The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. 7. BELLEFONTE, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE, 26 1862. NO. 25.

Miscellaneous.

Hon. William Duer on Union for the Union.

OSWEGO, N. Y., May 16, 1862.

My Dear Sir: I have received your letter inviting me to meet yourself and other gentlemen constituting a committee appointed by certain members of the Legislature designated as 'Republican and Union members,' with authority, after consultation with committees of other organizations, to fix the time and place for holding a State Convention for the nomination of State officers. I will give you the reasons why I think it proper to decline the invitation.

The members of the Legislature by whom the committee was appointed with which you invite me to consult, adopted an address and resolutions declaring certain principles, and inviting to a convention which they recommend, 'All Republicans, Union Democrats, and loyal citizens and supporters of the Administration and responding to the principles and policy' set forth in such address and resolutions.

I cannot call myself 'a supporter of the policy of the Administration' and I do not respond to the principles and policy set forth in the address and resolutions,' and, therefore, though a loyal citizen, I am not embraced within this invitation.

I am ready, indeed, to support the Administration in the prosecution of the war for the preservation of our Constitutional Union, and I know that to this policy the President is pledged by numerous acts and declarations, the sincerity of which I do not question. But whether he will adhere to the pledges in spite of that powerful influence in his own party which is seeking to convert the war into an abolition war, is yet to be proved. He has already recommended an important measure which in my judgment is impolitic and unwarranted by the Constitution. With respect to the vital questions that remain, I regard the policy of the administration as somewhat unfixed and uncertain, and until I see more clearly what it is, I am unable to call myself its 'supporter.'

But laying aside this objection, which does not seem to embarrass Republicans who are the open opponents of the policy to which the President is pledged, let us consider the proposed union upon its merits.—Is it expedient, and will it promote the public welfare, to unite with the Republican party upon the principles of the legislative address and resolutions, for the purpose of defeating the Democratic party of this State at the approaching election? That is the question.

A year ago, when the country was in imminent danger, the Republicans of New York and of other States invited Democrats and all other loyal men to lay aside partizan controversy and unite with them in support of the war for the preservation of the Constitution and Union. No other motive or purpose for the war was then heard from the leaders of the Republican party, or indeed in any quarter having the slightest influence upon public opinion.

The messages and speeches of the President; the proclamations of his Generals pledging the public faith to the people of the invaded States, and of which his mere silence was an approval and confirmation; the resolution of Congress passed almost unanimously, only two Republicans voting against them in the House of Representatives; the language of the press and of popular meeting--all united in declaring that the war was to be prosecuted, not to subjugate the South, nor to change Southern institutions, nor to deprive Southern men of their property or rights, but simply to establish the authority of the Constitution over all the States.

Such were the appeals and assurances under which the war commenced. But when we had half a million of men in arms; when our armies were filled with Democrats and others, who volunteered to fight for this cause and not for abolition; when Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, relying upon our promises, had sent loyal men to Congress, opened their territories to our troops and placed themselves in our power—then first we heard that slavery, being the cause of the war, *slavery must be destroyed*. It is notorious, that at this day a large portion (to say the least) of the Republican party repudiate these pledges and trample even on their own Chicago platform. They are the open advocates of the abolition of slavery in the States, and measures of confiscation so sweeping and relentless, that their like has not been known since the day of William the Conquerer. They have theories, too, and theories. Some of them maintain that the seceded States are out of the Union and therefore have no rights. They adopt the doctrine of secession, attaching to it a consequence that enhances its absurdity.—The States, they say, are gone as States, but remain as territories, subject to absolute power. This is the theory of Mr. Sumner. It is the theory adopted by a great meeting in the city of New York, over which a son of Alexander Hamilton presided. Others derive their power to abolish slavery from a different source. It may be done, they say, by the war power—in other words, by despotic power. Who can bound the war power? And to what a miserable state must that country be reduced, where it shall be thought a justification of every violation of unconstitutional law, to say that it may be done by the war power.

I know that all these gentlemen claim to be (prominent even) the friends of the Union. They would sooner abolish slavery than that the Union should perish. They would exert a military despotism in the South for the sake of the Union. They are so passionate in their love that they would sacrifice law, liberty, the Constitution itself, to save the Union. Well, the Union, to which they are so devoted, is one for which I confess I have no respect or attachment.—I know no Union but our Constitutional Union of free and equal States. It is an abuse of words to call anything else the Union.—Upon the new platform, Phillips, who declares that for twenty years he has been the enemy of the Union, and Garrison, who formerly stigmatized it as a compact with hell, and both Union men. It is the opinion of these gentlemen that the law of God and the Constitution of the United States are at variance with each other, and therefore they sought the overthrow of the Union, but they have been converted since it has been discovered that one may be an enemy of the Constitution, and yet a friend of the Union. So, Mr. Gerritt Smith, who sat in a seat of honor at the New York meeting, informs us in his circular, though he hates the Constitution he loves the Union.

The legislative address invites to the proposed Union convention 'all Republicans, Union Democrats, and other loyal citizens.' This implies that all Republicans are loyal; that disloyalty may be found among Democrat and other citizens, but nowhere else. Such is not my opinion. We are in arms against the disloyal man of the South, and none here now oppose the war. I believe that individuals may be found in the North, who sympathize with the rebels and wish them success. But it would be absurd to organize a political party against persons so few and insignificant, and who dare only speak in a whisper. The disloyal men of the North, from whom danger is to be apprehended, are they who seek to convert the war into a war for the emancipation of the black race, by means of the overthrow of the Constitution. Where are these men to be found? Sumner is one of them; Wade another; Thaddeus Stevens a third. If there are Democrats or other citizens among them I think they will be found to fraternize with the Republicans, or rather to be in a transformation state. Is it not plain that if we need a Union party at the North, it is in order to defeat the schemes of these men?—But how can that be, if they are invited to take part in the movement?

There is no resemblance between this movement and that which resulted in the nomination of the Union ticket in this State last fall. There was then a show of opposition to the war at the North, but no difference as to its purpose. We all then were or proposed to be Constitutional Union men. Now all opposition to the war has disappeared, but a controversy has arisen as to the object for which it shall be prosecuted; whether to establish the Constitution or to overthrow it, and reduce the South to the condition of a conquered province. Upon this question, the only political question that really divides the people of the North, a true Union party cannot be neutral or silent.

For twelve years past I have thought that there was a necessity for a Constitutional Union party. I wished that such a party might be formed in 1850. I hoped for it again in 1860. I think that loyal Democrats, loyal Republicans, and all other loyal men ought to unite and form such a party now. The basis of such an organization, (which might be temporary, leaving present parties to resume their former relations when the Union shall be restored) may be found in the resolutions adopted by the committee of conservative members of Congress, of which Crittenden was chairman. But I look in vain for any such declaration as the times demand in the address and resolutions adopted by the (so called) Union members of our State Legislature. There is much there about slavery; but little or nothing about the Constitution. There is no declaration against abolition or general confiscation; no assurance to loyal Southern men that their rights shall be respected; no recognition of any rights remaining to the people of the seceded States; no condemnation of that most absurd form of secessionism which converts States into territories, and erects a military despotism upon the ruins of the Constitution. The play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out is not more ridiculous than a Union party that leaves out the Constitution.

I entertain the hope that the conservative men of the North will in some way unite and act in concert with the loyal citizens of Kentucky, Maryland and all other Southern States that are or may become free from the usurped power of Jefferson Davis. I trust that there will be some movement for this purpose at Washington before the adjournment of Congress. But whether this shall be accomplished or not, I certainly can enter into no combination with Republicans to overthrow the Democrats of this State.—Whatever faults they may have committed in the past, the Democrats of the North are in the main loyal and patriotic; they are the chief bulwark against the assaults of the Northern disunionionists; upon them rests in a great degree the hope of the Union. They have not only magnanimously forborne from factious opposition to the Government, but have even made no slight sacrifices of partisan feeling in its support.—They have defended the President when many of the professed partisans have assailed him, and if, as I continue to hope, and believe he shall prove true to himself and to his country, he may, perhaps, find among them some of his best friends and firmest supporters.

I have written somewhat at length, because, having no opportunity of personal consultation, it is only in this way that I can present to you, and through you to other friends in the city, the reason of my course. My opinions and my felings upon this subject are both strong. I am, and have been from the beginning, in favor of putting down the rebellion by force of arms. But I am for mercy, for humanity, for Constitutional law and liberty; and I abhor the fanatical spirit that to liberate the degraded Africans would put the whites in chains, and condemn to misery and despair eight millions of people of our own race and blood. I know, indeed, that this atrocious scheme can never be accomplished; I know that the North would never support a war for this purpose; I know that the South would resist it, so long as the white race should survive; I know that all Christendom would rise and forbid it. The end, reached at last would be the dissolution of the Union, but after the most frigtful expenditure of money and sacrifice of life.

I am confident, my dear sir, that after some experiment, perhaps you will at last reach the conclusion at which I have arrived. For myself I see no use in meeting with gentlemen with whom I am sure beforehand to disagree. The whole basis of the proposed organization is wrong. It wants the vital principle of a Union party, fidelity to the Constitution. It imposes a test that the Southern Union men will not admit. It embraces men who ought to be excluded, and excludes those whose co-operation is essential. It is but the Republican party without the Republican party name; and I fear its tendency may be to strengthen the radical branch of that party, and to weaken that portion which is best disposed to support the President in a Conservative and Constitutional policy.

If I am not mistaken, the Executive Committee of the "Constitutional Union party" of 1860 still survives, and you and myself are both members of it. Indeed, I suppose that it is in that capacity your letter was addressed to me.*

Be so good as to communicate my answer to the other gentlemen of the Committee, as I suppose the question to which it relates may come before them; and believe me sincerely, your friend and servant,

WILLIAM DUER.

E. J. Brown, Esq., New York.

* The invitation was addressed by Mr. Brown, whose name was placed at the head of the Legislative Caucus Committee, to Mr. Duer, because he is not only a member of the present Constitutional Union Committee but also because he is one of the Committee of the Syracuse Union organization of 1861, which nominated the State ticket elected last year, and now holding office.

IDENTITY OF A LEG.—The St. Louis *Democrat* says:

Lydia Cooper, a feminine biped of very expansive and brilliant plumage, was placed yesterday morning at the Recorder's bar for alleged disturbance of the peace. It transpired that, on Tuesday, she ordered a carriage, seated herself regally therein, protruded one of her legs conspicuously out of the window, and in this posture rode in state through the principal streets of the amazed metroplis. As indignant citizens and stars attempted to arrest her progress, she only extended the member farther and rode the faster—but suddenly found her steed halted and herself in severe custody. While a witness was giving testimony to this and similar purport, Lydia eyed him with an air of supreme fearlessness and contempt, and, when he had concluded, triumphantly demanded of him whether he could identify the leg which he saw out of the window!—Could he swear it was her leg? This annihilating inquiry she put with an emphasis and volubility that would certainly have resulted in her discharge, had not the Recorder terminated the case by imposing a fine of $10.

BIGAMY.—A young couple were sitting together in a romantic spot, with birds and flowers about them, when the following dialogue ensued:

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it at thy feet."

"Oh, sir, you are too kind! but it reminds me that I wish you would stop using tobacco."

"Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, sir, since this is the way you lay down your life for me, and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take good care you are never wedded to me, as it would be bigamy."

A NEW CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.—We learn that it has been determined speedily to establish a new camp of instruction in the immediate vicinity of Annapolis, Md. It will be under the direction and superintendence of Major General Wool, U. S. A., and will number some 50,000 troops.—*Washington Star.*

Select Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE CONTRABAND.

All in the chilly month of May,
A Contraband went up Broadway.
Faint and sick and all unfed,
He knew not where to lay his head.
Shuffling along in the chilly air,
And as he shuffled and shuffled along,
His features set in a vacant stare,
(A helpless child in an alien land,
Pushed and spurned by the busy throng,)
He hummed the end of a bitter song,
And this was the song of the Contraband.

I don't know whar dis darkey
At last is gwine to rest;
Dey've stole him from ole Georgia,
Dey've driv him from de West.
De Norf refuse to hab him,
An' ebery oder place,
O golly! but dis darkey's
A Lord-forsaken case!
CHORUS:—De Abolition S'ciety
I guess am monstrous stuff,
Dey call us men and broders—
I tink I hear enuff!

Dey tole me I war better
Dan if my skin war white,
Dey spoke so kind and gentle,
So 'mazin'ly polite,
I tho't de Norf war waitin'
For dis old fool to come
An' lib wid dem foreber,
Wid ebery house a home!
CHORUS:—De Abolition S'ciety, &c.

Oh, dey war playin' possum!
'Spose now, it troubles dem,
(So long s dey spite my massa)
What comes ob Uncle CLEM?
No sar! and so dis darkey,
Because he had no sense,
War possumed by de Yankees,
And left upon de fence!
CHORUS:—De Abolition S'ciety, &c.

Now who will take dis darkey
Afore he's 'pletely froze,
And gin him for his labor
De hoe-cake and de clothes?
Dar's Massa Wendell Phillips,
What preaches bout de sin
Ob slabery, I wonder
Ef *he* would take me in?
CHORUS:—De Abolition S'ciety, &c.

I wish I war in Georgia,
Dat dear old land again,
Among de flowerin' cotton,
Among de sugar-cane;
Den ef a yankee preacher,
Came lyin' 'bout de Lord,
An' chains an' things—by golly,
I'd knock him wid a gourd!
CHORUS:—De Abolition S'ciety, &c.

A GHOST STORY.

A gentleman took a fancy to a certain elegant villa in a charming part of one of the loveliest counties in England. On inquiring about the rent, it seemed to him so extraordinary low that he objected to take it, suspecting that there must be something radically wrong in the building. The proprietor assured him there was nothing of the kind, but informed him that the objection in the neighborhood to the villa, was that it had the reputation of being haunted. He laughed at the vulgar superstition, and at once accepted the terms and moved into the cottage. He was not very long in it before his domestic informed him of strange noises which they had repeatedly heard in the night. They had distinctly listened to the opening of a door, and heard the steps of a man ascending the stairs.—Another door was then opened, water was poured out, and the sound of washing hands was unmistakably audible. After a short time the window was opened and the water was thrown out; the window was then closed, and shortly after, steps were heard ascending, and the house door opened and then closed. This, the servants declared they had severally and collectively listened to numerous times. The gentleman could not gainsay their statements; for himself and his wife had at different times listened to the same unacountable proceedings.

On one occasion particularly, on the arrival of the ghost at the house door, several persons went out to meet him. He ascended as usual, the stair-case; went through his regular ablutions, and departed as was his custom. But though they followed him, their ears alone were convinced of his pretence. They could see nothing, notwithstanding every one of the party was provided with a light. These nocturnal visits were continued so regularly, that the gentleman was at last compelled to abandon the villa, for the simple reason, that no servants would remain there with him.

Here is a poser! We may laugh at the credulity of those who are frightened at ghosts and at mysterious sounds, but how are we to account for them? I remember having heard that at the Patersville in the county of Meath, the sound of Colonel Tucker's footsteps periodically terrified and, perhaps still terrifies, the present inmates, although the veteran to whom the property belonged departed this life many years ago.

The only rational explanation of these phenomena was adduced by our fellow traveler, the American consul. According to him, apertures in the ground, or subterranean cavities, forming natural tubes, often act as conductors of sound, so that what may be done in one house, at a distance, will be audible in another. He remembered in a hotel in his State (Delaware) the sound of the trampling of horses in a stable, which was situated some 200 yards off, was heard as distinctly as if the horses had occupied the chambers of the hotel. Many ghost stories and mysterious rappings can, no doubt, be explained upon the same principle.

☞ A good man, who has seen much of the world, and who is not tired of it, says:—"The grand essentials to happiness in this life are: *Something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.*"

A WALK OVER THE BATTLE FIELD.

THE HORRORS OF WAR—THE DEAD IN HEAPS—GHASTLY SPECTACLE—POSTURES OF THE SLAIN.

The correspondent of the New York *Express*, from Fair Oak station, June the 6th inst., writes as follows:

I paid a visit to the battle field of Saturday and Sunday, called by some the "Battle of the Seven Pines," this morning. The camp of Casey's division presented a sight which an artist might envy, and yet one of desolation. All around lay charred ruins, clothing, guns, cartridge boxes, &c., the property mainly of our own troops. The whole camp was just as level, as the Russ pavement on Broadway. Here it was where the enemy first made their appearance on Saturday, and where they so badly drove back our men. A little further on is a piece of woods, and by walking through water and mud knee deep, one is enabled to investigate its contents. The bark of nearly every tree is peeled off toward the roots, the rifle balls and canister fired into the forest by our men, having taken down the trees about as lively as they did the rebels. Letters, guns by the dozens, both Secesh and Union, clothing enough to start half the Chatham street in business, new made graves, yet unburied bodies, and all the minor indications of battle and death from one of the saddest scenes ever witnessed on the Virginia Peninsula. In a swamp we found eight bodies of Alabamians close together and in such a state of decomposition that hardly a man saw them without turning away his head. Their clothes were on, but the bodies were so swollen, that they fitted as tight as the skin itself. In several cases the flesh had already been eaten off by vermin and the skull lay bare. It was a disgusting scene, which some people might have seen with profit. But it ought to be added, that our people are burying the dead just as fast as they can reach the remains.

I saw one body, which was evidently that of a rebel officer. His clothing was rather better than that of a large majority we saw, and other indications of rank were numerous. He lay concealed behind some brush, and had evidently been wounded, sought its shelter, and there died. The limbs were contracted, but on the face there seemed to rest a placid smile. One hand held on to a rail fence near by, while the other was extended upon the earth. Like all the rest the body was swelled to twice its natural size, and millions of vermin were fast devouring it. Calling some scouts, a grave was dug and the decaying flesh was consigned to its last resting place.

Another body was found sitting on the ground, the back braced against a fence.—The skin was peeling of the hands, and hung down from the fingers in shreds. One hand rested on the musket, whose contents had been discharged. The head drooped to one side, and the features were fearfully contracted evidencing a dying struggle of a most painful nature. In his vest pocket there was a piece of paper, and curiosity prompted me to read it. There was some scribbling upon it, the distinguishable words being, "Eighth Ala., will never yield." "No sir, never." Then some poetical lines, of which, amid the blood and dirt, I succeeded in deciphering the following:

"Suppose we die upon the field?
'Twill prove that never will we yield;
'Twill show the foe that like a flood,
We'll pour for Southern rights our blood."

Below this were these words:

"The woman who wrote that, a Southern man ought to marry; a Northern one, she would spurn."

A curiosity seeker might have collected a bushel of letters in the woods so full of horrors, but I had not the heart for the task.

To show how desperate was the struggle in the heavy woods between Casey's and Ward's camp, I have spoken of the bullet marks upon the trees, of the dead and of their effects, everywhere seen. Another indication was the clothing, yet hanging upon two tree branches, fences and lying upon the ground. An officer engaged in the battle tells me that when we pursued, on Sunday the fleeing rebels to the woods through which, on Saturday, they drove us, a desperate encounter ensued.

Hundreds of men, on both sides, threw off all their superfluous clothing and went in, as we were told the Sixty-ninth did at Bull Run, stripped almost to the waist. Those who had the opportunity, placed their coats where they would be preserved; others, with no time for that, threw them on the ground, and lost them with their lives.—Within a space of two acres there are ungathered arms enough to supply a New York militia regiment. In that small space nearly six hundred men were sent to their long account.

At Casey's old camp there were no human bodies, as there it was an easy matter to dispose of them immediately after the fight. But hundreds of horses, torn by shot and shell, lay all around, the carcasses emitting a pestilential stench. On Sunday when we were again in possession of this field, men and animals lay close together—"Rider and steed in one red burial blent."

The animals are now being burned, as that is the only way in which they can be disposed of, and the horrid effluvia removed from its close contact with our camp. Upon approaching this spot, it requires considerable effort to lead a man to walk up to it, the reeking oder being so offensive. To-morrow its condition will be favorable enough for reoccupation. In a direct railroad line from this camp to Richmond is just seven miles. "Fair Oak" is the name of the station. A building near the switch is now used as a hospital, mainly for the rebel wounded, and right opposite are the head quarters of General Meagher and his Irish Brigade.

Speaking of the hospital at this station reminds me that our men yet find wounded rebels in the woods. Yesterday two or three were discovered under some brush.—One had a leg amputated just below the knee by a rebel doctor, who is with his companions; another had a foot taken off, and yet another an arm. Without conveniences for proper treatment, the operation seemed very harsh. The sufferers were seated upon a barrel, and held by a couple of men, submitted to the painful treatment. All around were the amputated parts, and pools of blood. Seated against a tree near by was a rebel soldier well clad in a suit of Confederate gray, with a bullet hole in both cheeks. The missle had passed in on one side and come out upon the other. His face was besmeared with clotted gore, and owing to long neglect (the Federals had just found him) it was impossible for him to articulate. The very picture of misery, this unfortunate man sat propped against a tree, awaiting his turn for treatment. On blankets near by, were half a dozen who had died during surgical operation. Others pale and weak, looked around them with a half frightened gaze, witnessing the work of their surgeons. Dozens of our own men were at hand, and in silence saw the fate, which yet awaits so many. All these horrors of war, one wants to see but once.

ARTEMUS WARD VISITS THE SHAKERS.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another shaker being sent to put my horse and wagon under kiver.

A solum lookin female lookin sumwhat like a last year's bean pole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed was I athurst, and did I hunger? to which I urdanely answerd 'a few.' She went orf and I endevored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay" he sed.

"Helth's good I reckon."

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir?"

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess under foot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's unpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecoolar kind of wescot you wear, incloodin trimmins?"

"Yay."

I pawsed a minnit, and then thinkin I'd be faceshus with him and see how far that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yayyer* he had no livin okal.

He jumped up as if Bilen water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walkt out of the room.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they were dressed in meal bags like the old one I'd met previsly and thar shiny silk har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, sez I "my pretty dears how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whars the the old man?" sed I in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah?"

"He has retired."

"Wall my pretty dears," sed I, "let's have sum fun. Lets play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I havn't arrayed my proud form in a long wiskit yit, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em As it is, I'm a Shaker pro tempore."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man couldn't hear. When we broke up, seys I my pretty dears, car I go you have no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?

"Yay," they sed, and *I yay'd*

☞ Death is the condition of our creation: it is a part of us, and while we endeavor to evade it, we evade ourselves.

DESPERATE FIGHTING—GREAT SLAUGHTER.

The New York Commercial publishes the following extract from a private letter from an artilleryman who participated in the late fight before Richmond. The description of the rebels steady advance in the face of such destructive firing reminds us of the "old guard" under Marshall Ney, at Waterloo:

BOTTOM'S Bridge, June, 1.

About 11 o'clock (on Saturday, May 31) the enemy sent a couple of 6 pound balls over into our camp, and immediately commenced the attack by driving our pickets in. Our division was quickly formed in line of battle; a strong force was sent to support the pickets, and a rifled battery of four guns was ordered up to the right and opened fire. We were all ready for anything that might come, but not for a moment did we deem that we had on our hands one of the most fiercely fought battles that has taken place during the rebellion. The pickets soon began to fire rapidly and came running in, while the infantry posted behind a fence to support them, blazed away into the wood. The artillery on our right opened fire and mingled their thunder with the sharp roll of the musketry. Soon our Napoleon guns, three of which were posted in an unfinished redoubt, and three on the left near a rifle pit, opened with case shot, which went whizzing through the air, over the heads of our men, right into the midst of the enemy, and there exploding scattering death throug their ranks. On the left of the rebels were seen coming through the woods to flank us, and wheeling three of our gun so as to bear upon them, we poured case shot among them with unexampled rapidity and terrible effect.

The destruction was horrible. Our spherical case shot are awful missiles, each of them consisting of a clotted mass of seventy six musket bal's, with a charge of powder in the centre, that is fired by a fuse the same as a shell. The missile first acts as a solid shot, ploughing its way through masses of men, and then exploding, hurls forward a shower of musket balls that mow down the foe in heaps. Our battery threw twenty four of these a minute, and as we had the exact range of every part of the field every shot told with frightful effect. But the enemy were not at all daunted. They marched steadily on, and hailed a perfect tempest of balls upon us. Why, we as well as our horses, were not every one shot down will forever remain a mystery to me. We did not mind the leaden hail however, but kept pouring our case shot into the dense masses of the foe, who came on in prodigious and overwhelming force; and they fought splendidly too. Our shot tore their ranks wide open, and shattered them asunder in a manner that was frightful to witness: but they closed again at once, and came on as steadily as English veterans.

When they got within four hundred yards we closed with our case shot and opened on them with cannister, and such destruction I never elsewhere witnessed. At each discharge great gaps were made in their ranks—indeed whole companies went down before that murderous fire, but they closed up with an order and dicipline that was truly inspiring. They seemed to be animated with the courage of despair blended with the hope of a speedy victory, if they could by an overwhelming rush drive us from our position.

It was to see their ranks torn and shattered by every discharge of cannister that we poured right into their faces, and while their dead and dying lay in piles, they closed up; and still kept advancing right into the face of that fire.

At one time three lines, one behind another, were steadily advancing, and three of of their flags were brought in range of our guns shotted with cannister.

"*Fire!*" shouted the gunner, and down went those three flags, and a gap was opened through those lines as if a thunderbolt had torn through them, *and the dead lay in swaths.* But they at once closed up and came steadily on, never wavering or halting right through the woods, over the fence, through the field, right up to our guns, and sweeping everything before them, captured every piece.

When we delivered our last fire, they were within fifteen or twenty paces of us, and as all our horses had been killed or wounded, we could not carry off a gun.—Our whole division was cut to pieces, with what loss I do not know. We fell back to a second line of entrenchments, and there held the enemy in check until reinforcements arrived, and then we kept our position till night put an end to the battle. This morning the fight was renewed, and we have driven the enemy back and regained possesion of our camp.

☞ The following is suggested as a suitable epitah for John Bell's Tombstone:

Here lies John Bell,
This marble under;
He's gone to—well
I shouldn't wonder.

☞ It is stated that Beauregard is in sore want of money. This is strange, when we consider what a big check Buell and Grant lately gave him on the bank of the Tennessee.