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BY DAVID OVER.

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Poetry.



[FROM THE PHILA. BULLETIN.]
THE TRIUMPH OF THE RIGHT.

BY RICHARD COE.

Let every loyal heart to-day,
Send up a shout of praise,
Unto the mighty Triune God,
The Author of our days,
That He hath given victory
Unto the cause of right,
And laid the rebel minions low,
Beneath the bloody fight!

We know full well our cause is just,
Our men both true and brave;
That Freedom's banner ne'er was meant,
To float above the slave,
We know that truth when crushed to earth
Will rise again in might,
And knowing this we give to God
The glory of the fight!

We have a faith, outreaching time,
That this our land shall be
The heritage of all the earth,
That labor to be free—
That strikes millions shall arise,
And dwell in the night,
Believing this we give to God,
The glory of the fight!

Now, unto each and every one,
That hastened to the field,
The homage of a nation's praise,
With grateful hearts we yield!
But unto him who led our hosts,
And bared his arm of might,
To him we give the choicest praise,
The glory of the fight!

Then let each loyal heart to-day,
Send up a shout of praise
Unto the mighty Triune God,
The Author of our days,
That He hath sent the victory
Unto the cause of right,
And laid the rebel minions low
Beneath the bloody fight!

For the Inquirer.

Thinking it might not be uninteresting to some of your readers, I have copied myself to a brief manner, the Sunday School exhibition which I had the pleasure of attending at Blooming Run, on the nights of Friday and Saturday, the 21st and 22d of February. The exercises were held in the new N. E. Church, and were intended for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday School Library, they were opened each evening with singing by the school and prayer by the Rev. C. Cleaver. It would occupy too much of your space to give you a detailed account of the exhibition, I can only notice a few particulars.

The classes which were ten in number were introduced each evening by the teachers repeating some quotation appropriate to the motto of the class.

The tableau "In the light, in the light," was one of the greatest affairs I have ever seen. To give a description would be next to impossible; it could not be appreciated until it had been seen. The church was beautifully lighted by lamps during the performance, and as I listened to the clear, sweet, silvery voices of the children singing "In the Light," "In the Light," I thought their music was more of heaven than earth, and the light of the church at that moment seemed to me more like mellowed rays from the "Throne Eternal" than plain lamp light. The "National allegorical Tableau of Liberty" was one of rare excellence. No one could hear the children in their sweet voices singing "My country 'tis of thee

Sweet land of liberty," without feeling a thrill of patriotism within him.—Washington crossing the Delaware was admirably performed, with many others which time would fail me to notice. On the last night we listened with pleasure to an address on the "Nature and Design of Sabbath Schools" by J. B. Clarkson; the subject was not only well arranged, and studied, but the delivery was excellent and had a fine effect upon the audience. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Clarkson for his untiring energy and zeal in getting up these interesting exercises, for the benefit of the children who have participated, and to gratify the desire of the crowd who have attended it, there will be a repetition of the principal pieces on next Saturday night, March 1st. We would speak for them a full hour and we are certain you will be pleased. May the blessing of God rest upon the cause of the Sunday Schools, and may our old schoolmate and friend be abundantly prospered in all his undertakings.

SPECTATOR.

GENERAL SCHOEPFF.

The annexed letter from the Hon. Joseph Holt, which has appeared in a Western journal, contains information respecting the history and character of an officer who has so highly distinguished himself in the field as not only to prove the correctness of the estimate form-

ed of him by Mr. Holt, but also to create a general interest in whatever relates to him:—
ST. LOUIS, Dec. 16.

Editors Gazette.—Your Frankfort correspondent's notice of Gen. Schoepff contains inaccuracies so marked that I feel bound to correct them—the more so as my name is directly connected with them. The statement that the General, on his arrival in the United States, or at any time afterwards, was engaged in the dragging pursuits mentioned, has not been made before, that I am aware of, and I totally discredit it. He is a Hungarian by birth and a graduate of the military school of Vienna. During the recent struggle of Hungary for independence he served with distinction under the flag of his native land, and when her armies were overwhelmed by the combined forces of Russia and Austria, he, in common with other patriots, sought an asylum in Turkey, where he was assigned an honorable rank in the military service of the Sultan. When, through the kind offices of a mutual friend, I made his acquaintance, he was an officer in the United States Coast Survey at Washington, discharging duties scientific in his character, but upon a wholly unremunerative salary. Being well satisfied that he was worthy of a larger sphere of action, he was appointed Assistant Engineer in the Patent Office. In this position he continued several years, and earned for himself a high reputation for intellect and science with the gifted corps of engineers with whom he was associated. A few months since he expressed a desire to take the field in defense of his adopted country, against the treacherous rebellion now seeking its life, and he was in consequence introduced to Gen. Scott, who so favorably impressed with his soldierly character and attainments that he earnestly recommended his appointment as Brigadier General. This appointment was made a few days afterward. With the subsequent history of Gen. Schoepff the country is acquainted. Those who know him well entertain no fears but that with a fair field he will prove himself as a brave and skilful a General as he is a loyal citizen and true hearted man. Very respectfully your ob't. serv't.,
J. HOLT.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR—A CHAPTER IN HIS HISTORY.

A year ago, when Gen. Cass—grieved and indignant—left Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, Mr. Attorney General Black was transferred to the portfolio of State, and Mr. Stanton, then absent from Washington, was fixed upon as Attorney General. The same night he arrived at a late hour, and learned of his family of his appointment. Knowing the character of the bold, bad men then in the ascendancy of the Cabinet, he determined at once to decline, but when, the next day, he announced his resolution at the White House, the entreaties of the distressed and helpless President, and the arguments of Mr. Black, prevailed upon him to accept.

At the first meeting of the Cabinet which he attended, the condition of the seceded States and the course to be pursued with the garrison at Fort Sumter was discussed, Floyd and Thompson dwelling upon "the irritation of the Southern heart" and the folly of "continuing a useless garnison to increase the irritation." No one formally proposed any course of action, but the designs of the conspirators were plain to the new Attorney General. He went home troubled. He had intended, coming in at so late a day, to remain a quiet member of the discordant council. But it was not in his nature to sit quiet longer, under such utterances.

The next meeting was a long and stormy one, Mr. Holt, feebly seconded by the President, urging the immediate reinforcement of Sumter, while Thompson, Floyd and Thomas contended that a quasi-treaty had been made by the officers of the Government with the leaders of the rebellion, to offer no resistance to their violations of law and seizures of Government property. Floyd especially blazed with indignation at what he termed the "violation of honor." At last Mr. Thompson formally moved that an imperative order be issued to Major Anderson to retire from Sumter to Fort Moultrie—abandoning Sumter to the enemy, and proceeding to a post where he must at once surrender.

Stanton could sit still no longer, and rising he said, with all the earnestness that could be expressed in his bold and resolute features, "Mr. President, it is my duty, as your legal adviser, to say that you have no right to give up the property of the Government or abandon the soldiers of the United States to its enemies; and the course proposed by the Secretary of the Interior, if followed, is treason, and will involve you and all concerned in treason." Such language had never before been heard in Buchanan's Cabinet, and the men who had so long ruled and bullied the President, were surprised and enraged to be thus rebuked. Floyd and Thompson sprang to their feet with fierce, menacing gestures, seeming about to assault Stanton. Mr. Holt took a step forward to the side of the Attorney General.—The impetuous President implored them pitiously to take their seats. After a few more bitter words the meeting broke up. That was the last Cabinet meeting on that exciting question in which Floyd participated. Before another was called all Washington was startled with a rumor of those gigantic frauds which have made his name so infamous. At first he tried to brush it out with his customary blustering manner; but the next day the Cabinet waited long for his appearance. At last he came; the door opened, his resignation was thrust into the room, and Floyd disappeared from Washington. Such was the end of Floyd and the beginning of Stanton.

CALENDAR OF OPERATIONS FOR MARCH.

FARM.—Sunshine and the south wind struggle with the frosts and gales of Winter, and Spring asserts this month her right to rule.—The thousand trickling rills, starting under the snow banks and gathering fresh strength and many drops from every softening sod, make hill-side and meadow musical with their liquid voices, giving man notice that water and frost have quit their hold upon the soil, and calling him to his labor. A few degrees south of New York City, the month of March is really the beginning of Spring but in northern New-York, New-England and the North-West, Winter, and good sleighing, often continue nearly through the month. On warm well drained land work can not commence too soon after the frost and water are fairly out of the soil, but heavy soil is often injured by working while it is wet.

Buildings.—Make provision for the increase of the herd and flock, and attend to inside repairs, painting, etc. Delay outside painting until next month. Heavy rains accompanied by wind will injure a coat of fresh paint.

Cattle.—Some succulent food is very important to the health of all kinds of stock. Feed a few roots, mangels or rutabagas, daily.—Separate cows near calving from the others, giving them wide roomy stalls or boxes.—Keep watch to render assistance if necessary. Working oxen must be well fed and not allowed to overwork at first.

Cellars.—Clean out decayed vegetables, superfluous sand, or lumber. Whitewash with a simple lime wash, to make them lighter, sweeter, and more healthy. Keep barrels, tubs, etc., where they will not dry or decay.

Clover.—May be sowed at any time during the month—best when the ground is frost cracked on a still morning, or else upon new fallen snow, as the seed may then be seen and it can be more easily sowed.

Drains.—Should be examined as soon as the frost is out of the ground to see that there are no obstructions. Wet spots in drained land indicate stoppages in drains, which can seldom be repaired before the season is dryer. A perfect system of surface drains is essential at least where underdrains are not laid, and it is more important to have them clear now than at any other season. If possible get in some new drains where needed; it will make the land 3 to 6 weeks earlier.

Farm Accounts.—No work done on the farm pays better, than that done in planning and laying out the farm for the future, and in keeping full accounts.

Fences.—Re-set posts and walls heaved by the frost; and mend fences before your neighbors turn out their cattle; but do not think of turning your own stock out to grass for two months yet. Happy is he who has a good fence, but happier he who can do away with one.

Grain.—Examine that stored in bin. Keep from dampness, mold, insects, and rats and mice.

Grass Lands.—Pull out bushes and briars by the roots, remove stones and roll heaved land as soon as the ground will bear the teams.—Top dress before rolling with ashes, Chilli salt-peter or guano, where desirable.

Hired Men.—Lose no time in hiring good men for the Summer's work; the opinion prevails that labor will be scarce and wages high, but we doubt it. Don't have a shiftless, lazy, or unprincipled man on the farm at any price. Where several hands are employed, give each his own work, every team its own driver, and let the most skillful be employed in his appropriate department.

Horses.—Groom thoroughly; feed carrots (4 qts. a day) to make them shed their coats well and get them in good condition for Spring work. Be particularly careful to guard against colds taken by exposure, when unblanketed, and against galls and sores.

Ice-Houses.—Should be closed up, the ice well covered with straw, ventilation provided in the top of the house. As poor ice is better than none it may not be too late to secure some, if still needed to fill up.

Manure.—Manure-making may now progress rapidly. The compost heaps will need working over, manure for the field carted out, and all kinds of litter and scrapings of yards, ditches, sinks, hen-houses, etc., may be composted with muck or earth. Barn-yard leachings, urine and castor pomace quicken inert compost heaps.

Pasture lands may receive the same treatment as grass lands, in kind if not in degree, and old pastures bone-dust, superphosphate, or leached, or unleached ashes may be applied with good effect.

Plowing is work never to be done in a hurry or on heavy land when the water is not out of it, and never to be slighted. Manure should never be buried deep at this season, unless the land is to be plowed and manured a second time. Deepening the soil by plowing is best effected in the Autumn, but may be done in the Spring in connection with subsequent surface manuring.

Potatoes.—Early planting is advisable, and the last of the month is not too early for some localities. It is much pleasanter to sell potatoes for \$1.50 per bushel than 50 cents or less, and this our Eastern farmers may do.

Poultry.—Give free range in the orchards and fields, feeding grain with corn and cabbage. They will then not eat buds, but find multitudes of insects. Set hens in places where they may be conveniently taken care of and out of the reach of rats.

Seeds.—Secure a supply early, and test samples in pots or boxes of earth before sowing or purchasing largely.

Sheep.—A successful shepherd is ever watchful, tender, and careful.

Swine.—Keep a little charcoal and ashes in

a corner of the sty, and a handful of flower of sulphur in the swill is a good thing at this season; feed raw roots to breeding sows but not in quantities enough to produce scouring, and give besides a nutritive diet.

Tools, etc.—We scarcely need repeat the injunction, to look well to tools, harnesses and wheel vehicles of all kinds, and have every thing ready for use.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Richmond Whig on the Rebel Government.

These are times to try men's souls. The consequences of a defensive policy, and of the folly of transferring the war to the valley of the Mississippi, where the enemy have their best fighters, instead of attacking them in their central and most tender point—Pennsylvania—by aggressive war, are now upon us. We have permitted them without interruption to mature their programme of surrounding and compressing us, which was announced more than eight months ago. What our Government has done to meet the issue, besides wrangling with popular generals and piddling over petty jobs the Lord only knows. Judging by results, so far, it is the most lamentable failure in history, and suggests to the reflecting mind that the most signal service which the Government can now render to the country is the surrender of the helm to able and better hands. In view of the past, the present, and the probable future, the pageant of to-morrow is a bitter mockery and a miserable compensation for the ruin of a free people. A child with a bubble, an old man with a young wife, are partial illustrations of the deplorable folly.

For eight months the people have been hoping and confiding. Never enough can be said of the ardor, the disinterestedness and devotion of the Southern people. With one heart, they have offered all they had for the common cause of life, liberty, and happiness; but there has been no response from the authorities at all in proportion to the outburst from the popular heart. The dreary inaction of the last summer and autumn, the disease and weariness of camp life, and the wasting away of the finest army ever assembled, were endured, if not with patience, at least without any boisterous complaint against the Government. If confidence was shaken, the hope still survived that our rulers were laboring diligently, wisely, and effectively for our defence.

The result is before us. Does patriotism dictate, does it justify tender sympathies? Are we privileged to fold our arms in mute admiration of some reputed great man, while the country, under his guidance, is going with railroad speed to destruction? There is no unkind feeling in any quarter, that we are aware of, towards Mr. Davis; so far from it, all the manifestations of the last twelve months prove the contrary. But the conviction is general—outside of official circles it may be said to be universal—that no one man can perform all the varied and difficult functions, civil and military, of this Government. The mysterious, do-nothing policy, which has been attended only with disasters, has substituted distrust and apprehension for the hope and confidence which previously prevailed. It is this loss of confidence which presents the most gloomy phase to our cause. The men and the policy that have, without necessity, involved us in our present troubles, are they on whom we have to rely for extrication. Confidence achieved, by a change of men or of policy.

The crisis is too serious to misce words.—Perhaps we all have committed an error, and have contributed to delude the Administration by holding our tongues, or only indulging the honeyed accents of praise. The disposition has been great among all classes to look on the bright side of everything—to gloss over what we did not approve, and hope for the best from what we do not understand. But such disasters as those of Roanoke Island and the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers are such patent and appalling evidences of inefficiency that all confidence must be lost without some assurance of an altered and more vigorous policy.

Great and criminal as may have been official remissness during the last eight months, while the enemy were actively preparing to invade us, our cause is not desperate, if we can have counsel and energetic action. With a free and brave people, ready to peril fortune and life for the maintenance of their liberties, nothing is wanting but competent leadership—men of wise heads and big hearts, worthy of this great movement, to conduct them to victory.

The permanent Congress of the Confederacy is now in session. It is an important branch of the Government, privileged and required by its position to take an active part in the conduct of affairs. It is its high prerogative to see that other departments perform their functions, and if they fail, to take care that the Republic receives no detriment. But, with wise and harmonious councils, our past reverses may prove sources of future triumph.

REBEL REPORTS FROM TENNESSEE.

The Richmond Dispatch, of Saturday, says: As yet, we have no clear statement of the result at Fort Donelson on our own side.—The telegraph has given nothing directly to the press, and no mail has come through from Nashville since the great battle. This is owing, no doubt, to the complete monopoly of the railroad to transport troops and stores. Neither mails nor passengers have come through. We publish a statement this morning by telegraph from August, made to the press of that day by a lieutenant who was in the fight at Donelson. This statement rather discourages the hope that the loss of prisoners is very much exaggerated by the Yankees. The disaster in this respect must be very great. Another terrible lesson against cooping up men to defend positions not properly fortified.

THE SAD SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

The following private letter, written by a former attaché of the New-York Post-Office, presents another side of the victory gained at Fort Donelson, from that which is generally contemplated:

FORT DONELSON, TENN. Monday Feb. 17, 1862.—MY DEAR FATHER: Sad, lonely, and down-hearted, I attempt to write you a few lines, to let you know I am alive and unharmed. We have had a most bloody fight; there must have been 5,000 to 7,000 men killed and wounded, on both sides. But the enemy was surrounded, on Saturday evening, we taking about 13,000 prisoners. But, dear father, the hardest part of the story is, that out of eighty-five men in my company, only seven came out—the most wholesale slaughter that was ever heard of.

My company was the sole company, at which the Rebels took particular aim; as fast as one man who carried it would be shot another would take his place; but the flag was brought through. Only 116 remain in the 11th Regiment unharmed.

Do not wonder, dear father, that I am down-hearted. My boys all loved me, and need I say that, in looking at the poor remnant of my company—the men that I have taken so much pains to drill, the men that I thought so much of—now nearly all in their graves, I feel melancholy. But I do not complain; God spared my life, and for what, the future must tell. I will write you soon again. The 11th Regiment will, I think (what is remaining), be left to guard the prisoners at Cairo or Alton, Mo.; they recruit. Whether I shall attempt to raise another company, I do not know at present. Good bye. Let the folks at home know I am safe.

Yours, affectionately,
L. D. WADDELL, Capt. Co. E
11th Regt. Ill. Vol. (what is left of it)
WM. CONVENTRY H. WADDELL, esq., N. Y.

During the morning of the surrender of Fort Donelson, the following correspondence passed between the commanders of the Union and rebel forces:

HEADQUARTERS, FORT DONELSON, }
Feb. 16, 1862.

SIR:—In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces, the appointment of commissioners to agree upon the terms of the capitulation of the forces in this post under my command. In that view I suggest an armistice until twelve o'clock to-day. S. R. BUCKNER, Brig. Gen. U. S. A.
To Brig. Gen. U. S. Grant.

HEADQUARTERS ON THE FIELD, }
FORT DONELSON, Feb. 16.

To Gen. S. B. BUCKNER.—Sir: Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle on terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted.

I propose to move immediately on your works.
I am, very respectfully your ob't serv't.,
U. S. GRANT, Brig. Gen.

HEADQUARTERS, }
DOVER, TENN., Feb. 16.

Brig. Gen. U. S. GRANT, U. S. A.—Sir: The distribution of forces under my command incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms, to accept the ungenerous and unwholesome terms which you propose.

I am, sir, your servant,
S. B. BUCKNER, Brig. Gen. C. S. A.

GEN HALLACK'S DEPARTMENT.

The Destruction of the Tennessee Iron Works—Commodore Foote Hunting for Rebel Camps.

The Fort Donelson Correspondent of the Chicago Post, writing under date of Feb. 19, says:

Sunday evening about four o'clock, the gunboat St. Louis proceeded up the river towards Clarksville on a reconnoitering expedition.—Commodore Foote had heard that there was a rebel encampment a few miles up the river, and he concluded to find out its locality and shell the rebels out. But, after proceeding five or six miles and questioning every person discovered on the shore, the conclusion was reached that if any encampment had existed, the occupants had taken to their heels to follow the fortunes of the vanishing foot-pad Floyd.

THE TENNESSEE IRON WORKS.

Six miles above Dover, the St. Louis came in sight of the Tennessee Iron Works, an extensive establishment, owned by John Bell, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Wood. Not a person was in sight, and to ascertain if any body was at home, a shell was thrown at high elevation, and burst directly over the establishment, too high to do any damage. It had the desired effect; the workmen streamed out of their hire like a swarm of bees. It having been reported that the mill had been engaged extensively in the manufacture of iron plates for rebel gun-boats, (Giles Johnson, of the St. Louis, was sent about to find the proprietors, and inquire about it. He found Mr. Lewis, who at once presented himself as the proprietor, and in response to the officer's inquiries, stated that the mill had been occupied lately in the

manufacture of a good deal of iron of various patterns; but it had been done for contractors and other individuals, and not directly for the rebel "Government." Mr. Lewis was asked if he did not know from the pattern of the iron that it was for war purposes. He said that a good deal of it had been square iron, which he supposed was for wagon axles, and a considerable part had been heavy plates which might be for gun-boats. He attempted no concealment whatever, and an examination of his books corroborated his statements, and also showed orders for a large quantity of iron of similar descriptions, not yet manufactured. He stated that he had been a strong and decided Union man as long as he could be with safety from mobs, which threatened his person and property, and that his associates, Messrs. Bell and Wood, had likewise been.—He asked why he did not decline orders for making war materials, as Mr. Hinman (proprietor of the Cumberland Iron Works, lower down the river) had done, so which his reply was, that Hinman was in Kentucky, which did not do, while he was in Tennessee, and above the fortification of Donelson, which was erected last May, thus shutting up the Cumberland river at the Tennessee line.

In view of the fact that the works had been engaged in making and furnishing materials of war to the rebels, Commodore Foote considered it his duty to disable them, not knowing then that the Union lines would so soon embrace them, and the river beyond to Clarksville. He informed Mr. Lewis that this would be necessary, and also that he must require him to go on board as a prisoner. An attempt was first made to disable the machinery of the establishment, the desire being not to utterly destroy the property if it could be avoided. But the machinery was so heavy that no means could be found of confining powder sufficient to blow it up. It was, therefore, set on fire and consumed. When Mr. Lewis beheld his property in flames, he expressed the hope that his private residence would be spared. "Sir," said the Commodore, "we came not to destroy or touch any part of your property which has not been used in the carrying on of this most unnatural war against the Government."

A MAN WHO DID NOT BELIEVE THE UNION TROOPS TO BE VANDALS.

Mr. Lewis is an educated gentleman, and is at heart a Union man. He speaks freely of the leaders of this movement, as well as the greatest of knaves, and warmly expresses the hope that the war may speedily end, and the good old ensign of the freest nation on earth once more wave peacefully in every State. His family reside in Clarksville, and, unlike many of his neighbors who fled with their slaves upon hearing of the approach of the Union army, he kept his own quietly at home, in the full belief, as he declares, that the purpose of war is not what Southern desperados and Northern fools declare it to be—the destruction instead of the preservation of the American Constitution.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE CHARGE OF GEN. SMITH'S DIVISION.

A correspondent of the New York Herald gives the following graphic description of the charge of Gen. Smith's division at the battle of Fort Donelson. The correspondent says:

Capt. Hillyer started off to find Gen. Grant, who had not been on the field since half past four o'clock in the morning—it was now near noon. Hillyer met the General coming back from the transports, and communicated to him the fact that McClelland had been attacked, and compelled to fall back, but had rallied and regained his position. Gen. Grant immediately rode upon the field—it being then half past one o'clock—and there learned the status of the army. A body of from ten to twelve thousand of the enemy had cut through our right flank and escaped. This was the attack upon McClelland. A galling fire was being kept up upon our left and centre from heavy siege and field artillery, and our forces were being fast decimated. To remain in this position would surely prove our ruin; to fall back out of range of the enemy's guns would demoralize the army, and no alternative was left so hazard everything upon a united charge upon the whole enemy's works. Though officers clamored and the men were impatient to make the assault, still the General hesitated and it was not until half past two that the orders to assault the works was given. Then Captain Hillyer rode down to General Smith to communicate the order, when the old General's visage gleamed with a new light. Said Captain Hillyer: "General Smith, Gen. Grant orders you to assault and take the enemy's works in your front, at all hazards."

"Better late than never," said Smith; "but I'll do it! Tell General Grant I'll do it!"—And turning to his men he said: "Soldiers, we are ordered to take those works by assault. Are you ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir, ready! Hurrah!" And a shout came from the phalanx of brave men such as comes only from patriots upon great occasions.

"Ready! Close ranks! Charge bayonets! Forward! Double quick! March!" And march they did in close order, the advancing brigades looking more like a blue porcupine, with its quills turned forward, thanught also I can compare it to, right up to the rebel works.—Though the enemy kept up an incessant fire from howitzer, field pieces and musket of shells solid shot and lead, still that brigade marched on, nothing daunted, to the enemy's earth-works, which reached, over it went, right into the midst of the buttorn colored debris who had so savagely welcomed them inside the entrenchment. When the blue coats appeared inside the breastworks, the old veteran, C. F. Smith, at their head, brandishing his sword and looking for all the world like a