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The Caledonian.

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From the Rutland Herald.

THE MEN OF VERMONT.

NO. CHARLES K. WILLIAMS.

Charles Kilborn Williams, the eighteenth governor of Vermont, was born at Cambridge, in the county of Middlesex, Massachusetts, on the 24th day of January 1782.—He was the "youngest son of that eminent philosopher and historian Rev Samuel Williams, L. L. D., by Jane, daughter of Eliphalet Kilborn. His grandfather was Rev William Williams, of Waltham, who was son of Rev John Williams, of Deerfield, (so widely known as the redeemed captive,) by Eunice, daughter of Rev Eleazer Mather, and grandsonof Rev John Warham."

He came to Vermont, with his father, in 1796, and continued to reside in Rutland at that time till his death. After graduating at Williams College in 1800, he commenced the study of Law with Cephas Smith, Esq., of Rutland, then clerk of the United States courts for the district of Vermont. Having completed his studies under the direction of Mr Smith, he was admitted to the bar of Rutland county in March 1803.

He was appointed tutor in Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1802, and about the same time received a similar appointment in Middlebury College, both of which he declined.

He represented the town of Rutland in the General Assembly of Vermont for the years 1810, 11, 15, 20, 21, and again in 1849, on his retirement from the bench, by the almost unanimous concurrence of all political parties in that town.

In reference to his military services, we extract, from a brief sketch of his life, by Judge Redfield, the following:—

"In 1808 he was called upon by Governor Tichenor to take command, as major, of a detachment of militia called into service by the state, to enforce the Embargo Law, as it was called. That law had become so obnoxious to the people on the frontier, that it was almost impossible for the ordinary municipal authorities to enforce its observance. The odium attaching to the law was unfortunately somewhat connected with the acrimony and animosity of the political divisions of the country, and it is creditable to Governor Williams, that he was selected, at the early age of twenty-six, for so delicate an office, by Governor Smith who was of the opposite political party, and when he (Major W.) himself was known to belong to the party opposed to the passage of the act of Congress which he was thus called upon to enforce at the point of the bayonet. It shows in a strong light the confidence felt by Governor Smith in his patriotism, capacity and purity of character.

"Governor Williams also served his country during one campaign, in the war of 1812, as major of militia, in a regiment called into service to protect the northern frontier."

He was state's attorney for the county of Rutland in 1814 and 1815; and as such, in behalf of the state, conducted the prosecution against James Anthony, for the murder of Joseph Green, on the night of the 15th of February 1814.

He was elected judge of the supreme court of Vermont in 1822, 23 and 24, and held the office for the two former years, but declined at the last election. He was appointed collector of customs for the district of Vermont in 1826, and held that office till October 1829, when he resigned, being again elected one of the judges of the supreme court of Vermont. In this office he received seventeen successive annual elections, usually receiving an unanimous vote; and during the last thirteen years, he held the position of chief justice—a longer term than any other has ever held that office in this state. He retired from the bench in 1846, having peremptorily declined a re-election.

In the spring of 1848, he was unanimously elected a member of the council of censors, and upon the assembling of that body, was in like manner, elected its president.—"His election," says Chief Justice Redfield, "the more noticeable, as at the time, the state was divided into three political parties, and his name was placed at the head of all the tickets, each of which, in other respects, contained different names from both the others, and his twelve associates were not elected even a majority, so evenly were the votes divided, but only by a plurality vote."

In 1850 and 1851, he was elected governor of the state of Vermont, by a majority of the popular vote.

During his administration a general banking law was passed, and also a law providing for the incorporation of manufacturing companies, without a resort to the legislature.

"It was," says an able writer in the New York Times, "during his administration that the legislature of that state, passed the habeas corpus act, which has been so much more generally denounced than understood. This act is still among the statute laws of the state, and a future age will do justice to the spirit of the people who passed and retained it. Governor Williams made it the subject of an elaborate vindication in his annual message."

In his annual message to the legislature in 1851, he announced that "at the expiration of the political year, which had just commenced, my official relations to the legislature and the people will cease, nor shall I again be a candidate for the office to which I have been elected."

He was in 1827 appointed one of the state commissioners for common schools—a board created to select and recommend suitable text books for the use of the common schools, and to have a general supervision of the educational affairs of the state.

He was a member of the corporation of Middlebury College from 1825 to 1843—and was honorary vice president and member of several learned, scientific and historical societies, and at the time of his death was president of the society of the alumni of Williams College.

He received the degree of Master of Arts from Middlebury and Williams Colleges in 1805, and that of Doctor of Laws from the former college in 1834.

Governor Williams died very suddenly at his residence in Rutland, March 9th, 1853, in the 71st year of his age. Appropriate notice was taken of his death, by the supreme court of Vermont, then in session, and by the bars of Rutland, Bennington, Windsor and Washington counties.

☞ One of the recently intercepted letters from Jeffdom says that the writer was at church the previous Sunday, and saw Jeff Davis there. She says that he had a shocking bad hat on, and loooked in wretched health, his face being more like that of a corpse than a living organism.

The Real Feeling in the South.

A correspondent of a Boston commercial house, who has been traveling recently in Kentucky and Tennessee, writes home that his personal observations lead to the belief that the people, not only of the border states, but of the cotton states, will return to their allegiance as soon as they see that the success of the government is a sure thing. He says:—

"I clearly find very much less serious damage to the portions of Tennessee and Kentucky I have visited than I expected, owing to the fact, I presume, that the armies of the South have occupied only a few points, and been moved by railroad long distances, and have never numbered anything like the men in any one body, that we were led to suppose. Union men may be found with unacknowledged and unpaid claims for forage and food, while as a general thing in this region, they paid their friends. But such places and cases are not numerous compared with the extent of the population of the state, and will therefore produce no great or general losses. How strange the faith of the people of this section was, and is, as to the success of the rebellion, you may judge of, when I tell you that nearly all who took the rebel money parted with it as hastily as possible at the best going rate, or else went South and bought cotton. The result is, that only a small portion of such money remains in this region, and that the loss will eventually fall upon the cotton states. The facts I have named lead me to the conclusion that Tennessee and Kentucky will be much less impoverished than I had supposed, and that the cotton states will be much more so.

"I now feel confident that the superior power of the North is realized by nearly all of the people who have come within the lines of our army, and although there is an undeniable strong belief that the southern army will prevail against us, yet it is equally undeniable that it arises solely from a blind infatuated hope that the South can never be conquered, and is not based on any reason or calculation whatever. I am equally satisfied that a large majority desire peace and are sick of the war; that they would like to conquer, but failing to do so, will be prepared, whenever the result becomes too clear to doubt it, to withdraw from all active efforts to continue the war, and submit to a necessity they have not the power to resist. Beyond the mere boasting of speech, I cannot see any evidence or signs whatever of willingness to die in the last ditch, or to transmit the war to their children and never submit; all their own actions wherever our army has gone gives the lie to all such pretensions. Ask them, as I have, alone, why they have submitted, and the reply is, we had not the power to resist, but the people further South never will: to which I replied they will do precisely as you have done under like circumstances. There is a humility of manner and moderation of speech among them unexpected by many, but not by me, and I predict a like result wherever our army goes, if not defeated.

I have been kindly received in several rebel strongholds in Tennessee, and find things better than I expected. I have spoken openly and freely, and been listened to kindly and attentively. The newspapers of New York (including the Tribune,) Cincinnati, Louisville, and St Louis, find ready sale and circulation. Light is coming in upon them; they begin to appreciate the fact that we have been lied about; that they committed a grevious error in going to war, and should have relied on ballots instead of bullets; that they are kindly treated, and that our soul object is the restoration of the Union as it was. Strange to say I have not heard a man speak unkindly of Mr Lincoln."

The Capture of New Orleans.

TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT OF FORT JACKSON.

The Cuban Herald, copies of which were received at New York on Wednesday, by the steamer Columbia, from Havana May 5th says:

"By the arrival of the bomb-boat Daniel Smith, which came into our port on Wednesday last, bringing dispatches for the United States government, we have been furnished with information relative to the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St Philip, which had been carried on with unabated fury for six days and five nights. The Daniel Smith left the scene of action on Saturday, the 26th. The chain which was placed across the Mississippi river was broken by two gunboats. Twenty-one mortar boats and three gunboats have been engaged in this attack upon the forts, and succeeded on Friday last, the 25th instant, in silencing the fortifications and securing a safe passage up the river of fourteen war steamers, which are bound for New Orleans, which is about eighty miles above.—The Hartford was set on fire by coming in contact with one of the fire ships, but the fire was extinguished before much damage was done. The federal forces have destroyed eleven confederate gunboats. The federal gunboat Verona and the confederate steamer Webster had an engagement, and the Webster ran into the Verona, injuring her so badly (the Verona) that she was in a sinking condition; the Verona, while in this desperate state, discharged eight guns into the Webster with such destructive and crashing effect, that they both went down together.—The federal gunboat Maria J. Carlton was sunk by the guns of the forts. General Butler had landed four thousand men above the forts. On the 25th a flag of truce was sent on board to Commodore Porter, asking what terms would be demanded in the surrender? The reply of the commodore was 'unconditional,' and the arrangements for the surrender were to be made on the 27th. It is said that the contest has been a very hard one, many of the men on the mortar boats falling at their posts with fatigue, so incessantly have they been kept at work. The floating battery Manassas was sunk by the steamship Mississippi. Fire ships have been sent down the river every night by the confederates, but a force was detailed in small boats for the purpose of towing them off where they could do no harm. The loss on the part of the federals is said to be 114, while that of the confederates is not known. 400 confederate prisoners have been taken.

FULLER PARTICULARS.

The New York Times has, from its special correspondent with Porter's mortar fleet, an account of the reduction of the forts below New Orleans, and the passage of Com Farragut up the river, bringing events down to April 25. The bombardment of the forts continued for a week, day and night. On Friday, the 25th, the fire of the forts was so much slackened as to allow of the passage up the river of a number of Com Farragut's vessels, including frigates and gunboats, which succeeded, after some desperate fighting with the rebel gunboats, in clearing the river to New Orleans—sinking and otherwise destroying eleven of the enemy's vessels, and demolishing the famous ram Mannassas, which was completely riddled by broadsides from the steamer Mississippi.—The gunboat Verona was especially active in these operations, disposing of five of the rebel vessels single-handed. She had a desperate encounter with the rebel gunboat Webster, which she succeeded in sinking; but was so much disabled herself that she also went down, her last guns being fired with her decks below water. After Com Farragut had passed the forts and succeeded in clearing the river, he sent a dispatch to Com Porter below, announcing his success, and, that he had captured at the quarantine grounds four hundred rebels, whom he had released on parole, not being able to take care of them. The rebel forts, though cut off entirely from communication with the city, refused at first to surrender unconditionally, but subsequently concluded to do so.

The Times correspondent wrote on the 23d:—"To-day—the 23d of April—will henceforth be remembered as the date of one of the most desperate of naval battles. At 3 o'clock in the morning the greater part of Commodore Farragut's squadron, consisting of five sloops-of-war and nine gunboats, successfully passed up the river, running through a fearful fire, and are now above the forts. The mortar flotilla and eight armed steamers are still below the enemy, who is thus placed between two fires, with his supplies from New Orleans cut off, and rendering his surrender merely a question of time. The burning hulls of three rebel steamers have passed by us down the river, and that famous bug-bear, the ram Manassas, is destroyed. I saw it sinking, a burning wreck, its two smoke-stacks tottering, its cylindrical sides pierced with yawning holes made by rifled shot. There is no doubt that Commodore Farragut, with a large squadron, is now at New Orleans. Read the following letter, a copy of which I was permitted to make.—It was written when the flag officer was warm from the conflict, and the words have the ring of true mettal in them:—

Dear Porter:—We had a rough time of it, as Boggs will tell you, but, thank God, the number of killed and wounded was very small, considering. This ship had two killed and eight wounded. We destroyed the ram in a single combat between her and the old Mississippi, but the ram backed out when he saw the Mississippi coming at him so rampantly, and he dodged her and ran on shore, whereupon Smith put two or three broadsides through him and knocked him all to pieces. The ram pushed a fire raft on to me, and in trying to avoid it I ran the ship on shore. He again pushed the fire raft on me, and got the ship on fire all along one side.—I thought it was all up with us, but we put it out and got off again, proceeding up the river, fighting our way. We have destroyed all but two of the gunboats, and these will have to surrender with the forts. I intend to follow up my success and push for New Orleans and then come down and attend to the forts, so you hold them in *statu quo* until I come back. I think if you send a flag of truce and demand their surrender they will yield, for their intercourse with the city is cut off. We have cut the wires above the quarantine and are now again ahead. I took 300 or 400 prisoners at quarantine.—They surrendered and I paroled them not to take up arms again. I could not stop to take care of them. If the General will come up to the bayou and land a few men or as many as he pleases, he will find two of our gunboats there to protect him from the gunboats that are at the forts. I wish to get to the English Turn where they say they have not placed a battery yet, but have two above nearer New Orleans. They will not be idle and neither will I. You supported us most nobly. Very truly yours, D. G. FARRAGUT."

[From the Rutland Herald.]

SOLDIERS' ALLOTMENT.

In order to avoid the great inconvenience and labor of answering specially the numerous inquiries addressed to the state treasurer in relation to the payment of the soldiers' allotments, we are requested by him to say, that on the 30th day of April he received from Major Halsey, paymaster of the United States army, returns for the allotted pay of the cavalry regiment for the months of January and February last, and that he had thereupon immediately issued notices to all assignees, together with full directions as to the manner of drawing money, accompanied with proper blanks for that purpose. The money can be drawn by calling at the nearest bank. These notices to the assignees have been in readiness to be transmitted since the 15th day of March last, but their transmission was necessarily delayed until the returns above named were received from the paymaster.—Of course the delay was occasioned by causes over which the state treasurer has no control. In addition to the allotted pay, Major Halsey transmitted to the treasurer $4,362,52 from different members of the cavalry regiment, for which his receipts were issued to the soldiers, and will be by them sent to their friends. These receipts will be paid on presentation to the nearest bank by the holders thereof. This sum, added to the previous allotment, makes the whole amount allotted by this regiment $18,388,52.

The returns for the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth regiments, and for the companies of sharp shooters, have not yet come to hand, but the treasurer is advised that they will be paid during the month of May for January, February, March and April. When returns are received due notice will be given.

The seventh and eighth regiments (with the exception of Sayles' battery,) were paid to the 1st of March by the United States before they left the state. Their next "pay day" occurred on the 1st day of May. Under ordinary circumstances, and when the soldiers are stationed where they can readily be reached, it is expected that the returns of the allotted pay will come to the state treasurer from twenty to thirty days after the end of each two months. This is required by the paymasters for making up the rolls and making payment.

Many seem to suppose that the state treasurer is authorized to pay the allotments to the assignees on the arrival of each pay day. But this is not the case. He cannot do so until he receives returns from the paymaster accompanied by the money. Only the assignees of those who are actually members of the regiments at the time payment becomes due, are entitled to receive the allotment. If any have been discharged, or have died, or been killed in battle, then the allotment ceases. Of course, the state treasurer can know who are entitled to payment only from the returns sent to him by the paymaster, as in no other way can he tell who may have been discharged or died, and might make payment to those not entitled to receive it.

In no case, therefore, will allotments be paid before the receipt of the returns, as aforesaid. When a special assignee has been appointed by the soldiers, such only is entitled to draw the allotted pay. Most of the Vermont soldiers have appointed assignees. These assignees will be promptly notified by the state treasurer of the amount they are entitled to draw, and instructed as to the manner of drawing the same, at the earliest moment after the returns of the various regiments are received respectively.

It is hoped that if the above notice is generally copied by the papers in this state, it will furnish all needed information, and fully explain to the families and friends of the soldiers why the payment of the allotments is necessarily delayed beyond the regular pay day.

Letter from the Michigan State's Prison.

JACKSON, MICHIGAN, April 27, 1862.

To the Editor of the Caledonian:

I have been in state's prison. Now don't turn up your nose and inwardly determine to strike me from the list of your correspondents. Though I *did* go in escorted by the sheriff of Jackson Co., Mich., and his deputy, and though I *was* put in the "solitary cell" and locked in, surely my being at liberty now to indite you the horrors thereof, should be a good and sufficient reason to your mind that I went in only as a sight-seer.

Armed with a pass from Dan Upton, the county clerk, and a wag, by the way, I found it as effectual in opening the prison doors for me, as though it had been the sentence of a county judge: yet I had some misgivings as to their opening so willingly when I wished to come out. Villains, and people fortunate enough to have free papers, can get into the Michigan state prison without paying a quarter, but honest people have to fork over the "two shillings" ere they gain admittance to these gloomy walls. Once inside, a fellow finds himself every little while coming in contact with men with striped dresses, the uniform of the prison. These are the duty men that he meets, who have the cleaning and cooking to attend to. The deputy of the prison, whom I shall only describe as a very big man with a big cane, introduces himself as our guide, but I let him attend to the rest of the party, while I gain information from my intelligent and well posted young friend, Durand.

We first go through the sleeping department. Here is a very large and high room, heated by steam, and in this room is built, as it were, another house, and let into the sides of this house are innumerable "pigeon holes" in four stories, and each "pigeon hole" has a heavy iron door, to be locked on the outside. The men being all at work it was a study to look into these cells. Some were as slovenly as they could be, and not draw down censure on the occupant's head, while others were handsomely ornamented. Some of the men who worked in the cabinet shops had brought pieces of moulding and had arranged them very tastily about the cells. Others had spent their spare time in painting, and their cells were ornamented with some very creditable looking pictures. One convict with an abundance of indigo, red paint and patriotism, had the inside of his cell profusely ornamented with the stars and stripes. I was told that all of the convicts were Union men. No doubt it would be a good exchange to get some of those pro-slavery editors of northern papers in these cells, and let the present occupants go and fight the rebels. A regiment of as able-bodied men as I saw here would make splendid fighters.

We next went into the dining rooms, where were long rows of seats and tables facing the deputy's chair, as in the old fashioned school houses the desks face the teacher's stand.—We tasted the bread, both brown and white, and found it very good, with the exception that the white bread was a little sour. We next visited the boot and shoe shops. Here boots and shoes are "made upon honor," but no man here can make a boot or a shoe. The state does not send men here to learn a good trade free of expense. No, but one man cuts out "uppers," another soles, a third sews, another pegs, etc. Though a man can peg a shoe with mathematical regularity, yet he cannot make a shoe, and though another can sew with machine-like precision, yet he is not a finished boot maker. I would not like to hammer away at pegs day after day, for four, six or ten years. We go on, to the wagon shops. In the first room the rough timber is blocked out, in the next it is dressed, in the third it is put together, in the fourth, painted. Yet no man there can make a wagon.—His work is a little monotonous round on a *part* of a wagon.

Then come the manufactories of hoes, forks and other agricultural implements. In one room is a row of noisy trip hammers, hammering out fork tines and hoe blades; in another are numerous emery wheels, polishing these same tines and blades, and in all steam power and convict labor go hand in hand.—In each room there is a "keeper," who sits upon a high chair overlooking the room, and every convict is conscious of being closely watched. No conversation is allowed nor must any man look up from his work, yet when visitors pass through the rooms furtive glances are thrown at them. It being near noon, we saw several convicts who had finished their allotted portions of work for the half day, sitting idly at their benches, not being allowed to leave them till noon. Others were at work on their afternoon's "stint," that they would finish by three o'clock, and then have a long rest. In one of the paint rooms I saw a convict, having a spare hour, busily engaged in painting a boquet of flowers upon glass. The design and execution were exquisitely beautiful. He would probably sell it when finished. Some of the prisoners by working spare hours manage to lay up two or three hundred dollars during their term.

The female department is under the control of a matron. There are but few women in the prison now, and one infant which was born there—its parents both convicts. Such a beastly, stupid, sensual face as the mother had I hope never to see again.

A sight to witness is the marching of the prisoners to dinner. At the first stroke of the prison bell all hands drop their work, wash their hands and faces, and comb their hair. Eight minutes later the bell sounds again, when the convicts in each shop form in single file in front of their respective shops, each man close up to his "file leader," with his hands upon his breast. At the word of command they step off for the dining rooms, each company, with black and white stripes running around their legs, looking like a monstrous "thousand legged worm," evil, venomous, snaky; and as they near you, such a collection as there is of villainous looking faces! Cunning, brutal, oily, brazen looking faces, and as they pass you, one will maliciously stick out his tongue at you, another will scowl, a third will sneer, while some will not notice you, seeming too miserable to notice anything. But no one dares turn his head, for the eagle eye of his keeper would notice it, and punishment would follow. At last all are seated at the tables, the deputy of the prison ascends his high chair, strikes the triangle, and every cap is taken off: strikes it again, and all fall to eating.—Each man's rations were all on one tin plate, and consisted of about half a pound of corned beef, a large table-spoonful of baked beans, ditto of mashed potatoes, salt, a chunk of bread, and a pint basin of water.

The following Sabbath I attended the religious services in the prison chapel. At ten o'clock a. m. visitors are freely admitted to attend services, and are immediately ushered into the chapel, a low, poorly lighted, dismal looking hall, seated with rough benches. The convicts are marched into their places in single file. Some of them you could imagine had been imprisoned for murder, so villainous did they look; others, cunning looking fellows, looked as though they might have been skillful thieves and pickpockets caught in the act of drawing "the queer." Some brutal looking negroes were there, and some of gray hairs, old in crime; some with the marks of disease upon them, some greasy, obese, old toadys, no doubt there for receiving stolen property, and some there were with simple countenances, whom I could not help thinking had been more sinned against than sinning,—found in bad company—imprisoned, perhaps, for some sharp villain's crime.

A plain, practical discourse was preached to this body of concentrated crime, from the text "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh a city"—if I word it right. Singing was omitted. At prayer many bowed their heads, while more did not. About the room were the keepers, seated in their high chairs, and everything tended to cast a gloom over the spirit.

It is a sad sight, this forced religious worship inside of gloomy prison walls, under the watchful eye of vigilant keepers, and I would not care often to see it. But I am getting prosy, and must close. M. J. S.

From the Vermont Cavalry.

GENERAL BANKS' DIVISION, May 5th, 1862.

To the Editor of The Caledonian:

A fatiguing march of five days, during which time we were without tents and encountered a severe storm of snow and rain, brought the Vermont cavalry regiment in close proximity to rebels. We joined General Banks, whose headquarters are at Woodstock, and since that time the Green Mountain troopers have comprised a part of the advance guard.

The Vermont cavalry with eight companies of the Michigan cavalry acted at the front of the column when Banks advanced from Woodstock up the valley to Harrisonburg, and made three different charges, which resulted in but little injury to us, while we captured two rebel commissioned officers, and three privates, I think. We also saved a bridge over the North Branch of the Shenandoah, which has since been of incalculable importance to us in transporting our army stores. Our cavalry in the charges lost but two horses, and some men slightly wounded. From what I can learn the regiment thus far has been no disgrace to the state, nor has it reflected discredit upon the cavalry service itself. The boys are yet ready to demonstrate to the rebels that one southerner is not so good in fight as five Yankees.

The general health of the regiment is good. Many of the horses, on account of scarcity of forage, are not looking very well, but the grass which is now coming on will soon recruit them. Then the regiment will be in a fair condition for the engagement which is daily expected with Jackson.

Of much which has been said concerning the people of secesh, some is true and some is untrue. That there is any reliable Union feeling in the valley I think is a mistake; at least I have been unable to find any. But that there is a strong and bitter feeling of hatred toward the northern people is true. I have not yet been able to find a Union man either from choice or principle. It is hard to get them to say that they would like to be Union, even if they could interpret the constitution as they chose. And most of them openly declare that they have no allegiance to the United States, nor do they wish any. They simply ask to be let alone, but when you assure them that they will not be let alone until they lay down their arms, go quietly to their homes and submissively obey the teachings of the constitution, they retort by saying that we shall be obliged to let them alone ere long, for their army will oblige us to. They place much confidence in their army yet. They believe, although they cannot tell how, that their army is yet to save them. They yet cling to the southern confederacy with great tenacity. I think, however, when they see their army completely driven from the field and know that there is no hope for them in an armed force, that they will gradually lose their love for Jeff's idol, be detached from the confederacy and be reunited to the Union. A great perversity of mind now holds the people. They believe the most inconsistent, glaring lies concerning the success and strength of their troops, while they will disbelieve the most palpable facts about our army, the victories which we have recently achieved, and the policy of the government. It cannot be long though, before such delusions will disappear, and they will see the light once more. They certainly ought to feel thanful that our army is in their midst, for until the federal army came into the valley they had little, or no coffee, sugar, salt, and many other important articles, which before the war they received from northern cities, but since the war they have been unable to obtain them. The blockade has kept such articles from being imported, and they could not receive them from the North, consequently they have been without. The foregoing shows that Lincoln's blockade has done something. Salt, which before the war was sold for one dollar a bushel, has for the past year been sold for fifteen dollars a bushel—sugar, coffee, rice, and all kinds of spices in the same proportion. Such the people state as a fact, and still they will fight and declare a readiness to die for the southern confederacy. It is evident that the people have been deceived—been sadly cheated, and nothing will raise from their eyes the veil of delusion but defeating their last hope and dependence, which is the rebel army.—And confidence must gradually return when they learn that it is not a war of conquest or subjugation, but for the enforcement of the laws, and the dispersion of an armed force in rebellion against the best government ever established. When the wicked, heaven-provoking, hell-born rebellion is put down, all will be right again, peace and prosperity will return.

One incident has arisen from the conduct of the Vermont cavalry, which I do not feel at liberty to pass without mentioning. Corporal Chase of Co. D, (Danville,) a few days since was mortally wounded. He was with a squad which charged upon some vandals in the act of firing a bridge. They were driven back and the bridge again saved. This corporal after receiving his death wound, siezed and took one man prisoner. This same corporal in another charge took a lieutenant of Ashby's rebel cavalry, making two men that he actually took prisoners of war. But in his last effort he received his death-wound. He lived but a short time after the action.—The general, after hearing of his prowess and success, called upon him and remarked, as he was in great pain: "You noble sufferer, you have been an honor to your state!" He was a Christian young man, of excellent habits, and unusually careful with the use of his language, and having trust in God he was brave and valiant, even more so than many of his companions in arms.

Yours sincerely, J. G., JR.

Letter from Kentucky.

DOVER, MASON CO., KY, May. 5.

To the Editor of The Caledonian:

Beautiful Spring, with its annual gifts of foliage and flowers, has come again and everything is wreathed in smiles by reason of its joyous presence. The rains that have deluged the earth for three or four times "forty days" have at last ceased to fall, and "dry land," emerging into view, is being busily furrowed by the omnipotent plow, and made ready to receive the seed from which must spring the sustenance of animate creation.—Never did the world of fruit trees present a fuller or fairer bloom, nor offer to the palate the prospect of a more delicious crop. The fall crops of grain are in fine condition, and foretoken an abundant and early harvest.—Everything—save one—the great and horrid rebellion—*ingens et horribilis rebellio*—promises to man the successful "pursuit of happiness," such as God and our Fathers designed it, in the establishment of the American Republic. But with the rebellion pressing like an incubus upon the vitals of the nation, everything partakes of its baneful influence. Even Nature, in the popular superstition, is believed to be affected to frequent tears by reason of its existence, and to pour forth its grief in copious showers of rain. Whether philosophy can account for this phenomenon or not, one thing is certain, that the character of the season thus far is a strong presumption in favor of the commonly acknowledged theory.

The unexpected success of the Union cause in Louisiana, resulting in the capture of New Orleans and Baton Rouge, the capital of the state, has sent through the heart of the West an electric thrill of joy, as upon the opening of the Mississippi depends the present and prospective prosperity of this great central basin. It is probable that Porter's fleet is approaching Memphis, ready to see the rebels spitefully put the torch to that foul city, as they have often threatened to do in case of attack. If they see cause, in their madness, to burn up their cities, or their cotton, or kill their negroes, to keep the same from falling into the hands or under the control of the government, why, let them do so—who cares? They are to be the sufferers—they will only cut their noses off to spite their faces, in verification of the ancient proverb.

The military operations in the West and at Yorktown are now the study of every one, and critiques upon the merits and mistakes of the commanding officers are as numerous and various as the young leaves upon the forest trees. It is wonderful what an amount of military knowledge has been acquired by the people in the short space of a year. Judging from pretensions, the country is full of professors of the *art militaire*, whose instructions, instead of being obtainable at a high rate of tuition, are thrust upon the people, as freely as the superabundant rains, and just about as beneficially!

Notwithstanding the declaimer of General Grant to the contrary, it is the general impression here that the defeat and slaughter of the 6th of April at Shiloh was the result of a surprise, and, of course, the fault of the commanding officer. The timely reinforcements, however, under Buell, stopped the on-rushing tide, and turned defeat into glorious victory. This result, no doubt has acted as a screen to the faulty general, although the desolation now reigning around thousands of once happy hearthstones throughout the West can never be made less, nor expiated, by any such atonement.

The latest dispatch here is that "news of the utmost importance to the country" is received at Cairo from Corinth, but of such a nature as not to be at present divulged.—This of course rouses the public pulse to fever height, while awaiting the disclosure of the great good or evil tidings. The prebability is that a tremendous battle is being waged, upon which hangs the fate of the West, if not of the nation. Oh, the streams of blood that must flow ere the foul stain of rebellion is washed from the land! If the rebel army at Corinth is whipped out, the southern confederacy receives its death-blow; if the reverse, the struggle is only prolonged, as there is not the least disposition manifested of giving up the struggle until the rebellion is put down, be it one, two or five years.

Late Memphis papers represent the Union force at Corinth at 200,000, and the rebel strength at 150,000. The feeling at Memphis is very despondent, and the editors, as though expecting a speedy occupation of the city by the Union forces, advise all holders of confederate scrip to invest it at once in real estate, as the best security against loss.

The "sympathizers" hereabout are long-faced, but still impudent, and talk their half-way treason in public, to the great annoyance of all lovers of the old flag and Union. In some places in this state meetings are being held to consider what shall be done to stop the mouths of these traitorous babblers. Kentucky is an integral part of the United States, and faithful to all her obligations and her citizens are getting tired of listening to the unblushing advocates of the southern confederacy in their midst. If I mistake not the time is near at hand when they will have either to "dry up," or take a trip to "de land ob cotton," where they can talk and act treason to their heart's content.

One of the most significant indications of the decline of the rebel cause, is the fact that all through the border slave states the deluded young men, who went as volunteers to the southern army, are returning to their homes, all of them disgusted with the *progress* of the "southern confederacy," and most of them willing to take the oath of allegiance to the government. In some localities they are allowed, notwithstanding a late law of the state to prevent it, to return unmolested, save the administration of the oath, while in others, they are taken up as spies or traitors and lodged in prison. Some of these latter have been released by their giving heavy bonds for their future loyalty. Many of them profess to have been decived into the support of the rebel cause, and are deeply penitent for their hostility to the government. However they may be disposed of, as they return, one thing is certain, that their prospects and happiness for life are forever ruined—they will stand henceforth in the communities in which but a few months ago they were the "joy and expectancy" of anxious circles of friends, as stand the blasted trees in the "grand old woods," scorched and shivered by the wrathful lightnings of heaven.

The rebel recruits from this county were in the battle of Shiloh, under the arch-traitor Breckinridge, and, strange to say, most of them were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners. Of four who went from this village, two were killed, and the other two severely wounded. Verily, the way of the traitor is a "hard road to trabble," the end of which is *death*—a *deathless ignominy!*

It may not be uninteresting to your readers, as an appendix to this lengthy letter, to learn how the young secesh fry pass their time, instead of working or going to school, as good Union youths are in the habit of doing.

The game of marbles, with its technicalities of "nucks," "taw," "vent dubbs," &c., and a horrid symphony of curses, is an amusement in which all sizes and ages (boys and men) participate. The cream of the sport is the "nucks" (6 inch or ten), which generally raise a *ha!-ha!* at the expense of the suffering party. When the boys become large enough to *support* a cigar, (*horizontal*, by the labial muscles alone.)—which is about the age of "ten or a dozen,"—they reckon themselves old enough to *indulge*—in drink, cards, cock-fighting, and kindred amusements, and among these varieties they manage to wear away the week until Sunday comes,