
THOSE CONTRABAND NIGGERS.—At the last accounts upwards of four hundred fugitive slaves had sought the shelter of General Butler's camp, and the cry was "still they come." A general stampede was expected, and indeed a general revolt among the blacks of that populous slave section of the Old Dominion. In this thing General Butler has fired a heavy shot at the "long, low, black, raking schooner" of secession, which has struck her between wind and water. These fugitive slaves, at this rate, will soon prove more powerful in suffocating this Southern white insurrection than all the armies of General Scott. This man Butler, in this thing,

has proved himself the greatest lawyer we have
between a pair of epaulettes.
