six o'clock found us in the city of Pittsburgh. It commenced raining just before we got there; consequently we had to stick close to the cars, so that we did not have an opportunity to go after much to eat. Notwithstanding the raining, quite a number of ladies managed to get provisions to us, which were very acceptable, and for which we all felt duly thankful. Had it not rained as it did, we should have expected to receive something from the hands of the ever hospitable citizens of Pittsburgh, but as it was we expected little or nothing, and therefore were very agreeably disappointed.

But the Steubenville ladies capped the climax. On our arrival there we were aroused from our drowsy slumbers by the cry of "Steubenville," "masked batteries," "the ladies," &c. There we received compliments of a more substantial nature than mere waving of hankerchiefs, or smiling faces, or pleasant words, to welcome hungry soldiers to their homes. We had fresh warm biscuits and butter, coffee with milk and sugar, and other (to us) rarities. The hospitality of that night will not be forgotten soon, I assure you. We gave three cheers with a tiger for the Steubenville ladies, and then the iron horse moved forward. Morning found us still on the road.

We arrived in this city between two and three o'clock, and found a dinner awaiting us, after which we marched up to the Capitol, and here were quartered for the night.

H.

WHAT IS AN AMBULANCE?—An ambulance is a light carriage, the body being mounted upon two wheels and supported by very light elastic springs. It is a little over six feet in length. There are cots for two inside, with beds, head pillows, &c. The top is covered with black oil cloth, but the body and running gear are painted red. The ambulance is intended for one horse, with a seat for the driver in front, and being very light, though strongly built, can be driven along very rapidly without injury to the wounded.

Taking the latest accounts of the rebels themselves, in relation to their loss, it can not be much less than 3,000.

FROM FORT MONROE.

Old Point Comfort—Fort Monroe—Rip Raps—Sewall's Point—Newport News—Floyd and Union Guns.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

FORTRESS MONROE, July 29, 1861.

Old Point Comfort is familiar as a household word, but we think the name a misnomer, for we never felt the rays of the sun more severely than here, without a breeze to modify them.

Of the shape and position of Fort Monroe, the lithographs give a good idea. Its walls of stone are 25 feet high, with, in addition, a turf embankment of ten feet, on top of which the guns are mounted, *en barbette*, to the number of 100. The distance around the ramparts is one mile and a quarter, which may give you a tolerable idea of the area of the Fortress. A moat, or ditch, 50 feet wide and 10 feet in depth, surrounds the Fort, which is commanded by its guns. Outside of the ditch, near the beach, is the water battery of 40 guns of large calibre. The celebrated Union Gun is to be mounted on the beach within a stone's throw of this battery.

The Rip Raps are about three miles from the Fort and four from Sewall's Point. The work on the Rip Raps was commenced in 1816, and the foundation for the fortifications was formed by transporting an enormous quantity of stone, and creating an artificial island, which is now 900 feet long and 300 feet in width. The original work progressed for twenty-five years, and was then stopped by order of the Government. Upon examination, some four or five years since, it was found the work had settled five feet, when it was decided to demolish it and commence anew, building the new fortification of granite, and on a more scientific and approved plan. The present work is under the superintendence of Col. De Ruse, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, and when completed will be one of the strongest fortifications in the world. The walls are eight feet thick, and will be sixty feet in height, and mount 300 guns. A breakwater will be constructed connecting with the shore opposite, 2½ miles in length, closing navigation on that side. The walls are now ten feet high, and four columbiads are mounted, commanding the channel on the north-east side, and or the pier on the same side is the Sawyer gun. To the courtesy of Capt Leech, of Mass., who has charge here, we are indebted for information in reference to the works.

There are fifteen Secession prisoners confined here, and they invariably bear testimony to the kind treatment received since their arrival. None of these are from the rebel army.

The rebel batteries on Sewell's Point are not visible, being concealed in the bushes or masked.

Newport News, ten miles from Fort Monroe, is situated at the mouth of James River, which leads to Richmond. Between three and four hundred Federal troops are entrenched there, under command of Colonel Phelps. The 7th New York, Col. Bendix, Col. Allen's Regiment from Troy and Albany, and a Zouave Regiment, comprise the forces within the entrenchments. Two men-of-war blockade the river at Newport News, and five or six at Fort Monroe.

The Floyd gun was dismounted last week to make way for the Union gun, which will be mounted in its place the last of this or first of next week. To give you an idea of the immense porportions of the monster Union gun, I give you its dimensions: It is three feet in bore, about three feet thick, twelve feet, or thirty six feet in circumference; and two feet in diameter at the muzzle, or six feet in circumference. The bore of the gun is one foot in diameter, and has twenty-one grooves. Its weight is 52,000 lbs, and it is calculated to carry a ball or shell seven miles. The Floyd is 18 feet in length, and weighs 48,000 lbs. Both of them are constructed after the Dahlgreen pattern. The Floyd is the larger bore of the two, and is not rifled.

The blockading forces are on the look out for a couple of steel clad steamers from Richmond, who are hourly expected with the intention of running the blockade. A warm reception awaits them if they attempt it.

The Federal troops are in good spirits and ready for the rebels, and anxious to treat them to a little *cannonical* law. JUNIUS.

Noble Said.

The Louisville Journal is doing a noble work for the Union cause in Kentucky. The following closing paragraph of an article in Monday's issue indicates the true spirit of resistance:

Our Union men are for peace. All of them are for peace. They will, for the sake of peace, bear all and do all that can be borne and done consistently with safety and honor. But they believe that there is a deep, extensive, and most atrocious conspiracy for the subversion of the loyalty of Kentucky, and they have made up their minds, if such a conspiracy shall be developed, to resist the conspirators with all the might of their souls and bodies. Before they will permit Kentucky to be forced into disunion, they will make her soil wear a deeper and a darker red than it ever wore in the days of the savages.

THE COTTON SUPPLY IN ENGLAND.—We learn by a late number of the New York Economist that the stock of cotton in Liverpool at last accounts was 1,120,000 bales, with 160,000 bales in transitu, so that, it remarks, "if the blockade were raised in February next we are informed that no national inconvenience would be felt."—This is an important fact, and must needs have considerable bearing upon matters in this country as connected with the Cotton States. Whether the Government is disposed to make the best use of the margin thus accorded to it will only be known by the renewed efforts it may make within the next few weeks to make quick work with the war. The fact is apparent, however, that the Cotton States cannot suddenly "move the lever that moves the world," with England so well prepared to supply her mills, and so only seven per cent. of her people are engaged in the manufacture of cotton, it is quite questionable whether she would not do better to help them past a single season rather than enter on a war with this country in an attempt to break the blockade.—*Ex.*

A PATRIOTIC SCHOOL DISTRICT.—Seven soldiers have entered the U. S. Army, from School District No. 4, in the township of Champion, in this county, and there remain in that district, of able bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45, subject to military duty, only four men. The seven are in Capt. Asper's company. One resident, Mr. Jacob Shafer, a man of over 70 years of age, served in the U. S. Army during the whole of the last war with England; fought under Gen. Scott at Lundy's Lane, and now has four grandsons serving their country as did their grandsire before them. That's in the Western Reserve.—*Warren Chronicle.*

The Richmond papers say a negro picked up a Colt's Rifle at Bull's Run, and sold it for $100. Arms are in demand South

Who Caused the Advance?

This is a question which, amid the conflicting statements of newspapers and letter writers, it has been difficult to answer satisfactorily. Some have asserted that the President dictated to General Scott, others that the Cabinet influenced the President, and still another class that the military authorities were alone responsible. This latter view has seemed to us the most plausible one, so far as direct interference was concerned, but we have been, and are still, disposed to hold certain influential journals and an impatient public accountable for whatever was done that was premature. We have never been willing to believe that the Administration had interfered with the Lieutenant General in any manner, except so far as to perform a duty which legitimately devolved upon it, viz: the general direction as to what was to be accomplished, leaving the military department to perform its part in its own manner and at its own time. This view we find sustained by the Washington Republican, a paper which sustains more intimate relations with the Administration than any other in the nation. Upon this subject, that paper makes the following statement:

"The confusion of statements on this point, has resulted from confounding two things entirely distinct, viz: the advance upon Richmond, and the fighting of this particular battle of July 21st.

"General Scott was notoriously opposed to the advance upon Richmond, and in that particular he had been overruled by the President. But the advance being ordered, *its conduct was intrusted to the management of General Scott, and he was not restrained by superior authority, either as to attacking Bull Run at all, or as to the time of attacking it.*

"It is thus by separating things improperly confounded, that the country will arrive at a correct idea of the history of events, and of the proper responsibility of official persons.

"That for the intended advance upon Richmond rests upon the President and the political Administration.

"That for the battle of July 21st, rests upon the military authorities, who took their own time and manner, and were not interfered with, in any way or degree whatever, either by restraint, or precipitation."

Russell on American Slavery.

Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, whose apparent partiality for Southern institutions was the subject of such severe comment on the part of the Northern press soon after his arrival in this country, does not, after all, display any fondness for the "peculiar institution," as the following extract from his letters will show. The first is written

FROM MONTGOMERY.

"I have seen within the short time I have been here in this part of the world, several dreadful accounts of the murder and violence which masters suffered at the hands of their slaves. There is something suspicious in this constant, never-ending statement that 'We are not afraid of our slaves.' The curfew and the night parol in the streets, the prisons and the watch houses, and the police regulations, prove that strict supervision, at all events, is needed and necessary."

A SLAVE AUCTION.

"I confess the sight caused a strange thrill through my heart. I tried in vain to make myself familiar with the fact that I could, for the sum of $975, become as absolutely the owner of that mass of blood, bones, sinews, flesh and brains as of the horse that stood by my side. There was no sophistry which could persuade me the man was not a man—he was, indeed, by no means my brother, but assuredly he was a fellow-creature. I have seen slave-markets in the East, but somehow or other the Orientalism of the scene cast a coloring over the nature of the sales there which deprived them of the disagreeable harshness and matter-of-fact character of the transaction before me. For Turk, or Smyrniote, or Egyptian to buy and sell slaves seemed rather suited to the eternal fitness of things than otherwise. The turbaned, shawled, loose-trowsered, pipe-smoking merchants, speaking an unknown tongue, looked as if they were engaged in a legitimate business. One knew that their slaves would not be condemned to any very hard labor, and that they would be in some sort the inmates of the family and members of it. Here is grated on my ear to listen to the familiar tones of the English tongue as the medium by which the transfer was effected, and it was painful to see decent-looking men in European garb engaged in the work before me."

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

"In this city there is a terrible substratum of crime and vice, violence, misery and murder, over which the wheels of the Cotton King's chariot rumble gratingly, and on which rest in dangerous security the feet of his throne."

"At the house of a planter the other day one of the slaves asked my friend, 'Will we be made to work, massa, when ole English come?' An old domestic in the house of a gentleman in this city said, 'There are few whites in this place who ought not to be killed for their cruelty to us.' Another said, 'Oh, just wait till they attack Pickens.' These little hints are significant enough, coupled with the notices of runaways and the judgments in the public jails, to show that all is not quiet below the surface."

"There is one stereotyped phrase which I am tired of hearing—'our negroes, Sir, are the happiest, the most contented, and the best off of any people in the world.' The violence and reiterancy of this formula cause one to enquire whether anything which demands such insistance is really in the condition predicated; and for myself I always say, 'It may be so, but as yet I do not see the proof of it. The negroes do not look to be what you say they are.'"

"'There is an excellent gentlemen over there,' said a friend to me, 'who gives his overseers a premium of $10 at the birth of every child on his plantation.' 'Why so?' 'Oh, in order that the overseers may not work the women in the family way too much.' There is little use in this part of the world in making use of inferences; but where overseers do not get the premium, it may be supposed they do work the pregnant women too much."

"It is reported that the patrols are strengthened, and I could not help hearing a charming young lady say to another the other evening that 'she would not be afraid to go back to the plantation, though Mrs. Brown Jones said she was afraid her negroes were after mischief.'"

"It struck me more and more, as I examined the faces of the slaves all over the South, that deep dejection is the prevailing, if not the universal characteristic of the race."

"I perceived that there are regular patrols and watchmen at nights who look after the levees and the negroes; a number of dogs are also loosed, and I am assured by a gentleman who has written me a long letter on the subject from Montgomery, that these dogs do not tear the negroes; they are taught merely to catch and mumble them, to treat them as a retriever, well broken, uses a wild duck."

THE RIGHT OF SLAVERY.

"On those points there are ingenious hypotheses and subtle argumentations in print 'down South' which do much to comfort the consciences of the anthroproprietors.—The negro skull won't hold as many ounces of shot as the white man's. Can there be a more potent proof that the white man has a right to sell and to own a creature who carries a smaller charge of snipe dust in his head? He is pantigrade and curved as to the tibia. Cogent demonstration that he was made expressly to work for the arch-footed, straight tibia'd Caucasian. He has a *rete mucosum*, and a colored pigment. Surely, he cannot have a soul of the same color as that of an Italian or Spaniard, far less of a flaxen-haired Saxon? See these peculiarities in the frontal sinuses—in sinciput or occiput! Can you doubt that the being with a head of that nature was made only to till, hoe and dig for another race? Besides, the Bible says he is a son of Ham, and prophecy must be carried out in the rice swamps, sugar-canes and maize-fields of the Southern Confederation. It's flat blasphemy to set yourself against it. Our Saviour sanctions slavery because he does not say a word against it, and it's very likely that St. Paul was a slave-owner. Had cotton and sugar been known, he might have been a planter! Besides, the negro is civilized by being carried away from Africa and set to work, instead of idling in native inutility. What hope is there of Christianizing the African races except by the agency of the apostles from New Orleans, Mobile, or Charleston, who sing the sweet songs of Zion with such vehemence, and clamor so fervently for baptism in the waters of the 'Jawdam?' If these high physical, or metaphysical, moral, and religious reasonings do not satisfy you, and you venture to be unconvinced and to say so, then I advise you not to come within reach of a mass meeting of our citizens, who may be able to find a rope and a tree in the neigborhood."

A COMPARISON.

Mr. Russell arrives in Chicago, in the great and free West, and thus he describes his sensations:

"How pleasant it was to see white faces in the fields, to gaze on the waving corn, and on the martial rows of wheat sheaks; to behold the villages and the Christian spires rising in the distance; to observe, as it were, under one's eyes the growth of civilized communities; the village swelling into the town, and the town grasping the dimensions of a city. And how wonderful has been the work of the rail; in a night it has spanned the interval between war and peace, between swamp and harvest fields, between sedition and contentment. Last night we traveled through lines of outposts, over danger haunted bridges, by camps where the soldiers watched eagerly for their supply of bread, and cheered lustily as it was delivered to them from the train, for without its aid they could get none. This morning Union flags floated from the little stations. Corn is abundant. The vast plains are rich with crops, or are ready to yield to the tilth. A city worthy of such a name rises above the waters of the sea-like lake whose waves roll from the boundless horizon in crisping foam on the smooth sandy beach. The pure clear air invigorates the frame weakened by the warm, clammy breath of the South. The notes of the mocking bird are heard no more, but the prairie hen gets up with a sharp whirl from the roadside, and drops with her brood into the deep, flowering clover; the partridge calls from the stubble, and instead of the foul turkey buzzard and his lazy wheel swoops the gray falcon over the broad meadow in rapid curves."

The Late Mrs. Longfellow.

A correspondent of the Albany Statesman thus beautifully alludes to the death of the wife of Henry W. Longfellow. How touchingly he intertwines with the melancholy event the sad story of the two most perfect characters of the great poet's creation, Mary Atherton and Paul Fleming; and how strange that in early life the author should so vividly portray the sadness fated to fall on himself in after years:

How terribly sad was the death of Mrs. Henry W. Longfellow. A letter now before me, from one who knew her well, says: "Was ever death so tragic and dreadful as Mrs. Longfellow's. I cannot make it real that her calm, majestic life has ended in suffering and horror. Through a dreadful passage her lofty and tranquil spirit entered into life."

Mrs. Longfellow was the Mary Atherton of her husband's "Hyperion," first published some 23 years ago. Well may he now say, as he does in the opening pages of that book of beautiful thoughts, when he wrote of his first wife: "The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection, itself a broader shadow.

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"His household gods were broken. He had no home. His sympathies cried aloud for his desolate soul, and there came no answer from the busy, turbulent world around him. * * * * *

"He went abroad that the sea might be between him and the grave. Alas! between him and his sorrow there could be no sea but that of time."

Then Longfellow was in early manhood; now, in his great sorrow, he is in "life's evening." We have read him so much—have passed so many pleasant hours over his pages, that we can but feel a personal interest in him, and for him, now in his lone affliction. In his Hyperion, he thus describes Mrs. Longfellow, who was then in her twentieth year:

"The lady's figure was striking. Every step, every attitude, was graceful, and yet lofty, as if inspired by the soul within.—Angels in the old poetic philosophy have such forms; it was the soul itself imprinted on the air. * * * * *

There was not one discordant thing in her—but a perfect harmony of figure—and face, and soul—in a word, of the whole being."

Alas, Paul Fleming can never again read Uhland's poems to Mary Atherton. Never again talk with her of Art or Nature—of Mountains and of German song. And she, the lovely, gifted woman—the fond wife—the devoted mother—the valued friend, will weep no more as when he read to her "The Song of the Silent Land," for she has passed into that "Silent Land," and "her form, alone, will hereafter rise, like a tremulous evening star, in the firmament of his soul."

The Table of Distances.

We find the following table of distances in Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

	Washington.	Mich'mond	Fort'ss Monroe.	Harp's Ferry.	Lynch'burg.	Baltimore.
Alexandria..	8	113	127	60	170	42
Petersburg.	184	22	54	145	120	170
Mana.Junc.	29	87	135	86	143	55
Richmond...	134	—	75	135	100	165
For's Mon...	120	75	—	175	190	155
Harp's Fer.	82	135	175	—	148	84
Lynchburg.	160	100	190	148	—	200
Grafton	152	200	260	125	145	152
Culpeper....	60	48	120	65	100	91
Aquia Creek	45	60	110	70	1 6	81
Philadelp'a.	136	210	220	145	279	98
Baltimore...	34	130	155	84	194	—
New York...	226	360	255	220	260	187
Trenton	196	240	225	175	220	139
Yorktown ...	100	70	27	180	150	142
Sewalls Pt..	150	35	20	190	170	152
Washing'n ...		134	158	55	160	38

FROM ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, Aug 2.

Col. Solomon's regiment and part of Col. Siegel's arrived from the South-west yesterday, and the balance of Siegel's and two Iowa regiments will probably arrive to-day. These troops will be disbanded here, their time having expired; but nearly all the two former regiments will re-enlist for the war. Efforts are being made to continue the organization of the reserve corps, or St. Louis Home Guard, beyond the time of their regular enlistment.

SPECIAL DISPATCHES.

(Special Dispatch to the Cleveland Leader.)

The War Department has received an official dispatch from Western Virginia of the flight of the rebels under Wise from the Kanawha on the 29th ultimo, thus ridding that section of the invaders. The retreat was so rapid before Gen. Cox's advancing forces that one thousand muskets and a large quantity of powder fell into the hands of the Federal troops. Gen. Cox pursued to the headwaters of the Kanawha, at the juncture of the Gurley and New rivers, where the rebels had destroyed the Ganley bridge, which fact alone saved them from destruction.—Gen. Wise's unnecessary destruction of property has lost him the support of many of his former friends, who now espouse the cause of the Union. Large numbers of Wise's troops deserted him on the march, and his army is completely broken up.

Over ten thousand horses have been purchased by Quarter Master General Meigs since he assumed the duties of his position.

Of the artillery lost in the Bull Run disaster, six belonged to Arnold's battery, four to Griffin's, five to the Rhode Island, six to Rickett's (one a 30-pounder), and four to Carlisle's, making a total loss of twenty five guns.

A man employed by Gen. Scott as a coachman has disappeared, having in his possession a horse and pistol belonging to Captain DeKay, and a pistol of the Lieutenant General. It is surmised that he may have joined the rebels for the purpose of conveying to them information of affairs within our lines.

It is thought by many that Gen. McClellan is preparing for a speedy infliction of something severe upon the rebels. Large quantities of cannon are being speedily manufactured for the Government, and are turned out at the rate of sixty a week, and one foundry has orders for three hundred. The utmost confidence is reposed in the new leader by the troops and the public. He was called to the command by the President himself, contrary to the wishes of the majority of the Cabinet. Their opposition availed nothing, as the President was determined that a new order of things should be initiated.—The many reforms already introduced show the wisdom of his choice. Among the most important reforms is the brigading of regiments, which is being done as rapidly as possible.

Gen. McClellan has recommended the appointment of Lieut. Col. Buell, of the Adjutant General's Office, and Col. Wm. F. Sherman and Col. David Hunter as Brigadier Generals in the regular army. It is thought the recommendation will be carried out.

Col. Miles, under arrest for drunkenness at Centreville, has come out with a card in reply to the charges made against him by Richardson of Illinois. He does not make a formal denial of the charge, but states that he has called for a Court of Inquiry; also, that the order which Richardson objected to and charged to him was Gen. McDowell's, and that his plans were interfered with by some parties unknown to him.

Thomas A. Scott has received the appointment of Assistant Secretary of War, and Capt. Gustavus A. Fox is Assistant Secretary of the Navy. William Faxon of Connecticut has been promoted to the Chief Clerkship in the Navy Department, lately held by Capt. Fox. The Second Auditor of the Treasury, Thomas J. D. Fuller, has resigned.

In order to supply troops with water, wells have been sunk inside of the various fortifications across the river.

It is confidently asserted that all the representatives of foreign Governments now here entertain the most friendly feelings to the United States and are strongly in favor of the Union.

An unexpected and exciting scene occurred in the Senate to-day. Baker of Oregon had the floor, and delivered a most terrible rebuke to Breckinridge, reviewing and answering his late traitorous speech. When he had given the traitor a complete castigation, and drawn the attention of all within reach of his voice, he suddenly turned upon him (Breckinridge) and, in a defiant tone, put to him this question: "What would have been said of a Roman Senator who, in the midst of one of the great national crises—when the existence of the Republic was imperilled—when Hannibal was but a day's march from the gates of the capital, should have uttered such doctrines?" Instantly Fessenden, in a suppressed but clear voice, exclaimed, "He would have been hurled from the