

LEWISTOWN GAZETTE

GEO. MEYERSON & SON, PUBLISHERS,

LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2765.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1864.

New Series--Vol. XVIII. No. 30.

GEO. W. ELDER,

Attorney at Law,

Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties my26

DR. J. I. MARKS

OFFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and the surrounding country. Office in the Public Square opposite the Lewistown Hotel. jan13-64*

Large Stock of Furniture on Hand.

FELIX is still manufacturing all kinds of Furniture. Young married persons and others that wish to purchase Furniture will find a good assortment on hand, which will be sold cheap for cash, or country produce taken in exchange for same. Give me a call on Valley street, near Black Bear Hotel. feb 21

Jacob C. Blymer & Co.,

Produce and Commission Merchants,

Flour and Grain of all kinds purchased at market rates, or received on storage and shipped at usual freight rates, having stores and boats of their own, with careful captains and hands. Plaster, Fish, and Salt always on hand. sep2

Look Repairing, Pipe Laying, Plumbing and White Smithing

The above branches of business will be promptly attended to on application at the residence of the undersigned in Main street, Lewistown. jan10

GEORGE MILLER.

AMBROTYPES

AND

MELAINOTYPES,

The Gems of the Season.

THIS is no humbug, but a practical truth. The pictures taken by Mr. Burkholder are unsurpassed for BOLDNESS, TRUTHFULNESS, BEAUTY OF FINISH, and DURABILITY. Prices varying according to size and quality of frames and Cases. Room over the Express Office. Lewistown, August 23, 1860.

J. A. ROHRER,

DENTIST,

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Mifflin and Huntingdon counties, that he will practice at the following times and places:

The first week in each month at McVeytown; second at Belleville; third at McAlvey's Fort, Huntingdon county. He is prepared to execute work of all kinds pertaining to his profession. Teeth inserted on silver and gold plate or vulcanite base. Extracting and filling teeth done in the most approved manner. je17-ly.

Mt. Rock Mills.

ORDERS

FOR FLOUR, FEED, &c.,

CAN, until further notice, be left at the Store of S. J. Brislin & Co., or at Pratt's Store, at the old Felix corner, at which places they will be called for every evening, filled next morning, and delivered at any place in the Borough. no18

G. LEHR.

Not Wiman's Steam Gun!

BUT

MARKS & WILLIS' STEAM PLASTER MILL!

THE subscribers have erected a Plaster Mill in connection with their Steam Mill, and are prepared to furnish all who may call on them, at any time, with fine, fresh ground Plaster. They will purchase all kinds of Grain offered, and pay the highest market prices. Flour and Feed, Coal of all qualities and sizes, Salt, Fish, Groceries &c., constantly on hand and for sale to suit the times. MARKS & WILLIS. Lewistown, Jan. 15, 1862.

Lewistown Mills.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR WHEAT, AND ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

or received it on storage, at the option of those having it for the market. They hope, by giving due and personal attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

PLASTER, SAND and Limeburners COAL always on hand WM. B. McATEE & SON. Lewistown, Sept. 16, 1863.-tf

Estate of Robert Wallace, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Robert Wallace, late of Wayne township, Mifflin county, dec., have been granted to the undersigned, the first named residing in Indiana county, Pa., and the latter in Newton Hamilton, Mifflin county. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement. WM. WALLACE, Ind. co., JOHN PURCELL, N. Hamilton. my4

BEST Note and Letter paper at march2. SWAIN'S.

THE MINSTREL.

"IT GROWS VERY DARK, MOTHER--VERY DARK!"

"Our boys died game. One was ordered to fall in rank. He answered quietly, 'I will if I can.' His arm hung shattered by his side, and he was bleeding to death. His last words brought tears to the eyes of all around. He murmured, 'It grows very dark, mother. --very dark.' Poor fellow, his thoughts were far away at his peaceful home in Ohio."--*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The crimson tide was ebbing, and the pulse grew weak and faint. But the lips of that brave soldier scorned e'en now to make complaint: "Fall in rank!" a voice called to him--calm and low was his reply: "I will do it--I will do it though I die." And he murmured, when the life-light had died out to just a spark, "It is growing very dark, mother--growing very dark."

There were tears in many eyes, then, and many heads were bowed. Though the balls flew thick around them, and the cannons thundered loud; They gathered round the spot where the dying soldier lay. To catch the broken accents he was struggling then to say; And a change came o'er the features where death had set his mark, "It is growing very dark, mother--very dark."

Far away his mind had wandered, to Ohio's hills and where the loved ones watched and waited with that love that never fails; He was with them as in childhood, seated in the cottage door. Where he watched the evening shadows slowly creeping on the floor; Bend down closely comrades, closely, he is speaking now, and hark! "It is growing very dark, mother--very, very dark."

He was dreaming of his mother, that her loving hand was pressed On his brow for one short moment, ere he sank away to rest; That her lips were now imprinting a kiss upon his cheek, low and meek. And a voice he well remembered spoke so soft, and low, and meek. Her gentle form was near him, her footstep he could mark. "But 'tis growing very dark, mother--mother--very dark."

And the eyes that once had kindled, flashing forth with patriot light. Slowly gazing vainly strove to pierce the gathering gloom of night. Ah! poor soldier--oh! fond mother, you are severed now for aye; Cold and pulseless, there he lies now, where he breathed his life away. Through this heavy cloud of sorrow shines there not one heavenly spark! Ah! it has grown dark, mother--very, very dark.

Gather round him, soldiers, gather, fold his hands and close his eyes. Near another one is dying, "Rally round our flag!" "Heaven protect it--fight on, comrades, speedily avenge our death!" Then his voice grew low and faltering, slowly came each painful breath. Two brave forms lay side by side there; death had loved a shining mark. And two sad mothers say, "It has grown dark, ah! very dark."

TALES & SKETCHES

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

"Carpet shoes are much needed in the hospital." The remark was made in a city railroad car. Two ladies were conversing, and a third sat listening to what they were saying. The listener was quite young, a fair faced girl with soft brown eyes, whose countenance was full of interest. She was a stranger to the ladies and therefore did not join in the conversation, but she took in every word.

At Chestnut street she signed to the conductor, who stopped the car, and she left it going down to the square below Ninth street. In front of Evans' dry good store she paused and then passed in. But after moving towards one of the counters a few paces she stood still for an instant, as if in debate on some subject, and then turned about and left the store. On re-joining the street there was an apparent hesitating state of mind. She walked as far as Eighth street, stood a little while on the corner, then retraced her steps as far as Evans', paused there, turned toward the door as if resolved to enter; and then as if the debate which had been going on in her mind had closed, pressed up the street with a firm step and determined manner. A little while afterwards she was in a carpet store inquiring the price of small remnants.

"For what purpose are they intended?" asked the dealer. "The fair faced heightened in color with the almost timid answer--" "For carpet shoes. They are wanted in the hospitals." "Ah!--well--in that case--let me see. How large a quantity did you propose getting?" "I will lay out five dollars in this way." She spoke with regaining confidence. "Very good. For five dollars you shall have more than ten dollars' worth. Where shall I send them?" "The address was given and the money paid.

"Back already!" As the maiden entered a plain but neat and well furnished room she was greeted with this remark in a tone that expressed surprise. The speaker was a middle-aged woman, with a calm, a kind face. "Yes. It didn't take long to get through with my shopping this morning." "What did you buy, dear?" "I don't know what you will think of me, Aunt Grace,--but--" The young girl paused, not completing the sentence. "But what, Edith?" "Well, you see, Aunt dear--and Edith tender toward her relative speaking in a leander deprecating voice--" as I rode down in the cars I heard two ladies talking about the sick and wounded soldiers in our hospital; and among other things they said that soft carpet shoes were wanted for the convalescents who were getting just strong

enough to walk about in the wards. And so--now don't look so soberly at me; don't say I am weak and impulsive--I spent my money for remnants of carpets instead of gloves, ribbons, and undersleeves. They'll be sent home in a little while, and I am going to cut them all up into carpet shoes. Katy Dawes has a pattern--I saw her at work on some last week--and she will show me just how to make them."

Edith paused, with her pure, earnest eyes full on her aunt's face, waiting for the answer to all this. Aunt Grace, in half surprise, mingled with pleasure, was already leaning toward her niece. Laying her hand gently on the head of Edith she said in a voice slightly veiled with feeling: "I have not a word of disapproval, my dear. When we obey suggestions of self denial for the good of others, we obey God. You have done well."

Tears came into Edith's eyes. She bent her head for a few silent moments, then rallying to full self-possession, she replied: "I am glad you think I've done right. And now I'll put on my bonnet again and run around and see Katy Dawes about the pattern."

"You were just in my mind," said Katy, as her friend looked in upon her. "I've been wanting to see you all the morning. You don't know what a nice letter I received from George! And what do you think? He has been promoted again."

"You don't tell me so!" "Yes, indeed! He went as a private. Not for honor or pay, but with a brave true heart to save his country. It was hard to let him go; but I would have loved him less if he had stayed at home."

Edith sighed faintly. Her friend went on, "He was wounded in the arm, you know at Phillippi, and had to go to the hospital for a month. When he came out, well enough to rejoin his company, he found a second lieutenant's commission awaiting him, conferred for soldierly conduct and bravery in battle. Wasn't my heart proud! Didn't it seem for a while too large for my bosom?"

Another sigh parted the lips of Edith.

"And now he writes me that he is a first lieutenant."

"I am so pleased to hear of it," said Edith. "Promoted again for bravery and good conduct," added Katy Dawes.

"No wonder you felt proud, dear Katy." Edith spoke in a slightly subdued voice, as if there were in her heart some drawback to the pleasure expressed.

The two friends spent an hour together, during which time Edith acquired the art and mystery she had come to learn. From some cause she was not in the best of spirits when she returned home and appeared disinclined to talk. At once she set about the work in hand, assisted by her aunt, and was soon fashioning the remnants of carpet into soft shoes for sick soldiers. Twilight stayed her busy fingers ere the day seemed half departed. During tea time Edith's face wore an absorbed, almost troubled expression which her aunt did not fail to observe. After supper she resumed her work. Half an hour later the door bell rang. The sound gave Edith a start, and her aunt noticed, in the pause which followed that her hand slightly trembled.

"Mr. Loto," said the servant, coming in a few moments afterwards.

"Say that I will be down."

The servant retired. Aunt Grace hardly recognized a familiar tone in the voice that made this answer. As Edith arose and left the room, taking her work with her, a paleness was visible in her face.

The young man who met her in the parlor was about twenty-three; stout, compactly built, and in robust health. He wore a full beard; the moustache carefully cut and slightly twisted at the ends. He moved quickly across the room to meet Edith as she came in, catching her free hand in both of his, and greeting her in words of tender familiarity. He would have been blind or stupid not to have noticed a strange impressiveness or we might say coldness, in her manner. Still he affected not to perceive this altered state, and said lightly as he seated himself beside her on a sofa.

"And pray, what is this?" at the same time taking hold of the work in her hand. "It is for the hospitals," replied Edith. A slightly amused expression was seen in the young man's countenance as he lifted a half made shoe and held it out before him.

"Oh! I see." And he dropped the article. He did not manifest contempt, ridicule or disapproval--only indifference.

"And now Edith," he said, speaking with the pleased ardor of one who brings well come intelligence, "I have some good news for you."

"Ah! what is it?" She fixed her soft brown eyes on him expectantly.

"I've escaped." "Escaped what?" "The enrollment."

"The enrollment? I'm not sure that I understand you."

"You know they have been enrolling for the draft."

"Yes."

"Well, I've been nervous about it ever since the thing was ordered. If my name

got down I knew it would be all over. The draft would take me sure. That's my luck! So I set my wits to work to escape the enrollment, and have succeeded."

"Indeed!" The soft brown eyes grew large and round, parting with much of their softness.

"Yes. And I'll tell you how it was done." And the young man tried to get possession of one of Edith's hands, but she moved it out of his way.

"As soon as I learned that the enrolling officer was at work in our ward I got up a little breeze with my landlady--no hard work at any time, for she has a quick temper--and under cover thereof left the house. Within an hour afterwards I had my trunks removed. I take my meals at an eating house and sleep at the store. Next week I will find a new boarding house. I tell you all about it to relieve your mind. But don't speak of it for the world. If it gets out the marshal will order my arrest and put a musket in my hand for the war. I had a narrow escape, for the enrollment in our block was made on the day after I left."

"You are not the only one who has made a narrow escape, Mr. Loto." Edith's face was almost white; but her voice was firm. She had drawn herself a little away from the young man and was looking at him sternly.

"Ah! who else has made an escape?"

"I have!"

"You?"

"I asked a week in which to consider your offer, Mr. Loto." Edith's tones did not falter. "If you had been a soldier in the field, or on the eve of marching to the defence of our imperiled country, I would have yielded this hand without an instant's hesitation. But your lack of courage or patriotism, I know not which, made me hold back and question your fitness to be my husband. Now I know you to be unworthy. I might have looked past a natural shrinking from the hard and dangerous life of a soldier--excused you on the ground of constitutional impediments, if you will call them so--and on this plea accepted your failure to spring to the rescue when your country was assailed--still having faith in your will to do right, no matter how stern the demand might be when it came clear and unmistakable. I can understand that there may be good reasons why one may hold away from the act of volunteering--and I gave you the benefit of this assumption. But when the danger becomes so imminent that an allotment has to be made for defence, only the meanest spirits seek to evade their duty. John Loto, I am speaking plainly, for I do not mean that you shall misunderstand me. Our ways part to night never to touch again, and in parting I leave with you hard words that may do you good. Take my advice and give in your name to the enrolling officer. If drafted, go cheerfully and stand up with brave men for your country's safety. There is a worse thing than death--it is dishonor!"

He attempted in a confused way, to reply--but Edith had arisen, waved her hand, saying:

"Leave me, sir! The argument is closed. Our ways have parted, and they can not meet again."

"I have passed through a great trial," said Edith in reply to anxious questions. Aunt Grace had found her, not long afterwards, lying on a sofa in the parlor in a state of partial stupefaction. She had not been weeping. Her face was still very pale; her eyes had parted with their tender sweetness; her lips were almost rigid. On returning fully to herself she made this answer.

"And come out purer and stronger, I trust. Is it so, dear Edith?" replied her aunt.

"Purer and stronger, if walking through pain to duty gives purity and strength," said Edith.

"Trial--pain--duty. These words include stern meanings, Edith. Mr. Loto is not here."

"And will never be here again, aunt. I have made a narrow escape."

"How?"

"The man who lacks honor, courage and patriotism, is false to the heart's core."

"Does Mr. Loto lack them?"

"He has, on his own confession, by a mean trick evaded the enrollment."

"You fill me with surprise!"

"I was shocked. But strength and courage came to me. I rebuked him in strong indignant language, and then told him that here and now our ways parted--parted for ever. A coward and poltroon for a husband. My whole nature rises in revolt."

The pale face grew crimson with the mounting blood, and the dull eye flashed with kindling fires.

"Poltroon is rather a coarse word for my Edith's lips," said Aunt Grace.

"Do you know its origin? Only yesterday, I read it in French, and the significance being in my mind, I could not repress the fitting term. When bows and arrows were among the chief weapons of

"semi-civilized European tribes and nations, it sometimes happened that a mean and cowardly fellow would cut off the forefinger or thumb of his right hand so as to unfit him for a soldier's duty. He was called from the act a poltroon--and the word has come into our language to express a mean-souled, cowardly fellow, who resorts to any

trick or shift to escape from any unpleasant or dangerous duty. And so, under the impulse of strong feelings, I have called this man a poltroon. It is the fittingest word, in all our language, to express my present thought of him. Thank God for a narrow escape, dear aunt! I am wounded and bruised in the sudden sharp conflict through which I have passed--hurt inwardly--but not unto death. A little while, and my heart shall beat strong and evenly again. I did not love Mr. Loto for what he was, but for what I imagined him to be. The idol which I thought to be of gold, silver and precious stones, is discovered to be of clay, and I sweep it from the pedestal of honor."

Edith laid her face down upon the bosom of her aunt. Her frame was trembling from excitement. In a little while the tremor ceased, and she grew very still--still and heavy. For nearly half an hour aunt and niece remained thus without speaking. Then Edith raised herself up slowly and wearily, and going to her own room shut the door and entering alone into her pain stricken heart, commenced gathering up its rent fibres, and laying them back in safe places tenderly, that nature assisted by time and repose might heal them. For such wounds there is always balm.

It was now nearly sunset. From one end of the line to the other not a shot could be heard. The day's work seemed over. Our line to-night would be that of last night. The auguries were good. In two days' fighting we had lost heavily, but not more than the enemy. Our assaults had been futile, but the enemy's had been equally so; and it is by these massed assaults that he has ever achieved his victories.

The inference was clear that we had overmatched him fighting at his best and strongest.

Men separated in the heat of the day, now chancing to meet congratulated each other. The rebels can't endure another such day, and we can, was the expressed conviction on all hands, and this statement epitomized the situation at sunset.

The sun went down red. The smoke of the battle of more than two hundred thousand men destroying each other with villainous saltpetre through all the long hours of a long day, filled the valleys, and rested upon the hills of this wilderness, hung in lurid haze all around the horizon, and built a dense canopy overhead, beneath which this grand army of Freedom was preparing to rest against the morrow. Generals Grant and Meade had retired to their tents. Quiet reigned, but during the reign of quiet, the enemy was forging a thunderbolt.

Darkness and smoke were mingling in grim twilight, and fast deepening into thick gloom, when we were startled out of repose back into fierce excitement. The forged thunderbolt was sped, and by a master. A wild rebel yell went to the right. We knew they had massed and were charging. We waited for the volley with which we knew Sedgwick would meet the onset. We thought it but a night attack, to ascertain if we had changed our position. We were mistaken--it was more.

They meant to break through, and they did. On Sedgwick's extreme right lay the 2d Brigade, 3d Division of his corps, under Gen. Seymour, who had been assigned to it but the day before. The brigade is new to the 6th Corps, and is known as the Milroy brigade, connecting on the left of Seymour by Shaler's and the Neill's brigades, the latter being a brigade of Getty's division that had not been sent to Gen. Hancock. These troops were at work intrenching when fallen upon. The enemy came down like a torrent, rolling and dashing in living waves, and flooding up against the whole 6th Corps. The main line stood like a rock, but not so the extreme right. That flank was instantly and utterly turned. The rebel line was the longer, and surged around Seymour's brigade, tided over it and through it, beat against Shaler, and bore away his right regiments. All this done in less than ten minutes, perhaps not five. Seymour's men, seeing their pickets running back, and hearing the shouts of the rebels, who charged with all their chivalry, were smitten with panic, and, standing on no order of going, went at once, and in an incredible short time made their way through a mile and a half of woods to the plank road in the rear. They reported in the frantic manner usual of stampeded men, the entire corps broken. Grant, as in Hancock's case did not believe it. But when three of Sedgwick's staff rode in to the army headquarters separately, and stated how they had ridden from Sedgwick's to keep Seymour's men to their work, had been borne back by the panic, and had last seen Sedgwick and Wright hard to the front working like Trojans to hold the wavering line, the situation appeared more critical. No word came in from Sedgwick. It began to be feared that he and Wright, disdaining to fly, were prisoners.

Artillery moved quietly to commanding positions, to be prepared for the worst, and cool heads felt that were the whole 6th Corps broken, the army, as an army, would still be invincible. Warren's corps is instantly but in perfect composure, disposed to meet the situation. Grant, and Meade, and Warren, are in Grant's tent, to and from which officers come and go with a certain earnest air that bespeaks urgent and important cares. So during an hour. No firing has been heard, the last three quarters of an hour. The rebels must have ceased to advance; but how far have they penetrated, and what is the present situation?

The 6th Corps' flag comes in. Where is the 6th Corps' chief? My watch says ten o'clock at night. A dispatch received. John Sedgwick safe. Wright safe. The 6th Corps holds a long line; only Seymour's and part of Shaler's brigade have broke.

The first few minutes we were staggered. Stragglers, for the first time in all this fighting, streamed to the rear in large numbers, choking the roads and causing a panic by their stampede and incoherent tales of frightful disaster. It was even reported at general headquarters that the enemy had burst entirely through, and supports

were hurried up. Grant and Meade seated their backs against the same tree, quietly listening to the officer who brought the report, and consulted a moment in low tones. The orders for sending reinforcements were given, and for a little time not a word was spoken in the group of more than twenty officers. They but looked into each others' faces.

At length Grant says, with laconic emphasis, "I don't believe it." He was right. Long before that Hancock had recovered from the first shock, held his own awhile and now was gaining ground. In forty minutes from this attack the enemy was completely beaten back with tremendous slaughter, and the loss of some hundreds of prisoners.

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MORAL & RELIGIOUS

United States Christian Commission--Timely Relief for the Wounded.

A messenger directly from the front brings most gratifying intelligence of the admirable working of the plan adopted by the United States Christian Commission to relieve and save our brave men fighting and falling for us in the great battles.

The Government made large provisions, but the protracted struggle and change of the line of supplies at last exhausted the stores for the wounded. The Christian Commission had a large wagon with each corps, and extra one as a reserve. When the Government supplies began to fail, then the stores of the Commission came into requisition. In the Wilderness all the tents and 'flies' of the Commission were brought into use to shelter the wounded. The same at Chancellorsville, when they were removed there, and all day Sunday while on the way to Fredericksburg, the delegates of the Commission were chief feeders of the wounded heroes. The food, stimulants, refreshing drinks and care thus given saved many lives during their removal. At Fredericksburg also most timely aid was given to the surgeons. All the remaining supplies left from the field were apportioned among the thousands of wounded in Fredericksburg to keep them alive until Government supplies should come.

The teams came on to Belle Plain to renew stock and return immediately. Three of them are to be with the front, and two at Fredericksburg, to keep up supplies. The only regret is that the force of teams, stores and men could not have been doubled or quadrupled for so great an emergency. The General Field Agent, John A. Cole, Esq., calls for men, stores and teams. The Commission will respond. Let the people keep up the treasury by sending to Joseph Patterson, Esq., Treasurer, at the Western Bank.--S. School Times.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE WILDERNESS.

The Close of the Fight on Friday.

[From the New York Tribune.]