

From
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I spent last night in Kentucky, and am now at a first class hotel, pleasantly situated on a rising ground commanding a view of Cincinnati and the "*belle riviere*," as the French call the Ohio. The people are very courteous, and Union to a man. I have not seen a Secessionist yet in Newport or Covington, and have been treated with uniform kindness. American flags are flying from every housetop here, and in Cincinnati there are *thousands* of banners of the Stars and Stripes floating everywhere.

Newport Barracks are pleasantly situated, about a block below where I am stopping. There are now about 600 recruits here, under command of Major BURBANK, first Infantry. Major ROBERT ANDERSON will review the garrison this afternoon at 4 o'clock. A regiment of Kentucky cavalry is forming here for the Government.

I saw the Hon. T. H. MARSHALL, one of Kentucky's most gifted sons, in the bar-room of this hotel, last night, under the influence of liquor. Would that he could be reclaimed, but I fear it is too late. In his lucid moments, there would a gem of intellect occasionally flash out, meteor-like, to illumine the dull stupidity of intoxication. It was a bad sight to see such a wreck of intellect.

The blockade has effectually stopped all the river business, and only a few local boats pass up and down, but are subject to inspection. More anon.

W. B. R.