# The Burlington Free Press.

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## POETRY.

### THE VOLUNTEER.

BY E. J. CUTLER.

"At dawn," he said "I bid them all farewell,
To go where bugles call and rifles gleam."
And with the restless thought asleep he fell,
And glided into dream.

A great hot plain from sea to mountain spread,
Through it a level river slowly drawn;
He moved with a vast crowd, and at its head
Streamed banners like the dawn.

There came a blinding flash, a deafening roar,
And dissonant cries of triumph and dismay:
Blood trickled down the river's reedy shore,
And with the dead he lay.

The morn broke in upon his solemn dreams,
And still with steady pulse and deepening eye,
"Where bugles call," he said, "and rifles gleam,
I follow, though I die."

Wise youth! By few to glory's wreath attained;
But death, or late or soon, awaiteth all.
To fight in Freedom's cause is something gained.
And nothing lost, to fall.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

## Miscellaneous.

### SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY.

AS EXPERIENCED BY ONE WHO SPENT THIRTEEN MONTHS IN RICHMOND "BLACK HOLE," CHARLESTON JAIL, CASTLE PINCKNEY, COLUMBIA JAIL, RICHMOND HOSPITAL, SALISBURY PRISON, BELL ISLAND, AND A FEW OTHER HOLES.

BY CAPT. G. E. DREW.

CHAPTER X.

While here the news of the capture of Roanoke caused us much joy and the rebels great depression. Hardly had this news driven away the gloom that hung over our army movements when like a thunder peal came the tidings of the "Fort Donelson victory." Nothing could exceed the excitement which this made among the people. Union spirit showed itself, and not a few were arrested for avowing themselves in favor of the "old Union."

Not long after this news came that we were to be exchanged for an equal number of Roanoke prisoners.

Imagination cannot paint our joy. For months we had been shut out from the light of liberty, suffered from hunger, cold, sickness, insults and the bitter feeling that we had no means of aiding in the glorious cause of maintaining the integrity of the Union.

It was the hour of sunrise to our souls and we thought the day of relief had come. But "put not your trust in rebels" soon became a proverb among us.

We started for Richmond in detachments of one hundred men and officers. The transportation furnished us was very good and they seemed to do all possible for our comfort.

It was laughable to see the change in the remarks of the people. There was no cursing yankees or boasting of southern exploits; gloom had settled down on the people and it was a heavy load.

All wished the war over and I have no doubt if Richmond had fallen, that all North Carolina would have come over to the side of the Union. The confederacy can sustain only success. Few countries can stand firm and united in defeat and disaster; the South never can—passion, ambition and pride are the ingredients of the rebellion, and the fire of a few great defeats will melt them away and the confederacy will destroy itself.

One of South Carolina's greatest men said to his men:

"We must not lose another great battle this year or we are ruined. The fall of *Donelson and Roanoke* and the falling back of our army from Manassas have depressed the people, filled even the hearts of our leaders with doubt, ruined confidence in our money, checking the sympathy for us in the northern states and in foreign countries, and finally making thousands of traitors among us."

On my way up I was told by a union man all about the intended attack on our vessels by the Merrimac. I mentioned this to Col. O. B. Wilcox who thought for a while it must be a sell, but the news a few days later showed me how certain was my information.

All the able bodied men were in camps of instruction. I learned that nearly 600,000 men were thus preparing for the field. They said if they could only keep our armies in check until June (1862) they would then have plenty of troops to crush us. They seemed to have spies in Washington who were able to furnish them with information of every intended movement, every new expedition, and the exact number of our forces. It must have been some one in the war department whose position enabled him to know every thing.

They claimed to have even generals in our army who so much favored them as to be false to the government they served.

One officer, who had been long in the U. S. Army, in conversation with Gen. O. B. Wilcox, remarked: "The great body of old army officers were pro-slavery. They have a deep sympathy for us, and a contempt for the mass of the North. They will not allow us to be crushed if they can help it, for they believe as we do. They have taken up that side just as the lawyer would the wrong side of a case—because he could not have the right side, and he the leading counsel."

I mention this only to show how many south imagine they have a large circle of friends here and not a few in our own army.

We saw on our way up, at Raleigh, the prisoners that had returned from Roanoke. They spoke of the very kind treatment they had received, but thought it certain that we, in the chivalrous land of the South, had received much better fare. When we told them how we had been treated they said it was a shame.

Petersburgh and Richmond were busy in preparing for the Spring campaign, and so attracted less attention. Arriving at Richmond we were quartered in the hospital for the night.

A TIMELY SCRUBBING.—"Abigail! water—soap—towels—quick! a brush—get me his tooth-brush, nail brush, scrubber, any thing! Oh! fill his mouth—plaster it in—the nasty, filthy stuff! Hold him, James! hold his mouth open, head back—last, James!" and all this in a perfect tempest of excitement; and hastily throwing a towel around the boy, and rolling up her sleeves, she enters upon the cleansing operation.

"Good gracious, Miss Osborne, what is the matter? You're goin' on dreadful," said Abigail, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry at the strange catastrophe.

"Has he hurt himself, Miss Osborne?" ventured to inquire James, holding the struggling boy in his firm grasp. "Has he cut the toothache? What ails you, Willie?

"Tobacco, James, tobacco!" eagerly resumed Mrs. Osborne. "Our boy, our Willie, chewing pig tail!—had his mouth full—teeth all black—tongue all dirty—breath, ah [gah] I shall never get it clean?" and in went the dripping brush, until the child's mouth looked like a scouring pot, and he was nearly strangled in his efforts to resist the offensive application.

"Hold still, child, hold still," she exclaimed; "soap's clean, but tobacco isn't! Ah! the dirty, poison stuff! Hold still; I'll scrub it off if I can. There, now, rinse your mouth; rinse it well; gargle the water in your throat;" and the mother, suffering the flurry to subside, sank into a chair. The three witnesses stood amazed.

"Soap's healthy; they say it cures bile," remarked James, dryly, as he proceeded to his ordinary routine of business: "but I declare's an't so pleasant to have it chucked down your throat at that rate."

"Rinse it well, Willie," said his mother; "take plenty of water—three, four, a dozen times."

"She e was no need of that exhortation, for more rinsings and garglings than could be counted were necessary to take the taste of that strong, coarse soap out of the poor child's mouth. At last, after gaspings and swallowings innumerable, he recovered his speech, while tears of anger, fright, surprise or shame, or perhaps all together, flowed freely down his cheeks.

"You're too bad, mother; you most killed me. 'Twasn't pigt il at all—'twas hone dew."

"Twas tobacco, child, tobacco; that's what it was, and that's enough. No matter what the name is; no matter how much they sweeten it, see the filthy, poisonous weed, he's mouth. What do you think father'll say?"

That was an unanswerable question. Willie didn't like even to think about it. So his mother, who, by this time, had resumed her usual tranquility, wiped the boy's face, and leading him back to the sitting room, answered it for him.

"He'll say, Willie, that he is ashamed, mortified, that a child of his should do such a coarse, vulgar, dirty thing. He'll say that he is grieved that you, knowing what his opinion and practice are about the use of tobacco, should go contrary to his wishes, and disobey and dishonor him by chewing it.—He'll be surprised, perfectly astonished, that, after what was said upon the subject only the other night, you should slyly and deceitfully commit such a fault. Willie, he'll understand now, and so shall I, why you did not join the society in school, and why you were not willing to remain and hear your teacher's lecture. O Willie! my son, my dear child, I would not have believed it possible that you should have acted so wickedly." The mother was silent, and her face was sad. Willie stood looking earnestly into the fire, the big tears rolling down his cheeks.—*The Boys' Campaign.*

TRUE COURAGE.—Dear young readers, we wish to tell you a little story—an original story—one that you never read or heard, for it was never published in book, pamphlet, or paper. It is more particularly for girls that we relate this incident; but then, if it will do the boys any good, we wish them also to be benefited by it. Last summer, as we were going to tea, we saw two little girls a few rods in front of us. They were drawing a baby-wagon, and were busily chatting away together on the great events of their little life. Our attention was deeply riveted upon them, for—if the truth must be known—we confess to a liking for little girls who appear well, to say nothing of those more mature in years. So we watched our two little friends very closely, as they trudged along together, neatly dressed, of about the same age, and easily engaged in conversation. Of course, we had no particular opinion of either, and thought as much of one as we did the other, until they came to a street-crossing. Here, however, we formed two very distinct and very different opinions of them. When about midway across the walk, a team came dashing along at a furious rate. One of the little girls saw them, and hastily exclaiming "Hurry!" ran out of harm's way herself, leaving her companion exposed to the same danger, with the heavy wagon to draw—made all the heavier by the loss of assistance. But she tugged away at it, and soon got beyond the reach of the team, when she was rejoined by her frightened—not to say cowardly—little companion. Now, which of these two little girls was the bravest the one who was just selfish enough to take care herself, or the one who was just unselfish enough to take care of any whom she not take care of itself? We know one thing, and that is, if we were going to choose either of those little girls for "our girl," as the boys says, we know just which one it would be.—*Gospel Messenger.*

GIVE ALL TO HIS COUNTRY.—An old gray-headed man, upwards of 80 years of age, came in from the East this morning by the train on his way home to Michigan. He had a sad story to tell of the sorrows caused by this unholy rebellion. The old gentleman, whose name is Crane, residing in Wayne Co., Mich., had three sons. Two of them joined one of the Michigan regiments and have done good service in several of the battles in Eastern Virginia. The third, not much more than a lad, was anxious to join his brothers, but was for some time dissuaded from the step by his father and mother, the latter having been for years a confirmed invalid. At last the urgent entreaties of the lad prevailed, and but a short time since he passed through Cleveland to join the regiment to which his brothers belonged.

The bloody struggle at Antietam followed soon after, and in that battle three brothers fell fighting bravely.

Information was sent to the bereaved parents, and the shock of the news was so great that the mother, enfeebled by long sickness, died in a few days. As soon as she was laid in the grave the old man set out for the battle-field, with the hope of finding the bodies of his three sons and bringing them home to rest beside that of their mother. The search was long and thorough, but was unsuccessful. They had been, probably, buried on the field with nothing to mark where they lay.

Mr. Crane returns home, bent down with years and with his great sorrow. He says that he has now no relatives left, and nothing to live for. Yet he does not regret the sacrifice made on the altar of his country, and only laments that he has not strength to shoulder his musket and go himself to fight against the wicked rebellion.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A BABY FOUND ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF HATCHIE.—The following is an extract of a private letter from a soldier in the 14th Ill. It is dated Bolivar, Nov. 10:

Let me relate to you a touching little incident, that will doubtless strike you as a little strange. At the battle of Hatchie, when the conflict was waging fiercest, upon advancing, midway between the contending forces, we found a sweet little blue-eyed baby, the little thing, as I saw it there, hugging the cold earth, its only bed—the little tear on its cheek,

"That nature bade it weep, turned
An ice drop sparkling in the morning beam"—
Unalarmed amid the awful confusion of that fearful battle, with the missiles of death lying thick about it and crowding close upon its young existence, yet unhurt, it seemed, as it lay in its miraculous safety, to say to me, "My helplessness and innocence appealed to God, and he preserved me in the midst of this wrecking carnage. If you will make your plaint to heaven, God will preserve your poor bleeding country."

Who would suppose that in the wild fierce battle of the Hatchie, where the field was strewn with the dead, and the shrieks of the wounded rent the heavens with agony, a great army would pause in the thickest of the conflict to save harmless a helpless child? Yet the brave 14th, that never yet has quailed in battle, did pause, and, an officer of the regiment ordered "our little baby" carried to headquarters and tenderly cared for.

The next day after the battle "our babe" was brought before the 14th, and unanimously adopted "child of the regiment." Three or four days later, strangest it may seem, a poor, heart-stricken, poverty pinched mother came searching the battle field in quest of her child. Imagine if you can the wild exclamations of thanksgiving that burst from that poor woman's heart, when informed that her child had been rescued, and with a mother's tenderness cared for. I saw the mother receive her child, heard the prayer for the soldiers who saved it; and, with the blessings of a thousand men following her and here, she took away

"Our little baby—
Little blue-eyed, laughing baby."

FATAL CARELESSNESS.—On Saturday evening, Mrs. Tranor of White Plains, N. Y., was shot dead while on her way to Tarrytown, in one of the cars of the Hudson River Railroad. This was the result of the gross carelessness of a soldier at a recruiting station in the neighborhood, who snapped his musket for the purpose of knowing whether it was loaded or not, without troubling himself to see which way his gun was aimed.


## The Free Press

BURLINGTON:

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 5, 1862.


### DEBATE ON THE PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.

The proposition to modify what is called the "Personal Liberty Law" of this State, by striking out certain sections supposed to be in violation of the Constitution of the United States, claimed considerable attention in the House on the 27th ult. The following report from Walton's *Journal* will give the substance of the debate, and the action of the House on the subject:

Mr Shaw, for Select Committee, reported in favor of agreeing with the Senate in striking out all the sections proposed to be stricken out, except sections 10 and 11 of ch 109—provisions relative to fugitive slaves and kidnapping. The House when they passed the bill, inserted all the sections of the law of 1858, which the commissioners had unanimously reported unconstitutional. The amendment of the Senate was to strike these sections out, together with the 10th and 11th sections of the revision.

Mr Shaw thought it was no time to back down, if we could get a plausible argument in its favor though it might be unconstitutional. He therefore hoped that these two sections proposed by the Senate to be stricken out would be retained. Some distinguished jurists had supported these sections,—they had been on the statute book for eleven years.

Mr Balch thought these sections should be retained. It was no time to give up any of these sections.

Mr Fletcher of Cavendish, was gratified at the action of the House when they considered this question before. He trusted they had not changed their minds.

The House refused to concur with the Senate in striking out the sections.

The committee recommended that the other section embodied in the law of 1858, be stricken out.

Mr Shaw said the committee did so because the committee were clearly of the opinion that those sections were unconstitutional, and as the Senate had raised this question, and refused to pass them he thought the House had better concur in the amendment. He read from the sections and showed clearly to his mind that the sections were unconstitutional. The committee thought the law was not only unconstitutional, but unnecessarily offensive, and while there was no occasion for there to be retained for any purpose, he thought it best that they be stricken out.

Mr Balch thought at least one more section, the 17th should be retained. He thought that there was no law in this south that had taken away the slaveholders held slaves without authority of law in the slave state. Therefore our law was not in conflict, because these slaves were not held by the laws thereof. He argued in favor of the law to considerable length.

Mr Denison said the question was, is the law right? This was for us to answer; if it was wrong, it was never too late to back down, if it was right let us stick to it.

[Mr Balch admitted this was good ground.]

He then read sections of the law and of the constitution. What did the section, "persons held to labor or service" mean? What were the framers of the constitution thinking of, when this section was framed? what were they talking about? Not apprentices only but also slaves.—No other construction was ever put upon it except in attempts to back up just such perfectly ridiculous and unconstitutional laws as this.—Slaves are called persons all over the United States. Now this section that the gentleman wishes to retain, provides that persons coming to this state with or without the consent of their masters or owners shall be free. Now if this does not conflict with the constitution, what two passages in that language are there that do conflict?

Mr Fairbanks replied, at the time the constitution was framed, South Carolina and Georgia divided equally, were the only States who planted themselves firmly on the same ground now claimed by the gentleman from Royalton, (Mr Denison) that the Constitution should provide for the return of slaves. He attempted to reply at length and with great earnestness to the position taken by Mr Denison. He argued that if it was right at all, it should be on the side of liberty and humanity. He respected the legal profession, their wisdom and integrity, and it he believed that the provisions were unconstitutional, he should favor their being stricken out. But he judged from the light he had, and in his judgment, the Constitution did not include slaves in the section "No person held to labor," &c.

Mr Redfield believed that a slave was a person and was so land north and south. It had been so held in all the States, in their courts, and in the courts of the United States. It was possible still that the gentleman from Ludlow, (Mr Balch) might be right and everybody else wrong. It has been said before in discussion that the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States was of no account, and that we should be in error if we would correct the law. He believed if the rights of the gentleman of Ludlow were in question he would appeal to that court as soon as any other man, and that they would be respected. It would be a sad time for the people of these States when the decisions of our courts were disregarded. He had traveled south and when he had spoken of the unconstitutional laws of South Carolina, he had been pointed to Massachusetts, Ohio, Maine, and Vermont laws. What could he say in reply?—Nothing, believing as he did that these laws were unconstitutional. He believed that ninety nine out of every hundred that had made law a profession and constitutional law a study, agreed with him that these laws were unconstitutional. He was no supporter of slavery, no more in favor of it than the gentleman from Ludlow, as bitterly opposed to it as he was; but he would appeal to the legitimate and constitutional manner. In his opposition to slavery, he would not violate that constitution he had so often sworn to support.

Mr Fletcher of Cavendish replied at length, fully endorsing the gentleman from Ludlow, (Mr Balch) in his remarks in favor of the bill. He gave a history of the Personal Liberty Bill in this State, as was passed in 1858. He was astonished that men so much rather interpret the constitution in favor of slavery than against it.

Mr Shaw said it was a matter of principle with the committee in their report. They had reported what they thought right. He read from the laws of Virginia providing who should be slaves, how made slaves, and various other sections, relative to slaves. He did this to show to the gentleman from Ludlow had quoted from Mr Mason of Virginia, that laws making slaves did not exist in the south.

Mr Balch said he meant to be understood that the laws authorising slavery in the first place, did not exist, and this on the authority of Mr Mason, also of Mr Gaston of North Carolina.

The discussion was continued by Miller of Williston, who opposed striking out the sections.

Mr Fletcher moved that the bill be ordered to lie; disagreed to.

Mr Henry called for a division of the question, first, on striking out the 12, 14, 15 and 18 sections.

Mr Johnson of Newark, demanded the yeas and nays—yeas 91, nays 64, and the amendment was thus concurred in.

Mr Henry then moved to propose to the Senate to modify the 17th section so that every person who with the consent of his master comes into the State or is in the State, who may have been held as a slave, shall be free.

The question being put showed no quorum present (it being about 15 minutes past the usual hour for adjournment.) But upon another call of the House, a quorum was found to be present.—The House refused to propose to modify, but concurred in the proposed amendment of the Senate, striking out the 17th section also.

A late report from Washington is that President Lincoln says that taking all things into account, the late State elections have not resulted so badly as was at first supposed—that the influence on the side of his emancipation policy from the vote in Missouri, outweighs all that can be said against it from the elections in New York, Pennsylvania and other States which gave democratic majorities. A vigorous effort is making in Missouri to put an end to slavery in that State. Intelligent residents of the State say there are not over 50,000 slaves left in it, and many of these will be declared free because belonging to rebel masters. To alter the State constitution would be a work of time; but if Congress will aid in paying the owners, which the present State constitution makes necessary in order to emancipation, it is thought there will be no serious practical difficulty in bringing Missouri into the list of Free States. The friends of emancipation in Missouri appeal to the people of the Free States for their good influences in favor of such a measure. No doubt their appeal will be favorably regarded.

[Our Army Correspondence.]

### FROM THE 12TH REGIMENT.

CAMP VERMONT,
NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA., NOV. 24, 1862.

*Dear Free Press:*

Death has again invaded the circle of our Company, and has taken one of our comeliest and best. We miss William Spaulding much, and mourn for him sincerely. We did not expect to bring back all we took away from Burlington, but if asked which would probably be of the first to yield to the exposures and risks of this hard life, who would have pointed out that fine handsome boy? It seems hard that such should be sacrificed to the demon of rebellion. He had in him, unless I am mistaken, the making of a first rate soldier, and a worthy and useful man. The regularity and hearty devotion with which he performed all his military duties, from the day of his enlistment till disabled by sickness, was matter of remark; and his tall figure and pleasant face, in the first file of the company, was always a pleasant sight to every one. All who knew him here were his friends, and he had not an enemy, I presume, in the world. He began to lose flesh and strength while we were on Capitol Hill, with at any apparently sufficient reason, and finally went into the regimental hospital; grew better, was pronounced fit for duty by the Surgeon, was placed on guard at a private house near here, where he had the shelter of a roof and more comforts than he could have in camp, caught a severe cold, and died in a day or two, from congestion of the lungs. Captain Page, Lieut. Wing, the Chaplain, and Surgeon, did all they could for his relief and comfort after he was thus attacked, and with two of his comrades, were with him when he died. He received the intelligence that he must die calmly and he was ready, sent a few words of parting remembrance and admonition to his friends, and passed away quietly from earth. His death has cast a shade over the Company, and we ask carelessly, "who will be the next?"

One of the line officers, Lieut. Howard of the Northfield Company, died in the hospital on Friday, from inflammation of the brain. The two deaths were made the occasion of most impressive remarks by Chaplain Brooks, at Divine Service yesterday, preaching from the text, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Many as are the contrasts between our life in the army and that we led at home, there is none greater than that between our Sabbaths there and here. As we stood at regimental Service yesterday, our chapel a vacant spot before the Colonel's tent, our heads canopied only by the grey clouds drifting swiftly to the southwest, and the chill November wind blowing through our ranks, I could not but cast back a thought to the quiet and comfortable New England sanctuaries most of us have been wont to worship in, and notice some of the differences. But we were thus much better off than most of the regiments in the army, in that few of them, probably, had or have commonly, any Sabbath service at all.

We had four days of almost incessant rain, last week,—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. I have been thinking of going into some description of the special delights of such a time, for men living in small tents and sleeping on the ground; but I forbear. Our friends at home expend on us all the sympathy we need, without any detailed account of our "blue" times. I have the facts, however, for an essay on Virginia mud, whenever I get time to write it, and I assure you it is a deep subject.

Orders were out for a grand review on Thursday at Fort Albany, six miles from here, of all the forces on this side of the river, including of course our Brigade. It was the third and hardest day of the storm. A countermand was confidently expected; but nine came, and at nine o'clock, the Twelfth, with three other regiments, took up its line of march through the mud and rain. The mud varied from a thin porridge of one part red clay to three parts water, to a thick adhesive salve of three parts clay to one of water,—there or thereabouts—I may not give the proportions exactly. It was a hard march. The foot planted in the red salve alluded to, is lifted with some difficulty, and then comes up a number of sizes larger, and three or four pounds heavier. A mile or two of such marching tries the stardiest muscles. But the march of our boys was that of a host of conquering heroes. They took the whole country—along with them, on their sides. In the lack of any affection on the part of the inhabitants, it was delightful to find such a strong attachment on the part of the "sacred soil." There were the main compensations. We couldn't see, somehow, the mysterious connexion between this tramp through the mud, and the business of crushing out the rebellion, on which we came down here; and when, a mile beyond Alexandria, a courier met the column with orders to return at once to camp, the suspicion that when you go down to the root of the matter you won't find that all might just as well have staid in camp, became general. The substance of the proceeding was that four thousand men had a march of eight miles in a storm which make the bare idea of a review an absurdity—that was all. Perhaps "somebody blundered."

The winter quarters for this regiment are to be long log huts, one for a company, made of logs set endwise in the ground, in which a roof of boards will be placed. They make some progress. The truth is this Brigade has a good deal to do.—Our regiment's have a picket line of six miles to guard, the nearest point of which is five or six miles from Camp. They furnish a thousand men daily, in good weather, to dig in the trenches of Fort Lyon. They have to cut the timber for our winter quarters, and construct the same, and they have to fill up the interstices of time with the much needed drill. If Uncle Sam's $20 a month is not pretty generally earned, so far, this Brigade, some of us are much mistaken.

The picket service is becoming arduous. The pickets are out 48 hours. At many of the stations no fire is allowed, and special vigilance is enjoined, so that little sleep can be obtained; and with all precautions there is a chance of meeting a shot from some of the rebel spies and straggling guerrillas which occasionally hover around the outer circles of our lines. Saturday night a couple of the Shelburne boys in our company were thus fired on. Add to these inconveniences the special discomforts of rain and deep mud, and picket service becomes anything but romantic.

A sad event occurred on Wednesday on the picket line. A Corporal of the 14th Regiment while instructing a soldier how to halt and aiver with his piece any suspected enemy approaching the station, fired off his gun, shooting the man through the breast. The wound was a terrible one, and I am told the man must die.

I noticed in a letter from the 13th regiment in the Daily *Times*, a week or more ago, a sweeping statement that but few of the articles sent from home for the comfort of sick soldiers ever reach them, owing to the fact that the officers appropriate them to their own use. There may be individual cases of that sort, perhaps many of them, take the army through; but that such theft from sick men, of the things they prize most, is necessary, in our Vermont Regiments, I do not believe. I know that in the hospital of the 12th the things sent in for the soldiers, are put to their proper use, with scrupulous care. I am a frequent visitor at the hospital and have been glad to note the improvements added daily, for the comfort of its inmates. Its area has been enlarged, while the number of patients has decreased. It is floored and boarded up on the sides. Neat iron bedsteads have been supplied, and the sick men sleep on beds, between sheets furnished by the Ladies' Relief Association of Washington. It is to the credit of Surgeon Ketchum that his hospital is comfortable, far beyond the average. Mr. S. Prentice, of the Committee of the Vermonters' Relief Association, Washington, is a frequent visitor, and brings supplies of needed articles.

The visit of the Committee of the Ladies of Burlington, Mrs. Dr. Thayer and Mrs. Platt, to our Camp yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Chittenden and Dr. Hatch, was a most agreeable surprise for our Company. It was a double pleasure to see faces from home, and *Ladies' faces*, which are decided novelties in Camp.

Your printers make curious work with some of my sentences. I undertook to say, in a recent letter, that there had been no *mutiny* in this Brigade, in consequence of McClellan's removal; your types made it "no *nonsense*," which is another thing entirely, though it may be equally true.

The weather has come off fine, clear and frosty after the storm.

YORK. G.

[Correspondence of the Free Press.]

### FROM MONTPELIER.

MONTPELIER, NOV. 29, 1862.

*Editors Free Press:*

The proposition to allow banks to issue fractional bills, has been discussed at different times during the past two weeks by the House, and it was once decided that a bill making provision for such issue should not pass. Yesterday afternoon, however, the chapter of revision relating to banking, came up for consideration, and among other amendments proposed, was one allowing the banks to issue fractional bills. Several members questioned whether such a proposition was in order, the matter having once been decided by the House. Speaker Smith had placed Mr. Gardner in the chair, and Mr. Gardner decided that the amendment was in order. Mr. Smith of St. Albans, (Speaker) then took the floor, and made a somewhat lengthy argument in favor of the amendment. He stated that banks must issue fractional bills, or the bills now circulated by unauthorized parties must continue to be circulated, and their number would be greatly increased. Applications had been made to the appropriate department of the General Government, for a supply of the postal currency, to relieve the imperative necessities of the Vermont Central and other railroads; but no supply had been obtained, and it was evident that they could not obtain a supply. The amendment was adopted and the chapter passed the House. Whether the Senate will concur in the amendment is doubtful. There will be an investigation by some of the Senators into the facts stated by Speaker Smith, before they approve of the proposition to authorize the banks to issue fractional bills. The ground formerly taken in the House, that a proposition of this kind was in direct violation of an act of Congress in reference to currency, seems to have been lost sight of; or perhaps the statements and arguments in opposition to this view, have convinced members that it is unsound.

The vote on the bill providing to pay Judge Bennett and others, for labor in revising the General Statutes, was reconsidered this morning, and the vote adopting the amendments, was also reconsidered. The bill was then again amended so as to read, "eighteen hundred" in place of three thousand dollars, and again passed.

Members are expressing themselves doubtfully, about the possibility of completing the business of the Session before Thanksgiving.

P.

MONTPELIER, NOV. 27, 1862.

*Eds. Free Press:*

One of those local measures which occasionally assume an undue prominence in legislation have just been disposed of finally, by granting an extension of the charter of Brandon Bank. Both pro and anti Bank has been compared in and about the aforesaid township to obtain signatures to petitions for and against granting this recharter. It seems to have been a very extensive neighborhood quarrel, which was for a time transferred to the halls of legislation. There have been hearings before committees, leaders in newspapers, circulars containing accounts of astounding frauds upon the public, and other equally potent powers brought to bear, until to be neither a Brandon Bank man nor an anti-Brandon Bank man, implied a lack of ordinary spirit and intelligence. The poor Bank Committee were so tolabered in regard to the matter that after an immense amount of investigation had, they declined to report any opinion on the subject, and returned the bill to the House, and asked, permission to remain mum upon the question of its merits. The consequence was that the facts which had appeared before the committee and had been reiterated until they had become almost notorious, had to be gone over again in the House, by drawing them out in response to a series of interrogatories. It was an unusually protracted specimen of legislative cross-questioning, in which it will be remembered, the Speaker acted as a medium between questioner and respondent. The battle is decided at last, and the people of Brandon will have to find some other cause célèbre, or subside into a condition of legislative quiescence.

P.

MONTPELIER, NOV. 28.

*Eds. Free Press:*

The Honorable Speaker at the close of the morning Session to-day, came to the table of your correspondent with a fragment of the ex-to be respected FREE PRESS in his hand. It was with a degree of trepidation that your humble correspondent listened to the Speaker's criticism of what he, quoting as he said, from others, termed a great mountainous, or misrepresentation of facts, in reference to his having preferences, as Speaker, in regard to the bill to pay Mills L. Bennett and others. At the close of the interview, no new light had dawned upon the mind of your correspondent, beyond the revelation of the fact, that a few moons back thrown away in trying to legislate in reference to a claim bill, was a matter of regret to many members of the House. The business of legislation is progressing as rapidly as the reports of Committees will permit. This morning the business upon the Speaker's desk was completed, before the usual hour for adjournment, and the Committees are now occupied in completing the business still before them. There will undoubtedly be every effort made to adjourn without fail on Tuesday next. It is, however, [illegible] in the minds of members whether this [illegible] accomplished.

P.

We cheerfully give place to the following note from Mrs. H. G. Davenport, of Westfield, Vt., agent for the N. E. Women's Association for Va.:

The subject of it—viz: the preparation and transmission of dried fruit for the army—is one of great importance. We shall have occasion to advert to the subject hereafter.

*Editors Free Press:*

Sir:—Will you be kind enough to give a paragraph in appeal to the subject of providing as large a quantity as possible of fruit, for the use of the sick and wounded in the hospitals?

The Sanitary Commission has issued a circular, briefly asking for such supplies, in addition to the others for which it has so great a demand. It says, it should be immediately published as widely as possible, that dried apples cannot be sent to the depots of the Commission in too large quantities.

There are various mediums of distribution for articles, and I by no means insist they shall be sent to the Sanitary Commission, where any other, equally reliable, is known to the donor. All we ask is that these things may be furnished, in abundance, to those who will be so much benefitted by them, and through some reliable agency of distribution. The Sanitary Commission does not waste, lose, sell or destroy any articles that reach its storehouses.

I met a family of children in Williamstown, Vermont, who had dried and prepared ten bushels of apples, "for the Soldiers"—from a very ordinary orchard on a hill farm. The orchards of Chittenden County have a reputation equal to any in New England.

Contributions marked "To be kept dry," may be sent to the New England Women's Auxiliary Association, 22 Summer St., Boston,—this being the Boston and New England Branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

The New Orleans *Delta* of Nov. 15th, has a long account of the dodge by which $465,000 in gold from the Bank of New Orleans was got off through the French Consul to Havana, to pay for cloth contracted for by the house of Eh. Gauntlet & Co., with the agents of the rebel confederacy. It will be remembered that when Gen. Butler laid his hand on about $800,000 last April, on the charge of the French Consul, the money being as he had reason to believe liable to seizure as property to be used traitorously for the rebel confederacy, there was a great howl raised about the rights of neutrals, the sanctity of a neutral flag, &c. Our Government sent Reverdy Johnson, an able lawyer of Baltimore, but one whose heart was very soft towards the rebels, down to New Orleans as a Commissioner, to decide what was to be done. The manner of his communication is thus stated by the *Delta*:

To our misguided fellow citizens, whose treasures and loves are in Jefferson, he was not harsh. Not at all. His was the policy of conciliation.—Our foreign relations he arranged in the most satisfactory style. One had but to address him with broken English, gently sprinkled with parlez-vous, and his mind was made up. Every body knows what came of his visit; and that chiefly, the foreign consuls became, or at least thought they became, masters of the situation. The money which Gen. Butler had sequestered and held to await investigation, upon Mr. Reverdy Johnson's representations, was ordered to be returned to them. Mr. Reverdy Johnson was satisfied that every body but the Commanding General was all right; and he advised the Government accordingly.

But it turned out that the Commanding General was in the right after all—that the entire proceeding of the others engaged in it, was a swindle for the benefit of the rebels. The *Delta* gives the statements of the witnesses, and sums up the matter as follows:

"The upshot of all this is, that of the $800,000 which the bank attempted to smuggle somewhere, through the agency of the French Consulate, $465,000 was taken back to the bank under Gen. Butler's order. Of that sum, $90,000 was ostensibly sold—prize it by some malfeasance by Menard, the gentleman who employed some hands to cut it down very hastily the other day. The balance of that $400,000 is now in the vaults of the bank for the payment of its debts. The other $405,000 having been fraudulently represented as having gone into the hands of the confederate authorities a fortnight before Gen. Butler came here, was through the agency, innocently or otherwise, of the French Consul, and Mr Reverdy Johnson, acting as the Consulate, and finally, a few weeks since, was sent to Havana in a Spanish ship-of-war, for the payment of debts of the southern confederacy; and so delicate was the transaction considered, while the money was stored at the French Consulate, that it was found necessary to change the receipts—because, as one of the parties says, 'the French Consul got uneasy about it,' and wanted to put into the name of a French citizen." Indeed, the bank has, since April 15th, held three different receipts for money, but an entry relating to which can be found on its books since that date. The stockholders of the bank are the losers, therefore, of nearly half a million of dollars, which, but for the French Consul, they would now have in their hands—which would be there now, but for Gen. Butler's policy never been interfered with by Reverdy Johnson."

This affair caused the arrest of the brothers Le More, the resident partners of the house of Gauntlet & Co., who were sent to Forts Jackson and Pickens, and also of Mr Davis, the President, and Mr Hozall, a director of the bank of New Orleans, who are held for trial. The present Board of Directors are said to be innocent of the affair, and are getting ready to open the bank again.

PACKAGES DAMAGED EN ROUTE TO CAMP.—A member of a New York Volunteer regiment at present "away down in Dixie," thus acknowledges the receipt of what should have been a box of valuables:

"I went down to the chief quartermaster's yesterday and got my box. I am sorry to say that the contents were nearly all destroyed. All that remained good was a few apples, probably four quarts. The corks had worked out of the bottles, and the latter were empty. The jar of pears and the jar of berries were broken. The vinegar had all run out of the jar of pickles, and you may imagine what kind of a mess there was. What things were on the top were good. When anything is sent in bottles, the corks should be tied with strong twine, as wax will not hold in this climate. I was not the only one who had some good things. One of the boys received a box at the same time as I did, the whole contents of which were spoiled, viz: A cask of pickles, a whole cheese, and two hundred cigars. Pain in camp life. Ain't it pleasant?"

A New Hampshire man employed in the Quartermaster's Department writes to me at the Manchester papers as follows:

In regard to the order of Gen Halleck forbidding the sending of "goodies" to the soldiers, I think it is about right. Also the order reducing the rations of the soldiers. You must recollect I am differently situated than the boys in the ranks. All my personal effects are carried in a wagon—all I have to carry is myself—and I have never found that very difficult since I've had a horse. But say, for instance, I shouldered a gun and knapsack. You send me out three or four shirts, two or three pairs of stockings, a couple pairs of drawers, etc. Of course I would start with them, as they go into my knapsack, along with my woolen blanket, weighing six or eight pounds—my rubber blanket is nearly as heavy, and my overcoat heavier still—and all the little traps that go to make up a soldier's "kit," such as writing paper, pens and ink, needles, pins and thread, yarn, handkerchiefs, towels, soap, and so on till the end of the chapter. All this is done up in a "wall" and fastened to my shoulders and under my arms. Then comes my gun, 9 pounds, my cartridge box with forty rounds (six or seven pounds more) my three days' rations—which any man can eat at two meals, but which weigh pretty heavy—and my canteen of water. Well, the order comes to march. I have just devoured the last of the pies, cakes, &c., "from home," and doubling my knapsack and equipments I "fall in" and away we go. For a while I get along bravely, but still I keep bunching up my knapsack, for it is so heavy it says, while the rest, with lighter knapsacks and freer stomachs get along easier—The cake I ate and the load I carry make me thirsty, so I will down my canteen of water (I plete) in the course of a mile or two—tiredly and I begin to grow faint, weary, or sick at the stomach. I won't throw away any of my load, but stick it out until compelled to fall out of the ranks from mere exhaustion. When once out, in this plight there is no such thing as catching up, and so I become a "straggler." Furthermore, while we were on the Peninsula, we lived very abstemiously; no Water Cure Establishment could have made us live any more so. As soon as we arrived in Alexandria, we bade farewell with "goodies" began to come from kind friends at home, and the boys could also get pies, cakes, &c., from Alexandria, and the pedlers which swarm around a camp. So, in a few days the hospitals were crowded patients, troubled with nausea, dysentery, colic, cramp in the stomach, and on account other "ailings," all from this sudden change from salt junk and hard bread to richer food. "Do you see the point?"

Scarcely half the States have furnished their quotas to this day, or, if the troops have been raised, have, like Massachusetts, detained them in camps at home, when they were needed in the field.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Chicago *Journal* is not usually unjust. But it is in this case. The Massachusetts troops "detained in camps," were detained there under express orders from headquarters, because they were needed for a specific expedition.

The same complaint, with equal justice, could be made against New York; for several thousand of our troops are "detained in camps," not because they are not ready to go the field, but because they are held back to go with Gen. Banks.

The same thing is true in several Connecticut Regiments, and, believe, of Regiments from one or two other New England States. The West has done nobly; but the East is equally deserving of praise rather than of censure.—*Alb. Eve Journal.*

### PERSONAL.

A large number of the members of the House united in getting a handsome sword and sash, for Lieut. Col. Cummings of the 16th Reg't, for several years Clerk of that body. It was