BEAVER ARGUS.
BEAVER, PENN'A.
Wednesday, July 16th 1862.
J. C. NICHOLSON & Co., Proprietors.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, IN ADVANCE; otherwise Two DOLLARS will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are settled.
☞ Letters and communications, by mail shall have prompt attention.

BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 38--No. 29. Beaver, Wednesday, July 16, 1862. Established 1818.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 50 cents per square—each subsequent insertion 25 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers, and on long advertisements.
A space equal to TWELVE lines of this type measured as a square.
Special notices 25 per cent. addition to regular rates.
Business cards, 75 cents a line, per year.
Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

YANKEE DOODLE ON THE WATERS

BY [illegible] C. O'CONNOR.

Midnight on the waste of waters,
Midnight on the silent sea:
As our brave and gallant vessel
Speedeth o'er the waters free.
Sky and waters, sky and waters,
Silence, solitude and stars;
These alone do meet our vision,
And the moon's pale, silver bars.

Placid are the ocean waters,
And the wind, though strong, is still;
As our gallant bark's a flying,
While the helmsman steers with skill.
Oh, it is sublime—delightful!
Sailing o'er the ocean deep;
When the sea is calm and stilly,
While the storm-wraths are asleep.

Not a soul is now a stirring,
All our voyagers do sleep,
Save [illegible] yonder pilot,
On this night upon the deep;
All is fair, and calm, and lovely,
As we proudly onward flee;
All [illegible] and soul-refreshing
[illegible] deep blue, briny sea.

Hark! from o'er the ocean stealing
Came a sound—a music note;
[illegible] again, far nearer, clearer
[illegible] zephyrs doth it float.
'Tis not—no, it is not the night wind
Sobbing [illegible] the masts and spars,
[illegible] cadence most as lovely
As the anthems of the stars!

Softly, softly—ah! 'tis music!
Yes, 'tis music, but from whence?
And I strive to catch the burden,
Straining ev'ry eager sense.
[illegible]—yes, 'tis "Yankee Doodle!"
"Yankee Doodle!" what a thrill!
"Yankee Doodle!" "Yankee Doodle!"
And again now all is still.

Once again, and nearer, clearer,
Once again, and now quite plain;
"Yankee Doodle!" "Yankee Doodle!"
Floats from o'er the ocean main.
"Yankee Doodle."—aye, forever!
From yon line-of-battle ship,
With the Stripes and Stars a flying—
"Bless them!" flows from heart to lip.

Moonlight on the waste of waters,
Midnight on the silent sea.
[illegible] a brave and gallant vessel
Speedeth o'er the waters free.
[illegible] that line-of-battle ship that
Passed us by a spell ago,
With the Stars and Stripes a flying,
With that music soft and low:

That brave vessel's Southward sailing
To the port from which we've sailed;
And the brave old flag's still flying,
To its mast-head stoutly nailed.
And as vessel sails from vessel,
Soft that music dies away:
"Yankee Doodle!" "Yankee Doodle!"
[illegible] from o'er the ocean spray:
[illegible] fainter—fainter—
"Yankee Doodle!" o'er the sea:
"Yankee Doodle!" "Yankee Doodle!"
[illegible] our Nation's melody.

[FOR THE ARGUS.]

MR. EDITOR:—Some few years since a series of articles was published in your paper, connected with the early settlement of Beaver county.—They were read with much interest and favorably noticed, among others by Mr. Hasard editor of "Colonial Records and Pennsylvania Archieves." He has all those numbers of the *Argus* carefully preserved.

In justice to the memory of a band of pure patriots, who now all, save one, sleep their last, long sleep, I propose to place on record an interesting item in the history of this region. On the 16th day of August, 1812, Gen. Hull surrendered the forces under his command to the British. A few days after this a large number of men were seen to land on the American side of Lake Erie. The rumor soon started, and rapidly spread, that the *British* had landed in great force on our side of the Lake and were rapidly making their way into the interior. Nothing definite appears to have been done till the news reached Briceland's Cross Roads (now Florence) in Washington county. Rev. Elisha M'Curdy, the pastor then in charge of the Presbyterian congregation in that place, immediately took measures to spread the news in all directions. He called a meeting in Burgettstown, a small village five miles south of Florence. At this first meeting preliminary steps were taken and another meeting called at the same place a few days after. At this second meeting a company of Cavalry, one of Rifles and one or two of Infantry were organized—officers elected and measures taken to arm them. Committees were appointed to visit every house in the region and ask for a gun. If the owner of the house had a gun and was willing to give it, the Committee gave him a receipt. In all cases of refusal, the instructions were to take the gun by force if necessary, and receipt for it. I never heard of any but one instance of refusal. The companies thus raised agreed to meet at Briceland's Cross Roads soon after.

The women, then as now, foremost in every good work, turned out in all directions and greatly aided in preparing their husbands, sons and brothers for the campaign on which they were about to start.

Although the country was then comparatively new and poor, two noble-hearted farmers in the vicinity of Briceland's Cross Roads—Messrs. Patterson and M'Lean—furnished the whole force with an excellent and plentiful dinner. The companies took up their march and encamped the first night at Frankfort in Beaver county. Here committees were appointed to appraise all the guns and furnish a statement to the owner. Next morning they marched north, and continued till they reached New Lisbon, Ohio. Here they learned, for the first, that there was no need of their services; the whole excitement having originated in the fact of some prisoners being sent over Lake Erie on their way home. Though their services were not needed, the whole affair reflects great credit on all engaged. Many, in fact, nearly all of them, were poor men; many leaving their wives and children but poorly supplied if they should be absent any considerable time. Relief funds and Relief Boards were then unknown.

The master spirit in this movement, Rev. Elisha M'Curdy, accompanied the troops the whole time. He was, truly, one of nature's noblemen. He possessed, in a greater degree than any one I ever knew, the "ability to govern men," in truth, he was "born to command." His stern integrity and great moral courage I have never known equalled. Had he been in some late Ecclesiastical bodies no secular press would have contained any of his explanations. He would have voted "right *first, midst* and *last*." Although a consistent, zealous Presbyterian, he never knew nor felt aught of bigotry or sectarianism. All that concerned mankind concerned him. All *Oppression* found in him a foe; all suffering, a feeling, active friend. A sketch of his life has been published by a kind and good man. It is not, however, such as it should have been.

The writer seems to have written from a stand point quite too remote from the log cabins in which so much the goodness of this man of God was exhibited.

James Patterson, another of this worthy band, resided, till his death, at a good old age, in the vicinity of Burgettstown; for a long time filling the office of Ruling Elder in the church, a leading and active spirit in every thing for the good of his fellows.

Robert Withrow, a Captain of one of the companies, resided a long time in the same township with Mr. Patterson. He, too, was a ruling elder in the same church; a man of considerable ability. He, too, has gone to his reward.

Daniel M'Connell resided near Florence till his death, some few years since. He was a good citizen in every sense of the term.

Robert Dungan resided, for a long time, near to, or in, Frankort, Beaver county—so long, indeed, that our fathers, ourselves, and one children, all knew and respected him. He removed, in his old age, to Ohio, and has since been called home to his reward.

Andrew Knox, soon after the return of this party from New Lisbon, joined the army and served on the frontier for a term of six months. He then volunteered for an additional term.—For some thirty years previous to his death he resided in Frankfort. His character was without reproach.—Foremost in every thing calculated to benefit mankind. Though childless, he was one of the first and firmest to advocate and sustain a system of Free Schools. He always had a passion for military science, and seemed delighted in witnessing correct military movements. He is gone to his reward.—He has left none but *friends* to speak of his long residence among us.

James M'Farren is the only one of the worthy band who yet survives. He resides near Florence, Washington county. Has for a long time been a ruling elder in the Florence church; a Justice of the Peace; and once represented the people at Harrisburg. He has always been one of the most active in promoting the cause of religion, Sabbath schools, and all the Benevolent operations of his day and generation.

A FRIEND.

Frankfort Springs, July, '61.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.

We have at length received full and authentic reports of the events which have been transpiring in Virginia during the past week, and are able to survey the details calmly and form conclusions as to the result. In these operations the fighting has been most severe and protracted, renewed again and again, with varying success, the marches long and rapid, the losses on both sides fearful, and the changes of position so great and important as to alter the whole state of the campaign.

The movements of the enemy since M'Clellan's arrival before Richmond have been directed with much skill toward an interruption or a change of the programme of siege. The first effort was to create a diversion by means of Jackson's assault upon Banks and the pursuit through the Shenandoah valley—a bold and partially successful undertaking, though not effecting the object proposed of creating a diversion, as no part of M'Clellan's force was detached to protect Washington or to attack Jackson. The first effort to raise the siege of Richmond proving a failure, the second attempt was by a general combination of all the rebel forces for a terrific assault on our advanced divisions at Seven Pines. This, too, though occasioning great slaughter, was a failure in its purpose, since our forces maintained their positions in the end.

The third effort was made last week in an attack in full force upon our isolated right wing. As we have previously stated, our lines were so extended as to lay us open to disaster from such attacks, and had not M'Call and Porter's divisions retreated as ordered they would have been surrounded and destroyed. From the vehemence of the assault, and the tremendous force with which it was made, it is evident that the purpose of the foe was to destroy the right wing before reinforcements could be sent to it.—But M'Clellan had no idea of sending reinforcements, his plan of changing front having been formed a week previous. He therefore ordered the retreat of the right wing; and according to arrangement, Stoneman's division retreated to White House to draw the enemy off in that direction, while Porter and M'Call made good their march across the Chickahominy.

All the stores, artillery, etc., at White House had been embarked to be ready for this event, and when Stoneman reached there, his division was also shipped, so that the enemy on arriving at White House found the place abandoned. This manœuv[illegible] to lead the rebels astray, however, was unsuccessful.—The party which pursued Stoneman must have been only a detachment, for the main rebel army pressed closely after Porter and M'Call, prevented the destruction of the bridges and followed on as the right wing retreated southward. The unfortunate failure to destroy the bridges appears to have occasioned all our troubles, for, as the reader will readily perceive, it brought the whole rebel army upon the rear of our entire line of fortifications, rendering the latter useless. They were, therefore, abandoned by Heintzelman, Keyes and Sumner, and thus the army consolidated into one mass was compelled to push through a dense swamp with all its wagons and artillery.

Nevertheless, this appears to have been achieved triumphantly, and the army reached Turkey Bend and opened communication with our gunboats. Still the extraordinary energy of the rebel movements seems to have counteracted this advantage, for they were promptly at our heels, and a terrific battle took place at Turkey Bend, of which we gave the outline yesterday in our telegraphic dispatch. As the result, M'Clellan continued his retreat to Berkeley, at Harrison's bay on the James river. He appears, before getting there, to have fought another severe battle on Tuesday, in which he beat the rebels badly. Reinforcements from Washington had reached him at the last advices, and his army was in good spirits.

It will be perceived that the army has had exceedingly hard work for a week past. On Thursday the battle Gaines' Hill was fought, and the fighting and retreat occupied Friday, Saturday and Sunday. On Monday the severe battle at Turkey Bend was fought, and on Tuesday the retreat was continued to Berkley and another great battle fought. Thus the army had six days of the severest fighting and marching on record. With his army all consolidated in one mass, and in communication directly with the gunboats on the James river, M'Clellan is in no danger whatever. The reinforcements he had received from Washington must in fact, have infused new energy into his army.

He has accepted the gage of battle whatever the enemy has offered it—at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Gaines' Hill, Turkey Bend, and again at the battle of Tuesday. The enemy are now drawn out of their fortifications and their forests. They are wasting their men in constant fighting, while ours, removed from the pestilential swamps where the progress of the siege kept them, are in action occupying a healthy country. So far from being permanently injured, General M'Clellan has under his command an army capable of fighting as many battles as the enemy may offer or accept.

Of course, the natural inquiry of the unmilitary reader will be, why all this retreating, if the army is so strong? This is easily [illegible]. No army can operate succe[illegible] without maintaining its comm[illegible] and keeping its base of opera[illegible] safe. Now the impunity with wh[illegible] Stuart's rebel cavalry made its [illegible] even to the White House, sho[illegible] clearly to General M'Clellan [illegible] well as to the enemy that his lin[illegible] were so extended that he could not ma[illegible] against a he[illegible] assault, [illegible] that he was, in fact, exposed to gr[illegible] danger of having his depot capt[illegible] and his communications cut off. [illegible] therefore, made arrangements to c[illegible] his base of operations to the [illegible] river, involving with it a chang[illegible] front.

As regards the r[illegible] of the right wing, had it not b[illegible] made at once, some of the divisio[illegible] have been destroyed, for the en[illegible] attempting to surround the[illegible] when they were ordered to retire. [illegible] of Stoneman's division to White House was a piece of strategy which failed in its object, and the retreat of Porter and M'Call across the Chickahominy, had they destroyed the bridges after them, would have been safe enough. But of course the moment that the rebels followen them, and got in the rear of our fortifications, nothing but retreat could be thought of. Had they successfully made a stand there a rebel detachment might have got between them and the James river, and so after having lost the one base of operations they would have been cut off from the other, and thus left without communications of any kind.

It may be asked why, after being safely established on the James river, in communication with the fleet, M'Clellan should again retreat after a fight, and to this we can only reply that the ground may not have been favorable. Indeed this is beginning to be manifest from the fact that the battle of Tuesday was a decided victory for M'Clellan. Had it not been so, he would not have claimed it as such, for his dispatches respecting his own contests have been singularly modest and plain.

The retreat of the enemy from Yorktown to Richmond was undoubtedly induced by the fear that while their main army was fighting M'Clellan, M'Dowell or Banks might march down and take Richmond. Their present very active movements are explained by the fact that once established on the James river, M'Clellan is virtually in the rear of Richmond, and will be able to menace that city much more seriously than before. The temporary success of the enemy therefore involves [illegible] disasters, and will be pretty much of the same character as Jackson's raid in the Shenandoah valley.

A great deal will depend upon the policy General M'Clellan may now adopt. His first plan of operations appears to have been either faulty, or undertaken with inadequate forces.—Supposing the latter to have been the case, it is not clear that the matter could have been mended by removing the forces from the valley to join him, or sending M'Dowell's corps on the same errand, since Jackson has shown what he would do in case the valley were clear; and without an army at Fredericksburg and Manassas, Jackson could march unmolested to Washington.

It must by this time be pretty evident that it is a mistake to suppose the rebels depend on fortified positions. They have repeatedly deluded our people into that belief, and then we have been suddenly surprised by some bold and rapid strategic manœuvre. Thus far their successes have resulted from their using this plan of action, coupled with a massing of their troops in great bodies for any important movement.—*North American.*

MEANING OF WORDS.—How Many words men have dragged downwards with themselves, and made partakers, more or less, of their own fall! Having originally an honorable significance, they have yet, with the deterioration of those that use them, or those about whom they were used, deteriorated or degenerated thereto.—What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed a harmful meaning, as their secondary sense! how many worthy have acquired an unworthy! Thus "knave" once meant no more than lad, (nor does it now in German mean more; "villain" than peasant; a "boor" was only a farmer; a "varlet" was but a serving man; a "menial" one of the "many" or "household;" a "churl" but a strong fellow; a "minion" a favorite—"man is 'God's dearest minion.'" (Sylvester.) "Time-server" was used two hundred years ago quite as often in an honorable as in a dishonorable sense, "serving the time." "Conceits" had once nothing conceited in them; "officious" had reference to offices not of busy meddling; "moody" was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness implied. "Demure" (*des moeurs* of good manners) conveyed no hint, as it now does, of an overdoing of the outward demonstrations of modesty. In "crafty" and "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill; "craft," indeed, still retains very often its more honorable use, a man's "craft" being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled.—And think you that the Magdalene would have ever given us "maudlin" in its present contemptuous application if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honor by the world?

A BASE LIE EXPOSED.

The plan adopted by the journals which first opposed all the efforts to put down rebellion by the force of arms, to embarrass the government in its present operations, is to array the free white men of the north against the administration of Abraham Lincoln, on the plea that one of the results of the efforts thus to crush treason has been to fill the northern states with hordes of emancipated or runaway slaves, who are daily coming in competition with white labor, and are threatening, of course, the destruction of the white man's prosperity and progress. Almost every Breckenridge organ that we open contains an announcement or an assertion of this character. The *Patriot* started one of these stories by declaring that negroes were employed to cut the grass in the capitol grounds, when a large number of white men were actually compelled to stand in idleness and behold the more fortunate employment of the negro. When we exposed this contemptible fabrication, and showed that the negroes in question were employed by a Democrat, the *Patriot* refused in dogged silence to make an explanation of its falsehood, and suffered its paragraph on this subject to be circulated for the delusion and the delight of the dough-face Democracy.

Another story of the same description, and which we believe was copied by the *Patriot*, is to the effect that Messrs. Wood, Worrell & Co. had employed a number of "contrabands" in the Cambria iron works. This story has been going the rounds of the locofoco press. It has been magnified until many people believe that negroes are actually crowding white men from places of employment, thus degrading labor by a reduction of wages and threatening with starvation the laboring men of Pennsylvania. But the truth spoils the whole story, and an expose shows that the firm alluded to, never employed a single contraband, heretofore or now, at the Cambria iron works. The entire report and publication of such employment of negroes was gotten up by the Democratic press of Pennsylvania to mislead the honest laboring men of the state into the support of a corrupt combination about to be entered into for the purpose of bringing the war to a close by humiliating the national government. The labor is worthy of the Democratic party, after it has contributed the excuses for and the resources to carry on rebellion.—*Harrisburg Tel.*

TABLEAU!—SCENE AT A QUILTING.—The editor of the Oswego Times reminds the local public of an incident happening there not quite a hundred years ago. There was a quilting party at a certain house, divers females of uncertain ages having gathered together for the purpose of discussing other people's business and promoting the general interests of society. Whilst they were thus amiably engaged, there appeared on the sidewalk, in front of the window, a poor, ragged, half-starved fellow, celebrated throughout the town for his affecting poverty. On deeds of loving charity intent, the ladies called the hapless scarecrow in doors, and resolved to furnish him with better clothing on the spot. A pair of shoes, cast off by the good man of the house, were found to fit the simpleton admirably, an invalided hat was kindly induced to rest upon his head like a crown of faded glory, and then there was produced a coat not more than four sizes too small for him. The fool was observed to show some hesitancy about putting off his own rag-lan for the purpose of trying this garment on; but, after much entreaty, off came the article, disclosing to the horror-stricken quilters that the simpleton wore no—"oh no! we never mention it." The charity coat was hastily thrown to him, and just as he had commenced to struggle into it the twine sustaining the remainder of his costume was seen to snap. Like deer before the flying hounds, the whole charitable sisterhood fled from the scene, sprinkling their way with side-combs, fragments of hoops, and other females minutiæ. The simpleton continued his single combat with the coat, until an Irish gentleman, who had been working in the garden, came to his rescue, and enabled him to concentrate his wardrobe again.

RECANTING HIS ERRORS.—Mr. James Russ, editor of the Shelbyville (Tenn.) *Expositor*, and a fervent advocate of secession, publicly recants his opinions. He says:

"Like hundreds and thousands of others residing in Tennessee, I was led to believe the calling out of troops by Mr. Lincoln was but an evidence of his determination to overthrown the institution of slavery. And thus thinking, I thought it my duty as a Tennessean, as a man born here, as a man whose interests were all indentified with the Southern people, to resist him. In this I now see that I was mistaken. I see also that the attempt to form a Southern Confederacy has thus far proved and will continue to prove a complete failure. And for these reasons I regard it the duty of every man residing in Tennessee to hasten back to his allegiance and claim the protection represented by the "Stars and Stripes of the American Union."

Frost Music.

I was once belated, in Canada, on a fine winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake, when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. For some time I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain.—I thought of the pine forest, which was not far off; but the tone was not harp-like, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached; then it seemed to be miles away in a moment; again it moaned, as if under my very feet. It was, in fact, almost under my feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there had made air-holes, for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence, but they would come out with an explosion when, in some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would blow up, and make a crash and racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with someting of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my very heart thrill again.—*Once a week.*

THE HIGHER FACULTIES OF EXISTENCE.—Now it is an unquestionable fact that those who are equally acquainted with and equally capable of appreciating and enjoying both, do give a most marked preference to the manner of existence which employs their higher faculties. Few human creatures would consent to be changed into any of the lower animals for the promise of the fullest allowance of a beast's pleasures; no intelligent human being would be an ignoramus; no person of feeling and conscience would be selfish and base, even though they should be persuaded that the fool, the dunce, or the rascal is better satisfied with his lot than they are with theirs.—They would not resign what they possess more than he for the most complete satisfaction of all the desires which they have in common with him. If they ever fancy they would, it is only in cases of unhappiness so extreme, that to escape from it they would exchange their lot for almost any other, however undesirable in their own eyes. A being of higher faculties requires more to make him happy, is capable, probably, of more acute suffering, and certainly accessible to it at more points than one of an inferior type; but in spite of these liabilities he can never really wish to sink into what he feels to be a lower grade of existence.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

WHO ARE THE BRAVE IN BATTLE?—A popular error prevails in regard to the fighting qualities displayed by different regiments in the same action.—Many people, perhaps a majority of the readers of newspapers, conclude that the regiment which shows the largest list of killed and wounded has done the hardest fighting. This is a popular error. The regiment that is handled with the most skill in approaching the enemy, and which makes the most energetic and overwhelming charge upon them, suffers much less than one which is awkardly posted, which neglects to throw out skirmishers, and is brought in front of the enemy at a disadvantage. In a recent battle, a certain regiment whose Colonel sat behind a wood pile holding his horse during the action, sustained a heavy loss at the first volley of the enemy, and but little execution was done by that regiment. The regiments who charged upon the foe and saved the fortunes of the day, and secured the victory, show much smaller loss than the regiment alluded to.—Those who judge of battalions by the results in the killed and wounded would doubtles conclude in this and in similar instances, that the most inefficient and wavering were the bravest.

SINGULAR FANCY.—The West Chester *Republican* records the death of an old man who has kept his coffin in his house for thirty years. Until within a few years he resided on a small farm three miles from West Chester. On one occasion he cut down a small walnut tree growing on his place, had it sawed into boards, and the coffin was made from a portion of the lumber.—Without communicating his purpose to any one, he took the board to a cabinet maker, had the coffin made, and one day it came home while he was absent, causing considerable consternation in his family. He was rather an eccentric person, but a kind neighbor and a good citizen. Last week this uncomfortable reminder of death war brought forth, varnished, and he was carried in it to the grave.

BATTLE OF LIFE.—If life be a battle, how mad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest. If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters. If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return until the twilight shadows gather round his pathway.

What a Bayonet Charge Is.

It is said that severe as the fight at Pittsburg Landing undoubtedly was, but one bayonet wound has been discovered by our surgeons there, and that was inflicted by a barbarous rebel upon a helpless sick soldier, lying in his tent. Some surprise has been expressed at this fact; there is a general impression that after a bayonet charge, if the contesting forces are composed of brave men, there should be a great number of such wounds.—The truth is that a bayonet charge is a very different affair from what it is generally supposed. In the first place the regiment or other force which make the charge, though probably ranged as near as possible squarely opposite the enemy, cannot keep up this formation during a quarter of a mile or more of ground which must be traversed by it before the foe is reached. Even with the best drilled and bravest men, one end of the line lags behind, and if the enemy should stand still to receive the charge, only a part of the line would be engaged at first. In practice, however, military writers confess that bayonets are very rarely actually crossed. A charge usually takes one of three turns; either the charging party, by its firmness and impetuosity, throws the opposing force into a panic, and it breaks rank and flies without awaiting the thrust of the bayonet; or by firmness and a well delivered volley at short distance, the side which is attacked drives off the other; or, in the fewest cases, both sides behave well, and then, in the words of one of our most experienced generals, "the best sergeant decides the fate of the charge"—because only the sergeant and one or two men at the end of the line which first comes in contact with the enemy's are really engaged during the few decisive moments, and thus the conduct, individual bravery and strength of perhaps half a dozen men who alone cross bayonets with the enemy, gain the victory for the side to which they belong. "What do you suppose we keep our bayonets bright for, but to scare the enemy?" a distinguished general said to one who was inquiring into the nature of bayonet charges; and a Marshal of France wrote: "It is not the number of killed, but the number of frightened that decides the issue of a battle." Jomini says distinctly that he saw a bayonet fight once in all his military experience; and it is related by the historians of Napoleon's wars, that when the French were once charging the Prussians with the bayonet, when the latter would not or could not retreat, there ensued a spectacle unexpected by the officers on either side. The French and Prussian soldiers, when they got within striking distance, apparantly by mutual consent, clubbed their muskets, and thus fought most desperately with their arms reversed.

A STRANGE DINNER PARTY.—A traveler who has just returned from Spain across the Pyrenees, gives an account of a curious sight which he witnessed during a short halt at a village high up in the mountains. Having an hour to spare, he walked out to admire the scenery, and his attention was attracted by a number of eagles fluttering at some distance. On looking more closely he oberved that about twenty of those birds were engaged in fight over the body of a dead cow with as many wolves, which were, however, at last obliged to yield up possession of the prize. At a short distance he also noticed a brown bear watching the combatants but not daring to advance till the eagles had satisfied their hunger and taken to flight.

THE CHICKAHOMINY HISTORY.—The Chickahominy river, all know, from the reports of Gen. McClellan's operations, to be a small stream in the vicinity of Richmond, which broadens and deepens gradually in its course.—Some time before it reaches the James river, into which it empties, thirty-seven miles above Fortress Monroe, it is affected by the tides, and at the mouth is, as it appears from the James, between two and three miles wide.—The Chickahominy is the stream which Capt. John Smith was exploring when he was captured by the warriors of Powhattan. It is believed he was captured somewhere near the late battle. It will be remembered that its banks were in the days of John Smith as now, noted for marshes. Smith was mired in the swamp when the savages pounced upon him.—*Exchange.*

☞ All the officers in the 83d Pa. regiment including the lamented Col. M'Lane and Capt. Brown, have signed a recommendation to the voters of Erie county, to make Segt. Hulbert, of the 83d, (who lately lost a foot in the Hanover Court House fight,) County Treasurer at the approaching October election. The recommendation is published in the Erie papers, and can but have weight with the electors of the county.—*Con. Reporter.*

☞ Somebody asked Gen. Cass the other day in Detroit: "General, what may do to save the Union?" "Anything!" "May we abolish slavery?" "Abolish anything on earth to save the nation!"

☞ The swan subdues the eagle when he attacks her on her own element; so the weakest may subdue the strongest foe if he but keep his place and do his duty.