THE WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

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The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN,

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE

Tallmadge Block--Third Story--to the Left at the Head of the Stairs.

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SALLIE AND I.

BY ANNIE N. BUGANNE.

We're in the market—Sallie and I—
Are there no bachelors wanting to buy?
None who have courage enough to propose?
None who have wisdom enough to discloze
That they've shirts without buttons, and pants without straps,
And have vests with fringed edges, and coats with torn flaps,
And their last Winter's hose are minus of toes,
And their uncovered heels are like to get froze,
For lack of such bodies as Sallie and I
To attend to the wants and the woes we espy?
We are no coquettes—Sallie and I—
So free loving dandies need not apply—
Beauty's admirers or Wit's devotees
Need no approach, for we never shall please;
But we know of a circle whose names are untold
In Fame's shining temples or mansions of gold,
Whose lives without spot, or blemish, or blot,
Have won them the honor the world giveth not—
For such worthy bachelors Sallie and I
Still wait in the market—will ye not buy?
Unsullied virtue Sallie and I
Only can offer to those who apply;
Hearts warm and loving we've striven to blend
With hands ever ready in need to befriend;
And our lips seldom gossip, our feet rarely roam
Beyond the charmed precincts of childhood's sweet home;
And to wash, brew, or bake small spatter we make,
For "Quiet and Thrift" is the motto we take—
O, rare are such housewives as Sallie and I;
Lonely old bachelors, will you not buy?
We're in the market—Sallie and I—
Shall we be left in the market to die?
Swiftly youth's floating years over us go,
Dimmer the rays from Hope's beacon-light glow,
And the dimples where Cupid hath chosen his bed,
Too long left unkissed will be wrinkles instead,
And our hearts, like the *May*, will forget to be gay,
If Love's fragrant blossoms ne'er dawn on our way!
Such the petition Sallie and I
Offer to bachelors—pray, will ye buy?

Army Correspondence.

Letter from the First Ohio Regiment.

CAMP WOOD, GREEN RIVER, KY., December 22d, 1861.

I have been troubled with that bane of any climate—chills and fever—for six days, up to Thursday last, since which time I have been watching the results of the numerous doses of calomel, quinine, salts and rhubarb, I have taken. I have now no complaint but a slight cough, yet I am still weak. This will account for my not writing you lately; also, for not answering several letters I have received from Fairfield.

Tuesday last the entire force at Bacon Creek was moved here—Johnson's Brigade being here in advance. Rousseau's Brigade, (the one to which we have been attached,) Wood's, Negley's, and a regiment of Cavalry, with about six full batteries, is the force now here. In the camp we left, other brigades have come to since, but will not be moved until the completion of the Railroad Bridge over Green river, as it would be utter folly to advance troops in an enemy's country without having adequate means of transportation for army supplies which *must* follow.

The bridge which the rebels tried to blow up here is the most superb work of the kind I have ever seen. It is eight hundred feet long, (or *ought* to be,) built entirely of iron, and supported on four piers and two stone abutments, running from the water up a distance of over 80 feet. A company of laborers have agreed to reconstruct it so far as to answer the purpose of travel, in 8 days, (about four yet,) when a heavy advance may be expected, but there is no telling how far we advance, for the same fell spirit that attempted the destruction of such a magnificent work as the Green River Railroad bridge, has undoubtedly torn up track and despoiled other bridges.

I should have mentioned before this that the day of our arrival here, the 32d Indiana, commanded by Col. Willich, was attacked by a force of Texas Rangers and Rebel Cavalry estimated variously at from 800 to 2500. The men who were engaged in the fight on our side, all Germans, behaved manfully and heroically, and contested the unequal fight with cool bravery and dauntless daring. Eighty-five of the Rebels are reported killed by those of the enemy who returned to the battle field under a flag of truce, among them Col. Terry and Capt. Pfeiffer. Several magnificent horses, better drilled than a great many *men* I know of, were taken by our men, and several double-barrelled shotguns. The saddle and bridles on the horses were of the regular Texas pattern—the bridles of mixed hair, plaited; the stirrups of wood, covered with leather, with high, stout horn to saddle. On the other hand, our loss was considerably smaller, but eleven new made graves fifty yards from our quarters, two who have been sent home for interment, and twenty wounded in the hospital, attest but too plainly a devotion to freedom's cause not commensurate with prudence.

Reports came into camp from scouts on Wednesday night, 12 o'clock, that General Hindman, of Arkansas, had advanced 4,000 troops by rail to within three miles of us. Before day a full brigade of United States men had crossed the river, and planted their batteries. These were thrown out as pickets, the 1st Ohio among them, who stood on the lookout, in line, until relieved on Friday by another brigade.

Saturday, the 14th, was "*pay day*," and was received with general rejoicing. $29 90 was the amount received by the men, being their pay for 2 months 9 days, the greater portion of which was sent home, each taking his own way of despatching it, on account of Mr. N. Young not coming as anticipated.

Nothing more now, but another letter soon. Yours,

HARRY COMER,
Company A, First Ohio V. U. S. A.

For the Gazette

Cursing.

The habitual use of profane language, gives evidence at once of a coarse and insincere mind. Oaths give no force to the utterance of truth, but the contrary: and he who calls them to his aid, seems to doubt himself, and to expect that all others do the same. Besides, no one has the right to stock the ears of others, with words which all good people have agreed to condemn.

WISE men often doubt, and change their minds. Fools never doubt, and know all things except their own ignorance. True wisdom is recognized by its being less presumptious than folly.

Whatever of wisdom or enlightenment of mind with the knowledge of truth, heaven has bestowed upon us, is capital sent on us, to be communicated to the ignorant for their instruction; and to the wise for their improvement. All must render an account for what they receive.

HE who denies his reason free scope on all topics, is a slave. ZENO.

How to Increase the Value of a Cow.

Every one who owns a cow can see at a glance that it would be profitable to increase the value of her, but every one cannot tell how to do it. We can, and we think we can make it equally palpable to our readers. If a cow is kept for butter, it would certainly add to her value if the butter-making properties of her work should be improved. In summer or winter this can be improved by what is fed to each, and it is simply a question of, will it pay, the manuring the one or the feeding the other?

Indian corn will add to the quantity and quality of the butter to a very sensible degree, and it is simply a question of easy solution, by experiments, whether it will add to the profit of the butter-maker to buy corn at one or two cents a pound, and convert it into butter at twenty-five cents a pound, or whatever the market price of corn and butter may be, and another portion of it into fat, and another portion of it into manure, for that is the natural result of the chemical change produced in the laboratory of the cow's stomach. The same result will follow any other kind of feeding. Good pastures will produce an abundance of milk, often as much as the cow can carry; but does it follow that even then that it will not be profitable to feed her with some more oleaginous food to increase the quantity of butter, just as it sometimes proves profitable to feed bees to enable them to store more honey.

It certainly does appear to us that the value of cow feeding upon ordinary winter food may be almost doubled by making that food suitable for the purpose of increasing the quantity of milk, if that is the purpose for which the cow is kept. Farmers generally understand that they can convert corn into beef, pork and lard, and some of know at exactly what price per bushel it will pay to convert it into these substances; but does any one know at what rate it will pay to convert corn or any other kind of grain into butter, or any other kind of feed into the diary products? Is the whole business a hap-hazard one? We fear so. Some persons know that they can increase the saleable value of butter by adding the coloring matter of carrots to it. Does any one know the value of a bushel of carrotts fed to a cow to increase her value as a butter producing laboratory? Experimental proof upon this point would be far more worthy of agricultural prizes than it is to see who can show the largest sized roots; for by a few carefully conducted experiments we should be able to increase the value of a cow almost at pleasure.—*Rural Register.*

☞ He who talks too fast, outruns his hearer's thoughts. He who speaks too slow, gives his hearer pain by hindering his thoughts, as a rider who frets his horse by reining him in too much.

☞ Nothing is more unmannerly than to reflect on any man's profession, sect, or natural infirmity. He who stirs up against himself another's self-love, provokes the strongest passion in human nature.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE.

JANUARY 1st., 1862.

PATRONS AND FRIENDS, a "Happy New Year" all;
Once more I come to make my annual call,
To wish that joy, and happiness sincere,
With kindling smiles may crown the coming year,
With hopes exultant, and its brightning star,
Shine on propitious, 'till life's lengthened shore
Recedes from view, and those celestial realms
Of dazzling brightness dawn, and overwhelm
The soul with joys immortal! Blending sweet,
May love and friendship intermingling meet
To cheer the gloom of sorrow's darksome hours,
And strew life's rugged way with thornless flowers.

And here permit us, e'er we hasten on,
T' recount the blessings so abundant shown;
The checkered pathway of the troubled past,
To trace anew; and retrospective, cast,
A hurried glance amid its changing scenes,
Calling to mind its hopes, its fitful dreams,
That like the dazzling meteor's transient light,
As quick recedes, and leaves a starless night.

How bright the opening of the year that's past,
Its close how thick with blackness over cast;
Its promised hopes and joys shone radient then,
'Round many a sun lit home; while beauty's gem,
Circling love's coronet with its kindling light,
'Mid clouds and storms hath set in darkest night,
While o'er our land, so favored once and free,
A shadowy gloom hath fallen, mournfully.

Our glorious Union! loved wherever known!
Land of the true and brave! The sun ne'er shone,
On one more prosperous, happy, joyous, free,
Than that, whose fertile soil sustained the tree
Of Freedom's growth; whose branches spreading far,
Extended over all, from shore to shore,
Embracing every clime! Its stars and stripes unfurled,
Floated on every breeze; and an astonished world
Looked wondering on; while high with giant stride,
They rose and swelled; a nation's boasted pride;
And every heart, with fond, exulting hope,
The boon so nobly won, hath treasured up;
And deep enshrined, with undiminished flame
Still brightly burns, around that hallowed name
So long revered by every Patriot son,
The great, the good, the immortal WASHINGTON.

Long years of joy and peace have prosperous sped
Since that brave band were then victorious led,
With shouts of triumph! 'mid the cannon's roar
And strife of arms by that great conqueror!
While we the blessings, broad, abundant, free,
Have richly shared, 'neath our own vine and tree,
Which they so dearly bought, and freely gave
Their "fortunes, honors," and their "lives" to save!

"How blessings brightten as they take their flight,"
From that bright day, behold how dark a night,
With clouds, and storms, and tempests gathering o'er,
Threatening our favored land from shore to shore!
While strife, contention, and the clash of arms
With fearful terror, every heart alarms!
And war and hatred hath asunder torn,
Hearts knit by kindred love, our own home born!
While brothers, fathers, sons rebellious rise,
Armed with a deadly hate! Affection's ties
And Friendship's sacred links, broken, and torn
As though a thing of nought! and face to face
They meet in fearful combat! while every trace
Of former kindness, or of feeling shown,
Seems blotted out; forever more unknown!

Our glorious Union! once so joyous, free!
Alas! discovered now! On land and sea,
Her stars dishonored! her stripes asunder torn!
And what we proudly called fair Freedom's home,
Is now a land of *blood*! Drenched with the gore,
Of her own free born sons! From shore to shore
The cry "To arms! to arms!" was heard! and forth
Swift as with lightening speed, the answering North
Her legions poured; while thundering on they came,
To avenge her wrongs; to wipe away the stain [blood
That dimmed proud Sumter's heights with their heart's
Resolved to conquer or to die! the sword
An Anderson unsheathed, ne'er to lay down,
'Till they triumphant should the victory won:

And when the brave, lamented ELLSWORTH fell,
There ran through all the land a startling thrill,
And loud the clamorous cry for vengeance rose,
While on Manassas' field the coward foes,
Shrank back aghast; as with terrific yell
And demon fury, that no power could quell,
His noble braves with desperation dared
The cannon's mouth, and reckless, fearless poured,
Death and destruction, swift, o'er all the plain.
While heaps on heaps of the rebellious slain
Were hapless piled; as there with savage hate
The dripping blade, e'en to the very hilt
They plunged exultant! Loud the victor's shout,
Above the cannon's roar swelled deafening out;
Though many a noble heart its life stream gave
And there unburied, found a warrior's grave;
Ah! few of all that gallant band returned,
To wear the laurels they so proudly earned;
Yet the remembrance of their deeds will live,
In patriot hearts, and honored, they'll receive,
So justly due, the grateful meed of praise.
While deep enshrined on History's lasting page,
The record's graven; and though dimmed by tears
'Twill never be erased through coming years.
And though through all the land there swept a wail
Of sorrowing anguish; and stout hearts quailed
At the report of that disastrous day.
When panic stricken, host on host gave way,
Ingloriously retreating; yet dispairing not,
With firmer, more unyielding grasp they sought,
To gird their armor on; to valiantly,
Redress their wrongs, to conquer or to die.
And rallying once more, the hosts poured out
In countless numbers; with exultant shout,
Determined ne'er to quit the tented field,
Till our dishonored flag should proudly wave
In glorious triumph o'er each traitor's grave!

Then hasten on! oh haste the joyous day!
When peace shall be restored! When slavery,
The cause of all our ill, shall be unknown,
And this fair land, we proudly called our own,
No more invaded by a ruthless foe!
Let those who first upraised the murderous blow,
Throw down their arms; and be as erst we were,
A band of brothers! Let England, too, beware;
For as she once a lesson dearly learned,
Not soon forgot; ere she again return,
To test our strength; let her recall to mind,
The scenes of Bunker Hill, and Brandywine!
And others still of yet more recent date,
And then reflect, that we have since grown great,
And strong; and will not now more freely yield
Our nation's rights than then! We also feel
For her a sister's love; a sympathy;
And as we long have been, still fain would be
With her on friendly terms; but should she rise
And prove by acts aggressive, to despise
Our rights and laws, we'll rally to a man,
And let her make the conquest if she can.

But let us turn from this sad, painful lay,
And hope ere long this dark and fearful day
Will peaceful end; that war again no more
With its dread horrors, will invade our shore.
Or from our homes the orphan's piteous cries,
Or widows plaintive wail be heard to rise;
No more from breaking hearts the anguished tears,
Of sorrow made to flow; no mother's tears
Of untold agony; no father's hopes
All crushed and broken, as he's yielded up
His first born on the altar; Earth's nobly brave
Sent forth their firesides and their homes to save.
But as a nation, we'll submissive own
His judgment's just, and for our sins atone,
By deep, heart-felt repentance; asking aid
In this our sore, and trying hour of need.

And ere we close, this simple boon I'll crave,
That 'mid your efforts for the soldiers brave,
And other noble deeds, I may retain
A place in your remembrance; while once again,
For you I ask, that hope's sweet flowers may bloom
Around your path, in clustering beauty strewn;
That age, and youth, and childhood's sunnier day,
Be ever lit with love's encircling ray,
That mercies rich from Heaven's abundant store
Your basket fill, your cup to brimming o'er;
That blessed with health, and happiness, and joy,
You'll not forget your faithful

CARRIER BOY.

INTERESTING SOUTHERN NEWS.

Rebel Account of the Battle of Dranesville—Reception of Mr. Faulkner at Richmond.

REBEL VERSION OF THE DRANESVILLE FIGHT.

The Richmond papers are filled with accounts of the fight at Dranesville, which the Examiner admits to have been no inconsiderable disaster, and with which its contemporaries, though less plain spoken, are manifestly equally disgusted. A correspondent of the Dispatch writes from Centreville:

Yesterday morning a heavy skirmish occurred at Dranesville, which resulted disastrously to us. A foraging party was sent out by General Stuart, consisting of about two hundred wagons, escorted by the 11th Virginia, Colonel Garland; the 6th South Carolina, under Lieutenant Colonel A. J. Secrest; the 10th Alabama, Colonel John H. Forney; the 1st Kentucky, Colonel Thomas Taylor; the Sumter Flying Artillery, Captain Cutts, and detachments from Ransom's and Bradford's Cavalry. Our whole force amounted to nearly twenty-five hundred men. They started off early in the morning, and before day they were some distance on the journey. Soon after leaving a rocket was seen to shoot up in the direction of Dranesville, which as was afterwards ascertained, was a signal from the enemy, and indicated that our approach was known. It is about fifteen miles from here to Dranesville.

When within a short distance of the place, two or three regiments of Yankees were soon deployed as skirmishers in the skirts of a pine thicket, which stretched out on either side of the road. General Stuart drew up his force and prepared to make an attack. On either side the woods were very thick, and it was difficult to make through them, but our force was pushed forward in the following order: The Eleventh Virginia being in the advance, was deployed on the right of the road with the Tenth Alabama, while the Sixth South Carolina and the First Kentucky were sent to the left. On account of the dense thickets on either side, the artillery was forced to advance down the road in order to gain a position to make the guns effective.

As we approached the Yankees the Eleventh Virginia charged them with a yell, and drove them back to their line within sight of Dranesville. The enemy seemed somewhat confused, but soon formed again in line of battel. The advance positions were held by the Eleventh and Sixth South Carolina, the former on the right and the latter on the left of the road. While waiting to get sight of the enemy the Sixth South Carolina was drawn up, and the First Kentucky advanced upon them, and mistaking them for the enemy, a portion of the regiment fired without orders, killing five of the South Carolinans. The error was soon discovered, and Colonel Taylor advanced cautiously to the left and soon after came in sight of another regiment but a few yards away. To be sure there was no mistake. Colonel Taylor shouted to the Colonel, and asked who he was.

"The Colonel of the Ninth," was the reply.

"Of what Ninth?"

"Don't shoot," said the Yankees, "we are friends—South Carolians."

"On which side are you?" asked Colonel Taylor.

"For the Union;" and immediately after the Colonel gave the command to fire, and a volley was poured into the Kentuckians from the 9th Infantry, regulars, United States Army. To engagement then became general, and our four regiments, with Captain Cuts' four guns, were soon actively engaged. The Yankees had every advantage of position. There were several houses along the Leesburgh turnpike, and back of it a hill upon which their battery was placed. Lower down, and opposite the 11th, was another battery placed in position to enfilade the turnpike should we enter it. The main battery of six guns swept the road upon which we were advancing, and kept up an incessant fire of grape, canister and spherical case. The accuracy of their aim was remarkable, considering the rapidity with which the guns were fired. Captain Cutts got three of his pieces in position, and returned the fire rapidly and successfully.

Meanwhile the enemy advanced several regiments of infantry, and, protected by the nature of the ground, came within a hundred yards of us, and forming into line fired for some time, keeping the air full of Minnie balls, and finally attempted to charge. Three times the officers gave the order, and tried to get their men forward, but failed. They could not be pushed into the thicket.—Soon after this the firing ceased, but not before great damage was done to our force. For over an hour both sides had kept an incessant firing. The wounded and dead lay on every side, and the regiments were beginning to get scattered.

Seeing the wagons safely to the rear, Gen. Stuart gave orders to fall back to a better position. The regiment marched to the rear in good order, both sides having ceased firing. At this time Col. Tom Taylor rode to the right to see what disposition had been made of his neighbors, and on returning found his regiment gone and himself nearly surrounded by Yankee cavalry. Throwing himself down, he eluded them, and afterward crept to a pine coppice, and remained there till dark with Yankees on each side of him. At night he escaped, and joined his regiment this morning, sustaining no injury beyond a slight scratch on the hand by a musket ball.

Taking his force to the rear, where the ground offered better positions, Gen. Stuart once more drew up his force and awaited the enemy, but he had enough of it and was not disposed to give battle again. Thus ended the battle Dranesville, which, although disastrous to us, was more so to the enemy, if recent reports are true. It is believed there were seven regiments of infantry, one of cavalry and eight pieces of light artillery against us.

RECEPTION OF C. J. FAULKNER IN RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, December 19.—C. J. Faulkner arrived this evening. He was met at the depot by Governor Letcher, the Mayor of the city, and a large concourse, with music, and escorted through a portion of the city, when the crowd increased to thousands. The ladies from the windows and crowded balconies saluted the procession with smiles and waving handkerchiefs, and cheers from the thronged sidewarks greeted the procession along the route to the City Hall.

Mayor Mayo introduced Mr. Faulkner, and Mr. Faulkner made a speech, detailing his captivity, imprisonment and present position on parole, and referred to the position of England and the United States. He said if Lincoln recedes from the present status in the Mason and Slidell affair, the furious Abolition sentiment will overwhelm him, and if he does not they will be involved in a war with England.

Mr. Faulkner said he was a fellow prisoner in Fort Warren with Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and said they never wavered, but felt confident that England would protect them and their flag.

Governor Flecher made a few remarks welcoming Mr. Faulkner to Virginia, and the immense crowd dispersed.

THE WAR.

Condition of Bragg's Rebel Forces—Statement of a Lieutenant Deserted from Bragg's Army.

[From the N. Y. Post.]

Among the arrivals in the government steamer Connecticut, at this port yesterday from Fort Pickens, was Mr. A. N. Baker, who formerly occupied the position of Lieutenant of Marines in the United States service, and among the officers who, in April last, resigned their commission at Norfolk. He has since been engaged in the Confederate service at Pensacola and in Virginia. On the night of the 20th of November (thirty-six hours before the commencement of the bombardment at Fort Pickens) he deserted to Col. Brown, and gave information which led to the opening of the fire of Pickens upon the rebel batteries. He was rowed nine miles in a small boat in order to accomplish his purpose, by two sailors who also escaped.

His extensive experience and observation in the South, together with his frankness and honesty of purpose, renders his statement of the condition of affairs at Pensacola and throughout the South, very interesting and important.

Mr. Baker was born in Pennsylvania, and, as has been stated, held at the period of the breaking out of the rebellion the post of lieutenant of marines in Norfolk, which he resigned on the 18th of April. He excuses this act by saying he had at the time no idea of what he was doing; and intimates that there was a "young lady" in the question, a fact which alone induced him to remain in the South. Even on the day of his resignation he undertook to ascertain if it was too late for retraction. Learning that he must abide by the consequences, he remained two months at Norfolk, and finally offered his services to the Confederate States, and was given the same rank that he had previously held. He was assigned to Gen. Bragg's division at Pensacola, and acted for a time as Assistant Adjutant General, having abundant opportunities of knowing the exact state of affairs at Pensacola.

He states that Bragg's forces at present consist of between five and six thousand men, and the lines run from the Perdido River at Pensacola to the Navy Yard—a distance of nine miles. Nearly all of this force is encamped in the vicinity of the rebel fortifications, and only about one thousand men are beyond easy reach on the line to Perdido.

These forces do not, as has been supposed, occupy the forts and batteries to any considerable extent, but are encamped two miles away, *in the woods*, and out of the range of our fire. A sufficient force of men to guard the batteries are detailed to that work, but do little more than picket duty. On the occasion of alarm companies are marched from the camps in the woods as needed, and are employed to work the batteries.

The rebel batteries are not of a formidable character. Many of them are constructed with sand-bags, and some of them are mounted with "quakers" or wooden guns—very formidable in appearance, but not of any particular service in action. Instead of the one hundred and fifty or sixty guns which have been counted by our forces, the real ones are less by about one-third. The serviceable ordnance of the rebels, including those in Fort Barrancas, the only fortification which is at all formidable, number one hundred and two pieces, and there is not a rifled gun among them. Lieutenant Baker is positive, although it has been reported that rifled shot were fired by the enemy, that they have nothing but smooth-bore guns. But he states that there are five batteries of "Bogg's guns" which are of ten inch calibre and carry conical shell somewhat resembling the rifled shell now in use.—There are in all nine of these guns in possession of the rebels at Pensacola—one of which, and only one, is at the Navy Yard. This is understood to be the only one which damaged the Federal steamer Richmond.

When the result of the Port Royal expedition became known to the rebels, two thousand forces of Bragg's forces were withdrawn from him and sent to Savannah and Charleston.

The condition of the troops at Pensacola is worse than has generally been believed. They are miserably uniformed at the best; some have no uniform, and often they are but half fed. Half rations are frequently served to the troops, and much demoralization exists.

At the time of the bombardment from Pickens the Confederate forces were in no condition to be attacked, and a comparatively small army would have cleared the camp and fortifications.

REBEL SENTIMENT CHANGING.

Lieutenant Baker has spent considerable time in Richmond, and other parts of the Confederate States, traveling twice through the whole region, and conversing with all sorts of people. He is confident—and this he asserts from admissions which have been made to him—that the confidence assumed by the rebel leaders and by the journals is not shared by the people. The change, especially since the result of the Port Royal expedition has become known, and in view of the belief that other Federal expeditions are to follow rapidly, has been especially marked. The people are inquiring how the war is to end; and although there is no outspoken sentiment of disaffection or dissent as to the policy of the leaders the feeling which precedes such a state of things already exists. In threatened regions this is particularly evident. In Pensacola, it is believed that nearly if not quite half the people are at heart for the Union. In proof of this, the fact is cited that recently many business places have been closed by the order of Gen. Bragg, because of the known or suspected sympathy of their owners with the cause of the Union.

About two weeks before Lieutenant Baker came to our lines seven negroes had been hung in Natchez for an alleged intention to get up an insurrection. Tho' Major Lovell, of the Confederate Provisional army, it was ascertained that it was the belief of the planters that such a scheme existed among the negroes all along the Mississippi. Besides those who had been hung, others were on their trial, and it was understood would share the same fate. The papers made no mention of the facts, and there was an evident desire on the part of the authorities to suppress all information concerning the matter.

THE REBELS ON THE POTOMAC.

From the best means of information within his reach, and from personal observation, Lieutenant Baker believes the Confederate army on the Potomac, in October last, when he was there, numbered about one hundred and twenty five thousand men. These included all in Virginia. The whole number in the Confederate service is, he thinks, not over three hundred thousand. In addition to these there are considerable bodies enlisted, forcibly and otherwise; for, though drafting has not generally been in form adopted, it is understood that all able-bodied men must voluntarily or forcibly join the army, which operates to fill up the ranks but these have no uniforms or arms.

The resources of the Confederate States are not equal to placing in the field the men they have brought together.

LIEUTENANT BAKER'S CONCLUSIONS.

Lieutenant Baker has reason to believe that, while tens of thousands of the so-called "volunteers" in the Confederate army would hail with delight the early and signal triumph of the Federal arms, or any result of the war which would release them from service, a great proportion of the people, and especially the property owners of the Seceded States, are filled with alarm at the prospect before them; in fact, they believe that the cause of the South is lost. The question "What shall we do with the South after we have conquered it?" the Lieutenant thinks will solve itself; for although the people will not be likely to rise against their leaders and government, they will never attempt to reinstate them after they have been overthrown, but will support with cordiality, if not enthusiasm, the government of the Union.

"Pluck"--That's the Word.

The Boston Post, the old Old Democrat mouth-piece in Massachusetts, comes up to the mark in this emphatic style:

"The nation has a great work before it—how great time alone can show. But we cannot exaggerate its greatness—we may not exaggerate its length—and the sooner we take a long and large view of it the better. We must look far ahead, and go in for the war, and in this view we must take things coolly and pluckily, stiffening our back bone to go through with anything and everything to insure the ultimate triumph which we have reason to expect, and which we are 'bound to have,' and utterly ignoring, if need be, all sorts of unfavorable incidents, the contemplation of which would tend to disturb and harass. It is wind and bottom that tell—it is the pace that kills, as the South are beginning to discover—it is the last round that the nation is to gain.—Yorktown outweighed the almost numberless defeats that Washington experienced and met with so much of stern but cheerful manliness.

Cool, enduring, unwavering pluck is what we need and must have, in good and evil. We should know too much to be disturbed by partial misfortunes—we should estimate events at their true and not at their newspaper value, and even if the national cause really went ill for a season, (which is not the case at present, thank Good and our brave soldiers!) we should look forward to final triumph, as bold-hearted soldiers of the right, armed with all human skill and power can do to command success."

☞ He who knows the world will not be too bashful. He who knows himself will not be impudent.

☞ If a favor is asked of you, grant it if you can. If not, refuse it such a manner as that one denial may be sufficient.

☞ Do well, but don't boast of it, for that will lessen the commendation you might otherwise have deserved.