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THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

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Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The job printer's rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:
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A STORY OF CORNISH WRECKERS.

HOW NED SMITH WON HIS MEDAL.

Some dozen years ago, before the railways now throbbing like arteries through the land were in existence, I went with two friends to Cornwall. The place was the most retired I ever saw. Far removed from the cross-country road, and only reached by venturing over a track—for it could not ever be called a path—winding along the edge of cliffs often two or three hundred feet above the beach, it was a place to delight all whose good fortune had carried them with sight of it.

The southernmost end of the bay closed in a steep slope of living green, caused by a landslide, in which the turf had slid down like a veil to hide the ruin it left behind, of which nothing was seen from the beach but a background of towering rocks. Like some old Norman castle, we fancied them still resisting step by step the advances of decay. It was near this southern point that the traces of former lawless doings were still to be seen. A small hole, apparently only a fox-den, led into a cave where a thousand legs of French brimley had often been stored in a single night.

We were anxious to learn whether the tales we had heard of Cornish wreckers were true, and it was some question as to this subject which drew from the old fisher the following story:

"I can't say I never heard of such things, but I never see no such doings myself. I have lived here, man and boy, for 70 years," he said; "many and many a night we've been watching on these bleak cliffs, for a chance to help their poor creatures as had only a frail plank between them and death. Scores of lives I've seen saved, but never one took; no got even of a brute beast that came to shore from all the multitude of wrecks I've seen. I'm not going to say that when the ships, poor things, are all broken up and the timbers come ashore—I'm not clear to say, there is not some small matter as never gets reported to the king's men. Little I blame them that take it, for, as the Lord's above us, I believe it is the more fault of those that keep back the honest dues for the salvage.

"I remember, in the time that barwood (and he pointed to some pretty things made by his son, and the bright-colored dogwood) was coming in, there was a schooner who worked night and day, landing it, and after all their toil they wanted to pay them off with just a quarter of what was the right money. So if they that are so well off try to cheat like that, I'd ask your honors if it is not setting an example to the poor?"

"There's Ned Smeth, now—he has got that fine medal, from that grand parliament in London—I'm sure he is as tender hearted as a child, but you'll never make him believe there is any sin in taking a seamy baulk or two the side brings in, and nobody owns; while, after he'd been working for a whole week, they wanted to pay him with a little more than nothing. That's what I call stealing!"

"But my old head is forgetting the story. Well, well, you must please to excuse it. It does make my blood boil to hear such falsities.

"Twas seven years last November—I mind it well—and Ned was standing as your honor and me is now, by the old but here. It had been a bitter night of weather and was still so dark we could not see even the clouds of foam that kept flying in our faces. I'd just put the mill going with some barley, and was minded to lie down for a nap (for you see I always wake when the corn's down, and so don't trouble about the mill) when I thought I heard a gun. I could not make sure, for the wind was lashing the waves mountains high, and the rattle of the beach was most enough to stun a body. Says I to Ned, 'Ned, you're more spry man than me, just take a look out to sea.' Well, he'd not gone but a step or two when the report came again full and true, and even my old eyes could see the flash. I stepped up and turned off the water, and Ned and me went and called up the neighbors. I sent a boy on horseback to Trebarfoot to bring more help; and getting the ropes and things we should want, if anything could be done for the poor creatures on board the distressed ship, we went to the point we thought she would strike on. We had no help from our eyes, but were guided by our knowledge of the wind and tide.

"It might be about five, or between that and six o'clock, when we got to Saltstone. We could not stand against the wind, but were obliged to lie down on the edge of the cliff to try to discover the vessel. It seemed a whole night, though I suppose it could not be more than an hour, before we could see or hear anything more than the flash of the gun and the roar of the wind and waves. After a bit we touched hands, and went back to some sheltered place to talk over what was best to be done. Some were for lighting a fire to try to guide them into Widemouth Bay, but I knew 'twas no use, for I was sure the vessel had not a rag of canvas standing to help her, even if the helm itself was still serviceable, and so she could never make a reach to clear Deadman's Gurner, and might miss the only chance of running into deep quiet water near the Cupboard Rock.

"All at once, while we were doubting what to do, we heard a crash and cry, such as only a stranded ship and the perishing souls on board can make. Ah! you talk of Cornish wreckers—there was wet eyes among us then, and men's hearts that never knew fear fluttered like leaves on the ding-tree.

"We stood right above where the vessel struck. Sheer up from the beach—we measured it afterwards—two hundred and fourteen feet. A mounds could not have found footing down that cliff, and as it was within an hour of high water, so help could come to them, poor souls, but by letting some one down from the place we stood on.

"The dim light of morning just enabled us to see each other, and the white line of the shore-waves. Some thought they could see the wreck; I cannot tell if it was so. For certain we could hear now and then, fainter and fainter, the cry of mortal woe.

"I can't stand this no longer," says Ned, at last, "I can't stand here in health and strength with my two hands idle, while they poor creatures, are beaten to death against the very rocks we stand on. Bear a hand, here—I'll go down this place."

"We stood like men blind and deaf for a minute, and then all tried to persuade him out of it, for we thought it was certain death. The rope most likely would be cut through fraying over the cliff, or the wind might dash him with fatal force against the rocks. But nothing would stop him; he knotted the rope around his waist, and taking a short gaff in his hand, stood ready to slip off. He turned a moment, and says he:

"Give my love to Mary and the children, and if I never see them more, don't let them come to the parish."

"He shook hands all round, and then stepped off, and in a moment he was hanging all his weight on the rope we held.

"For God's sake, lower away!" he cried, "I see them."

"We saw them, too, for God rent the black clouds, and looked through to see that noble deed. In the east there was a space of clear sky, through which a stream of light fell on the scene before us. An awful scene it was! The ship was broken to pieces, and with every turn of the waves her timbers tossed and wrenched, and among them were the sailors. Some past help for ever, and two or three still striving hard for life.

"Just as Ned touched the beach, one man was swept out from the narrow ledge they were trying to hold on to, with every third or fourth wave breaking over them. The man Ned came to first was just such another for height and strength as himself, and we held our breath with terror, when we saw by his actions that he was (as is often the case) driven mad by his danger, and was struggling with the only man who could save him.

"For full five minutes they wrestled together. Sometimes we thought of pulling Ned up, and so making sure of him; for 'twas a hard choice between that poor-demented stranger and Ned's young wife and three children. But then the water left them once more, and we saw Ned had him down with his knees on his chest, and we knew if the tide gave him time he was his master. So it proved. He whipped a turn or two of rope round his arms, and catching him tight to him with his left, he gave the signal to haul away.

"They had barely left the rock—for we pulled easy at first—when the whole keelson of the vessel was thrown against the place they had stood on. We had them in our lift, however, and if the weight had been twice as much it would have come to grass if the ropes held.

"We were all too busy drawing them up to look to see what happened on the way. I hold it as Bible truth that there's scarce another man but Ned would have brought that sailor up. He had, as I have said, one arm around him, and with the other, warded himself from the sharp face of the cliff, but he had some grievous bruises for all his courage and strength.

"When the man found himself lifted up in that strange way he got more raving than ever, and finding he could not use his hands, he fixed his teeth in Ned's chest till they met. For all the pain and danger Ned held on, and I shall never forget to my last hour what I felt as we drew them over the edge of the cliff, and knew they were safe.

"Poor Ned, we laid him in a sheltered place, and would have put the stranger with him, but we soon found he was too wild to be trusted free, so we bound him for his own safety.

"In a few minutes after they were landed Ned's wife came. We had sent a boy for some spirits and things, and he, younger like, told what Ned was about. None that is there will ever forget that fair young thing as she fell on her knees by her husband's side and swooned away with her head on his breast.

"Ah, the man that had just braved such danger went like a child as he smoothed the golden hair of his wife.

"As weak as a child he was, too, from loss of blood. Well, other women came soon after and bound up their hurts, and we got a cart and brought them down to my house.

"Eleven men and three boys were the crew of the Heesperus, as the ship was called, and only that one man saved. He lay for days—very quiet at last—and scarce spoke a word. What he did say was about his mother, and the name of some young woman. When we stripped him—by the doctor's orders—we found a little pocket hung round his neck by a black riband, and as it was wet with the salt water we took away to dry. My wife, who tended him more than the rest, said, he seemed to keep groping for something in his bosom, so she put it back round his neck again; and when he found it there all right, he never stooped to rise and call out as he did before. It is not for me to say, but my old woman always considered that packet to hold some true-love token. She often said she wished she knew for aught thought how glad his mother and sweetheart would be to know he was alive.

"Well, he went on in that strange way night on three weeks, and we did not know so much as the name of the sick man. Just as Ned was going about again all well, we thought the sight of him might bring the stranger to his recollections. So Ned went and sat by the bedside till he woke. It was getting near Christmas, and we waited the poor man to be well enough to enjoy the time with us. When he opened his eyes Ned held out his hand, and says he:

"Give you joy, comrade. Ay, I see you'll be more than a match for me the next turn we have, particular when 'tis grass we stand on."

"With that the tears came into his poor dim eyes, and catching Ned's hand, he said:

"I remember now. Were none saved but me?"

"Ned was fearful to tell the truth, in case it might make him worse, so he just laughed and said:

"You've been so long sleeping off the effects of your wetting, that they're all gone and left you. But 'tis time we know'd your name, stranger, if it please you to tell."

"Gascoigne," he said—Richard Gascoigne. Has no one written to my mother?"

"How should we," says Ned, "when we did not know where she lived?"

"With that he got up to come away, for he was afraid if he stayed he'd tell himself out about his shipmates, only three of whose bodies we ever found.

"He'd just got to the door, when the poor man wanted him to come back, but before he could turn about the person came into the room, and Ned got away.

"We never knew the particulars for certain, but always believe to this day that the young man was no common sailor.

"The person used to come, and sit with him for hours together, and a fine lot of letters they wrote between them. But we were never the wiser for any of their scholarship doings but in one thing, and that won't be forgot round here for man's the long day.

"The Christmas day we were all standing about the church door, shaking hands and wishing each other a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, when the little gate that led from the parsonage lawn into the churchyard was opened, and a lady came among us, so beautiful dressed and so beautiful herself that we all stopped talking to look at her.

"I'm before my story, though, for I should have told you that the stranger had gone to the parsonage as soon as he could be moved.

"Well, the lady came right forward into the midst of the crowd, and she said:

"Which of all you brave, kind men is Edward Smeth?"

"Ned was just behind me, and seemed ready to sink away, but I pushed him fore, and says I:

"If it please your ladyship, that 'im."

"Well, Ned know'd manners too well to run away then, so there he stood, blushing like a girl.

"The lady took his hand, and seemed going to make a speech; but she had only just begun her thanks when her heart rose to her throat, and the tears stood in her eyes, and she only said, 'God bless you,' and put a little box and a purse into Ned's hand, and then kissed his great rough hand as if it had been a baby's face. Ned seemed struck all of a heap. He looked at the things she had given him, and turned his hand as if he expected to see a mark where her beautiful lips had touched.

"Well, as the lady could not speak for herself, the parson up and told us all the sense of it. How that there was a grand place up to London, with a many grand people that subscribed among them to reward them that saved life.

"And proud," says the parson, "proud I am that such a token has come into my parish."

"He said a many kind and good words, and then told Ned to open the little box and show what was in it. There, sure enough, was a beautiful medal, with Ned's name, and the name he saved, and some Latin words, which the parson said was that we should never give up trying to save life, for perhaps a little spark of hope might remain, though all seemed gone.

"Ah! here comes Ned, he'll be proud to show your honors the medal."

"So we walked to Ned's cottage hard by, and were delighted to find that, though seven long years had past—years that had rubbed him of his fair young wife, and laid her with her newborn babe in an early tomb—his dark eyes would brighten and his fine form look taller as he exhibited that well-earned medal from the Royal Humane Society.—Once-a-Week.

THE BATTLE OF DRAINSVILLE.

From The Invincibles.

CAMP PIERPONT, Dec. 24, 1861.

EDITOR AGITATOR.—Having yet seen nothing in the papers, but misstatements, in relation to our recent engagement at Drainsville, and knowing the probable anxiety that some of your readers must feel to know the truth of the matter, I am induced to send you an account, which from personal observation, I know to be true.

No statement, yet published, has credited the 6th Regiment of the Reserve Corps, with the firing of a single gun, and yet their list of killed and wounded numbers as many as either of the other two Regiments engaged. Simple justice demands praise to whom praise is due.

Friday morning at 3 o'clock, we received orders to provide ourselves with one day's rations, and be ready to march at 6 o'clock in the morning. We were ready at the appointed time, and together with the other Regiments composing the third Brigade—the 9th, 10th, and 11th—commanded by Brigadier General Ord, we were marched out on the turnpike, leading from the Chain Bridge to Leesburg. We were preceded by the First Rifle Regiment, and 4 guns of Capt. Easton's battery—2 12-pounders, throwing ball, and 2 24-pound howitzers, throwing conical shell. There was also a detachment of the First Pa. Cavalry, accompanying the expedition. The object of the advance was to collect forage and make a reconnaissance in the direction of Drainsville, situated about midway between Langley and Leesburg. The turnpike runs at a distance of several miles from, and nearly parallel with the Potomac.

After passing our line of pickets, flankers were thrown out on the right and left, by the several regiments, to scout the woods and guard against surprise.

After crossing Difficult Creek—distant six miles from camp, the foraging wagons, with Easton's 2 12-pound guns, and about half of the 12th Regiment passed off to the right, in the country lying between the road and the river, for the purpose of collecting the forage. The remainder continued forward toward Drainsville—distant twelve miles from Langley.

We passed down a slight declivity of ground into the village of Drainsville, about 1 o'clock, p. m. Here the column halted, and observing the movements of a number of rebels, could be seen moving in squads, nearly a mile beyond the village, evidently thrown out as a bait to lure us on.

A few minutes previous to this however, before we had halted, a few rifle shots were heard on our left, which were supposed to be nothing more than the fire of the rebel pickets, being driven in by our scouts. But the firing grew heavier, and our flanking companies, coming in, reported a large force of infantry to the left, and a party to our rear, concealed in a thick wood fifty or sixty rods from the road.

Now came the booming of cannon, added to the sharp rattling fire of musketry, and the shells completely swept the road on the eminence to our rear, bursting mostly in the field to our right.

Our two guns were at the head of the column, when the enemy opened fire upon us, but they were brought back as speedily as six stalwart horses to a piece could bring them, and they followed after as a "double quick" to their support.

One of the 24-pounders upset, horses, carriage and all, turning over under full speed, lashing their horses into a keen run. But no injury was done, and in a moment more the accident was remedied and gun was rear up the hill and was soon in position unharmed, and the horses moved to the rear of a little knoll, to protect them from the flying shell. Gen. Ord superintended the planting of our battery in person—he is an experienced artilleryman—unlumbering the guns directly in the range of the rebel battery—only 60 rods away, while the shells were whistling and bursting around him on every side.

While Ord was scanning through his glass, the enemy's battery in the wood, and directing the range of our howitzers, a shell burst a little distance in front, sending its whizzing fragments in all directions. The General coolly turned to Easton and remarked: "Captain, that was a good shot. We must return the compliment. 'Range low! range low.' And they did range low with a vengeance. Presently 'the pets,' as Col. Campbell calls them, began to vomit forth their iron balls, and the very ground trembled with the concussion. This trembling must have been contagious, for it soon infected the 'chivalry.'

When our guns began to talk, the troops sent up cheer after cheer, that did not 'give aid and comfort' to, or solace the abused foe, considerably. The gunners served their pieces with the coolness and precision of their every day drill, not one of them were injured. During the planting and first round or two of the battery, the Buck-tails were becoming engaged to the left, and partly under the battery, around a small frame building, which, with short pines and a rail fence, made a cover for the South Carolinians, who opened the battle. But a round of grape rapidly dislodged them, and demolished somewhat the hard biscuit on hand for the rebels, thousands of which we saw scattered through the woods. The 6th lay to the right of the battery in front, and the 12th and 10th to our rear, partly sheltered by the banks of the road from the hissing shells, while the 9th was yet farther to the right.

The General, after stationing the battery, rode down to the right in front of our line, and said: "Boys, I want you to occupy that wood to the right of the brick house." The 6th with a shout, advanced to the wood, scrambling over fences and forming quickly in line, penetrated to the farther edge of the wood, separated from the one from which the Confederates were pouring their fire, by a strip of field, 16 or 20 rods in width.

Now it was that our Minnie's poured forth a fire, that, borne off by the breeze, was plainly heard by our pickets, ten miles away. The fire of musketry was deafening and incessant.—Crack, crack, crack, went the reports of our rifled muskets, with occasionally the clanging of several hundred going off simultaneously,

and the loud roar of the heavy-guns literally shook the ground, and were plainly heard at Washington twenty miles away. The attacking force lay hidden in a dense wood extending into the hollow of a semi-circle, formed by the Buck-tails on the left, the 6th Pa. Reserve in the center, and the 9th Pa. Reserve on the right, presenting an unbroken line of living fire.

Here is where our wounded fell and were carried to the rear, where several surgeons were in attendance. The rebels were concealed almost totally, in a heavy wood, while our forces were mostly in an open field, and at the best, only partially covered by a thin wood, through which the secession bullets whistled, splintering the trees and cutting down the twice like snow flakes. The rebel fire was not nearly so accurate as ours, though we were exposed, and they giving us nothing more certain to aim at than the flash of their rifles and the smoke of their battery.

As their fire slackened and became desultory, Gen. Ord passed along our lines and told us that he wanted the battery taken. On went the bayonets, like the flash of a sun-beam, and clanked down the hill as the pieces were brought to a charge—a deathly prelude to what the rebels might expect if they stood their ground. "Don't fire your guns, boys," cries the General, "don't fire a gun; use the bayonet to the work; give them the cold steel."

"Remember Bull Run, boys," shouts one of our men, "put the run on the other side, this time." We were quickly formed in line of battle, in the edge of the open field, and side by side with the Buck-tails, we charged into the woods. Whiz, whiz, whiz, went the bullets from a volley of musketry, as we penetrated the thicket. But their aim was wild. We did not return the fire, but pressed on at a charge over the stiffening and mangled bodies of men, reckless to their duty and best interest.

Soon we reached the location of the battery, situated about 30 rods from the edge of the wood, on a road forming a right angle with the one on which our battery was placed.—Here the ground was strewn with headless bodies, some nearly blown in fragments by our shells. They presented a sickening sight, so horribly mutilated, dead horses, terribly lacerated, lay promiscuously mingled with human bodies, broken caissons, gun carriages, small arms, ammunition, clothing, food and equipments. Our battery now came up—Gen. McCall also arrived about this time—and the battery unharmed, advanced along the road, accompanied by Gen. Ord, Gen. McCall, his staff and body guard.

The 6th advanced on the right of the wood, toward Drainsville, and the Rifle Regiment on the left. We advanced thus, through brambles and scrub pines, cautiously guarding against being led into an ambush. We proceeded in this manner nearly a mile, when, discovering no signs of the presence of an enemy, we returned by way of the road. The road in the wood, occupied by the rebel force, led off in a south easterly direction from Drainsville toward Centreville, and was nearly straight, to the rear of their battery for three-fourths of a mile. It seems by the evidence of the firing, that our howitzers were placed so as to completely cross this road as far as it continued straight.

The firing of Capt. Easton's guns were destructively accurate. I saw not a tree which showed that their range had exceeded the width of the road, farther than several feet on a side. One large oak was pierced and shattered by three different shells, and horses, overtaken in their flight, by the death dealing missiles, lay in and near the road, the distance of half a mile. I counted 15 horses crippled and mangled, and several were taken unharmed. Near the battery, our shells had blown up a caisson, containing ammunition, articles were yet smoking. Under the ruined caisson was scattered 25 or 30 shells, which failed to ignite when the magazine exploded.

We gave these a wide berth, as they were blackened by powder, and yet smoking, subject to burst at any moment. Our musicians, with many others, were busy removing our own, and the enemy's wounded. An Alabamian, wounded badly in the leg, called to our fellows to carry him in; and when asked where his fellows were, replied: "They have fled; they tried to take me along, but could not. We expected to whip you, but you shoot too sharp for us. We could not take any position to get out of the way of your bullets."

He identified several of the bodies near him, and papers about them, corroborated his statements.

Passing near a body, with pants indicating an officer—the coat had been removed—he said: "that is our Lieutenant Colonel." He showed a good deal of gratitude at the kind treatment he received; said he did not expect it, for it was very different from the manner in which they treated our prisoners at Bull Run. Others were dejected. One, while his leg was being bandaged, said to the doctor, "never mind; I will give you a chance at the other." Several were very sullen and dogged, refusing to give any account of themselves, and answering no questions whatever. Others were more communicative, and stated that they belonged to regiments selected especially for their bravery at Bull Run. They were from Centreville, and had traveled nearly all the night previous, to get ready for us. They had their ambush fully arranged; selected their own ground, and disposed their forces to the best advantage. No doubt they were signaled by lurking spies and distant parties, as to our precise position and numbers, and flattered themselves with the sweet idea that they could "bag" us at their pleasure. One of the prisoners said they thought two of their regiments could whip the whole Reserve Corps, but they looked for no such fire as they received, and when the order to charge was given, they broke and fled. They were then ordered to "rally on the railroad and make a permanent stand." This was probably the railroad connecting Alexandria with Vienna, and Leesburg.

Their "force," as stated by their wounded, consisted of five regiments of infantry from North

and South Carolina, Alabama, Kentucky and Virginia; one regiment of cavalry, and a battery of six rifled guns. It seems almost providential that our loss was so small: Had it not been for the timely discovery by our scouts, we doubtless would have suffered a far heavier loss. It appears to have been their design to gain our rear. They endeavored to conceal themselves from our flanking parties, and allowed all our force to file by them within full range of their battery, and within long rifle range of their entire force before they opened fire; which probably they would not yet have done, had not the skirmishers drawn them out. The first intimation, save the faint report of distant rifles, that Gen. Ord had of the presence of an enemy, was the fire of their battery, and the bursting of their shells above and beyond us. Their ambush was skillfully laid—they took us unexpected and unprepared. But after our fire opened in one hour, they were in full flight as fast as the ability of their legs would permit. This was evidenced by the wounded, arms and equipments left on the field.

At four o'clock reinforcements arrived, lining the road nearly a mile, having double-quickened it from Difficult Creek, nearly six miles. We started on our return at dusk, firing the load from one of the howitzers with our compliments, as a farewell shot—arrived in camp at 10 o'clock at night. As the noise of the battle was heard at camp, every man that could carry a musket, seized one and started on a run up the turnpike; but they were mostly on the "sick list," and did not get farther than a mile or two from our line of pickets. Gen. Smith's division was drawn up in line of battle, and one brigade went out as far as an eminence overlooking Vienna.

We slept soundly that night, on our rail-bottomed beds, after travelling the matter of thirty miles, including such a thrashing to the sneaking cavalry, as will probably teach them to bring five to one when they wish to defeat men fighting for the preservation of a government that they know to be just, and a principle they cherish above their lives.

Our forces fought with the most intrepid courage. Our company ("H," 6th Regiment) behaved in a manner that reflects the highest credit upon them, and they well earned their title of "Invincibles." We have company officers that can be relied upon any where.—They do not command "Go!" but say "Come on!" and where such men command, the company will follow to any fate.

The enemy's loss is not precisely known, but our First Lieutenant, John W. Rose, was one of the officers detailed to bring in the wounded and count the dead. He certifies to having counted over one hundred bodies, besides the wounded, and others testify similarly. This being the case, they must have carried off several hundred wounded, judging from our own proportion of wounded compared with the killed. Our entire loss, of all the forces engaged, which did not exceed 2,500 men, was seven killed, and between fifty and sixty wounded—some seriously, very few fatally, and the majority only slightly. The loss in the 6th Regiment was three killed, and fifteen wounded. The wounded in Co. "H" was as follows:—Benjamin Seelye, severely in the cheek—the ball falling in the mouth, rapidly improving; Charles Yahn, wounded severely in the face, fracturing the jaw, recovering fast; Thomas Conway, wounded slightly by a spent ball in the forehead; Corporal A. S. Hunsilton, slight contusion on the shoulder, stiffening the arm a short time. Seelye was stunned at first by his wound, and bleeding profusely, led us to believe it was more serious than it proved to be. A brave boy Yahn, does not exist in the whole army. When he was wounded, the ball entered the side of the face and came out at the upper lip, tearing away several teeth. He could not now open his cartridge, but he reached it out to one of his comrades to tear, and kept on loading his piece, until he was taken to the rear.

Conway picked up the ball that wounded him, and exclaimed: "There is the secession lead that struck me."

I neglected to state before, that a regiment of Kentuckians, coming down on the 9th Pa. Reserve, cried out: "Don't fire; we are good Union men," and then delivered their fire. This broke the 9th some, but they rallied to the work and the rebels fled. We have met the enemy. They could not stand the pressure. Our company went on picket the next morning after the battle. Rather tough.

We have just heard by a Union man coming into our lines from Drainsville, that he helped to bury over one hundred of the enemy's dead. They were scattered over a mile square, found under fences and logs, where they died, trying to secrete themselves. You will see the loss of the other regiments engaged in the battle, by the Washington and Philadelphia papers.

G. W. M.

From Niles' Company.

Correspondence of the Agitator.

CAMP PIERPONT, Va. Dec. 23, 1861.

Although it is very likely, that ere this will reach them, the friends at home will have heard the particulars of the late affair in which we were engaged, at Drainsville, I thought perhaps they would like to hear from Co. E, hence the following: On last Friday, the 20th, we were called from our sleep at 3 a. m., and in a few minutes were in the ranks with a day's rations in our haversacks, and on our way to the Leesburg Pike, where we were halted to await the arrival of Gen. Ord, who soon came up with his Brigade, accompanied by Easton's battery, all being in readiness, the column was put in motion a few minutes after daylight. After we had passed our pickets, Co. A, Capt. Holland, was sent on as advance guard. Co. G, Capt. McDonald, was deployed to the right, to act as flankers, while ours, Co. E, Captain Niles, were deployed as flankers on the left, with orders to keep in sight of the main body. On the road thus, we pursued our weary way for several miles, through almost impenetrable thickets, until we came in sight of Drainsville, when we turned abruptly to the left, in the direction of Fairfax, the main body of our troops having halted on the Pike, just at the entrance of the town. The advance was sent on and halted at the outer edge of the town.