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Death of Hon. Elisha Whittlesey.
The death of Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, Comptroller of the Treasury, is very widely lamented. His long life was full of honor and usefulness. His decease was made the subject of a variety of meetings at Washington.

The heads of bureaus in the Treasury Department had a meeting, and adopted appropriate resolutions. At the Ohio delegation and citizens' meeting, Senator Wade was chosen President, and Representative Hutchins, Secretary. Resolutions were adopted as follows:

Resolved, That we have learned with deep sorrow of the sudden death, in this city, of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, who, at the time of his death, was first Comptroller of the Treasury, and who for sixteen consecutive years, was representative in Congress from the State of Ohio; who discharged varied and responsible public and private trusts with strict fidelity, eminent ability, great industry and unwavering integrity; whose long and eventful life has not left a blemish upon his character as a patriot, citizen, statesman, husband, parent, and Christian; and whose example from youth to extreme age, was a model of virtue and excellence.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family and relatives in their bereavement and great loss.

Resolved, As a mark of respect for the character and eminent services of deceased, we, as citizens of Ohio, will attend in a body his funeral services.

The clerks in the Comptroller's Office had a meeting, over which the Acting Comptroller presided, and adopted suitable resolutions.

At two o'clock funeral services were held, Dr. Sunderland officiating.

His clerks took a farewell view of the corpse of their late chief, and the remains were taken to the depot to be forwarded to his late home in Canfield, Ohio.

The following gentlemen acted as pallbearers: Thomas L. Smith, First Auditor; W. W. Beaton, editor of the Intelligencer; Wm. L. Hodge, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Peter G. Washington, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; W. H. Campbell, and John H. Causton.

A Raid on the Other Side.

At length we are waking up to the consciousness of the value of such "raids" as Stuart and Morgan have been famous for, and, what is better, we are doing something ourselves in that line. The expedition of General Carter, himself an East Tennessean, into Eastern Tennessee, and his cutting the great railroad communication between Virginia and the southwest, far exceeded anything the rebels had accomplished, both in the distance traveled and the damage done. We have reports of another expedition from Yorktown to West Point and White House, which destroyed a great quantity of rebel stores and returned without the loss of a man. The scene of this exploit was identical

Memo from the Gallant Brave—Western Reserve College, Mass.

EDITOR, LEADER.—DEAR SIR:—I send you a letter from the battlefield of Murfreesboro, written by Sergeant Barrows of the 18th United States Infantry, (regulars). He is a son of Professor Barrows, formerly of Hudson, but now of Andover. The young men mentioned in the letter were college acquaintances of his. It is hoped, by news received from his friends in Akron that the wound received by Lieutenant Carpenter is less serious than represented.

Lieutenant John F. Hitchcock, whose death is announced, was the son of President Hitchcock of this place. He graduated at Western Reserve College in 1869, easily first in a class of unusually large numbers and excellence, and was a young man of the finest talents and noblest character; beloved and respected by all who knew him for his vigor of mind and thorough manliness, united with the utmost refinement and delicacy of feeling; one who would never have engaged in war for love of strife, but only from motives of the most devoted patriotism. He died as a man truly ~~and brave~~ would choose to die in these days. Peace has come to him on the smoke of the battle.

DEAR SIR:—I have only time to write a word as to our great battles here. The rebels attacked us four times—twice on the right, once in center, and once on left. They have been whipped, and have fled.—In the great battle on the right, on the last day of 1862, this regiment lost in killed and wounded more than half. We were made a breastwork of to hold the rebels in check until a line of batteries could be formed, and we *did it*, against a charging column four deep, who rose, advanced, fired and laid down to load alternately.—This brigade was without support, and when we retreated, had to go obliquely across an open field, so as to unmask the batteries, which then broke the enemy with a literal butchery. Williamson was shot in the calf of the leg; Carpenter in the breast, probably fatally; Hitchcock in the left eye and instantly killed. His body is in our hands, and his burial place is marked.

We have ~~the~~ fires in the rain for two ~~days~~ ~~the~~ time flat in the mud, with an ear of corn a day to fight on, and no sign of shelter or rest—the hardest time I ever had or expect to have. I did not get a scratch except in my coat.
Yours,
A. C. BARROWS.

Departure of Relief for England.

The noble ship George Griswold, laden with grain for the suffering operatives of Lancashire, set sail from New York on Friday. As she moved down the Bay she was saluted by several British vessels in the harbor, and the crowd of sailors and citizens on her deck, as well as on the steamer which towed her out, and on the other vessels in the vicinity, exhibited their generous enthusiasm by the most vociferous shouts and cheers.

General Butler's Address.

We have given extracts from the masterly Farewell Address of General B. F. Butler to the people of New Orleans, but the whole document is too good to be curtailed, and we therefore give it in full below:

Citizens of New Orleans:—It may not be inappropriate, as it is not inopportune in occasion, that there should be addressed to you a few words at parting, by one whose name is to be hereafter indissolubly connected with your city.

"I shall speak in no bitterness, because I am not conscious of a single personal animosity. Commanding the Army of the Gulf, I found you captured but not surrendered; conquered, but not orderly; relieved from the presence of an army, but incapable of taking care of yourselves. So far from it, you had called upon a foreign legion to protect you from yourselves. I restored order, punished crimes, opened commerce, brought provisions to your starving people, reformed your currency, and gave you quiet protection, such as you had not enjoyed for many years.

"While doing this, my soldiers were subjected to obloquy, reproach and insult. And now, speaking to you, who know the truth, I here declare that whoever has quietly remained about his business, affording neither aid nor comfort to the enemies of the United States, has never been interfered with by the soldiers of the United States.

"The men who had assumed to govern you and to defend your city in arms, having fled, some of your women flouted at the presence of those who came to protect them. By a simple order (No. 28) I called upon every soldier of this army to treat the women of New Orleans as gentlemen should deal with the sex, with such effect that I now call upon the just-minded ladies of New Orleans to say whether they have ever enjoyed so complete protection and calm quiet for themselves and their families, as since the advent of the United States troops.

"The enemies of my country, unrepentant and implacable, I have treated with merited severity. I hold that rebellion is treason, and that treason persisted in is death, and any punishment short of that due a traitor, gives so much clear gain to him from the clemency of the Government. Upon this thesis have I administered the authority of the United States, because of which I am not unconscious of complaint. I do not feel that I have erred in too much harshness, for that harshness has ever been exhibited to disloyal enemies of my country, and not to loyal friends. To be sure I might have regaled you with the amenities of British civilization, and yet been within the supposed rules of civilized warfare. You might have been smoked to death in caverns, as were the Covenanters of Scotland by the command of a General of the Royal House of England; or roasted like the inhabitants of Algiers during the French campaign; your wives and daughters might have been given over to the ravisher as were the unfortunate dames of Spain in the Peninsula war; or you might have been scalped and tomahawked, as your mothers were at Wyoming by savage allies of Great Britain in our own revolution; your property could have been turned over to indiscriminate "loot" like the palace of the Emperor of China; works of

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were even there. All the ships in San Francisco Bay were built and fitted with useful manufactures from New England. The churches and schools were in the hands of New Englanders. When you can hide the light of heaven from the earth, you can blot New England out of this Confederacy—not before. Let Storey, Merrick & Co. draw a bee line across the middle of the State, if they please, and who will be on the side against New England? A few spavined, broken down politicians, candidates for Senator; and on the other all the education, wealth, refinement and patriotism of the State of Illinois. [Prolonged cheering]

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF HON. S. A. GOODWIN.

On the heel of these excuses a howl is raised for peace—for an armistice—in the face of the fact patent so notorious to the world that every insurrectionary traitor from Jefferson Davis down, proclaim, and the nation knows, that no peace can or will be made by them, except on the basis of recognition—division—destruction of the Constitution and Union of our Fathers, and the admission of the right of secession not only for the States in rebellion, but for all the other States as well.

And that this is the very view and purpose of this whole class of sympathizers with and palliators of rebellion, is shown in their now boldly avowed purpose to sever from New England. The principle once admitted, and our present bond of Union already dissolved, and the Constitution gone, nothing stands in their way except popular resistance.

The recent attacks upon New England from this same quarter are to pave the way to this deep and damnable design. I am not a New England man, nor am I a Republican with preconceived attachments to New England politics. But as a born New Yorker, and a New York Democrat, too, with six generations of New England blood in my veins, both on my father's and mother's side, I deem it my right to brand with infamy those foul aspersions upon the fair fame of New England. She needs not my eulogy here. The successive waves of her population have carried the virtues and the intellect and the enterprise of New England over every rood of free soil from Western New York to the Pacific ocean: Her fame in arts and arms and literature is bright upon every page of our country's history.

Our own great Northwest is the proudest monument to her statesmen. It was Nathan Dane of Massachusetts that, in the old Continental Congress, drew up, introduced and procured the passage of the celebrated ordinance of July, 1787, for the government of these Northwestern States. Wise in all its provisions, it forever excluded slavery from this wide domain. To a New England lawyer and a New England statesman belongs the credit of the ordinance in advance, that through all the seven great empires of the Northwest her virgin soil should never be polluted by the footprint of the slaveholder, nor the crack of the negro driver's whip be heard either in her solitudes or her peopled cities.

The great Northwest herself—in every valley, and prairie, and hill-top, is New England's monument, as enduring as her bordering Alleghanies—as perpetual as her mighty lakes and ever-rolling rivers.

If in this Great West that is now asked by Northern and Southern Born traitors and New England renegades to part from the Mother of States, and to accept the destructive embraces of slavery, indorsing the foul calumnies of Jefferson Davis and his hellish crew upon the land of their ancestry. Such an unchristian man is the character and

to fight on both sides; and there should be passion on neither.

DEATH OF LIEUT. HITCHCOCK.—We take from the Cleveland Herald the following letter from Lieut. Carpenter, of the 18th Regulars, to President Hitchcock, formerly of this city, giving an account of the death of Lieut John Hitchcock, son of Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, killed while gallantly discharging his duty on the battle field of Murfreesboro:

OFFICER'S HOSPITAL, Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 6th.

REV. H. L. HITCHCOCK—Dear Sir: It pains me sore to be compelled to write you that John has fallen. I myself was struck in the right breast about noon on the 31st ult., and got to the rear, so what I write I know by hearsay, the chief narrator being Capt. Dennison's serving man, who was in John's company, and close by it, throughout the action. Capt. D was hit in the knee by a 6 lb shot, and has since suffered amputation. John, therefore had command of the Company, and while encouraging his men in a terrible fire, was struck in the forehead by a musket ball, and fell without a struggle. We were compelled to retire, and the rebels held the ground, while I lay in the Field Hospital. Saturday I was brought here. I spoke to all our officers I saw, desiring them to use their endeavors to obtain the body, and have no doubt the effort was made; with what success I have no means of knowing at this distance; also for the bodies of Captain Knease and Lieut. Simons, who fell near.

My own critical state forbids my attempting further to pencil the thoughts that crowd to me. I deeply sympathize with you, and your wife and family in this sad bereavement, and I hope you will be vouchsafed the all-gracious consolation to bear this fresh agony. I have lost a friend to whom I was deeply attached, and know his loss will be mourned by his comrade. With the highest regard, I am your friend, GILBERT S. CARPENTER.

The Herald says the letter from Sergt. Barrows, to which we referred in a late issue, states distinctly that the burial place of Lieut Hitchcock is marked. Surgeon Ashman, of Hudson, whose regiment is at Nashville, has gone on and will recover the body and forward it to the friends.

The sympathy for the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock and family is deep and sincere. Their loss is a great one; for Lieut. H. was a son in whom parents could place an "infinite trust." We were struck with the remark made by the father in reply to words of condolence. In speaking of the manner of his son's fall; when leading on his men, he said: "It would seem he had the work to do, and was doing it."

A son of Hon. Peter Hitchcock, of Burton, but lately fell in the service. He was a member of the 105th, and fell at Perryville.

The present winter is terribly severe in Russia. A letter from St. Petersburg says: "In the memory of man there has not been such a winter as this at St. Petersburg—twenty degrees of cold; the river and the sea locked in ice for a long time past, and not a flake of snow! Owing to the glassy frost, horses and pedestrians cannot keep a footing upon either the road or the pavements. The air is extremely dry; we breathe it with difficulty. Nervous people are particularly affected by it; accordingly, no one starts out except on business, and of carriages and promenades there are literally none, even at the Nevskia perspective, be-

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WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—The War Department, in answer to a call of the Senate, has presented official documents, showing the cause of the excess of Missouri local troops above the authorization of Congress. The number raised was over 13,000, an excess of 3,000, which were ordered to be disbanded; but, on protest of Gen. Schofield, they were allowed by Gen. Halleck to be retained in service for emergency. But for that, orders would have been given for the disbanding of four regiments, and their absorption into others.

FROM A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Comrades Fall—How they Protect each other—A Presentiment of Death.

MURFREESBORO, TENN.,
 January 31, 1863.

I was out to-day where our Battalion is on picket, but it commenced raining; so I came to camp, as I did not want to get wet very bad, but I am not much better off here, for we have nothing but our old rag tents that have been dragged around for three thousand miles, and I came near saying struck and pitched as often, so that the water runs through like riddles. It is no uncommon thing when it rains, (which it does about half the time,) to wake up and find the water three or four inches deep under us; and to lie in wet blankets has become as natural as sleep to a weary soldier. That is the way with military affairs in the Sunny South.

As to the incidents of this battle, if I should attempt to give them in full, would take more paper and time than I have to spare. But as you wanted an account of John Nelson Pierce's career in the fight, I will give it you with my own, as his and mine are so closely allied that it is impossible to give one without the other, for we were as brothers.

On the 30th December, or the night before the fatal day for Pierce, he came to the Captain's quarters and aided me in my duties, and from that time it seemed that he had a presentiment of his fate; for he said to me that he wanted me to march by his side in ranks, if I marched in ranks that day. When we formed the next morning, the 31st, Pierce called to me and made room in the ranks by his left. I fell in there, and was with him until just before he was shot. We fought against fearful odds and kept them at bay for thirty minutes.

But what a sad change these 30 minutes made! But, hot and galling as the fire was, we were ordered to cease firing and retreat three times before we did it. When we started I looked around for Pierce; as my eye caught his I laughed, and so did he, and I said "I am all right." At this instant I looked to the left, and saw Amos Sherman, another particular friend of mine, who lived in Morrow county, Cassan township, and whose mother is a widow, he was mortally wounded in the neck. He wanted to be taken from the field so bad that I stopped with him until the rebels were within forty or fifty yards of me, nor did I leave him until he was almost dead. He could speak no more when I left him. I should judge there were five hundred rebels fired at me at

by endless repetitions, by minute accretions. The coral insect builds a continent. The steps of the progress it makes are perceived only by the gigantic results which follow them. They are invisible otherwise. So is the power of the printing press. It operates unseen and everywhere. In the private dwelling, in the public saloon, on the steamer, in the stable, the shop, the manufactory, in the field, in the fisherman's hut, in the palace, in the backwoods, wherever there is a human being, this press is talking, talking, reasoning about facts, philosophy, history; inditing fiction, painting the world rose color or dyeing it black; paandering to the brute passions or advocating the rights of man, instructing and elevating the masses and teaching them how to double the value of their farms and make two or three or half a dozen stalks of wheat grow where only one, and that a sickly one, grew before. This is no fancy sketch. Make your demonstration, call in chemical science and show by actual experiment that old bones pounded up and spread upon a clay soil will make that which before was worthless produce a valuable crop, and unless you make known the discovery through the printing press, of what use will be your discovery to the community at large?

You might as well cut a man's leg off and then tell him to run, as to attempt to make known a fact, a principle, discovery without the printing press. This latter realizes the idea of perpetual motion. It is never at rest. It is also a universal dissolvent as well as reconstructor. It at once demolishes and rebuilds. Its power is every day increasing, because the number of readers and thinkers is always up on the increase. All modern nations that the light of civilization has dawned upon are becoming reading nations. Every year they are coming more under the power of the magic press. It exercises greater and greater influence over their opinions and feelings. The electricity of the printed page permeates them more and more thoroughly with every revolution of the earth around its central luminary. Their prejudices are battered down or chained up with ever augmenting force through the click of types. It is one of those facts which cannot be helped. It can no more be changed than the course of the seasons or the power of gravity. All that can be done with it is to regulate it, to control it, give it scope, direction, momentum.

The mental appetite in modern times and in enlightened States, or those comparatively so, is as exacting as the physical. The one can no more be extinguished than the other. Both must be satisfied, and will be, with their appropriate pabulum. This can be varied indefinitely. It may be wholesome and strengthening, so that it will be the means of sending a copious supply of the rich wine of life, bounding through all its channels, a glow of health and vivacity and beauty, or it may be of such a character as will poison the whole being and make it sickly, lean and emaciated, so that it is unable to answer its proper ends, and perform its normal functions.

It is absolutely necessary that a community should read, if it would lift itself above the share of barbarism; but what it reads is a matter of equal importance. It makes a vast dif-

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OHIO STATE JOURNAL.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

(Telegraphic Correspondence of the Ohio State Journal.)

MORNING AND AFTERNOON REPORT.

TAX COLLECTORS IN INSURRECTIONARY DISTRICTS.

A NAVY YARD FOR THE WEST

LATEST CHARLESTON NEWS.

ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

A MUTINY AMONG THE NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

THE RINGLEADERS SHOT.

ADVICES FROM PORT HUDSON.

1,000 BALES OF COTTON BELOW HELENA.

IMPORTANT FROM VICKSBURG.

WARM WORK EXPECTED.

OUR FORCES CONFIDENT.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Late from Charleston--Its Fortifications.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—The Senate Military Committee instructed their chairman to report a bill authorizing tax collectors in insurrectionary districts to purchase at tax sales such lands as the President may designate as being needed for military and Government uses.

An appropriation is to be made for a navy yard in the West. The site to be selected by the President. St. Louis is understood to be the place.

A gentleman, recently from Charleston, who escaped through the rebel lines, states that large numbers of troops have recently collected there to defend the city. The citizens had generally left in anticipation of an attack from the national troops. The means of defense are very formidable. He thinks the city cannot be captured without a severe struggle.

A mutiny recently took place, in which several North Carolina regiments were engaged. The ringleaders were shot by order of Beauregard.

The city is strongly fortified on all sides, but the west, and is supplied with iron-clads to defend the harbor. Two of these are destitute of machinery.

once, from the shower of lead that came around me. They knocked my gun off, cutting the blood on my lip. Rest assured it was the hardest shower I was ever out in! While on the retreat, a number of our regiment were killed and wounded, and it was then that Pierce fell, so I did not see him any more; but a man told me he saw him fall, and that he was shot through the breast. He was taken to one of our hospitals and cared for. He lived almost thirty hours, and died. Nelson lived as it becomes a Christian, for I verily believe he lived and died one. He always tried to do what was right, and would rebuke wrong, and I am free to confess that I have shed many tears of regret over his fall; for I loved him as a brother, and so he did me. On the morning of the battle I prayed God, to shield him and me from the fate that was in waiting, and that we might be restored to our homes; and I had faith. Nor did I go into it in any fear, but as cool and calm as if it had been but a battalion drill. I trusted that he would be spared to adorn the days of peace. But, alas! our hearts are all saddened, for thousands of husbands and brothers were among the slain. Would to God that all who are left were as free from jealousy and unworthy motives as he. The marble that should mark his grave cannot be truer than his soul of honor and unspotted integrity. But the Christian and the patriot sleeps. Let his name, his virtues, and his heroic example be embalmed in the memory of every patriotic heart. I long to see the day of peace, and wish most heartily to see the day when the Glorious Old Flag will be restored to every State and not a star erased; nor a spot or blemish on its brilliant folds, and to see every rebel made to bite the dust and cry for the rocks and hills to fall on them to hide them from the frowns of a loyal and true hearted people; and that the Northern rebel sympathisers will be sunk so low that the resurrection trump will not wake them.

The Ship Canal.

WOOSTER, Feb. 16th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—My communication to the Journal of the 12th instant, was hastily written (on the inspiration of the moment,) and did not enumerate all the advantages to be derived from the proposed Ship Canal, or the facilities for its construction. Should you deem it worthy a place in your columns, perhaps you will have the goodness to publish the following additional enumeration of advantages to be derived from the construction of such a work, as well as natural facilities for its accomplishment.

In the first place, I remark that its western terminus, Prairie du Chien, (what a name for a great city!—suppose we christen it Benton, after old Bullion;) affords as fine a site for a large city as ever "lay out of doors;" in the second place, the country is sufficiently level to admit of a railroad the whole route to Milwaukee, therefore the amount of lookage would

reference. Reading, per se, is beneficial. (On the contrary, live injury. It may strengthen passions and embroil the heart. It is essential that it should be good. Then the vigorous, manly—and then a philosopher, scholar, and the good men and true of every look to this if they would have wreck. Recollect she will ring be good, she will live; if there is no help for it, no. It is the law of health and intellect gross ailment, and bloated and enfeebled through and induration. The worst of apples of Sodom do not appear the seeds have been sown. Let us look to our literature well the character of our men above all; take measures to provide of the proper kind. The vigorous press can only be constantly exerted.—N. Y. Picay

Furlough

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP

EDITOR OHIO STATE JOURNAL purpose of correcting a misder which many of the Ohio have the honor to transmit a copies of the only or on the subject of furloughs.

Very respectfully, Your obedient

H. M. Surgeon HEADQUARTERS, DIVISION OF

GENERAL ORDERS

I. No application for a Leave Furlough can be considered a ters, unless the officer or enlisted to this command, or is in a limits of the command.

II. Leave of Absence will cers only on Surgeon's certificate arising from wounds received Surgeon's certificate showing unfit for duty on account of the leave is necessary to save manent disability.

If the regiment to which it is in this command, the approved by regimental, brig corps commanders, and the approved by the medical director, if the officer is not serving the medical director of the if the officer is in a General regiment is not in this command must be signed by the medical

Delaware Gazette

A. THOMSON, Editor.

Delaware, Jan. 30, 1863.

THE NEWS.

We have no war news of importance to chronicle this week. The movement of Gen. Burnside's army, noticed last week as in progress, proved a failure in consequence of a violent storm that set in and made army movements on a large scale a matter of impossibility.

Gen. Burnside has at his own request been relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and Gen. Joseph E. Hooker has been appointed his successor. Gen. Hooker is a distinguished and brave officer, and it is to be hoped that under his leadership the misfortunes that have attended that splendid army almost uniformly from its organization to the present time will have an end and its future movements be crowned with the success its bravery merits. The farewell address of Gen. Burnside to the army, and that of Gen. Hooker on assuming command, will be found in another column.

Our gunboats, after the capture of Arkansas Post, did not proceed up the Arkansas to Little Rock, as was anticipated, but ascended the White river two hundred miles to Des Arc, capturing that place and several others without opposition, securing two rifled cannon, 200 Enfield rifles, with a quantity of provisions. The expedition has since returned, and it is not supposed that any further demonstrations in that direction will be made at present.

Gen. Grant is concentrating an immense force at Millikin's Bend on the Mississippi, and it is understood his purpose is to make another assault on Vicksburg. The rebels are said to have added largely to their forces at that point, and it is evident they will make a desperate defense before yielding its possession.

It is announced that Gen. Butler, who so ably and satisfactorily administered the Department of the Gulf, will forthwith return to New Orleans, and that Gen. Banks will be sent to Texas.

From the Department of Gen. Rosecrans there is nothing important. He still maintains the advanced position he took immediately after the battle of Murfreesboro, and though not proposing an immediate advance, he is still prepared to give the rebels a warm reception, should they feel disposed to offer him battle.

There are still reports of a formidable movement pending in North Carolina, but we have nothing definite from that region.

The iron clads, of which there are now a considerable number in Southern waters, are very slow in making a report, but certainly, if any important work has been assigned them, we must soon hear something of their doings.

Our Legislature.—We have nothing of interest to record in regard to the doings of this body during the past week. On Friday both houses adjourned over till Tuesday, on which day barely enough members of the two houses had returned to constitute a quorum in

Again through a head battle and unharmed. We started up the White river, as we supposed heading up the stream, but after going a few miles, changed direction short to the left into what we called the "cut off," and ere long were in the Arkansas river, came up to this point about sixty miles from the mouth. The river is narrow, deep and very crooked, generally through a wilderness. We landed Saturday, January 10th, moved out in the evening just beyond a bend where we bivouaced, moved most of the way after dark, and while moving along the bank just behind the gunboats. They were engaged in a very heavy cannonading, the sight was grand; we could see the flashes from our guns and those from the Fort and watch the shells. Sherman's troops had been sent the day before and driven the rebels from the first rifle pits to the Fort. Our march was hard, being dark and through swamps.—Sunday morning we moved to our position on the left of the Brigade, and in the rear of the 17th Ohio Battery, about three hundred yards from the fort. All was quiet until 10 o'clock, cannon and batteries getting into position.—About that hour the gunboats and batteries opened simultaneously upon the fort, and it was most terrifically grand. I never heard such cannonading in my life, the ground fairly shook, the air was filled with smoke; the rebels replied vigorously and the shells fell thick and fast. We were in what is always called an "enfilade" position, being in the rear of a battery, shells dropping into our ranks and killing and wounding several there; company F and G, the most. After a while the firing from the fort almost ceased, and no activity was observed on our right; soon the word came to advance, and we moved into the open field on the left of the fort, we were then in the rear of the 17th Ohio, they faltered and partially broke, we pushed by them and were in the advance, moved a few rods and dropped down, balls falling all about us. We then moved up to within 100 yards of the fort, and fired the fort.—Some of our regiments came up behind us and fired so hotly that we were pinned to the ground. Men could not rise up and an order to fall back, the left of the regiment fired upon the curtain of the fort opposite to us, from which the rebels were pouring a galling fire. The right fired up to six-pounders they had in the rifle pits outside of the fort.—That gun boat not being loaded, and the rebels were trying to fire it, had they succeeded they would have moved us. Our fire with the big 100 lb. guns was too hot for them and they could not fire once. We were tired of waiting and every minute expecting orders to storm the works when the white flag was hoisted, it was some time before the firing entirely ceased, one of their regiments, the 6th Texas in the rifle pits outside, did not see the flag and kept up the fire for a while. You may have heard such yells when all broke for the fort, our 17th Ohio and 1st Regiment the first to. General Burnside pulled down the flag and raised the stars and stripes. We lost eleven killed and twenty five wounded, went in with two hundred and fifty four men, from many sick, company I and part of G were detached to work the 17th Ohio Battery, they having no more of their own, thinking that they could not hold out, men fought for and gained. Not one man who went out of the fort, the regiment being killed and greatly distinguished itself, having several times heard the remark that the 96th fought like a regiment. Gen. Burnside said he behaved better than any regiment in the army, the Company F had a large killed, several killed, and seven wounded. Gen. Burnside commanded the company, Capt. [Name] was killed, [Name] was killed. Next day [Name] and [Name] were killed. Clark has returned, [Name] was killed, [Name] was killed.

Mr. Thomson, Editor.—A few weeks ago I forwarded a short letter to you for publication which you did accordingly. I also sent one of the same to the Standard thinking that some of our friends would be glad to learn through the columns of that periodical our whereabouts, but it has never appeared, for want of etiquette or flowery style of writing of which soldiers lay but little or no claim to, or some other justifiable cause, it finds no place, we therefore content ourselves with a part of a column in the Delaware Gazette.—We have just passed through one among the hardest fought and bloodiest battles ever fought in the United States. On the morning of the 25th of December, 1862, we passed through Nashville enroute for Murfreesboro, on the 26th we came into the vicinity of the battle ground, the elements of war were raging and appeared ready to burst in every quarter. Gen. McCook, with his division, drew the first heavy fire and made the attack, the firing became general all along the whole line from right to left, day after day for five days we were moved from point to point to strengthen the weak divisions where the enemy could make the strong at assault, day after day the battle grew fiercer and more furious, time and again our men had to back from their positions, and with renewed vigor would regain their lost ground. On the 31st early in the morning the battle was again renewed, which I think was the hardest day's fight and the greatest slaughter of men during the whole action. It appeared that the heavens had for weeks and months reserved her thunder for that day, vapor and smoke darkened the horizon, and it seemed as if the heavens and earth were rolled together as a scroll and as if the elements would melt, with heat, for surely it was a hot place. That day fixed the destiny of thousands of good soldiers, the battle line was formed into three divisions, right, left and center, on that day the 31st Ohio and the 18th Regulars were placed in advance on the right of the center column, where the enemy had the evening before taken our ground, here we held our position steadily till the afternoon, though we were confronted with three columns to our one with the full intention of breaking our center; we stood firm until the right wing gave way, as soon as it gave way we were exposed to a cross fire which raked our regiment so that there was but few left and we were compelled to fall back; on the evening of that day I was wounded in the left arm, the large bone of my arm was broken about two inches from the hand, the ball passing through that part of the arm and through the fleshy part of the arm, two or three inches below the shoulder, the next day our gallant General Rosecrans rallied the men up, and that day and afterwards regained all our lost ground and put the rebels to flight. Our regiment went into the battle with 760 assigned soldiers as ever at break, and came out with only 200, but I still think that a few more will be found living, if not our regiment is pretty well used up. Till the close of the battle I suffered very much, and for several days after, but I am now in the General Hospital, No. 6, at Nashville, well, cared for and doing well, and from the nature of the wound not suffering as much as would be expected. How long it will be before I will be able to pop at the enemy of our country again, I cannot tell, but I must wait with patience till I can. Providence has broken through, thus far, I trust him for time to come. W. H. MAXWELL.

The court martial in the case of Major General Fitz John Porter, has finally closed its labors, and the result has been his conviction and dismissal from the service. The following were the charges preferred against him, and of which he was found guilty.

and patriotism, declaring that the Union shall be preserved unconditionally, and that the soldiers of Indiana will devote their means and their lives to the Union.

The resolutions were drawn by Col. Hunter of the 52d Indiana regiment, a Democrat, who, with Col. Goodin, of the 22d Indiana, and other prominent Democrats, made violent speeches denouncing treason in the Indiana Legislature and at the North. They also pledge themselves that there is not an Indiana soldier whose garments wetted the field of battle who will not endorse the resolutions, and who will not fight the enemies of the Union, North and South, to the death.

The resolutions will be acted upon by each regiment, and forwarded, through a committee of officers, to the Indiana Legislature. Col. Goodin denounced the Indiana Buttercups as damned rascals.

A terrible accident occurred at Zanesville at Monday evening. While the market house was crowded with people a portion of the roof fell in, occasioned by the great weight of snow on it. A large number of persons were buried under the ruins, seven of whom were killed, and a great many wounded, some of them very seriously.

THE WEDDING OF GEN. TOM THUMB AND MISS WARREN.—The excitement and interest in the marriage of General Tom Thumb and Miss Levinia Warren, the little Queen of Beauty, is now the sensation in New York. The World says:

The wedding is to be a rich and cheerful affair. In fact it promises to be the great fashionable event of the season. They are to be married on Tuesday, February 10. The nuptial ceremonies will take place at one of the most fashionable churches in this city. Cards of invitation will be issued to the relatives and friends and to some of the first families of the city. As the number of tickets will correspond with the number of seats in the church, no person will be admitted except those invited. The bridal party will proceed to one of our leading hotels immediately after the marriage ceremonies, where they will hold a brief reception for those only who have made invitation to the wedding. The following morning they will go to Philadelphia and remain there several days, after which they may extend their journey to Baltimore and Washington. They will then visit Boston, and subsequently spend a couple of weeks at the residence of the bride, in Middleborough, Mass. and of the bridegroom at Bridport, Conn. At the close of their honeymoon the illustrious little couple will make the tour of Europe, the trip being nearly one of pleasure, as they never intend to give public exhibitions. They expect to be absent several years.

Important Letter from the President.

Some days ago we gave in our despatches a brief synopsis of the letter written by the President to Gen. McClellan soon after he had gone to the Peninsula. The letter came to light in the course of the McDowell Court of Inquiry, in relation to the testimony given by Major Gen. Hitchcock touching the defense of Washington. We give now the letter in full. From the letter it will be seen that the President yielded his own opinions to McClellan touching the advisability of the route to Richmond by the way of the Peninsula.—It shows that the miserable plan of shifting and procrastinating difficulties instead of vigorously surmounting them, was none of his doings. He also deprecates the lie-still-and-do-nothing policy which was so fatal to our success at Manassas; and he assures McClellan that his hesitancy in moving upon the rebels, in the opinion of the country, "but the story of Manassas repeated." And he says in a manner most kind but positive, "you must not let the chance slip from this that the

our friends occupied the camp, and Co's A and B were sent out to reconnoiter. We crossed the creek and entered a roadway leading to town, when a masked battery was discovered to be on a distant hill ahead. We accordingly turned back and sought the shelter of the river bank, when, just as Co. D was passing the opening, a ball came whizzing directly over our heads, and in not very agreeable proximity, burying itself at the water's edge on the other side. Our artillery then opened on the rebels, and soon silenced their battery. Our whole column then crossed the river and advanced on the town. Co. B was sent ahead and deployed as skirmishers up the hill on which the rebel battery had stood. We found that the rebels had skedaddled, and saw where our shells had ploughed up the hill-top, in their very midst. Turning about, we rejoined the regiment, and all marched through town and into the camp of our friends, unmolested. They were there all right, and drawn up in line of battle to receive us; and as we stacked our guns near them, they gave us three hearty cheers, to which we responded as heartily as weary soldiers could. And thus ended the "battle of Moorefield," only just enough of a battle to bring us under fire for the first time. No one on our side was injured by the cannon ball, but both regiments had sustained loss by way of prisoners taken. Our regiment lost thirty-nine—most of whom were sick in hospital and left at Petersburg, and who were taken by the rebel cavalry force which left town the same evening, and paroled.

For two or three days after our arrival at M., the enemy were supposed to be hovering about us and scouting parties were daily sent out to reconnoiter. Sunday evening our force was strengthened by the arrival of Gen. Mulligan from New Creek with the 23d Illinois and a battery of artillery. He remained but two or three days, however, and returned, the first fears having by that time been allayed to a considerable extent.

When the regiment left Petersburg the wagon train was ordered to go to New Creek, under the supposition that it could not safely go with us. The train started nearly as soon as we did, but Quartermaster Brown and Elmer Husted, remained in town until nearly night, to regulate matters as well as they could before they left. They then went to New Creek; but too late for the train, as will be seen, and they "close call" for his

to continue through the mountains and months? Not a ray of hope for a speedy peace seems to us to brighten the horizon; but fountains of blood seem yet to flow from the mountains and swell up from the valleys of this fair land, as freely as in the year past. Yet, God grant us speedy deliverance from the curse, we fervently pray, for we are inclined to cry, "our punishment is greater than we can bear." H. E. S.

P. S.—Co. B, are all well who are left. Lieut. Randolph is now in temporary command of Co. K. Lieut. Williams started for his home, in Monroeville, this morning.

The following are the names of those who were taken prisoners at Petersburg, and paroled, belonging to Co's B and C.

Corporals Wain, Fisher and Caldwell; and privates A. W. Miller, Palmer D. Hatch, Ared Woodruff, Riley Sparks, Wm. R. Prouty, Clinton Prouty, Henry C. Hicks, Amos Fox.

Co. C.—Chas. Erwell, A. H. Wait, D. D. Draper, John Harris, N. Robinson, L. P. Blake, R. Goodenough, L. Loveland, S. Simpson.

From the 16th Regulars.

We are permitted to publish the following letter from Lieut. E. R. Kinnison, of the 16th Regulars, written to his brother, O. E. Kelberg, at this place. It is a most graphic description of that terrible and bloody fight—the battle of Murfreesboro:

In Biowine, South of Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 6th, 1862.

Bro. OSCAR: The fight is ended, and I have come off with a bullet hole in my cap, and a bullet scratch on my left temple. Our Battalion was terribly cut up on the 31st; out of 15 officers and 293 men, that went into the battle, we had six officers wounded, (two probably fatally,) and 146 men killed, wounded and missing, (17 or 18 missing, the most of whom are likely killed, wounded and prisoners.) My company lost 21 killed and wounded, out of 33. Early in the morning of the 31st, the enemy charged our right wing. McCook's corps was surprised and routed, horse and foot. Twice the brigade of Regulars, composed of the 15th, 16th, 18th and 19th, and Battery "H" of the 5th Artillery, was sent into the Cedars to check, if possible, the masses of rebels, who were sweeping every thing before them like an avalanche. Each time we went alone, without a single support or reserve; each time the enemy we fought out-numbered us at least five to one, and each time we were flanked on both sides, and both times the little 16th was the last to fall back.

I do not exaggerate, when I say that in the present incident, we were slaugh-

terable terms. While this equestrian feat and marksmanship was being displayed, our Quartermaster-Sergeant made good his escape, and arrived at New Creek, though worn and weary, ready and willing to come in on the next "heat."

There is no necessity of mentioning particulars of our late fight, as we are informed the subject has been treated of by your correspondent.

Two years of warfare has had its blighting and withering effect upon Virginia. She now reaps, and will for years to come, the folly of her course. Behold the tread of the two hostile armies upon her soil for eighteen months. The people of the North do not realize the effect an invasion has. Wherever we turn our eyes, or in whatever locality we go, the desolating curse of war is seen. We can but admire the bravery of her sons as has been tested upon many a bloody battle-field, but do pity her verdancy, when she allowed herself to fall into the fatal snare which South Carolina had set for her. The doctrine of State's Rights, coercing a sister State, Richmond the Capitol of the Great Southern Confederacy—these, and other minor points, wooed and won her, and she fell into the bloody vortex of war, with all its concomitant evils. Oh! Virginia! thou namesake of the Virgin Queen—thou pure and spotless—thou mother of Presidents and home of great Statesmen, and upon whose soil repose the sacred remains of Washington—behold the ruin thou hast brought upon thyself? The fruits of thy industry perish upon the spot where they had their origin; thy fields are open and desolate; thy mansions and palaces are deserted; thy cottages and granaries are empty; thy cattle, which were once grazing upon these Western slopes and mountain tops, are no longer seen. Thy shepherds with their flocks have departed—thy timbered land upon the mountain sides is fast giving way before the sturdy stroke of the soldier for fuel, bridges and corduroy roads—thy churches are hospitals for the sick and wounded, and thy soil is one vast cemetery in which sleep the soldier, whom drum and life shall ne'er wake again—thy mothers and daughters are dressed in the habiliments of mourning, and they will look in vain for the returning train. Thy sons and daughters were once happy and contented, but thy leaders taught thee the only way to prevent a Yankee invasion was by voting for the Ordinance of Secession. Thou didst

