

# Daily Intelligencer

CAMPBELL & M'DERMOT,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

WEEKLY.—DAILY Advertised in City, per week, 10 cents  
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Thursday Morning, April 17, 1862.

## WHEELING:



God grant my flag, and keep each star  
Each stripe so bright As now they were,  
Will make it lead our ranks in war,  
Bill soon above each patriot's grave,  
Death to the traitor that would dare  
Tut it through the earth beneath,  
All honor to the brave who fall,  
And honor to Death or Fame.

The Latest News from the First Virginia Boys at Edensburg.

Jacob Hornbrook, Esq., arrived home yesterday from Winchester and Edensburg and the 1st Virginia camp, after a two weeks' trip. He brought home with him large packages of letters and several thousand dollars in money from the boys of the 1st Va., which will be distributed today, at the room one door this side of J. O. Re's book store, on Main street.

Mr. Hornbrook gives a very interesting description of his trip. He encountered great difficulty in getting the thousand or twelve hundred pounds of little things for the boys, with which he started from Wheeling, through to the camp. He went first to Harper's Ferry, expecting to ship them via Charlestown, but found that the trains on that road were taxed with more government freight than they could carry. He was compelled to bring everything back to Martinsburg, and hire a wagon (which he did at a fabulous price) to take his things to Winchester, a distance of twenty-two miles. He reports the road from Martinsburg to Winch as in a bad condition. It was originally a good turnpike road, but ever since the rebels dragged the locomotives over it from the Baltimore road, it has been cut up and roughed into ridges and gutters that make travel over it a very slow and disagreeable business. From Winchester Mr. Hornbrook had to go thirty-two miles in a government wagon to Edensburg, the place where our boys are encamped. This point is our extreme advance, and is under the command of Col. Tyler, to whose brigades the 1st Virginians have been attached. Here Mr. H. found the boys and distributed to them the various little nic-nacs and mementos which their friends had sent, and they were received with outstretched hands and glad and thankful hearts. He says that if friends but knew with what joy and gratitude the soldier in camp receives any little comfort or delicacy from home, a great deal more would be sent. To them some variety in their diet, such as they were used to in times past, is like water to the longing eyes of the traveller in the desert. A bunch of cigars, a bottle of light wine, a jar of jelly, or any other simple article, is a great treat to them.

Mr. Hornbrook remained in camp with the boys over a week, distributing to them his Wheeling cargo, and receiving from them the money which they wanted to send to their friends. This money and the letters and various other things he will distribute to day at the place named above. He also brought with him several trophies from the battle-field, such as fully exploded small shell—round shot, and the sword of some rebel officers who was laid low in the dust. He reports also a good account in every particular of the boys. Only about a dozen of them are in the hospital at Edensburg. The wounded were left at Winchester, and some sent to Frederick, Md. Very poor accommodations were at first obtained at Winchester. One spoon, and one knife and one cup had frequently to serve a dozen persons. Things are getting in a better shape now. The rebel women at Winchester, were very indifferent, and in many cases, very bitter towards our sick and wounded, apparently unsexing themselves so far as to exult over their misfortunes. That tender sympathy for distress in any situation, which has always been supposed to be an inherent instinct of any woman, seems to have been utterly wanting in some of the women of Winchester.

Mr. Hornbrook expects to go back to the camp before a great while, as soon as he can recuperate a little from the wear and tear of his late trip. Nothing seems to delight him more than ministering to the comfort of our soldiers, and certainly no man in all this region has given more from his purse and his time to ameliorate the hardships of their life.

A Flag Worth Seeing.

Mrs. Gen. Fremont has had most beautifully and tastefully lined with silk, the old flag which her husband planted in 1841 on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains. On the lining the words, "Rock Mountains, 1841," are worked in white silk and embroidered with silver thread.

This flag, together with another of Springfield memory, is to be seen in the Adjutant General's office, at Gen. Fremont's headquarters in the Stanton house.

The committee appointed to collect meta for cannon for General Beauregard's army, applied to a planter of Adams county, Miss., for his bell. Not having such an article, he mentioned it to his wife, who the patrician offered her brass kettle. The little ones rather deplored to the sacrifice, and one of them with a sweet tooth, said: "La, Pa, what will we do for preserves?"

"My daughter," said the wag of a father, "our whole duty now is to preserve our country." The kettle was sent.

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The Charleston and Savannah editors pretend to be very comfortable—as do their New Orleans brethren—but their talk, it is easy to see, is the talk of affection. Some of them are longing for "yellow jack" in order to help kill off the Hessians—as if an epidemic were not a two-edged sword, to destroy rebel as well as Union troops!

The Norfolk Day News jocosely calls for pilots acquainted with Northern ports, alighting of course to the contemplated trip of the Virginia.

Letter from Our 2d Virginia Boys.

What Sort of a Place Monterey Is—Our Correspondent Picks up a most Humpbacked Scotch Letter—What the Rebels Think of the War—

Montgomery, Va., April 9th, 1862.

Editors Intelligencer:

You will see by the short date, that the 2d Virginia Regiment has at last made a move, and are now occupying this place. On yesterday we entered the town, which had been occupied the day before by Capt. Latham with a party of about 100 men. The rebel cavalry picked up only four miles distant from us, and the main body about twenty-one miles on the Eastern slope of the Shenandoah Mountains, where it is said they will make a stand, but doubt it very much.

The inhabitants of the place fled from the wrath to come at our approach—only six families remaining. The contrabands and refugees came into our lines. All private property has been respected. This part of the "sacred soil" has been pretty well treated.

A word now of Monterey. The town appears to have contained a population of about 600. The Court House is quite a creditable affair, and the people appear to have displayed some taste in their buildings and the refinements of life. I found one piano in town.

Enclosed I send you a letter picked up in town, from some indignant Northwestern Virginians. If his complaints are true, I say, served him right. Also, one verse of the Southern National Hymn, which I have never heard before.

If anything "turns up," I will keep you informed.

Yours truly,

E. B. TYLER,  
Col. Commanding 2d Brigade

From Wirt County.

HEADQUARTERS CAMP McDONALD,

April 7, 1862.

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