The Civil War in the States.

FROM THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

THE REBEL FORCES UNDER JACKSON AND LONGSTREET.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20. An army letter of the 17th, in Tribune, says the reports from Nashville that Longstreet's corps has removed westward to reinforce Bragg, are unfounded. Longstreet himself was here two days ago with his command. It is not believed that an entire corps has been withdrawn from our front, but we have information from deserters and contrabands that some batteries, brigades and divisions have been detached and sent to Tennessee.

The World says: "A letter from one of our correspondents with Gen. Burnside's Army states that the army is under marching orders and provided with three days rations. Five pontoon bridges are to be thrown across the Rappahannock at some distance apart, and upon these the army will cross the river.

General Lee's army is composed of eight large divisions. Jackson commands the right wing, composed of three divisions; and Longstreet the left, composed of five divisions. These divisions are apparently stronger than ours, comprising as they do a greater number of brigades and regiments, but whether their total strength is equal to ours is unknown. A desperate struggle is evidently close at hand, and stirring news may be expected shortly."

MUTINY IN THE REBEL GARRISON OF FORT SUMPTER — THE MUTINEERS OVERPOWERED — THEIR LEADERS TO BE SHOT.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20. The Philadelphia Inquirer has a letter from Port Royal, dated the 13th, which says that the gunboat Marblehead, from the blockade of Charleston, reports that six deserters from Fort Sumpter reached the Canandaiuga, on a foggy night.

They report that a third of the garrison of Fort Sumpter have avowed their intention to no longer fight under the Confederate flag, whereupon nearly all the garrison threw down their arms. They were half famished, and their families were in want, owing to non-payment for several months. The arrival of other troops overawed the mutineers, and forced them to return to their duties. A large number of the prominent ones were, however, in confinement, and would probably be shot.

Their friends say if this be done they will avenge their deaths. The dissatisfaction among the rebel troops is widespread through the department. The men are worked day and night, and are half starved. They receive no money and live under the iron rule of despots. Scarcely a day passes without desertions.

The gunboat Wissahickon recently drove the rebels out of the battery at Branch Island. Presently they returned, a party of cavalry forcing them back to the guns. They again opened fire, and the Wissahickon received a shot in her hull which nearly sunk her. She came into Port Royal for repairs.

FEDERAL REPULSE AT VICKSBURG.

The operations against Vicksburg by Gen. Sherman appear to have been a series of blunders. The *Herald's* correspondent complains that his letter had been opened by Sherman's orders. And the former says if the Federal officers had acted as persistently and earnestly against the rebels as they did against the representatives of the press, Vicksburg would have fallen into Union hands. As it is, the Federals have suffered a severe repulse, attended with heavy loss of life and stores.

THE REBEL STORY.

The Vicksburg papers of the morning of the 30th were exceedingly exultant over the result of the battle. They claimed to have repulsed and defeated fifteen thousand in an attack on a third of their number, captured five hundred prisoners and killed and wounded four thousand men. They also asserted that they had taken all the regimental standards of the attacking force. The truth is mortifying enough; but the Vicksburg journalists have drawn the long bow to an enormous extent. There were about eight hundred men lost in this brief assault, which was made by considerably less than three thousand men. But one stand of colors was taken by the rebels, and there were but few muskets captured. Our retreat was so slow that most of the wounded and a considerable portion of the arms were brought away.

CAUSE OF OUR FAILURE.

The expedition planned against Haines Bluffs having failed, in consequence of the dense fog, General Sherman concluded that it would be the best to evacuate the position. At the time we entered the Yazoo, it is certain that there was not more than ten or twelve thousand men in and around Vicksburg. Had we struck promptly at the batteries it is probable that we could have taken possession of the high ground, and had an open road before us to Vicksburg. It was all important that we should strike early, as the rebels had unbroken rail communication with Pemberton's army, and with their immense rolling stock could bring overwhelming reinforcements in a short time. By delaying two or three days General Sherman lost the golden opportunity.

THE EVACUATION — DESTROYING STORES.

Thursday, the 1st inst., was passed in lying idle in front of the enemy's position and on the transports at the landing. About 3 P. M Gen. Sherman issued orders for all the troops to embark on the original transports and make ready for moving. One of the commissaries had recently taken fifty thousand rations to a depot in the rear of the battle field, only a mile and a quarter from the landing. Gen. Sherman ordered these supplies to be destroyed by rolling them into the bayou, as there was no time for their removal. A part of the supplies were tumbled into the bayou in obedience to instructions. Captain Smith, Brigade Commissary for General Blair, went out with a wagon train as the troops were being withdrawn, and brought in what had not already been destroyed. Gen. Sherman also ordered commissary stores to be destroyed by Gen. A. J. Smith's division, and there was much waste in consequence. All these stores might have been saved, and would have been had Gen. Sherman's orders been less peremptory.

RE-EMBARKATION.

The embarkation continued during the night, and was not completed until long after sunrise on Friday. The boats of the various divisions lay in the same position from which the troops were debarked, Gen. Morgan being the farthest up the Yazoo. The embarkation was covered by the gunboats, so that the enemy would not be able to come to the bank before we could get away. Everything was hurry, and there was manifested as much desire to get out of the Yazoo as there had previously been to get into it.

THE ENEMY ATTACKED US.

The enemy from their position on the hill observed at daylight that we had departed from our works on the bayou, and had taken to our boats, with the evident intention of evacuating the region. They at once came down to the bottom ground with a strong force of infantry and a battery of artillery. By nine A. M. they appeared in the timber in Gen. Morgan's rear, and commenced firing upon his infantry. Two pieces of artillery opened with shell upon our transports, with the design of destroying them before we could leave the landing. The gunboats replied promptly, and after a vigorous shelling of a half an hour the rebels were driven off sufficiently long to enable our boats to leave the river. By this time they are doubtless in full possession of the spot so recently covered by our flag.

LEAVING THE YAZOO.

At noon on Friday, the 2nd of January, we steamed out of the Yazoo, which we had entered just one week before. In that week we had attacked the enemy in his least vulnerable and best protected point; had fought with him through portions of three days; had once made a gallant and desperate, though badly and unsupported assault upon his batteries and rifle pits on the defensible hill-side. From this assault we had been repulsed through no fault of the troops making it, but through the sad mismanagement of Gen Sherman in allowing them to go unaided by all the force at his command. Making a half attempt to execute another plan, that our first arrival might have succeeded, we finally abandoned the siege at Vicksburg, and decided to evacuate both our position on the Yazoo and the river itself. With hearts full of sadness at the failure of our undertaking, we moved down the stream towards the great river of the West. By nearly two thousand has our number been diminished.

TIED TO THE SHORE.

The whole fleet of boats is now tied up to the Louisiana shore at Milliken's Bend. There has been no news from Vicksburg today. It is probable that there is much rejoicing in that city at the withdrawal of the Yankees. A heavy rain is falling and prevents our landing. The troops will be debarked as soon as the storm is over, after which most of the boats will proceed above.

CLOSING COMMENTS.

The second siege of Vicksburg is over. The battle of Chickasaw Bayou has been a repetition on a smaller scale of the great battle of Fredericksburg, a month ago. Had it been a success, the result could have been hardly less important than the defeat of the rebels at the latter place. It would have opened up the Mississippi river, the highway of America, now closed for nearly twenty months. The products of the great West, long pent up in the granaries of wheat and corn growing States, would have found their natural outlet to the commerce of the world. Cincinnati, St. Louis and New Orleans would again have become the centres of active trade and shaken off their lethargy of the period of war. Our failure has dashed the hopes of the nation, and delayed for weeks the progress of our arms. When we again attack the steep bluffs and frowning batteries of Vicksburg we will do so with a better promise of success. Insanity and inefficiency have brought their result: let us have them no more. With another brain than that of Gen. Sherman's we will drop the disappointment at our reverse, and feel certain of victory in the future.

THE GALVESTON DISASTER.

INTERESTING DETAILS OF THE SURRENDER OF THE UNION FORCES — THE BLOODY FIGHT ON THE HARRIET LANE — THE BLOWING UP OF THE FLAGSHIP WESTFIELD. — The New Orleans correspondent of the New York *Herald* under date of Jany. 4, writes:—Before this reaches you it is probable you will have received, through rebel sources, some account of the affair at Galveston. This disaster is sufficiently complete, as far as it goes, although it is by no means as extensive as the reports in circulation in secession circles here would indicate. It involved the capture of the Harriet Lane, the death of her commander, and the killing and wounding of nearly all her men; the blowing up of the flagship Westfield, and the death of Commodore Renshaw and about twenty of his men; the capture of two or three schooners loaded with coal, and the surrender of the whole Union force in Galveston city, which numbered less than 300 men.

When General Banks was sent here to relieve Gen. Butler, Texas was added to the Department of the Gulf; and it was generally understood that as soon as he could do so without endangering his operations in the valley of the Mississippi, he would detach a sufficient body of troops to overthrow the rebel power in that State. This force, it was understood, was to co-operate with General A. J. Hamilton, Military Governor of Texas, and was to be the nucleus around which the loyal men of that State should rally. Gen. Banks, however, did not deem it advisable to weaken his power in the valley of the Mississippi by an immediate movement upon Texas with any considerable body of troops. Undoubtedly he regarded the re-establishment of the Union authority there of secondary importance, and subordinate to the great purpose of opening the Mississippi river. At the same time he determined to send a small body of men to hold Galveston, which city, it was said, would be abandoned by the navy unless a land force should be sent to occupy it at once. Humanity seemed to demand protection for the refugees who had flocked thither from the bitter persecution of their enemies, seeking protection under the cover of the gunboats, which, they believed, would hold the city. This may have been the main motive for the expedition, and must have been, since the force despatched was entirely insufficient to make any offensive movement even if Galveston were a suitable point from which to operate.

Whatever the considerations which induced the measure, Colonel Burrill, of the 42d Massachusets regiment, was sent to Galveston almost immediately after General Banks assumed command of the department, with three companies, numbering in all 271, officers and men. These companies reached their destination on Christmas Day. They were welcomed by the few inhabitants who remained, and by the refugees—men, women and children—who now thought themselves secure.

SITUATION OF GALVESTON.

A glance at the map and an understanding of the situation of the island will satisfy one that Galveston has no strategical advantages. It is situated on a low sandy island, about thirty miles long, and on an average about a mile and a half wide. It is separated from the main land by shallow water, which is almost fordable. About four miles from the city and to the west of it, is a long railroad bridge, spanning this water, and connecting the island and the mainland. This bridge was in possession of the rebels, who had three batteries stationed at the end of it, on the mainland, and one battery on the island. But even had it not been in their possession, the extent of the island and the shallowness of the water, which is actually fordable in places, rendered it an easy matter for the enemy to throw troops across. The water, in fact, scarcely added strength to the situation, and our forces would, perhaps, have been as secure upon the mainland as upon the island.

Three companies were certainly inadequate to guard a coast thirty miles in extent, even if it had all been in their possession. It was naturally supposed that the railroad bridge was the point of danger, and the gunboats were expected to keep the army from crossing. The Harriet Lane, for this purpose, had been sent up the channel as near the bridge as she could get; and the channel where she was lying at the time of the attack was so narrow and shallow that she could neither turn nor manœuvre with effect; and the event showed with sufficient clearness that she was quite unable to perform the part to which she had been assigned.

Galveston possesses many advantages as a base of operations for the rebels. The communication by railroad with numerous points inland and on the coasts render it easy for them to concentrate all their available troops there in a short time, and General Magrudger, who is now in command of the secession army in Texas, did not fail to avail himself promptly of all these advantages. He collected upwards of three thousand men, and on the night of December 31 had his preparations complete for a combined attack by land and water.

Hints had been thrown out by the Texan newspapers some time before that an attack was about to be made upon the Yankee gunboats; but these hints were generally regarded as empty boasts. On the evening in question two white women came to the flagship, in a small boat from the main land, and warned Commodore Renshaw, who was in command of the fleet, that he would be attacked before morning. But he did not credit their statement, regarding it as one of the many idle tales he had so often heard repeated. The fleet consisted of the following vessels:—The Westfield, flag-ship, (iron-clad, 9 guns,) Commodore Renshaw; the Harriet Lane, Commodore Wainright; the Owasco, Commodore Law, and the Sachem. The transport Mary Boardman, with supplies on board, arrived and crossed the bar about 7 o'clock on the evening of the attack. Fortunately she did not arrive in time to land any supplies. She lay inside the harbor, and carried a twelve-pound howitzer on her bow.

THE ATTACK.

The night was as still as the grave, and no one appeared to believe in an attack. Whether this sense of security was such that proper vigilance was not exercised I am unable to say. In any event, the darkness of the night greatly favored the enemy's movements. He commenced the attack about three o'clock in the morning, the moon having sunk several hours before. He came down from Galveston bay with five vessels, and one of them sufficiently formidable, as the event showed This was a steamer of very light draught, built after the manner of a Mississippi river boat, with her machinery completely protected with cotton, compactly fixed on every side. From her deck cotton had been built up to the height of 25 or 30 feet, planked and fastened with bolts, forming a high parapet wall, from behind which sharpshooters, with comparative security, could fire down upon the deck of any of our gunboats as soon as they came within range. She appeared like a long floating house, with smokestacks for chimneys, and carried several guns. The other four vessels, although less formidable, were all protected by cotton and all carried guns, and they were all crowded with infantry, the majority of them riflemen.

THE FIGHT WITH THE HARRIET LANE.

As might have been expected, the Harriet Lane was the first object of attack. Her position in the channel rendered her comparatively helpless, and it was important to the enemy that she should be disposed of first, in order that the bridge might be left free for the passage of his troops. Two of the enemy's vessels, including the most formidable, accordingly bore down upon her, and seem to have approached very near before they were discovered. As soon as they were seen, the Harriet Lane opened upon them, while, at the same time, the enemy opened his shore batteries upon the Harriet Lane. This artillery fight lasted more than an hour, without inflicting any serious damage on either side. The two ships, however, succeeded in getting close up to the Harriet Lane, one on each side of her; for they were of such light draft that they could run all round her, and were thus enabled to come to close quarters. As soon as they came within range, the enemy's riflemen opened a destructive fire, pouring a shower of bullets upon the deck of the doomed vessel, and killing the gunners at their posts; and as soon as they got well alongside they boarded her in overwhelming force. There were about 130 men, all told, on the Harriet Lane, who made a desperate but hopeless fight. The odds against them were so great that they were crushed by the mere weight of numbers, and the deck immediately became the scene of a sanguinary slaughter of ghastly proportions. The poor fellows fought hand to hand with their cutlasses; but it availed them nothing against the shower of bullets that fell like hail from the high cotton walls, and the crushing tide of hostile men which swept over them from either side. The deck became slippery with blood, and, in a moment's time, was literally covered with dead bodies. It was a hopeless conflict, and the tragedy of blood and horror was soon at an end.

Of the 130 men who fought upon the deck of the Harriet Lane, it is believed that less than 30 escaped death and wounds. The enemy's attack was thus wholly successful. The Harriet Lane, a favorite vessel in the navy, as it had been with the public for years, fell into his possession, and it is believed that she had not been materially damaged, either in her machinery or her armament. It is feared, and generally believed, that the signal book of the Harriet Lane was captured by the rebels. If so, this, for the first time, places them in possession of our system of signals.

THE LAND ATTACK.

While this successful attack was made upon the Harriet Lane, the enemy pushed a heavy force across the railroad bridge without opposition, and marched, nearly two thousand strong, to attack the small body of Union troops which was stationed in the city. Colonel Burrill had his men drawn up on the wharf, and, although he was attacked by more than four times his own number, he made a stout resistance, and actually repulsed the first attack of the enemy. Of course it was a hopeless struggle until he could get relief from the fleet, and he despatched his adjutant to the Commodore, to notify him that he was attacked by a force he could not long resist, and that he should be compelled to surrender. When the adjutant left the wharf there had been very few of our men killed, and, as he surrendered soon after, it is probable that but few lives were lost. The whole force was, of course, made prisoners of war.

THE FIGHT BY DAYLIGHT.

The darkness had effectually covered the operations of the enemy, and all were ignorant of what had occurred beyond their own ship. When morning dawned signals were sent up from the flagship, which were responded to by all the gunboats except the Harriet Lane; and now it was that the Commodore first discovered that she had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The light also revealed the position of the enemy's fleet, and his preparations for an attack from the shore with artillery and riflemen. It was now determined by the Commodore to retake the Harriet Lane, and he ordered the Owasco to round to and open fire. This gunboat has an armament of one 11-inch and two 9-inch guns, and she opened with her heaviest. No sooner had she sent one of her shells than the rebels crowded our prisoners—some of them wounded and dying — upon the deck of the Harriet Lane. Then they raised a flag of truce, and paroled and sent the acting master of the Harriet Lane, and her only surviving officer, on board the flagship with a message to Commander Renshaw, to the effect that if another shot was fired upon the Harriet Lane every Union prisoner would be instantly thrown overboard. In consequence of this message Commodore Renshaw ordered the fire to cease, and made no further attempt to recapture the vessel.

The position of the enemy's fleet was at this time as follows:—The two vessels which had accomplished the capture of the Harriet Lane were still lying near that vessel, swarming with sharpshooters. Two more lay further off toward the bay, while the fifth held herself aloof at a considerable distance. This fifth vessel was reported to be the flagship, and, throughout the engagement, was said to have on board Gen. Magruder, whom the fortunes of war, since the outbreak of the rebellion, have carried from Yorktown to Galveston. But it is probable that General Magruder was on land. During the morning the enemy opened fire upon our vessels from the shore and the city, of which they were now in full possession. Their sharpshooters, breaking open the houses along the shore, took possession and fired from the windows, while the batteries which had been placed in position also opened. They were responded to by our gunboats, and this mutual exchange of courtesies continued for some time, without much effect upon either side. The rebels had placed two guns upon a point of land inside of and near the entrance to the harbor. The gunboat Clifton was directed to silence these guns, and performed her work very handsomely. She fired first from her bow gun, then rounded and poured in a broadside, then turned and fired from her gun aft, then rounded again and delivered a broadside. This she did twice, when the enemy's guns were effectually silenced.

The flagship Westfield was aground, and a little before ten o'clock in the forenoon the Commodore determined to burn her. The determination resulted in a terrible accident, which cost the Commodore his life. He covered the deck with turpentine, and made all necessary dispositions to ensure her burning and had her set on fire. He then got into his boat, with Lieutenant Zimmerman, Chief Engineer, and two sailors, to proceed to another vessel. But the magazine had been left open, and scarcely had the Commodore and his comrades seated themselves in the boat when a terrible explosion occurred. The magazine, which was stored with ammunition, shells, &c., caught, and half the flag ship and the Commodore's boat were scattered through the air in ten thousand fragments. Not one of the unfortunate men on board the vessel at the time or in the boat escaped instantaneous death. It is not known how many perished by this terrible explosion, but the number is estimated at ten to twenty officers and sailors. The explosion left the smokestacks standing, and the vessel aft unharmed; but what remained was soon burnt.

Meanwhile the rebels were making formidable preparations on shore to prevent the escape of the vessels. They were seen to drag artillery with heavy mule teams to the point commanding the bar, and were busily engaged in planting their batteries and training their guns to prevent the exit of our ships. The transport Mary Boardman, which is rigged precisely like a gunboat, was lying near the flagship at the time of the explosion, and the fate of the Commodore was known only on board this vessel. It was supposed on board the other vessels that the Commodore had gone on board this ship. They therefore signalled her, asking "What shall we do?" Major Burt, a volunteer aid-de-camp on the staff of Governor Hamilton, told the captain of the vessel that they had no signals with which to reply, but that there was one signal which they could make which he thought would be heeded. He proposed to sail at once, and the captain, agreeing to this, immediately started. This was taken as a signal of retreat, and the Boardman was followed by all the other vessels in our possession. The passage over the bar was exceedingly dangerous, and the vessels were near grounding hopelessly several times; but they all escaped before the enemy had trained his guns sufficiently to do them any harm in crossing. The transports, which had gone to carry supplies to the island, immediately put to sea and returned to this city, the gunboats remaining behind.

THE HORRORS OF WAR — THE WRECK IT HAS PRODUCED IN THE OLD DOMINION.

The people of the North have no more real idea of the horrors of war, aside, of course, from the mourning for dead friends, than if they still lived in an age of profound peace. Their homes are untouched; their comforts are not to any great extent interfered with, and, as yet, the "wrinkled front of grim-visaged war" has to them assumed no more malevolent aspect than is worn by the tax-collector, who calls always at unwelcome, if not unexpected, periods, to demand certain moneys for the support of the Government and the prosecution of the war.

In the North there there have been no invading armies—no battle-grounds—no anxious general with needy hordes, to drive a man from his dwelling, wreck his home, and scatter his family, if not to do even more. The "fat and greedy citizens" of the Northern towns and cities have no more felt the heavy hand of the desolation of war, which has fallen so heavily upon those who have their homes in the rebellious States, than as if no war had ever been. The simple paying a few dollars more of taxes is no more a hardship, compared with the real sufferings of the supporters of the rebel armies, than the perfumed breath sent in gentle motion by a lady's fan is to a hurricane or a destroying tempest.

A ride of about a few miles through any part of the Old Dominion through which either of the opposing armies has chanced to march, will disclose a scene of utter destruction of private property, a ruthless desolation of homes and all that makes homes dear to the owners, that no citizens of the North have as yet had the slightest conception of. That the North may never have a practical knowledge of the desert that closes up the rear of an advancing army, is the earnest prayer of at least one of your correspondents.

I am specially moved to this train of thought by a visit which I made yesterday to one of the oldest, grandest, and formerly one of the proudest, patrician mansions of Virginia. The estate of which I speak has been for months the scene of warlike operations, being occupied now by one army, then by another, the estate being, of course, always the sufferer, no matter which of the two contending armies chanced for the moment to occupy the ground. In every respect this particular homestead had been carefully made most pleasant for those who rightly claimed its shelter. Every luxury, gastronomic and bibulous that money could purchase was therein freely dispensed. Every tree and plant that would grow in conservatories of hotbeds here found a home, in short, everything that the most ultra good livers could require, that the most refined of city belles could hope or ask for, was here to be had, upon a thorough exploration of the extensive resources of this Southern establishment.

But now, how changed!

The fine old mansion has for weeks been employed as an hospital for Union soldiers—the grounds are utterly defaced and destroyed—the sellers and storehouses of the mansion were long since gutted and completely emptied—the fences were long since converted into fuel to feed the watchfires of Union sentinels—the rare and costly exotic trees and shrubs have long since contributed their scanty fibre to feed the same fires, to warm the same soldiers, any of whom would doubtless have been shot like a dog by the aristocratic proprietor or his overseer, at the earliest opportunity, had not there been too great an array of Union bayonets in the immediate vicinity to render such a manslaughterous experiment a safe one.

The house I speak of is known as the "Lacy House." It stands on the left bank on the Falmouth side of the river, on the bluff that immediately overlooks the river for miles away, while the town of Fredericksburg lies spread out immediately before it, only the narrow breath of the muddy Rappahanock intervening. The house itself is spacious and convenient, its architectural pretensions being by no means contemptible, though built so many years ago.

The Lacy House, as it is now called, was once known as the "Chatham Place," and was a small part of the celebrated "Fitzhugh Estate," which was held by virtue of a grant from the English crown, dated in 1690. The bricks of which the house was built were brought from England and were laid by English masons. The site is most lovely, and before this ruthless war crushed out of the landscape all of beauty that was susceptible of destruction, the estate comprising the Lacy House was one of the most attractive, elegant, and lovely in all Virginia.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, it became necessary to provide instant accommodations for our suffering troops. Until the field hospitals were erected every house within reach was instantly required for the use of the soldiers. Under this order the Lacy House was taken, by order of Dr. Watson, the Chief Medical Director of Sumner's Grand Division, and converted at once into a large hospital.

The parlors, where so often had the fairest and brightest of Virginia's daughters, and her bravest and most chivalric sons met to enjoy the hospitalities of the liberal host, and to join in the mazy dance "from eve till rosy morn" — the dining room, where so many lordly feasts had been served — the drawing-room, wherein the smiling host and hostess had received so many a welcome guest—the bed-rooms, from the bridal-chamber where the eldest scion of the house had first clasped in his arms the wife of his bosom, to the low attic where the black cook retired after her greasy labors of the day, all were closely crowded with the low iron hospital beds. These halls, which had so often re-echoed the sound of music, and of gayest voices, and also of those lower but more sacred tones that belong to lovers, now resounded with shrieks of pain, and with the lower, weaker groans of dying men.

The splendid furniture was put to strange uses—the sideboard of solid rosewood, made in those honest days before cabinet-makers had learned the rogue's trick of veneering, instead of being crowded with generous wines, or with good spirits that had mellowed for years in the cellars, was now crowded in every shelf with forbidding looking bottles of black draughts; with packages of salts and senna, and with ill-omened piles of raking pills, perhaps not less destructive in their way than shot and shell of a more explosive sort. The butler's pantry and store rooms had their shelves and drawers and boxes filled, not with jellies, and marmalades, and preserves, and boxes of lemons, and preserved ginger, and drums of figs, and all sorts of original packages of all sorts of things toothsome and satisfying to the palate—but even here scrammony and gamboge, and aloes, and Epsom salts, and other dire weapons, only wielded by the medical profession, had obtained exclusive sway.

On many a retired shelf, and in many an old corner, too, I saw neglected cartridge boxes, cast-off belts, discarded caps, etc., which told not of the careless and heedless soldier, who had lost his accoutrements, but of the dead soldier, who had gone to a land where it is to be hoped he will have no further use for Minie rifle balls or pipe-clayed cross-belts. I saw, too, with these other laid-aside trappings, dozens and hundreds of Minie and other cartridges, never now to be fired at an enemy by the hand that had placed them in the now discarded cartridge-box.

The walls of the various rooms of the Lacy House, like those of most of the old houses in Virginia, are ceiled up to the top with wood, which is painted white. There is a heavy cornice in each room; there are the huge old-fashioned fire-places, the marble mantel pieces over the same, and in the main dining-room, where it was the custom for the men to remain after dinner, and after the ladies had retired, was a curious feature to be observed, that I have never seen but once or twice. Over the marble mantel, but quite within reach, ran a mahogany framework intended for the reception of the toddy-glasses, after the various guests shall have finished the generous liquor therein contained.

There are still vestiges of the family furniture remaining—some rosewood and mahogany sideboards, tables, bedsteads, etc., which the family have not been able to remove, and which the occupying soldiers have found no use for. The most notable of these articles is a musical instrument which may be described as a compound harp-organ. It is, in fact, an upright harp, played by keys which strike the wires by a piano forte action, which has an ordinary piano key-board. This is, in fact, the earliest form of the modern piano-forte. Then, in the same instrument is an organ bellows and pipes, the music from which is evoked by means of a seperate key-board, the bellows is worked by a foot-treadle, like that most detestable abomination known to moderns as a melodeon. Thus, in the same instrument, the performer is supposed to get the powers and effect both of an upright piano and a small organ. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that this instrument, (which doubtless originally cost at least $3000,) is now utterly useless, the wires, many of them, being broken, and the whole machine being every way out of order. The maker's name is set down as "Longman & Broderup, 26 Cheapside. No 13 Haymarket, London." The poor old thing has doubtless been in the Lacy House for than a hundred years. It has been rudely dragged from its former place of honor, and now stands in the middle of the floor. The spot it formerly occupied has been lately filled by an hospital bed, on which a capital operation was performed. The spouting blood from the arteries of some poor patient has covered the wall with crimson marks. In fact, everywhere all over the house, every wall and floor is saturated with blood, and the whole house, from an elegant gentleman's residence seems to have been suddenly transformed into a butcher's shamble. The old clock has stopped; the child's rocking horse is rotting away in a disused balcony; the costly exotics in the garden are destroyed, or perhaps the hardiest are now used for horse posts. All that was elegant is wretched; all that was noble is shabby; all that once told of civilized elegance now speaks of ruthless barbarism.—*Tribune's Cor.*

From the New York Herald, Jan. 21.

THE SITUATION.

There is nothing to report to-day from the army on the Rappahannock. No movements have taken place in that vicinity, so far as known, which are of public importance. From Vicksburg and Murfreesboro—the two most prominent points in the Southwest—nothing of consequence has arrived within the past twenty-four hours.

We learn by despatches from Cairo that the expedition of McClernand and Porter up the Arkansas River, has achieved a victory over the rebels at Arkansas Post, about fifty miles from the mouth on Sunday last. The enemy surrendered, leaving all their guns, stores and ammunition in our hands. They lost five hundred and fifty killed and wounded, and we captured between five and seven thousand prisoners.

Neither is there anything from Nashville, except that twenty of the transports arrived there on Sunday, convoyed by two gunboats. At the shoals the boats Desmoines City, Science and Freestone were fired into by the enemy with rifles.

It is denied that the rebel chief Forest, with his guerillas, is in the vicinity of Nashville; nor does it appear that there is a large force of rebels there. It was rumored at Nashville, and created some uneasiness there, that large reinforcements from General Lee's army in Virginia has arrived at Shelbyville.

General Brown, in a despatch to General Curtis, describes the late battle at Springfield, Mo., as a terrible and protracted engagement, lasting thirteen hours. The rebels numbered five thousand.

The Alabama is again at her work of destruction upon our merchant ships. The schr. Union, which arrived at Jamaica on the 8th inst., was captured by the rebel pirate, but subsequently released, as her cargo belonged to British subjects. She brought with her, however, the crew of a Boston bark—the Parker Cook—which had only the protection of the Stars and Stripes, and not the ensign of England to protect her, and hence (thanks to the Navy Department) was seized and burned by the Alabama. The Harriet Lane, which has been sent to sea by the rebels to assist the Alabama, has now half a dozen United States vessels on her track, Admiral Farragut having sent the Brooklyn, the Sciota and other vessels to recapture her if possible, and to destroy the rebel gunboats in Bayou Buffalo.

Another rebel piratical craft, the schooner Retribution, is plying her trade in the vicinity of the Island of St. Thomas. She has just been chasing two United States vessels, and boarded one of them. She came originally from Wilmington, N.C., about a month ago, loaded with turpentine and cotton, carrying her guns concealed in the hold.

Despatches from Fortress Monroe state that orders have been issued that officers of the United States Army captured after the 12th inst., are to be handed over to the Governors of the rebel States within whose jurisdiction they are taken, to be dealt with in accordance with Jeff. Davis' recent declaration, that they are to be regarded as persons inciting servile insurrection under President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

General Halleck has issued an order, which may be regarded as retaliatory, commanding that no rebel officers shall be released until further orders.

WASHINGTON, January 20.—The rebel army under Gen. Lee was engaged last night and the night previous in massing large forces of artillery and infantry opposite the camps of our army on the Rappahannock. The enemy have been busily engaged of late in constructing new redoubts and rifle pits to prevent a crossing by Gen. Burnside.

Refugees from Richmond who arrived here to-day report that there is much excitement at the rebel capital over the movements of our forces in North Carolina. They say a part of Stonewall Jackson's forces had passed down to reinforce the rebel army in that State.

The President and Cabinet considered to-day the decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, denying the right of the President to suspend the writ of habeas corpus.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

THE SINKING SHIP OR STARVING CREW.

At a Meeting at Bonshaw Inn, Lot 30, on Wednesday, 28th January, the Government appeared to be in the above desperate position. The meeting appeared to be called for the purpose of deciding who should or would be the candidate to represent the South end of the first District in the Legislative Council. I understand there were fourteen persons named on the Conservative ticket; but five only were proposed: D. W. Palmer, N. McKinnon, Henderson, Dr. Johnson, and J. Binns. The two from Ch. Town were rejected, which shows that the people around Bonshaw are not to be dictated to by the Government, notwithstanding the Hons. J. Longworth and E. Palmer were there to support them to the best of their ability. Neither the people nor the remaining candidates could agree among themselves who should be the fortunate *one* for Legislative honors, until some person, wiser than the rest, thought of the expedient of lottery. Possibly he had read in some novel or sea disaster where the crew were reduced to the necessity of casting lots as to who should die to make food for the remainder, or otherwise to let the boat go lighter. I understand that Mr. Henderson was the wise man, to whom the three others bound themselves by written bond to agree and abide by the decision of three straws. I do not know whether the longest or shortest was to be the decisive one. However, the die was cast, and N. McKinnon was the selected man, and was publicly presented to the people as the candidate for the South end, which did not appear to give satisfaction to the friends of the other two. In the midst of the panic, Mr. A. Robertson stepped on the stand, and said that he was surprised that three men would take upon themselves to dictate to the District in such an unconstitutional manner—that following such principle in legislation would leave the affairs of the Colony to chance—that the electors were there to select and decide for themselves—that he felt sorry there could be three men found so destitute of common sense, so sunk in ignorance, as to refer the representation of our District to the chance of a long straw or a short one; and if they would not settle the matter as became the intelligence of our District, he would comply with the request of many of the electors (which he had already declined), of himself becoming a candidate. Upon this, Mr. Henderson, becoming aware of the blunder he had made, informed the meeting that he declined abiding by the result of the lottery; also that he had been requested by upwards of five hundred electors to come forward as their candidate, and he considered he would be doing wrong to retire from the contest without first consulting them; and that he would still consider himself a candidate. Some person moved that the electors be divided. The chairman attempted to get the decision, but the meeting was so disorderly, it is almost impossible to say that there was an actual division made. Mr. Robertson again came on the platform and said he was sorry to see such a division in the District—that he had declined being proposed, hoping the electors would choose one man on the South end, and those on the North end do the same, and thereby save us the trouble of a contested election. But if Mr. Henderson and Mr. McKinnon persisted in coming out for the South end, he would enter the lists, and probably beat them both.

AN ELECTOR.

(FOR THE EXAMINER.)

THE KIRK TEA PARTY.

This pleasant gathering at Temperance Hall, on Tuesday evening last, was not so remunerative of coin as was hoped for, nor were the deserts of its object sustained.

The promoters of the Tea, I think, were unskilful, impolitic, or unfortunate in the time chosen for its come off,—the hour of insured success had passed—the general election was over—the verdict of the country had been given, and the political inducements of genuine philanthrophists and "God-fearing" people to attend the Tea were buried in that result.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

That flood was missed, the political ebb had set rapidly out — involving the grounding and partial wreck of the Tea Party. The fervour of political cant and pandering for favour had subsided—the day of casting sprats to catch mackerel had set in victory—the pious hypocrites who had ridden into power, draped in religion, abused and prostituted to serve mercenary ends, had no further present self-interest to subserve; and, therefore, in the spirit of their craft, they could unconcernedly withdraw their presence and patronage, and sealing their pockets, remain at home, and bid the Kirk Tea people look elsewhere for support. The excellent promoters and managers of the Tea were in the view propounded, not cute; or it may be, they supposed that the fact of the political axe having been ground to a four years edge, would not damp the ardour of the patriots, nor chill the zeal of the Protestant warriors, who piously defend the towers of Zion against the dread power of the "Scarlet Lady;" and they may also have embosomed the hope that those brave soldiers and spotless apostles of Protestantism would at least have proved grateful for the love of the grindstone.

The Tea, as a "spread," was all we could desire,—the tables were abundantly furnished, and rich in cake, coated with sugar, white as winter's frosty locks. There, too, were a multudinous variety of confections, sparkling in the vivid gaslight, as the glittering icicle sparkles in the morning beam; and favourite fruits, gathered from tree and bush, and creeping vine, immersed in rich transparent syrups, added to the substantial garnishings. All these, tastefully arranged, gratified the eye, and set the appetite on edge for a sumptuous Tea. But the great attraction, above and beyond the appetite of the gourmand and the palate of the epicurean, unquestionably and immeasurably was the ladies, who presided at the Tables, and administered tea and sweets, garnished with winning smiles and glowing glances. There were they assembled like a galaxy of twinkling stars, spanning the social firmament. One among the many I saw outshining all; she was a perfect Ianthe; but each was personally fascinating, and commended herself by sweetness of manner and disposition. It was here I saw, and realized the truth of the poetic language and philosophical sentiment of the Lion of the North, who, of woman, wrote that "She rules the court, the camp, the grove," and he, no doubt, had he thought of it, would have added—

Tea Parties without the ladies,
Were like cradles without babies.

The lords, cleric and lay, did significant justice to themselves in appropriation of the lavish spread. If a good appetite be an index of sound health, then the *tout ensemble* of the gentlemen present, especially the Reverends, were in high-toned salubrity and vigorous gastronomic condition; and each, I may be permitted to judge, would be grieved if he were late for Tea.

After the mortal cravings were appeased, in an abundant repast, and the shrill music of plates—the ringing sounds of knives — the rattle of cups, and the clatter of spoons, had subsided—and not a sound was heard among the Tea organs — the lords elect to do the talking, being brim-full of tea and cake and intellectuality, each delivered himself of a speech. In these, fun, frolick and wit frisked. Some of the orators interlaced their risible addresses with gems of sublime thought and ennobled sentiment; and one or two, scaling heavenly heights, gave a brilliant *feu-de-joie* from castles in the air, — while others more earthy toiled with pick and spade in regions of clay.

The evening was a charming one of rational amusement and social fraternity, marred, however, by one of the speakers who rudely introduced irrelevant and offensive matter in his remarks. This is the second instance of that ungentlemanly person, not a member of the Kirk, having at Kirk Tea Parties offered unprovoked insults to Roman Catholics, and which insolence he now makes a practice to repeat, when opening in public his unseemly mouth. When, on Tuesday evening last, that coarse and grovelling lick-spittal of a political faction insulted a body of our Christian population, he well knew of the presence of Catholic ladies and gentlemen, who had kindly given countenance and support to the Tea and the object of it. The ineffable meanness of his impertinent onslaught was worthy of one who tramples under foot established decorum, and violates the conventionals of life which give to educated society its agreeableness and charm. The ignorance of that individual should not be pleaded in extenuation of his vulgarity, nor should the fact that he is an uncultivated hind, be raised as an ægis for his insolence; but, on the contrary, he should be taught that until he shall have acquired some of the indispensable rudiments pertaining to good society, and shall have raised himself above the ill-mannered knave, he stands without the pale, and cannot be admitted into the circle of ladies and gentlemen.

I may be pardoned if I find fault with the Chairman of the Tea Meeting for having permitted that boor to utter, unchecked, extraneous and offensive matter. It was his province and his duty to maintain the dignity of the Chair, and censure and suppress impertinence and insult, come from whom it might; but he did not