Richmond Dispatch.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING..... SEPTEMBER 2, 1863.

THE CAPTURE OF GUNBOATS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

PORT ROYAL, Aug. 28, 1863.

Some two weeks ago a party of seamen, armed to the teeth and accompanied by four splendid boats, left the city of Richmond on the Mechanicsville road. Their destination was a matter of conjecture, and more than one anxious *quid nunc* puzzled his brain over the problem. The quickened imagination of a curious man soon works out a troublesome secret, and before half the day had elapsed I was regaled with a dozen different accounts, each of them undoubtedly correct. It may seem singular that when the Secretary of the Navy gave me orders to join the party he did not take me into his confidence, and I was therefore as ignorant about the matter as about the plans of Gen. Lee. I must confess, then, to a certain amount of interest in the stories confidentially whispered into my buttonhole, and I listened attentively to the recital of disasters about to befall me, and saw work marked out that would occupy several months, and finally consign me to Fort Delaware or to—somewhere else.—It was a cheerful prospect—but beyond a doubt. My orders came late in the day, when I was on liberty in the city, enjoying the luxury of leisure and white linen. I was to start at daylight in the morning, but, owing to the difficulty of obtaining a passport from the courteous officers of that delectable office on 9th st., I was delayed until meridian the following day. My command was then some eighteen hours ahead of me, and I had to overtake them upon as sorry a piece of horseflesh as one could well imagine. That animal was nearly the death of me: he was somewhat *rough* and shook me until every joint in my body was loose and my teeth rattled in their sockets. Complaining did no good, and I determined to let no trials ruffle my good nature. By careful inquiry along the road I was enabled to trace the party across the Pamunkey, the Mataponi at Mantua, on through Essex, half-way through the adjoining county. Towards evening of the third day I was fortunate enough to strike the trail, and in three hours after reached the end of my equestrian journey.

That night we bivouaced on the Piankatank, some twenty-five miles from its mouth. The boats were in the water in readiness for sailing, while the men, secreted between two hills, lounged about upon the grass, or cooked their rations by the bivouac fire. Lt. Wood, the commander of the party, was off on a reconnoissance, and did not return until the following evening, at which time immediate preparations for departure were begun. We knew then, for the first time, that our object was to capture one of the Yankee blockaders by boarding her in the night. At 4 o'clock the men were called to quarters, arms inspected, and ammunition distributed, and, after prayer by Mr. Wood, the boats were manned. The crews were in fine spirits, and with muffled oars rowed rapidly and silently down the stream, sending out no noise save the rippling of the waves around the cutters' bows as they ploughed their way through the water.

About 10 o'clock the mouth of the river was reached, and the boats were halted for an hour to rest the men and issue instructions for the attack. Towards midnight we were again in motion, pulling cautiously towards the spot where the gunboats usually lay. It was a warm, quiet, starlight evening, with hardly a breath of wind afloat. Upon reaching the mooring ground the steamer was nowhere to be seen, and no trace of her was visible. As we were searching for her, however, a signal light some mile or so away showed us her position, and soon afterwards the sound of machinery told us she was in motion. This was contrary to her usual custom, and seemed evidence that our coming had been made known by spies and traitors on the shore; and, as it was impossible to board her while under way, nothing remained but for us to return and wait a more favorable opportunity.

Turning up the river, keeping out of sight under the wooded banks, we pulled some fifteen miles and entered the mouth of a creek with high shores on either side. Here the boats were secreted, and men and officers, thoroughly exhausted, threw themselves down on the ground to sleep. Daylight soon came, and with it the sound of an approaching steamer, making her way directly towards us. From this Lt. Wood naturally supposed we had been seen, and that the steamer was in pursuit of us. His plan of battle was quickly formed, and was an excellent one. Sending the boats high up the creek for protection, he ordered Lt. Hoge, with the main body of men, to follow them on land, keeping about a dozen men with him at the mouth of the creek. The Yankees, if in pursuit of us, would undoubtedly follow the boats, and we could thus get them between two fires and possibly cut off their retreat.—Upon reaching the creek the steamer came to anchor and sent ashore five boats, containing some eighty men. Our men lay ambushed in a small coppice, some five or six yards from the water; but, unfortunately, just as the first boat came abreast of them, one of them incautiously exposed himself and drew the attention of the Yankees. They immediately fired upon him, shouting from boat to boat, "Shoot him—kill him—don't let the d—d rebel get away," firing their rifles rapidly and at random. After the first shot Lt. Wood, with all his coolness, was unable to restrain the men. They were bound to fire, and immediately poured a volley into the boats. This produced a great consternation, and all that were able pulled away as rapidly as possible—not waiting to load their muskets after the first discharge. The foremost boat was now aground, and to this our men turned their fire. The Yankees dropped into the bottom of the boat, and the Captain, the only brave man in the party, shouted, and cursed to make them point their oars and shove off. Two or three of the men were wounded before this could be accomplished, and just as the boat got out into the stream the Captain also received a fatal shot. At the same time the flag was shot down, but was instantly replaced upon a shorter staff. The steamer also commenced shelling the woods, and the fire was kept up until the boats were in, when she, too, hastily retreated down the river. From the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, of the 20th, received since, we learned that the Yankee Captain, Hotchkiss, was killed, and several of the men wounded "by guerillas." We have ascertained also that the Yankees were ignorant of our presence, and came up the river to destroy the house of Mr. Jones, now a prisoner in the Old Capitol prison. On the way up, early in the morning, they had desolated the home of Mr. Hutchins, carrying off everything possible, and shooting his stock in the field.

That evening we pulled up to our original starting point, and by dark had the boats again out of the water. When the wagons came they were put upon them, and we started across the country for a new scene of operations.

Worn out by hard marching and severe labor, it was necessary to give the men a day of rest, and it was not until the 19th that we reached the Rappahannock. The boats were again launched in Meachum's Creek, just inside of Gray's Point, and about ten miles from the Chesapeake. Just at the mouth of the river is a small bay or cove, called Butler's Hole, in which the blockaders usually run at night for a safe anchorage.—The river is some three or four miles wide. Upon the opposite side is Stingray Point, from which the land runs down into Mobjack bay and the mouth of the Piankatank. There are two sets of blockaders here. Off the mouth of the latter-mentioned river the steamers belong to the "North Atlantic Squadron," while at the Rappahannock they are from the "Potomac Flotilla." They communicate with each other, however, and are near enough to signal at night with blue and red lights. At this time three steamers were off the Rappahannock—the Currituck, the Reliance, and the Satellite. One or all of these we were determined to have.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening of the 19th when the boats were again manned, and started down the creek.—The sun was just setting as we entered the Rappahannock, and at dark we were running under the dim shadow of the wooded shore. It was a beautiful night. The land loomed up in the dark, the river ran calm and placid to the bay, the stars shone in the sky, and in the East brighter than all hung the crescent moon.—Added to the picture was a line of black boats, filled with armed men, creeping snake-like over the water, prepared to spring upon the foe whenever he came in sight. Late in the night Lt. Wood called the boats alongside his own and gave instructions for the attack; then, after a fervent prayer, we pushed out into the bay. From pickets on the point we learned the steamers lay some three miles out towards Butler's Hole, but after a careful search they were not to be found, and we were forced to return without accomplishing anything.

It was daybreak when we entered Meachum's Creek, and in half an hour after the boats were moored in their former hiding-place. The next night we tried it, but with no better success. Friday, the next day, we remained inactive, but Saturday night resolved to try again.

It was late in the night when we hauled out into the stream, and once more ran down towards the bay. It was just such an evening as before, but there were signs of an approaching storm. As we rounded Gray's Point the air was still and sultry. The crescent moon, blood red and clouded, stood upon the tops of the trees, the stars shone dimly, the dark pines threw a solemn shadow upon the water, and from the shore came the thousand night sounds of bird and insect.—Presently the sky became obscured, and a northerly storm rose rapidly. Behind us a black cloud towered into the sky, from which came frequent flashes of lightning, and short gusts of wind began to agitate the waters. Before reaching the bay the storm had come, and we were tossing upon the waves like children's boats, while the wind whistled with fury around our ears.

Upon reaching Butler's Hole a flash of lightning showed the blockaders a short distance ahead, their black hulls rising from the water, some two or three hundred yards apart. The boats were now ranged alongside each other and the plan of attack made known. There being two of them, it became necessary to divide our forces, and consequently Lt. Wood, in the second cutter, and Lieut. Hudgins, in the first, were to attack one, while Lieut. Hoge and Midshipman Gardner, in the third and fourth cutters, were to take the other. Each man had a white badge around his arm to distinguish him from the enemy. Everything being in readiness, the four boats pulled towards the steamers in line of battle. I was in Mr. Wood's party, in the boat with Lieutenant Hudgins. We pulled slowly and silently on. When within about fifty yards the sentinel on deck sang out his "boat ahoy."—Mr. Wood answered in some unintelligible words, and then we gave way strong towards them. We had the starboard bow, Mr. Wood the port. It was a moment of anxiety—almost of misgiving. If the Yankees were aware of our approach, destruction was certain. There was no retreat now—death lay in the silent guns ahead and in the mad waters around. The waves had increased, and the sea was fast lashing itself into fury. Long black lines started from the horizon, ran towards us like some huge leviathan, for a moment zaised us in the air, then rolled away in the dusky distance. The sentinel's hail was the signal to give way, and every man put his whole strength to the oars. Our boat nearly sprang out of the water at every stroke, and shot over the waves with the velocity of an arrow. In a few seconds the dark hull rose before us, the boat struck its sides, there were a few shots; and, as quick as thought, twenty of us were climbing over the nettings upon her decks. The watch fired their rifles at us and gave the alarm, and immediately the Yankees came pouring from below, grasping cutlasses and side arms as they ran up the hatch. They fought well considering the circumstances, but it was of no avail; in a few minutes the vessel was ours and the crew had surrendered. Lt. Wood, followed by Midshipman Goodwin, were first upon the decks upon their side, while Lt. Hudgins and Mr. Wilson led the way on ourd. The whole was over almost with the rapidity of thought.

Just as the decks were ours sharp firing was heard upon the Reliance. We watched for a moment, but not seeing the preconcerted signal, were anxious about the other party. Our boat was immediately manned, and we pulled over to his assistance; but Lieut. Hoge had done the work well before our arrival. He had met with more determined spirits, and had to encounter two or three deserters from our army, who fought well. Captain Walters, of the Reliance, was also a brave man, and did everything possible to save his ship. Upon the first alarm he sprang forward to slip the cable, but was met by Lieut. Hoge, who ran forward to encounter him, and was almost instantly shot through the body with a pistol. At the same time Lieut. Hoge received a dangerous wound through the neck, and fell beside the water-tank. Although wounded, Captain Walters sprang to the pilot-house and blew the whistle to get help from the Satellite, but he was soon secured.—There was sharp firing on the decks, both with rifles and revolvers, during which Midshipman Cook, who was foremost in the fight, received a wound in the side, and one of the seamen was shot through the arm. Several wounded Yankees lay around the decks, and one negro was stiff in death.

In fifteen minutes after the attack both vessels were secured, the prisoners were put in irons until they could be confined, and the wounded taken below. The new crew went to their work readily; the engineers got up steam, the firemen took their places, the pilot was at the wheel, the quartermaster on the deck, and the officers at their posts. Everything was made ready for sailing, the boats were hauled alongside, the anchor raised, and just as day was dawning the C. S. steamers Satellite and Reliance got under way and stood up the Rappahannock. About sunrise the anchors were dropped off Urbanna.

BOHEMIAN.

ON BOARD STEAMER SATELLITE, Rappahannock River, Aug. 30, 1863.

As I remarked in my previous letter, the work of clearing the decks of the steamers and of securing the prisoners occupied but a few moments. The men immediately after took their positions, and a stranger would have supposed the crew were engaged in the regular routine of daily duty. The boats were made fast astern, everything was hauled taught on board, ropes coiled up, and guns prepared for a fight. Lieut. Wood was on board the Satellite, and, Mr. Hoge being wounded, Lieut. Hudgins, the second officer in command, was put in charge of the Reliance. He was ordered to follow close after the Satellite, which was to be taken up the river by Pilot Moore. The engineers, Messrs. Bowman and Tennent, soon got up steam and reported the vessels ready to move. I was on the Reliance at the time, having gone there to attend the wounds of Lieut. Hoge and Capt. Walters, both seriously hit, and lying side by side in the cabin. The former was the first upon her decks, and fought with great daring; but, alas! just in the moment of victory he was struck in the neck by a pistol ball, falling upon the deck close beside the Yankee Captain. Midshipman Cook was also hit by two balls, but as the wounds were slight he insisted upon doing his duty as soon as the flow of blood was checked. A deserter from our army lay dying upon the deck, and three or four Yankees and negroes had wounds from cutlass or pistol. On the other vessel the wounded were more numerous, but they were attended by the Surgeon's steward on the steamer. None of our men were hurt on board of her.

Just as the first gray streak of day appeared in the east the Satellite moved out, followed closely by Lieut. Hudgins. The run up occupied some three hours, and a little after sunrise we dropped the anchors off Urbanna. The first thing was to get the wounded and prisoners ashore. Midshipman Goodwyn had charge of this, and in a short time all were landed and delivered into the hands of the cavalry waiting to receive them.

I should here mention that on the day we launched our boats in Meachum's Creek, Col. T. L. Rosser, so long and so favorably known to the public, brought his regiment down to co-operate with us. This was exactly what we wished, and no better officer could have been selected for the service, or one who would have given greater satisfaction to us. His regiment, the 5th cavalry, was raised principally from the counties around, and knew every path and by-way in them. Upon his arrival we felt secure from any demonstration on land.

With the assistance of Mr. Goodwyn, I soon got the wounded on land, and had them carried to "Roseguild," the residence of Mrs. Bailey, where comfortable beds and rooms were provided for them. I thus had the wounded of both vessels together and could better attend to their wants. The Yankees had no medical officer with them—only two surgeon's stewards, both of whom seemed ignorant of their duties, and not inclined to assist even their own men. The ladies of the surrounding country soon began to collect at the house, and they gave me material assistance. Late in the evening a boat was sent off for me, and I went on board the Satellite, leaving the wounded in charge of Dr. Nicholson, of Middlesex county, a gentleman well known in Virginia. To his professional skill the sufferers are much indebted.

Meantime the prisoners had been taken by the cavalry and were on their way to Richmond.

Unfortunately for us neither of these steamers had beyond a few hours' coal. The Currituck, the remaining steamer on this station, had gone up the river to coal-up, intending upon her return to relieve these for the same purpose. Lt. Wood determined, however, to make the most of the little on board. Expecting an encounter with the Currituck, Col. Rosser had furnished from his regiment Capt. Clay's company of Sharpshooters, to assist in the engagement should we meet her. Capt. Fendall Gregory, and Lt. Nunn, of the same regiment, also accompanied us. Owing to the difficulty in getting a sufficient amount of steam upon the Reliance, we were delayed until dark before starting, but about 8 o'clock got under way and ran down the river. But something was out of order on the steamer; she could not be pushed above two knots an hour, and lost steam as fast as a little could be gained; consequently she was soon far behind. We waited an hour for her to come up, and then found her so disabled as to be of little use before extensive repairs could be made. Lt. Hudgins was therefore sent back with her, and we went on alone.

This was Sunday night. It was 11 o'clock before we reached the mouth of the river and ran out into the bay. The sea was quite high, with a strong southeasterly wind, and every prospect of an approaching storm.—Having so little coal, it was impossible to go far; but Lt. Wood started boldly up the bay to see what there was afloat. The waves were every moment getting higher, and the Satellite creaked and groaned in every seam, and ran her head heavily against the sea, as if trying to commit suicide at the chagrin of capture. Although much indisposed, pilot Moore managed her admirably, and kept her well against the storm. After cruising awhile up the bay our course was turned towards the Eastern Shore. Some few sails were seen looming up through the dark, but they were small and hardly worth the time when larger game was expected. At 1 o'clock the sea was very high, and about all the Satellite could stand. It would have availed us little then to have made out a sail, for the sea was too rough for boarding and our small boats would probably have swamped, in such weather. At 2 o'clock we turned back, and a little before day made Stingray Point.—Fearing the Currituck might have returned during the night and dropped into the anchorage, Lt. Wood sent up a signal light; but it was not answered, and we ran safely inside.

MONDAY, August 24, 1863.

In the gray of the morning we ran some five miles up the river, and came to anchor near Gray's Point. Being out all night, as well as the two nights previous, everybody was much exhausted, and, as soon as the anchor dropped over the side, nearly all dropped to sleep upon the deck. Having suffered severely with sea sickness during the night our cavalry were a forlorn-looking set, and it was pitiful to see their pale, uneasy faces.

Nothing of importance occurred during the day. The sea still ran high, and the wind increased in strength. About night three sails made their appearance in the bay, all beating down upon the starboard tack directly towards us. We made out towards them, and for an hour or two chased the larger of the two down towards Gwin's Island and the mouth of the Piankatank. About 9 o'clock she was overhauled, and proved to be the schooner Golden Rod, laden with coals, from Baltimore, and bound for Maine. The captain and crew were the most surprised men I ever saw. The other two sail (schooners both) had anchored just inside the point, and these were picked up upon our return. They were the Two Brothers and the Coquette, anchor-sweepers, from Philadelphia. Both had a number of very fine anchors and cables on board. Taking the three in tow we ran up to Urbanna again, and let go anchors. As the Reliance had but a few bushels of coal left she was sent up to Port Royal that morning, but since our capture of the Golden Rod, she was ordered to return.

Running the Satellite alongside the schooner we took on board coal to last a day or two, and prepared to run down the river.—The schooners were made ready for burning, and instructions left with Lt. Hudgins to take charge of them and apply the match should the enemy force us to retire.

TUESDAY, Aug. 25th.

Early this morning I went ashore to carry the wounded some few captured luxuries, taken from the prizes. Mr. Hoge was doing very well although his wound was painful. Capt. Walters seemed failing: his symptoms were bad. The deserter was dead, and an old boatswain beyond recovery. Ensign Sommers, and purser's steward, Stavey, were both doing well. The ladies were assiduous in their endeavors to make all comfortable, and I am sure the wounded will ever cherish kindly recollections of their care.

We remained a few hours at Urbanna, then again ran down the river and laid under lee of the land, some two miles from the bay, waiting patiently for "something to turn up." The sea seemed to be higher than before, and we could see the white foam-caps flash in the light, and the heavy breakers dash upon the beach with their continuous, saddening roar. It was too much for the Satellite—the elements were against us. From a picket we ascertained the Currituck had arrived off the Piankatank, had communicated with the shore, and afterwards steamed rapidly in the direction of Fortress Monroe. We knew, then, she was aware of the nature of our exploit, and had gone for aid to pursue us.—Sure enough, later in the evening the black smoke stacks of three large gunboats became visible in the distance.

Had the weather been favorable Lieut. Wood intended to have run out before the steamers came up; but the pilots decided the sea was too rough for our engines. This being the case, we had the choice of an unequal fight or a retreat up the river. The odds were too great for the former, and so we headed for Urbanna.

Meantime Lieut. Hudgins had arrived with the Reliance, and was coaling from the schooner. Upon nearing them a boat was sent ahead to show who we were, and in an hour after we, too, were alongside them. The storm now burst upon us in all its fury, and the wind shrieked around us as if all the sea-demons had been turned loose. Although nearly twenty miles from the bay, the waves were higher than I supposed they ever were in the river. The wind veered to the Northward, and the weather turned intensely cold. That night the sharpshooters were sent ashore to their command, and we lay at anchor.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 26th.

This morning the storm cleared away, but the weather was chilly and the river rough. A pilot was obtained from the shore and preparations were made to run up to Port Royal, where the steamers and the prizes could be dismantled. The larger schooner drew eleven feet of water, and this the pilot thought too much to be gotten up without difficulty; so at daylight she was fired. Taking the other two prizes in tow we started on, pilot Moore bringing up the Reliance close behind. After a few miles he brought her alongside the Satellite, and the two then worked together, making quite good time against the strong ebb tide and the high headwind.

About 10 o'clock the weather moderated a little. The sun came out, and the wind died away. The run up was quite pleasant, and I enjoyed fully the beauty of the scenery along the route. I do not know of a more beautiful river in this country than the Rappahannock. The shores are high and slope from the hills behind gracefully down to the water. Well cultivated farms on either side, splendid residences, with patches of woodland here and there to throw a dash of genuine nature into the scene. The Confederate flag was flying from the Satellite, and from some old bunting on board, the officers of the Reliance improvised a small flag of the new pattern—the white ground with battle-flag union. Our advance caused considerable excitement on the route: the people did not know what to make of it. Some stared in mute astonishment, others thought it a trick of the Yankees, others again greeted us with enthusiastic cheers. The sun went down just as we entered Port Tobacco bay, its soft light lingering for a time upon the hazy hillsides. The picture that was then presented us was beautiful beyond description, and will linger long in some niche of the mind where memory shall hang it.

A short run from here brought us to Port Royal. There some of our troops were stationed, with a battery of artillery. We were hailed from the banks and warned not to surprise it for fear of receiving a few shots before our character could be made known. A boat was therefore sent ahead, and in half an hour after we dropped anchor just off the town.

THURSDAY, Aug. 26th.

Early in the day Lt. Wood went ashore to report our arrival to the commanding officer. We were very kindly greeted by all and promised every assistance in dismantling and getting ashore the cargo of the prizes. The troops at this place were the 47th and 48th Alabama regiments, with a fine battery of Napoleons, the name of which has escaped me. They had been here some days, and acted as a protection to a train of wagons foraging in this vicinity. The Yankees were some fifteen miles from here, at King George C. H., where, it is said, they have a considerable force of cavalry and infantry. On Tuesday a skirmish occurred near King George C. H., in which the enemy were repulsed, leaving ten dead upon the field. Our loss was slight—some two or three wounded.

During the day several parties of ladies came off to visit us, some of whom recognized the gunboats, and had before seen them upon the river during the negro and chicken stealing expeditions of the Yankees. We received considerable attention from the shore, and had the Richmond papers sent off to us, the first received for many days. In the evening I saw dress parade and listened for a sweet half hour to the rich tones of the organ in the village church.

BOHEMIAN.

GOV. VANCE AT KITTRELL'S.—Gov. Vance, we learn, spent several days at Kittrell's Springs last week. On Saturday the ladies called him "out" and demanded a speech, and of course he responded. He spoke of "subjugation" in reference to the war as impossible, and declared our independence as a fixed fact; but he declared that nothing kept our independence off more than those at home, out of the army, throwing cold water on the cause, instead of using their efforts to encourage and brace up the brave men who are battling for our rights. The ladies cheered and clapped their fair hands and said amen to the sentiment.

Judge L. S. D'Lyon died in Savannah, Ga. on the 27th ult.

DAILY DISPATCH.

VOL. XXV. RICHMOND, VA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1863. No. 54.

ADDITIONAL FROM THE NORTH.

From the latest Northern dates we make up a summary of additional items of interest:

THE ATTACK ON MOBILE TO COMMENCE SOON.

A correspondent of the New York *News*, writing from New Orleans on the 13th ult., says:

Mobile is going to be attacked in a formidable manner. Another corps of the army from Gen. Grant arrived here yesterday.—This corps numbers about 27,000 men, and, with the two divisions which came down a few days ago, united with the 6,000 escaped men of Gen. Banks's expedition, will make quite a respectable force of about 40,000 men. It is said that these armies are going to Mobile, via Pascagoula, while another and not less considerable army is going to operate from some other way, such as Pensacola, and in the rear of Mobile.

It is reported that Gen. Sherman, seeing that he could not easily force his way through Johnston's army, has decided to take another road on foot, along the river, up to a certain distance, so as to flank the Confederates and proceed to Mobile. It is said that he is already at Natchez, starting the movement.—We may therefore hear soon that the city is attacked simultaneously from several sides, if not completely invested. At least such is the plan contemplated by the Federals.—They expect short work and a speedy success from it.

But it appears that the Confederates are not idle in organizing their defences. They have several corps well distributed to check the advance of their foes, and some bloody and desperate battles will certainly take place before the yielding of Mobile, which has a fair chance of being saved, if we consider that the United States Navy can be of but little use to combine in the attack. Where there are no gunboats we know very well that the land forces are rather weak against the desperate and audacious rebels, always powerful, and frequently victorious in the field.

The time when the North represented itself, with its usual modesty, under the form of a lion facing the South under the form of a jackass, is long gone by, for facts have proved the lion not to be a genuine one.—Some bitter satirist insinuates even that the two characters have been exactly introverted; and, that if it were not for the Leviathan (marine) and the elephant, (negro,) having lent their allied power to him the pretended Northern lion would have been devoured long ago by the so-represented Southern jackass!

Really, the boasting propensities of that once fiery people who have fallen so low under the yoke of fanatical Republicans, merited some lesson, and Providence has wisely inflicted it. Will that open our eyes to reality and truth? Is it doubtful? *Quod vult perdere, Jupiter dementat.*

THE BRUTALITY OF THE FEDERAL COMMANDER IN BALTIMORE—DESPOTIC ACTS IN HIS DEPARTMENT—TREATMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE WOUNDED.

A Baltimore correspondent of the New York *Times*, under the caption "Are we a Christian People?" has a long review of the official conduct of Major General Schenck, commanding the department of Maryland. He says:

No one has denied or attempted to palliate his course in regard to John Glenn, who was arrested on the merest suspicion and sent South without even being allowed a servant to lead him. Although forced to go to City Point he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the South, claiming that he was a citizen of the United States, and was, consequently, sent back to the tender mercies of General Schenck, who has not yet decided what further cruelties are in store for him.

The case of the causeless turning out of doors of Col. Waring and his family is familiar to all, and his recent exploit of arresting all the mourners quietly attending the burial of a Confederate officer, and marching them through the streets to his headquarters for daring to show that mark of respect to a deceased friend, and detaining them there without shadow of cause to gratify his spleen, has excited, even among his own party, feelings of profound contempt, which they have not been slow to express. Time would fail to record one title of his deeds, which bring disgrace upon us as a people. Is the heaping of insult and indignity on every arrested person a part of our national programme? Take the case of Mr. Colin Mackenzie, the son of one of the first physicians of Baltimore. He was arrested on the suspicion of being about to raise a company to go South. Not a shadow of evidence could be found against him, yet he was kept in confinement by Gen. Schenck, and ordered to clean out the area in front of the Gilmore House, facing one of the most public squares of the city. Does this come under the head of military punishment for persons arrested on suspicion? Can we wonder that Mr. Mackenzie should send back word: "Schenck can put a bayonet through me at pleasure, but cannot force me to clean that area;" and can we wonder, knowing General Schenck, that this was followed by his separation from his family, and expulsion to the South?—Yet is there law or justice, or even decency, in this?

But, perhaps, no case can compare in wanton malignity with that of the treatment of the Rev. Mr. Harrison, the father-in-law of the Rev. Dr. Hoge, and brother-in-law of the Rev. Dr. Backus, the well-known Union clergyman of a Presbyterian Church in Baltimore. This reverend gentleman pays large taxes on property in the United States; but upon being asked if he had property in Virginia, and answering in the affirmative, he was required to make out a list of it that it might be taxed also. On presenting it to the official he made the remark that it seemed rather hard that he should pay taxes on property from which he derived no income. He was arrested on a charge of "treasonable utterances," confined in a small room with six others, kept there for several days, was tried, but allowed to employ no counsel. If he attempted to speak for himself, Don Piatt, the worthy tool of his prototype, General Schenck, shook his fist in his face, cursing him, and calling him fool and liar. On Sunday, between one and two o'clock P. M., this venerable minister, sixty-three years of age, was marched down under a broiling sun, with a gang of deserters, to Fort McHenry, a distance of between two and three miles from the Gilmore House. When he reached there he was so utterly exhausted that he dropped to the earth, where he was suffered to lie, without a morsel of food or a drop of water, till the following morning. Well may we exclaim, as we read of the treatment of this gray-haired preacher of the Gospel, "Oh, Christianity, where is thy blush!"

If we turn to the treatment of wounded prisoners in our hospitals, shame must mantle our cheeks when Fort Delaware is brought to our recollection. Between ten and eleven thousand prisoners are there confined, and these have been dying at the rate of from seven to fifteen per day, because compelled to drink the brackish ditch water, which insures disease and almost certain death. Such strong representations have been made by Federal surgeons of the brutality of this measure that some water is now daily brought from the Brandywine, though not near enough to supply the prisoners. There is not a sheet or a pillow in the hospitals there, and the sick and wounded prisoners are only supplied with army rations—hard tack and fat, salt pork. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him with hard tack; and if he thirst, give him ditch water to drink," is the Administration's version of our Saviour's words.

Who can ever paint the fearful sufferings of the Confederate wounded at Gettysburg, where they lay in pools of water on the battle-field, with no shelter save a little canvas stretched upon uprights, parched with thirst, famishing for food, and delirious from unattended wounds. Our New York papers, religious and secular, told of their sufferings with shudderings of horror, but stated, as an excuse, that our own enormous losses required even more than all our surgeons in attendance, and that Gen. Lee left only four surgeons and a few nurses in case of his five thousand wounded men. Let them take pains to get at the truth, and they will ascertain that he detailed fifty surgeons, with one nurse for every five of his wounded. Would let it be known that these were now actually marched off to swell the ranks of prisoners.—Should they not have been considered noncombatants by all the rules of war? Or, if captured as prisoners, might they not, at least, have been allowed to assuage the anguish of their wounded comrades till such time as they could be removed to the hospitals prepared for them? Is it a part of the governmental policy to kill the sick and wounded die, that they may never again swell the ranks of their foes? In the Baltimore jail eight hundred and fifty men were compelled to take the oath, some flagging as their only bed, till the Federal surgeon stated that they would inevitably be disabled by rheumatism for life. This course were continued.

There are some bright spots in this picture of wrong, injustice, and sin, and yet we scarcely dare to direct attention to them lest they, too, should lose their sunlight and become involved in gloom. At Chester, Pa., and at David's Island, N. Y., the sick and wounded prisoners are allowed comforts and even delicacies. What can cause the difference? Would that we might believe that the disgraceful treatment of our Confederate prisoners might arise from individual corruption and not from the Government, of whose sins we, as a representative people, must bear the punishment. But the matter needs probing. "There is something rotten in the State of Denmark."

A NEW ENGLANDER.

REBELLIOUS CONSCRIPTS.

A dispatch from Boston says:

The officers of the steamer Forest City, which took nearly one thousand conscripts from Long Island to Alexandria, say that frequent threats were made on the passage by the substitutes on board to burn the steamer, but no attempt was made to execute them. On arriving in the Potomac many efforts to escape were made. One man was shot while attempting to swim ashore. Another was discovered in the water boat, a box over his head, and on being picked up was found to have $600 in his belt. After landing, quite a number escaped while on the way to the army in the cars.

DASH AND DARING OF THE BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

A recent letter from an officer of the blockading squadron off Wilmington, N. C., states that two or three steamers had run into Wilmington each day for five days previous. One large steamer ran in at ten o'clock in the forenoon on the 17th inst. A few mornings since a steamer of fifteen hundred tons ran in. She was pierced for six guns, in addition to two pivot guns, and probably would receive an armament and be ready to proceed to sea within a week. She is larger than the Alabama or Florida, and appeared to be very fast. The writer thinks she may be the steamer known as the Southerner. The Niphon and the Minnesota were the only efficient vessels off the port, the Iroquois having left a week previous in chase of a blockade runner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The schooner Ambridgè, formerly of the Baltimore line, has been fitted out as a "pirate" by the Confederates, and is now in the China seas, commanded by Capt. M. F. G. Key, of Baltimore, who is described by the Yankee correspondents as "an out and-out Southerner, who flies the rebel flag and fires a salute every time he hoists his colors." The vessel is said to be an ugly customer to catch.

The Germans of New York city are to hold a Convention next week to arrange for testing the constitutionality of the draft.

Hon. C. L. Vallandigham and his wife are at Windsor, Canada, opposite Detroit.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—In a sermon of the celebrated Scottish divine, Dr. Blair, delivered in Edinburgh on a National Fast Day in 1793, occurs the following paragraph, which is as true now as it was then, and which is well worthy the consideration of Southern men at this time:

"But while we duly value this high advantage of the liberty of the press, and the freedom of political discussion, and when we behold it perpetually acting as a censorial check on all who are in power, let us beware lest abusing our liberty we suffer it to degenerate into licentiousness. The multitude, we well know, are always prone to find fault with those who are set over them, and to arraign their conduct; and too often this spirit appears when public dangers ought to silence the voice of discontent, and to unite every heart and hand in the common cause. The management of a great empire, especially in difficult times, is the conduct of an unwieldy and intricate machine in direction, the movements of which where is the hand so steady as never to err? Instead of the violent censures which the giddy and presumptuous are so ready to pour forth, moderation in discussing matters of which they are very incompetent judges, would be much more wise and becoming. The art of government and legislation is undoubtedly the most wise and difficult of all the arts in which the human mind can be engaged; and where the greatest preparation of knowledge, experience, and ability are absolutely requisite to qualify men for the task.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.—The Charleston *Courier*, of Saturday, has the following about the siege of that city:

The artillery fire continued Thursday night without intermission. On Friday morning Fort Moultrie opened an effective fire for about an hour on the enemy's rifle-pits and lower batteries on Morris Island. Batteries Cheves, Haskell, and Simpkins, on James Island, also continued to pour in a heavy and well-directed fire on the Yankee works on Morris Island.

Early in the morning the enemy opened a steady fire upon battery Wagner from his stockade defences in front of Yankee battery No. 2, and continued it throughout the day. A slow and irregular fire was also kept up against Fort Sumter with little effect.

In the afternoon battery Simpkins opened fire on a party of Yankees discovered working on a new fortification near the rifle pits, causing a stampede among them and driving them from their works. From twenty to thirty shells struck directly in the vicinity and among the party, exploding and throwing up clouds of sand and smoke. Battery Simpkins also kept up a rapid and effective fire yesterday at the enemy's rifle pits.

The fleet yesterday remained quiet. A supply schooner was observed alongside the monitors, transferring ammunition. The fleet of vessels inside the bar consisted of the flag-ship Ironsides, five monitors, four gunboats, five mortar boats, and a number of smaller vessels, such as brigs, schooners, river steamers, &c. The usual number of blockaders are off the bar outside, and a fleet of vessels in Stono.

AN ORDER FROM GEN. BEAUREGARD.—Gen. Beauregard has issued the following order for the impressment of slaves:

I have relied on the laws of the State of South Carolina to furnish the labor needed for the defence of Charleston, against the immense and unstinted resources of the United States, brought to bear for its reduction. The labor needful has not been furnished.

I called for voluntary contributions of labor, and many patriotic persons have sent me their slaves, who have done invaluable service; but even in this way no permanent force has been placed at my disposition adequate to the juncture and the work to be done.

Voluntary labor will be gladly received; but, relying on that no longer, I am obliged to send agents to impress, with directions to apply, as far as practicable, only to those who have not heretofore furnished their quota.

I must rely on my countrymen to afford these agents all possible facilities in the speedy discharge of their duty.

Planters may be assured that the true way to serve their own interests is to do what they can to enable me to hold [illegible].

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

Richmond Dispatch.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

☞Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per square for each insertion—small parcels (of a square or less) charged one square.

☞Larger advertisements in exact proportion.

☞Advertisements published tri-weekly and bi-weekly charged $1.50 per square of eight lines for every insertion.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Assault and Battery.—David Diamond, William Davis, and William Kingston, were arrested and brought before the Mayor yesterday morning, charged with assaulting and beating Owen McSweeney a few nights since. McS.'s appearance indicated that the assault made upon him was one of no ordinary character, and from the great disfiguration of his countenance we should think that many more such onslaughts would wind up his career in this world. The only evidence adduced in this case established the guilt of the accused, and they were each bound over in the sum of $300 to appear before the Hustings Court the second Monday in September, and held in the sum of $300 to keep the peace for twelve months.

C. S. District Court.—The regular term of the C. S. District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia, Judge Halyburton presiding, convened pursuant to adjournment in this city yesterday morning. The following cases came up for settlement:

A writ of *habeas corpus* was awarded upon the petition of John F. Brown, praying to be discharged from military service, and the Court decided to hear the case on Thursday. A similar writ was awarded to John S. Horton.

Mathew Wood, a minor, was discharged, under petition accompanying a writ of *habeas corpus*, from the army.

A writ of *habeas corpus* was awarded Zebulon Boon, who prayed to be discharged from the military service upon grounds of illegal detention.

Frank Livingston, James Johnston, and Michael Roseberry, appeared, on their petitions for a writ praying to be discharged and claiming to belong to no military organization. Their cases were continued until today.

I. H. Ellett's petition for a writ of *habeas corpus*, with a view to his discharge from the army, was partially heard and continued until this morning.

The Court adjourned to meet again this morning at 11 o'clock.

Dismissed.—A white man, named Philip Whitlock, lodged a complaint before the Mayor yesterday morning against Robert Lanier for an assault upon his person. The difficulty arose about smoking a cigar in the auctioneering department of Lanier, Tolleson & Catlett's establishment, on Pearl street. Whitlock refusing to extinguish his cheroot, after repeated requests from Mr. Lanier to do so, that gentleman proceeded to eject him by force from the auction room. Blows passed between them, and W. took out a warrant against Mr. Lanier, on the ground that he was afraid of further personal violence at his hands. Several witnesses were examined, and the Mayor, in view of the light testimony against the accused, dismissed the charge.

Soldiers' Wives, dependent on their own exertions for the support of themselves and children, deserve and should receive kindness and politeness at