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has (to use the American expression) "joined the church." When I saw him he was in a great state of disgust in consequence of the supposed loss of his wagons, and refused to be comforted by even General Lee.

Our bivouac being near a large tavern, Gen. Longstreet had ordered some supper there for himself and his staff; but when we went to devour it, we discovered General McLaws and his officers rapidly finishing it. We, however, soon got more.

During the supper women came rushing in at intervals, saying—"Oh, good heavens, now they're killing our fat hogs. Which is the General? which is the Great Officer? Our milk cows are now going." To all such expressions Longstreet replied, shaking his head in a melancholy manner—"Yes, madam, it's very sad—very sad; and this sort of thing has been going on in Virginia more than two years—very sad."

JULY 6 (MONDAY).—I saw a most laughable spectacle this afternoon—viz., a negro dressed in full Yankee uniform, with a rifle at full cock, leading along a barefooted white man, with whom he had evidently changed clothes. General Longstreet stopped the pair, and asked the black man what he meant. He replied, "The two soldiers in charge of this here Yankee got drunk, so for fear he should escape I have took care of him." The consequential manner of the negro, and the supreme contempt with which he spoke to his prisoner, were most amusing.

I saw General Hood in his carriage; he looked rather bad, and has been suffering a good deal; the doctors seem to doubt whether they will be able to save his arm. I also saw General Hampton, of the cavalry, who has been shot in the hip, and has two sabre-cuts on the head, but he was in very good spirits.

A SURPRISE AND STAMPEDE.

About 7 p.m. we rode through Hagerstown, in the streets of which were several dead horses and a few dead men. After proceeding about a mile beyond the town we halted, and General Longstreet sent four cavalymen up a lane, with directions to report everything they saw. We then dismounted and lay down. About ten minutes later (being nearly dark) we heard a sudden rush—a panic—and then a regular stampede commenced, in the midst of which I descried our four cavalry heroes crossing a field as fast as they could gallop. All was now complete confusion—officers mounting their horses, and pursuing those which had got loose, and soldiers climbing over fences for protection against the supposed advancing Yankees. In the middle of the din I heard an artillery officer shouting to his "cannoners" to stand by him and plant the guns in a proper position for enfilading the lane. I also distinguished Longstreet walking about, hustled by the excited crowd, and remarking in angry tones, which could scarcely be heard, and to which no attention was paid, "Now, you don't know what it is—you don't know what it is." Whilst the row and confusion were at their height, the object of all this alarm at length emerged from the dark lane in the shape of a domestic four-wheel carriage, with a harmless load of females. The stampede had, however, spread, increased in the rear, and caused much harm and delay.

Cavalry skirmishing went on until quite dark, a determined attack having been made by the enemy, who did his best to prevent the trains from crossing the Potomac at Williamsport. It resulted in the success of the Confederates; but every impartial man confesses that these cavalry fights are miserable affairs. Neither party has any idea of serious charging with the sabre. They approach one another with considerable boldness, until they get to within about forty yards, and then, at the very moment when a dash is necessary, and the sword alone should be used, they hesitate, halt, and commence a desultory fire with carbines and revolvers.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

Lawley introduced me to General Stuart in the streets of Hagerstown to-day. He is commonly called Jeb Stuart, on account of his initial; he is a good-looking, jovial character, exactly like his photographs. He has certainly accomplished wonders, and done excellent service in his peculiar style of warfare. He is a good and gallant soldier, though he sometimes incurs ridicule by his harmless affectation and peculiarities. The other day he rode through a Virginian town, his horse covered with garlands of roses. He also departs considerably from the severe simplicity of dress adopted by other Confederate Generals; but no one can deny that he is the right man in the right place. On a campaign, he seems to roam over the country according to his own discretion, and always gives a good account of himself, turning up at the right moment; and hitherto he has never got himself into any serious trouble.

THE ENGLISHMAN LEAVES THE SOUTH.

I rode to Gen. Longstreet's camp, which is about two miles in the direction of Williamsport, and consulted him about my difficulties with regard to my leave. He was most good-natured about it, and advised me under the circumstances to drive in the direction of Hancock; and, in the event of being ill-treated on my way, to insist on being taken before the nearest U. S. officer of the highest rank, who would probably protect me. I determined to take his advice at once; so I took leave of him and of his officers. Longstreet is generally a very taciturn and undemonstrative man, but he was quite affectionate in his farewell. His last word was a hearty hope for the speedy termination of the war. All his officers

were equally kind in their expressions on my taking leave, though the last sentence uttered by Latrobe was not entirely reassuring—viz., "You may take your oath he'll be caught for a spy."

I then rode to Gen. Lee's camp, and asked him for a pass to get through his lines. We had a long talk together, and he told me of the raid made by the enemy, for the express purpose of arresting his badly wounded son (a Confederate Brigadier-General,) who was lying in the house of a relation in Virginia. They insisted upon carrying him off in a litter though he had never been out of bed, and had quite recently been shot through the thigh. This seizure was evidently made for the purposes of retaliation. His life has since been threatened, in the event of the South retaliating for Burnside's alleged military murders in Kentucky. But few officers, however, speak of the Northerners with so much moderation as Gen. Lee; his extreme amiability seems to prevent his speaking strongly against any one. I really felt quite sorry when I said good-by to so many gentlemen from whom I received so much disinterested kindness.

I am now about to leave the Southern States, after traveling quite alone throughout their entire length and breadth, including Texas and the trans-Mississippi country, for nearly three months and a half, during which time I have been thrown amongst all classes of the population—the highest, the lowest and the most lawless. Although many were very sore about the conduct of England, I never received an uncivil word from any body, but, on the contrary, I have been treated by all with more than kindness. I have never met a man who was not anxious for a termination of the war; and I have never met a man, woman or child, who contemplated its termination as possible without an entire separation from the now detested Yankee. I have never been asked for alms or a gratuity by any man or woman, black or white. Everyone knew who I was, and all spoke to me with the greatest confidence. I have rarely heard any person complain of the almost total ruin which has befallen so many. All are prepared to undergo still greater sacrifices—they contemplate and prepare to receive great reverses which it is impossible to avert. They look to a successful termination of the war as certain, although few are sanguine enough to fix a speedy date to it, and nearly all bargain for its lasting at least all Lincoln's Presidency. I have lived in bivouacs with all the Southern armies, which are as distinct from one another as the British is from the Austrian, and I have never once seen an instance of insubordination.

GETS WITHIN THE FEDERAL LINES.

After humorously narrating his engaging a buggy and driver, at a dollar a mile, to take him North, and a variety of incidents by the way, the Englishman after some up-hill travel reaches Fairview:

No sooner had we descended from the buggy than about twenty rampaging Unionists appeared, who to do us they had come up to get a good view of the big fight in which G—d—d rebels were to be all captured or drowned in the Potomac.

My appearance evidently did not please them from the very first. With alarm I observed them talking to one another, and pointing at me. At length a particularly truculent-looking individual, with an enormous mustache, approached me, and, fixing his eyes long and steadfastly upon my trousers, he remarked in the surliest possible tones, "Them be eeches is a d—d bad color." This he said in allusion, not to their dirty state, but to the fact of their being grey, the rebel color. I replied to this very disagreeable assertion in as conciliating a way as I possibly could; and in answer to his question as to who I was, I said that I was an English traveler. He then said that his wife was an English lady from Preston. I next expressed my pride in being a countryman of his wife's. He then told me in tones that admitted of no contradiction, that Preston was just forty-five miles east of London; and he afterwards launched into torrents of invectives against the rebels, who had run him out of Virginia; and he stated his intention of killing them in great numbers to gratify his taste. With some difficulty I prevailed upon him and his rabid brethren to drink, which pacified them slightly for a time, but when the horse was brought out to be harnessed, it became evident I was not to be allowed to proceed without a row. I therefore addressed the crowd, and asked them quietly who among them wished to detain me; and I told them, at the same time, that I would not answer any questions put by those who were not persons in authority, but that I should be most happy to explain myself to any officer of the United States army. At length they allowed me to proceed, on the understanding that my buggy-driver should hand me over to General Kelly; at Hancock. The driver was provided with a letter for the General, in which I afterwards discovered that I was denounced as a spy, and "handed over to the General to be dealt with as justice to our cause demands." We were then allowed to start, the driver being threatened with condign vengeance if he let me escape.

After we had proceeded about six miles we fell in with some Yankee cavalry, by whom we were immediately captured, and the responsibility of my custody was thus removed from my conductor's shoulders.

A cavalry soldier was put in charge of us, and we passed through the numerous Yankee outposts under the title of "Prisoners." \* \* \*

MEETS WITH GENERAL KELLY—COMPLIMENTS FEDERAL OFFICERS.

At 5 p.m. we drove up in front of the door

of General Kelly's quarters, and to my immense relief I soon discovered that he was a gentleman. I then explained to him the whole truth, concealing nothing. I said I was a British officer on leave of absence, traveling for my own instruction; that I had been all the way to Mexico, and entered the Southern States by the Rio Grande, for the express purpose of not breaking any legally established blockade. I told him I had visited all the Southern armies in Mississippi, Tennessee, Charleston and Virginia, and seen the late campaign as General Longstreet's guest, but had in no way entered the Confederate service. I also gave him my word that I had not got in my possession any letters, either public or private, from any person in the South to any person anywhere else. I showed him my British passport and General Lee's pass as a British officer; and I explained that my only object in coming North was to return to England in time for the expiration of my leave; and I ended by expressing a hope that he would make my detention as short as possible.

After considering a short time, he said that he would certainly allow me to go on, but that he could not allow my driver to go back. I felt immensely relieved at the decision, but the countenance of my companion lengthened considerably. It was, however, settled that he should take me to Cumberland, and General Kelly good-naturedly promised to do what he could for him on his return.

General Kelly then asked me in an off-hand manner whether all General Lee's army was at Hagerstown; but I replied, laughing, "You of course, understand, General; that, having got that pass from General Lee, I am bound by every principle of honor not to give you any information which can be of advantage to you." He laughed and promised not to ask me any more questions of that sort. He then sent his aide-de-camp with me to the provost-marshal, who immediately gave me a pass for Cumberland. On my return to the General's, I discovered the perfidious driver (that zealous Southern of a few hours previous) hard at work communicating to General Kelly all he knew, and a great deal more besides; but, from what I heard, I don't think his information was very valuable.

I was treated by General Kelly and all his officers with the greatest good-nature and courtesy, although I had certainly come among them under circumstances suspicious, to say the least. I felt quite sorry that they should be opposed to my southern friends, and I regretted still more that they should be obliged to serve with or under a Butler, a Milroy, or even a Hooker. I took leave of them at six o'clock, and I can truly say that the only Federal officers I have ever come in contact with were gentlemen.

REACHES THE NORTH—FINALE.

On the officer's arrival in New York, the city was then in the midst of the Draft Riot, of which he gives a lively picture, unnecessary to repeat here. With another extract we leave his narrative:

I heard every one talking of the total demoralization of the rebels as a certain fact, and all seemed to anticipate their approaching destruction. All this sounded very absurd to me, who had left Lee's army four days previously as full of fight as ever—much stronger in numbers and ten times more efficient in every military point of view than it was when it crossed the Potomac to invade Maryland a year ago. In its own opinion, Lee's army has not lost any of its prestige at the battle of Gettysburg, in which it most gallantly stormed strong intrenchments defended by the whole Army of the Potomac, which never ventured out of its work, or approached in force within half a mile of the Confederate artillery.

The result of the battle of Gettysburg, together with the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, seems to have turned everybody's head completely, and has deluded them with the idea of the speedy and complete subjugation of the South. I was filled with astonishment to hear people speaking in this confident manner, when one of their most prosperous States had been so recently laid under contribution as far as Harrisburg, and Washington, their capital itself having just been saved by a fortunate turn of luck. Four-fifths of the Pennsylvania spoil had safely crossed the Potomac before I left Hagerstown.

Since we put the foregoing narrative in the hands of the typos, we have seen the recently published official report of Gen. Lee, of the expedition into Maryland and Pennsylvania, which sustains, from the Southern point of view, the material facts herein published.

Wied:

At Springville, Oct. 16, 1863, MARY A., wife of Lemuel L. Williams, and daughter of Ewd and Angelina Holden, aged 17 years.

New Advertisements.

PIANO FORTE FOR SALE.

A NEW and substantial 7 Octave, Rosewood Piano Forte, with French Grand Action, Harp Pedal, Full Iron Frame, and over-strung Bass. Apply to DAVID O. CALDER.

MERINO RAM.

A VERY FINE three-quarter breed, FOR SALE. DAVID O. CALDER.

HAY LAND FOR SALE. NORTH of the "English Settlement," West Jordan. Produces 40 tons hay annually, can be made to produce 80 tons. 17-11 DAVID O. CALDER.

I WANT TO KNOW. I WISH TO KNOW the whereabouts of HANNAH WEBB, supposed to have emigrated to this Territory the present fall. Any information respecting her will be thankfully received by her Uncle. ISAAC HUNT. 17-1 St. George, Washington county.

CAME TO MY PLACE. ABOUT four weeks ago, a white barrow PIG, about 3 months old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take it away. HENRY MOUTZ. 17-1\* Emigration St., 7th Ward, G. S. L. City.

REMOVED! MRS. M. L. MURPHY, (formerly Mrs. Deming) wishes to inform her friends and the public in general that she has removed to the first house west of Mayor Smoot's, 29th Ward, where she is now prepared to make to order and clean Hats, Bonnets, etc., in the most fashionable and latest style. DYEING equal to if not superior to any imported. 17-2a

STRAYED. LAST Spring, when the companies were going West, a lined back OX, with considerable white under the belly, branded H. L. PARRY on left horn. Whoever will return the same to Benjamin Rowlands, 15th Ward, G. S. L. City, shall be liberally rewarded. Nov. 2, 1863. 17-3

STRAYED OR DROVE OFF. A light red COW, white face, branded with a square three on the left side lengthwise of the crest, and three on the right side, there is also a scar on one of her hips. I will pay Five Dollars for any information that will lead to the recovery of said cow. JOHN PETERS, Oct. 28, 1863. 17-4 American Fork.

\$10 REWARD. STRAYED OR STOLEN. FROM Peoa, east Weber, on the 19th Oct., a claybank HORSE, about 6 years old, white strip in face, two or three white feet, black strip on his back, branded J. B. on left hip, also two or three Spanish brands. Whoever will deliver him at Howard's distillery, Big Cottonwood, or at John Burdum's, Peoa, shall receive the above reward. 17-2\* HENRY BOICE.

STEER STRAYED.—\$5 REWARD. ON the 29th of Oct., out of P. M. Young's yard, a dark red STEER, two and a half years old, a new raw-hide lariat on his horns, branded L. Y. on hip or shoulder and the same reversed. I will pay Five Dollars for his recovery. HENRY RISER, Watchmaker, East Temple St., West side. 17-1

GOOD NEWS! TIME IS MONEY.



O. URSENBACH, MAIN STREET. 17-

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Salt Lake City Post Office, Nov. 10, which, if not called for before December 10, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

- Gents' List. Alexander John, Alfred Wm, Alderman Wm W, Bean Nahum J, Bibbes Jeremiah B, Hickley Wm G, Houghton George S, Boyce John E, Brough Samuel, Brown Bruce, Bull Mr, Buck George N, Cannon James H, Calne James A 2, Connors George W, Cook John, Guit Joseph, Downing Wm L, Evans Oliver P, Ferguson Wm Henry, French Oliver D, Freese James P, Grant John M, Grifth R M, Grifth T M, Gavit Alenzo D, Harris John, Haynes J, Harrison Hyrum 2, Heilwick Harmon, Herendson H G, Hiestler J O, Hughes G J, Jordan Isaac N, Kidd Robert N, Kelley Randolph M, Mawdsley Stephen, Miller John A, Morris Robert, McKinrye F, McKinney W L, Nettleton Henry S, Redington John, Rice Wm E, Ross J W, Ryan James M, Ryan Wm, Seoville Amasa, Schaaf Jacob W, Shiris Peter, Sphered Wm H, Smith W G, Smith George L, Sprague Festus, Staute Wm R, Taylor John W, Theiler Debie, Tuckfield James W, Waters Frederic 2, Watts George C, Williams Christopher 2, Wilson Frank, Wood Barra A.
- Ladies' List. McZary Ellen S F, Nash Mrs George, Rogers Emily, Rydbery Clara, Scott Mrs Ellen, Scott Sarah Ann, Simonton Lib, Spencer Mrs Chas E, Stokes Mrs Jane 2, Tsampon Miss E.

P. S.—In asking for the above, please say they are advertised and give date. T. E. H. STENHOUSE, P.M. G. S. L. City, Nov. 10, 1863.