DAILY DISPATCH.

VOL. XXVI. RICHMOND, VA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 12 1864. NO. 113

Richmond Dispatch.

BY J. A. COWARDIN & CO.

THE DISPATCH is published daily, (Sundays excepted.) Price for mailing, $30 per year, or $16 for six months; 3 mos., $7.50; 1 month, $2.50—in advance. All remittances by mail, are at the risk of those who make them. Checks and drafts must be made payable to order.

THURSDAY MORNING.........MAY 12 1864

Contrabands—Their Sad Fate.

The Yankees, so fertile in excuses for their outrages in this war, very readily invented the appplication of the term "contrabands" to Southern slaves. They determined to take the step of stealing these slaves from their owners, to whom the ancestors of these same Yankees sold the slaves aforesaid; and in order that the stealing might have somewhat the semblance of order and authority, they declared the slaves "contrabands," and it was further declared unlawful to return them to their owners.

It is remarkable, however, that even after they are taken from their homes and their masters—after they are enjoying association and such freedom as they have among the Yankees—they are still called "contrabands." A cannon is "contraband of war" in its route to the enemy's ports; but if it is captured, and put in use by the captor, it is no longer contraband to him. The poor negro, however, has a different fate. He is still a doomed "contraband." The name sticks to him as a term of derision, after he ceases to be, under the authority of such law as the Yankees have for him, a "contraband." Yet this is not all: he continues in *fact* and practice a "contraband." He is not allowed his promised equality. His Yankee master denies him the privileges of freedom. He subjects him to indignities and menial service, and if he adorns him with a uniform, and puts a gun in his hand, it is only that he may become a breastwork to shield the Yankees from Confederate bullets; or to be the minister of some barbarities, which his ignorance of the usages of war, and his rude instincts and passions, very well fit him for.

We have seen enough in this war to know what a cruel, selfish, and malignant spirit it is that controls the people of the North, in their measures relating to the negro. They care nothing for him. They only use him to injure us, and thus gratify their malignity. They have no mercy for him, and will throw him off to seek his home and livelihood as he may. They will then cry, "Lo, the poor negro!" as they cried "Lo, the poor Indian!" after they had robbed him of his rich domains, and sent him to the Western forests, covered with sores and cursed with the vices of civilization!

The illustrations of the misery the Yankees are bringing upon the hapless children of Africa—those "American citizens of African descent," as the hideous monster at the head of the Federal Government styles them in mockery—are of daily occurrence. An instance just to hand is afforded in an order issued by A. W. Kelley, Yankee Surgeon and Health Officer at Natchez, approved by Brig. Gen. Tuttle, in command. This order we published in the *Dispatch* yesterday morning. In this order the negroes are pronounced "lazy and profligate, unused to caring for themselves, thriftless for the present, improvident of the future." He adds: "The most of them loaf idly about the streets and alleys, prowling in secret places, and lounge lazily in crowded hovels, which soon become dens of noisome filth, the hot-beds fit to engender and rapidly disseminate the most loathsome and malignant diseases."

To remedy these evils what does the Yankee surgeon, approved by the General, propose? Why, in effect, to return the negro to his state of slavery. Indeed, to subject him to rigors he had never known when under his lawful master's authority. Every "contraband" (thus the order styles them,) is required immediately to hire himself or herself to a master, and to sojourn under that master's roof and nowhere else, the master or hirer being required to become responsible for the contraband he so employs. It further declares that "no contraband will be allowed to hire any premises "in this city for *any purpose whatever*; and "no other person shall be allowed to hire "such premises for the purpose of evading "this order, nor allowed to hire or harbor "any contraband who cannot satisfy the "health officer that he or she needs the ser "vice of said contraband in some legitimate "employment." What amiable and humane administrators of law and police these Northern philanthropists are! Surgeon Kelley tells all and singular, in this notable order, that an attempt to *evade* the order "will be punished "more severely than the *direct* infraction of "it!" Of course, there could be no hesitation as to violation by evasion or open disobedience. It is somewhat a departure from Yankee ethics, to denounce the sin of *evasion* as greater than that of *open violation*. The *ingenuity* of success by indirection, has generally elicited praise, where the folly of open resistance has ever provoked the censures of the wise Puritans. But we like the bold discrimination of this Yankee surgeon; evasion is mean and contemptible, and deserving harsher punishment than direct opposition, which has at least the virtue of frankness. If his principle of law were established in the land of the "saints," it would produce a world of inconvenience and trouble!

But of the poor negro, Kelley does not dispose of even here. He adds another article, which provides that "persons drawing rations from the United States Government "are not supposed to need many hired servants. The number needed by each family "will be determined by the undersigned," namely, Kelley. The Government does not mean to feed idle negroes, that is clear!

Was there ever a more thorough *ban* put upon the descendants of Ham? Well may the Yankee call him "contraband." Literally does he fulfil the curse upon the descendants of Ham: that they shall be the servants of servants. What are the ill-fated people of Natchez but Yankee servants, since they are subjected to domiciliary visits and the commands of Yankee officials as to how many servants they shall have and what other privileges they shall enjoy? And the contrabands are ordered to become the servants of these people, on pain of being driven out of the city and kept in prison bounds, in what a philanthropic correspondent of the *Tribune* calls a "krall"—a place to keep cattle. This, on a small scale, illustrates the ultimate fate of the negro at the hands of the Yankees. All that cannot be made useful, will be driven forth to some place where the Yankees will not be troubled with them; and that place must not be any place that is fertile—that has sweet waters and fine groves—for such place the Yankees will never give up to the negro. It must be some Siberia, undesirable to the Saints! The correspondent of the *Tribune*, no doubt very truly, says that, subjected to these cruelties, many negroes "who had had kind masters resolved to return to slavery." "Whole families had lived together with their masters; but now they must be separated."—"Lo, the poor negro!"

Inducements to Naval Enterprise.

The probability of encountering upon the ocean an enemy whose interest it is to avoid a meeting is strikingly illustrated by facts in the naval history of Europe. Not only single vessels, but whole fleets, have often managed to keep out of the way of a hostile squadron. Take the following remarkable instances:

In 1744, apprehending a French invasion, Sir John Norris was sent from England with a large squadron to intercept the French fleet, which consisted of twenty ships and a land force of twenty-two thousand men. The French succeeded in sailing the short distance to the British coast without meeting any opposition, and was only prevented from landing the troops by a storm, which drove them back upon the coast of France for shelter.

In 1755 an English fleet of several ships of the line and some frigates were sent to intercept a French fleet of twenty-five ships of the line and many smaller vessels, which had sailed from Brest for America. The fleets passed each other in a thick fog. All but two of the French vessels reached Quebec, and nine of them soon afterwards returned to France.

In 1759 a British force, under Commander Boy, blockaded a French fleet in the port of Dunkirk. The French commander, seizing a favorable opportunity, not only escaped from his enemy, but attacked the coast of Scotland, and cruised about till the next year, without meeting a single British vessel, although sixty one British ships of the line were then stationed upon the coasts of England and France.

A still more remarkable case occurred in 1796, when the French attempted to throw the army of Hoche into Ireland. The most extraordinary efforts were made by the British naval authorities to intercept the French fleet in its passage. Three fleets were put on guard: one, the Channel fleet, under Lord Bridport, consisting of thirty sail of the line, was stationed close on the British shores; a second, under Curtis, in the Downs; a third, under Colpays, watched the harbor of Brest. Yet the French fleet of forty-four vessels, carrying a land force of twenty-five thousand men, actually passed unobserved these three lines of coast guard, though it occupied eight days in making the passage and three more in landing the troops. And they not only passed, but returned, only one of their number being intercepted by the vast naval force of England!

In 1791 a French squadron again passed a British fleet with perfect impunity. The same thing occurred twice in 1798, when the immense British fleets failed to prevent the landing of Gen. Humbert's army, and later in the year, when a French squadron of nine vessels and three thousand men escaped Sir J. B. Warren's squadron and safely reached the coast of Ireland.

The escape of the Toulon fleet, in 1798, from that vigilant and energetic commander, Lord Nelson, was still more remarkable. There were in this fleet forty ships of war and an immense fleet of transports, making in all three hundred sail, and carrying forty thousand troops. Its destination was Malta, and it slipped out of port, followed by Nelson, who tried two courses for Alexandria, and missed the French in both. The sea was narrow; the vessels numerous; the fleets actually crossed each other on a certain night; yet Nelson could see nothing of them himself, and heard nothing of them from merchant vessels.

In 1805 another Toulon fleet escaped from Nelson. He sought for it in vain in the Mediterranean; then proceeded to the West Indies; then back to Europe, along the coast of Portugal, in the Bay of Biscay, and off the English Channel. But all in vain. When they did meet at last at Trafalgar it was because both fleets were willing to try the issue of a battle.

If great squadrons can thus elude the vigilance of an enemy, how much more easily single ships, built for speed, and designed to prey upon the commerce of its adversary. We have seen how for years a few Confederate vessels have foiled the whole naval power of the United States.—Whenever they have come in collision with a Yankee man-of-war they have whipped her, but the cases of collision have been only two in three years. Such facts should stimulate our people to put privateers afloat on every sea. There is no branch of warlike enterprise which offers such inducements.—The risks are small; the profits immense.—The ocean is a big pond, and full of big fish. The angling is almost as safe as on a river bank, and the returns vastly more remunerative. Let us hope that the Virginia Volunteer Navy will be soon afloat, and that every State of the Confederacy will follow her example.

Our Foreign Relations.

The terms of honest and manly reprobation in which the President refers to those foreign Governments which, having recognized by treaty in the last century the separate independent sovereignty of the Southern States, now not only refuse us recognition, but give aid and comfort to the enemy, will find a warm response in every patriotic Southern heart. For some of the wrongs we have suffered at their hands, says the President, "we may not properly forbear from demanding redress," when we shall have achieved our independence.

We rejoice that the Confederacy has come to understand the true character and policy of foreign powers relative to this country. That of England in particular (we speak of the Government, not the people,) has been not merely unfriendly, but malignant in the last degree. In her revenge for the American Revolution, and the American naval successes of the late war, and in her selfish design to monopolize the manufactures, the cotton and the commerce of the world, she has, in cold blood, with the most dogged perseverance, sought for thirty years the disunion of America through the agitation of slavery. When at last, she was successful, she has had but one policy—that of helping both the belligerents utterly to devour and destroy each other. If she has shown most favor to the North, it is because she feels sure the destruction of Southern slavery would involve Northern commerce and manufactures in the same ruin with Southern labor. All the blood and all the misery of the war are grateful to her nostrils, for the longer they are protracted, the more certain the fruit of her object. Was ever such deliberate diabolism? Are nations justifiable, any more than individuals, in coining their gold out of human suffering? If not, England has a day of reckoning before her, which may well make her humble. That day may not be as distant as she imagined.

The Quartermaster General.

The Richmond *Whig* remarks that whatever may have been the merits of the controversy in regard to Col. Myers, the recent Quartermaster General, we think there can be no doubt that his successor has shown himself eminently qualified for the position. There is perhaps no position in the country involving more responsibility, requiring greater energy, more sleepless vigilance, or a clearer intelligence. The absence of either of these qualities would produce confusion in the service, and rouse immediate and emphatic complaint. Yet we are confident that there never was a time when our armies, so far as this Department is concerned, were better supplied, and when there was more satisfaction with its workings exhibited by the press and the public. We cannot but attribute these results to the efforts of the head of the Department; and we see no good reason why he should not get the credit for them which he deserves.

Price's Victory.

At last we have news that is not doubtful, giving us one of the most complete victories of the war. The number of prisoners that fell into Price's hands is the largest ever captured by Confederate arms, save by Jackson at Harper's Ferry. The achievement is a brilliant one for the Western Hero, and is a grand addition to our successes in the trans-Mississippi campaign.—The prisoners taken there must throw the balance in our favor, and will dispose the Yankees to more liberality in the matter of exchanges.

THE COMBINED MOVEMENT ON RICHMOND—THE ENEMY ON THE SOUTHSIDE—FIGHT AT CHESTER—THE GREAT CAVALRY RAID, &c.

The news Tuesday from Gen. Lee was very meagre. It was positively stated that heavy firing had been heard at Hamilton's Crossing Tuesday morning, and that the sound receded in the direction of Fredericksburg, indicating that Gen. Lee was driving the enemy in that direction. No information of the actual occurrence of a fight was, however, received in the city yesterday. The movements on the Southside Tuesday were interesting. We give below what facts we have obtained relative to the "great movement" on this city:

THE MOVEMENT ON THE SOUTHSIDE.

An account of the operations on the south side of the river may be gathered from the following, in the Petersburg *Express* of Monday, commencing with the details of the fight at Port Walthall Saturday:

As early as sunrise found the two forces drawn up in line of battle, about half a mile apart, and in full view of one another. We occupied the railroad to the right and left of Mr. Craig's residence, very near to the junction, and the Yankee army occupied a position in Mrs. Mary Dunn's field.—Some skirmishing took place about 11 o'clock when the Surry Artillery, under Capt. Hankins, advanced several hundred yards in front and opened on the enemy, throwing shell right into their midst, and producing quite a stir among them.—This brought on a sharp fire between the infantry on our left and the advance of the enemy's right. But in thirty minutes the firing on both sides ceased, except now and then a wild shot from the enemy's artillery. Our forces now made the railroad their line of battle, and about half-past two o'clock the enemy opened on them with their artillery in front, and at the same time endeavored to turn our left.—They finally succeeded, by overwhelming numbers, in reaching the railroad, but the 21st, 25th, and 27th South Carolina regiments, under General Hagood, advanced and drove the enemy pell-mell back to their line.

The fighting continued until about 4 o'clock, and was for the greater portion of the time very severe, the brave and gallant South Carolinians driving everything before them. Men never could have fought better. In this fight Col Graham, of the 21st, was wounded in several places, not very severely, however, and Col Pressley, of the 25th, was shot through the left arm, very near the shoulder joint. Lieut Col Dargan, of the same regiment, was killed, and Capt Wm R Stoney, of Gen Hagood's Staff, supposed to be mortally wounded. The Lieut Col of the 27th was severely wounded in the head.

Brig Gen Bushrod Johnson was the senior Brigadier in command, and behaved with much coolness. Lieut Gen D H Hill was on the ground.

Our loss in killed and wounded was about 150 or 200, at the farthest, and we lost very few if any prisoners. The enemy's loss was represented by the prisoners we captured to be very heavy—not less than 2,000.

The number of the enemy engaged was twelve or fifteen thousand.

On Sunday morning it was discovered that the enemy had fallen back the previous night, leaving our force undisputed possession of the battle field, and leaving a portion of their dead and wounded on the field. A quantity of baggage was left by the retiring Yankees, and some persons who visited the field picked up several articles of value. One soldier, we learn, found a thousand dollars in greenbacks on the body of a dead Yankee. By some means, whether accidental or otherwise, is not known, the woods took fire on Saturday night, and no doubt several of the enemy's wounded were burned to death, as our pickets could hear their piteous groans throughout the night as the fire approached them.

A couple of deserters, belonging to a New York regiment, were brought in yesterday. They are intelligent and fine looking. They represent that there is over $400 bounty money due them, and that they are tired of the war anyhow. They say that great dissatisfaction exists in the army, and that the chief cause is the negro troops, several thousand being in the army now at Bermuda Hundreds.—These men declare that the fighting at Port Walthall Junction Saturday was terrible, and that they suffered very severely. Gen Heckman's orderly was killed by his side, his horse was shot under him, and the fingers of one hand were shot off.—They say that Butler was in command, and Gillmore was on the field. The impression prevails throughout the army that Gen Beauregard was in command. Butler caused a telegram to be read to the troops early Saturday morning, stating that Grant had gained a great victory over Lee; had driven him twenty miles, and at last accounts was still driving him. This lying announcement was received with a great outburst of applause, of course.

SPEARE'S CAVALRY RAID.

The notorious Speare, who was so successfully driven back at Broadwater Bridge on Friday, by Sturdivant's battery and Col Ratcliffe's regiment, immediately turned his course towards the source of the Blackwater river, and crossed at a point several miles higher up, where the stream is so insignificant as to be easily forded.—Here he met no opposition, and made a detour which brought him to Wakefield Depot, on the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad, where he stopped Friday night. He did not burn the depot nor interfere with private property further than to steal horses, corn, and provender. He seized four negro men, hired by the Railroad Company, but afterwards released them, and told them they were at liberty to remain or accompany the expedition. Three decided to stay where they were, and a fourth left with the raiders. At an early hour Saturday, the raiders started for Stony Creek Depot, on the Weldon Railroad, proceeding by way of Littleton and Sussex Court-House.

They reached Littleton, Sussex county, about 11 o'clock, having captured Mr Stephen Goodwyn, a fisherman on the Nottoway river, two miles from Littleton, and taking the people by surprise.

They searched all the houses, stole horses, and broke open the Post Office, and destroyed all the letters. Mrs Stevens, Dr Parker and his father, were the heaviest losers in horses. At Littleton they also captured four wagons belonging to the 7th cavalry, two of which, filled with bacon, were burnt. Two others, containing ammunition, the invaders carried off with them. Mr Huddleston, the mail driver, being informed of their coming, drove his horses into the woods, and returned near enough to the road to see them pass. He estimates their numbers at 1,800 or 2,000, although others say they numbered at least 3,000. They had six pieces of artillery.

The entire party reached Stony Creek about two o'clock, where they encountered a bridge guard of sixty South Carolina troops, who offered desperate resistance. After a short fight the guard was captured, having lost ten in killed and wounded.—Seven of the enemy were killed, and one terribly wounded by a gash in the thigh from an axe.

They did not burn the depot nor the tavern at Stony Creek; they did burn the bridge, wood sheds, bridge timbers, lumber, and other articles belonging to the company. Such corn as they did not feed to their horses was burnt. They tore up but little of the track. A shell passed through the depot, and another bursted in the second story of the tavern. The bridge guard, sixty in number, got into the pit of the turn-table, and for two and a half hours offered most gallant resistance. They were finally entirely surrounded and forced to surrender. Seven of the Yankees were killed and several wounded. Among the killed was a Lieut John Mayes, whose death Speare deeply lamented, saying that he was the most efficient officer in his command. But one of the bridge guard was wounded, and he not fatally. The dwelling of Mr Gee, near the creek, was burnt by the enemy.

AFFAIRS ALONG THE SOUTH BANK OF THE RIVER.

The enemy have occupied Hood's on James river, better known as Fort Powhatan. This is about twenty miles below City Point, and would be a most capital position for heavy artillery, the river at this point being very narrow, and the channel hugging the south shore closely, and the banks very high and precipitous. The place is now occupied by two regiments of negro troops, whose camps extend all over Temple's field. We hear that they are greatly annoying the people in that neighborhood, pilfering and depredating in every direction.

The enemy's gunboats patrol the Appomattox from Port Walthall to the mouth of the river, shelling on both sides every spot likely to afford cover to a party of gray backs. On Friday two of the enemy's gunboats got aground opposite the residence of Mr Marius Gilliam, and at last accounts had not been gotten off. The enemy were wasting a vast deal of amunition in that direction yesterday and it was doubtless for the purpose of protecting these grounded craft from "masked batteries."

Major Harrison, of Gen Pickett's staff, while reconnoitering yesterday in the vicinity of City Point was suddenly surprised by a party of Yankee pickets, and pursued for some distance. The Major finally succeeded in eluding his pursuers by leaping to the ground and seeking shelter in some undergrowth, from whence he wended his way to a place of safety. He lost his horse, as did also a courier who was with him.

RECONNOISSANCE AT CHESTER YESTERDAY.

A movement was made by a portion of our troops Tuesday morning to ascertain the position of the enemy near Chester.—About 6 o'clock in the morning a portion of Barton's and Gracy's brigades left camp, and with skirmishers thrown out commenced feeling their way towards the enemy. About 9 o'clock they met the enemy's skirmishers, and an hour afterwards the fight became general. Our men charged upon the Yankees and drove them back to a line of entrenchments they had thrown up. Upon getting within their works the Yankees discovered how small a force was driving them, and came out in very large numbers, flanking our men on both flanks, and causing them to fall back, which was done in good order. Our men set fire to some woods, which prevented any pursuit. The killed and wounded of the two brigades will amount to about 150, many of the latter falling into the hands of the enemy. The fight closed about 12½ o'clock.

Among the killed are Colonel Cabell, of Danville, Va., and Capt. Taylor, of Montgomery county.

The reconnoissance discovered the fact that the enemy in heavy force were near Chester, as the left of their line rested in that village, and the right about half a mile off, on the turnpike, and were entrenched.

After the fight was over a coal train from the Clover Hill Pits, beyond Chester, came on to Richmond. The engineer said the Yankees were all around Chester, but none on the railroad, and he got through safely.

A courier from Drewry's Bluff came up last night and reported that about 5 o'clock in the evening the enemy came out of their fortifications and were attacked by Barton's brigade and driven back.

The point where the first fight occurred is six miles in the rear of Drewry's Bluff.

Seventy-one prisoners, captured by Gen. Gracy's brigade in the charge, were brought here last night in charge of Lt. W. R. Ezell. One commissioned officer was in the lot.

THE RAIDERS ON THE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

We have some additional particulars of the movement of the Yankee cavalry at Beaver Dam, on the Central Railroad. They reached there about 7 o'clock Monday night, and caught two trains of cars loaded with commissary stores for Gen. Lee's army, drawn by two first class locomotives. These they burnt, and then proceeded to burn the other commissary stores, the contents of five trains, which had accumulated there a day or two before—in all about 200,000 pounds of bacon, with a large quantity of meal and flour. They then left. Tuesday afternoon a train from the Junction brought intelligence that the raiders were within a mile and a half of Taylorsville, in Hanover county, and heavy firing was heard in that direction, leading to the supposition that Gen. Fitz Lee's or some other Confederate cavalry had attacked them.

Tuesday night a report from Gen Fitz Lee stated that the cavalry of the enemy were moving to Richmond in two columns, one of which was then feeding its horses at Negro Foot, in Hanover county, thirty miles from here, and the other was coming down the Central Railroad route.

Another telegram was received last night at the War Department from Gen. Fitz Lee, stating the enemy's force to be three divisions of cavalry. They are cutting down trees in the road behind them to interrupt the pursuit of our cavalry, which then, at 9 o'clock, the date of the telegram, was at Hanover Junction.

AVERILL'S RAID—ATTACK AT DUBLIN DEPOT.

A telegram was received at the War Department Tuesday evening, announcing that Averill, with a very large force of mounted infantry, had the day before attacked the Confederates under Gen. Jenkins, at Dublin Depot, in Pulaski county, and after a severe engagement forced them to fall back to this side of New river.

On our side Gen. Jenkins was wounded, Col. Hand was killed, Maj. Tyler wounded, and a number of other officers killed and wounded. Among the wounded was Lieut Col. Thomas Smith, a son of Gov. Smith, who fell shot through the thigh while gallantly leading his regiment—the 36th Virginia infantry. He was left at the house of Mr. Guthrie, three miles from Dublin, and fell into the hands of the enemy.

All the Government stores at Dublin were brought off in safety.

A Yankee Description of Garibaldi in London.

[London Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.]

LONDON, April 13, 1864.

Garibaldiana come first of course. You will have already learned some things about him; how France quaked as he passed; how the English heart was thrilled when he touched the shore at Southampton; how *The Times*, one face toward Napoleon and Francis Joseph and the other toward the People, cried, "Order gentlemen, order! Remember that it must all be for Garibaldi in the abstract—not a word about Garibaldi in the concrete, you know!" You know, too, for the papers will tell you all the pretty things, how he interchanged visits with Tennyson, and planted the tree (Wellingtonia gigantea) at the Laureate's "castle." Faringford. But about that part of his visit I will tell you what you will get from no London paper; and that is, that the first man he was closeted with on his arrival was Joseph Mazzini, and the next were P A Taylor, M P, (sometime President of Garibaldi Committee years ago,) and Karl Blind. All of which gave a very plain assertion of what perhaps most people (certainly all in France, Austria, and Italy,) knew before, that Garibaldi did not come to England to feast on boar's head and champagne, nor to go to the opera at Covent Garden, but to consult with certain representatives of the European Democracy of every European country, who, by a notable coincidence, happen here at this time.

But I must go on at once to tell you something about his reception in London, to which, however, a hundred correspondents, if you had them here, could scarcely do justice. I have witnessed the outpourings and tumults of Derby Day, of Boxing Nights of Easter; but all of them put together would make a small segment of what I witnessed on Monday last. I started early in the morning, having read *The Times's* appeal for a quiet and respectable reception, such as England usually accords to distinguished visitors, and got on the top of an omnibus about seven miles off from the Nine Elms Station, where he was to be received. Even at that distance the streets were swarming more than usual. The omnibus and cab drivers had the Italian colors—red, white and green, on their breasts—and the low Irish were at their doors angry and excited—cursing all who wore the colors, and abusing the "church robber." Already at 11½ the best seats around Charing Cross were occupied—the balconies of houses covered with people—although it was certain that the hero could not pass that way for six or seven hours. Reaching slowly, by reason of the crowd, Westminster Bridge, I embarked on the little steamer that took me up to Nine Elms Station. Around this the crowd was already vast. Entering the station and reaching my place near the platform where Garibaldi was to be received, I found an immense crowd waiting there, each of whom had paid a guinea for his or her ticket. At last the agitation of the multitude announced that the train had arrived. People pressed forward. On the great glass roof of the building people climbed up (outside) and shattered panes of glass with their fists to see the hero. At last he appeared. As he entered it was manifest that the people would forget the advice of the *Times* about an "orderly and quiet" reception. The programme so carefully prepared by committees and City Council was infringed *a l'outrance*. Some woman held up her child with a beautiful boquet in its hand. Garibaldi took the child in his arms, kissed it, patted its curls, and took the boquet in his hand. Then, when the workingmen's address was read, it contained, contrary to all advice, a glowing eulogium on that very Mazzini for being whose friend Mr Stansfeld had been hounded out of the Government; nay, more, when that passage was read (O, what will Louis N. say!) the building rang with plaudits for five or ten minutes. And to cap the climax, when that address was through, an Italian woman, whose head was as near Garibaldi's feet as ever saint's was to the Pope's toe, burst out with uncontainable fervor and pathos into a noble address. Ordinarily the police would have pounced upon any woman speaking on such an occasion, but Garibaldi bent his eye downward and listened with such feeling to his countrywoman's words that none dared interfere with or interrupt her.

The few words given with very broken English, but in a fine sonorous voice which he uttered, were as follows: In reply to the representatives of the city, he said: "I am very happy to be enabled today to have to give my thanks to this noble nation for its generous sympathy for the cause of my country, and the cause of all mankind. Long ago I wished well for this day to come, and I am very happy to-day to express to you all my gratitude." In reply to the working men, he said: "I like to see workingmen particularly. I am very grateful, and will forget not in all my life this welcome of the class I have the honor to belong to. I like them to call me the brother of the working man of every part of the world." There was something curious at once and sublime in seeing this brother of the workingmen, who had labored in England and in New York, enter into the magnificent coach of one of the wealthiest of English Dukes a few moments after avowing his relation to nearly the lowliest class of English society.

When I left with the crowd I got away by a blind passage to the river, and went back to Westminster. It was a glorious day and a glorious sight that now greeted my eyes. The magnificent Westminster Hall, which borders on the river, lifted up its superb towers; but now every tower and turret was alive with human beings. The bridge itself, the finest, doubtless, in the world, was lined with human beings waiting for the great procession.—From this point up to Charing Cross was one mass of human beings. At Charing Cross the Nelson column rose into the air out of a pediment formed of human faces up to the smooth column itself.—The equestrian statue of Charles I. was similarly covered—a chimney sweep on top amusing the crowd by standing behind the statue and placing the Italian colors now on the statue's head, now on his own, placing his dusty cap on the head of the poor King. The sweep received the plaudits accorded him with great solemnity, bowing graciously on each side, and waving his hand with the dignity of an opera singer. From this point I looked in every direction, and saw a multitude that no man could number. Every gas light, signboard, balcony, house-top, door-step, window, presented to the eye only a mighty efflorescence of human beings. And not less remarkable was the good order preserved by these masses. The last crowd I had seen was that which had assembled to witness the execution of the pirates of the Flowery Land at Newgate—a mass of bloated and sottish thieves and prostitutes. But here was another class altogether—the laboring masses of England; and from my own observation of them I anticipated that the police courts would reap (as they did) fewer cases than ever before from a London crowd.

Slowly the procession crept by us, for the people miles off were blocking the way to cheer the hero. As the banners passed I interested myself in observing the immense number of Societies, Unions, Clubs, &c., whose existence was indicated. Societies passed with all sorts and kinds of symbols—suns, moons, stars, ladders, fishes, implements, tools, birds, beasts, men, women, Shakspeare, Peel, Kings, Queens, all these, amid showers of symbols, passed by on flags whose age announced that they were societies of long standing. But, alas for the teetotallers, only one poor little temperance flag passed, and that, I am bound to say, was greeted with loud and real laughter. If the total abstinence folks in England wish to succeed, they will have to make friends with the poor man's beer. However, I should add that during the whole day I saw neither drunken man or woman, except at one point, a public house, where some low Irish had gathered and were swearing what they would do with Garibaldi.

How long the procession was, and how slowly it had to move, may be judged by the fact that, though it started at about 3 o'clock from Nine Elms, not quite three miles from Charing Cross, it was half-past 7 when the General passed this place. And when he did, the scene beggars description. The people climbed up one upon the other to catch a glimpse of him, and as he passed through it was as if a great living sea piled up its waves in walls on each side of his chariot. Meanwhile there rose the joyful shouts of leaping hearts—uttered in every language of the earth—that, as they floated up to old St Martin's steeple, seemed to move the tongues of its chimes which now broke forth with carols and peals happy enough to have inspired Mr. Dickens to write a second story about them, or to call back another Whittington to work from his shop to be Lord Mayor of London, or, better, to be a devoted champion of Justice and Liberty.

Let me now say a few words about Garibaldi personally. Though he was born at Nice, there is no doubt that the largest vein of blood in him is Teutonic. It must be borne in mind that, by a fine coincidence, the word Garibaldi means "Bold in War." The first etymon *Gar* is the old Saxon for War, and indeed the English word *War* as well as the French *guerre* are descended from it. The word literally means *Spear*. German itself means *Spearman*. Bald means *bold*. The name is now preserved in Germany in the corrupted form of Gerbel. There was a Bavarian Duke Garibald in the sixth century. Thence the name easily got with the Teutonic blood into Lombardy. Gen Garibaldi's light hair, whiskers, complexion, and blue eye, all are striking commentaries on this. He is evidently Teutonic. He is a most noble person, with a fascinating presence; the lion and the lamb strangely alternating in his expression of face, voice and manner. During all the reception there was a look and manner about him which must have dissipated the hopes of any tories or quietists who imagined that he might be here to receive either rest or flattering receptions; he spoke but few words, these as they are, and his eye looked over and beyond the crowd to an object which his [illegible] only to attain.

A DESCRIPTION OF RICHMOND.

In a very delightful series of papers contributed to the Richmond *Illustrated News*, entitled "The Exile in France," by John Mitchell, we find the following description of Richmond:

On the first morning that we awoke in Lyon we found the morning papers of that city on the breakfast-table. The telegraphic column announced the arrival of another mail from America—the Federals still working their way up the Peninsula from Williamsburg, still gaining, by their own account, brilliant successes over the rebels at every step, and still confident that their "Young Napoleon" will lead them, *tambour battant*, right into the "doomed city" of Richmond. On the other hand, we have the news that a Federal squadron steaming up the James river, and already within sight of the spires of the same devoted town, has been beaten off and disastrously shattered by Confederate guns at a bluff called Drewry's. So far, well; the intelligence gave me appetite for breakfast, and in a modest glass of the sparkling St. Peray, my fellow travellers pledged me the health and glory of that game Confederate city.

But what, after all, (they asked me,) is Richmond, which has suddenly become so famous in the world? Is it, indeed, a city or a village? Is it on a hill? Has it a river? How many people, and what sort of people, live there? Have they churches, theatres, banks, bar rooms, photograph galleries? Are the people Christians? Do they eat oysters? And when thirsty, what do they drink? Do they dance, idle, make love, pray; and evoke musical notes from instruments, whether of wind or string? Neither of my companions, though both had been in the United States, had ever had the fortune to see Richmond; they had even not heard much of it, except that the Prince of Wales did not like it, not finding it a town of such exquisite refinement as Cincinnati, (they understood,) and, besides, they were credibly informed that the people were always flaying their slaves alive with the twisted hide of cows; and now, before issuing forth to explore Lyon, they required me to describe the Virginia capital in such sort that they should thereafter have a clear idea in their minds of a place which seemed about to become the scene and the prize of the fiercest strife that the Western hemisphere has yet beheld. *Con amore*, then, I made them a portraiture of that jolly town, as I held it in pleasant remembrance, softened by distance, brightened by images of good men and fair women, real authentic human beings all alive, whom I had myself seen within its joyous and genial homes. For its outward aspect, take, I said, the city of Limerick (a place of about equal size) and lift it up from its alluvial plain on the bank of the Shannon; set it, not upon a hill, but upon seven hills, crown its highest summit with a lofty Ionic portico—which many honest Virginians fondly but fallaciously believe to be a copy of the Corinthian gem of Nimes—pour along its base a furious and foaming river, double the width and volume of the Shannon, though not so limpid as that salmon-peopled stream; line its streets with shady trees, many of them ancient and vast in girth; suppress the gray cathedral, and also the beautiful stone bridge; but put in their place the hugest of flour mills, and two long, white railroad bridges striding over the rugged granite bed and the wooded islands of the rushing river; and then mount to the roof of the capitol, and look southward over city and river; instead of the treeless expanse of wheat land, and the bare and rugged Cratloe hills beyond, you will see a glorious stretch of gently undulating plain—the tide-water country of Virginia, still richly mantled with the primeval forest where hunted of old King Powhatan, yet sufficiently cleared and cultivated for generations to furnish the fruits of the earth in profuse abundance.

Thus I portrayed and expounded until my friends could wander in vision through those umbrageous streets, and could almost hear with their own ears the hoarse and heavy rush of the resounding river, a sound unheard through the day, being drowned by the roar of that other eddying torrent of human life, but which always awakes again in the silent evening, and with its drowsy murmur sings to sleep the whole city. Herein is at least one peculiar charm of Richmond, unique—so far as I know—in the world; mountain villages there are in all countries, that hear all night long the dash of some torrent stream; but the Confederate capital is the only considerable city that goes to sleep every night to the lullaby of a grand roaring river.

By this time my companions longed to spend a few evenings in Richmond; but when I gave them some account of the people who dwell there—(which account is here suppressed from a charming sense of delicacy)—when I described the melting oysters of the York river and the Chesapeake, (oysters that put to shame Carlingford and the banks of Burren,) when I learnedly explained the principles of the *fundum*—especially when I dwelt with fond remembrance and lyric diction upon those crystalline goblets filled half with pellucid ice and half with the glowing spirit of Cognac, crowned with a leafy verdure, breathing a perfume fragrant as the odors of all the gardens of Gul in her bloom—and then plunged into the translucent nectar, and standing up through the green mantle of dewy foliage, one single straw—for straws show the way the julep goes—they unanimously shouted that the next trip we should make together (after the south of France) must be to Virginia. I did candidly tell them, however, that from intelligence lately conveyed to me, I found there had grown up in that once innocent and pleasant town, a race of people called extortioners and speculators; that there were also many garroters, besides professional gamblers, and young women of not uneasy virtue; also that the Yankee nation now fishes up and devours most of our best oysters, without paying for them, and contrary to the true dogma of the *fundum*; finally, that the brandy and ice are cut off, and Virginia mint now droops neglected like the rose forsaken by the nightingale.

Thus we discussed the fortunes and fate of Richmond; and the natural inquiry suggested to my hearers was why and for what unheard-of crimes it has become necessary to raze that city from the face of the earth, plough up its foundations and sow them with salt; which seems the full intention and most urgent need of the Yankee nation, as if the plain justice of the case could be satisfied with nothing less. Surely, they said, the dwellers in that city must in secret have committed deeds as dark as those which drew down the vengeance of heaven upon the cities of the plain—must have made a trade of distilling Colchic poisons, *et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas*—else why should an enlightened nation, their near neighbors, who know them best, be stirred up by this sudden passion to destroy them utterly—to make their place a blot and their name a hissing. It seems a judgment of Heaven, and that fair and shady city must perish miserably, mourned only by its own hoarse river.

Whereto scorning reply, I suggest that now—deferring the whole case of Richmond to the next mail—we attend to the town in which we now actually find ourselves.

YANKEE CAVALRY.—We find in the Nashville *Times*, of the 16th inst, a lengthy article under the head of "Cavalry Forces of the United States—Interesting Facts and Statistics of what it has been and is Now:"

Sixteen years ago this branch of the service was composed of three regiments only; shortly after the Mexican war it was increased to six—This is now the number in the regular army. In the volunteer service, however, the figures are astounding, and, we presume, exist only on paper. We suspect, if the statements are true, as given in the article referred to, that Lincoln has been allowing the creation of organizations on paper for the purpose of creating fat places for favorites, or that they have anything like the number stated in the field, is not to be believed for a moment. The figures given are as follows: Six regular regiments, 7638 officers and men; 590 volunteer regiments, of about 600,000 officers and men. The annual pay of the force is put down at $171,052,250; number of horses, 717,584, and the total estimate of expense of cost of outfit and one year's pay, $341,122,416.

The figures are, it is said, taken from the documents in the cavalry bureau of the War Department. No one will believe for a moment there is any such force in the field, and it is evident a wholesale system of robbery of the Treasury is going on.

AN INCIDENT OF GEN. LONGSTREET.—During the Mexican campaign, Lieut. Gen Longstreet was in command of a company of regulars, and while engaged in one of the battles which marked that struggle, observed a Mexican taking deliberate aim at him from behind the corner of a house. The ball whistled by without injury. Longstreet himself had a musket, and on the re appearance of the Mexican, both fired almost simultaneously, and without effect. The General now recalled to mind a recommendation of his father, Judge Longstreet, the author of the famous "Georgia Scenes"—which was, "Use buckshot in close quarters;" and taking from his cartridge box a bullet he deliberately seated himself on the ground, and with the aid of a rock and his pocket knife, cut the ball into slugs and reloaded. The Mexican made his third appearance. The cool officer drew sight, fired, and the Mexican fell. We do not remember to have seen this incident in print, but it is so characteristic of the gallant Lieutenant General, who has occupied a prominent place in the affections of our people during the present war, that we commit the waif to the broad sea of public circulation. Since that time probably a volume of incidents equally characteristic of the indifference of General Longstreet under fire might be collected.

TO MR NATHAN W NELSON:—You not being a resident of the State of Virginia at this time, and having no place of abode therein, and being the sole trustee in a certain deed from Louis Lichtenstein, for my benefit, dated the [illegible] of February, 1863, and duly recorded in the Richmond Hustings Court, you will please take notice that I shall, on the first day of the May term (1864) of the said Hustings Court, to be held by the Judge thereof on the 16th of May, 1864, move the said Court to appoint another trustee in your place and stead, to execute the trusts created by said deed.

CAROLINE LICHTENSTEIN.

Richmond, March 30, 1864. [illegible]

[illegible] DAVID [illegible]

Richmond Dispatch. [illegible]

[illegible] charged $1.00 per square for every [illegible]

MILITARY [illegible]

TO MARYLAND [illegible] vice.—It is [illegible] Adjutant and Inspector General's [illegible] published, [illegible] Maryland Line. [illegible] citizen of Maryland [illegible] General [illegible] Bradley T Johnson [illegible] a new company. [illegible] accompanied by [illegible] himself mounted.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

The undersigned, a private in Company —, — Regiment, — Brigade, — Division, — Corps, Army of —, having been a citizen of Maryland at the commencement of the war, [illegible] for a transfer to the Maryland Line [illegible] — Regiment, [illegible] Adjutant and Inspector General's office, [illegible] to be transferred to Camp Maryland, [illegible] Elzey, Staunton, or Camp [illegible] Bradley T Johnson, Hanover Junction.

Appended is proof of citizenship:

On this — day of —, [illegible] subscriber, a [illegible] — brigade, personally appeared [illegible] and made oath in due form of law, that [illegible] that — — was a citizen of Maryland at the commencement of the war, and that he is able to keep himself mounted.

All applications to be transferred to Camp Maryland will, for the present, be addressed to Major General Arnold Elzey, Richmond, Virginia.

BRADLEY T JOHNSON, Colonel Commanding.

mh 28—2awft*

TO the Friends of the Soldiers throughout the Confederacy.—

QUARTERMASTER GEN'L'S DEPARTMENT, RAILROAD BUREAU, Richmond, Feb 22, 1864.

The friends and relatives of soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia are hereby notified that an arrangement has this day been effected with the Southern Express Company to carry all packages of food and wearing apparel to Richmond, Va.

To secure the advantages thus obtained through the Express Company, the following instructions must be observed:

Packages must not contain more than one hundred pounds; be well secured and plainly marked, and sent at the expense of the shipper to either of the Soldiers' Relief Associations, which are located as follows:

In North Carolina, at Raleigh; in South Carolina, at Columbia; in Georgia, at Augusta; in Alabama, at Montgomery; or to any other point at which one of these Associations have an office.

The Agents of these Associations will there take charge of them and ship daily by Southern Express Company to the proper Agents of the respective States at Richmond, who will see them distributed to the proper individual owners.

To meet the wishes of the soldiers, and to give them a certain and speedy communication with home, the Southern Express Company has agreed to give this freight preference over everything else; and, in order that no obstacle may occur to the success of so laudable an enterprise, the several railroad companies are hereby requested to render the Express Company such facilities as will enable it to make this arrangement a complete success.

As the Southern Express Company assumes all responsibility of the transportation of these packages, the Relief Associations are requested to withdraw their Agents who have heretofore acted as travelling messengers. If the Relief Associations will establish agencies in the rear of other armies, they may enjoy the same privileges hereby secured to the Army of Northern Virginia.

F W SIMS, Lieut.-Col. and Quartermaster.

Approved:

A R LAWTON, Quartermaster General.

OFFICE SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY, Augusta, Ga, Feb 29, 1864.

The Southern Express Company hereby notify the friends and relatives of soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia and elsewhere that they are prepared to carry out arrangements as announced in the above card, and that they will do all in their power to fulfill its requirements.

JAMES SHUTER, General Sup't and Acting President, Southern Express Company.

fe 27—eod3m

AN ORDINANCE to repeal and re-enact the 11th section of the Ordinance Concerning Markets. Passed April 20, 1864.

Be it ordained by the Council of the City of Richmond, That the eleventh section of the ordinance concerning markets, passed on the 12th day of October, 1863, be, and the same is hereby, repealed and re enacted so as to read as follows:

SEC 11. After market hours a person may sell or purchase about the streets, other than about a market-house or its precincts. But no person shall offer for sale at a market butter, eggs, fish, fowls, fruits, vegetables, or any other articles which shall have been purchased at a market, or while on their way to market, and within six miles of a market, except fruit or vegetables which shall have been produced in another State, or produced at a distance not less than fifteen miles from this city. Nor shall a person engaged in selling at a market butter, eggs, or fowls, purchase himself or by the agency of another, at a market, either for himself or any other person, on the same day that he is a seller thereof, any butter, eggs, or fowls. Any person violating this section shall forfeit what is purchased, and shall, for every such violation, pay a fine of not less than [illegible] nor more than fifty dollars; and if he be guilty a second time of such violation, shall, in addition to the fine therefor, be prohibited forever afterwards, either as principal or agent for another, from offering for sale at either market any of said articles. And if any person shall sell, or offer for sale, anything whatever at any market in said city, after he shall have been so prohibited, the thing so sold, or offered for sale, shall be forfeited to the city, and be seized and sold by the clerk of the market for the benefit of the city; and the party so offending shall, moreover, be fined fifty dollars for each thing so sold, or offered for sale, by him.

A Copy. A W MORRIS, Clerk of Council.

ap 22—1aw2w

CONFEDERATE States Assessors' Notice.—The undersigned, assessors for the 11th Virginia district, (embracing all that portion of Richmond city lying between 6th and 14th sts.,) give notice that they are now ready to receive the assessments of the *ad valorem* (5 per cent) tax upon all property of every kind owned, managed, or in possession on the 17th day of February, 1864, of any and all persons residing in our district; and in order to perform this duty one or more of the undersigned assessors will be found at their office, on the corner of Main and 7th sts, every day, from 9 o'clock A M to 3 P M.

Tax payers are requested to come forward promptly with a full statement of all and every kind of property owned, managed, or under their care, on said 17th day of February, 1864, so that no time may be saved.

All persons liable for the income, salary, and additional profit tax, for the year 1863, who have not been assessed, are notified that they must now make their returns without further delay.

JAMES [illegible], WM E JOHNSON, WM F GRAY, Assessors for 11th Va District.

my 4—eod2w

IMPORTANT to Contractors.—Proposals for contracts will be received at the Ordnance [illegible], corner of 7th and Canal streets, daily [illegible] for ordnance stores, enumerated in part as follows: Leather, saddles and saddle trees, [illegible] of all kinds, spokes and spoke billets; iron, copper and brass wire; bridle bits, iron and plated; curry combs and horse brushes, sabre-belts, gun-slings, [illegible] sacks, tarpaulins; also, osnaburgs, canvas, [illegible] webbing for girths and bridle reins, &c, in any quantity.

Contractors must be known or well recommended. All outstanding contracts upon which there are not late deliveries will be annulled.

JAS DINWIDDIE, Capt Art'y, In charge contracts for Richmond Arsenal.

ap 2—d1wk then 2awdc

NOW READY—And for sale at the Bookstore of the Publisher, A MORRIS, Richmond, INSTRUCTIONS FOR FIELD ARTILLERY, Compiled from the standard military authorities, for the use of the Confederate States Army, By Major A W STARKE.

This work is recommended by Major General Elzey and Adjutant and Inspector General Cooper, and authorized to be published by the Secretary of War.

Price.............................$3

Recently published—

GENERAL ORDERS,

From the War Department, for 1863, prepared under the authority of Adjutant and Inspector General Cooper, by R H P [illegible], of the Adjutant and Inspector General's office.

In press, and will be published about the last of May proximo.

LETTERS TO THE OFFICERS OF THE ARMY, Proposing Constitutional Reform in the Confederate Government after the present war, by John [illegible], Esq., of Fauquier.

Price [illegible]

Orders addressed to the publisher, enclosing the price, will be promptly [illegible].

my 4—1w [illegible]

IMPORTANT [illegible]