

We are sorry that a portion of to-day's issue of THE NEW SOUTH has to be printed on brown wrapping-paper. The large demand for the previous numbers reduced the supply on hand faster than we had anticipated, but we sent to New York for a stock in ample time for the *Arago* to bring it. For some reason, however, it has not come, and we have been compelled to do the best we could without it.

ENCOURAGING.—We yesterday received New York papers up to the 15th inst., brought by the gun-boat *Mercidi'a*, containing the gratifying intelligence that the rebels had been driven out of Maryland, and had lost several in men and material. Fighting was still in progress, and the impression generally prevailed that the occupation of Western Maryland was a matter which will result in the destruction of his army. The tidings from the West are also cheering.

THE POSTMASTER.—Mr. Seaman has been to make a hurried visit North, in consequence of the severe illness of a member of his family. He has been connected with Fort Mifflin since the inception of the expedition in the month of last, now just a twelvemonth, and his labors during the whole period have been of an arduous character. He is therefore deserving of more recognition than he expects to take, and we regret that his trip is associated with such painful circumstances.—[Ed.]

The Arrival of Major-General Mitchel.

**His visit to Beaufort and Fort Pulaski—
A look at the Regiments on Hilton
Head—Enthusiastic Receptions
by the Troops—What the
General said at Fort
Pulaski.**

It is almost unnecessary to announce the arrival of Major-General O. M. Mitchel, our new Commander. He is already known to every man in the Department. We believe that we hazard little in saying that he is better known to the troops than was either of his predecessors at the time they were called hence to other fields of duty. Holding it to be of prime importance that a mutual confidence should exist between a leader and his followers, Gen. Mitchel has not lost a moment in his endeavor to bring about such a result. He has presented himself personally to each regiment, and spoken to the soldiers a few words of advice and encouragement. His course in this respect has had a good effect. It has imbued the troops with a new zeal and a deeper enthusiasm in the holy cause which has called them to arms, and we have heard his name mentioned on all sides with commendation and hopefulness. We are sure, also, that Gen. Mitchel feels proud of the well-drilled, well-equipped veterans whom he has been assigned to command. He brings to his new sphere of duty the prestige of a brilliantly-successful career in the Southwest—especially in Alabama—where he won enduring renown as a skillful, intrepid and enterprising soldier, and we may justly accept the record of his glorious past as an augury of what he will accomplish in the future.

With the energy characteristic of the man, Gen. Mitchel visited Beaufort on the second day after his arrival, reviewing the troops of Gen. Brannan's command, and afterwards made a personal inspection of each camp, and talked in a familiar way to every regiment, inspiring confidence wherever he went. On Thursday he made a trip to Fort Pulaski; and yesterday morning the air was resonant with huzzas from the different camps at Hilton Head as the General passed through on his visit of introduction.

Our limits preclude a detailed account of all the

pleasant excitements connected with Gen. Mitchel's movements—the salutes, the speeches, the enthusiasm—but we obtained a report of his remarks, made to the Forty-Eighth New York Volunteers at Pulaski, which we present as exhibiting the tenor of what he said elsewhere. After escorting the General and suite from the landing to the Fort, and executing admirably various tactical manoeuvres, the regiment was drawn up in line, and having been introduced by Colonel Barton, the General spoke as follows:—

SOLDIERS OF THE FORTY-EIGHTH:—It gives me great pleasure to meet you here inside of this fortress; a fortress recovered by your own prowess from the enemy; a fortress you now hold; a fortress planned by the Government of the United States and built by it, but which had been seized by the rebels. Those rebels you have dispossessed; those rebels you have compelled to lower their flag before you and those rebels you have been instrumental in defeating and capturing. I need not say to you—understanding the nature of this war and all its objects—what you are expected to do. You are too intelligent; you think too much; you are volunteers, and as volunteers you understand your duty and the responsibilities devolved upon you. I am here a stranger to you; but I trust not entirely a stranger to you, although this probably is the first time you had the opportunity of looking upon my appearance. I am here to say that we have a great work to perform. I am just from the West, where, having conversed and associated with the fighting men of the country, I am satisfied that the work before us is the most stupendous, the most glorious that has ever been attempted; and a work in which we never can be successful unless we enter upon it with a firm determination never to succumb. I believe that we are fighting the battle of Human Liberty, not for this country, but for the whole world. I believe that the nations of the Old World would say, if this Republic were rent in twain, that it was an absolute futility to believe that man can govern himself, and that the interests of the governing class and of the people were so radically diverse as to render all attempts at Republican government failures. If we permit the iron heel of the Southern aristocracy to crush us, I undertake to say before you all, that the last hope of Humanity will die out forever. All lovers of humanity are looking upon us with anxiety. Responsibilities are devolving upon us, greater than have ever before devolved upon any people on the earth. The responsibilities of the French Revolution were nothing compared to those under which we labor. That was a contest against oppression, an uprising of the people against tyranny. But this is a contest for human freedom;—a contest for the absolute supremacy of the people;—it is a contest in which is arrayed absolute liberty on the one hand, and on the other the most hateful and abominable aristocracy. And now the grand question is this: Are we to meet with success or not? We cannot meet with success unless the soldier enjoys the confidence of his officers, and the officers that of the soldier. Now, I am an old soldier; so old, that, thirty years ago, I was stationed, in the regular army, at St. Augustine;—and though at that time I had not the slightest idea of reaching the official rank I now hold, yet I am now the commanding officer of this Department. I have been in the field, and I understand it perfectly. I have fought the enemy through 400 miles of territory, and never knew what it was to be checked or turned back. [Loud cheers and cries of "Good." "That's the talk," etc.] I will tell you of another trait of my character. I am very restless. I don't know how to be still. If you were to confine me within a fortress, or upon one of these islands, I should feel as though I were in a penitentiary. I don't know what the object of the Government was in sending me here; but it is the duty of a good soldier to obey orders, without waiting for words of explanation, and as a good soldier I obeyed. I was told that I would receive instructions here—instructions which had been given my predecessor—and would answer for my guidance. I find that those instructions permit me to do pretty much as I please; and I shall endeavor to do the best I can. I assure you of this; that I will omit no opportunity of giving you active employment. You shall have no time for sighing and lamenting over your inactivity if we can find anything to do. Be assured that if I can use you, no opportunity will escape for active duty if you are ready for the field. [Prolonged applause, with cries of "we're ready," etc.]

Now a perfect confidence between the officers and their commanding officer—between the soldiers and their commanding General, is necessary for success. I am delighted with the appearance of this regiment. I don't want any better-looking regiment. You all look like good soldiers—and a good soldier I love. I could get off my horse and take him to my arms. But a mean soldier I condemn and despise. Now, a good soldier knows his

duty, and loves his duty, and performs his duty because it is his duty. He obeys an order because it is given him. He treats his military superior with deference because it is his duty. He knows that as a good soldier he must show that military deference to every officer. If this military deference can be mingled with personal respect for your superiors, so much the better; but the two are not to be confounded, nor is one to be mistaken for the other: A good soldier, when he lies down at night, conscious of having performed his duty perfectly, don't care whether he gets up alive or dead. [Cacinations along the line.] I want you to understand that you have made a free-will offering of yourselves to your country, and to the great cause of human liberty. Your lives are not your own. My life is not my own. A good soldier should be ever striving to better himself. A private should struggle for a place among the non-commissioned officers. Having attained this—he should never be satisfied till he is a lieutenant; and a lieutenant is good for nothing unless he strives to be a captain. Once made a captain, he should aim to command a regiment, and by faithful, earnest service to fit himself for the position of a brigadier. Then let him press steadily forward, until the whole country shall take him up, and say: "make that man a major-general, and give him an army corps." But let him stop there. We don't need a commander-in-chief.

We want many armies. A grand, magnificent army is a glorious sight—the most glorious that the sun ever shone upon. Any body can become a drilled soldier, and every officer can make drilled soldiers; but then the next thing is to inspire them with a proper determination to die, if need be, in the performance of their duty. When this is done an army corps is a soldier himself, instinct with life, and vigor, and determination. Then the commanding officer must have the wisdom, the discretion, and the force to compel victory to perch upon his banner. Your fortunes are to a certain extent in my keeping. Rest assured that day and night I shall think of you; day and night I shall care for you, and your interests shall be in my thoughts. Rest assured that I shall endeavor to see that you get from the Government all that it has promised you, punctually and systematically. In return I shall expect from you the most complete and perfect service; the most absolute devotion. When I order you to move, I shall expect you to go forward with spirit and alacrity. When I ask you to attack yonder battery, I shall expect you to march over it, and to plant your bayonets beyond it, halting when the word is given—not before. Now, boys, we understand each other.

The General concluded his address amid the most enthusiastic cheers, after which the regiment was dismissed. Subsequently the casemates were revisited, and an inspection was made of the quarters and of the well-ordered hospital under the charge of Dr. Mulford. With all that he saw the General expressed his gratification, and in private conversation complimented the 48th even more warmly than in his public speech. A dinner at the quarters of Col. Barton, attended by sweet music from the regimental band, and a personal introduction to the officers of the regiment, were the final features of the visit of General Mitchel to Pulaski.

THE NEWS FROM THE NORTH.

The U. S. steamship *Arago*, Henry A. Gadsden, Commander, arrived on Monday from New York, bringing dates to the 12th inst. The news is not more encouraging than that we had previously received. The rumor that the rebels had crossed the Potomac is confirmed. At last advices they had taken position in force estimated at 40,000 strong, at Frederick, Md., about 60 miles west of Baltimore, and 40 miles north from Washington. Gen. McClellan was marching against them, and a battle was daily impending when the steamer departed. We make up an abstract of the week's news:

The Government authorities received the news of the invasion on Saturday evening, the 6th, in documentary form, and during that night and Sunday, immense bodies of our troops were put in motion for the Upper Potomac and elsewhere. The authorities at Washington appear to be at fault as to the next movement likely to be made by the rebels, but we receive assurances that proper precautions have been taken to guard against danger in "certain quarters." The rebels appear to have captured no government stores whatever at Frederick. All the National forces stationed there fell back to Harper's Ferry, but before doing so destroyed all the hospital and commissary stores they could not remove, and took away with them the sick and wounded. Communication with Har-