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Select Poetry.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

A HOMILY—BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a game much in fashion—I think its called *Euchre*;
(Though I never have played it for pleasure or lucre,)
In which, when the cards are in certain conditions,
And one of them cries, in a confident tone,
—I think I can venture to go it alone!"

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's
A moral to draw from the skirmish in cards,
And to fancy life finds in the trivial strife
Some excellent hints for the battle of Life.
Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or throne—
The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,
And got—not a convert—for all of his pains,
But only derision and prison and chains,
"It moves, *for all that!*" was his answering tone,
For he knew, like the earth, he could "go it alone!"

When Kepler, with intellect, piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and star,
The doctors who ought to have lauded his name,
Derided his learning, and blackened his fame,
"I can wait!" he replied, "till the truth you shall own,
For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone!"

Alas! for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle of life, upon kindred or friends,
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They can never atone for inglorious ease,
Nor comfort the coward who finds with a groan,
That his crutches have left him to "go it alone!"

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold?
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold,
The unfortunate owner may fairly regard,
As each in its way a most excellent card;
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own,
Unless you've the courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto—"Rely on Yourself!"
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

RAPID BRIDGE BUILDING.—H. Haupt, late of the Troy & Greenfield Railroad, now head engineer in McDowell's division, in Virginia, built three miles of railroad and laid the track on the same in three days. A bridge near Fredericksburg was built by him in fifteen hours after the first blow was struck. The bridge over the creek, was 40 feet above the stream, and 100 feet in length. At the close of fifteen hours Gen. McDowell and Mr. Haupt rode over the structure on an engine.

☞The value of prize vessels and cargoes actually condemned and sold, up to this time, exceeds five millions of dollars. No officer or sailor has yet received a copper of shares in prize money. Only forty thousand dollars of the proceeds of sales have ever reached the Treasury. The money is in the hands of the U. S. District Attorneys, says the correspondent of the Baltimore Sun.

☞A Western editor, having figured up the cost of the war to date, says the Government has already expended enough to purchase every nigger in the United States; and to furnish each one with a flanel shirt, a copy of the New York *Tribune* and a quill toothpick.

☞An exchange comes to us with the notice that "Truth" is crowded out of this issue. This is almost as bad as the up-country editor who said: "For the evil effects of intoxicating drinks, see our inside."

☞'Come, sonny, get up,' said an indulgent father to his hopeful son, the other morning. 'Remember the early bird catches the worm.'

'What do I care for worms?' replied the young hopeful, 'mother won't let me go fishing.'

☞An Irishman has always an answer for anything. A Corkonian, on being asked at breakfast how he came by "that black eye' said "he slept on his fist."

☞In a pool across the road in the county of Tipperary, is stuck up a pole, with this inscription:—"Take notice, that when the water is over this boord the road is impassible."

☞When we look around us now upon the ruin of our country, it is proud and grateful consciousness to feel that we can "look into the blue sky," and say "it is no fault of ours!"

☞Life is a beautiful night, in which not one star goes down, but another rises to take its place.—*Jean Paul.*

☞The robin taps on the ground, the worm puts out its head to see what is there, and the bird seizes and devours it.

☞Censure usualy spares the raven and the owl, but the poor white dove had better beware.

☞Whenever a golden wedding is going on, almost every young lady would like to be in the ring—or rather have a finger in it.'

A STORY WITH A MEANING.

'Once upon a time' there lived on a large plantation left them by their father, two brothers who worked the farm in common. Immediately adjoining the farm was another brother, who had inherited the property of the mother, and between them they lived together quite amicably for many years. The dividing fences had been put up by the deceased parents, who cautiously guarded their children against infringing on each other's rights, or, as they old fashionedly styled it, not to 'step on one another's toes.' The old folks' maxims were, for some time, sedulously remembered, and, under their healthful operation, the brothers worked on, increased in their families, and grew rich; the two who lived on the Northern plantation, however, from their superior industry and more economical habits, growing by far the wealthiest of the party.—Some of the children having married, and others being of age, it was decided by the two to purchase a very fine property in the West, which they agreed, should be held by themselves and their children in common.

Out, of this, unfortunately, grew difficulties, which destroyed for, awhile, the entire happiness of this once enviable and fortunate family, The brother who lived on the Southern farm, from reasons that satisfied his own mind, employed oxen on his property, and demanded that they should be used on the plantation, while one of the brothers who resided on the Northern farm was equally bitter against the introduction of those animals. From this little matter grew out one of the most disgusting quarrels that has ever been known, and family strifes are usually the most bitter. Different efforts were made to settle the matter by the elder Northern brother, but they were of no avail; each of the antipodal parties being alike stubbornly determined that he should have his own way.

At length matters grew so serious that an out and out deadly conflict between the two seemed inevitable, when the elder Northern brother meeting them together, decided to try one more effort. 'Come brethren,' said he, 'you know my restless zeal to heal this unfortunate discussion—how often have I warned you of its embittering consequences—how much I have labored to calm your irritated spirits; let's see if we cannot settle the question. Now, I propose to give up my own peculiar wishes on the matter, which you know are, that whoever works on the new place shall employ whatever animal he sees fit, and ask that you cast aside your extreme opinions also. Why wouldn't it be a good plan to build a fence across the property, thus dividing it into two parts, and as you brother S., have the smallest share in the united estates, you will take the proportionate part, upon which you may use oxen, while on our part, brother R., we will agree, particularly as the soil is much better adapted for horses, to use none of the former animals. Wouldn't that be fair? And besides it will stop all this perpetual dispute, which has well nigh ruined the entire comfort of the family.'

During the continuance of these remarks both of the addressed brothers kept looking into one another's eyes, as if to study their respective emotions, but it was plain to be observed that each was too proud to give up his peculiar ideas. 'Never, never,' cried the impulsive S., 'will I give up one jot or title of my rights; and 'Never, never,' echoed the equally angered R., and thereupon they both began berating the unlucky would-have-been pacificator with a fury that has never been surpassed. By and by, though, S. relented a little, and told D. privately that he would agree to the 'compromise,' as they called it, if R. would, and D. informed the latter of the fact, 'but,' said he, 'now I *will* hold on to my own determination, for it'll not be long 'till he gives up altogether.'

So matters grew from bad to worse—the gap opening wider notwithstanding the incessant efforts of D. to heal it.—'Well,' says S., 'if I can't get my rights, I'll tear up my part of the division fence, and take my part of the new territory and farm it just as I please, no matter what you and R. say.' 'Oh, no, don't do that,' was the response, 'for it will only make things worse—your oxen will get loose, and be picked up by R., who will make way with them—and, take it all round, affairs would be very much aggravated.' 'Yes, I will' said the impulsive S., 'I can live without either of you, and I'll prove it. The flax I raise on my patch, neighbor Bull must have for his children to weave into clothes, and you and R. can't cultivate it, and I can withhold it from him if I please, he'll naturally take my part.' So away he went and tore down his fences, and made a great noise, and thretened vengence dire, but R. and D. both laughed at him, suposing that he would soon become tired of his foolishness and come back to the partnership, repentant and ashamed.

Not so with S. Seeing that the pair did not undertake to prevent him from destroying the dividing fence, as they had a right to do, he ventured still further, and positively tore down one of the gates which protected one of the entrances to the family estates. He even grew bolder, and, declaring that they must give up their possessions to himself, actually marched right up to the very house, and, with horrible oaths, announced that he had come to live there himself, and invited them out. This was to much for the occupants to bear.—They resolved on taking the 'law into their own hands,' and give the impudent fellow such a 'whaling, as he richly deserved, and then restore the property to its former position.

About this time, unfortunately, another difficulty arose. R., who was of a very suspicious and vascillating disposition, astounded D., by telling him that he did not believe he was true to his family interests. 'How can you have such a belief as that,' meekly replied the latter, 'when it is so well known that I have all along striven to prevent this whole difficulty? Haven't I proved my devotion by always sticking to the teachings of our parents, doing my full share to make the estates prosper, and didn't I almost beg of you and S, to stop your wrangling, predicting that it would result badly?' To this R. could make no denial, but still kept up his abuse of D. Whenever he visited an acquaintance, he denounced him, he pelted him, with indecent remarks when they met at meetings, or at market, or at the table—he, in fact, behaved so unbrotherly that no one but a true man like D. would have submitted.

In this condition the family jar stood when we last heard in regard to it—S. as impudent as ever—R, as uncompromising in regard to S., and unjust relative to D, as before—and the latter determined on fulfilling his duty to the best of his ability, satisfied that the estate must be kept in its old shape some way, willing to fix it up peaceable and honorably, if S. will yield his arogant pretentions, and lay aside the weapons he constantly carries, but fully resolved, if he does not accede to these fair terms, to help R., notwithstanding that individual's habitual tone of contempt, to give S. so sound a 'thrashing' that the plucky little fellow will behave himself during the rest of his lifetime. Now which of these once joyful, prosperous and united brothers do our readers think has acted the most sensible, just and fraternal part, and is, therefore, most worthy of the confidence of his neighbors?

CONVERSATION.—Command of appropriate language is as indespensable to a colloquial speaker as to an orator or an author. It is, fortunately, impossible to use fine phrases and rhetorical circumlocutions in good society. The general dialect of conversation is simple, pure and idiomatic; but, except under skillful treatment, is often incorrect and rarely felicitous. A good talker finds the right word by an unconcious instinct, as a clever horse on a rough road always puts his foot in the right place. Unless he is perfectly at ease in dealing with his verbal machinery, he can never give away to the spontaneous fertility and natural playfulness which constitute his title to social success. The most distinctive quality as a genuine talker is unpremeditated freshness. Chas. Damp complains that a Scotchman's thoughts are never seen in the course of formation, and he is fully justified on denouncing the tediousness of ready-made declamation, a stream of talk is always tiresome, for conversation ought to bubble up in unforeseen succession from distinct and copious springs.—The thought of the moment has a kind of aerated briskness which is lost when it is stored in the memory for subsequent use. The half-truths, the whimsical paradoxes, the sudden transitions of an animated dialogue, are often as indestructive as elaborated disquititions, and they are infinitely more amusing. A talker of the highest order is exempt from the temptation of monopolizing attention, because he depends for inspiration on the independent and natural flow of the conversation.—Confident in his ability to deal with all probable topics of discussion, he abstains from thrusting forward favorite hobbies of his own. The man on one subject, the prophet of a neglected truth, has no business in society. The platform and his pamphlet are his proper fields of action. In those regions Æolus may disport himself without annoyance to ordinary human beings.—*Saturday Review.*

FRIGHTFUL DESTRUCTION BY EARTHQUAKE.—In the Dutch territories on the west coast of Sumatra, and in the islands lying off it, earthquakes of excessive strength took place in February and March, accompanied by violent commotions in the sea, the water retireing to a great distance, and then rushing back with frightful force, sweeping everything before them. Great destruction was everywhere caused, and many lives lost. In the islands, however, the effects of these terrible natural phenomena were most marked. On the island of Nias a military post was completely swept away by the sea, and several of the garrison destroyed. A gunboat lying in the harbor was torn from her anchors and thrown high upon the shore. On the island Simo almost the whole of the houses were destroyed, and out of a population of about 1,100 nearly 800 perished.—Unusually heavy rains also prevailed in other parts of the dependencies. In Banda the nutmeg crops suffered much injury from this cause. A fearful eruption of the volcano on the Island of Makijan, about thirty-five English miles from Ternate, and caused the loss of many hundreds of lives, and destroyed the whole vegetation. This took place on the 30th December.

"PROPERTY OF MAN."—The Republican Wide Awake orators and newspapers, in the campaign of 1860, vehemently denied that there was any 'property in man.' With their usual consistency [!] they have totally ignored that proposition, by *purchasing* the big and little negroes, of the District of Columbia at $300 per head; and they desire to extend the purchase of buying all the rest of the four millions of slaves in the Southern States at the same price per capita. If negroes are not property, why, we ask, throw away hundreds of millions of the public treasure in the purchase of them?—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

"LADY" RIOTERS FINED.—Fourteen "ladies" of Ladoga, Indiana, were brought to trial at Crawfordsville the other day, charged with riotous proceedings in destroying the contents of a whiskey saloon in the former place. The jury imposed a fine of one dollar on each. The costs amounted to about one hundred dollars. Ladies have no business to get up riots

WHAT WHITE MEN WILL STAND

A certain Mr. Rock, a negro recently delivered an address in Washington to a large and enthusiastic audience, in which we find the following choice sentiments—*applauded too, by his white auditory!* Where will this fraternization with the negro cease?

"The black man was seen too near and generally looked at through the wrong end of the telescope. *In morality the black man is much the superior of the white man.*—The speaker refered to an anecdote of a native African, who, when accused by a missionary of being immoral, indignantly asked the question, do you take me for a white man? (Applause.)

"The speaker spoke of the many positions the blacks occupy at the North, and alleged that in Philadelphia the negroes had not only to support themselves, but the *poor* white trash that could not take care of themselves. (Applause.) All men associate with their equals, and every man had a right to choose his own associates; but if any man did not like him, the speaker, on account of his color, that he could only *say such a person lacked good taste.* He argued that amalgamation was a Southern plan, *and the argument so often used, that a white man would not allow his daughter to marry a negro, simply implied that white ladies must necessarily become crazy after the blacks as soon as they are emancipated. If this is to be the result to the blacks—just to be the victims of the white man's avarice, and then of the white woman's love,—he pitied the negro.*" (Applause.)

We understand that this meeting was attended by *some of the members of Lincoln's Cabinet,* and by many of the leading republicans in Washington. This speech, and the manner in which it was received, is among the significant signs of the times—manifesting the terrible change that is going on in public sentiment, moulded by the insane fanaticism that is now sitting boldly at all the landmarks of society.—The elevation of the negro to an equality with the white race will be put to practical development of the idea enunciated at at Chicago, and a complete fulfillment of Lincoln's project of "lifting the artificial weights from the shoulders of all men." Everything points now to the full realization of the mad schemes of the fanatical agitators, who involved us in a revolution, that before it ceases, will swallow up all that is dear to us in the past, while it will destroy all our hopes in the future. To say that this agitation is limited in its operation is absurd. No man who studies the current of startling events can fail to see its tendency, and the tremendous influence it is exerting. The time of Congress is entirely consumed in plans and projects for the benefit of the black race, and pending measures whose object is to bring about their equality with the white. The organization of the Republican party was for no other object. As one of its present prominent supporters said in 1860—"Justice and liberty, God and man, demand the desolution of the slave-holding Union, and the formation of a new confederacy in which slave-holders shall stand before the law as felons, and be treated as pirates are treated. *There will come the time when the black man shall stand before the law, as he now stands before his God, as the peer of the white man, and even not the possessor of the vast rights of which he has been so long deprived.*" This atrocious sentiment was uttered by a man who now holds a prominent position in the government. It is for this our blood and treasure are to be poured out like water! Let every white man ask himself seriously this grave question.—*New York [illegible].*

WE BID YOU WELCOME.—The editor of the St. Joseph (Mo.) *Daily Gazette,* in the course of an article on "Democracy," says:

Having hitherto battled against the old party, believing that it did not fully carry out the wishes of the founders of the Republic, we are convinced now that we did it injustice. Since the inauguration of the present *regime* Floyd's peculations sink into insignificance before the mighty frauds daily perpetrated on the treasury—frauds so glaring that the people stand aghast at their magnitude. Now that the country is rent in twain, the life-blood of her bravest sons poured forth like water, and millions of dollars worth of property consigned to the flood and flames, what is more competent to heal the wounds and bid the troubled waves be still than a great national party, such as Democracy purposes to be?

Though, a young convert, we will do our best to aid in the good work. Our labors shall henceforth be with the Democracy and with them we will work for the perpetuation of the Union and Constitution, openly, freely and without fear, favor or affection.

A LITTLE STORY FOR FANATICS.—"Once on a time there was a great and happy country full of people. They had all they wanted, were rich and prosperous, and all the nations of the earth feared their stars and stripes. There were thirty millions of white people in this happy country, and there were in it, also, four millions of happy negroes. And the white people got jealous of the happy negroes and they went to war. And thousands of lives were lost. And millions of dollars were spent and stolen; and the happy people became divided and ruined; and all nations laughed at them, and heavy taxes had to be levied, because thirty millions of fools wished to quarrel about four millions of contented negroes who would not runaway from their happy homes even to please thirty millions of white trash. And the foolish white people became a laughing stock and had to labor all their lives to pay taxes—all for the negroes."—*Bellefonte Watchman.*

☞A young lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a new bonnet, said: "You are to make it plain and at the same time smart, as I sit in a very conspicuous place in church."

Religious Miscellany.

☞Where you find men later in life, fighting the same battles that they began to fight earlier in life, you may rest assured of one thing—namely, that it is a superficial cross that they are bearing. The idea of men is to bear just as little as they can; but that is not good engineering.—The right way is to whip, once for all, as thoroughly as you can. In conducting a campaign, do not go into a battle if you can help it; but if you must go into it, thunder is mercy, and lightning is pity.—The more sternly, and intensely, and consecutively powerful you make your onset, the shorter will be the contest, and the more complete will be the victory.—There is no rashness like leniency. holding off, letting alone. What your hands find to do, do it with your might and be done with it—that is the only safe law.—And if it is true in external things (as it is) that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, how much more is it true in things that relate to a man's disposition! Why should a man be all his life long fighting, fighting, fighting? Why should he for ever carry about in himself a gang of pirate passions? Why should he not say, "Let me come into conflict with these destroyers of my peace and pleasure, and subdue!" A man ought not to be contending with the same evil propensities all the time. He ought to be continually rising to higher and higher conflicts. And late in Christian life to be fighting the same battles that you were fighting early in Christian life, is a sign that you have not been taught right, and have not known what was wisdom. And yet, how many of us can say that our old conflicts are all ended?

☞The ultimate nature of the human faculty is pleasure. I know that we preach that religion brings joy; and it is perfectly true: but joy is incidental during the process of education. It is the final fruit of religion. Pleasure lies at the bottom of every faculty. But the evolution and education of every faculty to that condition in which it shall be pleasurable, is through a greater or less pain, mounting up, oftentimes, from inconvenience to anguish. This necessity is original and organic, as far as anything can be so pronounced. It is confined to this world, and to the human family. It belongs to creatures that are within the circuit of the divine nature. It seems to be a law, not so much of structure and condition, as of growth, that men shall suffer [illegible] that which is true and normal to their ultimate condition. It is the apparent law of birth from the lower to the higher state. Throughout our whole development, every particle of advance that we make is with a birth-throe. We do not take a step forward without a struggle.

☞So long as there is anything in the individual that is not perfectly obedient to the will of God religion has revolution and change for that. So long as there is anything in the family that lifts itself up against the law of love, so long there is revolution and change for that. And in every business, in every profession, in every school of philosophy or art, in every department of government, in every section of worldly affairs, whatever may be men's thoughts and purposes and interests, there is this spirit that is let loose from the heart of God, that is expressed through Christ, that is to be victorious in the world, and that is to revolutionize and change and renovate, until the earth shall be crystalline, and sin shall be banished from the world.

☞You must trust your children. You must be patient with them. Because their life is not always consistent, you must not think that they are insincere, or that God's grace is not doing its work for them as really as for you. God is said to gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom. You must bear your children in your bosom; and you must do it in spiritual things as much as in things social and temporal. And if there is personal faithfulness on the part of parents in this matter, I am satisfied that children will grow up Christians from the morning of life, and make better Christians than they would if they were not converted until they had come to years of maturity.

☞I do not call anybody to religion as if it were a banquet. There is banqueting in God's house and household, but it is not to that that I invite you. I call no man to a Christian life on account of the banners and wreaths. There are banners and wreaths of the true Christian; but I call no man to the trophies of victory till he has been to battle. I call no man to rest till he has been to work. I call no man to the luxury of immortal things till he has been a disciple of Christ, and learned to put down his lower and worst feelings, by the power of his higher and best ones. It is your business to learn how to bring every thought and feeling into obedience to Christ. It is spiritual manhood educated in you, to which you are called.

☞Susceptibility to mental suffering is evidence that a man is going toward a moral and spiritual nature, the want of such suffering is evidence that he is going toward an animal and physical nature. If a man aims upwards and aspires, he begins to sacrifice one thing for the sake of another. Because when a man is in possession of himself they are many different grades of faculties that are quarreling for the scepter. And the higher the aspiration, the more suffering must there be for the sake of the thing aspired after.

☞Fashion will admit of nought for reason, but what unreasonable self shall dictate for reason.

THE WAR NEWS.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

The opposing Forces Face to Face—Imminence of another Great Battle—Late News from Richmond.

[Correspondence of the New York Times.]

The Right Wing, Army of Potomac, } Tuesday, June 12, 1862. }

Our own and the rebel forces are now face to face with each other, the pickets being not over half a mile apart. For what length of time this state of things exist remains to be seen. In the next battle the right wing will undoubtedly have a hand, as the bridges for crossing the river are completed, and nothing remains but to give the word of command.

The rebels are hard at work throwing up earthworks, and evidently intend to make the battle at Richmond the decisive battle. They will find us fully prepared for the contest. Last night the rebels sent three or four shells into Smith's encampment, but without effecting any damage.

Deserters from Richmond continue to arrive daily, all of whom confirm the statement recently published in the Richmond Dispatch, that the rebel force greatly fear our design is to surround them and cut off their supplies. Their stock of subsistence is fast diminishing. What shall we do? is the leading question of all classes. The city of Richmond is one vast hospital.—Nearly every house contains more or less wounded, and the utmost suffering prevails in consequence of the want of facilities and the proper remedies.

If the rebels mean to fight, circumstances demand that they should fight immediately. The question arises, will they commence the attack, or leave that for us to do? They may possibly be willing to give us our own time, seeing that their attempt at Fair Oaks ended so disastrously to themselves.

It seems incredible that the Union army can remain within 4 miles of Richmond for a much longer period, without opening the way to the city. Something must be done, and something will be done, ere many days shall have elapsed.

The Battle before Richmond—When it will take place.

[From the Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.]

Seven Pines, June 9.—There is duelling at long range between the enemy's pickets and our own—and there are movement and preparation on our side, and doubtless on their side, for the great battle soon to be fought. And I will candidly tell my friends [illegible] minds to hear the details of a conflict before Richmond compared with which the battle of the Seven Pines was but a skirmish. The enemy are greatly superior to us in numbers. Their courage, as daring, if not as tenacious as our own, is by nature savage, and has been animated by politics into implacable hate. They have our own discipline—an equal experience in the camp and in the field—and possess in their despised smooth-bore musket and their cartridges of one round bullet and three buckshot, a far better weapon for this wooded fighting-ground than our boasted Minie rifles.

Now I saw these rebels fight under the Seven Pines, and I say to all those people who think that we are to march into Richmond without fighting every inch of our way, that they nurse a delusion which the list of killed and wounded certainly, and possibly the list of killed, and wounded and captured, will wake them from, shockingly, if they have sons, brothers or nephews in the battle. I tell you, New Yorkers, that this rebel army has no purpose of retreating before us as we march into their political capital. They sit in their trenches and lie under their cannon to save the Southern Confederacy. They desire to fight. By evacuations of strongholds, and retreats from positions of advantage, held just long enough to weaken us by delays, they have drawn us just where they can flank us, and where they will compel us to fight whether we want to or not. They consider that the coming battle will decide their fate, and that of their Confederation—that it will conclude the war. They know its importance, and braced to its duties.

The Wife of Gen. Lee Released.

The wife of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who has been for some time under guard in the house where she was found upon the arrival of our troops, in the neighborhood of Hanover, has been at last released, and sent over the lines to rejoin her husband. She has been closely confined and no communication allowed with her or her family. She was placed in charge of a guard of cavalry, and in a close carriage, with her two daughters, crossed our lines near Meadow Bridge. She is now safe in the rebel capital.

Particulars of the Rebel Raid at Tunstall's Station and on the Pamunkey.

[Correspondence of the Associated Press.]

HEADQUARTERS GENERAL McCLELLAN, } Saturday evening June 24, }

The rebels yesterday, after driving from Old Church a squadron of the Fifth cavalry, proceeded to Carlich's Landing, on the Pamunkey river, about four miles above the White House, where they burnt two schooners and some wagons and drove off the mules.

Here their conduct is represented barbarous, having killed several of our teamsters without any necessity. Those who failed to make their escape were taken prisoners.

From here they were taken to Tunstall Station, four miles from White House, with a view of burning the railroad bridge. A train that was passing down at the time was fired into, killing two and wounding several. A colonel belonging to the Excelsior brigade was there taken prisoner but succeded in making his escape during the night. A paymaster jumped from the