

American Volunteer.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY."

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Poetical.

THE RAIN.

BY THOMAS REEVEAN READ.

BEFORE.

We know it would rain, for all the world
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the gully-anthems.

Of marshes, and swamps, and dismal fens—
Scraping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We know it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, and the amber green
Sirocco in the wind, and the lightning was
Intangled in tremendous skeins of rain!

AFTER.

The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the chimney's dizzy vase
The thimble cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy leaves,
Antiquely carved, and gray and high,
A former, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun—
A Globe of gold, a disc, a speck;
And in the bulby striae a dove,
With purple ripples on her neck.

THE DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHILAND—BY LOSEFOWELL.

Two larks through garden
Walked hand in hand
Two pale and slender creatures,
They sat the flowers among.

They kissed each other's cheek so warm,
They kissed each other's mouth;
They kissed each other in arms,
They dreamed of health and youth.

Two bells they sounded suddenly—
They started from their sleep;
And in the convent cell there,
And he in daisies deep.

Miscellaneous.

THE BABY BAPTISM.

BY MARY KYTE DALLAS.

Poor, dear Uncle Clover! There never was any one like him for getting into scrapes, I am sure. Designing people always seem to pitch upon him as an instrument as a proper person to play their pranks on; and the worst of it is that experience does him no good, not the least in the world, and he only seems to become used to being imposed upon, and rather to like it than otherwise. I never shall forget, if I live a hundred years, that dreadful Sunday evening. But I'll not anticipate. The facts shall speak for themselves. Father's church (I think I have frequently spoken of father's church before) is quite a distance from uncle's house, so that he does not often go there on a Sunday. But now and then, on occasion of a special invitation, he makes an effort—rises at six, which you have to do, you know, to attend morning service in Brooklyn, when you live in New York, to assist in the service. He is generally full as fast asleep in ten minutes; but that is owing to the fatigue of the journey.

One day last summer, mother came over on purpose to tell us that the services at our church were to be held on an interesting nature on the next Sabbath. Over twenty sweet little babies were to be baptized. The Rev. Timothy Dorking was to assist father, and the new organ was to be used for the first time.

"Do you think they'll all cry at once, ma'am?" inquired uncle, scratching his head ruefully.

"I don't see why they should cry at all, replied mother sharply. "There's no crying in baptism."

"I should think the organ and the choir would, replied uncle.

"Bless you for a foolish old bachelor," laughed mother. "Mamma always keeps a child quiet if anything will."

"Oh!" said uncle, looking relieved. "I'm very glad to hear it. I'm sure, I'll come." Mother smiled approvingly. "I know you would," she said. "I shall expect you early; but if you find we've left the house, come right over to the church. Bridget and Dinah will both be there. I've arranged to have a cold dinner, so there will be no one at home."

"On second thoughts," continued mother, "Kitty had better come over on Saturday night. It always takes her so long to dress for church, and I would not have her late for any consideration."

"If mother had only known what would come of that arrangement! But she did not, and went away in a very pleasant mood, nodding and smiling from the stage window. It may be fancy, but I really do think that while she sat there talking to Uncle, I felt cold chills creep through my frame, and was sure that something dreadful was about to happen. I'll stick to that—really I had a presentiment of evil.

Saturday night came, and I left for Brooklyn, arriving at home without any misadventure, and having strict instructions for Bridget to call uncle in good season.

And so she did. He had eaten his breakfast by seven, and was entirely dressed for church by eight, and started, with ample time to take his leisure and arrive comfortably. He took the cars at the corner, reached Fulton street ferry, crossed it, and jumped into the cars on the other side. It was full of people going to church, and the passengers were obliged to sit very closely. Next to uncle sat a nice looking young woman with a baby in her arms. Uncle says she was so pretty that she quite interested him, and so young that he wondered if she really was

the baby's mother. After a while he spoke to her—taking advantage, as he says, of his grey hairs.

"What a pretty child," he said. "How old is it?"

"Just three months," replied the woman. "Your's?" asked uncle.

"Yes, sir."

"Dear me!" said uncle, and there the conversation flagged for a little. After a while the woman spoke again.

"I'm taking the child to see its grand-parents," she said.

"Ah!" said uncle.

"They do not on the baby," said the young woman.

"I don't wonder," replied uncle. "What do you call it?"

"Call it?"

"What is your baby's name?" explained uncle.

The young woman hesitated a few moments, which uncle thought was odd, and then replied—

"John, sir, John Todd."

"John, I believe," said uncle. "Well, John is a good, substantial name—old fashioned, though?"

"It is his grandpa's," replied the woman.

Then, uncle says, she talked to the baby, bowed it, cooed with it, and made such a pretty picture of herself altogether, that he was almost in love with her. Every now and then he exchanged some word with her about the weather or the air, (she said her husband was a volunteer,) and so they went on until there was only themselves left in the car, and they were quiet upon amongst the seats.

"How the service went on I don't know; I heard not one word, and I was very much relieved when it was over. Clementina fairly ran out of church, and in our party mother and she went on at such a rate that they frightened me."

"It is some mistake, I'm sure," I pleaded. But both insisted that the deed was done with malice prepense, and that Uncle Clover was a depraved creature. As we were at the worst, steps sounded in the hall, and father and Uncle Clover with the baby entered. Uncle was very pale and looked very much frightened, but father was quite calm; he had heard the truth of the matter on the way, and had decided that on the whole uncle's conduct was rather praiseworthy. But mother, as yet in ignorance, pounced upon him like an eagle, and, beginning by informing him that she was a fool to have the slightest confidence in him, talked to him for an hour and three quarters without a moment's cessation, proving him a villain of the deepest dye, and winding up by ordering him from the house, and forbidding me to speak to him. Clem satisfied herself by putting in horrid ejaculations and contemptuous epithets.

At last, when both were out of breath, poor uncle entered into an explanation, and told the story of the woman in the car. I believed it at first, of course, but mother was a little more cautious, and she said she would like to see the woman in the car. He had told her where to set him down when he got in, and started up to find him self alone in the car with the baby in his arms.

"Where's the young woman?" he inquired.

"The young woman?" inquired the conductor.

"This baby's mother, of course," replied uncle.

"Your wife?"

"Good gracious! My wife! No!"

"Then that is not your child, sir?"

"Oh, dear, no! I'm only holding it until its mother comes back," replied uncle.

The conductor began to laugh. "Why uncle do not imagine, as there was nothing to laugh at. 'The young woman will be very much alarmed, I'm afraid,' he said, gravely; and the conductor laughed again.

"Then uncle began to see through the matter. 'I'm afraid you're sold, sir,' said the conductor. 'It's a very common thing,' he said.

"What is a very common thing?" asked uncle.

"For that kind of woman to leave their babies with strangers who are not up to the dodge," replied the conductor. "You're regularly taken in, sir."

"Uncle would not believe it. But every one of whom he made inquiries laughed at him, and finally he took the child in his arms and started in sheer desperation for his house."

The story was told, for every one knew of it, and poor, foolish, deluded uncle, remembering what mother had said about coming there if service and begun, obeyed her, and with that child still huddled up in his coat sleeve, proceeded to the door and up the steps.

Now, on that day there were so many babies to be baptized that the parents had been requested to take the front pews, in order to avoid the confusion of rising all over the church, and when the sexton saw uncle with a child in his arms, he naturally concluded he was one of the parents and ushered him straight up the middle aisle into one of those pews.

We were at prayer, but when I heard uncle's story, I peeped over my handkerchief and sat up like a jack-in-the-box. Uncle was just going into that pew with the baby, whose great eyes were open to their fullest extent, and who was sucking his thumb at such a rate that it could be heard all over the church. I bit my lip in the seat next my father, but she was not to be deceived. She said afterwards that she fancied I was drawing her attention to Mrs. Lissom's sky-blue bonnet with pink feathers, and was shocked that I should do so in prayer time. So I stared at the baby, and at uncle, and at father in the seat next me, and my eyes shut, and really thought I should go mad, or had gone so.

Where on earth did uncle get that baby? whose was it and why did he bring it there to be christened? Mother says that if she had only known of it in time she would have walked across and ordered him out of the pew; but she, poor soul! had not the least idea of what was going on.

After a while the prayer was over, but mother, still wishing to reprove me for idle thoughts in church, took no notice of my nudges and whispers, and it was not until the middle of the sermon that sister Clementina, who sits with her husband just behind us, leaned over and whispered to me.

"I must be," I replied.

"How did he come by that baby?"

"Dear knows," I whispered; "I can't imagine."

Clementina paused a moment and then whispered again: "Uncle Clover is a depraved old wretch!"

"Oh, Clementina!"

"I never thought of it," said Clem; "but I'm sure now. Oh, the bare-faced creature!"

"Some one will hear you, Clem, I whisper.

"And every one will see him. We are disgraced forever!"

"What shall I do?"

"Go and see Uncle Clover in the pew with the babies who are to be christened, with a baby in his own arms? Mother looked, and her countenance became portly right. 'Oh! if I could get at him,' whispered Clementina. 'The whole church will be looking at you

presently, Clem," said her husband. "You mustn't be so excited, my dear."

"Can I help it?" replied Clementina. "What does all father do but he seems to see nothing of that disgraceful object?"

And father, indeed, had not looked that way, and did not, until the sermon being over, he arose and stood before the party in the front pews. Even then, being near-sighted, he had christened two children before he noticed Uncle Clover, who had risen like the others, and was apparently waiting his turn. An idea that he had seen some one very much like this gentleman before, first brim upon him, and the next instant he was sure of his identity.

It is strange, but true, that if you meet your dearest and most intimate friend in a place where you have no idea of meeting him you will at the first glance believe him a stranger. So it was with father. How could he believe that Uncle Clover, was before him with a young infant in his arms; and so he had said in uncle's ear: "What is this child's name?" and uncle had answered, "John, I believe."

But father says that he believes he should have fainted but for the consciousness that the eyes of the congregation were upon him. He could not make a fuss there, and he was half-distracted. However, he concluded the only course to pursue was to go straight on, and accordingly he did so, showing, as mother said, very praiseworthy presence of mind. And so, before he knew what had happened, uncle had promised to bring the baby up properly and teach him his catechism.

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From Hooker's Army.

Terrible Battles Fought on Saturday and Sunday at Chancellorsville.

Unsuccessful Attempt of Stonecreek to Turn General Hooker's Right.

TERRIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL NIGHT ATTACK UPON THE ENEMY.

A Fierce Battle of Six Hours Duration on Sunday.

A Fair Stand-Up Fight.

The Results in Our Favor, but Undecided.

The correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Chancellorsville, gives the following account of the battles of Saturday and Sunday:

THE BATTLE OF SATURDAY.

The active operations of Saturday comprise a series of attempts in force on the part of the rebels to break our lines at various points, which were in one case partially successful, in another completely successful, and in the others completely unsuccessful.

In the morning, as we stood on the balcony of Chancellor's house, the attention was aroused by a sharp rattle of musketry coming from a column of rebels, coming up by the main Fredericksburg plank road, directly in front of our Kanby's battery, however, which was planted directly in front of the position, opened upon them, and after a few rounds, caused them to retire.

Immediately afterwards, a battery opened from the height which I have mentioned as having been gained by Sykes, yesterday, and then abandoned by us. The position was raised upwards of a mile distant from the cleared space, and its object was to damage our ammunition train, which was visible, to the rebels from the top of the hill, the height. One of our batteries was, however, immediately opened in reply. The third shot blew up one of the caissons and a subsequent shot blew up another, and this settled their account.

Subsequently, a reconnaissance was sent on our part, consisting of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers (Garr's brigade, Berry's division, Sickles' corps), on the same path by which the rebels had approached in the morning. A portion of Kanby's battery, they went out on the plank road, deployed on both sides in the form of a letter V, chased the rebel skirmishers a couple of miles, till they came to a heavy double line of battle, with artillery in position, which resisted, bringing us that piece of intelligence.

Another reconnaissance was next sent out on our right, consisting of the Sharpshooters, and the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, who drove them handsomely, and at 4 o'clock retired, with fifty prisoners of the Twenty-third Georgia.

At 4 o'clock, the rebels are moving down in force on the plank road, where they were met by the division of Stonecreek's corps in the double quick into the woods—their bayonets flashing in the sunlight. A sharp contest ensued, and in a few minutes the rebels were driven back to the plank road, and the division of Stonecreek's corps, supported from the right. Let the right of the road, so that the artillery may be able to sweep the enemy on the left.

While this is going on, the information is received that the rebels are making a still more desperate dash on our right flank. We were aware that they had been making a dash on our right flank, and we were accordingly ordered to meet them. The rebels advanced rapidly into the woods by the plank road, and the division of Stonecreek's corps, supported from the right. Let the right of the road, so that the artillery may be able to sweep the enemy on the left.

Hooker's dispositions were made in a moment. Whom, of all others, should he send in at this fearful critical moment, but only during which the rebels were making a dash on our right flank, and we were accordingly ordered to meet them. The rebels advanced rapidly into the woods by the plank road, and the division of Stonecreek's corps, supported from the right. Let the right of the road, so that the artillery may be able to sweep the enemy on the left.

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—they ran too fast for that. I have the mortification to add that they allow twelve pieces of cannon to fall into the hands of the enemy.

What makes this retreat not only disgraceful, and well nigh disastrous, is that it completely foiled a splendid manoeuvre which General Sickles with his corps was engaged in executing. He had gone in on a branch road leading off from the main plank, pierced the enemy's centre, penetrated for a mile, cut them in two, and would have secured the key to victory, when the turning of Howard's position compelled him to make good his retreat, though he brought out with him four hundred rebel prisoners.

The artillery combat was prolonged till midnight, and the bursting of the shower of shells thrown by our batteries into the rebels made a spectacle that beggars all description. During the whole crisis, General Hooker was under the severest fire, and his staff, made up of young braves, performed prodigies of valor.

THE BATTLE OF SUNDAY.

Now I come to Sunday. It was perfectly evident, from the position of affairs on Saturday night, that there must be a change of our rear and into our front again. It will be seen by what skillful generalship the enemy was fought and checked on front, and flank, and rear, while this was being done.

General Reynolds and his Army Corps arrived at United States Ford on Saturday afternoon. It was immediately put into position on our right, which was withdrawn from the plank road to the Ely's Ford turnpike. This line was immediately formed by Generals Reynolds and Meade, the latter's position, on the left, having been relieved by General Howard's Eleventh Corps, which, notwithstanding its disorganized condition, was so far reorganized during the night as to be for duty on this morning. They were assigned the position on the left, where it was probable there would be little or no fighting, and were protected by the strong works built the day before by Gen. Meade's corps. A triangle, prolonged at the apex, the right of the line being somewhat longer than the left. As the portion of the line on the right was new, time was necessary to fortify and trench it, and the work was carried on vigorously by the Fifth and First Army Corps.

It was very evident at daylight, this morning, that the day would bring forth a terrific battle. We knew that the enemy had been reinforcing his line all night, and that the majority of the strength of his force on our left. His intention was, evidently, to fight for the possession of the plank road, which was perfectly apparent he must have, as that portion of it which we then held was subject to the enemy's assaults in front and on both flanks.

But the possession of this road was not obtained by the enemy, save at our own time, at his severest cost, and after one of the most desperate, and bloody, and costly battles of his short duration of the whole war. At 5 o'clock A. M., the rebels could be plainly seen upon the plank road, about a mile and a half from the Chancellor House, which was the point of their advance, and they were engaged in the struggle to get through it the evening before, and another had cut down a tree directly in front of it.

Our line of battle was formed with General Berry's corps on the right, General Birney next on the left, General Whipple and General Williams supporting. At 5 1/2 A. M., the advance became engaged in the ravine, just beyond the ridge where Capt. Best's guns had been planted, and where they still fought before, and where they still fought on the enemy and threatened his destruction.

The rattle of musketry soon became a long continued crash, and in a few moments the battle opened in earnest, and the rebels were engaged in the struggle to get through it the evening before, and another had cut down a tree directly in front of it.

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with the flame; but Chancellorsville is in history, never to be effaced.

Our new line was now so far established as to render it safe to withdraw all our forces on that front which was accordingly done, and at 11:30 A. M., the musketry firing ceased.

The engagement had lasted six hours, but had been the most terrific of the war. Our artillery had literally slaughtered the enemy, and many of the companies had lost heavily in men themselves, but the guns were all saved.

Our position was now no longer in our rear, but had been shoved down directly in our front, and is now directly between us and our forces in Fredericksburg, and we were again in an entrenched and fortifiably fortified position. The enemy has gained some ground, it is true, but the sacrifice of the flower of his force, five of his seven divisions having been cut to pieces in the effort, and over 2000 of them having fallen into our hands.

Our right wing, under Gen. Reynolds and Meade was not engaged, save