Fairfield County

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

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The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN,

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE

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"AS THY DAY IS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

War! The very word sent a shudder to the heart of Mrs. Irwin. From a child up, it had been associated in her mind with all that was horrible and wicked. To become a soldier seemed, to her perception of the case, to involve a cruel instinct. She saw no glory in the profession of arms. Toy drums and swords were never seen in the hands of her children, except through the unwelcome agency of aunts, uncles, or friends; and they were, in those cases, soon removed, with sober homilies on their bad significance.

"I will teach my children," she would say, "to love their enemies, not to hate and destroy them; to be ever on the side of peace and goodwill to mankind, not on the side of hatred and destruction."

Mrs. Irwin read tracts and books published by peace societies, and in the argument against war crowded her mind with facts, statistics and reasons to a degree that made her a formidable debater on the non-combative question, with almost every one that happened to be drawn into an argument. It was useless to talk with her about the undying antagonism between good and evils, and the necessity of external as well as internal combats; of national regeneration through the baptism of blood, of a stable peace only through the destruction of enemies. She denied the position. All wars were wrong, she contended, and might be avoided.

Not in anything had Mrs Irwin swerved from her peace principles, up to the period when Sumter fell. But that event was like throwing, suddenly, into a strong, smooth current a broad obstruction. Her whole being was a tumult. She caught for breath like one in danger of suffocation. She felt as though the firm foundations on which she had been standing for years were crumbling under her feet. Mrs. Irwin loved her country and revered its flag; and this assault upon the one, and desecration of the other, fired her soul with indignation; and when her oldest boy, not yet in his twenty-first year, said to her with clenched hands and flashing eyes:

"Mother, this must be avenged!" she did not answer, but sat with pale lips and face, looking at him in such a trouble and bewilderment of mind that no thoughts became coherent enough for words, until he added, as he drew his slender form to its utmost height, "And there is one ready."

"John! John!" fell in weak remonstrance from Mrs. Irwin. "Don't speak so! dont let a murderous spirit bear you away."

"Don't say murderous," replied the boy, with so much of rebuke in his tone that his mother answered quickly—

"A spirit of revenge, then, John. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it.'"

"Mother! shall we tamely submit to see this nation destroyed, and its flag, which has been honored throughout the world for eighty years, shot at, rent, and trampled upon?" The boy's eyes gleamed fiercely. "For one, I say no! And I have mistaked my mother's heart if it does not echo back the word. I do not forget the lesson you taught me years ago, that love of country is next to love of God. And if we love an object purely, will we not defend it when assailed? nay, even lay down our lives in its protection?"

In spite of all her peace principles, and horror of war, there flowed into the mind of Mrs. Irwin such a feeling of admiration for this out-spoken patriotism of her son, that even he read pride and approval in her humid eyes.

"War is an awful thing, John," said Mrs. Irwin.

"I know it, mother. But there are worse things than war; and that worse thing is at our door. You understand this as well as I do. They have thrown down the gauge of war, and there is nothing left for us but to accept the hard necessity."

"But you are not called to this work," said Mrs. Irwin, the words faltering on her tongue. "There are strong men enough who will respond to the President's call. I cannot let you go, my son." The wet eyes of Mrs. Irwin overflowed.

John laid his hands firmly on his mother's shoulders, and looked steadily into her face. Then he kissed her tenderly. "For the blessings we enjoy, did not the mothers of the Revolution give their sons to the battlefield?"

"I cannot bear it, my son! I am not strong enough for this." And Mrs. Irwin laid her face on the breast of her boy and wept shudderingly.

"As our day, so shall our strength be, mother. Don't you believe this?"

"I do, John," answered Mrs. Irwin, lifting her face, and through half-blinding tears looking at him wonderingly; nay, more that wonderingly, with a rising glow of pride in her heart. Every woman admires courage in a young man; and the true mother loves it in her son. A new sentiment was taking force in the mind of Mrs. Irwin and giving strength for duty and for sacrifice. She seemed to herself like one undergoing a quick transformation. New ideas and new estimates of things were pressing upon her, and thrusting old forms aside.

"I do, my son," she repeated, but I never thought to see this day."

"The day has come upon us," replied the young man, "and shall we not be equal to its demand? I am ready, and you are ready also!"

He spoke in a quick, inspiring voice, for he saw strength in the eye of his mother and a gathering firmness about her mouth.

Only a little while longer was there strife in the mind of Mrs. Irwin; only a little while longer did old prejudices and foregoing conclusions battle with new convictions; only a little while longer did shrinking natural fear stand in the way of duty.

A week later, and Mrs. Irwin held the hand of her son in parting. How changed he was! In a single week he had seemed to grow older by years. The firmly knit mouth; the deep, steady eyes; the finely erect figure; the already browning face, for he had been drilling in the open air for two days; the brave, resolute bearing: were all wonderful to look upon as the work of so brief a time. Is it strange that Mrs. Irwin was proud of her soldier boy? She held his hand in parting.

"Do your duty, John," she said, in no weakness of tone.

"I will, mother."

"Be brave."

"I will never turn my back upon the enemy."

"God bless you and keep you, my son." Mrs. Irwin's eyes filled now, and her woman's heart trembled in her voice.

"I shall be in His hands just the same, mother."

"I know it, John; and if death comes to you"— Mrs. Irwin broke down. She could not finish the sentence

"It will be through His permission.—Are not even the sparrows in His keeping?" "How much more human souls."

They parted. Very pale for all of that day and the next was Mrs Irwin. But her bearing was firm. If her heart was troubled, it was not weak. She was a wonder to herself.

"Truly, it is so," she would repeat over and over again, in her thought: "As our day is so shall our strength be."

To an intimate friend she said:

"I sometimes ask myself if I am not dreaming. Can it be possible that my boy is a soldier, and in the face of the enemy, and that he is there with my consent?"

"Would you have him back?" asked the friend.

A quick change, as of surprise, was seen for a moment in the face of Mrs. Irwin; then she answered, calmly:

"No; I yield him to his country."

"He looked so brave and manly," said the friend.

A glow of pride came into the mother's face.

"And seemed," was added, "to comprehend so clearly the issues at stake. It was no murderous thirst for blood; no love of excitement and change that filled his heart; but that true patriotism which is the inspiration of an honorable mind, and gives it the courage to meet death in defense of country and right. I honor you, my friend, in being the mother of such a son."

How strangely pleasurable were the pulses that leaped away from the heart of Mrs. Irwin! This praise of her son was very sweet.

Weeks passed. With what and absorbing interest did Mrs. Irwin watch the progress of events. Once she turned with an instinctive repugnance from all accounts of military movements and battles; but now she had no taste for any thing else. The whole country was spread out like a map in her mind, and every strategic point, with its camps and soldiers, strongly marked. The marshaling of troops; their movements, strength and positions, were now familiar things: and her heart beat high with pleasure at every trifling success, or vailed itself with shadows even the smallest reverse was sustained. With what an irrepressible impatience did she look for regularly coming letters from her son! and with what a proud satisfaction did she read every detail of his new life that showed courage, endurance and self-denial! She felt that he was a true soldier, and therefore she was very proud of him.

The news came that the regiment in which her son was serving had made an advance upon the enemy's lines; that some severe skirmishing had taking place, and that an engagement was imminent. A sudden fear shook the nerves of Mrs. Irwin. Even as she read of the advance a bloody battle might be going and, and her son be among the dead or dying. The hours of sleepless suspense that went by until the news of a victory was flashed over the country, we will not venture to describe. Many were killed, and many wounded. With breathless eagerness she devoured their names, as with white lips and startling eyes she bent over the brief dispatches. What is this? Her son's name! The paper shivers in her hands. She cannot read the paragraph. Desperately she thrust the sheet upon the table to hold it firmly; but a mist come over her eyes; she does not make out the words. Killed or wounded?

"O, God! give me strength!"

The dimness passes, and she reads:

"Among the brave men who distinguished themselves, private John Irwin deserves honorable mention. In a desperate assault of the Rebels, the Captain of his company received a severe wound and fell to the ground. He was a few paces in advance of his men, and as he fell, two of the enemy sprang forward to bayonet him. Irwin, seeing this, flung himself before his prostrate captain, shot one of the men, and in a hand-to-hand encounter disabled the other. He then bore the wounded officer from the field. During the whole fight, this young man, who is not twenty-one years of age, conducted himself with the coolest courage, and in more than one instance rallied his failing comrades. He has the stuff of which officers are made, and the department should send him a commission."

Mrs. Irwin bowed down, with her face upon the table, trembling in every nerve; weak—in glad bewilderment—tearful.—Then, dropping upon her knees, with clased hands and eyes uplifted, she said, faintly:

"O, Lord, is he not thine?"

A deep peace fell upon her spirit, and she remained for some time kneeling.—But prayer formed itself in no other words.

"I could not stay away from you after reading the news this morning," A friend said this as she came in a little while afterward. "Are you not a proud woman to-day, Mrs. Irwin?"

"I feel glad and humble," was the subdued answer.

"But did he not nobly? Who would have thought that in your quiet, retiring boy there was such a daring spirit?"

"It does not seem as if it were my son who has been so brave," said the mother. "The act has apparently removed him to a distance, and set up a question of right against me. He is not mine in the sense I have hitherto regarded him Higher duties than those of a son are laid upon him; and I must give him to his country in a degree not understood when he went forth at his country's call. I pray, now, that God will make him equal to his duty under all circumstances. To lose him would be a fearful thing; but to find him a weak coward in the day of battle would be more fearful still."

"To hear such words from *your* lips! From whence has come this new courage?"

"As our day is, so shall our strength be," replied Mrs. Irwin. "God gives the spirit of endurance and self-sacrifice when we have need of it; and this is our time of need. I do not flatter myself with the hope that my heart and home will be spared—that my boy will pass unscarthed in the ordeal of battle. But come what will, I trust in God; and He will lay no sorrow upon my heart too heavy to bear. If I had ten sons, feeling as I now do, I would give them all for this contest, and send them forth in God's name."

And to thousands of mothers' hearts, strength and a spirit of self-sacrifice have come in this time of trial as it came to the heart of Mrs. Irwin; and, like her, their souls are in the cause, and their brave hearts giving courage and endurance to tens of thousands of brave sons now battling for right and their country. It is the old spirit of the Revolution, and by virtue of its sacred fire our armies prevail.—[Philadelphia Press.

Highly Important From General Pope's Command.

[Tribune's Letter]

HEADQ'RS ARMY OF VA.,
CEDAR MT, Va Aug. 18

Again on the march and that march a retreat. The camp which only yesterday was pitched at the foot of the mountain is now memorable forever, dissolved this P. M. into thin air, and headquarters are here without a camp, but here only for an hour, or three hours, it matters not which.

The hurried order came to be ready to start at once, and before two hours had passed, tents and baggage, and all of headquarters but its personnel, were going to the rear.

We understand it is whispered that the whole Army of Virginia is in retreat, and presently it begins to be added that the whole Army of Richmond is on the advance; that the rebels threatened to turn our left flank, and, in a word, are marching straight for Fredericksburg for Washington, and for the North, perhaps; but before the North, before Washington, before Fredericksburg is reached, the hardest, fiercest, most determined, and desperate battles of the war are to be fought. This army is not moving away, nor is Gen. Pope out-generaled yet by Stonewall Jackson.

Threatened on the left by an army that counts its hundreds of thousands of desperate and miserable troops, the Army of Virginia retreats indeed, but it retreats to fight. By daylight it must cross the Rappahannock; but when once on the North bank of that river it no longer retreats. It begins to maneuver; the battles of this war are about to begin.

CULPEPPER, Aug. 19—6 A. M.—It was expected that the army would cross the Rappahannock by 10 o'clock, but the passage of the trains was so much delayed that it will not be attempted.

The corps of Banks is here, and McDowell is coming up. Both will wait the arrival of Sigel, who covers the retreat. He will not be hurried. As I write, these masses of troops are pouring in in swift but orderly marches along the narrow roads and over the fields towards the town.

They are already listening for the sound of following cannon. All day long the march will continue. Sigel is not expected till noon, and whatever happens, not a regiment leaves until the rest comes up.

It is a wonderful retreat, for, in spite of delays, there is no panic among the trains; and though the troops are moving to the rear, they march as if to battle.—No battle today, and if any means can avoid it, perhaps none tomorrow; but on the Rappahannock before the week closes comes the deadliest struggle of the war.

NEW YORK, August 21.—The Commercial says it has information that a junction of McClellan's, Pope's and Burnside's forces had been effected, it is believed, at Acquia creek.

The same paper says that reliable advices from James river state that the rebels occupied Harrison's Landing, and the pickets extend as far as the Chickahominy.

A large portion of the gunboat flotilla, with the flag ship, was above Harrison's Landing, and would probably give the rebels a taste of their quality.

Army Correspondence.

The following is an extract from a private letter, which we are permitted to publish.

CAMP NEAR CULPEPPER C.H., VA. Aug. 15th, '62.

DEAR FATHER:— * * * *

Our commanding officer, Capt. Pitcher, was severely wounded. The surgeon thinks amputation of the leg may be necessary. Capt. Anderson is now in command of our batallion.

We were ordered from our camp at Washington C. H. on Friday and reached Culpepper at 12 that night. Early on Saturday morning the column was put in motion towards the vicinity of the enemy, under command of Stonewall Jackson.—When within about 8 miles of Culpepper, we were startled by the booming of cannon, which seemed to be, not more than half a mile ahead of us. We were formed in line of battle, and stationed at the foot of a hill, immediately in the rear of Brest's Battery. We lay in this position for about half an hour, when the order came to deploy the 2d right and 2d left companies of our batallion (Twelfth Regulars) as skirmishers. This being done, the command was given, *"forward"*; and our boys advanced in the face of a deadly fire. Grape, cannister, musket shot, solid shot and shell fell round us thick and fast.—Yet undismayed our little band of regulars moved steadily forward; and although there was many a face blanched with fear, yet not a man deserted his post, and not a shot was fired, until the order was given, when it was done as coolly as target firing: shot after shot telling with deadly effect in the rebel ranks. Step by step did the cravens fall back, until at last their retreat became a rout; and the rout a panic: and had we been at this moment properly re-enforced, we would have gathered some of *"stonewall's laurels"* for transportation to a more congenial clime.

But at this moment, when far in advance of our line, the order to fall back was given. This we did in perfect order. The line was reformed, and again launched against the now overwhelming masses of the *"gray backs."* Regiment after regiment of the rebels were brought into action against our forces; and still they poured by thousands out of the woods. Notwithstanding the great odds against us, our boys continued to figt them until dark, when they werr drawn off, the rebels being too badly cut up to permit of their following immediately, though they did, in the course of an hour or two, send forward a battery and two or three brigades in pursuit. But far better had it been for those brigades, had they never moved, as was shown the next morning in passing over the field. I myself counted 2 Lieutenants, with their Captain; 4 Sergeants; 12 privates and 20 horses, stark and cold: and two of their field pieces dismounted.

Jackson's forces fell back on Sunday afternoon, about 2 o'clock; and our cavalry and artillery, under the *"flying Dutchman,"* was at once sent in hot pursuit. It is the common sentiment in the army of Virginia, that in the person of Gen. Sigel, the rebels have a rough customer to deal with.

I visited the battle field on Sunday night, in my capacity of hospital stewart; and may God preserve me from witnessing another such scene. Our dead and wounded were scattered promiscuously for a radius of a mile around; while those of the rebel army were equally extensive. Our loss in killed and wounded, independent of missing, is estimated at 3,000; while that of the enemy is not less; and is generally believed to exceed that number. I had no special *"penchant"* for examining carefully that portion of the scene of action, thereby offering myself as a target for the bullets of the sneeks who were still skulking near.—When the surgeon and I got about half way to where some of our wounded lay, we were surprised (not agreeably I assure you,) by the appearance of two Confederate cavalrymen on the brow of the hill, with drawn revolvers, who signaled us to them. The doctor was dubious, and waving his handkerchief, told them we were surgeons, attending to the wounded. But this would not do: we had to go up to them and satisfy them as to who we really were. When satisfied of our work of mercy, they told us they were glad to see us paying some attention to the unfortunates; and said they had wondered at its not being done before. The doctor replied that our hospital attendants could not sooner venture out for fear being attacked. *"Secesh"* were *"sorry"* to learn that there was so much distrust of the Southerners, as he had thought it was an understood agreement between the two armies, that all parties engaged in attending to the wounded were to be respected. He finally assumed the eloquent, and spoke of the *"Yankees"* having nothing to fear from high minded, honorable men, fighting for their homes, unless they (the *"Yankees"*) descrated their homes.

His tone became at length so earnest, that I have to confess to a little fear, and really felt as if I would rather be out of, than in, so close quarters; *chivalry* to the contrary notwithstanding. The ebullition however subsided, and the excited *chivalry* proved by their conversation and actions to be gentlemen, in whose hearts the better feelings of humanity were not extinct. They kindly assisted us to lay our wounded in easier positions. I shall never forget those men, whose humanity and gentlemanly demeanor contrasted so favorably with the examples we so often see.

We were not further molested; and by Monday night, our wounded were all in; and I wish I could say cared for. There is an insufficient surgical corps, (necessarily so,) for such an emergency; and hundreds of poor fellows have not had their wounds even looked at, since they have been brought in.

Every house in Culpepper, that is at all accessible, is used as a hospital, and filled with wounded: while hundreds are being sent daily to Washington.

H. SCOTT, Jr.,
Serg't 12th Inf.

A Terrible Encounter with a Boa Constrictor.

One of the most thrilling incidents which have ever come to our knowledge, occurred a few days since in a 'side show' with Van Amburg & Co.'s Menagerie, where two enormous snakes, an anaconda and a boa constribtor, were on exhibition. Both of the huge reptiles are kept in one case with a glass top, opening at the side. And the keeper was engaged in the act of feeding them when the event occurred. The larger of the snakes, the boa constrictor, which is some thirty feet long, and as large around the middle as a man's thigh, had just swallowed two rabbits when the keeper introduced his arm and body into the cage for the purpose of reaching a third to the anaconda at the opposite corner.

While in this position the boa, not satisfied with his share of the rations, made a spring, probably with the intention of securing the remaining rabbit, but instead, fastened its jaws upon the keeper's hand, and, with the rapidity of lightning threw three coils around the poor fellow, thus rendering him helpless. His shouts of distress at once brought several men to his assistance, and among them, fortunately was a well-known showman name Townsend, a man of great muscular power, and what was of much more importance, one who was familiar with the habits of these repulsive monstres all his life, having owned some of the largest ones ever brought to this country.

The situation of the keeper was now perilous in the extreme. The first thing to be done was to uncoil the snake from around him, but if in attempting this the reptile should become in the least degree angered, he would, in a second, contract his coils with a power sufficient to crush the life out of an ox. A single quick convulsion of the creature, and the keeper's soul would be in eternity! This Townsend fully understood; so without attempting to disturb the boa's hold upon the keeper's hand, he managed by powerful yet extremely cautious movements to uncoil the snake without exciting him, after which by the united exertions of two strong men, the jaws were pried open and the man released in a completely exhausted condition. The bite of the boa constrictor is not poisonous, and although the bitten hand was immensely swollen the next day, no serious results were apprehended. A more narrow escape from death, it would be difficult to imagine.—[Columbus (Ohio) Statesman.

MORGAN, THE GUERRILLA CHIEFTAIN, A GOOD JUDGE OF "SOMETHING TO TAKE," AS WELL AS HORSEFLESH.—Morgan's thieves, during their brief stay in this place, found time to break into our office and *steal* our flags, which they sacrilegiously tore up and trampled in the dust They also broke into our desk and stole a bottle of "Bitters" which had been presented to us by Dr. Roback. We are very sorry we forgot to flavor the bitters with a dose of strychnine or ratsbane.—*Richmond (Ky) Messenger.*

More of the Indian Outbreak in Minnesota --- Fearful Outrages --- Nearly a Thousand Persons Reported Killed.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 22.—Reliable information from Fort Ridgely confirms, without doubt, all previous reports. Mr. Wykoff, Assistant Superintendent, on his way to the upper agencies, met a messenger six miles from Fort Ridgely, on Monday morning, announcing an outbreak at the Lower Sioux agency, and the murder of all the whites except a few. Capt. Marsh set out immediately with 45 men.

At the ferry opposite the agency he encountered a large body of warriors who opened fire on them. After a few volleys a large body of ambushed Indians in the rear fired on them, killing a number of our men. A retreat was attempted across the river. While in the water the Indians killed the captain, three sergeants and four corporals. Seventeen returned to the fort on Monday night. The light from the burning buildings and grain stacks was seen in all directions. Escaped citizens came into the fort during the night giving accounts of horrors too terrible for imagination to conceive. Mothers came in rags and barefooted, whose husbands and children were slaughtered before their eyes. Children came who witnessed the murder of their parents or their burning in their own houses.

The roads in the direction of New Ulm are lined with murdered men, women and children. J. J Porter, of Wankato, member of the last Minnesota Legislature arrived here last evening for arms. He was one of the committee sent to New Ulm to learn the truths of the reported murders. He arrived at New Ulm Tuesday morning and found the people preparing to bury five persons murdered; others being constantly brought in most horribly mutilated. He saw four persons wounded in one room, cut with hatchets in the head and arms; one little girl was cut across the face, breast and side. A little boy dreadfully cut up, also a middle aged woman in an adjoining room. He saw a child with its head cut off and 27 others mutilated with gashes. The people of New Ulm are drilling with what arms they can get. They are fully awake to the danger and determined to defend the town to the last. Mr. Porter left New Ulm last Tuesday morning. He was overtaken by a man who escorted him. The Indians attacked the town 200 strong at 5 P.M and burned several buildings. Several citizens were seen to fall. The people had gathered and had barricaded the streets.

Other letters to Gov. Ramsey say hundreds are known to be killed, and it is believed a thousand. Gov Ramsey yesterday ordered the militia, with horses, to the scene of action.

No fear of Intervention---Butler not be Superceded---Rebel Major Captured---Fortifications of Richmond---Colonization of Central America by Blacks.

WASHINGTON, August 21.—It is ascertained from the State Department that the rumors of intervention or mediation by European powers are without foundation.

There is no foundation in the statement that Gen Dix is to be appointed to command at New Orleans in place General Butler, or that Hon. Reverdy Johnson is to go there as Military Governor.

The rebel Major Fitzhugh, Gen. Stuart's chief of staff, has reached Washington from Fredericksburg. He was captured by a portion of Gen. Buford's cavalry on Monday last, about five miles from Louisa C.H.

The returned prisoners represent with great unanimity that the rebels are by no means relaxing their efforts to complete the fortifications around Richmond, upon ten of which there are now as many laborers engaged as can work upon them with advantage.

A colony of colored persons to settle in Central America, is being raised in the District of Columbia. Quite a number are engaged in the enterprise.

FROM EUROPE.

CAPE RACE, Aug. 22.—The steamer Teutonia from Southampton on the evening of the 13th, passed here this P.M en route for N Y.

The Italian squadron has been ordered Ancona to watch the Adriatic coast.

Garibaldi, with 500 volunteers were marching in the direction of San Cataldo. The object appears to be to reach Messina. Palermo was tranquil.

Garibaldi manifestations had taken place at Lascalla. At the theatre in Milan shouts were raised "Rome or death."

The Garibaldi volunteers number 3000.

One slight encounter took place between the volunteers and the royal troops.

Garibaldi occupied Roccea and Palmita, and spoke as follows: "The present state of affairs can't continue. I go against the Government, because it will not let me go to Rome. I go against France because she defends the Pope I will have Rome at any price. Rome or death. If I succeed, so much the better. If not, I will destroy the Italy which I made myself."

The departure of volunteers for Palermo had ceased.

From Cairo and Below.

CAIRO, Aug. 22.—The steamer Champion on her last passage to Memphis, was fired on by guerrillas at James' Bayou, just below Hickman. She was struck by over seventy shot. No one was injured.

The steamer Swallow, in Government service, was burned by the rebels, 20 miles below Memphis a few days since.

There is universal activity here in completing the repairs on boats. A large number of extra hands are employed.

Memphis papers of the 19th say, Bragg is undoubtedly at Cattanooga.

At last accounts, Porter's cavalry at Holly Springs, were committing depredations on the Union men

Jackson's cavalry, which last week was reported near Coldwater, Mississippi, has fallen back to Tupilo.

From San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 18.—Arrived, What Cheer, Magown, New York.

Sailed, George Lee, Hong Kong, carrying wheat and other California products and one hundred and seventy thousand in treasure.

Trade dull. Butter 27c; tobacco firm; candles slack.

James Donahue, one of the wealthiest citizens, died on Saturday, aged 38. He was noted for his munificence in his charities.

It is believed by the saved passengers that the treasure of the Golden Gate is deeply buried in the sand, and it will be scarcely possible to save any. Captain Hudson chartered a schooner at Manzanilla, and has made several trips to the wreck.

News from British Columbia of the 13th reports Cariboo rather favorable; more gold realized in that district this year than the corresponding period last year. Scarcity of provisions prevailed.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19.—The steamer Pacific has arrived, bringing $100,000 in treasure from British Columbia and $54,000 from Oregon. The Mary L. Sutton sailed for New York with a cargo of 1400 bales of wool, 20,800 hides, and a variety of domestic products. The Flying Eagle sailed for Hong Kong with a cargo of wheat and flour and $140,000 in treasure

The fire at St. George's Hotel, Sacramento, on the 17th, damaged the building and stores in the first story about $20,000.

A waterspout bursted over a sparsely settled portion of Los Angelos county on the 18th, fifty miles from the ocean, filling a long ravine with water, fourteen feet deep. A man and woman, riding in a carriage, were caught by the flood, and the woman and horses were drowned.—The man floated more than a mile to a place of safety.

Another Great War Meeting to be Held in New York---Financial---Both Quotas of New York City to be filled without Drafting.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Arrangements are being made for another mighty war meeting to be held here in a few days.

The 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th Connecticut regiments will pass through here within a few days. They are full to the maximum number, and completely equipped. Four more will be sent shortly.

A subscription for $3,000,000 of 7-30 Treasury Notes opened at the sub-Treasury today, and soon filled up at 4½ premium. Thompson Bros. headed the list by a million, and the balance was soon taken by leading bankers.

The Commercial says: "We apprehend that all doubts of the ability of this city and Brooklyn to fill their quotas of troops under both calls are set at rest. Recruiting is now progressing very rapidly in this city under the excitement of Gen. Corcoran's presence, will be urged forward with almost unparalleled rapidity. By this means we may add a large portion of our three months' militia now in the field.

Pursuit of the Missouri Guerillas.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., Aug. 22.—Colonel Wright (Federal) passed Carthage yesterday in pursuit of Coffee, Hays and Quantrill. On Wednesday he attacked their rear guard, killing twelve and capturing thirty one horses. Quite a number of guns and other property fell into his hands. The Kansas troops were only a few miles behind, pushing on rapidly.

A number of horses and a quantity of camp equipage was found at the Osage, where the rebels had crossed.

All the bad characters in western Missouri are joining Coffee, which will drain that section of a dangerous element.

Pursuit will not be relaxed until the rebels are driven from the State.

Important from New Orleans.

NEW YORK, August 24.—The steamers Blackstone and Creole arrived here from New Orleans on the 15th.

All the property of John Slidell has been confiscated by General Butler

Another order commands the turning over to the United States all arms in New Orleans.

The French Consul asked that French citizens might retain theirs, for fear of servile insurrection.

Butler replied: "Protection would be given by the United States in such case," and insisted that all arms, of white and black, should be under his control.

General Pope on the North Bank of the Rappahannock.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—The Philadelphia Press says Gen. Pope has fallen back across the Rappahannock, and made that stream his line of defense. The is in great force on the south bank, and had made several ineffectual efforts to cross and turn our right flank, at the same time making demonstrations on our center.

Such disposition of our army has been made, that there need be no fears of further retreat. Gen. McClellan has arrived, with a large portion of his army, and it is believed, has assumed command of both armies.

Fighting of a desultory character has been going on for several days, and the enemy no doubt has been repulsed at all points by our batteries, though not without some loss of artillerymen and horses. During Thursday heavy firing was heard on the extreme left, and it was believed Gen Reno repulsed the rebels. Gen Pope is praised for great skill and activity in strengthening all weak points. It is said he has had no rest for hours.

All our advices indicate our success at all points.

The Zanesville Courier remarks that next year (1863) the seventeen year locusts are expected to make their appearance in that vicinity. It, therefore, advises the laying up a store from the abundant fruit crop of this year.