



RICHARD B. LOCKE—EDITOR.

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Terms.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed, and returned manuscripts will not be returned.

Selected Poetry.

A POET.

Here's a string of verses that no real lover of his country can read without feeling an inclination to wield a blow against the foul Rebellion.

Put it through!

Come, Freeman of the land
Come meet the last demand!
Here's a piece of work in hand,
Put it through!

Here's a log across the way,
We have stumbled on all day,
Here's a plowshare in the clay,
Put it through!

Here's a country that's half free,
And it waits for you and me
To say what its fate shall be,
Put it through!

While one traitor thought remains—
While one spot its banner stains,
One link of all its chains,
Put it through!

Hear our brothers in the field,
Steel your swords as they are steel'd,
Learn to wield the arms they wield,
Put it through!

Lock the shop and lock the store,
Chalk this upon the door—
"We've enlisted for the war!"
Put it through!

For the Birthrights yet unsold,
For the History yet untold,
For the Future yet unrolled,
Put it through!

Lest our children point with shame,
On a father's dastard fame,
Who gave up a nation's fame,
Put it through!

Father Abram hear us cry,
"We can't live, we can die!"
Children then and try
through!

Work of God half done,
Kingdom of His Son,
Epochs just begun,
Put it through!

Father Abram at man thrives
Who with ex-weapon strives—
Use our twenty million lives
Put it through!

'Tis to you the Trust is given;
'Tis by you the Bolt is driven;
By the very God of Heaven,
Drive it through!

The Old, Old Story.

"But, Helen, I love him!"
"My darling," replied a soft, sweet voice,
"let me tell you a story."

The two girls, both young, both beautiful, were walking in the grounds of a handsome country seat, and, as the elder of the two (the one addressed as Helen) spoke, they seated themselves on a grassy mound which overlooked the neighboring river, and where the soft rays of the setting sun illuminated their faces. One was so pale and sad, needed life and the

other, so radiant and gay, looked more radiant still as its beams rested on it.

There lived once, Minnie—that sounds like the commencement of a fairy tale, dearest, but mine is all too true—there lived once, in a small cottage, peaceful and happy, a mother and her daughter. The mother had known trouble: she was a widow, but so well had she learnt the divine lesson, which teaches us to say, "Thy will be done," that, although at first she might have murmured at her bereavement (she was but a human being, remember), she soon bowed her head in resignation, and found peace, and even happiness in time, in the education of her child and in doing what little good a person of her slender means might in the world. Time passed on; and the little and lovely child grew to be almost a woman. Father, lovelier still.

She had reached the age of sixteen, and was one day wandering in the neighborhood of her home, when she met a young man, a stranger, who asked her some questions in regard to the road to the village of—ville, which was but a few miles distant. He was apparently an artist.

"An artist!" exclaimed the listener, "who had been taking some sketches and had lost his way, continued the other, without heeding the interruption. He was very handsome, the young man thought.

"Many months passed, and at length the widowed mother found that trouble greater than death had fallen upon her child, her treasured flower, and that henceforth shame and sorrow must be their common lot. A few weeks later and the young girl followed her mother whose care she had repaid by embittering her old age, and whose affection she had rewarded by the basest deception from the little cottage, peaceful and happy no longer now, to her last resting place, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The child of shame had breathed but a few hours, and its young mother remained to fight her battle with the world—a broken heart, a head bowed with shame, and the wretched consciousness of having caused the death of her devoted parent, her sole companion. But her sorrow had taught her not to rely on herself and her own strength, and trusting to Him, which all-powerful, she returned to the narrow path from which she had strayed, and is now endeavouring, by a life of self-denial and purity, to atone for the sin of her early youth, which has embittered her lifetime.

"And the young man—the artist?" breathlessly inquired Helen's companion. "Is still the same, Minnie; perhaps as almost forgotten the mother whose death the reckless indulgence of his passions caused, and the innocent, trusting, loving girl whose life he has made a living death. He is handsome still, darling, and agreeable too, but such a man as can scarcely be deemed worthy of a girl like you."

"Then it is Henry!" It cannot, cannot be; and, if it were so, Helen, it is cruel of you to tell me such a tale of him!" Minnie's indignation fell, as is so common with us mortals, where it was least deserved.

The pale, fair girl looked a moment at her flushed, impetuous companion, then, after a short struggle with her own feelings, replied:

"If I have been cruel to you, dearest, I have been more so to myself. Minnie, (the golden head was bowed,) it is the history of my life that I have laid before you, and if you knew the agony it is for me to pull aside the curtain which time

has drawn for me over my life, you could tell how earnestly I must have your happiness at heart to have told me to be so. I had thought no man's influence could ever draw from me the story of my shame, for that is a secret a woman knows well how to guard. Helen smiled a painful smile—"but love you too well, Minnie, to let my selfish pride be the cause of the happiness of your life being wrecked, and to let the history of mine from you when I think it may save you. Henry Pemberton can never ask you to marry him, but, a darling, if I may say so now, after conquering your love, I can never love another woman."

"I know it must be you who are his true nature. I loved him once, Minnie, how well!—the firm voice, the look, and the pale, passionless face lighted up with a momentary warmth that told the truth of the words, and yet you tell how I speak of him now."

Minnie Davis was anything but artless, yet she no longer felt quite so close towards Helen Delamire as when she viewed her pure and spotless as hers. Perhaps this was only natural; for it was only right. She had started on her friend had declared herself the heroine of her own story, and had absolutely drawn her hand from Helen's grasp she made every effort to conceal her feelings.

Helen, however, now and felt the well, and rising with a sadness seemed to acknowledge better than words could, that this was but a just punishment of her sin, and yet with a certain dignity, that the spotless purity of her present life might justify, she sat, softly:—

"I see how it is, Minnie. We are no longer friends. I have risked all the happiness that was left to me, and you found in your affection, to secure your own peace; nor shall I regret it. My object is attained. Farewell, dearest. Forget me if you will, but remember what I have told you."

Helen gently rose and walked rapidly away, without once looking back, lest her strength to leave the only thing she loved on earth should fail her. Minnie seemed for a few moments a deep thought; she then rose, called after her friend, and was about to follow her, when she heard a well-known step approaching which caused a brighter color to her round cheek. Could it be that she should one day see you, yet welcomed a guilty still?

Four years have passed, and many miles distant from the scene of the former part of our story, in a small sea-port town we shall find a person in whom we may have some interest. She—for it is a woman—is seated on the sea-shore, and her deep blue eye wanders, first towards the measureless ocean, with an expression of desolate sadness, and then, with affection, at a beautiful child that is playing near her.

The child is lovely, but all unlike his mother; his eyes are black and dry, and his cheeks are radiant with health and exercise combined. The lady is fair, and oh! how pale. She can readily be recognized as Helen Delamire, but who is the child?

Let us look at him. He is picking up shells and talking to his patient hen—"is she his mother?" Alternately, the shells are precious to him; the childish little priceless to her. But this is not his mother. Helen's tale to her friend, such as it cost her to relate it, was of no

avail. Whatever impression it produced, (and it must have produced some,) was dispelled by one word from Henry Pemberton's handsome mouth, one look at his handsome face. Minnie married him, and ere her child was born found him all her friend had told her he was, or even worse. Years must either improve the reckless libertine or make him more reckless still—he lost the oftenest far. And such had been the case with Minnie's husband. She died broken-hearted; but before she had given birth to a son, Helen's soft steps attended her in her last illness. Helen's gentle hands closed her friend's eyes. The child was hopelessly hers. She took it to her distant home, and there we have taken out our last look at them.

THE SUNSET OF TWO LIVES.

An English magazine gives a pleasant essay about "Beginnings and Ends." Here is the description of a life-sunset:—"I have been touched by a sight of human life, ebbing almost visibly away and you could not but think of the sun in his last, little space above the mountains, or above the sea. I remember two old gentlemen, great friends, both—on the extreme verge of life. One was above ninety; and the other above eighty. But their wits were sound and clear; and better still, their hearts were right. They confessed that they were no more than strangers and pilgrims on the earth; they declared plainly that they sought a country far away, where most of those they had cared for were waiting for them. But the body was very nearly worn out; and though the face of each was pleasant to look at, paralysis had laid its grasp upon the aged machinery of limb and muscle which had played so long. I used, for a few weeks, to go one evening in the week and sit with them and take tea. They always had tea in large breakfast cups, other cups would not have done. I remember how the two paralytic friends shook about, as they tried to drink their tea. There they were, the two old friends, they had been friends from boyhood, and they had been friends from boyhood, and they had been over the world together. You could not have looked, my friend, but with eyes somewhat wet, at the large tea-cups shaking about, as the old men with difficulty raised them to their lips. And there was a thing that particularly struck me. There was a large old-fashioned watch, always on a little stand on the tea-table, ticking on and on. You seemed to feel it measuring out the last minutes, running fast away. It always awed me to look at it and hear it. Only for a few weeks did I visit these old friends, and one died; and the other soon followed him, where there are no palsied hands to aged hearts. No doubt, through all the years the old-fashioned watch had gone about in the old gentleman's pocket, he had been ebbing as really and as fast as then. And the sands were running as quickly for me as for the aged pilgrims. But then with me it was the middle, and to them it was the end. And I always felt; very solemn to look at the two old men on the confines of life, and at the watch loudly ticking off their last hours. One seemed to feel time ebbing, as you see the setting sun go down."

A GOOD NAME.—You whose fame has been the target of envious tongues, have you not seen a good name to be the only breastplate that is impervious to the poisoned shaft of calumny? Gold and talents, what without character? A light to render darkness visible; a guiding with which contrast makes substance more revivifying? Cherish it, then, all

ye who possess it. Guard it carefully, for depend upon this, its purity once tarnished the unwearied effort will hardly restore it to its pristine lustre. Let it attend you through the journey of life, crowning your days with peace and happiness. The rectitude that won it will engrave upon your face a letter of recommendation to people of every nation and tongue. And when the treasure is no longer needful to you, it shall descend to your posterity a legacy with which millions would not dare to be compared.

LAUGHTER.—It is related of a distinguished Professor of medicine, who was delivering a lecture on health to his class, that he closed with the remark that he would tell them how to preserve their health provided they would follow his example. Saying which he burst into a fit of laughter, which was echoed by one and another, until the whole class were convulsed and the walls rung with the peals of merriment. Then gravely remarking, "young gentlemen this is your first lesson, see that you keep it well learned," he dismissed them for the day. There was wit, as well as wisdom in his injunction that might profit many others besides students. Nothing will aid digestion so much as a good laugh, except it be a full purse, and nothing is more simple or more easily obtained. Try it, good friends.

HIDDEN SPOTS.—There are some spots where the foot of man has never trod,—cold, cheerless, desolate spots, where the sun looks upon the glaciers, as the smile upon the face of the dead. There are some problems so difficult that human ingenuity has failed to solve them. So there are corners in every heart in which no friend has ever looked,—windows of the soul, so shrouded with mystery, that no curious eye can peer through. They are spots sacred to one's own spirit and the eye of its Maker. Sometimes passion opens the channel to the heart and we see man's better nature amid the flow and icebergs of the Polar Sea from which we turn cold and chill and cheerless. There are some natures so reserved that like the distant planet, their brightness never falls upon our path. We meet them day by day perchance read with them the Bible, and dwell beneath the same roof, yet our life is never surrounded by any halo by their presence. Other problems, are never solved. I live a walking enigma, unexplained, often misunderstood.

WASHINGTON'S STRATEGY.—One day Washington, sending a dispatch, directed the bearer to cross the river at certain ferry, and go through the mapo Pass to Morristown. The young man, knowing that a nest of traitors infested the Pass, ventured to suggest to the commander-in-chief that another road would be the safest. "I shall be taken," he said "if I go through the Pass." "Young man, your duty is not to talk, but to obey," said Washington sternly. He went as directed, and near the Pass was captured, as he was afraid or being, and sent to New York, then in the hands of the enemy. The next day, the dispatches taken from him, disclosing a plan of attacking the city, were published with great parade, and the English immediately began preparations to defend it. This gave Washington time to plan and execute another movement, in quite a different direction, and by that time both the British and the bearer found out that the dispatch was meant to be taken.

THE NEW ERA.

RICHARD B. LOCKE, Editor.

KEY WEST, FLA., FEB. 14th, 1863.



RETRIBUTION.

"For time at last sets all things even;
And if we do but watch the hour
There never yet was human power
Which could evade—if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasuries up a wrong."

But a few weeks ago our readers attention must have been called to an editorial published in the columns of this paper headed, "Mark, Learn, and Inwardly Digest." To the unobserving, the sentiment expressed in this article was but indefinitely understood,—to the knowing ones, and the guilty, it was significant of a change of policy on the part of our commanding officer, which would result in the better protection of the loyal portion of this community, and an utter disregard of the many complaints made by those living among us, always ready to understate our government, abuse its officers, and maliciously assault its best citizens. To this class of population, we again call your attention to the well known article "Mark, learn, and inwardly digest." This is the dawn of a "New Era", and we cannot suggest any punishment better suited to these rebellious people, than to send them among their friends, and let them defend the government they most love, and no longer expect protection from the officers of the one they are continually assailing. To those who have been dragged into this opposition to our government and its army through ignorance, we sympathize with, knowing that they will receive no sympathy from the other side. Rats always desert a sinking ship, and we saw that too, truly illustrated when Judge McIntosh arrived here to deal out justice in this Court, the very gentlemen H. F. V.'s, &c., scarcely spoke to him, notwithstanding the many promises made him by these smooth tongued traitors. We all remember how speedily he left our shore, with none to follow this most deceived of all men. One thing proved by this conduct is the great fact that all traitors must be morally cowards, or at the least all who lack nerve and courage to defend that which they would destroy. Chivalry ingratitude must have been the feeling of this distinguished Judge when he made his final exit from this ocean washed island.

The 90th Regiment N. Y. S. Volunteers came near being sacrificed for the purpose of satisfying the craven appetites of vile men—not because their course was not justifiable before the eyes of God and men, but because a Mr. F. or B. in the army of their soldierly Colonel, as it has been in all ages of the world, the God of the just came to rescue, and truth and justice conquered. General Hunter the just,—General Hunter, the great, through divine inspiration, had but to order, and the loyal portion of this island has been saved from it, and Colonel Morgan and his fine regiment receives that which they demanded, retribution.

Little Country Journals.

Very often men are heard sneering at "little country papers," as being of no use or advantage to the localities in which they are published—as, in fact, of no more utility than "the fifth wheel of a coach." Such remarks, however, are uttered thoughtlessly and without reflection, besides being illiberal to the enterprise of publishers, whose business is too often less remunerative than any other in the community. The printing office and village journal—little though it may be—are as indispensable adjuncts to the growth, prosperity and fame of a country town, as almost any other branch of business that can be named. For an important district in these United States to be without its local newspaper, is to remain

in obscurity, property owners and business at large localities where newspapers are men, and derive benefit from the existence of a local press. It advertises the goods, and makes known the inducements which it offers to the settler, proclaiming also the industrial resources of the neighborhood, thus inviting and causing an increase of population, and consequently augmenting property—wealth and prosperity.

Napoleon's Speech and French Policy.

The recent speech of the Emperor Napoleon, cautiously worded and evidently prepared with extreme care, contains three remarkable passages. The Emperor touches upon all the questions which have agitated Europe during the past five years, but he is decided on three points, respectively relating to the affairs of Italy, Mexico and the United States. He pledges himself to sustain the Pope to whom he declares that he is bound by honor and past engagements; he declares he invaded Mexico, as he did China and Cochin China, in order to prove "that there are no countries so far off that an injury done by them to the honor of France can go unpunished"; he defers to a more convenient epoch the offer of mediation in the affairs of the United States, but does so because the great maritime powers "did not feel themselves in a position" to join him.

Here is the programme of the Emperor of France for the coming year. Regardless of the ferment which his support of the Papal interest excites in Italy, the Emperor still upholds the sinking cause of the Papacy, and an official document which has been laid before the Legislative body declares that "a policy of conciliation" is the French idea of a solution of the Roman question. Unmindful of the rights of nations, the Emperor persists in his effort to coerce Mexico into compliance with his demands, and if possible to transform that country into a French colony. Still hoping for the co-operation of England, he holds out a threat of ultimate intervention in our affairs, and gives us to understand that he is watching for the "more convenient epoch."

Quoting again from the semi-official review of the foreign policy of the nation, we find the following general reference to the United States:

"The Emperor has not refrained from acquainting the Cabinet of Washington that his government is still ready to mediate, provided the American government desires that France should facilitate the task of peace, either alone or collectively, in whatever form may be pointed out to her."

The qualification here expressed, which makes a proviso that the consent of this government shall first be obtained, is carefully omitted from the Emperor's speech. It is convenient to have two voices. The Emperor stands uncommitted, but he permits his official organ to throw out the general indication of a desire to avert the displeasure of our government. In view of the marked disparity between the two declarations it behooves our government to watch narrowly the course of events in France if it would avert a possible danger.

A GOOD DAY FOR OLD PAPER.

Shrewd and far-sighted are those speculators who have been quietly gathering in large stores of old books, pamphlets and newspapers for some months past, in anticipation of the sudden rise in the value of that food for the paper mills. The playcards of these men have been seen on the dead walls, the wooden fences and the curbstones of Duval, and all the other streets of the city. People little thought, as they parted with their bundles of old papers, or torn and dog-eared magazines, and received from the indefatigable advertisers two or three cent a pound, how cheaply they were selling those varieties of current literature. They may have flattered themselves that they were driving an exceedingly good bargain with the paper men. We now see why this rubbish was so anxiously sought for. The demand for rags to be worked over into textile fabrics in lieu of cotton, has diverted into a new channel a large portion of the material

collected for the manufacture of paper. The price of rags has consequently fallen back on the market, and now practical substitutes for cotton are old papers of all descriptions. The alternative material was always used to a limited extent in the manufacture of paper. The sudden and unimproved demand for it at this time has raised its price from the nominal rate of 5 cents per one hundred newspapers 7 1/4 cents a pound, which is little less than the price of good brown sugar a few months ago.

The voracious demand for old paper gobble up everything. Nothing goes amiss to the maw of the paper mill. Books, magazines, ledgers, account books, commercial and private correspondence, love letters (the practical buyers of this man, pays no premium for the privilege of reading them), old Fourth of July orations, old sermons (no offer to the clergy), all weigh alike in the impartial scales of the paper man. The writers of rejected dramas supposed to be numerous, here at last find themselves compensated in a measure for the painful waste of midnight oil and labor. The authors of unpublished novels, poems, histories, and other works of fiction meet, at last, with a publisher. Unlike the publisher, who does not humiliate himself by refusing them any more, but takes them at once without hesitation, weighs them, and gives 7 cents a pound for them. It is not fame, but it is a clear and handsome profit on the original cost of writing materials.

Human wisdom, goodness, patriotism, love, gas and learning, although at the unprecedented price of 7 cents a pound may involve some pangs. But let the pangs be assuaged by the thought that only by such sacrifices can the story of paper—which is the indispensable condition of our civilization—be kept "until the war is over."

Speech of Loyal Blacks.

With the negroes in the Department of the Gulf west are receiving the worst possible treatment at the hands of the government and its agents, they do not permit their loyalty to be shaken, but constantly render most important services to our commanders. An instance of this is reported by a correspondent of Boston paper, in an account of the operations in Berwick bay:

"The rebels have placed all sorts of obstructions in the bay and river, but our forces were not aware that they had resorted to their old practice of placing torpedoes in chains across the rivers, until the war fortunately informed by two intelligent negroes, who jumped from the cotton and swam ashore to warn our troops of their danger. The slaves pointed out the exact location of these dangerous internal machines, showing our ships the lines attached to these torpedoes. Our officers removed two of these desecratives, and in one of them was five pounds of powder. The contrabands said the rebels have planted many more of these torpedoes further up the river. One of the torpedoes discovered by our troops was enclosed in a square wooden box, and marked 'medical stores.' Had it been opened, as the inventors intended it should be, the loss of life must have been large."

The absurdity, to call it nothing worse, of the policy which repels the loyal blacks and refuses their services, is clearly apparent in view of facts like that her reported, and one would suppose that in New Orleans at least it would never again have a foothold. The latest accounts however leave no doubt that the military authorities are by their course, doing much to alienate the blacks, weakening to that very extent the federal resources in that now disorganized apartment.

The last European intervention rumor is set at rest by the latest information received here from abroad, which makes it clear that the disposition on the part of any and all European Governments to interfere in our affairs is much weaker now than at any previous period.

OUR GENERALS.

On the 22d instant, according to a report of the Secretary of War, which has just been laid before the Senate, there were fifty-two Major-Generals and two hundred and eight Brigadier-Generals in the service of the United States. The dismissal of Fitz-John Porter reduces the number of Major-Generals to fifty-one, leaving the total number of general officers in our army two hundred and fifty-nine. The first eight Major-Generals in the 1st rank in the following order: McClellan, Fremont, Halleck, Wool, Dix, Banks, Butler and Hunter. The last on the list is George G. Meade. The first name on the list of Brigadier-Generals is that of William S. Harney; O. B. Wilcox is the sixteenth, and Michael Corcoran the seventeenth; Abner Doubleday the seventy-fourth; Richard B. Bristow the one hundred and seventy-fourth; and the two hundred and eighth and last is James Bowen. A number of nominations are pending in the Senate.

Mr. Stanton reports that General Fremont has not been assigned to active command since August 12, 1862, nor McDowell since September 6, 1862, nor Harney since May 16, 1861, nor Anderson (of Fort Sumter) since October 8, 1861. General Turchin has not been assigned to a command since his appointment as Brigadier in July last. Cassius M. Clay was appointed Major-General in June, 1862, and was assigned to General Butler, but did not report.

Local News.

Loss of the Steamer Swan.

This Steamer left Key West, on the 24th ult. bound to New Orleans. She experienced fine weather until the 27th, when the wind rose to a perfect gale, and was obliged to run before it. She commenced leaking and all hands were put to the pump and bailing, the water steadily gaining. All hopes of saving the ship had now failed and the Captain gave orders to launch the life boats, of which there were two. The Captain and twelve men got into one and pushed off, and were barely 50 feet from the vessel when she went down. The night being dark, nothing was seen of the other boat, and it is supposed that it was either swamped or launched or got foul, and went down with the ship.

On the morning of the 30th the wind increased and a sea was shipped newly swamping the boat. They caught a turtle during the day, which was the first food they had tasted since leaving the ship, having brought neither food or water. For 1st. made land a little below Cape Romain, landed, dug a well, and succeeded in finding brackish water, which served to quench their thirst, which had been causing them much suffering, having had nothing to drink previously except salt water. The next day the first mate and a coal-heaver died of starvation and exhaustion. 3d inst. found a few raccoon oysters, with a blanket for a sail they succeeded in reaching Cape Sable, fatigued and nearly famished, being six days since the ship went down. A party set out and found the settlement of Mr. Davis, at Palm Cape at 1 o'clock in the morning, where their wants were kindly cared for. Mr. Davis lent them his sail boat, in which they succeeded in reaching Key West on last Sunday morning. The "Swan" was a prize recently sold, and bought here by William Curry. She was valued at thirty thousand dollars.

Union Literary Society.

The instructive and interesting Society resumed its meetings at the Regimental Church in this city on last Wednesday evening, and for the short notice given, quite a goodly number were present.

The evening's entertainment consisted of a debate on Which Deserves the Greatest Sympathy, the American Aborigine or the African Race, Sergt. Cryden- wis taking the affirmative, and Sergt. Abtorp the negative. A very animated discussion took place which would have done credit to the most able debaters. It seems, however, that the subject was uncalled for, the discussion of which only tended to embitter the feelings where friendship should be their aim. We earnestly hope that all such subjects, will, in future be excluded from these meetings.

The next meeting will be on Wednesday evening next. Lieut. Col. Tinelli will deliver an address before the Society, which is enough in itself, to secure a crowded house.

Prize Vessels.

The following is a list of Prizes now in our harbor:

Steamers Adila, Pearl, Virginia.—Schooners Alicia, By George, Agnes, Francis, Trier, Isabella, Courier, Dart, Thersia, Comit, Lilly, Adventure, Cav- mitz, Diana, Rising Dawn, Two Sisters, Hermosa, Kate, Maria, Mar- arct. Sloops W. B. Chester, Flying Fish, Good Luck, Brokenbough, Avenger, Julia, Ellen, Silas Henry, Brave, Boat Prize.

Recruiting.—The NEGROES IN HIGH GLEE.—Col. Montgomery of Kansas fame, arrived here with the 90th Regt., on the 3d inst. for the purpose of obtaining recruits for the 2d South Carolina Vols., nor has he been disappointed in his expectations. Nearly 200 recruits have been obtained up to the present time and "the cry is still they come."

REMARKABLE CASE OF LONGEVITY.—A colored woman died on the Key last Monday, at the advanced age of 120 years, up to a short time preceding her death she enjoyed the best of health, and could see to sew as well as any of the girls on the Key.

Records of the Provost Court.

The following named persons, appeared before the Court, and were tried and sentenced by Major Nelson Sherman, Provost Marshal, as follows:

James Dunn, \$10
Lewis Pine, \$10
Lary Carol, \$10
John Gallagher, \$100 for keeping and disposing of intoxicating liquor.
Wade & Gordon, \$150

ARRIVAL OF THE CREW OF THE GUN-BOAT HATTERAS AT THIS PORT.—The crew of the Gun-boat Hatteras, arrived at this port this morning, from Nassau. They were put ashore by the Alabama, on the Bahamas. In their engagement with the Alabama, they lost only two men. We have been unable to obtain a full account of the fight.

REGIMENTAL CHURCH.

Meetings will be held in this Church, next Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M.

THE WAR.

By dates to the 7th, it appears that the Charleston affair, was nothing more than a big scare, and that the port was thoroughly blockaded. The iron clad fleet are lying outside the harbor, and the Charlestonians are momentarily expecting an attack.

On the 3d inst. the rebels attacked Fort Donelson, with a force of 5000 cavalry. The fight lasted from 1 till 8 in the evening, when they retired with a loss of about 700 killed and wounded, our loss was two killed and 41 wounded. All quiet in the army of the Potomac.

List of U. S. Vessels in our Harbor.

U. S. steamer Santiago
B. Ridgely, Commander
U. S. Steamer R. R. Cuyler,
Egmonts, Commander
U. S. Steamer Rhode Island
Truchard, Commander
U. S. Ship "Guard," Wm
Act'g Master, Commanding
U. S. Survey steamer
Edward Cordell, Commander
U. S. Frigate, St. Louis, —
Schenck, Commander, flag ship of Act'g Rear Admiral, T. Bailey, commanding East Gulf Blockading Squadron.
U. S. Steamer Magnolia, Chas. Potter, Act'g Master, Commanding
U. S. Steamer Sagamore, Earl English, Lieut. Commanding
U. S. Guard Steamer, Eugene, Wm. McClintock, Act'g Master, Commanding
U. S. Schooner Bearsguard, J. F. Mendall, Act'g Ensign, Commanding
U. S. Ordnance Ship "Dale," J. O. Barclay, Act'g Master, Commanding.
The following is a list of her officers:—J. O. Barclay, Act'g Master Commanding; R. Frank Cook, Ex. Officer; Jas. A. Denman, Ensign; John F. Mendall, Ensign; R. B. Rodney, Asst. Paymaster; F. B. Lawson, Surgeon; William Mowbray; Acting Masters Mate, Marcellus Jackson and William Morris; Paymaster's Clerk, James W. Locke.
U. S. Steamer Monongahela, J. P. McKinstry, Captain.