

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SACRAMENTO UNION, MAY 21.

WASHINGTON AS AN HOSPITAL.

At this present writing all Washington is a great hospital for the wounded in the great battle now going forward in Virginia. Boat-loads of unfortunate and maimed men are continually arriving at the wharves and are transported to the various hospitals in and around Washington in ambulances or upon stretchers some of the most severely wounded being unable to bear the jolting of the ambulance vehicles. The sight is a sad one, and is still sadder to think of the homes made desolate by the multitude of deaths which have been caused upon the battle-field, where the green sward is hid only with the new made graves of thousands of brave men.

There are twenty-one hospitals in this city and vicinity, and every one of them is full of the wounded and the dying. Of course, many are but slightly wounded, and a large number are not so severely wounded but they are able to limp about and talk cheerfully of a speedy return to the field, but there are enough painful cases and instances of appalling suffering to grieve the heart of the most indifferent. The Sanitary Commission does a good work among these suffering braves, meeting them upon their landing with cooling drinks, gentle stimulants, or nourishing food, as the occasion may require. The greatest amount of difficulty has been experienced in transporting our wounded from the battle field to Belle Plain on the Potomac, the route being infested by guerrillas and the whole of the transportation, via Fredericksburg, being by land carriage. The recent heavy rains, however, have served to fill the Rappahannock, so that our hospital transports now go direct to Fredericksburg, where the wounded are taken on board. Besides this, the Aquia Creek and Falmouth railroad is now in running order, so that no difficulty will hereafter be experienced in forwarding supplies or bringing up the sick and wounded.

The town is full of strangers from the North, who have come in quest of friends and relatives who are in the hospitals, or are lying dead upon the battle field. We recognize these bereaved anxious people everywhere by their sad and thoughtful faces, their strangeness about the ways of Washington, and by their frequent inquiries for hospitals, or the way to get to Fredericksburg, where many thousands of the severely wounded still lie. To help these last-named sufferers, a detail of clerks has been made from the Treasury and Interior Departments, the number called for being readily filled by volunteering. These volunteer nurses or helpers are sent down for fifteen days each, and are placed under military rule and discipline while there. Everything is done that can be done to ameliorate the suffering of our brave fellows, and those who have friends and relatives who have been the luckless victims of rebel arms may be sure that they are well cared for in camp and in hospital.

GENERAL CARLETON'S MINING OPERATIONS.

The readers of the Sacramento Union are aware that Brigadier General Carleton, heretofore acting as Commander of the Department of Arizona and New Mexico, took possession of Mowry's silver mines in Arizona; or, rather, the Territorial Marshal, acting for the United States, took possession of the mines, at the instance and with the military support of Carleton, on the ground that Mowry is a Secessionist. After being imprisoned and released, guarded and disregarded, Mowry came on to Washington and laid his case before the President and the Departments, when it was found that the War Department and the Attorney General were alike without any official knowledge of the mining operations of Carleton & Co., though it was alleged that the extensive works which had been carried on there were for the sole use and benefit of the Government, which has never received a penny; no more has Mowry, who goes back to Arizona with the full permission and advice of the Secretary of War to repossess himself, the War Department disavowing any sanction or approval of Carleton's extraordinary doings in the premises. As Arizona has been detached from Carleton's department and is now attached to the Department of California, under command of Major General McDowell, there is every probability that the military-political mining bureau of Arizona will go into liquidation.

AMAZONS IN BATTLE.

A GREAT BATTLE IN AFRICA—DEFEAT OF THE KING OF DAHOMEY'S TROOPS BY THE EGBAS.

English papers recently received contain accounts of a sanguinary battle in Africa between the King of Dahomey and the tribe of the Egbas. The Dahomian Amazons fought bravely, but the Egbas won the victory. It is related in the description of the fight that the King of Dahomey marched in person on the 15th of March at the head of 10,000 troops, (male and female,) and on the 16th attacked the Egbas in their fortified town of Abbeokuta—a place of 200,000 inhabitants. The King had three brass field six-pounder pieces, bearing the inscription upon the breach of "Mexico, 1815." He advanced till within fifty yards of the wall of Abbeokuta, then suddenly displayed his flag, extended his lines and marched rapidly towards the wall. The Egbas immediately opened a tremendous fire on the lines, and arrested them at once. In the advancing columns were

Amazons, who fought bravely and desperately. Many of these furies climbed the wall, which is more than fifteen feet high; but, as soon as they reached the top, the Egbas dragged them over and slew them. One Amazon, who had one of her hands cut off in her efforts to clamber over the wall, discharged her musket with the other hand and shot an Egba. She received a severe blow from a sabre, and fell backwards into the trench. The Dahomians were utterly defeated. They lost upwards of one thousand in killed, and the number of prisoners is said to exceed two thousand. The Dahomians fled in two divisions. In front of the division which took first to flight was the doughty king himself. The Egbas pursued both divisions and slaughtered the fugitives without mercy and without a pause. Seeing the discomfiture of the king, the inhabitants of the neighboring towns turned out and joined heartily in the general massacre. Of his three field-pieces, the king had the misfortune to leave two in the keeping of the Egbas.

Another account says of the fighting of the Amazons:

"Some of the desperate Amazons rushed to the wall (on the part defended by the Christian converts and the people of Ijeun) with ferocious resolution; plunging into the trench and endeavoring to scale the wall, others attempted to enter into the town by the excavation under the wall; they were shot in the trench or cut down in their mad attempt to scale the wall. Some Amazons gave the defenders a little annoyance for when in the trench they threw large stones over the wall on the Egbas, and snatched away about six muskets from the hands of the Egbas in the act of firing; by an equal determination on the part of the Egbas they were killed. No fewer than seventy-two dead Dahomians were counted afterwards from the trench at this point. On the Owa side of the walls three ferocious Amazons actually planted their banners along the wall, but were instantly cut down, their heads and hands stuck on poles and exhibited over the wall with a general shout of victory from the Egbas."

HOW JEB STUART WAS SHOT.

The 5th Michigan cavalry is in Custar's brigade, and was with Sheridan on his recent raid toward Richmond. A private named Dunn, belonging to company A, of the 5th Michigan, shot General J. E. B. Stuart with a "Spencer long range" rifle. While the 5th was under a heavy fire the Colonel's attention was called to the fact that a rebel General, with a considerable number of staff officers, suddenly appeared in sight, and within reach of the rifle. The General's name was not then known. One man of the 5th shot at him, but missed. Dunn watched the shot, and instantly exclaimed: "Too high and too far to the left." Say, old Dunn, what do you know about shooting?" Inquired another member. Dunn replied that he served two years in the "Berdan sharpshooters," before he joined the 5th, and took a prize in Washington for the best shot.

This was good news to the Colonel and the men, and Dunn, supporting his words by action, quietly stepped forward a few feet, and resting his long range rifle upon a fence, fired, and the supposed rebel General threw up both hands, stretched out his arms, and fell from his horse. At the same moment Dunn, turning to his Colonel said: "Colonel, there is a spread eagle for you." The men cheered Dunn, who suddenly became a great favorite in the regiment. His name ran through Custar's brigade. "Well done, good and faithful servant," was upon every tongue. Some ten or twelve men were seen to dismount and assist the wounded or killed rebel General.

The most intense anxiety was at once manifested in Custar's brigade to learn the name of the General who was thus shot. Soon after Custar became master of the very spot where the man was hit, and the hill beyond, on the summit of which lived an old colored woman. Custar came to a halt near her home. About the door of the old woman's hut was a large quantity of fresh blood. "Whose blood is that Aunt?" inquired a Michigan soldier. "That is General Stuart's blood. He was shot a little time since, right through the body. The ball entered his right side and came out of his left." The old lady was questioned carefully to ascertain if she knew Stuart herself, and it was found that she did.

The men doubted, nevertheless, because Stuart had been reported killed so many times before when he was not hurt. A few days more passed when the Richmond paper reached the command, giving a detailed account of the time, place and manner of Stuart's being shot which coincided exactly with the facts as they took place, as known to the regiment. The same paper announced Stuart's death. This removed all doubts. There was no longer a question that Stuart was Dunn for.

A NEW TYPE SETTING MACHINE TO BE WORKED BY STEAM.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has an interesting article on "Types." After speaking of the confinement and unhealthfulness of the life of a compositor, it proceeds to speak of the various attempts which have been made to set type by machinery. With a single exception, all the type machines thus far in use, set the matter without "justifying" it. This exception is found in the machine invented by Mr. Charles W. Felt, of Salem, Mass., who has just perfected it after many years' labor.

The following description of its working will be found interesting:

"The machine stands in substantial iron framework, five feet by four, within which the mechanism is nicely disposed, so that there may be ample room for the four operations of setting, justifying, leading, and distributing. In front is a key board of forty keys, which correspond to two hundred and fifty characters, arranged in eight cases. A single case consists of thirty-two flat brass tubs, standing perpendicularly, side by side, each one being filed with a certain denomination of type. Seven of the keys determine from which case the desired letter shall be taken. Thus, the small letter *a* is set by touching the *a* key; the capital *A* by touching the 'capital key' in connection with the *a* key; the capital *B* by touching the 'capital key' in connection with the *b* key; and so on with every letter. There are also keys called the 'small capital' the 'italic' and the 'italic capital'; so that the machine contains all the characters known to the compositor. The operation of these 'capital' and 'small capital keys' is similar to that of an organstop in modifying the effect of the other keys.

When the machine is in motion,—and I should here mention that it is worked by steam,—a curious piece of mechanism, called 'the stick,'—which is about as large as a man's hand, and quite as adroit, plays to and fro beneath the cases, and acts obediently to the operator's touch. The spectacle of this little metallic intelligence is amusing. It is armed with pincers, which it uses much as the elephant does his trunk, though with infinite celerity. Every time a key is touched, these pincers seize a type from one of the tubes, turn downward, and, as it were, put it into the mouth of the stick. And so voracious is the appetite of this little creature, that in a few seconds his stomach is full,—in other words, the line is set. A tiny bell gives warning of this fact, and the operator finishes the word or syllable. He then touches the justifying-key, and the spanner seizes the line and draws it into another part of the machine to be justified, while the empty stick resumes its feeding. No time is lost; for, while the stick is setting a second line, the 'spacer' is justifying the first; so that, in a few moments after starting, the processes are going forward simultaneously. That of justifying is, perhaps, the most ingenious. It is accomplished in this wise. The stick never sets a full line, but leaves room for spaces, and with the last letter of each word inserts a piece of steel to separate the words. When the line has been drawn into the spaces, the pieces of steel which are furnished with nicker heads for the purpose, are withdrawn and the ordinary spaces are substituted. All this requires no attention whatever from the operator. The matter thus set and justified is now led by the machine, and deposited upon a galley ready for the press. In this machine, distribution is the reverse of composition, and is effected by simply reversing the motion of the shaft. By duplicating certain parts of the machine, both operations are performed at the same time.—The process of distributing, and also that of resetting the same matter, may be made automatic by means of the register. This device, although an original invention with Mr. Felt, is an application of the principle of the Jacquard loom. It consists of a narrow strip of card paper, in which holes are punched as the types are taken, forming a substitute for the troublesome nicking of the type, which has heretofore been thought indispensable to automatic distribution. By this means the type can be changed in resetting if desired, so that different editions of the same work can be printed in different sizes of type.

GOOD ADVICE.

Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you only had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most depreciate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. Not a truce to all such impatience. Choke that envy which gnaws at your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and to do his work in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but consistent with it.—[Dr. Bushnell.]

How few, comparatively seem content with their lot in life. Most seem to feel that had some condition or circumstance, entirely beyond their own power or control, been different, they might or should have been useful and happy, and for the lack or want of which, they are left to wear out a life of misery or wretchedness. Meanwhile they seem to forget, as it were, that it is according to what they have, and not according to what they have not, that they are to be judged. Let all then improve their time and opportunities, and so cultivate the capacity with which they are endowed, whether greater or less, that they may be able to fulfill the work God designed them to do; and in so doing they will have little time and less inclination to covet the gifts and possessions of their neighbors. If

you have less capacity, and fewer possessions and honors than some of your acquaintances, friends and fellow pilgrims, remember also that you have more and greater than others; therefore whatever may be your condition in life, after having done the best you can to improve yourselves and others, learn therewith to be content, for in this lies the secret of social enjoyment and happiness, so far as they are incident to the present life. Suit, then, your temper to your condition and circumstances, and soon will they be suited to your temper. Happiness consists not in great possessions nor fame, but in being content with what you have, whether that be much or little.—[Boston Cultivator.]

A HOT PLACE.

Mr. Shanks, of the New York *Herald*, who was reported killed at the battle of Resaca, but still lives, gives the following account of a hot place he got in during the engagement:

A CONFUSED RETREAT WORSE CONFOUNDED.

From this hill, which Gen. Osterhaus had occupied with his right, Resaca was in full view. We could plainly distinguish the movements of the enemy's wagon trains and of their troops. They filed right and left with great complacency, and went into position in a long line of rifle pits, into which we could look with ease. A large redoubt, with eight or ten guns mounted, was plainly visible beyond the river. The locomotives, with huge trains attached, ran up and down near the bridge. There was also some camps on fire, and to all appearances "confusion worse confounded" would begin to reign as soon as De Grass could get his guns in position and open upon them. At last he got up—Stollbrand, the German artilleryman of Logan's staff, urging him forward and directing him into position. At last the four black monsters were in position. They opened, and immediately stirred up a hornet's nest of rebels that proved decidedly uncomfortable.

MR. SHANKS IN DANGER.

I had expected a reply from the enemy and had chosen a large stump as my place of refuge. The protection however appeared to me in a few minutes the most delicate fabric imaginable, and I confidently expected every one of the shots that skipped along the top of the hill to tear this fabric and the refugee behind it into a thousand fragments. From the rebel redoubt beyond Resaca, the enemy opened with at least eight guns. They had the exact range of the hill, and every shot fell near the battery. Every place was struck and damaged more or less, and at times it was impossible to work the guns. After a while watching this duel began to be interesting; but while engaged in the task I suddenly found myself literally buried by the earth thrown up by a shell which had ploughed through the ground near me. The force of nature or curiosity, as you may choose, could no further go; and, totally demoralized, I made a rapid movement to the left and out of range. I brought up with the 26th Illinois, any one of whom is ready to swear that I was the fleetest-footed man that lay on the hill that day.

READING THE PROCLAMATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, with Gen. Sherman, relates the following incident, which occurred during the struggle to obtain possession of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., in the recent advance of our army in that vicinity:

"The 60th Illinois volunteers pushed upward at a position toward the southern extremity of the mountain, and some portion of the troops reached within 50 yards of the rebel riflemen, who fell back to the two gaps or depressions in the crest as the Union troops advanced. They finally reached a perpendicular cliff, under which the rebel sharpshooters could not reach them with their rifles, so they began to throw stones and roll rocks down upon them. Here they remained for some time, within speaking distance, the rebels calling out to them in the choicest phraseology of the chivalry. A corporal of the 64th halloed to the rebels, and told them if they would stop firing stones, he would read to them the President's proclamation. The offer was at first received with derisive yells; but they soon became quiet, and the corporal read to them the Amnesty Proclamation. When he came to some part they did not approve, they would set up a fiendish yell, as if in defiance, and then send down an installment of rocks by way of interlude. But the corporal kept on in spite of these uncivil demonstrations, and finished the document, when there was another outburst of yells, mingled with laughter, and the old business of tumbling down rocks and firing was again resumed.

—He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion; but beware of him who jests at everything! such men disparage by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any great or noble emotion.

—Some say the quickest way to destroy weeds is to marry a widow. It is, no doubt, a most agreeable species of husbandry.

—English opera prospers no more in London than in American cities. After an eight years trial Louisa Pyne and her colleague, Mr. Harrison, have relinquished it, losing more than \$200,000.