The Centre Democrat.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Politics, Temperance, Literature, Science, The Arts, Mechanics, Agriculture, The Markets, Education, Amusement, General Intelligence, &c.,

"WE STAND UPON THE IMMUTABLE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE--NO EARTHLY POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."

Volume 27, Bellefonte, Centre County, Penna., Thursday Morning, Aug. 15 1861. Number 28

The Centre Democrat.

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[From the Tri-States Union.

The Banner of our Nation.

The Banner of our nation
Aloud to all proclaims
Our origin and station,
Our purposes and aims.

Its emblems tell the story.
Of toil, and war, and pain,
Of men both young and hoary,
Our freedom to obtain.

The STRIPES reveal the number.
Of States that did decree
To burst their bonds asunder
And stand among the free.

Its STARS proclaim the number
Now in this Union band—
Not to be torn asunder
By Treason's ruthless hand.

Its RED reveals the treasure
Of blood our Father's gave
So bountiful in measure,
Our happy land to save.

The BLUE proclaims how truthful
We battled for the right.—
Though feeble, poor and youthful.
Against the sons of might.

OUR EAGLE tells the tidings,
That we aloft would soar,
In Freedom's strength confiding,
'Mid steel, and cannon's roar

Our PLEIADES and UNION
Show many joined in one—
In national communion,
As rays meet in the sun.

The WHITE implies that purely
They battled for the right—
That we might dwell securely
In Freedom's glorious light.

In God, the rock of Ages,
Our fathers put their trust;
They toiled or freedom's wages,
Assured their cause was just.

These emblems tell the story
Our history unfolds:
Of men both young and hoary,
So strong, and wise, and bold.

To gain among the nations
A rank of strength and fame,
Enjoy an honored station,
A lasting glorious name.

We stand 'twixt mighty fountains,
And reach from shore to shore;
Abound in vales and mountains,
Pure metals, coal and ore.

O'er all this boundless region
Our banner proudly waves,
While all the many legions
In Freedoms fountain lave.

The school, and church and college,
Abound in all our coasts,
And shed the hue of knowledge
On all our numerous hosts.

While presses all abounding
Shed wisdom's cheering rays,
To despots how confounding,
While wond'ring nations gaze.

One blot upon our story,
Gives sorrow, grief and pain:
Four millions robbed of glory,
Are bound in Slavery's chain;

Despoiled of Freedom's treasure
To toil in grief and woe,
And suffer without measure—
How long shall it be so?

Then may our Nation's banner
Forever, ever wave,
O'er oceans, marts and manors,
From dread oppression save,

Till all earth's teaming nations
The boon of Freedom gain,
Enjoy its great salvation,
Oppression cease to reign. SENEX.

SOLDIER FRITZ.

A certain bright-eyed boy, whose history I wish to relate, was known throughout the whole city of Bradenburg by the name of *Soldier Fritz*. He looked for all the world like a little general, and was always chosen one of the commanders-in-chief when his little friends had mock battles. In fact, every body said that Fritz was born to be a soldier.

When he was in his thirteenth year, the war with France broke out, and the Prussian regiments, in one of which his father was an inferior officer, received orders to march to the river Rhine. A sad day was it when that man took leave of his family and kissed them all good-bye, perhaps, the last for life. Fritz cried to go with his father, but that could not be; he was too young and weak for such an undertaking.

Six months passed away without a word from from the distant father and husband.—But one morning shortly afterwards the family received a letter from him, containing intelligence that he had been in good health, and had been raised from his humble position, and made a sergeant. "But what is the use of this new honer," he continued in his letter, "if one has nothing to eat? Oh, if I only had a single peck of our splendid potatoes! How delicious they would be!—We have to hunger here on the Rhine for three days together; and, indeed, I have not had a single potato since I left home."

This part of the letter aroused Fritz so much that he stood up in the middle of the floor, and would not let his mother read another word until she had read this over again three times, nor did he soon forget it. It pained him severely to think that his father had no potatoes to eat, while their cellar was full of the choisest kind.

Several days elapsed and Fritz could think of nothing else. So, on one occasion, he said to his mother.

"Mother, give me a sack and I will take two pecks of potatoes to my father."

"Are you not dreaming?" replied his mother, smiling, "just think of it. You would have to carry a sack of potatoes four hundred miles on your shoulders! Away with such a thought!"

These words were much quicker said than obeyed. Soldier Fritz tried very hard to forget the potatoes, but he could not. Wherever he went they would come afresh into his mind. Even when he lay on the bed at night he could get no rest; and often he would start up in his sleep and say to himself:—"*Father, you shall and must have some of the potatoes in our cellar.*"

One bright morning everybody wondered why Fritz was not down to breakfast. He was always an early riser, and no one ever thought of awaking him. By-and-by his mother went up stairs and knocked at his door. But she received no reply. So she went in; but her boy was not there. She concluded, however, that he had gone out into the meadow for a morning walk, and we'd be home again some time during the morning. But time passed on and Fritz did not come home. The clock struck twelve—one—two; but he was still absent. Finally nigh came on; and the only news they had concerning Fritz was that he had been seen on the road about the middle of the afternoon *with a large sack on his shoulders!*

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed his mother. "I shall not see my son again! What madness to think of taking potatoes to his father!"

Then she went up into his room, and found that his Sunday clothes, his new boots, and a sack he had begged from her three days before, were all gone. "He is gone! May the Lord protect him and bring him safe home again!" After this short prayer she wept as if her heart would break. It was the beginning of many a sorrowful day to her.

Now I must tell you how Fritz succeeded in his travels with the sack on his shoulders. He did not know the way to the river Rhine, but made inquiries of everybody whom he met. He had no money; in fact he had started from home with only nine cents in his pocket, and it did not take long to find some use for that. But he thought to himself, "Wherever I go the people will surely give me a loaf of bread. I need only tell them what I have in my bag, and to whom I am carrying the potatoes. Everybody will be glad to help me. And after a while I shall reach my father. What a surprise it will be to him! Then will I say to him:—'Father, I have picked out the best potatoes in our cellar for you, and here they are.'"

The hopes that Fritz had of being assisted by other people were all realized, though it was not a safe plan for him to depend upon them. He found benefactors in the inn where he stopped on the first night of his journey; for when the morning came the guests made him up a purse of eight dollars. By means of this he was enabled to ride two days in the mail coach. But when it was all gone he shouldered his sack of potatoes again, and trudged on in the direction of the river Rhine. At another hotel where he halted to spend the night the landlord asked him where he was going. Fritz replied by telling him that his father was in the Prussian army, that he had written about his having eaten no potatoes for six months, and also that he had said in his letter he would like so much to have some of the good ones he had left at home. "Here's a boy who loves his parents!" said the landlord; whereupon he took a paper and pencil, and raised from his guests a subscription of twenty-eight dollars. But Fritz would only take seven dollars, for he said he would not have a cent more than would carry him to the Rhine where his father was.

Finally, after Fritz had journeyed many a long mile, he saw in the distance the first sentinel that kept guard around the Prussian army.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me where my father is?" was the question he asked of the soldier.

"Foolish boy," answered the long-whiskered sentinel, "how do you suppose I know who your father is, or with what regiment he is connected?"

"I beg your pardon," replied Soldier Fritz, hurriedly. "My father's name is Martin Bollerman, and he is a sergeant in the Brandenburg regiment.

"All right, my young friend, you can pass on."

Then Fritz walked as fast as he could, until he came to the second sentinel; then to the third; and finally to the adjutant, who took him by the hand, and, after placing himself right in front of him, made a strict examination of him. But the more he questioned the boy, the more friendly and pleasant he become.

"Come along with me," he said, "I think we shall be able to find your father without much trouble."

So they walked on until they came to a magnificent tent, from the top of which there floated a beautiful flag. It was made of fine silk, and Fritz's heart bounded for joy as he saw it streaming in the wind. He went into the tent with the adjutant, and only took his sack of patatoes from his shoulders when invited to take a seat. He was surprised to see in another corner of the tent, a man clad in brilliant uniform, who was sitting at a large table with maps and plans spread out before him. When the adjutant went up to him he slowly raised his head; as he did so, Fritz was convinced that he was the general of the army.

After a few words of conversation had passed between them, the general motioned to the adjutant to leave, and beckoned to Fritz to come up to the table where he was.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he looked at the boy from head to foot.

"Fritz Bollerman, but everybody calls me *Soldier Fritz*," was the prompt reply.

The general smiled, and inquired further: "Where did you come from?"

"From Brandenburg."

"What brought yo here?"

"I wanted my father to have some of our good potatoes, and here is a bag of them for him."

"Do you say you have potatoes in that sack for your father?"

"Seeing is believing, respected general.—Here they are, as smooth and round as pebbles from the brook," answered Fritz, as he untied the mouth of the sack.

"Very well, my son. They are indeed excellent potatoes, and sharpen up my appetite amazingly. But do you go in the little room yonder, and stay until I call you. Leave your bag here; it will be safe in my care.

So Fritz lifted the little curtain that served for a door, and entered the room at the back of the tent. As the large arm-chair was empty he sat down in it, and being weary, from his toilsome journey, he soon fell asleep there. He was snoring loud enough, I can assure you, when the general went in and looked at him half an hour afterwards. But while he was sound asleep, the general was busy in arranging for a supper. He invited Sergeant Bollerman, and all the highest officers in the army, to come to his tent that evening for tea. Then he gave the necessary orders to his cook, as to what he and his guests would have to eat.

The hour for supper arrived. All who had been invited came in good time. It was a matter of surprise to the high officers to find that Sergeant Bollerman had been requested to take supper with the general, as he had never before received such an honor. Indeed, the sergeant himself was almost overpowered when he read the invitation, and at first thought there must be some mistake.

The most remarkable thing on the table was a large covered dish. Everything else was handed round, but this was not touched.

Occasionally some of the officers glanced at it in curiosity. The general noticed it and smiled at his adjutant, who was the only one besides himself that knew the secret. Finally the order was given to the waiter to take the lid of the dish. What should everybody see but *potatoes with the skins on them!* Truly this was not expected. Some greater luxury was looked for. But you could not have pleased Sergeant Bollerman better. He would rather eat a good potatoe than the richest dainty.

"Thus far in our supper, my friends, you have been my guests," said the general, as a smile played on his lips. "But for the remaining part of our meal—that is for the potatoes—you are the guests of Sergeant Bollerman!" The officers inquired, with one voice, how that could be. "Tell us," said they, "how this comes to pass."

"I? Oh, no. I can't tell a story well," answered the general. "But I have a good historian near at hand. He will satisfy your wishes. "Adjutant, call our little friend from my private room."

Everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. Just now the sergeant seemed to have caught the whole idea; and he first turned pale and then red, as the eyes of the general rested on him. The adjutant entered the little chamber and in a few minutes he lifted the curtain, leading out by the hand a bright-eyed boy—*Soldier Fritz.*

"Fritz, my dear Fritz! How did you get here?" exclaimed the sergeant, quite unmindful of the company in which he was.

The delighted boy made no reply, but rushed to his father's arms, that were stretched out to receive him. The scene was really affecting. Even the general himself was moved to tears. When some minutes of silence had passed by, the general told Fritz to relate *the history of his joruney, to the company present.* I would have been delighted if you could have heard him. He told everything so truthfully and earnestly. When he had finished, the general made a signal for the company to retire from the tent. But as the sergeant was about leaving with the rest he was told that his presence was further needed, and was requested to go into the little room of which I have spoken before. So he and Fritz went in there together.

By-and-by the general came in, holding a large piece of parchment in one hand, and a long purse full of gold pieces in the other.

He then said to Sergeant Bollerman. "My friend, here is your discharge from service in the army, together with the guaranty of a pension as long as you live. And this purse contains a little present for your faithful son. It will help to educate him and fit him for usefulness."

"General, you are so kind! I have not deserved such favors as these," replied the sergeant, so delighted that he hardly knew what to say.

"Yes, you have. In the last engagement with the enemy you fought bravely, and received a wound which will follow you to your grave. More than this, you have a son whose affectionate heart and active mind will need a father's sympathy and care. Go home, old comrade, and bring all your children up as you have done this one, *to respect, and love and labor for their parents.*

The sergeant was deeply affected at these words. He kissed the general's hand, and thanked him for his kindness and attention.

Then the general turned to Soldier Fritz, and after kissing him several times he said: "*Be good and industrious and you will become an honored man. God always loves a child who honors his father and mother; and he invariably makes such children successful and respected. Farewell, and may thy Heavenly Father bless thee!*"

I will not weary your patience by describing the journey homewards, nor by dwelling upon the joyful meeting with the loved ones again. And when everything was revealed, it was to Fritz that all eyes were turned.—They heaped praises upon him, but they did not make him vain or proud. His answer to his parents when they spoke well of him was:

"*My dear parents, you have prayed much for me. It is no wonder then that God has made me instrumental in doing some little good.*"

When Fritz grew up to manhood, he became a soldier, for that was what he had always felt it to be his duty to be. Step by step he rose from one position to another.—Now he is a celebrated and respected general of the Prussian army.

The Sword Presentation.

In our last issue we made mention of the presentation of a sword to Capt. Kistler, of the Westmoreland Blues, and promised, at the solicitation of numerous friends of the parties who acted in the pleasant affair, to give a synopsis at least, of the addresses on the occasion.

Gen. H. D. Foster, happening to be present, "broke the ice" by handing Gen. Stokes the sword, to be delivered by him to Capt Kistler, at the same time giving utterance to a remark, which though brief, (characteristic of the gentleman) conveyed a meaning not susceptable of being misunderstood.

Gen. Stokes presented it to Capt. Kistler in the most original and beautiful address, which it is, we regret to say, impossible adequately to report. He drew the sword from the scabbard, and said, handing it to the Captain. "Take this sword, which I give you *unsheathed*, that you may recollect that it is at once the instrument and the emblem of war—to be both worn and *used*. It is the only and universal original weapon—consecrated by valor in all ages, and its blade shines brightly with glory, from the war waged by Israel, by God's personal command, to this present war, as holy as that, and made for the vindication of the Heaven born truth of *man's equality to man*. Success is as certain as the Divine Omnipotence, which decreed hell for the first Secessionist. The argument of the Devil for rebellion was far better then that of our traitors, for the Devil was a scholar and a gentleman.—Swords of honor are commonly the rewards of successful valor, but we *know* you, your officers and men, and we may safely, by presenting the weapon *now*, anticipate a result certain in the future." Gen. Stokes at length continued to examine the causes of the war and vindicate its justice.

With evident emotion the Captain replied as follows:

My Dear Sir:—Language fails me to express my heartfelt gratitude for this beautiful sword, presented to me in behalf of the citizens of Greensburg and vicinity. Sir, I accept it as a token of their respect and friendship. I do most assuredly appreciate the gift; not on account of its value; not that I have as yet merited this noble gift at your hands, but on account of the confidence placed in me—a confidence which I will *never* betray.

In accepting this trusty weapon I discard any revengful feeling or desire to shed the blood of my fellow-countrymen, but desire only to wield it in defence of our government our liberties, our freedom, our homes and our families.

May the arm be palsied that ever attempts to wield it in any other than the cause of justice and truth—and in your presence and the presence of my friends, I assert my firm determination to sacrifice my life, if needs be, in defence of that flag that has so long and so proudly waved its starry constellation under the broad canopy of heaven, and under whose folds, we, as a united people, have so long been protected and respected.

In conclusion, permit me to say to my friends that they shall never have cause to regret the confidence reposed in me—and I trust that this valued gift in my hands shall never be stained with dishonor, but will grasp it firmly with an uplifted hand and go forth in the defense of the Stars and Stripes, and to aid in the maintenance of the supremacy of the Constitution and the perpetuity of this glorious Union.

Capt. Trees, of Salem, being present, was called on, and responded in a few beautiful romarks appropriate to the occasion, which were well received, at the conclusion of which the crowd gave three hearty cheers for Captain Kistler, and three more for Foster, Stokes and Trees. The train having now arrived the Captain got aboard, and thus ended the presentation.—*Pennsylvania Argus, Greensburg Pa.*

The Pennsylvanian Battle Cry.

AIR.—"Gay and Happy."

Hark! the trumpet calls to duty,
See our glorious flag's unfurl'd,
The Stars and Stripes unite in beauty,
The pride and envy of the world.
So let the world jog as it will,
We are for the Union still;
For the Union, for the Union,
We are for the Union still.

If we wish that flag respected,
We must answer honor's call;
Duty must not be neglected,
Tho' our dearest friends should fall.
So let the world jog, &c.

Traitors have betrayed the nation,
But we will by the Union stand;
Let every Patriot seek his station,
With the gallant warlike band.
So let the world jog, &c.

Tho' the rebels have exulted.
In their treason and their shame;
Yet the flag they have insulted,
Still retains its honored name.
So let the world jog, &c.

Long its folds shall float above us,
While we shout our battle cry;
"We will fight for those who love us,
But let every traitor die."
So let the world jog, &c.

Pennsylvanians to your station,
Boldly meet the traitor foe;
Fight as bravely for the nation,
As you did in Mexico.
So let the world jog, &c.

Then your dames shall live in story,
And echoed be from strand to strand;
Then fight for Liberty and Glory,
The Union and your Native Land.
So let the world jog, &c.

Compromise.

The veriest spawn of the "Father of Lies"
Is that creeping creature called Compromise.

A slimy thing in villainous guise,
With the pompous title—Compromise.

The tool of the weak—the scorn of the wise—
Oh! men! beware of Compromise!

Crooked and dark the pathway lies,
Before the fiend named Compromise.

Avoiding the gleam of good men's eyes,
Characterless crawls Compromise.

Two cowards at war—one of them cries,
"Let's settle the matter by Compromise!"

So wrapped in a screen that detection defies,
It stalks in umpire—Compromise.

Two thieves that grasp a stolen prize,
Divide the spoils by Compromise.

A country groans and a nation sighs
When leaders turn to Compromise.

Though fools may hope to strengthen ties
By cotton bands of Compromise.

If you wish to see a nation rise,
Dare to speak of Compromise

Accursed be he who sells or buys
His country's honor with Compromise.

Hang him high, and after he dies,
Write on his tombstone—Compromise!

Can ye never a plan devise
To save your land but Compromise?

Come to your senses! Up! Arise!
'Ere ye strike on the rock of Compromise.

The American Girl.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story.

Her lofty hills and valleys green,
Are shining bright before us;
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips,
For those who meet her foeman,
For glory's star knows no eclipse,
When smiled upon by woman.

For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer, and tears to weep,
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our songs are for her freedom;
Our prayers are for the gallant band
Who strike where honor leads them.

We love the taintless air we breathe,
'Tis Freedom's endless power;
We'll twine for him on endless wreath
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauteous fair.
Of Italy's proud daughters,
Of Scotland's lasses, England's fair
And nymphs of Shannon's waters.

We need not boast their haughty charms,
Though lords around them hover,
Our glory lies in freedom's arms—
A Freeman for a lover.

Slavery and the War.

Many things have seemingly combined to bring about the present rebellion; but all converge to one point. THE CAUSE IS SLAVERY. The conspirators are endeavoring to establish a confederacy which shall have slavery for its basis. It is so declared by Jeff. Davis and his fellow rebels. *They* do not disguise it; why should we? This rebellion is for the purpose of legalizing, by strong Constitutional law, "the vilest system that ever saw the sun," and to make it perpetual. This is their own declaration.

How long is it expected that the Government or its soldiers are to stand by and see the property of Union men in the South seized and confiscated, Northern creditors robbed by proclamations and edicts of repudiation, and make no retaliation, or to resist only in the most refined and delicate manner? How long shall we heed the cry of Toryism, that they are brethren and must be whipped as little as possible? How long!

We are at war!—not only this, but we are at war with a semi-barbarous, and a most savage and unscrupulous foe. They stop at no device to accomplish *their* ends. They do not respect a flag of truce, or even wounded soldiers on the field of battle. The hospital for the wounded, or the green sash of the surgeon, is not heeded; but, like other savages, indiscriminate slaughter is their practice. The field at Bull's Run has proven this. The brutal mobs and horrid murders of unoffending men at the South, in time of peace, had proved it long ago, but the Northern people were slow to believe. Now we know the enemy we have to deal with. We know that they fight only when entrenched, and in vastly superior numbers, and act like cowards and savages whenever they have an opportunity. They press their Negroes into service to build entrenchments, and arm them to fight in front of their battles.

Is there any longer a necessity for treating this matter so delicately? Wherever slavery is found not only to be the cause of the war, but is being used in protecting the enemy and killing loyal soldiers, *destroy it—root it out—eradicate it.* Especially let this be done wherever whole communities are disloyal and seek to overthrow the government for the sake of slavery. We think it is Vattel who says, when writing on the Law of Nations, that we "have a right to weaken our enemy in order to render him incapable of supporting his unjust violence," "*to deprive him of everything* which may enable him to make war, in the manner most suitable to us." In these statements all writers on International Law agree. It is folly to allow an enemy his greatest source of strength, when we possess power to make that very strength a source of weakness and certain annihilation. "To this complexion must it come at last." The slave drivers are using their slaves to destroy the Government that has protected them, and to destroy the lives of our soldiers. Shall we not destroy these living engines of our destruction? If a ship should sail up Delaware Bay, containing Rebels, firing on the people and the property on shore, would there be any hesitancy in destroying it? If the Rebels fire on our people from a church, will the sacredness of the edifice save it from destruction? If a rich planter has his own fine house fortified and surrounded by masked batteries, shall our soldiers die by his deadly shots rather than destroy his beautiful villa? If slaves build that house and fire these guns, shall that kind of "property" be held more sacred than his inanimate chattels? By slavery he is enabled to purchase guns and build entrenchments. Is there any reason why we should deal with the effects when we can, at once, remove the cause,—both of the defensive works, and the very thing which he is fighting for? Away with this false delicacy! WE ARE AT WAR, and let us realize it, and act as if we were determined to discover our enemy's weak point and conquer by it. The dictates of humanity, our instincts of selfpreservation our love of country, our desire for National existence, all demand that we shall proclaim liberty to every slave held by a rebel master. Congress has past an act discharging all who are used by the Rebels in throwing up entrenchments, or in fighting, from "all obligations of service or labor" to their masters. Let means be taken to proclaim this in all the rebel States, and the institution which has so well nigh ruined the country will melt away like dew before the sun, and the back bone of the rebellion will be broken.—But every slave, whether used or not for warlike purposes, who belongs to a Rebel, should be declared absolved from all obligations to perform unrequited labor. Why should we hesitate longer? Let the war be closed by removing the cause of the war.—*Chester County Times.*

General Butler on the Contraband Question.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VA.
Fortress Monroe, July 30.

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War:

SIR—By an order received on the morning of the 26th of July from Major General Dix, by a telegraphic order from Lieutenant General Scott, I was commanded to forward of the troops of this department, four regiments and a half, including Col. Baker's California Regiment, to Washington via Baltimore. This order reached me at 2 o'clock A. M. by special boat from Baltimore. Believing that it eminated because of some pressing exigency for the defense of Washington, I issued my orders before daybreak for the embarkation of the troops, sending those who were among the best I had. In the course of the following day they were all embarked for Baltimore, with the exception of some 400, for whom I had not transportation, although I had all the transport force in the hands of the Quarter-Master here, to aid the bay line of steamers, which by the same order from the Lieut-General, was directed to furnish transportation. Up to and at the time of his order I had been preparing for an advance movement by which I hoped to be able to cripple the resources of the enemy at Yorktown, and especially by seizing a large quantity of negroes who were being pressed into their service in building the entrenchments there. I had five days previously been enabled to mount for the first time, the first company of light artillery which I had been empowered to raise and they had but a single rifle cannon, an iron 6 pounder. Of course every thing must and did yield to the supposed exigency and the orders. This ordering away the troops from this department, while it weakened the posts at Newport News, necessitated the withdrawal of the troops from Hampton, where I was throwing up entrenched works to enable me to hold the town with a small force while I advanced up York or James River. In the village of Hampton there were a large number of negroes, composed, in a great measure, of women and children of the men who had fled thither within my lines of protection, who had escaped from the marauding parties of rebels who had been gathering up able bodied blacks to aid them in constructing their batteries on the York and James Rivers. I had employed the men in Hampton in throwing up intrenchments, and they were working zealously and efficiently at that duty, saving our soldiers from that labor under the gleam of the mid-day sun. The women were earning substantially their own subsistence in washing, marketing, and taking care of the clothes of the soldiers, and rations were being served out to the men who worked for the support of the children. But by the evacuation of Hampton, rendered necessary by the withdrawal of troops, leaving me scarcely 5,000 men outside the fort, including the force at Newport News, all these black people were obliged to break up their homes at Hampton, fleeing across the creek within my lines for protection and support. Indeed it was a most distressing sight, to see these poor creatures, who had trusted to the protection of the arms of the United States, and who aided the troops of the United States in their enterprise, to be thus obliged to flee from their homes, and the homes of their masters, who had deserted them, and become not fugitives from fear of the return of the rebel soldiery, who had threatened to shoot the men who had wrought for us, and to carry off the women who had served us, to a worse than Egyptain bondage. I have, therefore, now within the peninsula, this side of Hampton creek, 900 negroes, 300 of whom are able-bodied men, 30 of whom are men substantially past hard labor, 175 women, 225 children under the age of ten years, and 170 between ten and eighteen years, and many more coming in. The questions which this state of facts present are very embarrassing.

First—What shall be done with them?—and *Second*, What is their state and condition?

Upon these questions I desire the instructions of the Department.

The first question, however, may perhaps be answered by considering the last. Are these men, women, and children slaves? Are they free? Is their condition that of men, women, and children, or of property, or is it a mixed relation? What their *status* was under the Constitution and laws, we all know. What has been the effect of rebellion and a state of war upon that *status?*

When I adopted the theory of treating the ablebodied negro fit to work in the trenches, as property liable to be used in aid of rebellion, and so contraband of war, that condition of things was in so far met, as I then and still believe, on a legal and constitutional basis. But now a new series of questions arise. Passing by women, the children certainly cannot be treated on that basis; if property, they must be considered the incumbrance rather than the auxiliary of an army; and, of course, in no possible legal relation could be treated as contraband.

Are they property? If they were so, they have been left by their masters and owners, desered, thrown away, abandoned, like the wrecked vessel upon the ocean. Their former possessors and owners have causelessly, traitorously, rebelliously, and, to carry out the figure, practically abandoned them to be swallowed up by the winter storm of starvation.

If property do they not become the property of the salvors? but we, their salvors, do not need and will not hold such property and will assume no such ownership; has not therefore all proprietary relation ceased?—Have they not become thereupon men women and children? No longer under ownership of any kind, the fearful relicts of fugitive masters, have they not by their masters acts, and the state of war, assumed the condition, which we hold to be the normal one, of those made in God's image. Is not every constitutional, legal and moral requirement, as well to the runaway master as their relinquished slaves, thus answered? I confess that my own mind is compelled by this reasoning to look upon them as men and women. If not free born, yet free, manumitted, sent forth from the hand that held them never to be reclaimed.

Of course it this reasoning thus imperfectly set forth is correct, my duty as a humane man is very plain. I should take the same care of these men, women and children, housless, homeless and unprovided for, as I would of the same number of the men, women, and children, who for their attachment to the Union had been driven or allowed to flee from the Confederate States. I should have no doubt on this question, had I not seen it stated, that an order had been issued by General McDowell in his department, substantially forbidding all the fugitive slaves from coming within his lines, or being barbored there. Is that order to be enforced in all mililary departments? If so, who are to be considered fugative slaves? Is a slave to be considered fugative whose master runs away and leaves him? Is it forbidden to the troops to aid or harbor within their lines the negro children who are found therein, or is the soldier, when his march has destroyed their means of subsistence, to allow them to starve because he has driven off the rebel master? Now shall the commander of regiment or battalion sit in judgment upon the question, whether any given black man has fled from his master, or his master fled from him? Indeed, how are the free born to be distinguished? Is any one more or less a fugitive slave because he has labored upon the rebel entrenchments? If he has so labored, if I understand it, he is to be harbored. By the reception of which are the rebels most to be distressed, by taking those who have wrought all their rebel masters desired, masked their battery, or those who have refused to labor and left the battery unmasked.

I have very decided opinions upon the subject of this order. It does not become

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