

# The Christian Visitor.

THE OFFICE OF THE  
**CHRISTIAN VISITOR,**  
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
REV. I. E. BILL,  
Editor and Proprietor.  
Address all Communications and Business  
Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.  
**The Christian Visitor**  
Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family  
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,  
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

**THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,**  
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**BARNES & CO.,**  
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SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
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**THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,**  
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, i. 13.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1865.

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{ Vol. XVIII., No. 15.

**CITY OF GLASGOW**  
**LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW.**  
Incorporated by Act of Parliament.  
Governor: The Right Honorable the Earl of Glasgow.  
Subscribed Capital..... £600,000  
Accumulated Fund..... 400,000  
Annual Income..... 2,700,000  
WALTER BUCHANAN, of Shandon, Esq., M. P., Chairman.  
W. F. BIRKENHEAD, Esq., Manager and Actuary.  
15, MARK LANE, LONDON, E. C.  
Half Premium System, without debt or interest.  
Endowment Assurances.  
Partnership Assurances.  
Short Term Assurances.  
The City of Glasgow Life Assurance Company was established in 1825, by special Act of Parliament. It has now been conducted with much success for 25 years, which is attributable not only to the perfect security which it affords for the due fulfillment of every contract, but likewise to the Company's extensive and liberal connections and to the liberality of its dealings.  
The Premiums are equitably graduated. The Profits are distributed with a due regard to the claims of all classes of Policyholders.  
The last declaration of Bonus was made 20th January, 1864, which is the close of the Company's financial year, when a Bonus in the rate of one and a half per cent. on the surplus being annually divided, the profits will in future be ascertained and allocated quarterly.  
The Company participate for the first time in the increase of some of the existing and of many of the recently defunct life insurance companies of this Kingdom.  
The Premiums for the year 1864 are..... £120,000  
While the Premiums for the year 1855 are..... 196,148  
Showing an actual increase of..... 66,058  
or upwards of 30 per cent. in three years.  
The recent returns of the late 25th March 1864, for the year 1855, again show the "Royal" as more than maintaining the ratio of its increase as stated in former years. Only one among the London insurance offices exhibits an advance to the extent of one per cent. in the increase of the Company, while all the others respectively fall far short of the ratio of its advance.

**THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92**  
Lombard Street, London, and Royal Insurance buildings, Liverpool.  
Chairman of the London Board.—SAMUEL BAKER, Esq.  
Chairman in Liverpool.—WALTER BUCHANAN, Esq.  
The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest Offices in the Kingdom.  
At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following highly satisfactory returns were made:  
**FIRE DEPARTMENT.**  
The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business is exhibited in the one following fact:—That the increase of the last three years exceeds the entire business of some of the existing and of many of the recently defunct life insurance companies of this Kingdom.  
The Premiums for the year 1864 are..... £120,000  
While the Premiums for the year 1855 are..... 196,148  
Showing an actual increase of..... 66,058  
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**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**  
The amount of new Life Premiums received this year is by far the largest received in any similar period since the commencement of the business, and must far exceed the average of amount received by the most successful offices in the Kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 829, the sum assured £287,792 10s. 6d., and the premium £12,854 8s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension of the business, and a corresponding increase of the last four years is mainly consequent upon the large bonus declared in 1855, which amounted to no less than 22 per cent. per annum on the sum assured, and averaged 50 per cent. upon the premiums paid.  
PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.  
JOHN M. JOHNSON, Secretary of the London Board.  
Advances are made upon the security of real estate, and without reference to the need of collateral.  
JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick  
Princess Street.

**CARRIAGE SPRINGS,**  
MADE TO ORDER!!!

**C. G. BERRYMAN**  
takes this method of informing his customers throughout the Province that he is now prepared to furnish them with

**Elliptic & Side Springs,**  
OF ANY SIZE OR STYLE,  
Wholesale and Retail, at Short Notice!!!

These Springs are made under his own superintendence by superior workmen, stamped with his own name, and made of best quality English Spring Steel, so that purchasers may rely upon getting a good article.

In addition to the above, he has on hand about  
**100 SETS SUPERIOR ENGLISH SPRINGS,**  
which will be sold at a low figure for Cash.

He would also call the attention of Carriage Makers to his Stock of  
**Carriage Builders' Hardware,**  
which is the best in the City, comprising—

Long and Short, BED AXLES, 1 1/2 to 2 inch;  
Carriage BANDS, in Iron, Brass, and Silver, with open, closed, and screw Joints;  
American pattern SICKLE WHEELS, 4 1/2 to 5 inch;  
Sleigh-Shoes and Fire BOLLERS, all lengths;  
Wagon Pipes and Cart Boxes; Round and Steep-head BOLLERS; Hickory and Oak SPOOKS, 1 1/2 to 2 inch;  
Elastic HUBS, Bent HUBS, 1 1/2 to 2 inch; Bent SHAFTS;  
Steel Springs; Brass and Silver Shaft Tips; Dash Chains; Enamelled Muzzle, Buck, and Drill; Patent Mole-skin; Oil Top-Leather, Patent Dasher Leather, &c., &c.

**A Complete Assortment of Small Trimmings,**  
Such as—Tuffing Buttons and Nails; Lining Nails; Pasting and Seaming Lace; Silver and Japaned Knives, Whip Sockets, Apron Hooks and Rings, Follower Holders, Coach Door Handles and Hooks, &c.

**A Complete Assortment of Malleable Castings,**  
ALSO,  
**OIL CLOTH, GRASS MATS, TIRE BENDERS,**  
Coach-makers' VICES, assorted sizes;  
TOOLS, OF BEST STAMPS.

These Goods have been laid in to advantage, and can be sold at unusually low prices.  
**BARLOW'S CORNER, No. 5 KING STREET**  
**C. C. BERRYMAN,**  
St. John, Oct. 29, 1864.

**THE PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON**  
ESTABLISHED IN 1782.  
CAPITAL..... £25,000,000  
Insurance effected at the lowest rates.  
J. W. WELDON,  
Agent for New Brunswick.  
Office—70, Prince William Street.

**GEORGE THOMAS,**  
Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,  
Water Street, St. John, N. B.  
Central Fire Insurance Company Agent at St. John.  
GEORGE THOMAS.

**COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.**  
Charlotte Street, a few doors South St. John Hotel  
**SAMUEL D. MILLER, Principal.**  
THIS Establishment has been removed to Charlotte Street, a few doors South of the St. John Hotel. The School at present consists of Male and Female Departments, and comprises Classes in almost every department of a thorough Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial Education.  
The Furniture and Apparatus are all of the most improved modern style; the School Rooms and premises are inferior to none in the City; the system is Commercial and Exploratory. Call and see. Aug. 4.

**MRS. HUNT'S**  
School for Young Ladies.  
The Centre of Education in this Seminary comprises all the branches necessary for a thorough and sound practical Education. In the several departments the most competent Teachers are employed.  
Board and instruction in English and French, \$300 per annum.  
Daily Papers, under ten years, \$5 per term.  
Extra Branches—Drawing, Fencing, and Italian, usual prices.  
Pupils in all ages, in advance, \$100 per year.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]  
**BOSTON BY-WAYS TO HELL.**  
A VISIT TO THE DEN OF NORTH STREET.  
By editorial request, the writer of the following paper, accompanied by one of the editorial staff of the Watchman, and escorted by an intelligent and gentlemanly officer of the first police station, visited, a week or two since, some of the haunts of vice in Boston. Our readers are by no means aware of the extent of social wickedness in this city, which is supposed to be one of the most moral in the world. The wish to give the religious public some conception of its most hideous features and workings, and thereby quicken the Christian and philanthropist to speak and act earnestly in the work of reformation, was the occasion of the preparation of the article that follows, and of one or two others soon to be published. The descriptions are accurately drawn, and may be received as faithful delineations of the midnight revelries of vice in some portions of our city.

The night was dark and the snow fell fast, as we approached the narrow door of the first dance-house. Unseen sounds of human voices came from within, mixed with the squealing of fiddles and the disorderly shuffle of many feet; but the officer pushed his way up the crooked staircase, and we followed him through a passage barely wide enough for a single person, into a long, low-ceiled hall, occupied by negroes, mulattoes and low whites. The dance was over when we entered, and the revellers were just coming from the bar, male and female, with cigars in their mouths; but the music from a fiddle, a bass-viol and an old piano went on the same as ever at the further end of the hall, and a stumpy negro, with his hat on the back of his head, paraded up and down the floor, shouting, impatiently, for another set.

"All han's roun' for another stan-to! Git up an' choose your partners, gen'lemen! Be lively, there now; Fiddler won't play for nothin'! All han's up!"  
Then in a lower tone, half-confidentially, "Got any money, Sam? Got any money, Johnson?" and Pete, and Bill, and Quon, and Caffee, and Joe were interrogated in turn to the same purpose, till, having ascertained as clearly as could reasonably be expected, the condition of these worthy "gen'lemen's" finances, this enterprising master of ceremonies paused in his peripatetic labours directly in front of a group of smoking, swearing negroes, and striking an attitude meant to be very impressive, drawled out to them, with a grin:  
"Ladies, will you have a da-nee?"

Matters seemed to progress slowly, and we asked the policeman if our presence threw any restraint upon the flow of the festivities.  
"Not at all," he replied. "Don't you see they take no notice of us? When the money begins to run low they are shy of dancing, for they are obliged to 'treat' after every set."  
At last the fiddlers lost their patience, and took the floor, apparently disgusted with the ill-success of their stumpy friend, to do what they could themselves towards stirring up the revelry again. Their arguments proved more efficient than their music, and a number, mostly females, were soon upon their feet. The greater part of the "gen'lemen" betrayed incorrigible laziness. Again the fiddlers struck up; the old piano clanged and tinkled, and the four men and two women who were on the floor began to hop and whirl. The profits of the hall were secure for another ten minutes.

We watched the dancers at their sport. Never was seen a more ill-assorted company. Their clothes were evidently a promiscuous collection from all the sloop shops; dirty, loose, forlorn in fashion and fabric, and heterogeneous beyond all classification or description. One of the men danced in an old checked shirt, another in a red jacket and a dirty white shirt, with a straw hat on his head. For head-dresses, the negroes and mulatto women wore, some of them, turbans, some of them last year's bonnets, and one tall, square-faced quadroon girl sported a wide-awake that made her look like a monster; but the greater part of them wore clouds that had once been white, but had grown, by frequent soil and smoothened coverings their faces glistened with excitement and sweat. The rest of their ball-room make-up was quite as ridiculous as the head-gear. Gowns of every color, and gowns of no color; gowns of ancient gingham, gowns of faded calico and gowns of stained and draggled silk; if two or three wore long water-proofs, as white to cover up absolute rags. Brass and bone rings and bracelets abounded. Ears, fingers, arms and hair were loaded with tawdry finery.

In general the toilet-taste of the whites who were present was in perfect keeping with their company. The morals of the place must needs have been foul and slatternly. The glass jewelry and base-metal trinkets became them. One white girl had evidently done her utmost to maintain pretensions to elegance. She was one of the fallen who belonged to another school, but who chose to vary the round of her pleasures by cultivating acquaintances with all colors and nationalities in the circle of the abandoned society of North End. She was dressed, as if sensible of her character and affinities, in plain, unrelieved black from hat to shoes. Our friend, the policeman, did not know her history, but she had been in the haunt long enough to be marked, and as she danced there with reckless spirit among the negroes, the joyless smile that glared on her brazen features, and the long cigar that he held in her almost toothless mouth, gave her the appearance of a skeleton. Bare death is a more presentable picture than death and damnation together. Many of the dancers smoked through the set, and the fumes that went up, and the ashes that sprinkled about as they shook and swayed to and fro, would have made the scene, even without the oaths and horse-laugher of the grotesque group, sufficiently denoué and disgusting.

We turned from the dancers and took a comprehensive view of the surroundings.  
"This was Father Mason's chapel once," said our guide. "He used to preach here."  
What a desolation has his chapel suffered! As water seeks its level, rushing in wherever the dykes are gone, sin fills all places as soon as the forces of active goodness cease to occupy. No sooner does the angel of peace and good will to men lift his foot to pass on, than Satan thrusts his cloven hoof into their track.  
The old hall had also been a political resort in other days, and the emblems of patriotism had never been removed from the walls, but being ragged, and fly-specked, and smoke-stained along the whole length of the room; pictures of the presidents, the Boston massacre and the battle of Bunker Hill, with representations of the State coat of arms, and the stars and stripes, frowning down upon the revelry as if indignant at being pilloried in a place of shame.

At the farther extremity, over the heads of the musicians, appeared the motto, of most dubious application in the premises: "Be just and fear not!" We suggested to the officer that it might be an exhortation to him in the discharge of his duties there. He smiled a grim smile and said nothing.  
At this point a shout from the head fiddler, "Treat your partners!" stopped the music and broke up the dance. The motley company swarmed towards the bar, drank, laughed, perpetrated obscene jokes, swore, lit new cigars and distributed themselves through the hall in groups and couples, conversing together or shouting across to distant parties, in all the keys of profane nonsense and half-drunken mirth.  
One fellow, better dressed than the rest, followed about a shabby, frightened-looking negro, swearing at him, and demanding, with terrific threats, the immediate payment of a debt of five dollars.  
"That fellow is a bounty-jumper," said the policeman. "Made fourteen hundred dollars in one day by his lucky operations. Money makes him covetous."  
One white woman, with a jammed bonnet and a huge striped zephyr-shawl, whose face looked as if it had been held to the fire until it blistered, made herself prominent with her saucy airs and the coarse liberties she gave herself among the negro men.  
"That is the widow —," said our friend, giving her name. "She buried her husband last fall. Didn't put on mourning for him."  
Husband! Wife! How disorderly the words sounded there! Like the mockery of a blasphemous farce. They brought visions of the home-circle before us. We had left all thoughts of such sacred relationships far behind us when going with the officer his infernal rounds. We should as soon have connected the image of family and home with a den-fall of tigers.  
An enormous ox-limbed mulatto crossed the floor to take sides in a threatened scuffle. We inquired who he was.  
"That is Bill Gorman," replied the policeman, (we give no real names) just served out his term for house-breaking, and has come here to have a good time."  
Other remarkables in the assembly were pointed out to us as the figures shifted in the scene. "That black fellow in a soldier-cap with rings in his ears; the one on the right of him, talking to the fiddler; the Indian-looking rasal yonder, with the speckled white vest—they are all jail-birds. The flat-faced youngster in a Kossuth hat, with his thumbs in his arm-holes, I have arrested six times. That sneaking-looking white man talking with the wench in the old catskin cape, has been in the penitentiary a year. That girl with the dirty red dress has been three times to the station-house for 'shake-down' theft. The quadroon woman laughing so immoderately yonder by the bar has been up at least a dozen times for night-walking."  
We had seen enough of this company, and passed out of the hall, while the voices of the keeper and his minions sounded above the mingling noises, calling for another dance.

Following our guide through the narrow entry, down the crooked, rickety stairs, we emerged into the street. It was dark, and the snow fell faster than ever, while the wind moaned low through the dismal alleys near by, and hissed around the looming gables in chilly, sinister gusts; but in spite of the storm, suspicious-looking men moved lankingly hither and thither, the snow thickening on their hats and shoulders, and reckless women and girls fitted shawls and bonnets along the pavement, passing and re-passing between the different haunts of sin. Glancing up and down we could see at any moment half a score or more of these denizens of the region of ruin, coming from the door-ways and crossing the street to vary their entertainment at another house of vice, and our ears were greeted at every step with the echo of noisy instruments, and sounds of hollow laughter. Lying mottoes of temptation stared from either side upon the passer-by, offering him "Happy Retirement," "Sweet Home," and "Sailor's Rest," and welcoming him to the "Midnight Gaiceties," the "Festive Gardens," and "Apollo Hall," while burning in front of these traps of Satan hung gaudy transparencies, that thrust themselves out into the darkness like the faces of fiends in the valley of the shadow of death. We entered one of the saloons where a company of white men and women were dancing to the music of a fiddle and a horn. In a future number some description of the orgies carried on in this place and by some of the characters who haunt it may be expected.

**PARTICULARS OF THE FINAL CONTEST AT RICHMOND.**  
Knowing that our readers are anxious to have details of the late terrific fight, which has resulted in the complete overthrow of Confederate rule in Richmond and Petersburg, and the consequent re-establishment of Federal supremacy in the long besieged cities, we have resolved to devote a considerable portion of our first page to intelligence from late Boston papers received by "Tamer's Express" on Friday evening. We begin with the Correspondence furnished by an eye witness of the terrible struggle:—

**A BATTLE SCENE AT FIVE FORKS.**—A correspondent of the New York World, in narrating Sheridan's splendid achievements at Five Forks, which resulted in the capture of six thousand prisoners and the final victory, relates the following:—  
A REBEL REGIMENT ANNIHILATED.  
A Colonel with a shattered regiment came down upon us in a charge. The bayonets were fixed; the men came on with a yell; their gray uniforms seemed black amid the smoke, their preserved colors, torn by grape and ball, waved defiantly; they halted and poured in volleys, but came on again like the surge from the fog, undeterred; but determined; yet, in the hot face of the carbineers they read a purpose as resolute, but more calm, and while they pressed along swept all the while by scathing volleys, a group of horsemen took them in flank.  
It was an awful instant; the horses recoiled; the charging column trembled like a single thing, but at once the rebels, with rare organization, fell into a hollow square, and with solid sheets of steel defied our cannois. The horsemen rode around them in vain; no charge could break the shining squares, until our dismounted carbineers poured in their volleys afresh, making gaps in the spent ranks, and then in their wavering time the cavalry descended down. The rebels could stand no more; they reeled and swayed, and fell back broken and beaten; and on the ground their Colonel lay, sealing his devotion with his life.

**THE GALLANT SHERIDAN.**  
Through wood and brake and swamp, across field and trench, we pushed the fighting defenders steadily. For a part of the time, Sheridan himself was there, short and broad, and active, waving his hat, giving orders, seldom out of fire, but never stationary, and close by fell the long yellow locks of Custar, sabre extended, fighting like a Viking, though he was worn and haggard with much work. At four o'clock the rebels were behind their wooden walls at Five Forks, and still the cavalry pressed them hard, in faint rather than solemn effort, while a battalion dismounted, charged squarely upon the face of their breastworks which lay in the main on the north side of the White Oak road. Then while the cavalry worked round toward the rear, the infantry of Warren, though commanded by Sheridan, prepared to take part in the battle.

We were already on the rebel right in force, and thinly in their rear. Our carbineers were making feint to charge in direct front, and our infantry, four deep, hemmed in their entire left. All this they did not for an instant note, so thorough was their confusion, but seeing it directly, they, so far from giving up, concentrated all energy and fought like fiends. They had a battery in position, which belched incessantly, and over the breastworks their musketry made one unbroken roll, while against Sheridan's prowlers on their left, by skirmish and sortie, they stuck to their sinking fortunes so as to win unwilling applause from mouths of wisest censurer.

**THE SUCCESSFUL COUP DE MAIN**  
It was just at the coming up of the infantry that Sheridan's little band was pushed the hardest. At one time, indeed, they seemed to undergo extermination; not that they wavered, but that they were so vastly overpowered. It will remain to the latest time a matter of marvel that so paltry a cavalry force could press back sixteen thousand infantry; but when the infantry blew like a great barn door—the simile best applicable—upon the enemy's left, the victory that was to come had passed the region of strategy and resolved to an affair of personal courage. We had met the enemy; were they to be ours?  
To expedite this consummation every officer fought as if he were the forlorn hope. Mounted on his black pony, the same which he rode at Winchester, Sheridan galloped everywhere, his face flushed all the redder, and his plieothic but nervous figure all the more ubiquitous. He galloped once down to the rebel front, with but a handful of his staff. A dozen bullets whistled for him together; one grazed his arm, at which a faithful orderly rode; the black pony leaped high in fright, and Sheridan was untouched, but the orderly lay dead in the field, and the saddle dashed afar empty.

**SURRENDER OF THE REBELS.**  
At seven o'clock the rebels came to the conclusion that they were outflanked and whipped. They had been so busily engaged that they were a long time finding out how desperate were their circumstances; but now, wearied with persistent assaults in front, they fell back to the left, only to see four close lines of battle waiting to drive them across the field, decimated. At the right the horsemen charged them in their vain attempt to fight "out," and in the rear struggling foot and cavalry began also to assemble; a sleet fire, cross fire and direct fire, by file and volley, rolled in perpetually, cutting down their bravest officers and strewn the fields with bleeding men; groans resounded in the intervals of exploding powder, and to add to their terror and despair, their own artillery, captured from them, threw into their own ranks, from its old position, ungrateful grape and canister, enfilading their breastworks, whizzing and plunging by air line and ricochet, and at last bodies of cavalry fairly mounted their entrenchments, and charged down the parapet, slashing and tramping them, and producing inextricable confusion. They had no commanders, or at least no orders, and looked in vain for some guiding hand to lead them out of a toil into which they had fallen so bravely and so blindly. A few more volleys, a new and irresistible charge, a shrill and warning command to die or surrender, and with a sullen and fearful impulse five thousand muskets are flung upon the ground, and five thousand hot, exhausted and impotent men are Sheridan's prisoners of war.

**THE CAPTIVE AND FLYING REBELS.**  
Acting with his usual decision, Sheridan placed his captives in the care of a provost guard, and sent them at once to the rear. Those who escaped he ordered the fiery Custar to pursue with brand and vengeance, and they were pressed far into the desolate forest, spent and hungry, many falling by the way of wounds or exhaustion, many pressed down by hoof or sabre-stroke, and many picked up in mercy and sent back to rejoin their brethren in bonds. We captured in all fully six thousand prisoners.

**THE CAPTURE OF FORT MAHONE.**  
The following description of the capture of Fort Mahone, one of the most important defences of Richmond, is given in the correspondence of the New York Herald of Wednesday. It took place on Sunday morning, after a demonstration had been made to draw as many of the rebels from our left to our right as possible, during which effort our skirmishers reached the outskirts of Petersburg, and actually held a brisk engagement with the enemy, which would have resulted in an actual attack and capture of the place had not General Wilcox, at the critical moment, received orders to attack Fort Mahone on the left. He moved a column for that purpose. The raid into the environs of Petersburg had one good effect. Lee had mobilized so large a portion of his army against Sheridan that there was more a picket line left here. The demonstration compelled him to recall some of the troops that had been sent elsewhere, in order that he should not be flanked here. The Fort Mahone affair is thus narrated:  
"The part of the attack assigned to General Wilcox was to carry Fort Mahone, one of the most formidable works on the rebel lines, situated at the point where their line crosses the Jerusalem plank road and directly in front of Fort Emery, where the left of Wilcox's division rested. For this purpose the first brigade, Colonel Samuel Harriman of the Thirty-seventh Wisconsin, was brought around from the right of the line and put into position, supported by a brigade of Potter's division of the same corps. While this was being done similar dispositions were making further to the left, and a system of cannon signals had been agreed upon to fix the moment of starting, that all hands might assault simultaneously.  
At precisely four o'clock the signal gun was heard. It was yet scarcely gray dawn and a considerable mist hung over the fields, so that objects were quite indistinct at a very short distance and not visible at all a few hundred yards away. From this cause the preparatory made had been wholly secreted from the enemy.  
Colonel Harriman advanced at once. A small detachment of his brigade, was thrown out in advance as skirmishers, while the rest followed close after in line of battle with fixed bayonets. The men moved very quietly and in perfect order, though manifesting an eagerness of spirit

that was an assurance of success. That they went to stay was indicated by their being accompanied by a detachment of one hundred men of the First Connecticut heavy artillery, prepared to turn and work upon the rebels the guns that should be captured. They passed out into the darkness and all was still. A painful season of suspense followed. Presently a musket is heard, then another, and soon a volley. They have reached the rebel picket line. Now a hearty cheer is heard, followed by a roar of musketry. The cheering and the musketry firing is taken up and runs along to the left until it is lost in the distance. The flash of the muskets disclose the positions. Instantly the artillery of both sides is at work, and two hundred guns belch forth their thunder tones of anger. In the roar of the artillery all other sounds are hushed or drowned. But the work is done. It was done quickly. A second cheer and a second volley from our skirmishers, and the gallant Harriman gave the order, "Charge bayonets! double quick! charge!" and away the noble fellows went, over breastworks, rifle pits, abatis, chevaux de frise, the parapet of the fort, into the main work, and the deed is accomplished. For a moment the thunder-struck rebels looked, and then took to flight. But our brave fellows were too close after them. They could not all escape. Two hundred and fifty in that single work were sent back as prisoners. Nine guns also were captured, which were quickly trained in direction opposite to where they had been facing and set at work upon other annoying rebel batteries. The glory of the first entrance into the work is disputed by the Twenty-seventh Michigan Volunteers and the First Connecticut heavy artillery. The former had their colors with them, which were the first set upon the parapet, and hence they have the proof of priority.

The importance of this gallant achievement, and those simultaneously made further to the left, cannot be over-estimated. It rent the whole line in two. It separated the right and left wings of the rebel army. If evacuation had been determined upon by them it closed the main door of escape for their right wing. Moreover, it took from them commanding positions of great importance and a large amount of valuable artillery. It was not to be supposed that they would yield points of such vital importance to themselves without a further effort.  
Scarcely were we quite in possession of the fort when the rebels, having reorganized their forces and picked up some reinforcements came up with a determined effort to retake it. They made a most desperate assault, standing up manfully against terrific discharges of grape and canister, and withering volleys of musketry; but it was all to no purpose. The heroic little garrison stood their ground bravely and obstinately, while the artillery of all our forts sent forth murderous assistance in rapid time. The din of the first assault was fully revived. Pandemonium would be a place of rest in comparison to the unceasing roar of that artillery, the shrieking and bursting of so many shells, the yells of the rebels, the rattle of the musketry and the final cheering of our men as the rebel lines wavered, broke and finally went back in disorder. Four times subsequently during the day did they attempt to retake this position, but were each time sent back in disorder. It was in one of these assaults that the rebel General A. P. Hill lost his life, while seeking in person to lead his men up to the works. These successive attacks and repulses consumed the entire day. Meantime, however, the Sixth and Twenty-fourth corps, having broken through the rebel lines in their front, were swinging around to their rear, and coming down upon their rear and flank. It was evident then that Petersburg was lost to the rebellion. If they could not retake these works where our lines were extended, how much less their chance when we were concentrating and bringing within reach a force so vastly superior to any they could possibly muster. The day was up with them, and they knew it; but now their anxiety was for flight. "O, for night or Blucher!" they might well cry.

The movements of the Sixth corps were so rapid after breaking their lines, that even Gen. Lee could scarcely keep his sacred person safe. As it was, his headquarters were overhauled and fell into our hands. It is reported that they were destroyed.

**SUNDAY'S FIGHTING.**  
NEW YORK, April 5.—The Herald correspondent has the following account of Sunday's operations:  
At midnight Saturday Gen. Wilcox had orders to demonstrate on the right of the line, so as to draw the rebels from the left, preparatory to operations in that quarter.  
The next morning, Admiral Porter and all the artillery in the works on the right were also set at work. Gen. Wilcox's skirmishers were advanced, when the rebels were aroused and sharp volleys of musketry were heard, indicating they were at work.  
Amidst the rain and smoke the skirmishers pushed on until resting on the outskirts of Petersburg, when they met a heavy body of rebels advancing. A brisk engagement followed, but our numbers were so small that we were compelled to withdraw. Wilcox then got orders to attack Fort Mahone on the left. He moved a column for that purpose. While this was being done similar dispositions were making further to the left.  
At 4 o'clock the men advanced quietly and in perfect order with fixed bayonets. That they went to stay was indicated by being accompanied by a detachment of heavy artillery. Presently musketry was heard, and cheering runs along the left until it is lost in the distance. The artillery on both sides is at work and 200 big guns belch forth their thunders, but the work is quietly done by a gallant charge led by Brig. Gen. Hammon. For one moment the thunderstruck rebels look and then fly. We captured 9 guns and 250 prisoners. The rebel guns were immediately trained, and set at work annoying the retreating enemy. The Tribune's correspondence of the recent operations on our left gives the following:

At 4:30 Sunday morning the 6th corps left its lines to attack the enemy's left centre. It moved so as to enable the corps to throw forward its left and flank the works of the enemy one after the other. Soon a battery of four guns opened on the 1st brigade it was immediately captured. The batteries of the enemy now opened from every point, but on went our gallant heroes.  
At 10:30 A. M. a grand picture of war presented itself. The line of the corps, with its left in advance, was sweeping on toward two heavy forts. The rebels pined their guns vigorously and shells burst thickly over our line. On pushed the left division until it struck the South-side Railroad, and against the two forts until our men were close up to them. Then a dash was made upon the works, but it was repulsed. Again it was tried, and this time it met with some success, but so resolute were the rebels inside that some used their bayonet for a short time. As these works fell into our hands a loud cheer went up, and the enemy were seen hastily retreat-

ing to their second line, which opened sharply in our effort to advance.  
About this time Sheridan appeared in the field and was received with loud cheers by the 6th corps, who look up to him with great respect.  
At this moment, too, our entire line was changing its long front to the right, and slowly before it the broken line of the enemy was falling back from the rear defences. Against the line to which a heavy force was now pitted, composed of carts of the 24th, 6th and 25th corps, and nearly all fresh troops.  
A full look place when this force was ready to move, and it was now plain that a terrific action was about to be fought. Dusk stole over the scene, and the attack was deferred until the next day.  
While the above was taking place the 5th corps and cavalry under Sheridan turned the right wing of the rebel army, taking from 4000 to 5000 prisoners. The 20th corps, connecting with the right of the 5th, was also victorious.  
The Herald's correspondent says throughout the early part of the night operations were confined to skirmishing, but a few moments after 12 o'clock the rebels advanced, making a demonstration on our centre. It was of short duration, and promptly repulsed. Then followed a season of stillness with orders for the most strict vigilance. The orders were that if the rebels started to go we were to go after them, and they did go at 3 o'clock, our skirmishers in pursuit. We occupied their main line, and orders were issued for advance. At 4 o'clock we were in Petersburg.

**THE OCCUPATION OF PETERSBURG.**  
From the New York Herald's account of the event we take the following paragraphs concerning the occupation of Petersburg, and the condition in which the city was left by the rebels:  
When Ely's brigade entered the city, daylight (on Monday) had not yet dawned. Seeing that the rebels would not fight, and that but a scattered few remained in front of them, when the outskirts of the town were reached the firing ceased, and the troops made a dash in, and captured the most of the small skirmish line that had been falling back before them. They then had undisputed possession of the city, and at half-past eight o'clock Col. Ely so reported to General Willcox.  
The streets at first seemed deserted, but the cheers of the excited soldiers, as they marched through the town, soon brought out swarms of negroes—men, women and children—who manifested their gladness by every conceivable demonstration. Aprons, handkerchiefs, sheets, table-cloths, anything that was or had ever been white, were waved by these overjoyed people, either as tokens of amity and submission, or in welcome, it was hard to determine which. They bowed and scraped, danced, shouted and sung hymns, swung their hats and turbans, laughed and cried, and acted altogether very much like people crazy with joy. "Bress de Lord Jesus, de Yankees hab come;" "Tank de Lord you's all here;" "Bress de Lord, we've been lookin' for you dese many days;" "Glad to see you all; we like you a heap better'n we daz de rebels." These and many similar expressions met us on all hands, while the friendly salutations and greetings were so numerous, that we wearied of returning them.  
The principal railroad bridge had been thoroughly destroyed. Its abutments had been blown down with powder, and the superstructure burned. The wooden passenger bridge, known as the Lower Bridge, had evidently been the last used by the rebels, and was but just fired. I sent the negroes off after the engines, and very soon had a first class fire brigade improvised and at work extinguishing the flames. Transferring my authority to a white man, who represented himself to be a fireman and seemed willing to work, I left the scene to make other observations.

Just below this point was another railroad bridge—a temporary affair, built by the military authorities for our own accommodation—but as the track across it communicates with all the railroads entering in Petersburg, it is an important structure for us. This bridge the rebels had forgotten or neglected to destroy. It was just as good as ever it was. The Campbell bridge, crossing the river at the upper end of the town, was wholly destroyed.  
Most of the railroad property in the city was destroyed. The depots were not fired, but the rolling stock that could not be got away, was burned.  
The dense volumes of smoke that have hung over the city were caused by the destruction of tobacco stored here. It is estimated that five thousand hogheads of the weed have been consumed. There are still, however, large quantities remaining unburned. There were immense stores of all kinds of provisions for the army in the city. These were stored in buildings in the heart of the city, the destruction of which would have entailed the probable total destruction of the whole town, so that, on the protest of the citizens, they were left unscathed.

By six o'clock the town was quite awake and alive. Troops were pouring in from all directions, shouting, singing and cheering, but otherwise preserving the most orderly and commendable bearing. There was no straggling, no pilfering, no destruction of property or intrusion of private residences. Guards were stationed thickly in all directions with imperative orders to keep the soldiers out of all buildings, public or private, and protect all property from destruction. The citizens were showing themselves in large numbers upon the door steps, in the doors and at the windows of the houses, indicating that but few, if any, had run away, while most of them manifested in the expression of their faces a gladness at our arrival. I found the first thought to be for something to eat. They seemed to be starved out. While there was plenty of food for the army, it had been carefully hoarded, and the resident population left to shift for themselves as best they could. Doubtless it was on this account more than any other that they were so pleased to see us, and so ready to abandon the rebel cause.

On the main business streets there were every appearance of thrift. Though the stores were not generally opened at so early an hour in the morning, I noticed here and there, where shutters were down, considerable stocks of goods, while all the business portion of the town had a commercial look.  
Gen. Lee was in Petersburg up to Sunday night, superintending the withdrawal of his troops, but was careful not to say in what direction it was going. When asked by some citizens if it had better go to Richmond, he told them that this would do no good, as Richmond was being evacuated. He acknowledged his inability to hold Virginia any longer, and seemed much depressed.  
The funeral of Gen. A. P. Hill was attended with military honors just previous to the occupation. Gen. Lee and other distinguished officers were present. He was buried in the City Cemetery on the day of his death, the 2nd

of his death, the 2nd