# Richmond Dispatch.

MONDAY MORNING.....DEC. 9, 1861.

FIRST ANNUAL OF ABE'I.—We laid before our readers, on Saturday, the first Message of King Abe, to his loyal subjects, representatives in Congress, and Senators thereof. If our readers have not read it, we hardly think it worth while to advise them to do so. Of all the public documents we have yet seen, it is decidedly the poorest, the paltriest, the least entitled to the respect even of the Yankees. We are told that we must even respect the devil for his burning throne. We cannot respect Abe, and we do not see how even the Yankees that submit to his rule can respect him. We are sure they do not. They must, in their hearts, have a contempt for the wretched impostor that fills the seat of Washington.

He begins with a tirade against "the rebels" for seeking foreign aid. This, he says, has in all cases wherever heretofore sought and obtained, turned eventually to the detriment, or even destruction, of those who have sought it. Why, does not the creature know who was the first person that filled the seat which is now desecrated by his occupancy of it? Are all the reports we have heard of his vulgar ignorance correct, and even more than correct? Has he read absolutely no history, not even so much as is contained in Weems's Life of Washington? Does he not know that Washington had with him a French army of seven thousand men, and was assisted by twenty-five French line-of-battle ships, when he captured Cornwallis at Yorktown? Does he not know that the Independence of America, previously extremely precarious, was secured by an alliance with France, and her powerful co-operation with the American forces? But we know where he got that idea. Seward put it into his head, and Seward deserves the bastinado for thus imposing upon the ignorant credulity of his master.

The tone assumed throughout is in ludicrous contrast with the ability to perform. He talks as though the whole country formerly constituting the United States were still at his feet. He intends to run a railroad from some point in Ohio to some point in Tennessee, entirely through Kentucky, and this he speak of with as much *nonchalance* as though it were no question of more importance than laying a track along Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol to the White House. He totally ignores the existence of the numerous and victorious Confederate forces which are in the neighborhood, and which will certainly have something to say upon the subject. He has never heard of Sidney Johnston, or of Polk, or of Pillow, or of Zollicoffer, or of Williams, or of Humphrey Marshall. To him there are no such persons in existence. Or if he has ever heard of them, he does not consider them anything more than men of straw. We should think, at least, if he has never heard of *them*, he might have heard of Pixton and Wild Cat, of Mill Nelson, and the retreat of the ten thousand Yankees. Kentucky he declares to be all right—that is all Yankee—at the very moment that 100,000 men are facing each other upon her soil, and every hour may bring forth a deadly conflict.—Missouri, he says, is all quiet, while Price and McCulloch are chasing the Yankees, in the regular Bull Run style from the borders of Arkansas to the Missouri river. Maryland is loyal, at the very moment when it requires fifty thousand Yankee bayonets to keep her from breaking out into open rebellion. An election held under martial law, is proclaimed to be the freest of all possible elections, and Maryland is claimed to be in favor of Yankee domination, at the very time that a portion of her voting population equal to three times the Yankee majority, is fighting in other States, under the banner of the Confederacy. This is the sort of language that Abraham Lincoln holds to the Yankee people at a time when, if ever, candor was peculiarly necessary to their welfare. And this language he holds for the purpose of stimulating them to the continuance of a war which he feels in his soul, must be unsuccessful in the end.

The Government of the United States, as long as there was any such power really in existence, felt a sufficient degree of respect for itself not to recognize the so-called Republic of Hayti, founded by negro slaves upon the dead bodies of their masters, whom they had massacred in cold blood, and with an atrocity to which there is no parallel in the history of mankind. Applications were made from time to time, and once during the administration of John Quincy Adams, an envoy or agent of some kind was sent over here. But Congress uniformly rejected all overtures from that quarter. Now, however, the Yankee nation having been substituted for the United States, the fellowship is considered congenial and natural. Accordingly, it is recommended to fraternize with Hayti. The Hayti negro is a good enough associate for the Yankee, and Lincoln will have a Hayti plenipotentiary in Washington, to figure at his diplomatic dinners, and form an object of attraction at his levees. Nor is this all. He will have an independent nation of the few hundred negroes in Liberia, and insists that they too shall have a representative near the Yankee Government. But the most remarkable proposition is that for colonizing the negroes stolen from the Southern States. The Yankees will not take them home to them and give them the freedom of their cities on terms of equality. No, no. That, to use their own vile money-making phrase, "wont pay." If Cuff thinks he is to exchange his plantation home for the Elysium of Boston or New York when he is seized by the Yankees, or runs away from his master, he is very much mistaken. He is to be colonized somewhere—whether in Africa or America, we do not exactly perceive—Africa, however, seems the more probable, for the Yankees want all the land on this continent, and do not design to spare Cuff a foot. All the Yankee States, Mr. Lincoln says, will pass laws to rid themselves of him, and so nothing is left for Cuff but Africa. Now, if there is any one thing he dreads more than another, it is living where there are no white people. He knows that he cannot trust his own color. He has a perfect horror of Liberia on that account, and he will not go there, if it cost him his life to avoid it.

Lincoln proposes to abolish the Courts of law in all the countries held by his armies, and to collect all debts due his subjects by the bayonet, after the summary decision of a court-martial. He learns that there are more than two hundred millions due in that way from "rebels" in the "rebellious States" to the loyal subjects of Yankee-doodledom. We suspect he does not more than half tell the truth. We suspect that more than twice that sum is due, and we should suppose the military will have a lively time collecting it. But the proposal to abolish the Courts of justice, and to establish the jurisdiction of courts-martial in cases between man and man, exceeds, in the way of usurpation, anything that has ever been done in modern times. Nicholas did not do it, when he crushed Poland. Bonaparte did not do it. The Revolutionary Government did not do it, at least avowedly. Nobody has ever done it, in modern times, except old Abe, so far, at least, as we have ever heard.

Abe's Congress is called on to do something for old Scott, who has transported his fuss and his feathers, his huge carcass and his vertigo, with all his vanity, and pomposity, to say nothing of his treachery to France. The whole mass of bloated and diseased absurdity is gone off, to enjoy the reward of a traitor in a foreign land. The Yankee Congress ought to pay the poor old pauper something. No man can be expected to sell himself to the devil for nothing. Besides, the Yankee Congress ought to sympathize with him. Treachery is congenial to Yankee nature. They showed that in the war of 1812. Besides, they will suffer in the eyes of posterity if they do not pay the old traitor for his treason. Everybody thinks it a very dirty thing of the British Parliament to refuse to pay Arnold the full price for his treason. When a man damns his own soul and makes himself eternally infamous for a price, there can be no justice in withholding the amount.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.—We referred in our last to the peculiar difficulties, in a war between people of the same race, of distinguishing friends from foes. Numerous and melancholy have been the instances already in the present contest of friends killed by friends. These are the saddest stories of all—sad for the dead, sad for the living. At Manassas a galling fire was poured by the —— Mississippi into the 8th Georgia regiment, already decimated by the enemy, and many a gallant fellow bit the dust. Surely did the former lament their mistake, but too late to recall life or heal wounds. These sad histories must have another depressing and disastrous influence. If soldiers entertain a shadow of doubt as to the character of the columns before them—if there be a remote suspicion that they may be friends—what must be the effect upon their fighting? They cannot half fight—their hands are tied, their nerves unstrung, by the cruel uncertainty. Tears of blood would not suffice could some of the harrowing incidents be here detailed, occasioned by such mistakes.

Numerous well authenticated instances have occurred of mistakes as to the flags, growing entirely out of their close resemblance to each other. We intended to refer to some of these at Charleston, in Western Virginia—to the case of the Minnesota regiment, which escaped capture by this means—to the capture of Col. Boone—but the single instance referred to by Gen. Beauregard himself, in a late speech, is evidence enough and to spare. In the decisive battle of the campaign (at Manassas) a body of troops were seen approaching from the rear of our left wing. Were they friends or enemies? The fate of the battle—almost of the country—depended upon the decision of this question. Although but a little over a mile off, the flag of our rapidly-approaching friends could not be distinguished from that of our foes, even by the aid of powerful glasses. Victory trembled in the balance. How awful the pause of certainty! It might have cost the battle. This single fact—and it is but one of many—is enough to excite one universal outcry against the delusive flag. We have copied from that of our enemies. We have conquered in spite of it.

No wonder that loads of these flags were sent to Richmond by Gen. Joe Johnston to be altered. But in the name of wisdom, of patriotism, of common sense, let us have a flag that will go to fight under without patching. This is certainly a reasonable demand. Some even talk of a peace flag and a war flag. One flag is surely enough, and the present is unfit for either peace or war. It is so close to the old United States flag that one is on thorns in referring to it, lest he be suspected of treason. We have left the "Stars and Stripes" to our enemies, and are fighting them as the standard of bloody and implacable foes. So we are fain to talk of ours as "Stars and Bars." How ridiculous we all feel this to be! Shall we perpetuate this nonsense—this mere make shift?

Its unfitness for a war flag is manifest and acknowledged. For what, then, *is* it fit? In the nature of the case, it can never excite the enthusiasm or devotion of the people. Even victory has not endeared it to them. Our forefathers, wiser than we, when they commenced to fight Great Britain did not adopt some modification of the British flag. They did not try to fight *under* and *against* the same thing at the same time. All the glorious achievements of our arms have failed to endear this flag to us. And why? There is a philosophy in it. It is because of its inseparable connection with the despotism against which we are struggling a death struggle. It has a *taint* about it which cannot be removed. It smells of tyranny—of the old body of death. It wants the virgin freshness of a new flag. It *is not* the old flag, and if it were, the associations of the old have become polluted and corrupt. But we repeat, if the old flag is what we want, *we don't get it. They*, our enemies, have the old flag, and *we* a mere copy. And just here it may be well to remark that we make as much fuss over this flag as if it were the revolutionary flag of our ancestors. *But no battle of the Revolution was fought under it.* It was never adopted till after peace. It is post revolutionary.

It is high time to repair the unfortunate mistake. We have endeavored to put our new wine into fragments of old bottles. The bottles have burst, and the wine has been spilled. We have gained glorious victories, and the flag is no richer for them. It can never be made to hold. We will never get rid of the *taint* of that old flag. It is like a marriage ring after a divorce for infidelity. When we hate the marriage, we hate all its mementos.

There is and can be no enthusiasm for this flag, and this is the sole reason. Had we adopted a new one, unbounded, independent, already the enthusiastic loyalty of the people to it would have known no bounds. We cannot afford to spill so many victories, and gain no love to the flag. Can we not design a new bottle, without taint, which can *hold* the loyalty and devotion of the people to the symbol of their country?

CONTRIBUTIONS.—We have received through the mail, from a lady of Christiansburg, who requests us not to publish her name, $5 for the benefit of the Maryland Volunteers. She promises to add some socks to her contribution.

We have received a note from Powhatan Court-House, with Eleven Dollars enclosed, for the benefit of the "Hampton Sufferers," which shall be disposed of as directed by the contributors, viz: "Mrs J. H. Michaels, Mrs. Ella T. Brown, and little Jimmy Brown."

The following letter, which we print entire rather than condense, explains itself. The directions given will be promptly complied with:

ORD. REPAIR SHOP, MANASSAS, }
November 26, 1861. }

*Editor Dispatch*—My Dear Sir: Your appeal in behalf of the Elizabeth City soldiers is indeed touching, and well calculated to arouse and enlist the best sympathies of every true Southern heart. The armorers engaged in the repair of arms for our gallant army of the Potomac, unite in presenting their mite for the relief of the patriotic and suffering volunteers of Elizabeth City. They join with me, in regret, that their offering in the present instance is so small, but we all indulge the hope, that the suffering families of our noble soldiers in our respective native counties may be so relieved, that we may soon again present a cheerful (though small) and willing offering to the relief of the noble sons of Elizabeth City.

WM. H. MOORE,
GEO SCROPPERT,
MATHEW GEMMILL,
ISAAC JAMES,
WM. D SEAL,
JAMES HOLT,
CHAS. HOLT,
THOS. NEWMAN.

Enclosed please find $8, sent you for the relief of the Elizabeth City soldiers by the above armorers. You are at liberty to appropriate to such company of the Elizabeth City volunteers as in your judgment may need it most. I think the armorers under my charge here will organize, and make a monthly contribution to the suffering people of Elizabeth City.

Very respectfully,
WM. H. MOORE.

The soldiers of Elizabeth City, we are glad to see, are not forgetten. We have notice of a box, by express, from Mrs. Sallie R. Holliday, of Louisa, containing twenty-one pairs of socks and three blankets for the "Hampton soldiers."

SECRETARY CAMERON'S REPORT.—We publish entire the report of Lincoln's War Secretary. It is full of falsehood and braggadocio. We have no room to-day for comment. If it be true that the Federal Government has had 700,000 men in its service, and is not able to budge beyond the Potomac, how many men will it require to subjugate the whole South?

## LOCAL MATTERS.

*Fatal Duel.*—The city experienced a decided sensation on Saturday, in consequence of a report that an "affair of honor" had taken place on the south side of the river, and in this instance, contrary to the usual course of rumors at the present day, the report turned out to be true. It appears that Messrs. Washington J. Worsham and James McCullough had a misunderstanding in regard to a business matter, and in consequence of certain expressions not altogether agreeable, the latter sent Mr. Worsham a challenge, which was accepted. On Saturday morning, the parties, with a number of friends and several surgeons, repaired to Broad Rock Race Course, in Chesterfield county, a few miles from Richmond, and, shortly before nine o'clock, fought with pistols, at a distance of ten paces. The reports were simultaneous, and both fell at the first fire, badly wounded. Mr. Worsham was struck near the right thigh, the ball passing through his body; and his antagonist was hit nearly in the same place, but the ball took a different course, inflicting a painful injury, though by means so dangerous as the other. It is almost impossible to conceive of more accurate firing, both being "line shots;" and, however much we may condemn the act itself, we can but admire the cool determination with which the principals stood up in the face of danger. Directly after the fight the parties returned to the city, and Worsham was conveyed to his residence on Sixth street, where he died yesterday morning, about 11 o'clock. McCullough, who came to this city from New Orleans, is at one of our hotels, receiving the necessary surgical attention, and will probably recover. Both belonged to the "sporting fraternity," and we learn had at a recent period conducted a partnership business. We have thought proper to omit some details of the affair, for which there is no other authority than common rumor, until an investigation shall have taken place. An inquest will be held to-day.

*Dead Body Found.*—A few days ago we mentioned the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Lewis Shweitzer, a resident of this city, doing business on Franklin street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth. He started from home last Saturday week, at four o'clock in the morning, for the Petersburg depot, intending to return in the afternoon. Days passed away, and he failed to make his appearance. His friends became alarmed for his fate, and as it was known that he had a considerable sum of money with him, a dread suspicion began to be felt that he had been robbed and murdered. Yesterday morning, when the water was drawn out of the canal basin, the dead body of a man was found in the mud near the warehouse known as Ludlam & Watson's, and it was soon identified as that of Mr. Shweitzer. There were no marks of violence about him, and his money (about $1,900) was found safe in his pocket. It is therefore probable that, in passing down Eighth street towards the depot, he missed the foot bridge, and walked directly into the water. The deceased was a worthy man, who enjoyed the respect of his acquaintances, and leaves a family to lament his sad fate.

*The Courts.*—In the C. S. District Court, for two or three days past, the proceedings have not been of a character to afford much interest to the public. According to an arrangement announced last week, Judge Halyburton will commence calling his docket to-day.—The gaming cases are still pending in the Circuit Court, and it is expected that Judge Meredith will to-day render his decision on the petition of Wm. Barnes for a writ of prohibition to prevent the Mayor from confiscating and destroying a lot of gambling implements now in his possession.—A dry docket was disposed of at the Mayor's Court on Saturday, and as a large number of drunken men have been arrested since, it is likely to be still drier to-day. The most entertaining case was that of an impetuous son of the Emerald Isle, who appeared to answer a charge of beating his wife. "I am afraid of me life, your honor," remarked the matron; "he bates me day and night—me, the mother av five childher—and kapes a big dirk by his bedside—and its no peace of me life I have at all, your honor." "But didn't you get drunk?" interposed the husband; "don't the neighbors put you to bed, bedad?" "It's to have me self and the childher alone that I want you intirely." "What did you take me for thin?" asked the wife, with a sigh for the happiness of her maiden life. "Not to be dirinking av me substance," was the curt reply, when the Mayor put a stop to the colloquy, and finding that the man was more sinned against than sinning, discharged him from custody. The remainder of the proceedings afforded the spectators about as meagre an entertainment as a perusal of Lincoln's message.—The regular monthly term of the Hustings Court commences to-day.

*The Relief Fund.*—It is not our purpose to boast of what has been done by the City Council and the people of Richmond for the families of soldiers now absent in the service of their country. This is not the time to stop to consider ulterior consequences, and were the appropriations for such an object five times as great, the voice of the community would be unanimous in its approval. The design of this paragraph is to announce a fact, which ought to have some weight in persuading the Legislature to make a speedy and favorable response to the memorial of the City Council upon the subject of the corporation notes.—The Relief Fund, which has been a source of supply to many worthy families thus far during the war, is at length exhausted, and unless soon replenished, the consequences must be serious. The Council are, we believe, desirous of making another appropriation, but having ceased to issue small notes, may find the good intention embarrassed by circumstances which will be readily appreciated. While the people are sturdily opposed to the indiscriminate issue of shinplasters by irresponsible parties, they are almost clamorous for the convenient currency furnished by the corporation; and it is therefore eminently desirable that the Legislature pass an act legalizing the proceeding, and thus afford the means of unrestricted operations in business, as well as of another liberal appropriation for the relief of the families of volunteers.

*The Gay Metropolis.*—It must have been the influence of the charming weather that made Richmond look so gay on Saturday, for nature herself was all smiles, and how could her creatures be gloomy? The ladies exhibited the irresistible attractions of pretty faces and elaborate millinery, and military gentlemen displayed the full glory of gilded stars and brass buttons. It was more like May than December, and the reflection was comforting to those who thought of the soldier boys in camp, far away from the pleasures of home. It was philosophically remarked that if such weather were to continue all winter, there would be no ice for brandy smashes next year; but while giving full credit to the author of such an original remark, we must say that it lacks point. The blasted winter will come soon enough.

*The Southern Harmoneans.*—We understand that Charles Wood, the acting manager of the Southern Harmoneans, proposes to make a tour through a portion of the State in a few days, visiting Norfolk, Petersburg, and possibly Lynchburg, while their hall in this city is undergoing renovation. The Harmoneans have played here for over one hundred successive nights, to crowded and delighted audiences; and we cordially commend their performances to the inhabitants of the above-named cities.

*The Real Zouaves*, who fought at Inkerman, Balaklava and other noted places in the East, have arrived in this city, and propose to give two of their novel entertainments at Franklin Hall, commencing on Tuesday evening. These performers have made a successful tour of the South, and, according to the complimentary notices in the newspapers, they are worth seeing.

*Rapid Reporting.*—The Convention, at the close of its proceedings on Friday night, unanimously adopted a resolution of thanks to Mr. P. Kean for the accuracy and efficiency with which he reported the proceedings of that body. Mr. Kean, during a greater part of the two last sessions, performed a task which, in legislative bodies generally, is apportioned among three or four reporters.

*The "General Magrader"* is the name of a staunch little steamboat lately transported over the York River Railroad to West Point, designed to carry passengers between that place and Yorktown. Its rate of speed is about ten miles an hour, and it will accommodate some twenty-five passengers.

*Mysterious Disappearance.*—Mr. Robert H. Holdsworth, a resident of Church Hill, has mysteriously disappeared, and his friends are apprehensive in regard to his fate. If any one knows of his whereabouts for a week past, the fact should be at once communicated to his family.

*The Militia.*—Notwithstanding a large number of able bodied citizens have congratulated themselves upon the passage of an ordinance by the Convention which places them on the "reserve class," they may yet be brought into the active ring by a restoration of a feature of the old law. A proposition is now before the Legislature to amend the ordinance by making all between the ages of 18 and 45 the subjects of draft whenever occasion may demand.

*Started South.*—The splendid locomotive "Gen. Huger," which formerly operated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, having been put in complete repair, was taken from the Fredericksburg depot, down the connecting track, to the Petersburg railroad, last evening. It is intended for one of the leading routes in the South.

*Attempt to Break Jail.*—A prisoner in the city jail made an attempt to enlarge his area of freedom on Friday night, but was discovered and taken care of.

*Personal.*—Major John Dooley, of the First Regiment Virginia Volunteers, arrived in this city on Saturday evening, from Manassas.

## SOUTHERN AFFAIRS.

We compile from late Southern exchanges the following news summary:

LATEST FROM PENSACOLA.

We find the following interesting telegraphic dispatches in the Mobile *Register and Advertiser*:

*Fort Barrancas, Nov. 26th—Night.*—No intimation from the enemy of a renewal of the fire upon our works.

Our men are at their guns, ready and eager for the fight.

There was no arrival in the fleet to-day. It is now composed of four men-of-war, which are lying near Pickens, to the eastward.

During the cannonade the enemy fired from Pickens above six thousand shot, equal to eighty-five tons of iron, and with all this tremendous storm of missiles killed but one man on our side.

*Barrancas, Nov. 27th—Night.*—Gen. Bragg has determined not to allow any more Federal transports to land stores or troops at Fort Pickens or Santa Rosa, within range of his guns.

A large transport steamer and a bark arrived in the offing this evening.

Gen. Bragg, accompanied by Lieut. Ellis, visited several batteries to-day.

*Barrancas, Nov. 28.*—Old Brown is evidently tired of the unprofitable business of fighting across the channel.

The screw sloop-of-war Hartford, which was disabled by our guns in Friday's fight, was towed off to parts unknown this evening, the damage done her by our skillful gunners being too serious for repairs anywhere but at a regular ship yard.

There has been no new arrival among the fleet.

There have been burynigs at Pickens, and from the manner of the funeral doings it is thought that two officers were laid to rest.

[SECOND DISPATCH.]

To-day a little sail boat showed herself off the point of Santa Rosa Island, near Fort Pickens, and her impudence in coming under our guns being considered offensive, our boys were ordered to turn loose on her.

She was fired on twice from Fort McRee, once from Captain Aderhold's battery and twice from Captain Clark's battery, and it was curious to see the celerity with which her navigators made a landing, abandoned their boat, and scuttled through the sand out of danger.

Old Brown bore it with apparent humility, and fired no shot in response. It is supposed that he is "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," while he waits for the arrival of the grand armada fleet, when he will proceed to make a meal of us.

The voices of the cannon once more created the greatest enthusiasm all along the line of forts and batteries, and every one was hoping that Brown would accept the challenge and openghis fire.

A VISIT TO CAIRO FROM OUR GUN-BOATS.

Brief mention has been made under our telegraphic head of the firing from our gunboats upon Fort Holt, near Columbus, Ky.—We take the following in reference to the affair from the Columbus *Confederate News*, of the 2d inst.:

Yesterday about noon it was observed that a couple or three of the northern gun-boats were round the point above Columbus. Steam was immediately made on our gun-boats, three in number, and they started up to have a conversation with "Abraham," if agreeable to them. But as soon as they "knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled," that we were coming, they very naturally backed out and returned to Cairo.

Our steamers pursued and followed them up to within sight of that awful place. An anxious crowd of thousands stood upon the eminences around our town, regardless of a rather raw day, awaiting in breathless suspense to hear the opening of the cannonade. But they were doomed to be disappointed. After the three boats that had been lying here had started, a fourth, the McCrea, came to our wharf, but without firing a line she pitched off up stream, hunting for the fight. There was more expecture as to what it would fall, result in, but for our part we take it that our boats saw what they wanted to see up the river, and on their return communicated their information to the Commander, which was all as it should be.

P. S. Since the above was put in type, we have seen a gentleman who accompanied the expedition, who informs us that we fired some 10 or 15 rounds of shell at Fort Holt—scattering the Hessians like rats.

EVACUATION OF TYBEE ISLAND BY THE YANKEES.

The following report from the Savannah *Republican*, of the 2d inst., is republished because the fact was deemed of sufficient importance to be reported from that place by telegraph:

Our citizens were taken by surprise on Saturday afternoon by a report from below that the enemy had pulled up stakes and were taking their departure from Tybee. Further advices, received yesterday, confirmed the report. The particulars, as we learned them from an authentic source, are as follows:

Early Saturday morning a movement was discovered among the Federals on the Island. Soon the boats commenced pushing out from shore for the fleet, and up to nightfall some twenty-four boats, consisting from forty to fifty men each, had left the Island. The embarkation continued through Saturday night. One ship load had left Saturday morning for the South, and one yesterday, bearing Northward.

We are left to conjecture the cause of this sudden departure. It may be that they feared an attack and were unwilling to meet us in the tug of war, with gleaming steel and face to face. Another conjecture is, that finding an attack on the main land, via the frowning walls of Fort Pulaski, rather an impracticable affair, they concluded to concentrate their force at a more assailable point. Still another is, that the forces were originally thrown on the island for the purpose of erecting the necessary defences to control the entrance to our harbor, and having finished the work were taken back to the rendezvous on Hilton Head, or to construct fortifications at some other point.

The indications on Tybee yesterday, as observed from the fort, seemed to warrant the belief that a garrison has been left behind, sufficient in their opinion to hold the Island against any force likely to be sent against them.

Saturday afternoon a large ship, equal in size to the New York and Savannah steamers, was seen from the fort to enter an inlet to the South, supposed to be Warsaw, and run up several miles. Supposing her intentions to be to intercept our inland navigation, which has been considerable in the last day or two, Commodore Tattnall went down with his fleet yesterday to run her off, or give battle. She, however, disappeared before his arrival, and the fleet returned to the city last night.

Six Federal vessels were off Tybee yesterday afternoon.

LATER.—From the Savannah *News*, of the 5th instant, we take the following:

The steamer Ida arrived last evening about five o'clock from Tybee, bringing the latest intelligence from that quarter.

Early on Tuesday night, Lieutenant Henry Williams, with a squad of the Irish volunteers, visited Tybee Island, and after placing a keg of powder in the third story of the large light house, set the wood work of the building on fire, after which they retreated to near King's Landing. As soon as the Federals discovered the flames they commenced a terrific bombardment of the island. Nobody was hurt, as nobody was on the island in range of their guns.

During the morning the Federals placed a U. S. flag on the Martello Tower, where it was floating yesterday afternoon.

Late yesterday afternoon, fourteen vessels were inside the bar, and two coming in—making sixteen in all. Some of them are sailing vessels, transports, or probably whale ships, for the vandal blockade.

ARREST OF PARSON BROWNLOW.—A special dispatch to the Petersburg *Express* says that Wm. G. Brownlow was arrested in Knoxville, Tenn., on the 2d inst., for treason.

# WAR MATTERS.

## LATEST NORTHERN INTELLIGENCE.

We are in possession of copies of Baltimore and New York papers from the 21 to the 4th December. There is much news of interest in them, the first instalment of which will be found below:

ARMING THE SLAVES—QUARREL BETWEEN LINCOLN AND HIS SECRETARY OF WAR, CAMERON

We take the following from the New York *Tribune*, of the 4th inst. It is indicative of a strong diversity of feeling between Old Abe and Cameron, and may result in a serious disturbance of the previously harmonious relations existing between those high functionaries:

The readers of our daily of yesterday morning may have been surprised to find no allusion to the topic which excited most interest at the Federal Metropolis—namely, the reported disagreement between the President and the Secretary of War with regard to that portion of the report of the latter which treats of the use to be made of the slaves of Confederates. Other journals had information on this subject; we had none; simply because, while their Washington dispatches respecting it were allowed to come through in due course, ours was suppressed by the Government censor in the Washington telegraph office. Having received it by mail, we give it now as part of the history of the times, simply remarking that we do not understand that it was suppressed for lack of truth, but rather for excess of it.

THE SUPPRESSED DISPATCH.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—The call of the roll had scarcely ended in the House, when the temper of the people was strikingly manifested by their representatives hastening, without delaying a moment for Presidential or ctehr message, to pass a resolution emancipating the slaves of Confederates within the military jurisdictions. Before the vote upon it was recorded, a painful rumor pervaded the Hall that the President had taken open issue on this very question with Secretary Cameron, and had recalled from the Philadelphia post office the undelivered copies of the War Department report which the latter had mailed yesterday for the use of the newspaper press. The city was filled with rumors of a breaking up of the Cabinet; and the influence of the revolution we are passing through, in attaching men to principles while weakening their hold on laws and forms, was everywhere strikingly and most suggestively conspicuous. The excitement occasioned by this Executive opposition to the necessities of the war and to the popular will, to-night sways the hotels and parlors of the city.—The history of the difference between the President and the Secretary of War has at last taken this shape: The Secretary presented his report to Mr. Lincoln on Saturday.—On Sunday afternoon he mailed it to the principal papers of the North and West, as is customary on the day preceding the reading of the message.

On Sunday night the President, having found time to read it, found it not in his heart to agree with the Secretary's doctrine of the right and the duty to make a military use of the slaves of Confederates—to arm them, if necessary—and in all ways to use them as we would any other property of the Confederates to suppress this rebellion. He sent for Mr. Cameron, and required him to suppress this whole portion of his report, on the ground that its recommendation was premature and ill-timed. The Secretary promptly and resolutely refused to suppress a word of it. The discussion between them was protracted. It ended as it began, the President insisting upon the alteration, and the Secretary respectfully but firmly refusing to change a syllable of his recommendations. A subsequent interview in the afternoon had a similar conclusion of debate, but a new and strange conclusion of Executive will. The President announced his purpose to strike out the entire passage about the emancipation and arming of the slaves before sending in the report with his Message to Congress. Mr. Cameron declared he should not recall or suppress the document in the hands of Northern and Western editors, and that the printers were at liberty to do with his report what they pleased. Which of the two copies will the people read and the army prefer?

FROM ALEXANDRIA—ON THE WRONG TRACK—MUTINY ON THE POTOMAC, ETC.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Dec. 3.—For about ten days the residence of Mr. James Fossett on St. Asaph street, has been placed under military duress, owing to information given by some Union citizen that the son of Mr. Fossett had returned from the Confederate army in disguise, and had brought letters and was believed to be secreted on the premises. On Sunday, December 1st, Captain Butler, of the 32d New York regiment, called to pay his respects to the family, with whom he became acquainted while stationed in Alexandria, occupying the house next door, and shortly after he left was arrested at the City Hotel, and taken before the Provost Marshal, on suspicion of being Mr. Fossett's son. He soon, however, proved that he was not the suspected party, and was allowed to depart without further trouble.

On Friday last the schooner Blaisdell, Captain Soper, left the port of Alexandria, loaded with Cumberland coal for New York, and having orders to run the blockae, arrived opposite the batteries. The crew refused to do duty and mutinied, compelling the captain to return, which he did, and put his crew ashore at Indian Head, and with the assistance of the cook and pilot got his vessel back to Alexandria on Sunday.

On Sunday last the arrivals at the Mansion House (now used as a hospital) reached one hundred and fifty. They came to the city by canal from Darnestown. Two died between the canal and the hospital. The Washington hospitals have over 1,000 sick and wounded in them, and cannot take more.

SKIRMISHES AND RECONNOISSANCES.

From the New York *Herald's* special Washington dispatches we take the following:

In consequence of private orders received last night after tatoo, every regiment in Gen. Porter's division was supplied with forty rounds of cartridges, and held in readiness for an advance or to repel an expected attack early this morning.

There was no demonstration on the part of the rebels, and to-day Col. Averill's cavalry regiment was sent out to reconnoitre near Fairfax Court-House. They returned after seven this evening without meeting the enemy.

A cavalry company of rebels dashed down upon Gen. Blenker's pickets to day, but suddenly came in sight of our camps and scampered away faster than they came, receiving the leaden compliments of our pickets, which took effect in several cases, but the wounded succeeded in keeping their saddles and getting away. None of our men were hurt. This company was the same that was seen yesterday by Gen. Blenker's men, two of whom were captured.

A small reconnoissance was made to-day from General McDowell's division into the enemy's lines, but the enemy kept out of sight.

From Gen. Smith's division a reconnoissance was made to-day, the force returning with forage, but reported the enemy in sight this side of Fairfax Court-House.

Gen. Blenker sends a dispatch to headquarters, couched in the following language:

Hereby I beg to send to you the two prisoners alluded to in my last dispatch. They give their names as follows: Wm. H. Dennis, with horse born in Salem, Fauquier county, Va.; Alex. Haswell, born in Rectortown, Fauquier county, Va.; both of Company H, 6th regiment of Wise's dragoons, Colonel Field commanding. The troon that they belonged to was led by Lieut. Morehead, consisting of about 30 horses. They left their camp, two miles this side of Centreville, for foraging purposes. Another part of this troop was engaged further distant, of which I have no report yet. I will send further reports in the morning, after having received full particulars of the engagement by Col. Amsbery.

Very respectfully, yours,
BLENKER, Brigadier-General
Commanding Division.

A dispatch was received this morning at headquarters from Gen. McCall's division, in substance as follows:

Between one and two o'clock this morning, one of our sentinels on picket in our front was shot in the foot. Sentinel returned the shot. The sentinels were then doubled, and no further alarm took place there. On the extreme left a lieutenant was fired at early this morning. That shot was returned.

The engagement referred to in Gen. Blenker's dispatch resulted in a skirmish between the advanced pickets of Col. Amsbery and the rebels, in which two of the latter were killed, and two were taken prisoners. Col. Amsbery lost one man, a private killed.

COMPROMISE RESOLUTIONS OFFERED IN THE FEDERAL CONGRESS.

In the Washington Senate, on Wednesday, the 4th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were offered by Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware:

*Whereas*, the people of the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee are in revolt against the Constitutional Government of the United States, and have assumed to secede from the Federal Union to form an independent Government, under the name of the Confederate States of America; and whereas the Congress of the United States, approving the sentiments expressed by the President in his annual message "that the Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed," and believing that kind and fraternal feeling between the people of all the States is indispensable to the maintenance of a happy and prosperous Union, and being willing to manifest such feeling on their part to the end that peace may be restored to a distracted country, and the Union and Constitution be preserved and maintained, and inviting the co-operation of the people of the aforesaid States in the accomplishment of objects so beneficial to each and all, do resolve as follows:

*Resolved, &c*, That Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, Roger B. Taney, Edward Everett, George M. Dallas, Thomas Ewing, Horace Binney, Reverdy Johnson, John J. Crittenden, George E. Pugh, and Rich'd W. Thompson be, and they are hereby appointed, Commissioners on the part of Congress, to confer with a like number of Commissioners to be appointed by the States aforesaid, for the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of the Constitution, and that they report the result of said Conference to Congress for approval or rejection.

*Resolved*, That upon the appointment of Commissioners, as hereby invited, by said States, and upon the meeting of the Joint Commission for the purpose of conference as aforesaid, active hostilities shall cease and be suspended, and shall not be resumed unless said commission shall be unable to agree, or in case of an agreement by them, said agreement shall be rejected either by Congress or by the aforesaid States.

Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, objected to the reception of the resolutions.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, said the list of Commissioners named was very good, but he suggested that that of James Buchanan be added. That would complete the list.

The resolution was laid over informally.

CAPTURE OF A CONFEDERATE SPY.

The Washington telegraphic correspondent of the New York *Times*, dated December 4th, says:

A Confederate spy, who has been in the habit for a long time, as he himself acknowledges, of visiting our lines for the purpose of obtaining information for the Confederates, was captured yesterday, about six miles below Alexandria, by parties sent out from Gen. Jamison's brigade. His *modus operandi* was as follows: Crossing the Occoquon river in a small boat, he managed to sink it so as to prevent its being discovered, at the same time hiding the oars in the woods. At night time he would emerge from the woods and elude the pickets, arriving in Alexandria, where he would get his budget of information, together with the New York and other papers, and leave at once for the Confederate lines. He is now in possession of Gen. Heinzelman, and will be handed over to the Government.

CONFEDERATE COLONEL KILLED—MOVEMENTS OF GEN. BANKS, &c.

From the Washington *Star*, of the 4th inst., a paper thoroughly imbued with Lincoln proclivities, and therefore not to be relied on in anything it publishes, we take the following:

Gen. Blenker reported last night to headquarters here that yesterday afternoon his outposts had an engagement with the enemy's cavalry and infantry, in which his troops took some prisoners, who report that in the engagement the colonel of the Confederate cavalry was killed. All was quiet around and in his lines towards nightfall.

Reports were received last evening at headquarters here of the arrival of Gen. Banks at Frederick. Gen. Hamilton's brigade had reached there, and Gen. Abercrombie was on the road with his brigade. Gen. Williams' brigade takes up the line of march for Frederick and its vicinity this morning.

We have information from Winchester, Va., that the Confederate forces there under Jackson (some 5,000 strong) have been considerably alarmed, dreading an attack, and that they are disinclined to make a stand there, but had prepared to fall back towards Strasburg.

It is reported that Generals Carson and McDonnell have been deposed for allowing Kelly to whip them at Romney.

REPORTS OF DESERTERS FROM THE REBEL CAMP.

The New York *Herald*, of the 4th inst., publishes the following from its special Washington telegraphic correspondent, dated December 3d:

This morning General McCall sent to the headquarters of General Porter, Provost Marshal, two deserters from the rebel army, named Wm. McDonald and John Worsdall. The first is an English boy, twenty years old; the second is a Scotch lad, nineteen years old. They came into Gen. McCall's pickets. They say they both belonged to the Sixth Louisiana regiment, commanded by Colonel Seymore; that they deserted from Centreville, where they report sixty thousand men encamped, under Beauregard and Kirby Smith. McDonald is quite an intelligent young man, and has given some important information to General McClellan about the movements of the rebels. Among other things they state that General Johnston commands down the Potomac, towards Fredericksburg.

SENATORS POWELL AND BRIGHT.

The New York *Herald* publishes the following paragraph from its special telegraphic correspondent, under date of Washington, December 3d:

Considerable feeling is manifested here at the fact that Powell, of Kentucky, and Bright, of Indiana, have taken their seats in the Senate. Their loyalty is doubted, hence their position is a dangerous one for the Union cause, since they are entitled, if they remain in that body, to attend the secret sessions of the Senate, where the strength and movements of the army