

GENERAL GARIBALDI IN ENGLAND.

HIS RECEPTION AT SOUTHAMPTON.

This (Sunday) morning broke gloomily, and the weather, which up to last night had been bright and clear, was now as dreary, damp and wretched as the most hypochondriacal could desire. We were still in the utmost uncertainty as to the time of arrival at Southampton. Indeed it was during a conversation with well-informed people, and at the very moment of one gentleman proving by irrefragable argument that no boat leaving Gibraltar at the time specified, could, by any possibility, reach Southampton before to-morrow (Monday) at mid-day—just as we were severally arranging our plans as to the disposal of our leisure, that Mr. Wilkinson, one of the principal officials of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, rushed in, and demanded "were we ready?" As is not unfrequently the case in this world, that which had been declared impossible had come to pass, the Ripon was rapidly approaching, and the steam-tug Aid (placed at the disposal of Mr. Seely and some few other gentlemen by Captain Engledeue), was now waiting to convey us on board. A hurried drive down the tidal dock, some few minutes delay, and we are puffing rapidly out of the harbor. Once off, I note that we are a party of some forty or fifty strong, and as we glide rapidly down the Southampton Water, with the low-lying Hampshire coast on the one side, and the remains of the New Forest on the other, we resolve ourselves into little groups—some pointing out objects of interest on the banks, others consulting as to the precise form of reception most likely to be acceptable to Garibaldi, and others, again, telling and listening to anecdotes as to his last visit to Southampton Water (about 1866), when he came to purchase a small vessel for Capri, and was the guest of the father of Miss Jessie White. Over and above Mr. Seely, there are a goodly list of men assembled on board in Garibaldi's honor. Yonder stands the Duke of Sutherland, General Eber, Captain Roberts, and Mr. Austin Dolmage, who may be taken as fair representatives of one class of the general's friends. Messrs. Semenza, Serena, Vivanti, and Negretti, as members of the Italian committee, in London; Mr. Joseph Cowen, as the chairman of the Newcastle committee which presented Garibaldi with the sword which has been already named, and as a close and intimate friend of many years standing; Mr. Richardson, as the member of the Common Council who is about to propose the presentation to him of the freedom of the City of London, and as his correspondent—may all be quoted as representing distinct bodies, each of which entertains an ardent admiration for the great man we are so soon to see. A cry of "There she is! coming round by Calshot Castle," and every eye is strained to obtain the first glimpse of the expected boat. After a little hesitation, and one or two misconceptions, we all see the masts towering up over the point to the right, and in a few more minutes the Ripon is completely visible.

A few more minutes, and we are eagerly scanning the faces of the passengers on deck, and one good-looking middle-aged gentleman, in a white hat, is immensely cheered in mistake for Garibaldi. When his modesty prompts him to retire below (as he does the instant he discovers our mistake) we look in vain along the line of faces for the grand head with which, either from personal knowledge or through the medium of the print-shops, we are all familiar. "There he is!" "No!" "Yes!" "No!" and our enthusiastic blundering is ended by our being brought up alongside. I was one of the first people on board, and after a few moments' hesitation as to which way we should turn in the wilderness of ayahs, Anglo-Indians, lady passengers, invalids, children, and luggage, wherein we find ourselves, we hear that the general is in the saloon, and at once proceed thither. Our eager glance fails to find him, and after a hurried gaze up the long green-covered tables, and up and down the seats whereon are other ladies and more children, we only succeed in seeing the gentleman whose beard we had already cheered, and who looks as if he thought we were about to repeat our blunder. "The general is in his cabin," says a steward; and in a moment that cabin is full. The Duke of Sutherland, General Eber, and Mr. Seely are the first to greet him. Mr. Dolmage considerably stands at the door to prevent any undue crowding; and the rest of us stand as near to it as we conveniently can, anxiously waiting our turns for introduction. I hear a full-toned but sweet voice saying, "Better, better, I thank you much," in reply to inquiries as to his foot, some minutes before that voice's owner is visible to me, and it is impossible to avoid envying Mr. Negretti and Mr. Joseph Cowen as they are severally invited to greet their old friend. The cabin is by this time full, and the natural eagerness of those yet outside is so far unallayed, when by a change of positions I obtain my first glimpse of the general. He is seated on a couch, with a sling cigar-case and courier's bag hung up over his head, is shaking hands warmly with "Friend Joseph Cowen," is asking after the good town of Newcastle, and gratefully acknowledging to all around the many kindnesses he has received. Mr. Seely, who in the first instance had thought of conveying Garibaldi to Brooke House by a chartered steamer direct from the Ripon, had cheerfully waived his own proposition, and acceded to the natural wishes of the mayor and the municipality. The Duke of Sutherland's invitation to Stafford House had been warmly ac-

cepted, but still there was a hitch where he should go in Southampton, he having previously accepted an invitation to Mr. Richardson's while the mayor had made grand preparations for his reception; and as most of the passengers by the tug had not been introduced, Garibaldi acceded with a cheerful "Better, better so," to a proposition that the question should be discussed in the saloon itself. Leaning on his walking-stick, and limping slightly, he proceeds, accompanied by all of us, to the cushioned seat at the end of the saloon. In truth a kingly-looking man, some five feet eight inches in height, he is broadly built, and his countenance is preeminently commanding; he has a broad and lofty brow, soft and gentle eyes, which sparkle with humor and playfulness, a full-sized well-shaped nose, a massive jaw, indicative of power, and a smile which a woman might envy. He wore light and thin trousers, smartly made patent leather boots, a silver grey gabardine with a scarlet lining or hood, and an embroidered smoking-cap, which looked as if it had been worked by some fair admirer. A black silk handkerchief round the neck—of course no collar—and a light crimson bandana thrown loosely over the shoulders, completed a costume which, for picturesque, it would be difficult to equal. The impression produced on me was that I saw before me one who was

In strength a man, simplicity a child;

and as he gave his cordial and hearty greeting to each new and old friend who pressed forward to clasp him by the hand, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that we were in the presence of one eminently qualified by nature to sway a nation and secure its sympathies. I repose his countenance is lion-like in its gentle gravity and conscious strength; when animated, it lights up in a way I can only compare to the effect of sunshine upon an already beautiful landscape. He understands English perfectly, but speaks it with a slightly foreign accent, and it may interest some readers to know that on my shaking hands with him we reciprocated right heartily the peculiar grip only known to

Brethren of the mystic tie.

Menotti Garibaldi a finely-built, sailor-like young fellow, of some two and twenty, and Ricciotto, his younger brother, who has been educated in England; Signor Basso, formerly a supercargo under Garibaldi, now his secretary, and as he is half playfully termed, his "chaplain;" Signor Guerzoni, a member of the advanced Italian party, and whilom a fellow-senator of the general's, were all visible at intervals during our stay on board; while inquiries as to "the mill I helped you to build," and other details connected with the life at Capri, prove that intimate friendships are being renewed upon every side. But their is a cry for Garibaldi to come on deck, for we are nearing the end of our journey, the crowds are hurrying on the wharves, and the captain is anxiously waiting to show his honored guest. Every ship within sight of us had its decks crowded, flags are waving from every mast-head, and all the available space around the dock is filled with cheering, handkerchief-waving, enthusiastic townspeople. Garibaldi will not mount the paddlebox before obtaining the captain's consent. The mayor is soon on the paddlebox by Garibaldi's side, and in a manly earnest speech, delivered with the general's hand in his, eloquently bids him welcome to England, above all welcome to Southampton, and informs him that a carriage is in waiting to convey him to his house. To all this Garibaldi replies, "Mayor, I am grateful; I will accept your hospitality." As the general sets foot on land (after warmly thanking Captain Rogers for his courtesy, and charging him with his compliments to the officers of the ship) a fair young lady is presented to him, and with a reverence evidently coming from the heart seizes his hand, and, despite all deprecatory gestures, raises it to her lips. He is next seated in the mayor's carriage, and driven off amid plaudits on all sides.

Garibaldi arrived in London on the 11th instant and met with a tremendous reception. The crowd exceeded anything that was ever witnessed. It was a perfect ovation. At every step he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. He was five hours in getting from the railroad station to the Duke of Sutherland's mansion, which is only two or three miles. The leading statesmen and men of all parties were to meet Garibaldi at a brilliant fete to be given by the Duke of Sutherland.

On the following day he visited Lord Palmerston and Mr. Stansfield, M. P., and had lengthy interviews with both.

An English correspondent thus describes the entrance of the Italian chieftain into London:

"Luckily I could command Westminster bridge, and at last an inarticulate roar, which swelled every instant, and the sight of Italian colors, followed by an open carriage, in which by the aid of an opera glass, we could distinguish the well known dress and face, and round which the press surged, and thronged, and leaped, and shouted, told us that Garibaldi was coming at last. But who shall describe that passage of his from Bridge street to Charing Cross? All the manifestations of popular enthusiasm I have seen seem faint in the comparison. It was delicious. The mere effect of waving white handkerchiefs was some-

thing I had never seen before. Certainly, great as was the enthusiasm which waited on the progress of the Prince of Wales through London, it was nothing to this. Every now and then the carriage was compelled to stop; and then the crowd seemed as if they would take possession of it and its contents, they so pressed upon it and lunged on the wheels, the sides, and every point of hand-hold. And all around the noise of that huge multitude went up, not in distinct rounds of cheering, but in an endless volley-firing of shouts and greetings that blended into a horse roar, like the continuous music of the sea. It was a sight and sound to check the pulse, and make the cheek pale, and bring the tears into the eyes. Garibaldi's recognition of the greeting was by an often-repeated waving motion of the right arm, and an occasional lifting of his black wide-awake; but no bowing."

[From Washington Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]

INTERESTING PARTICULARS AS TO THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

A recent allusion in the *Independent* to the fact that Mr. Secretary Chase's pen supplied the concluding sentence of the Emancipation Proclamation has been received with a surprise that indicates a less general knowledge on the subject than might have been expected. When the final draft of the proclamation was presented by the President to the Cabinet, it closed with the paragraph stating that the slaves it liberated would be received into the armed service of the United States. Mr. Chase objected to the appearance of a document of such momentous importance without one word beyond the dry phrases necessary to convey its meaning, and finally proposed that there be added to the President's draft the following sentence: "And upon this Act, sincerely believed to be an Act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the sentence as Mr. Chase wrote it, only interlining after the word "Constitution" the words "upon military necessity;" and in that form the proclamation went to the world and history. The President originally resolved upon the policy of issuing this proclamation in the summer of 1862. As he has expressed it himself, everything was going wrong; we seemed to have put forth about our utmost effort; and he really did not know what more to do, unless he did this. Accordingly he prepared the preliminary proclamation, nearly in the form in which it subsequently appeared, called the Cabinet together and read it to them.

Mr. Montgomery Blair was startled. "If you issue that proclamation, Mr. President," he exclaimed, "you will lose every one of the fall elections."

Mr. Seward, on the other hand, said: "I approve of it, Mr. President, just as it stands. I approve of it in principle, and I approve the policy of issuing it. I only object to the time. Send it out now, on the heels of our late disasters, and it will be construed as the convulsive struggle of a drowning man. To give it proper weight, you should reserve it till after some victory."

The President assented to Mr. Seward's view, and it was withheld till the fall, when it was issued almost precisely as originally prepared. The one to which Mr. Chase supplied the concluding sentence was the final proclamation, issued on the subsequent 1st of January.

The *Boston Liberator* of recent date publishes a letter from the late Owen Lovejoy, addressed to William Lloyd Garrison, under date of Washington, February 22, 1864. In this letter Mr. Lovejoy says:

I write you, although ill-health compels me to do it by the hand of another, to express to you my gratification at the position you have taken in reference to Mr. Lincoln. I am satisfied, as the old theologians used to say in regard to the world, that if he is not the best conceivable President, he is the best possible. I have known something of the facts inside during his administration, and I know that he has been just as radical as any of his Cabinet. And although he does not do every thing that you or I would like, the question recurs whether it is likely we can elect a man who would. It is evident that the great mass of Unionists prefer him for re-election; and it seems to me certain that the providence of God, during another term, will grind slavery to powder. I believe now that the President is up with the average of the House.

Recurring to the President, there are a great many reports concerning him which seem to be reliable and authentic, which, after all, are not so. It was currently reported among the anti-slavery men of Illinois, that the Emancipation Proclamation was extorted from him by the outward pressure, and particularly by the delegation from the Christian Convention that met at Chicago. Now, the fact is this, as I had it from his own lips. He had written the Proclamation in the summer, as early as June, I think—but will not be certain as to the precise time—and called his Cabinet together, and informed them that he had written it, and he meant to make it; but wanted to read it to them for any criticism or remarks as to its features or details. After having done so, Mr. Seward suggested whether it would not be well for him to withhold its publication until after we had gained some substantial advantage in the field, as at that time we had met with many reverses, and it might be considered a cry of despair. He told me he

thought the suggestion a wise one, and so held on to the Proclamation until after the battle of Antietam.

I mention this as a sample of a great many others.

The *Boston Transcript* also publishes a letter from Mr. Lovejoy, written to Governor Andrew on the same day with the letter to Mr. Garrison, and containing the following passage:

Do you know that I am hoping when slavery has been swept away, for a revival of religion, pure and undefiled, which will be eminently practical, and the cause that it knows not it will search out; and, instead of expending its energies in theologies and creeds and rubrics, it shall go around, like its divine Author, healing the sick, cleansing lepers, giving eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf and charity to all.

A PROCLAMATION BY MAGRUDER—TO THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS.

Although much has been accomplished towards the defense of different parts of Texas, much remains to be done. The works for the protection of Houston are yet incomplete, and the Major-General commanding, while he awards praise to those patriotic citizens who have promptly responded to his various calls and sent in their negroes, regrets to say that there are but ninety-three negroes now engaged upon the breastworks at this place, whereas one thousand are absolutely required for the speedy completion of the defenses of a point so vitally important, not only to this state, but to the entire department; and the Major-General commanding feels assured that the noble people, whose sons, brothers and fathers have so well and so heroically withstood and often vanquished the enemy, will again afford fresh evidence of their determination to conquer, in sending to this point, without the least delay, to Major Wilson, chief engineer, the assistance called for.

The enemy in large force lingers on our coast, and threatens with destruction every home which is at present untouched by his ruthless hands. Any day he may move onward, and, if not met with in time and successfully resisted, will penetrate to vital points. Under these circumstances, we should be prepared to hurl the run upon him which he meditates against us. People of Texas, shall this be our fate? With proper defenses, we can cope with his superior numbers; without them, we shall be forced to the withering mortification of retiring from our homes, so long the source of every comfort and pleasure, and be driven to the unaccustomed and hard privations of refugees and exiles.

The Major-General is assured that he calls not in vain; but is satisfied that, with the works complete, the city, and with it the surrounding country, will be safe, and trusts that the self-denying spirit of Texans will support his efforts to defend the country.

The slave-holding gentlemen of each county are respectfully requested to meet together at their respective county seats, or some convenient point, and appoint one or more of their number to accompany their negroes to Houston, and see that they are made comfortable. One-fourth of all the male hands between the ages of seventeen and fifty years, in each county, without regard, at this time, to the numbers which have been previously furnished, will accomplish the purpose of fortifying Houston within a short time; and planters and all others are assured that the necessity of this course is manifest to the Major-General commanding, and could be made so to them, but that his plans would thus be made known to the enemy. By command of

Maj-Gen. J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER,
EDMUND P. TURNER, A. A. General.
Houston, March 4, 1864.

THE NEW ADJUTANT GENERAL.—Of this appointment, which has been frequently announced but often denied, the *Sacramento Bee* remarks:

Governor Low has appointed Geo. S. Evans of Tuolumne County to be Adjutant General of the State vice General Kibbe, whose term of office has expired. General Evans took informal possession of the office to-day. General Kibbe has filled the office without interruption since Governor Bigler's second term down to the present time. Down to Governor Stanford's time the office had been filled by election by the Legislature. Governor Stanford was the first Governor to appoint. Until the breaking out of the rebellion the office of Adjutant General was as near a sinecure as possible to be and not be one; since that time, however, its labors and duties have been very arduous; in fact, the duties of that office are second to none in the State. It is but bare justice to General Kibbe to say that under his administration the extensive and complicated business of the office has been properly systematized and thoroughly attended to in all its details and ramifications. General Evans brings to his new duties fine business capacity, excellent administrative talent and large military experience. The people may rest assured that under his administration the duties of the office will be thoroughly and faithfully performed as ever, and that if it is possible for any improvement to be made he is just the man to make it. The business office will doubtless remain where it now is, in Latham's building on J street. General Evans was a member of the last Senate, from Tuolumne and Mono counties, and drew the long-term.