

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

VOL. VI.

STEILACOOM, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, MONDAY, MAY 30, 1864.

NO. 24.

PUGET SOUND HERALD

CHARLES PROSCH,
Editor and Proprietor.

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FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.

The Restored Son.

On the banks of the Esk, in the county of Dumfries, stood some years since, a handsome, substantial-looking mansion, bearing all the marks of plenty and comfort; while the neat and elegant arrangement of the grounds around bore evidence to the refined and chaste taste of its proprietor, Gavin Douglas. He was a gentleman by birth, and, "if merit gave titles, he might be a Lord," for a more kind-hearted, amiable Christian never existed. He had succeeded to his father's property, nearly thirty years before the time of which we write, and had constantly resided upon it ever since, growing daily in the love and respect of all who knew him. His appearance and address were particularly prepossessing; he was tall and upright in his person; his manners were bright and gentleman-like; and his fine expanded forehead and mild expressive eye told of a warm and benevolent heart. He was a widower; and his family were at a distance—the sons in the pursuit of their respective professions, and the daughters all happily and comfortably married, with the exception of the eldest, who resided under his roof with her three fatherless children. His eldest son, Edward, had been for some years settled in a mercantile house in Calcutta, where he had lately married, and had been admitted as one of the partners of the firm. Gavin Douglas well supplied the place of a father to his little grandchildren; his whole aim seemed to be, to study their happiness, and to soothe the sorrows of their bereaved parent.

One summer evening, the family party at Eckhall were seated in their comfortable drawing-room, engaged in that cheerful, affectionate conversation which forms the peculiar charm of a well-educated, well-regulated family circle. The day had been one of the most sultry and oppressive of the season; but the clouds, which gathered round the setting sun in dark and gloomy masses, seemed as if waiting in silent silence for his disappearance, to pour their fury upon the scenes to which his rays had given beauty. Not did they threaten in vain; all the wrathful energies of nature seemed to have awakened at the very hour when man and beast were about to seek repose. The rain descended in torrents, and poured forth more like a continued stream than a collection of single drops. The vivid, forked lightning, appeared, in its ragged and eccentric course, to rend asunder the veil of darkness, only to render it doubly visible, while, glancing in thousands of reflections from the falling rain-drops, it flashed across the eyes of the family party, startling and dazzling them with its sudden and excessive brilliancy. The children clung to their grandfather in mute and breathless awe, and the whole party sat in silence, interrupted, save by involuntary ejaculations, which escaped them at each successive flash. Not a breath of wind was stirring, not a sound was to be heard, but the dull, monotonous, incessant patter of the rain, and the loud, clear, crackling burst of the thunder, as it rolled, peal over peal, over their heads, and apparently in dangerous proximity. At length, the rain began to relax in its violence, the flashes of lightning became less and less vivid, and the thunder died away in faint and distant murmurings.

"Grandfather!" said little Gavin, leaving his stronghold between Douglas's knees, "was not that a awful storm?"

"Yes, my boy," replied the old man; "awful, indeed! and thankful might it be to the good Providence which has blessed us with a roof to shelter us, while many an uncovered head has been exposed to its violence. Such a night as this ought to awaken in us a spirit of gratitude for the blessings we ourselves enjoy, and of charity towards the wretched and sorrows of others."

"Did you hear that strange noise during the storm, grandfather?" said little Emma; "it sounded like the beating of a lamb close by; but I was so much frightened by the lightning at the time, that I did not mention it to you, and I think it is again!"

A low, wailing, stifled kind of cry was heard, which almost immediately ceased, and the whole party started up, with looks of surprise and alarm, and gazed at each other, as if mutually inquiring from whence the strange sound could proceed. Again the cry was heard; and Mr. Douglas, seizing one of the candles, rushed to the front door, to ascertain the cause of their alarm. Great was his surprise to find, under the porch, a small, dark, shaggy creature, which he started to behold the little chubby features of an infant, which stretched out his little arms, and crowded with delight at the sight of the candle. Mr. Douglas's first impulse was to hurry into the parlor, where his little hero was safely deposited on a sofa, and exposed to the curious and inquiring gaze of the assembled party.

"O grandfather!" shouted little Gavin, clapping his hands, and dancing round the baby, "I have often heard you say, 'It is an evil wind that blows nobody good.'—and now see what a little brother the thunder-storm has blown us!"

"Inhuman wretches!" exclaimed Douglas, "to expose such a sweet infant, in a night like this! But they cannot be far off!" And, ringing the bell violently, he went out with some of the servants in pursuit of the supposed fugitives; but vain was their search; every nook and corner of the grounds were examined, but no traces of any such could be discovered; and Douglas returned, fatigued and disappointed, to the parlor. On examining the basket in which the child had been laid, a crumpled and dirty piece of paper was discovered, on which was written, in a trembling and almost illegible hand, "Be kind to the boy—he comes of a good family. His name is Philip P. May heaven prosper you, as you behave to him!" There was likewise a signet ring, with a few lines of characters engraved upon it. The signet ring in which the infant was dressed was formed of the best materials, neatly and plainly made; but bore evident tokens of neglect and dirt.

"Poor boy!" muttered Gavin; "since your own unnatural father has deserted you, I will be a father to you. Here, Jane, my love," addressing his daughter, "I commit this stray lamb to your charge for the present; see that he is comfortably settled in the little crib in your room. Years passed on; and his curiosity was excited, and he burned with impatience to visit them, and to judge for himself; and he expressed to Gavin Douglas his predilection for a sailor's life, and his eager wish to commence his career as soon as circumstances would allow. Gavin's heart yearned towards the handsome and spirited boy, whose eye sparkled, and whose tongue became eloquent as he urged his suit; and he felt that the time was come, which he had long looked forward to with pain, when this young and ardent spirit must leave his guardian care, and be intrusted to its own impulses. He talked seriously and affectionately to the boy, on the subject of his wishes; told him, that had hitherto been kept secret from him—the history of his first appearance at Eckhall; assured him that he always would be, as he hitherto had been, in the place of a father to him; and concluded with saying—"Reflect seriously upon what I have pointed out to you, my dear boy; I have laid before you, as far as my experience goes, all the advantages and disadvantages of the profession which you wish to adopt; weigh the matter carefully in your thoughts; and if, at the end of a week, you continue in the same mind, I will do all in my power to promote your wishes."

Poor Philip's astonishment and distress were unbounded, when Gavin informed him of the mystery that hung over his birth. He had always hitherto been known by the name of Douglas, and had been accustomed to consider himself as Gavin's grandson; and the truth burst upon him with the astounding effect of a thunderbolt. Pale as ashes, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, he exclaimed—

"Not your grandson, sir? Then who am I? Good heavens! had I not been living from my earliest years a poor dependent upon your bounty? O, my generous benefactor! my grandfather! how can I ever prove my gratitude to you for your unvaried affection and kindness?"

"You have already proved it, Philip, by repaying affection with affection; by your steady obedience, and constant attention to my slightest wish. I have a father's love for you, Philip; and, poor, and unknown, and alien, as you are, you have made yourself as dear to me as if you were my own flesh and blood. I feared that this disclosure would fall like a blight upon your young spirit, but, painful as it is, it was necessary that it should be made. Cheer up, my boy! brighter days will come, and I have a conviction that the secret of your birth will be one day discovered, and that you will have no reason to blush for your parentage."

"Heaven grant it may be so, sir! but I dare not hope. If I had not been a cause of shame to my parents, would they have deserted me?"

Douglas shook his head, and said—

"Time will show. At all events, my dear Philip, look upon me as your father until you find a better."

"That can never be, my dear, dear grandfather!"

The week of reflection passed away; but not so Philip's resolution, which was now confirmed and strengthened by his eager desire to relieve Mr. Douglas from the burden of his support, and by the hope that he might by some fortunate chance be guided to the discovery of his true parents. On his making known his decision, Gavin Douglas immediately wrote to a friend in London, through whose interest he obtained for him an appointment as midshipman on board a sailing ship for Bengal and China, and which it was necessary for him to "join" immediately. Before he left Eckhall, Gavin delivered into his hands the ring and other articles that had been found in the basket in which he was exposed when an infant, that he might have some clue whereby to endeavor to trace out his parents. Delighted as Philip was at the prospect of entering upon his new profession, he felt the greatest sorrow at parting from his kind and liberal benefactor, and from those whom he had been so long accustomed to look upon as near and dear relations; but still more deeply was he affected at leaving his beloved little playmate Catherine. Her grief on the occasion was excessive. Philip had been her constant companion in all her little rambles, and her resource and comfort in all her childish difficulties and sorrows. He had scarcely ever left her side; and now she was to part with him—perhaps forever! Poor Philip himself was obliged to exert all the pride of protegee manhood, to resist the contagious example of her tears; but he did all in his power to comfort the little mourner, and partially succeeded, by reminding her that in a few months the voyage would be over.

"And then, dear Phil, will you come back again?"

"That I will."

"Oh! how glad I shall be to see you again!" And she jumped about, clapping her little hands for joy, till the recollection of the long separation that must intervene called forth a fresh torrent of tears.

At length the parting scene was over; and, freighted with the blessings and good wishes of all who knew him, Philip was fairly launched into the rough ocean of life, to be exposed to all its storms and quicksands, from which he had been hitherto safely sheltered in the calm haven of domestic peace. The first voyage passed safely and happily; and some years flew by in the same routine of leave-takings and glad meetings. Philip loved his profession enthusiastically; but, at every successive parting, he felt more and more unwilling to tear himself from Eckhall and its beloved inmates. Catherine was now a lovely, elegant girl of eighteen; her childish elegance for Philip had been gradually and imperceptibly gaining strength, till it had become the ruling passion of her heart. He loved her fondly and tenderly; but his fears were excited by her constantly increasing reserve towards him; there was such an

parent inconsistency between the attentive kindness of her actions, and the distance and almost coldness of her manner, that he was puzzled, as well as surprised. But the eyes of Gavin Douglas's experience were open; and he had for sometime read—in the changing complexion of Catherine, whenever Philip approached her, in the embarrassment of her manner whenever she addressed him, and in the suppressed eagerness of her interest in whatever concerned him—that secret which she shrunk from confessing even to her own heart. Although he dreaded the consequence of an attachment which he thought might be productive of only misery and disappointment, yet he had too much confidence in Philip's honor and discretion to fear the clandestine avowal of love on his part. He wrote to his son Edward in Calcutta, informing him of his suspicions and fears as to the state of Catherine's affections—telling him all the particulars of Philip's history, and leaving it to his own judgment to act as he thought circumstances required.

"In the meantime," wrote he, "I cannot openly interfere, lest, by striving to remedy it should only increase the evil; but I will endeavor, quietly and unobtrusively, to keep the young people apart until I hear your decision. My opinion is, that a final separation will be the only means of weaning them from each other. Catherine has a father's home to receive her—when poor Philip leaves me he leaves his only earthly protector; and, even for my granddaughter's sake, I cannot part with one whose amiable and affectionate dispositions have rendered him dear to me as a son."

The result of this communication was a letter to Catherine, from her father, telling her that he was obliged to visit England for a few months, on business, and begging her to hold herself in readiness to accompany him on his return to Calcutta. Philip had just arrived from abroad when he received this news; and, as is often the case, it was not till he feared he was going to part with Catherine forever, that he felt how deeply and fondly he loved her. He became more and more attached to her, and, day after day, alone, under the pretext of seeking amusement in rural sports, but in reality for the sake of indulging the sorrow that was preying upon his mind. He shunned all society, even that of her whose image was ever present to him, and absented himself as much as he possibly could from the family meetings at meals. His dejection began to have an evident effect upon his health, and the kind-hearted Gavin endeavored to see his young favorite pinched under the influence of his hidden sorrow.

"Philip, my son," said he to him one day, "why have you not confided in me, your oldest and dearest friend? I have penetrated your secret, Philip, and I honor you for endeavoring to confine it to your own bosom; but you must rouse all your energies to shake off the tyranny of a passion which your high sense of principle would tell you cannot survive in a man; and I only hope to be productive of sorrow and disappointment." He then proceeded to remind him delicately of the cloud that hung over his birth, of his want of means to maintain the woman of his choice in comfort, and of the absolute necessity for his strenuous exertions to rise in his profession, as the only chance of bettering his condition in life; "for though," added the generous man, "it is my intention to make provision for you, I will yet there are so many claims of relationship upon me, that your portion will, I fear, be but small."

Philip's heart swelled and his eye glistened, as he pressed the old man's hand, in mute acknowledgment of his kindness; and some moments elapsed ere he could sufficiently command his feelings, to give expression to them in words. At length, in broken and hurried accents, he expressed his heartfelt gratitude; he confessed that he had never felt so kindly and tenderly loved, and that he had long loved and longed to be loved; and he promised himself brightly, and that he might be enabled to prove himself worthy of the happiness he sought. He acknowledged the justice and propriety of all Mr. Douglas said; and expressed his conviction that it was his duty, however painful it might be to his feelings, to tear himself from the society of one whose presence was so dangerous to his peace, and to endeavor, however vainly, to discharge his parental, though he could not stifle, the passion which reigned in his heart. It was agreed upon, between the two friends, that Philip should employ his time while on shore in traveling, till his ship was again ready for sea, and that he should then join her, without taking leave the second time of his friends, except by letter; and that Philip could hardly command his feelings, when taking leave of his friends, to be so much affected by the sight of his father, as he had been so long accustomed to look upon as near and dear relations; but still more deeply was he affected at leaving his beloved little playmate Catherine. Her grief on the occasion was excessive. Philip had been her constant companion in all her little rambles, and her resource and comfort in all her childish difficulties and sorrows. He had scarcely ever left her side; and now she was to part with him—perhaps forever! Poor Philip himself was obliged to exert all the pride of protegee manhood, to resist the contagious example of her tears; but he did all in his power to comfort the little mourner, and partially succeeded, by reminding her that in a few months the voyage would be over.

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"In the meantime," wrote he, "I cannot openly interfere, lest, by striving to remedy it should only increase the evil; but I will endeavor, quietly and unobtrusively, to keep the young people apart until I hear your decision. My opinion is, that a final separation will be the only means of weaning them from each other. Catherine has a father's home to receive her—when poor Philip leaves me he leaves his only earthly protector; and, even for my granddaughter's sake, I cannot part with one whose amiable and affectionate dispositions have rendered him dear to me as a son."

The result of this communication was a letter to Catherine, from her father, telling her that he was obliged to visit England for a few months, on business, and begging her to hold herself in readiness to accompany him on his return to Calcutta. Philip had just arrived from abroad when he received this news; and, as is often the case, it was not till he feared he was going to part with Catherine forever, that he felt how deeply and fondly he loved her. He became more and more attached to her, and, day after day, alone, under the pretext of seeking amusement in rural sports, but in reality for the sake of indulging the sorrow that was preying upon his mind. He shunned all society, even that of her whose image was ever present to him, and absented himself as much as he possibly could from the family meetings at meals. His dejection began to have an evident effect upon his health, and the kind-hearted Gavin endeavored to see his young favorite pinched under the influence of his hidden sorrow.

"Philip, my son," said he to him one day, "why have you not confided in me, your oldest and dearest friend? I have penetrated your secret, Philip, and I honor you for endeavoring to confine it to your own bosom; but you must rouse all your energies to shake off the tyranny of a passion which your high sense of principle would tell you cannot survive in a man; and I only hope to be productive of sorrow and disappointment." He then proceeded to remind him delicately of the cloud that hung over his birth, of his want of means to maintain the woman of his choice in comfort, and of the absolute necessity for his strenuous exertions to rise in his profession, as the only chance of bettering his condition in life; "for though," added the generous man, "it is my intention to make provision for you, I will yet there are so many claims of relationship upon me, that your portion will, I fear, be but small."

Philip's heart swelled and his eye glistened, as he pressed the old man's hand, in mute acknowledgment of his kindness; and some moments elapsed ere he could sufficiently command his feelings, to give expression to them in words. At length, in broken and hurried accents, he expressed his heartfelt gratitude; he confessed that he had never felt so kindly and tenderly loved, and that he had long loved and longed to be loved; and he promised himself brightly, and that he might be enabled to prove himself worthy of the happiness he sought. He acknowledged the justice and propriety of all Mr. Douglas said; and expressed his conviction that it was his duty, however painful it might be to his feelings, to tear himself from the society of one whose presence was so dangerous to his peace, and to endeavor, however vainly, to discharge his parental, though he could not stifle, the passion which reigned in his heart. It was agreed upon, between the two friends, that Philip should employ his time while on shore in traveling, till his ship was again ready for sea, and that he should then join her, without taking leave the second time of his friends, except by letter; and that Philip could hardly command his feelings, when taking leave of his friends, to be so much affected by the sight of his father

PUGET SOUND HERALD STEILACOOM, W. T., MONDAY, May 30, 1864.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

[CONDENSED FOR THE PUGET SOUND HERALD]

Washington, May 14.—An official dispatch from Gen. Sherman, dated from Bridge 13th, says the 8th was ordered wholly around the enemy's right flank and in the evening reached North Anna river, without opposition; that night destroyed the enemy's depot and three trains of cars, two locomotives, mules and other stores, including 13,000 rebel rations; tore up railroad track for ten miles, destroyed several railroads, and captured nearly 400 of our men. On the morning of the 15th resumed the march on the Wilderness, capturing the station, destroying a train of cars and some railroads, containing a large amount of commissary stores, several miles of rail, six culverts, twelve bridges, etc.

About 7 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, resumed the march on Richmond, and found the rebel line at Mountain Bridge, which had after an obstinate contest, gained possession of the Brook Turnpike, capturing Sherman's works near Richmond. During the night, Sheridan marched the whole of his command between the first and second line of the rebel line, and looking the Virginia Central Railroad and the Mechanicsville Turnpike. Finding the works very formidable, he gave up his intention of assaulting them. He then determined to cross the Chickahominy at Mountain Bridge, which had been partially destroyed by the enemy, but which was repaired in 11 hours, under a heavy fire from the rebel batteries. After crossing, Gen. Meade attacked the enemy with his cavalry and drove him off, pursuing him as far as the Chickahominy. All our wounded were brought off except about 30, who were left at the farm-house. Our total loss was about 250. The property destroyed is valued at \$10,000,000.

On the 15th, 1864, the 6th corps was moved to our left, and an attack was to have been made at daylight. The movement, it is said, if successful, would place our forces in Lee's rear, and compel him to retreat towards Liverpool.

No firing has been heard, which affords ground to believe that Lee had retreated during Friday night before the 14th, and 6th corps advanced. We have nothing later than 5:30 A. M. Sheridan's command had reached the left bank of Turkey Run at 8 o'clock yesterday, and formed a junction with Butler.

An exchange of prisoners has been agreed to according to the terms of Commissioner Galt.

Oxford, Va., May 16, 6 P. M.—Lee is now on the right bank of the river, in the rear of Spottsylvania.

Grant's strategy has been far beyond Lee's. Grant has already moved his entire army, by boat, to the left bank of the river, to his point, and acted offensively during the whole time. For eight or ten miles southeast of this point, the country can easily be defended.

Gen. Grant's substantial outposts last year, which now stand in the Wilderness, in the Po river and South Anna, about one mile south of Spottsylvania.

Washington, May 16.—Dispatches from Grant to 8 A. M. state that offensive movements are suspended until the roads become passable. The new line of the Wilderness to the main road from Fredericksburg to Richmond.

Sherman, after two days' hard fighting, forced Johnston to evacuate Dalton.

The latest reports from Butler state that he was successful against Fort Darling.

Brumads Hundred, May 16.—The rebel intrenchment came down last night and opened fire on the fleet. The monitors drove her back.

The Richmond Dispatch of the 15th says: "The following is the latest from the front: The enemy came out of their breastworks, our daylight, and attacked our right wing. Our artillery opened and drove them back to their fortifications. Our loss was slight, the men being made prisoners."

New York, May 17.—Large reinforcements have been sent forward to Butler, and are now amounting to 60,000. Butler has divided his force: one portion is watching Petersburg, and keeping the rebel troops there, while another is watching Fort Darling. A third force, larger than the other two, is now moving on to the Danville Railroad.

Prominent officers predict that Richmond will be ours by the 18th. In addition to the reinforcements must be added Sheridan's cavalry. Butler is expected to render good assistance. Butler has also collected his force, which has cut off the Danville Railroad.

The garrisons in Richmond were about 5000, but could be increased to double that number in a few hours. Soldiers were coming from all parts, not principally from North and South Carolina.

Yesterday the rebels on the left, coming only through the woods, gobbled up several of our pickets and drove back the reserves.

Gen. Meade and Wright, with their staffs, were on the right at this time, and had an extremely narrow escape from capture. Immediately after, Wright threw out forces under cover of the artillery, and retook the position, which was an important one.

Washington, May 16.—Intelligence from Richmond, to 11 o'clock last night, has been received. Two lines of the rebel army, the 1st and 2d, Sherman is reported to have captured a wagon train and two guns, and whipped Early.

Sherman says that as near as he can figure, our losses are 5000 killed, wounded and missing. Repeating his prayer for good success.

New York, May 17.—McPherson captured the 12th, nine railroad trains below Roanoke, loaded with various military stores for Dalton. The men were ordered to make preparations to march. However, he is not satisfied that Sherman's speedy success will keep pace with operations in Virginia.

St. Louis, May 17.—Vicksburg dates to the 10th say the expedition under Gen. McClure against Yazoo City with little resistance. The city is now on plantations continued with the usual domestic tranquility.

Later advices from Alexandria indicate that Gen. A. J. Smith will be compelled to march overland to the Mississippi River, fighting his way to the Gulf.

It is reported that Forrest and Hood, with 10,000 rebels, are threatening Huntsville. Gen. W. G. Smith, in command of the place, had ordered the citizens to work in the fortifications.

New York, May 18.—The 3d division of the 5th corps, commanded by Butler, was ordered to fall back from its position on the right bank of the river. Butler had already left his position when the enemy advanced with the intention of gaining possession of the advantageous position near the station. Butler was then ordered back to the position after a short contest, with a loss of 160 killed, wounded and missing. The 1st and 2d divisions of the 5th corps, under the command of Gen. W. G. Smith, were ordered to fall back from their position on the right bank of the river. Butler had already left his position when the enemy advanced with the intention of gaining possession of the advantageous position near the station. Butler was then ordered back to the position after a short contest, with a loss of 160 killed, wounded and missing.

which still more strongly in a strong position. An order was read to our troops announcing the arrival of reinforcements.

Our baggage and supply trains, which have been lying on the plank road near Chancellorsville for several days, have been sent to Fredericksburg.

A surgeon left in charge of the hospital at the Wilderness Tavern battlefield, reports the capture of 800 of our wounded and their transportation to the rebel lines.

Gravelly Bridge, Western Virginia, May 17. A courier arrived this morning from Gen. J. W. Crook, who has fought three battles near Newborn on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, 90 miles from Lynchburg, with the rebel forces under Gen. J. Johnston, gaining a complete victory over the enemy. The rebel loss in killed and wounded was heavy, and they lost 200 prisoners. Gen. Johnston fell into our hands nearly wounded. The large railroad bridge at Newborn and several miles of the track were destroyed. Crook is at Newborn.

New York, May 18.—A correspondent writing from Chester Junction, Va., the 14th, gives an account of the advance of our forces under Smith and Gilmore upon Richmond. He says the maneuver was executed which placed our men near in position to flank and take the line of rebel outposts stretching from the West River. The second line into which the rebels retreated, was next day attacked and found to be much stronger, but finally carried by storm. The rebels were driven into the enclosed works on the left. It was expected they would easily be dislodged from their position, when it became known that our forces would be west of all the fortifications, with a clear road to Richmond, only eight miles off.

The Petersburg papers are quite despondent, and claim a victory with the loss of 15,000 men. General Grant and forty Colonels admitted, indicating a large loss of enlisted men.

New York, May 18.—Gen. McDowell leaves today for San Francisco.

It is confidently asserted by leading Congressmen that the Administration that it has determined to call out 300,000 troops.

Roman, Ga., May 16.—On the 12th, nearly the whole army was in motion towards South Creek, 15 miles south of Buzzard Roost. Howard's, Wood's, and Stanley's divisions were left to attend to the enemy in front of Dalton. On Friday morning, the 13th, the bulk of our forces were assembled in Sugar Valley, at the mouth of the Gap, while the cavalry left to conduct operations. During the day the army was occupied in destroying from the Gap and advancing and passing the mountain range. The place is heavily wooded, and the enemy's position was well concealed.

On Friday night, 15th, our army was in position around the rebel works, except the division which had been ordered to the 15th, and were sweeping down in the line of Atlanta and the Western Railroad, to form a junction with the rest of the army.

On Saturday morning began in the morning, the 16th, our army was in position around the rebel works, except the division which had been ordered to the 15th, and were sweeping down in the line of Atlanta and the Western Railroad, to form a junction with the rest of the army.

At 11 P. M. an attempt was made to break the center of the enemy's line, or at least capture his outer works. Judah's division of Schofield's corps advanced, and the 15th corps moved forward and succeeded, after a short struggle, in compelling them to abandon the position of their outer line. We did not continue to hold this, but our own line was somewhat advanced, and the position of the rebels from occupying it. A portion of Johnston's division of Palmer's corps, while attempting to charge the rebel front, were compelled to throw themselves down an almost perpendicular bank, and were killed and wounded.

It was not discovered that the enemy was moving heavy forces up the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers for the purpose of turning our left flank. Gen. Hooker's division was in the movement. Before he arrived, the rebels had thrown themselves with an immense dash upon the rear of Stanley's division, and forced it to retreat, and the advance of the 15th corps was stopped. The rebels advanced and were met by a tremendous fire of grape and canister from our batteries. At the same time a portion of Hooker's corps took possession of both sides of the railway, and Grant's heavy brigade rallied. The rebels were repulsed with great slaughter. The conflict ceased at night.

In the morning the battle commenced upon the right. A portion of Logan's corps charged the line of rebel rifle pits a mile to the right of the main line, and succeeded in driving them in. Our men, however, were exposed to a deadly fire from the enemy's works, and compelled to withdraw. Notwithstanding this withdrawal, our line advanced to what was then their first position, and the rebels were driven back to their original position. It best to retire, and on Sunday night evacuated with their entire army, leaving only three guns and some stores of meat and other provisions behind.

His slightly wounded, Kibrick, severely, and it is feared, mortally wounded. Several pieces of artillery were captured.

New York, May 18.—A correspondent writing from a detailed account of Beauregard's attack on our forces at Palmer's Creek. On the 16th, the entire line of the rebel line opened with artillery. Our men fought stubbornly in showers. A dense fog enveloped the country at the time, and both armies were wrapped in a misty veil.

This was the condition of affairs when the retreating of the rebel troops, which the right flank and rear, enveloped his right flank and took it in the rear. The first blow was dealt with terrific force. Hickman's brigade of the 18th corps, holding the right, was doubled up and forced back to the left, where they were cut to pieces. Our men did not observe until the column passing between Hickman's right and the river. Taking him in the front and rear, they pressed him into the column, and for a time threw him into confusion. He was then driven into a gallant fight as long as he could, but the enemy came upon him so suddenly and in such overwhelming numbers that a successful resistance was impossible. Some of his brigade were captured. After forcing back the right, a portion of the 18th corps, under a first along the front of the 10th corps. The entire right was forced back some distance. The battle raged with unexampled fury; the rebels hurled heavy masses upon us and finally forcing us back upon the right bank of the river. The rebels repeatedly charged the rebel advance with terrible slaughter, but not without some loss on our side.

The enemy numbered not less than 10,000, and rushed into our numbers here, with a reckless and steady confidence to be believed. We lost four guns. Finally, after forcing the 18th corps back from its position and carrying a portion of our first line of entrenchments, the enemy massed a force on the 10th corps to drive it back. First hurled their columns upon Turner's division, which held

the right of the 18th corps, and they moved steadily on Barton's brigade, holding the right of Turner's division—advancing as on parade, our men did not fire a single shot, but waiting until the enemy reached an effective range, they poured into the rebel lines with terrific effect. The line moved away, and the broken column, with terrible loss to their ranks in the rear. With great exertion, the line of attack again formed, and again they advanced in splendid style against our lines. Again did they receive a terrific fire, but they pushed steadily on till one fourth of them were killed and wounded, when they broke, and rushed quickly to cover on the left. After this bloody repulse, they hurried columns after column on Hawley's brigade of Terry's division. They came upon the line in the most confident manner, but were received by a very rapid and equally deadly fire by our forces. They then broke and ran for the woods, and were accelerated in their flight by musketry shot and shell.

They seemed determined, however, to break our line and force it back in its position. Reformed and reinforced, they again after 10 minutes got to work, but were precipitately driven back at all points. That ended any serious effort on their part to force our position, and leaving a wide and wounded to the number of 1,000 on the field.

They then massed upon Smith's position, and attacked his left. Gilmore immediately ordered Turner to attack on the flank and ordered Terry to support him. Turner's attack had hardly commenced before the rebels were ordered by Gen. Butler to retire and to strengthen Smith's corps by forming in his rear.

Our troops fell back slowly and in order, repulsing every attempt of the rebels to even our position, and making a stand at every point. The fighting which had been going on along the entire line, now ceased. All half past two, preparations were made to withdraw our line, and the army moved to the rear except that employed to cover the retreat, and guard ambulances with the wounded. The supply trains were dispatched to draw out of the camp, and the rest of the army, the enemy not pursuing.

The some correspondent says of Kurta's fall on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, that he tore up several miles of the track destroyed rails and blew up the iron bridge over the Appomattox at Meigs Station. President's forces had already commenced around Richmond on the 15th. The cavalry will keep the railroad communication to Richmond open as usual.

Another correspondent of the Herald says that Butler's forces are safely within the intrenchments, and are able to withstand any assault of the rebels. The object of Butler's making the advance on City Point and Bermuda Hundred, was to create a diversion in favor of Grant, and he was successful.

New York, May 18.—Richmond papers of the 16th say that the rebel army was defeated on Thursday the 12th, and state that the slaughter was terrible. No particulars were known. The papers add that Gen. Davis had received dispatches from Lee, which had been kept secret, and finally the rebel army was defeated. Gen. Kurta's cavalry is now moving on Roanoke Station, with the intention of destroying the great iron bridge over Staunton river.

If successful they will return by City Point, and prevent any efforts to repair the destroyed bridges on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad.

New York, May 19.—In the late capture of Yazoo City, the rebels are said to have been badly wounded, and many killed and wounded. The future movements of McClure are unknown.

Gen. Banks has been ordered to New Orleans. An arrival from Duran's Bluff reports that the rebels have erected a battery on White Bluff at South Island. It is said that the rebels above that point dare not attempt to pass.

Chicago, May 19.—The New York World and Journal of Commerce published yesterday morning what purported to be a proclamation from President Grant, appointing Gen. Sherman to the rank of major general, and giving him the rank of major general, and giving him the rank of major general.

The second edition of the World, says the World, in common with other papers, was made the victim of a malicious hoax by some persons who had been misled by a report that the World had published a large edition, but discovered the hoax in time to suppress it.

The World and Journal of Commerce are under seizure by the Provost Marshal for this publication, in consequence of which neither office published papers today.

The offices of the Independent Telegraph Line at New York, Philadelphia and Washington are closed. The reason is supposed to be the transmission of bogus documents from Washington.

Several persons have been arrested today and will be tried by a military tribunal, for having treasonably attempted to give aid and comfort to the enemy.

The steamer which left at noon yesterday for Europe, in all probability, took copies of the proclamation, but without announcing that it was bogus.

New York, May 18.—A special to the Tribune dated headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, May 18th, and 6 P. M., says: "The desultory fighting which commenced at daybreak, has grown into a considerable battle. The enemy discovering the change of position that we had made last night, took advantage of the darkness, and made a desperate attempt to break our lines and get our supply trains. This movement of the enemy occasioned the re-occupation of our old position, every man in his position to do this, the 2nd corps occupying our extreme right, became engaged, and the struggle was kept up with more or less severity till noon today. Our troops advanced in various places, and a general engagement, accompanied by a considerable loss, but our guns were sought into position, and under cover of their fire we charged, took the first line of rifle pits, captured a considerable number of prisoners and several of their guns."

At the present writing there is a cessation of firing. Indications are that there will be no more fighting until to-morrow. The rebel loss is believed to be greater than ours, notwithstanding momentary advantages they at times may gain upon us.

Washington, May 18.—Morrell from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing vote on the bill erecting a territorial government for Montana reported, recommending the Senate to recede from its amendment, striking out the words "every free white inhabitant," and the qualification of voters, and insert "all citizens of the United States" and those who have declared their intention to become citizens. The report was adopted by 15 majority.

The House passed the Senate bill amending the act authorizing bonds to form a State Government. It changes the time for submitting a vote to the people to the 1st day of September.

Washington, May 19.—Reports received from Gen. Sherman's command, dated Kingston, Va., P. M., announce that Sherman had reached Kingston, and occupied last night. This morning he advanced upon the enemy, who again retreated.

A dispatch states that while it was being written, Hooker's and Howard's guns were hammering at Johnston, and the 2nd army was in plain sight of each other, two miles east of Kingston.

Davis' division of the 14th corps is in possession of Rome. Sherman reports weather pleasant, roads good, and country open and well wooded.

Bermuda Hundred, May 19.—On Monday they came out of their intrenchments in front of Fort Darling, and made three advances, all of which were repulsed promptly and energetically, with loss of 1000, while our loss was slight.

Butler learned that Beauregard was heavily reinforced, and learning from Richmond papers that several miles of the Danville Railroad was destroyed, and that the locks, dams and canals leading to Richmond were also destroyed, decided to fall back to Fort Darling, and give orders accordingly. Our army securely entrenched behind our new lines of entrenchment. Several of Longstreet's men were captured, and it was stated that his whole army was cooperating with Beauregard.

The object of our demonstration against Fort Darling was a feint for the purpose of drawing off as many Lee troops as possible, and also to attract the attention of the rebel forces in and about Richmond, to enable Gen. Kurta to move and destroy communications.

New York, May 20.—Advices from North Carolina state that the rebels are enforcing conscription in Beaufort City and Washington and Terrill counties. There is a rebel militia of 1500 men, and a howitzer and 20 men in Chowan river.

The rebel Albernack was badly injured in the engagement of May 16th, that she had been sent up the river for repairs.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, May 18.—At 5 o'clock this morning the 6th corps, supported by Hancock's division on the right and the 1st division on the left, advanced against the enemy's works. The rebels in front were those which had abandoned by us and were filled with rebel sharpshooters who were dislodged and driven through the second line of entrenchment, and the troops charged to the rear except that employed to cover the retreat, and guard ambulances with the wounded. The supply trains were dispatched to draw out of the camp, and the rest of the army, the enemy not pursuing.

An attack was made by the enemy on the left in the afternoon, where Warren had posted our batteries, and the rebels were soon driven back and their guns silenced. All was quiet at six o'clock P. M.

Four dispatches says we have just received from the rebel headquarters at Staunton, Va., that the rebels have abandoned the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and are now in the rear of Staunton.

The Washington Star states that skirmishing with the enemy for the last few days, had been in Grant's favor, but a battle is now imminent.

The large number of prisoners taken on Sunday, confirms that the rebels are in want of supplies.

A dispatch from Gawley Bridge gives an account of a brilliant victory by Gen. Averell on the 18th, with the main body of Crook's army. Averell had here encountered the enemy 4000 strong, under Gen. Jones. The fight lasted for two hours, and almost every man was killed, and the rebels were driven back, killing and wounding many of their men, and capturing a number of prisoners. Our loss was 120. Averell then successfully destroyed a bridge to prevent further retreat of the rebels.

New York, May 21.—About 1 P. M. yesterday the rebels were driven back across the river by our forces, and about 2 o'clock the Fredericksburg road near our right flank within three-fourths of a mile of Meade's and Grant's headquarters, the rebels were driven back, and the ground at the time was very rough, and the rebels' brigade, Tyler brought up the remainder of his force, met the rebel attack and drove the enemy back into the woods. Considering the small force of the rebels, when once fairly under fire they showed the most gallant bravery. Their loss is quite heavy and will probably reach 1,000 in killed, wounded and missing. The rebels gave way in confusion. The rebels gave way exclusively with Tyler's heavy artillery division. Tyler's division of the 2d corps, and afterwards the 5th corps were sent to his support, and formed a line enabling him to withdraw, after driving the enemy several miles and clearing his valley. The confusion of the rebels appears to be great, the major portion of Rhodes division scattering in the woods.

Our lines of communication are all right to-night and there is a large quantity of supplies continually coming.

Jenny's Station, 15 miles south of Fredericksburg, is in our possession. To it point the rebels are bringing supplies from Bowling Green, their depot. It is now believed that they bring supplies across the North Anna river from the Virginia Central Railroad, a distance of 20 miles.

Rebel loss must have been very heavy in proportion to the number engaged on the 19th. Their dead and wounded lay in great numbers on some portions of the line. The rebels were coming in until midnight. Six hundred have already been brought in. The remainder will be brought in this morning. Our old rank number of the 1st was retained again yesterday morning.

Howard, formerly an attaché of the Times, has been arrested. He confesses the authorship of the recent bogus proclamation, and says he palmed it off on journals in re for gold and other purposes.

Bermuda Hundred, May 18.—The Richmond Dispatch says the rebels have concentrated in Va. If beaten there they are beaten everywhere. If they win there they win everything. The war and the Confederacy will continue, but if Virginia be lost the present Confederate organization will not probably survive.

A Key West correspondent of the 12th announces the capture of Tampa Bay, Florida, on the 4th. On nearing the town, our troops charged at double quick and surprised the inhabitants. It was found that the rebel troops had left the day before to reinforce Lee's army. A few prisoners were taken. One blockade runner was captured, and the fortifications destroyed.

Cincinnati, May 21st.—Sam Medary was arrested on indictment for alleged conspiracy with the parties arrested here some months ago, charged with an attempt to overthrow the Government.

A Western Virginia correspondent says that Gen. Crook's command is now falling back after accomplishing its object. He has destroyed a large amount of supplies, and damaged the East Tennessee Railroad beyond the possibility of repairs for 3 months.

Gen. Jenks, who was wounded and captured, has been recovered.

New York, May 20.—The Herald's correspondent says that the rebels are moving all Friday night to a new position.

The General's Headquarters were broken up on Saturday, and nearly the whole army is in motion.

Richmond papers state that their losses in recent battles was 20,000, and as usual claim a victory. They acknowledge the loss of 10 guns, but say nothing as to the number of prisoners.

The Fisherman's Daughter.

In a small stone cottage, which stood upon a rocky well of land overlooking the sea, sat Jacob Dresser and Polly, his wife. The expanse of waters to be seen from the cottage was Massachusetts Bay; and the eminence upon which said cottage was located was not far from the thriving town of Lynn.

Jacob Dresser was sixty years of age, and the business of his active life had been fishing; but for the past five years he had been able to do nothing in the way of labor, his lower limbs having been paralyzed by an injury to the spine, caused by a fall from the fore-top of his schooner. Polly, his wife, was near the same age; and of late years she had suffered so much with rheumatism that she could do but very little towards providing for the wants of herself or husband.

Of seven children that had been born to Jacob and Polly Dresser, only one remained to care for them in the season of their helplessness. There had been four boys and three girls. The oldest boy had been called Mark. At the age of four-and-twenty he commanded a fine ship and sailed from Boston to the Mediterranean. Three voyages he made to the lands of wine and gold, and then he took a ship from Salem and sailed to the East Indies. In the Indian Ocean his ship was struck by a typhoon, and only fragments of the wreck had been found to tell her sad fate.

After Mark came Thomas and William. They were lost in the bay—their boat was knocked down by a squall, and their bodies stark and dead, were washed ashore upon Swampscott Beach. The fourth was a girl, who died very young. The fifth was a boy, and the sixth was a girl. These two died of fever only two years before the time of which we write. The seventh child was named Mary, and upon her devolved the care of the humble household. She was twenty years of age, the youngest and the fairest of all that had been born in that old stone cot. More than ordinary youth had offered his hand to the beautiful daughter of the old fisherman; but she could not leave her parents in their great need, and her hand for the moment was given to her father and mother.

Jacob Dresser and his wife sat alone in the cot, and the old man had been weeping. "O, Polly, this is hard!" he groaned. "If you and I were both dead, we should be better off. But Mary would be left off, too. What shall we do?"

"Alas, Jacob, we must do the best we can. Something may happen in our favor."

"Don't say that again, Polly. You have been for the past two years saying that some good thing will happen, and almost every hour, you have been telling me that some thing might happen in our favor. What can happen to favor us? Of all our stout, noble children, only Mary remains to us. Poor Mary! God bless her!"

"Amen!" responded Polly, reverently. And presently she added: "She is a good girl, Jacob; and it seems cruel that she should sacrifice herself for us. Do you think Solomon Gurdy will do just what he has done for us?"

"Solomon Gurdy will do just what he has done for us," said Polly. "He is a good man, and he has done us much good. He is a good man, and he has done us much good. He is a good man, and he has done us much good."

"The evil one is always near when you are talking about him," said Polly. "Here comes the man."

In a few moments more Solomon Gurdy entered the cot. He was a short, thick-set man, about five-and-fifty years of age, with dark, coarse hair; a low, broad nose; and with that short, broad, oil-like neck, which denotes a disposition stubborn and tyrannical. He had in his younger days been a sailor, but later he had turned some petty by speculation, and he was now considered wealthy. Those who had the best means of judging, said that he had made his first lift towards an independence by robbing the wreck of a West Indian man that had been driven ashore upon Chelsea Beach.

Solomon Gurdy owned the cot in which Jacob Dresser lived. Once Jacob Dresser had owned it; but years of helplessness had plunged him into debt, and the cot where all his children had been born was his no more.

"There are a good many people who want this cot," said Solomon Gurdy, as that point was reached in the conversation. "It is a very desirable location for a fisherman, and certainly I ought to be getting something for my property. I've waited upon you a good while—you can't deny that. It's been over two years now since the place came into my hands, and I haven't had a dollar of rent money yet."

"I know you've waited," said the old fisherman; "but God knows I couldn't help it. What can I do? Here I am, tied to this great chair, without the power to help myself; and here is my poor wife, almost as laid off as I am."

"I know all that, Jacob Dresser; but what is it to me? I am not the Town, and I cannot take care of the Town's poor. Yet, you know what I am willing to do. If you were my father-in-law, I should not only give you a home, but I would see that you wanted for no comforts which money could provide. I don't press the thing. I love your daughter, and if she will be my wife, I will be a son to you."

"Somebody was in the little back room at work. There had been a settling of dishes, and a chinking of knives and spoons; but as Solomon Gurdy thus spoke, the noise ceased.

"Mind you," pursued Solomon, with his thick, hard hands folded upon his knees, "I am honest and above board in this. You know just what I mean, and your course is plain before you. Things cannot go on any longer as they've been going on. I must have an answer within a week."

"And what then?" asked Jacob, hoarsely.

"At the end of that time I must have pay for this place. You are owing me for more than two years; and as you can't pay it, I must let some one into the cot who will pay."

"And I—"

"O, I'm sorry, Solomon, with a laugh, "you need not worry. You'll have a home. The Town is bound to take care of you."

"And we must close our poor days in the almshouse!" groaned Jacob.

"Other people have done the same," said Solomon Gurdy.

Jacob Dresser bowed his head upon his hands, and his aged form trembled. His wife was weeping.

Gurdy arose, and took his hat. "You have a week to think of the matter, Jacob. If, at the end of that time,

Mary Dresser will promise to be my wife, this cot is yours, and you shall be well cared for. But if she will not consent to give me her hand, you must take your chance with the rest of the Town's poor. I don't mean this for a threat. I don't even mean to be hard on you. I simply show you how you may avoid leaving your old home."

"That, Mary," groaned the old man, "can you marry with Solomon Gurdy?"

The maiden raised her hand quickly to her heart, and the color left her lips.

"I can marry him rather than see my parents become paupers," she replied. "So let it rest at that. We won't talk about it any more now. Be happy, both of you, and look upon your old home as still your own."

With this she kissed her father and her mother, and then returned to her work. They did not see her weep; nor did they hear her groan. They did not feel the pang that tore her heart, as she saw all the rich promises of her young life passing away forever. Brave girl! she did not mean that they should.

We cannot know the hours of suffering through which Mary Dresser reached her final determination. She had tried every means of thought and study, but she could find no other way in which she could save her parents; and when once her mind had been fixed, she sought strength to sustain her in the work. Night and morning she prayed to God, and her parents saw not the cancer that gnawed at her heart.

The week was almost gone. It would end on Saturday. On Friday evening Mary walked down upon the sea-shore, where she met Harry Southey. Harry was a large young man, just passed into free manhood, and his calling was upon the sea. He had been Mary's playmate in childhood; her companion in the happy school-days; and the love of the other years had been growing deeper and stronger all the while.

"No, Harry, it cannot be. You say you are going away very soon?"

"Yes, I sail for Liverpool next week. Then take my sisterly love with you; but—no more."

"Tell me, Mary—may I not hope? O, give me some word. Surely you have loved me. I know I am poor; but I will strive hard to be worthy of you."

"No more, Harry—no more. It can never be. I cannot tell you all now. When you come back, you will not blame me. You will forget me

