

The Evening Press.

Correspondence of the Press.

The Banks Expedition.

THE RECORD OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONN.

BAYOU BOEUF, LA., April 5, 1863.

Ed. Press:—Again the 25th are on the move.

A week ago yesterday we embarked on board the splendid steamer St. Mary, at 5 P. M., and after a short passage of three hours and a half we made Donaldsonville, a distance of over fifty miles from Baton Rouge. We slept that night on the ground, the next day put up our tents and staid till Tuesday, when we again took up our beds and walked, the first day 13 miles, reaching St. Mary's Church. Wednesday we marched 13 miles more, and Thursday 14, passing through Thibodeaux, and reaching Terrebonne, a station on the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad. After supper we took the top of the cars and rode 25 miles to this Bayou Boeuf—*en anglais* Beef. We slept on the ground which the 12th had vacated two hours before, and marched to within four miles of Brashear City; and here we yet remain, though we think our tarry will be brief in this locality.

Our march from Donaldsonville to Thibodeaux alongside the Bayou Lafourche, was through the best country I have yet seen in Louisiana. The plantations were all large, and many of the houses splendid residences for this section, but give an enterprising northerner the climate and soil for raising such splendid shrubbery, shade trees and flowers as grow here almost spontaneously, and he would create an earthly paradise.

We passed the houses of Generals Bragg and Twiggs; there was nothing remarkable about them save having contained in them the present instruments of so much evil. The large sugar warehouses all along the route show the significance of the barrel of sugar which is one of the emblems carved, among others, over the entrance to the City Hall in New Orleans.

Our moonlight ride on the top of the cars from Terrebonne to Bayou Boeuf was one of the incidents of soldier-life that we all enshrined in our memories for future hours to feast upon. The whole distance was through a thickly wooded swamp, and as we went dashing along on our elevated seats, the full, round moon shed such a wierd light on the tall cypress, thick with pendent moss, on the thick grass starting from the fen, and on the still pools, dark as ink, quite naturally we imagined ourselves traveling through the confines of Pluto's dark dominions. Just think of falling off into one of those black lagoons, thick with snakes and alligators, and left to work one's way out of the interminable forest! Ugh! the bare thought makes one shiver.

Our general health is good, and could we get sight of that myth, a U. S. paymaster, we should feel entirely comfortable. We live in hope.

The question of time is getting to be a much more serious affair than many imagine. As to whether our time is out in June there can be but one just opinion. Under the call of the President for a draft of 300,000 militia to serve nine months, said draft to take place on the 3d, or 10th, of September, 1862, all of the nine months troops in the army came into service. It matters not to the general government that these men volunteered; the call was for a draft, the time to commence on the day of the draft. Hence their time expires on the 10th of June, 1863. It is of much more consequence to the government to treat these men fairly and get a good proportion of them to enlist for three years, than to exasperate them by keeping them through the months of June and July, when they can be of no possible use, so that if they ever do military duty again it will be when compelled to by force. This feeling is common in every nine months regiment in this department, and demands justice, if the government wishes harmony.

W. H. S.