



SELECT POETRY.

Stonewall Jackson a Sentinel.

[The Rev. Dr. Moore, of Richmond, in a sermon on the much loved and lamented Stonewall Jackson, narrates the following incident:—]
Previous to the first battle of Manassas, when the troops under Stonewall Jackson had made a forced march, on halting at night they fell on the ground exhausted and faint. The hour arrived for setting the watch for the night. The officer of the day went to the General's tent and said, "General, the men are all asleep, and I will watch the camp to-night." And all night long he rode round that lonely camp, the lone sentinel for that hour, but weary and almost hoarse of voice, and when the glorious morning broke, the soldiers awoke fresh and ready for action all unconscious of the noble vigil kept over their peaceful slumbers.

COMMUNICATION.

Letter from the Potomac Army.

My Dear Sir—The past week has been an eventful one to the Army of the Potomac. On Saturday last, Oct. 10th, it was ascertained that Gen. Lee's army was in motion, and moving round to our right flank. Our Corps, the second, went a short distance from Culpepper on the Luray road, and finding the enemy in force, we commenced intrenching to resist an attack. About midnight the entire army commenced falling back, and by Sunday evening we were all safely across the Rappahannock. On Monday the enemy commenced massing his forces near Brandy Station, and Gen. Meade promptly met the movement by massing his troops at Rappahannock Station. Never were Corps more skillfully handled, and instead of retreating further we advanced towards Brandy Station in different lines of battle, ready and willing to meet the enemy on level ground. But it was not his intention to fight there. At 11 o'clock, Monday night, we recrossed the Rappahannock, and commenced falling back to this point, encamping for the night near Auburn. Our cavalry had several severe fights, and were severely repulsed near Sulphur Springs. By skilful manœuvring the enemy got in our rear, and at one time, I am informed, cut our communication with Washington. This caused no regret on our part, because we had thirteen days rations, and needed no advice from the Capital. Doubtless the enemy were trying to cut off Meade as they did Pope last year, but unfortunately for them they have no Stonewall Jackson now. On Wednesday, at daylight, our Corps re-commenced its march, bringing up the rear, supporting the Cavalry. The other Corps passed on to Centreville without obstruction.

ery one was bewildered. We were fired on from three sides, the only avenue of escape being in the direction of Richmond; The Corps was completely surrounded, and a communication cut off with other Corps and Gen. Meade. By an effort we scattered the force in our front, and only established our communication with the rest of the army when near Catlett's Station. I may here state, that it was Kicketts' Pa Battery which scattered the enemy; no others opposed fire. We marched with heavy columns of flankers, and five Brigades composed the rear guard, in addition to our Cavalry.
On hearing Bristoe Station we heard firing in our front, which proved to be the enemy firing at the rear of the column of the 5th Corps. Why Gen. Sykes abandoned us to the unequal contest with A. P. Hill's Corps, is a mystery yet unraveled; but certain it is he hastened on, leaving the gallant second Corps to fight its way alone. One Battery and a portion of Webb's Division had crossed Broad Run when the enemy opened heavily on us. The railroad was between us, and the main object on both sides was to obtain it so as to use its embankments as breast-works. Kicketts' Battery was ordered into position at a gallop, but was obliged to cross a plain one-quarter of a mile wide, fully exposed to their fire, as we galloped between the two contending forces. About this time the enemy also opened on our line with artillery. Heth's Division of the rebel army then advanced in line of battle towards the railroad, and Gen. Hays, to counteract the movement, charged with his entire Division from the column in march, and seized the road before the enemy reached it. Kicketts' Battery opened on their right with shrapnell and canister, and soon compelled it to mass on the center. We paid no attention to their artillery, though their shells were making wild music in our midst. For a few moments our position was critical as we had galloped away from our infantry supporters, and the rebel left was closing on us each moment. Our canister alone saved us. Soon the other Batteries came into position, and under the fierce storm of shell and bullets the rebel line gave way, and fled in confusion to the woods. Several hundred remained, and gladly surrendered themselves prisoners. We now turned our attention to one of the two rebel Batteries playing on us, and in short order silenced it. Our skirmishers advanced and brought off five pieces, the sixth being dismounted by our fire. All were 3-inch rifled guns, four of them bearing the stamp "U. S." and the other being of Confederate origin. They were much cut up by our fire, but had not the impress of a single bullet, proving conclusively that the capture was due entirely to the artillery.
Other guns were silenced, and so accurate became our range that no gun nor line of infantry could be brought within a mile of us. The enemy about dusk got on our left flank, but a prompt change of our front saved us. The shelling after dark was a grand sight. After the engagement was concluded, we saw the gallant Pa. Reserves coming to our rescue, but fortunately we had repulsed the enemy, saved our trains, and successfully covered the rear of the Army of the Potomac. To show the estimation in which Gen. Lee held our services I enclose the following congratulatory order.

Frightful condition of the Blacks at Vicksburg—Abolition Philanthropy—Sad Picture of death and horror.
The Rev. Wm. D. Butler, an agent of the Christian Commission, sends from Vicksburg a most deplorable account of the sufferings of the negroes who have been induced to abandon the plantations and come into the American camp. He says:—"After Pemberton marched out with his army, Vicksburg was looked upon by the negroes as the very gate of heaven, and they came trooping to it as pigeons to their roost at night. When Gen. Sherman returned from the pursuit of Johnson, crowds of them followed his army across the Big Black, and spread themselves over the country between it and the Mississippi at Vicksburg. When visiting the Missouri troops in General Sherman's corps, I saw large numbers of the negroes, grouped in camps or companies, in a most wretched and pitiable condition. Their only shelter was a bush, piece of old tent, quilts, and whatever else would afford them any protection. They lived upon such food as they could obtain in camps by working for the other soldiers or in other ways gratifying them. After the departure of Pemberton's army on the 15th of July, thousands of these miserable creatures filled the vacant houses, churches, sheds and eaves. Here they crowded together sometimes twenty or more in a single room, weary, weak and sick from their long march and abstinence, spiritless and sad, and many of them longing to be nearer on old massa's plantation. On the morning of July 30 having slept the night previous in the Presbyterian church, I went out early to examine the premises. The first object that attracted my attention in the rear of the church was the tall skeleton of a negro man sitting on the ground with his back to a post, and his head hanging down upon his breast, and his arms resting almost powerless at his side. He evidently was very sick. I raised his head a little and asked what ailed him. "Oh, Sir, he feely exclaimed, 'I have the diazera and the fever.' 'Have you no friends?' I asked. 'Yes; my mother and sisters live in that house, there,' pointing to a little frame building containing about a dozen or more inmates, 'and I have come out here to be cool.' I passed to the front and on the stone door sill I found another lying with a gourd filled with water at his side. As I looked at his dirty and wasted form, I thought his sufferings would be but short. He had a burning fever, and some kind negro had brought him the water. I roused him up a little, and he told me that he had no medicine, no bread, nothing to eat. A soldier happened to pass just then with some biscuit under his arm. I asked one for the negro, which he readily gave. I had no medicine. I returned to enter the basement, and was met by a third negro, with swollen feet, trembling from weakness and want, asking for a little water. A fourth negro was passing with a bucket of water and the sick man was served, and his fevered lips cooled.—Such was my morning visit before six o'clock. All these men told me that they had been servants of officers in the Union army, and when taken sick were driven away. After breakfast I set out with an other delegate to visit one of the post-hospitals. As we passed along the streets we encountered on every hand negro men, women and children, gathered in little groups on the pavement, in vacant lots, and in the yards that surrounded houses already filled to overflowing with others of the same color. The want and wretchedness of these unfortunate stared us fully in the face. I went into a Baptist church, where a large number had taken quarters. I shall not attempt to describe the scene. I had before me as filthy and pitiable a group of suffering humanity as was ever gathered together. I learned from themselves that they were mostly from plantation negroes, and many of them were longing to be back to their old homes. We passed on to the hospital.—While the surgeon in charge was pointing out to us the grounds and stating his plans we saw a poor negro who had crawled half way up to the terraces which surround the building, and apparently dying. The Doctor remarked that he would die there; that he had crawled up to get some medicine, and that they were frequently found dead in the shrubbery and in the fence corners.

whether sick or well who were not in some employment. One morning I went out to inform a certain Lieut. W., who with an inadequate force was executing the order, that one of them in the Baptist church was dead, and that another, a woman lying behind a fence dyin. He told me that he had detailed, for the purpose of removing the negroes, twenty army wagons; that he hauled them, well sick and dead, with all their traps, to the river where he had a steamer to convey them across to a point opposite the lower part of the city; that he had one wagon to haul the dead, and that some days he found as many as twenty; that in one house he found six dead bodies, with living ones sitting and lying around them, apparently unconscious of their situation. Holes were dug on the river bank and the dead buried. The searching out and removal of these negroes consumed about fifteen or twenty days. About 3,000 were thus removed to the low grounds opposite Vicksburg, and there left in the weeds, without any shelter, under the care of a man who was appointed to organize them into a camp, and separate small pox cases from the rest—in general to do what he could for their relief. He soon fell sick, and a certain Captain was appointed to take charge of all the contrabands in and around Vicksburg. The Captain was soon prostrated, but was at work again when I left Vicksburg, August 21st, Captain was appointed a chaplain to take charge of these had been removed from the city, in place of the man who was first appointed. He entered upon his labors, but was soon prostrated with disease, and was conveyed across the river in a skiff, whence he made his way to a house, adjoining that of the United States Christian Commission.—Here he was found alone and very sick. He was invited to our house, where he was still remaining when I left the city. The Chaplain told me that these negroes had suffered and were still suffering untold want and wretchedness; that nearly four hundred had died since he had taken charge of them; that from fifteen to twenty die daily. Sometimes they would crawl off into the weeds and die, where their bodies would be found only by the stench which arose from their decay.—That there was no white man with them but a nephew of his; that rations were furnished them by the Government, but sometimes he had difficulty in getting them over the river; that once they were five days without receiving any food, and negroes in despair threatened to kill him, thinking the fault was his. He also stated that they had no tents or shelter except brush, to shield them from the sun, or storm, or dews of night. Capt. A. stated to me that there were in this camp 2,000; at Youngs Point, 8,551; on Papaw Island, where he purposed gathering most them 2,800; and on Black's plantation on the Yazoo 2,400—in all over 16,000. One morning I went among the wretched masses where they were hauled to the bank of the river preparatory to being sent across. I tried in vain to find some women who were able to work, as we wished their labor at our house. All were either sick or taking care of the sick. I saw nothing but one sad scene of misery.

ANOTHER DRAFT.
The First Fruits of Curtin's Election.
300,000 MEN CALLED FOR.
By the President of the United States of America.
A PROCLAMATION.
WHEREAS, The term of service of a part of the volunteer forces of the United States will expire during the coming year, and whereas, in addition to the men raised by the present draft it is deemed expedient to call out three hundred thousand volunteers to serve for three years:
Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, and of the Militia of the several States when called into active service, do issue this, my Proclamation, calling upon the Governors of the different States to raise and have enlisted in the United States service, for the various companies and regiments in the field, from their respective States, their quotas of three hundred thousand men.
I further proclaim that all volunteers thus called out and duly enlisted, shall receive advance pay, premiums and bounty, as heretofore communicated to the Governors of the States by the War Department, through the Provost Marshal General's office, by special letters.
I further proclaim that all volunteers, received under this call, as well as all others not heretofore credited, shall be duly credited on and deducted from the quotas established for the next draft.
I further proclaim that if any State shall fail to raise the quota assigned to it by the War Department under this call, then a draft for the deficiency in said quota shall be made on said State, or in the districts of said State for their due proportion of said quota. And the said draft shall commence on the fifth day of January, A. D. 1864.
And I further proclaim that nothing in this Proclamation shall interfere with existing orders, or those which may be issued for the present draft in the States where it is now in progress, or where it has not yet commenced. The quotas of the States and districts will be assigned by the Department, through the Provost Marshal General's office, due regard being had for the men heretofore furnished, whether by volunteering or drafting, and the recruiting will be conducted in accordance with such instructions as have been issued by the Department.
In issuing this Proclamation I address myself not only to the Governors of the several States, but also to the good and loyal people thereof, invoking them to lend their willing, cheerful and effective aid to the measures thus adopted, with a view to reinforce our victorious armies now in the field, and bring our needful operations to a prosperous end, thus closing forever the foundation of sedition and civil war.
In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.
Done at the City of Washington, this seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-eight.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By the President,
WM. H. SEWARD, Sec'y. of State.

ONE OF MANY CASES OF CRUELTY.
From the Bangor (Maine) Democrat.
Joseph H. Crommett, of Enfield, in this county, aged 28 years, was drafted in this district last August. He was a poor laboring man with a wife and two little children. He appeared before the Examining Board in this city, and there presented a certificate from his physician, Dr. C. P. Hubbard, of Burlington, stating that he was an unsound man and unfit for military duty. He had been sick for five years, and during all that time had been unable to do a full hard day's work. The examining surgeon, as we are informed, tossed the certificate aside with a stinging remark, and Mr. Crommett was promptly pronounced an able-bodied man. He obtained a furlough for fifteen days, and returned home. He was unable to raise three hundred dollars or to procure a substitute. The thought of leaving his destitute little family dependent on the cold charities of the world, and the conviction that the severity of military duty must soon terminate his life quickened the disease which was already fastened upon him.
At the end of his furlough he reported himself to the provost marshal here for duty, a sick, broken-hearted man. He was sent to Portland two weeks ago last Wednesday, and thence to the conscripts' camp on McKie's Island. Here he became very sick, and a kind-hearted fellow-conscript, although an entire stranger to Mr. Crommett, seeing that he must die, procured a telegraphic despatch to be sent to Bangor, and then to Enfield, informing his friends of his condition. Immediately Mr. Freeman Crommett, his brother, took the wife of the dying man and proceeded to Portland, where he arrived Monday evening. They immediately called on Major Whiting, commandant of the post, for a pass to the Island. Major Whiting refused a pass that evening. They told him the urgency of the case. He told them to call at his office the next morning at 8 o'clock and he would give them an answer.
They returned to their lodgings that night with heavy and sorrowful hearts, for they felt an oppressive premonition that the spirit of their husband and brother was fast passing away. Long before the hour named the afflicted friends were at the office door of Major Whiting, the next morning. Eight o'clock came, and he was not there. An hour passed and still he did not come. What to him was the grief of the wife and brother of the dying conscript? He had forgotten his promise. They then began to search the city for him, and succeeded in finding him at eleven o'clock, in a lager-beer saloon. The major then heartlessly informed them that he intended using the boat plying between the city and the camp himself.
At three o'clock that afternoon Mr. Crommett found an opportunity to send a letter to the Island informing his brother that he and his wife were near him and striving to reach his sick bed; but when this letter came, the eyes for which it had been intended had been closed in death for hours!
Such is this brief tale of official cruelty. In the first instance it deprived innocent little children of their father but yet protected shield; and in the second it denied to an affectionate wife and a dear brother the poor boon of receiving the last tender words, and closing the glazed eyes, of a husband and a brother.

Address of Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, To the Democracy of Ohio.
DEMOCRATS OF OHIO: You have been beaten—by what means it is idle now to inquire. It is enough that while tens of thousands of soldiers were sent or kept within your State, or held inactive in camp elsewhere to vote against you, the Confederate enemy were marching upon the capital of your country.
You were beaten; but a nobler battle for Constitutional liberty and free popular government never was fought by any people. And your unconquerable firmness and courage, even in the midst of armed military force, secured you those first of freemen's rights—free speech and a free ballot. The conspiracy of the fifth of May fell before you. Be not discouraged; despair not of the Republic. Maintain your rights; stand firm to your position; never yield up your principles or your organization. Listen not to any who would have you lower your standard in the hour of defeat. No mellowing of your opinions upon any question, even of policy, will avail anything to conciliate your political foes. They demand nothing less than an absolute surrender of your principles and your organization. Moreover, if there be any hope for the Constitution or liberty, it is in the Democratic party alone; and you fellow-citizens, in little while longer, will see it. Time and events will force it upon all, except those who profit by the calamities of their country.
I thank you, one and all, for your sympathies and your suffrages. Be assured that though in exile for no offence but my political opinions and the free expression of them to you in peaceful public assembly, you will find me ever steadfast in those opinions, and true to the Constitution and the State and country of my birth.
C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.
Windsor, C. W., Oct. 14, 1863.
WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE?—Poor bleeding Kansas is again the recipient of the commiseration of Abolitionism. Abolitionism has never had but two objects of commiseration—negroes and Kansas.—Had it not commiserated Kansas murderers when John Brown, Jim Lane, Montgomery, Jenison, and a number of that ilk, inaugurated a reign of terror, Lawrence would not have been burned. The Massachusetts Aid Society lives yet in Kansas. The Border Rifles in a few lives yet in Missouri. They were created to make war upon each other, and have fulfilled their mission. Jayhawking by Jenison and Anthony upon a small scale in Missouri has been retaliated by Quantrill by jayhawking on a large scale in Kansas.
When the country was peaceful and law supposed to be supreme, the Christian clergyman Beecher taught that "there was more of moral force in one of Sharpe's rifles, than in a hundred Bibles." Ex-U. S. Senator Dave Atchison taught the same. The disciples of these teachers met on the borders of Missouri and Kansas for the enforcement of their doctrines. They have been enforcing them ever since. When one of Beecher's followers was "wiped out," there went up a wail from those engaged in the "interests of God and humanity." When one of Dave's adherents fell, Missouri mourned for a son lost in enforcing the rights of the "Sunny South." The burning of Lawrence is the legitimate result of the organization of the Massachusetts Aid Society, and of its counterpart, the Blue Lodges of Missouri. It is the legitimate result of that contempt for a law and lawful restraint inculcated by Beecher and Dave Atchison is dead, and his victims, murdered by Quantrill, have presented their accusations to his God and his judge. Beecher is alive, and we present the accusations against him to his countrymen. He dare not plead to them.—Chicago Times.
A young soldier in the Army of the Potomac, writing to a friend in Boston, modestly requested a needle-book, having lost his at Gettysburg. The article was forwarded in due time, and wrapped in the folds was a card photograph of Gen. McClellan. In acknowledging the gift the soldier writes: "The picture of McClellan is very fine—looks very natural; all that is wanting is the smile. It did my eyes good to see it. It had to go the rounds of the regiment, and from the old members received six hearty cheers."