

[Continued from the 1st page.]

not slow to become informed. So they at once began to fall back, and the further up the river they were on the north side of the river, with the bridge that crosses over into Kingston partially burned.

The march talked of from Newse was also partially effected. Our forces followed them up vigorously, and will doubtless prepare to cross over the river at once by means of a pontoon bridge, or by relaying new timbers over the old bridge, for the cars to pass over. I apprehend that there will be no difficulty now in driving the rebels back from any point where they may see fit to make a stand.

The railroad has to be completed, however, as the army moves along, inasmuch as that is necessary for purposes of transportation. It is now laid up to within about four or five miles of Kingston, and as soon as it can be completed to the river depend upon it our forces will cross over.

All through the fighting of Friday both Gen. Schofield and Gen. Sherman were frequently present where danger was greatest, and displayed a coolness, courage and gallantry which have won the love and admiration of the army.—Gen. Cox had two orderlies shot near him in the course of the day, and was himself often exposed as much as they.

Amid all, however, he was never otherwise than calm, earnest and brave. The movements of the army were directed by him, although Gen. Schofield was commander in chief, and his ranking officer and the commander of the Department of North Carolina, was advised with and his suggestions heeded.

There was some artillery firing yesterday afternoon, the result or nature of which I have not learned.

Gen. Sherman has been heard from at Fayetteville, N. C., and was all right. That is about one hundred miles from Wilmington, up the Cape Fear river, and about the same distance southeast from Goldsboro.

Saturday morning some gentlemen arrived here from Connecticut, commissioned to take the vote of the soldiers from that state, at this point, for their state and congressional election next month. They arrived just too late for the Connecticut regiment which was captured on the 8th. There were not far from one thousand of them captured, the loss of which makes quite an item.

The wounded from the recent battles are being carefully attended to by our surgeons, and the extra wants of the soldiers are being supplied by the Secretary of War under the efficient superintendence of Dr. Page. His corps of assistants have been constantly at the front, and he himself is there much of the time. He has made out a full list of the killed and wounded, which he is to send to New York for publication.

There has been no fighting to-day so far as known at headquarters.

THE WAR IN ST. DOMINGO.

Two Presidents of the Council Deposed at Santiago, and One of them shot—An English Politician at the Head of Affairs—Trial of the Ex-Ministers, &c.

[From the Turk's Islands Standard, Feb. 17.] Want of space obliges us to omit the greater portion of our private correspondence from that quarter. The following extracts give a good impression of the new order of things which have been recently established.

SANTIAGO, Feb. 1, 1865. Since I last had this pleasure, the anticipated change in the administration has taken place. General Jose Salcedo, the first President of the Council, was elected in the urgency of the moment during the final and conclusion of hostilities, the day following the retreat of the Spaniards from this city. He was not a man fitted for the position, was irregular in his habits, and became unpopular. In October last, the Ministry induced him to resign, when General Gaspar Polanco succeeded to the Presidency.

Polanco was even more unfit than Salcedo, but was accepted by the Ministers as more adapted to meet their views of keeping in power, and under the same influence Salcedo was suspected and accused of truckling to the Spanish Captain General, in consequence of which he was shot. This execution proved universal dissatisfaction, and caused the downfall of the cabinet. Pimental, Morcison and Garcia resolved to investigate the causes and grounds for the execution of Salcedo; this compelled the Ministry to resign in a body, and a few days after Polanco also.

The administration being vacant, a new cabinet was formed, of which Gen. Benigno de Rojas was elected President. His government is a mere provisional arrangement until the constituent assembly meets on the 27th of February for the purpose of amending the constitution and electing a permanent government, which I have no doubt will be presided over by Mr. Rojas.

In the meantime, Gen. Polanco and the late cabinet have been led away to the military authorities and are in prison.

Mr. Rojas, now at the head of the administration, is the first Spaniard in that position we have had since the English services under the late Captain General. In fact, he was his private Secretary, and is as much an Englishman as he is a Dominican.

No interruption whatever has occurred in public tranquility, and the new order of things has been generally accepted and approved throughout.

THE LATEST. A decree was published yesterday (January 31) keeping the ports open to the importation of foreign products until the 1st of April, and which reduced the export duty on tobacco from 25 to 50 cents per one hundred.

The President are upon the order and public credit are not.

Correspondence Between General Sherman and General Hampton.

MISSISSIPPI MILITARY DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, Feb. 17, 1865. Lieut. General Wade Hampton, Commanding Cavalry Forces, C. S. A.—General:—It is officially reported to me that our foraging parties are murdered after capture, and labeled "Death to all Foragers." One instance of a Lieutenant and seven men near Chesterville, and another of twenty "near a ravine, eighty rods from the main road," about three miles from Feastville. I have ordered a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in like manner.

I hold about one thousand prisoners captured in various ways, and can stand it as long as you, but I hardly think these murders are committed with your knowledge, and would suggest that you give notice to the people at large that every life taken by them simply results in the death of one of your Confederates.

Of course you cannot question my right to forage on the country. It is a war right as old as history. The manner of exercising it varies with circumstances, and if the civil authorities will supply my requisition, I will forbid all foraging. But I find no civil authorities who can respond to calls for forage or provisions, and therefore must collect directly of the people. I have no doubt this is the occasion of much misbehavior on the part of our men, but I cannot permit an enemy to judge or punish with wholesale murder.

Personally, I regret the bitter feelings engendered by this war; but they were to be expected, and I simply allege that those who struck the first blow and made war inevitable, ought not in fairness to reproach us for the natural consequences. I merely assert our war right to forage, and my resolve to protect my foragers to the extent of my life. I am, with respect, your obedient servant.

(Signed,) W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General United States Army.

H'D'QRS, IN THE FIELD, February 27, 1865. Major General W. T. Sherman, United States Army.—General:—Your communication of the 24th inst. reached me to-day. In it you state that it has been officially reported that your foraging parties were "murdered" after capture, and you go on to state that you had in your hands a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in the same manner. That is to say, that you have ordered a similar number of Confederate soldiers to be "murdered."

You characterize your order in proper terms, for the public voice even in your own country, where it seldom dares to express itself in vindication of truth, honor or justice, will surely agree with you in pronouncing you guilty of murder, if your order is carried out.

Before dismissing this portion of your letter, I beg to assure you that for every soldier of mine murdered by you, I shall have executed at once two of yours, giving, in all cases, preference to any officers who may be in my hands.

In reference to the statement you make regarding the death of your foragers, I have only to say that I know nothing of it, that no orders given by me authorize the killing of prisoners after capture, and that I do not believe that my men killed any of yours, except under circumstances in which it was perfectly legitimate and proper they should kill them.

It is a part of the system of thieves whom you designate as foragers, to fire the dwellings of those citizens whom they have robbed. To check this inhuman system, which is justly excluded by every civilized nation, I have directed my men to knock down all of your men who are caught burning houses. This order shall remain in force as long as you disgrace the profession of arms, by allowing your men to destroy private dwellings.

You say that I cannot, of course, question your right to forage on the country. "It is a right as old as history." I do not, sir, question this right. But there is a right older even than this, and one more inalienable, the right that every man has to defend his home, and to protect those who are dependent upon him.

And from my heart I wish that every old man and boy in my country, who can fire a gun, would shoot down, as he would a wild beast, the men who are desolating their land, burning their houses and insulting their women.

You are particular in defining and claiming "war rights." May I ask if you enumerate among them the right to fire upon a defenceless city without notice; to burn that city to the ground after it had been surrendered by the authorities, who claimed to be in your hands; to protect which is always accorded in civilized warfare to non-combatants in the dwelling houses of citizens after robbing them, and to perpetrate even darker crimes than these?

You have permitted, if you have not protected the commission of these offenses against humanity, and the rules of war. You fired into the city of Columbia without a word of warning. After its surrender by the Mayor, you demanded protection for private property, you laid the whole city into ashes, leaving amid its ruins thousands of old men and helpless women and children, who are likely to perish of starvation and exposure. Your line of march carried with it a trail of burning houses, and in more than one house, a hold there is an agony far more bitter than that of death.

The Indian scalped his victims, regardless of age, but, with all his barbaric male captives, you respected the persons of his people. Your soldiers, more savage than the Indian, insult those whose natural protectors are absent.

In conclusion, I have only to request that whenever you have any of our men "disposed of," or "murdered" for the terms appear to be synonymous with you, you will let me know of it, in order that I may know what actions to take in the matter. In the meantime I shall hold fifty-six of your men as hostages for those whom you have ordered to be executed.

I am yours, &c. WADE HAMPTON, Lieut. General.

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.

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Promotion of Colonel Mulford to Brigadier General.

Among the confirmations of appointments by the United States Senate, published in the HERALD on the 11th instant, we find that of Colonel John E. Mulford, the highly efficient Assistant Commissioner of Exchange.

The promotion of this meritorious officer is as well bestowed as it is deserved. No officer in the army has labored so hard for the interest of the government and the welfare of our prisoners in rebel hands as Colonel Mulford, and while he has not obtained his promotion for daring deeds on the battle field, he has worked with brain and hand, and under the sacred folds of the flag of our Union, achieved more victories than shot and shell could accomplish.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES HOW SHE WENT ON, AND WENT OVER.

AN! It's pleasant to drop into my own easy-chair my dear though a little palpitating what with trotting up-stairs and what with trotting down, and why kitchen-stairs should all be corner stairs is for the builders to justify, though I do not think they fully understand their trade and never did, else why the sameness and why not more conveniences and fewer draughts and likewise making a practice of laying the plaster on too thick I am well convinced which holds the damp, and as to chimney-pots putting them on by guess-work like hats at a party and no more knowing what their effect will be upon the smoke-blows than I know of much, except that it will mostly be either to send it down your throat in a straight form or give it a twist before it goes there. And what I say speaking as I find of those new metal chimneys all manner of shapes (there's a row of 'em at Miss Wozzenham's lodging-house tower down on the other side of the way) is that they only work your smoke into artificial patters for you before you swallow it and that I'd quite as soon swallow mine plain, the flavour being the same, as to mention the credit of putting up signs on the top of your house to show the forms in which you take your smoke into your inside.

Being here before your eyes my dear in my own Lodging House Number Eighty-one Norfolk street Strand London situated midway between the City and St. James—if anything is where it used to be with these hotels calling themselves Limited but called Unlimited by Major Jackman rising up everywhere and rising up into flagstaves where they can't go any higher, but my mind of those monsters is give me I landlord's or landlady's wholesome face when a come off a journey and not a brass plate with an electrified number chocking out of it which it's not in nature can be glad to see me and to which I don't want to be hoisted like molasses at the Docks and left there telegraphing for help with the most ingenious instruments but quite in vain—being here my dear I have no call to mention that I am still in the lodgings as a business hoping to die in the same and if agreeable to the clergy partly read over at Saint Clement's Dances and concluded in Hatfield churchyard when lying once again by my poor Lirriper ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

Neither should I tell you any news my dear in telling you that the Major is still a fixture in the Parlours quite as much so as the roof of the house, and that Jemmy is of boys the best and brightest and has ever had kept from him the cruel story of his poor pretty young mother Mrs. Dodson being deserted in the second hour and dying in my arms, fully believing that I am his born Gran and him an orphan, though what with engineering since he took a taste for it and him and the Major making Locomotives out of parcels, broken iron pots and cotton-reels and them absolutely getting off the line and falling over the tails and injuring the passengers almost equal to the originals it really is quite wonderful. And when I says to the Major, Major can't you by any means give us a communication with the world? The Major says quite bluff, "No, ma'am, it's not to be done, and" when I says, "Why not?" the Major says, "That is between us who are in the Railway Interest and our friend the Right Honourable Vice-President of the Board of Trade and if you'll believe me my dear the Major wrote to the Board to consent it, and on the answer they said it could not be done, even that amount of unsatisfactory but it is the man's reason being that when we first began with the little model and the working signals beautiful and perfect (being in general as wrong as the railway itself, when I says, "What appointment could you do in the undertaking?" the Major says, "I don't know, ma'am, but round the neck and tells me that it would be the Public Gran and consequently that I am just as much as ever they like to see it growing in my easy-chair."

My dear whether it is that I am a man as clever as the Major cannot give half his brains and mind to anything over a playing—but must get into right down earnest with it, whether it is so or whether it is not, so I do not undertake to say, but Jemmy is an outcast from the serious and believing that the Major in the management of the United Grand Junction Lirriper and Jackman's great Norfolk Parlo Line, "For, says my Jemmy with the sparkling eyes when it was christened, "wants to have a whole mouthful of name Grand or our dear old Publick" and there the young rogue kissed me, "won't stump up?" So the Public took the shares—ten at ninepence, and immediately when that was spent I've preferred to take my own shares—and they were all signed by me and countersigned by the Major, and myself much better worth the money or shares I have paid for in my time.

And then the line was made and had its engines and its boilers and all sorts of things, and all most regular correct, and the sense of responsibility enter

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station-master my dear starting the down train being in time putting rings end of these little bells that you buy with the little coal-scuttles of the tray round the man's neck in the street did him honour, but noticing the Major of a night when he is writing out his monthly report, to Jemmy at school of the state of the Rolling Stock and the Permanent Way and all the rest of it (the whole kept upon the Major's sideboard and dusted with his own hands every morning before varnishing his boots) I notice him as usual of thought and care as full as can be, and Major does nothing by halves as I used to see the great delight in going out surveying with him when he has Jemmy to go, and Jemmy's chair and a measuring tape, and designing I don't know what improvements, and right through Westminster Abbey and all right through the streets to be knocking every thing upside down by act of Parliament. At please Heaven will come to pass when Jemmy takes to that as a profession!

Mentioning my poor Lirriper brings into my head his own youngest brother, the Doctor though Doctor of what I am sure it would be hard to say unless Liqueur, for neither Physician nor Music nor yet Law does Joshua Lirriper know a morsel of except continually being summoned to the County Court and having orders made upon him which he runs away from, and once was taken in the passage of his very house with an umbrella up and the Major's hat on, giving his name with the door that round him as Sir Joshua Jones, O. B. in spectacles residing at the Horse Guards. On which occasion he had got into the house not a minute before, through the girl, and him on twisted more like one of the pieces of papering candles than a candle, and spills for lighting between thirty shillings, and his choice on the premises, and in hand and his brains in for an answer, and I don't know what dreadful turn. My dear it gave me such a dear Lirriper's own flesh and blood flying about the new oilcloth however unworthy to be selected that I went out of my room here to ask him what he would take once for all, not to do it for life when I found him in the custody of two gentlemen that I should have judged to be in the feather-bed trade if they had not announced the law so fluently in their personal appearance. "Bring your chains, sir," said Joshua to the littlest of the two in the biggest hat, "rivet on my fetters!" Imagine my feelings when I pictured him clanking up Norfolk street in iron and Miss Wozzenham looking out of window "Gentlemen! I say all of a tremble and ready to drop please to bring him into Major Jackman's apartment. So they brought him into the Parlours, and when the Major spies his own curly-bearded haven him which Joshua Lirriper had whipped off its peg in the passage for a military disguise he goes into such a tearing passion that he tips it off his head and kicks it up to the ceiling with his foot where it grazed long afterwards. "Major!" says he cool and advise me what to do with Joshua my dead and gone Lirriper's own youngest brother. "Madam," says the Major "my advice is that you board and lodge him in a Powder Mill, with a handsome gratuity to the proprietor when exploded. "Major!" says "as a Christian you cannot mean your words." "Madam" says the Major "by the Lord I do!" and indeed the Major besides being with all his merits a very passionate man for his size had a bad opinion of Joshua on account of some former troubles ever unattended by liberties taken with his apparel. When Joshua Lirriper hears this conversation between us he turns upon the littlest one with the biggest hat and says "Come sir! Remove me to my wife's dwelling. Where is my widdy straw?" My dear at the picture of him rising in my mind crossed almost in padlocks like Baron Trenk in Jemmy's book I was so overcome that I burst into tears and I says to the Major, "Major take my keys and settle with these gentlemen, and I'll never know a happy minute more, which was done several times before and since, but still I must remember that Joshua Lirriper has his good feelings and shows them in being always so troubled in his mind when he cannot wear mourning for his brother."

Many a long year have I left off my widdy's mourning not being wishful to see the Major's tender point in Joshua that I cannot help yielding to is when he writes "One single covering would enable me to wear a decent suit of mourning for my much loved brother. I vowed at the time of his lamented death that I would ever wear mourning in memory of him, and alas how short-sighted is man, how long that vow when penniless!" It says a good deal for the strength of his mind that the Major had been seven years off when he was last seen, and to have kept it over so long is hardly creditable. But we know there's good in all of us, and I don't know where it was in Joshua to work upon the devotion of his widdy when first she was brought into the world into Lincolnshire for his pocket-money, he returns of post and got it, still he is my poor Lirriper's own youngest brother and might have meant not paying his bill at the Salisbury Arms when he was in the habit of staying a fortnight at Hatfield churchyard and I might have meant to keep sober for his company. Consequently if the Major had played on him with the garden engine which he got privately into his room without my knowledge of it, think that much as I should have regretted it there would have been words between the Major and me. Therefore my dear though he played on Mr. Bumble by mistake being hot in his head and that might have been misrepresented down at Wozzenham's, it is not being ready for Mr. Bumble in other respects, and the Assessed Taxer, still I do not so much regret it as perhaps I ought. And whether Joshua Lirriper will yet do well in life I cannot say, but I did hear of his coming out of Private Theatre in the character of a Bandmaster without receiving any other afterwards from the regular management.

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