

Kittamaor's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

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NEVER PUT OFF.

Whenever duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once and do it.
For sloth saith falsely, "By and by
Is just as well to do it;"
But present strength is purest strength;
Begin at once and do it.
And bid no lions in the way,
Nor faint if thorns beset it;
But bravely try, and strength will come,
For God will help thee do it.

DON'T PROPOSE IN THE DARK.

The pretty, square farm house, standing at the corner near Kilbes lane (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish), and where the brook winds away by another lane, until it spreads into river like dignity, as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hartley common, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of Ferge woods—that pretty, square farm house, half hidden by the tall elms in the flower court before it, which with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barns, yards and outbuildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the lane and the stream—that pretty farm house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh—the large and thriving family of Mr. Evans.

Whether from sickness or from good fortune—or, as is most probable, from a very lucky mixture of both—everything goes right on his great farm. His crops are the best in the parish; his hay never spoils; his cattle never die; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill; he buys cheap and sells dear; money gathers upon him like a snowball—and yet, in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, everybody loves Farmer Evans. He is so hospitable, so good natured, so generous and so homely!

There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have only not spoiled the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, and word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife, with two sorry horses, a cow and three pigs, began the world at Dean Gate, a little bargain of twenty miles off. As, and his wife is the same woman—the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good natured Mrs. Evans—so noted for her activity in tongue and limb, her good looks and plain dressing; as frugal, as good natured, as active, as plain dressing is Mrs. Evans at forty-five as she was at nineteen, and in a different way almost as good looking.

The children, six "boys," as Farmer Evans affectionately calls them, whose ages vary from eight to twenty, and three girls, two grown up and one the youngest of the family, are just what we might expect from parents who are so simple and so good. The young men, intelligent and well conducted; the boys docile and promising; and the little girl, as pretty a little curly headed, rosy cheeked puppet as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is, however, with the eldest daughter we have to do.

Jane and Patty Evans were as much alike as hath ever befallen any two sisters not born at one time; for, in the matter of twin children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of the Dromion. Nearly of an age, exactly of a stature (so high that Frederick the Great would have coveted them for his tall regiment), with hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, clear, healthy complexion, and that sort of the same which is neither Greek nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *capit nec rose*, that some persons prefer to them all, but a nose which moderately prominent, and sufficiently well shaped, is yet as far as I know, anonymous, although it may be, perhaps, as common or as well looking a feature as is to be seen on an English face.

Altogether, they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and being constantly attired in garments of the same color and fashion, looked at times so much alike that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart, and even their acquaintances were rather accustomed to speak and think of them as the "Evanses"—thus as the separate individuals Jane and Patty. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters—Patty especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance—were apt to favor by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a counterpane, or playing a hundred innocent tricks, at occasion at once a grave blunder and a merry laugh.

Old Dinah Goodwin, for instance—who, being rather portly, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbors, and had defied even the Evanses to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Patty's hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane's, ascribed the incredible cure to her own incomparable sense, and could hardly be deceived, even by the pulling off of Jane's glove and the sight of the lacinated digit sewed round by her own bandage. Young George Kelly, too, the greatest bean in the parish, having bet at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager, which Patty had overheard, by that saucy damsel slipping into her sister's place, and persuading her to join her own unconscious partner; so that George danced twice with Patty and not at all with Jane—a bantering piece of malice which proved, as the young gentleman (a most exacting critic of the first water) was pleased to assert, that Miss Patty was not displeased with her partner. How little does a vain man know of womankind. If she had liked him, she would have played the trick for the mines of Golconda. In short from their school days, when Jane was chidden for Patty's bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane's bad spinning, down to the prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet nature—who sets some mark of individuality upon even her meanest productions, making some unnoted difference between the lambs dropped from one ewe, the robins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stock, and the leaves growing on one tree—had not left these maidens without one permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy and kind; each was kind, happy, affectionate and industrious in a different way. Jane was grave; Patty was

gay. If you heard a laugh, or a song, be sure it was Patty; she who jumped the style, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty; she who chased the pigs from the garden, as merrily as if she were running a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty. On the other hand, she that so carefully was making, with its own ravell'd threads, an invisible dress in her mother's handkerchief, and was hearing her sister read the while; she that so patiently was waiting, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she, too, that so pensively was watering her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare flowers—the pale hues of the Alpine pink, or the alabaster blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off in the bluish, resembling her own character—was Jane. Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert that Jane's shining over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate, sober and steady young Scotchman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is that the prettiest and newest plants were always to be found in Jane's little flower garden; and if Mr. Archibald MacLaine did sometimes come to look after them, I did not see that it was anybody's business.

In the meantime, a visitor of another description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evans had been successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and now he sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family. Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more or less than a linen draper in a great town, but whose manners, education, mind and character might have done honor to a far higher station. He was, in a word, one of nature's gentlemen, and in nothing did he more thoroughly show his taste and good breeding than by entering into the interests of the young and old ladies of the family of his country cousins. He was delighted with the simplicity, frugality and industry which blended well with the sterling goodness and genuine prudence of the great English farm house. The woman especially pleased him much. They formed a strong contrast with any he had met with before. No finery, no coquetry, no French, no piano. It is impossible to describe the sensation of relief and comfort with which Charles Foster, sick of musical misses, ascertained that the wick dwelling did not contain a single musical instrument except the bassoon, on which George Evans was wont, every Sabbath, at church, to execrate the ears of the whole congregation. He liked both sisters. Jane's softness and consideration engaged his full esteem. Patty's innocent playfulness suited best with his own high spirits and animated conversation. He had known them apart from the first, and indeed denied that the likenesses were at all puzzling, or more than usual among sisters; and secretly thought Patty was much prettier than her sister as she was avowedly merrier. In doors and out he was constantly at her side; and before he had been a month in the house all the inmates had given Charles Foster as a lover of his young cousin; and she, when called on the subject, cried "Fie!" and "Fie!" and "Fie!" and wondered how people could talk such nonsense—and liked to have such nonsense talked to her better than anything in the world.

Affairs were in this state, when one night Jane appeared even graver and more thoughtful than usual, and far, far sadder. She sighed deeply; and Patty—for the two sisters occupied the same room—inquired what ailed her.

"She burst into tears, whilst Patty hung over her and soothed her. At length she roused herself by a strong effort, and turning away from her affectionate comforter, said in a low tone—

"I have had a great vexation to-night, Patty; Charles Foster has asked me to marry him."

"Charles Foster! did you say Charles Foster?" asked poor Patty, trembling, unwilling even to mention the name against the evidence of her heart; "Charles Foster?"

"Yes; our cousin, Charles Foster!"

"And you have accepted him?" inquired Patty, in a hoarse voice.

"Oh! no—no—no! Did you think I had forgotten poor Archibald? Besides, I am not the person who he ought to have asked to marry him—false and heartless as he is; I would not be his wife—cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as his conduct has been! No! not if he would make me queen of England!"

"You refused him, then?"

"No; my father met us suddenly, just as I was hovering from the surprise and indignation that at first stupefied me dumb. But I shall refuse him—the false, deceitful, ungrateful villain!"

"Poor father—he will be disappointed. So will mother."

"They will both be disappointed, and both angry, but not at my refusal. Oh! how they will despise him!" added Jane.

Poor Patty, misled by her sister's sympathy, and tormented by an indignation most unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could no longer command her feelings, but threw herself on the bed; that agony of passion and grief which the first great sorrow seldom fails to excite in the young heart. After a while she again resumed the conversation.

"We must not blame him too severely. Perhaps my vanity made me think his attentions meant more than he really did, and you had all taken up the notion. But you must not speak of him so unkindly. He has done nothing but what is natural. You are so much better and wiser than I am, my own dear Jane! He laughed and talked with me—but he felt your goodness; and he was right. I was never worthy of him, and you are; and if it were not for Archibald, I should rejoice from the bottom of my heart," continued Patty, sobbing, "if you would accept"—but, unable to speak her generous wish, she burst into a fresh flow of tears; and the sisters, mutually and strongly affected, wept in each other's arms and were comforted.

That night Patty cried herself to sleep, but such sleep is not of long duration. Before dawn she was up, and pacing with restless irritability the dewy grass walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour a light, elastic step—she knew the sound well—came rapidly behind her; a hand—oh! how often had she thrilled at the touch of that hand—tried to draw hers within its arm; whilst a well-known voice addressed her in the softest and tenderest accents:

"Patty—my own sweet Patty! have you thought of what I said to you last night?"

"Said to me?" replied Patty, with bitterness.

"Ay, to be sure—to your own dear self! do you not remember the question I asked you when your good father—the first time unwelcome—joined us so suddenly that you had not time to say 'yes,' now?"

"Mr. Foster," said Patty with some spirit, "you are under a mistake here! It was to Jane that you made the proposal, last evening, and you are taking me for her this very moment."

"Mistake you for your sister! Propose to Jane! Incredibly! Impossible! You are jesting!"

"Then he mistook Jane for me last night, and he is no deceiver!" thought Patty to herself, as with smiles beaming brightly through her tears, she turned round at his reiterated prayers, and yielded the hand he sought to his pressure.

"He mistook her for me! He that defied us to perplex him!"

And so it was! an unconscious and unobserved change of place, as either sister resumed her station beside little Betty, who had scampered away after a glow-worm, added to the deepening twilight and the lover's embarrassment, produced the confusion which gave poor Patty a night of misery, to be followed by a lifetime of happiness. Jane was almost glad to lose a lover as her sister was to regain one. Charles has gone home to his father's to make preparations for his bride. Archibald has taken a great nursery garden, and there is some talk in Aberleigh that the marriage of the two sisters is to be celebrated on the same day.

The flashes of lightning often observed on a summer evening, unaccompanied by thunder, and popularly known as "sheet lightning," are merely the light from discharges of electricity from an ordinary thunder cloud, beneath the horizon of the observer reflected from clouds, or perhaps from the air itself, as in the case of twilight. Mr. Brooks, one of the directors of the telegraph line between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, informs us that on one occasion, to satisfy himself on this point, he asked for information from a distant operator about the appearance of flashes of this kind in the distant horizon, and learned that they proceeded from a thunder storm then raging two hundred and fifty miles eastward of his place of observation.

THE ART OF PRINTING.—A jubilee will soon take place in Vienna in honor of the four hundred years' existence of the art of printing in that city. The first Vienna printer, Ulrich Han, opened his printing office in 1422, did not need steel, and emigrated to Rome. He was the cause of the Emperor Frederick the Fourth bestowing a privilege on the printers, in the year 1468, which placed them in equal rank with noblemen and scholars, and permitted them to wear a sword.

A Scotch lecturer undertook to explain to a village audience the word phenomenon. "May be, ma' foon's, ve' dom'ion what a phenomenon may be. Weel, then, a' tell 'oe. Ye've a' seen a coo, (weel) nae doot. Weel a' see a' nae a phenomenon. Ye've a' seen an apple tree. Weel, an apple tree nae a phenomenon. But, gin ye see the coo gang up the apple tree, tall for most, to pu' apples, that would be a phenomenon."

A farmer received a very polite note from a neighbor, requesting the loan of an ass for a few days. Being unable to decipher his friend's hieroglyphics and wishing to conceal his ignorance from the servant, the farmer hastily returned for an answer, very well: tell your master I will wait on him myself presently!

In a recent speech, Parson Brownlow said I tell you, upon the honor of a man, that the Southern army and its banners on have stolen more negroes in Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky during the last six months than the Abolitionists have enticed or aided away in the last forty years!

The gallant exploits of the Irish officers and regiments in the American war are eagerly copied by the papers in Ireland, and the birthplace and early life of each hero is proudly narrated. This has already stimulated a powerful Union feeling throughout the entire country.

A superintendent of police once made an entry in his register, from which the following is an extract: "The prisoners set upon me, called me an ass, a precious doil, a scoundrel, a ragamuffin an idiot—all of which I certify to be true."

During the last year there has been manufactured at the United States Armory at Springfield, one hundred and two thousand rifled muskets, and in the present year, it is said the number will be doubled.

The Protestant clergymen of Nashville; having declined to take the oath of allegiance; Governor Johnson has sent nearly all of them to the penitentiary as prisoners of war. The Catholic clergy are all loyal.

The Stars and Stripes now wave over the remains of every dead President of the United States except those of James Monroe, whose remains were taken some years since from New York to Richmond.

"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman, with a "shocking bad one." "No; why?" inquired the gentleman. "Because I think it is a long time since it had a nap," was the answer.

An honest Hibernian, upon reading his physician's bill, replied that he had no objection to pay him for his medicine, but his visits he would return.

The surrender of Norfolk was rather a sheepish affair: Major Lamb surrendered to General Wool, and the ram Merrimac was blown up.

What is that word of one syllable which, if the first two letters are taken from it becomes a word of two syllables? Plague.

Almost every young lady is pipe-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

What fruit does a newly-married couple mostly resemble? A green pear.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "JOURNAL."

CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S BAR

JAMES RIVER, July 23, 1862.

You requested me should anything of interest occur, to forward you some of the particulars. I will endeavor to comply, but it should not be expected that I, a mere private, can communicate anything but what passed under my immediate observation, that would be of interest to you; and in speaking of the events that have transpired, I shall speak only of the Division to which I belong—trusting that I shall not weary you with unnecessary detail.

The ball was opened on Wednesday by a sharply contested skirmish on the left wing of our army, and about noon on Thursday the scene of conflict was suddenly transferred to the extreme right. The first intimation we had of anything going on, was about 10 o'clock P. M., when heavy and rapid canoning was heard in the direction of Hanover Court House, and the receipt of orders to leave our baggage packed and horses attached to their respective pieces, to move directly on receipt of orders. About 2 o'clock the scene was shifted to another quarter and in close proximity to McCall's Division, a part of which, consisting of the 1st, 5th, 6th regiments, and Battery B West Pennsylvania artillery, were out on picket in the vicinity of Mechanicsville. Suddenly the enemy commenced crossing the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, in their having been posted farther out—were not large number; and our pickets, not being able to intercept their passage of the bridge, were ordered to fall back about 1½ miles to the main body, which was being rapidly formed on the east side of Beaver dam run. The 6th and Battery B reached the Division in safety, but the Bucktails—who were the last to receive the order to fall back, owing to their having been posted farther out—were not so fortunate, as the rapid movements of the enemy cut them off from the direct line of communication. Captain Irvin's company fell into an ambush, and after vainly endeavoring to extricate themselves by hard fighting were compelled to yield to the superior force of the enemy, and it is feared that the greater part of them are now prisoners. It is reported that both Capt. Irvin and Lieut. Welsh are wounded. The pickets had scarcely reached the main part of the division, when the rebels opened a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry upon our lines, which was quickly replied to and with marked effect. They fell back, but as quickly rallied, and then with their rapidly accumulating force vainly sought to turn our right wing, but after the most desperate fighting for more than an hour they were repulsed by heavy loss. But still they had no idea of letting us rest. Their broken columns were rapidly replaced by fresh troops, and they now opened upon our whole line with the most deliberate determination, hoping to crush our little band by overwhelming numbers. The natural barrier interposed between us prevented them from charging upon us, and the superior fire of our rifles and artillery mowed them down almost by regiments. It was now 6 o'clock, and the rebels, being foiled and driven back, they once more rallied, and made the most determined efforts to turn our flank on the left. Here Battery A was stationed. Up to this time we had been shelling them briskly along the greater part of the line, but now our fire was concentrated. We were flanked and supported on the left by the 5th, who occupied rifle pits which had been previously formed. The remnant of the Bucktails, and one section of our artillery, also occupied the pit, while the other section was posted on an eminence a few rods to the right. Batteries G and B 1st Pa. artillery held the right of the line, while battery C, 5th Regular artillery, held the centre. The enemy moved forward with solid front and steady tread, and no doubt with confidence that victory would crown their last grand effort. The enemy was prepared to charge. As I said, they were prepared to charge. Here they charged upon us by natural barriers—which was a miry swamp some 300 yards wide, through which they sought to cross however after repeated trials, in which some of them fell an easy prey to our unerring marksmen, as they sank to their necks in the mire they abandoned the project. But not so now. There was an opening on our left of solid ground, which ran round the head of the swamp, and running parallel with our lines. The enemy instantly sought to use the advantage of this opening and, no doubt, hoped by one grand *comp de egal* to take easy possession of our guns. On came their advancing horde. Their design was readily anticipated, and no sooner had they emerged from cover into an open space, and directly in range, than we poured into their ranks an incessant stream of shell which mowed down their ranks like grass. But, not apparently in the least intimidated, they moved on and prepared to charge through the open space of solid ground. Here they were compelled to charge in column, as the nature of the ground would not permit them to charge in line. Both infantry and artillery reserved their fire till the enemy had approached very near us, when, suddenly, we opened upon them, with our guns double shotted with canister, and for the space of 15 minutes nothing could be heard but the crashing of rifles and musketry, the sudden thunder of artillery, and the groans of the wounded and dying. The enemy recoiled, and as they fell back our fire on their retreating columns was unabated. Gradually their fire became weaker, and at 9 o'clock all was comparatively quiet. I am not able to give you the casualties of the four hours fighting, but it was comparatively light in view of the strength of the enemy. The Bucktails sustained the heaviest loss, in the misfortune that befell Captain Irvin's company. The 5th, I believe, did not lose many. We lost three men wounded—one of them seriously, and three horses killed and three wounded.

Some of us retired to rest on the field, while the rest kept watch at the guns, every man at his post. The infantry rested on their arms, while the enemy fell back only to his original position, ready at the light of morn to resume the conflict. During the night we were reinforced by Porter's division. Before it was scarce light on Friday morning our way, for again silently and stealthily approached our lines, with a view, no doubt, of surprising our brave boys, but they were not to be thus easy caught in any such trap. The rebels had fairly got their columns in motion, but had only advanced a short distance until our boys, who had concealed themselves in the woods, burst out upon them with the most terrific fire of musketry, which, in the death-

like stillness of the early morning, reverberated along the lines, sending a shuddering thrill to the very heart of all immediately. We fought and held the enemy in check for half an hour till the fresh troops could be moved, and were then ordered to fall back five miles to Gaines' Hill on the banks of the Chickahominy. We fell back in order, protecting both the trains of Porter and McCall, destroying all government property we could not remove—consisting principally of commissary and quartermasters' stores. Porter held the enemy in check till the trains were secure, and then fell back towards McCall, skirmishing all the way, till within a mile of us, at Gaines' mill, which point he reached about 11 o'clock. He was there reinforced by Gen. Sykes division, (Regulars) and his exhausted troops had a short respite. Scarcely had Porter left till skirmishing commenced afresh on our right, which lasted about two hours when all was quiet. But, when less than an hour had intervened, the fight was renewed—this time in the most determined manner. The troops were formed rapidly in line; Porter and Sykes on the right and centre, McCall on the left. The command of the field now fell upon General Porter as senior officer. Our force was posted in an open space directly in front of woods, and not more than gunshot from it. Why this was done I am unable to say. One thing I know, it gave the enemy the advantage of the timber, while the difficulty of dislodging him from his retreat devolved upon our forces, we had scarcely formed in line when the crashing sound of the discharge of fire-arms broke upon the ear, resembling the deep and cracking intonation of falling timber more than anything else I can think of. Soon a dark and sulphurous cloud of smoke rose from the scene, and stretching itself far out over the work of death and destruction, seemed to look on in silent wonder. We were successful in driving the enemy back upon his reserve, when we in turn, had to fall back from the fresh and superior numbers that were pitted against us. Again our men were replaced by fresh troops, and again did they enter that dismal looking timber in pursuit of the foe—and a second time did they drive him back. The battle now raged with furious intensity. I cannot convey to you any adequate idea of the scene. The incessant roar of musketry and artillery as they sent their messengers thick and fast into each others ranks, beggars all description. Add to this the moaning of the wounded and dying, as they were being borne from the field, and the sight of ghastly wounds and shattered limbs, and you can form some idea of the terrible and awful realities attending a sanguinary conflict, where the chances of life disappear like the morning mist.

Up to this time I had been a silent spectator of the bloody conflict, but now, about 4 P. M. Our division was ordered to the support of the right where the fight had been terribly animated. Battery A was also ordered to the right. We had scarcely reached our new position, and had not got time to form in battery, when our move was quickly anticipated. There was there a more fatal error committed. This transfer of the almost entire force of the left gave the enemy the most decided advantage, which he was not slow to avail himself of. Our troops were immediately ordered back to the left, but not, however, till the enemy had almost emerged from the woods and commenced a flank movement on our left. In the meantime, our artillery had commenced shelling them at a fearful rate, fairly piling them in windows, but on they came. They emerged from the woods under the most galling cross fire of our brave Reserve corps, as they passed along the line from the right to left. The 5th is on the left of battery A, but not in supporting distance. Our guns are now worked incessantly with double shotted canister at short range, which opens chasms in the rebel ranks, but such is the perfectness of their drill that they are almost as quickly filled up and they again present a solid front. They push on, apparently aiming for the batteries which are making such havoc among them. Battery A occupies a position in the centre immediately on the crest of a bluff bank. Battery G on the left, battery B and C (Regulars) on the right. The rebels have now reached a large level plain on our left front and are rushing on with hideous yells such as demons only can give. The incessant and unaltered roar of canister, and whizzing of bullets—the roar of cannon and musketry—the almost suffocating clouds of dust and smoke—riderless horses, all go now to make up the tumultuous scene. At this critical moment the ammunition of our brave boys is expended, and they fall back from sheer exhaustion. A Regular Battery of light mounted artillery wheels into action, fires two or three rounds, limbers up and is off without a scratch. The enemy is almost as quickly of us. Our battery is not supported by a man of the infantry. Four squadrons of cavalry draw up in line on our left and prepare to charge the enemy in support of our battery. They draw their sabres. The men in front begin to topple out of their saddles. Their courage fails them. They wheel to the rear running over some of our men and are off. We still continue to work our guns. Some suggest to the Captain the propriety of retiring. He says, "no! stand by your guns, and if they are taken it will be over my prostrated body!" Brave man! but a few moments after, and he was shot dead from his horse. The rebels with awful oaths and imprecations are upon us. One brave fellow draws the last lanyard, they receive the contents of the gun, he is shot dead. Each one of us then looks out for himself. I rush to my horse, mount and away. Some of our boys, who have not had the means of getting away so quickly see the enemy wave the black flag of distinction over our heated Napoleons. They are lost to us, and our army has now fallen back a quarter of a mile, and is forming again in line. Reinforcements have just crossed the Chickahominy to our relief. Among them is Meagher's Irish Brigade. They are stripped to the shirt. Some of them with hats off, and their brave commander tells them to go in and win or die. They depend on the bayonet. They charge up the hill to the left of the line, to the position of our battery, and drive the enemy back under cover of the woods. They recovered the guns that were lost viz: four from Co. A, three from C, and two from G. Having no means of bringing them off the field, they disabled them—rendering them useless to the enemy. Orders now came from McClellan to hold the field only long enough to get our troops across to the oppo-

site side of the river. The remnant of our battery moved across immediately. It consisted only of six limbers and two caissons, and by daylight next morning the whole of the fighting force of Friday was massed on the south side of the river, and one and a half miles from Savage's station. The casualties to the battery, was 5 men killed (including the Captain) 7 wounded, and 8 missing, whose fate is unknown—four guns, whole battery—two limbers, two caissons, and twenty horses.

Saturday we had a short rest. During the day I learned that Capt. Smith had 7 men slightly wounded—none killed, I believe. But while the Reserve was resting the supply trains were being pushed rapidly forward towards Savage station, and at the same time Capt. Smith was skirmishing with the enemy and holding him in check. At 10 P. M., Saturday, the train of the Reserve corps commenced moving, but such was the jam at Savage's that it was 6 o'clock Sunday morning before we could pass. There every thing was bustle and confusion. All the Government stores that could not be removed were piled up and prepared for the flames. We were fired upon and reached White Oak swamp about noon and prepared to rest for the remainder of the day. About 4 o'clock an explosion in the direction of Savage's warned us that the property that was left there was no more. The last wagon had left and got to a safe distance when the rebels were again on our track. We had good men and true in the rear to defend the train, and all felt secure.

By daylight Monday the last wagon had crossed the swamps and which hurried rapidly towards James river. We got under way by 7 A. M., and pushed rapidly forward for 3 or 4 miles, when we halted with the Division about one mile from the main road. We remained here till noon when the hurried report that the enemy was on our left flank with large numbers. In an instant every man with his gun, and as the remnant of our battery was of no possible use in an engagement, we were ordered to fall in with the wagon train and proceed toward the river. We had not got half way to the main road again till the rattling of musketry and the whistling of shells burst upon our ears, and, by the time we reached Turkey creek, the fight became general along the whole line, which extended 2½ miles—our left resting near Turkey bridge. I shall now relate the rest of the events of Monday as I gathered it along the road. The gallant Reserve received the brunt of the battle and held the enemy under the most desperate firing, alone for more than an hour, when they fell back from the pressure of overpowering numbers. They rallied and at them again until finally, after their ranks were terribly decimated, they were reinforced by fresh troops. All agree in stating that it was the most obstinately contested fight of the whole war. The gun boats co-operated with the land forces, and wherever their terrible missiles fell they made secession *skeddadd!* Towards evening the light became dark and nothing could exceed the rear of the artillery that was brought in requisition from every available position. When the light ceased we held our position. We lost of the reserve many gallant officers.

The general result of the six days fighting is that we have a new and permanent base on James river for future operations—have got the enemy out of his strong holds in front of Richmond—have got out of the swamps of the Chickahominy—and, according to their own accounts, they have lost three men to our one. Whole an writing, Will Ogden is here and in good spirits, though his fingers are somewhat painful. When we reflect upon the events of the last few days, and the dangers we have passed through it is a mercy that the overwhelming numbers of the enemy has not completely annihilated us. We can attribute our salvation from total destruction only to a merciful God, who has given our leaders the wisdom to execute the movement of so large an army under the most trying circumstances, with comparatively so small a loss, when the circumstances surrounding the operations are taken into consideration. And how thankful should we as individuals, feel to that Almighty ruler that our unworthy lives have been spared through all the dangers of the past few days. And while we would render thanks for our own deliverance, let us not forget to bear up our humble petitions to a throne of grace in behalf of those battle scarred heroes who are now suffering from wounds received while battling nobly for the right and above all let us not forget to send up our appeals in behalf of those loved ones at home whose hearthstones have been robbed of many bright ornaments whose places can never be filled. And, while I write, I cannot but think of the desolation, the sorrow, the scenes and agonies, which will be brought to the hearts of many a loving wife, sister or mother, by the events that have transpired since the 26th of June.

One of the boys of the 5th found Edith Hoover trying in the woods, nearly starved to death, and suffering from the ravages of Typhoid fever—but for this accident, he might have died here in a strange land, with no kind mother to smooth his pathway to the tomb, or even a friend to close his eyes in death. Charley Powers is well and hearty. I have written about all I can think of this time.

As ever yours, W. R. B.

An Irishman, who lives with a vegetarian, writes to a friend that if he wants to know what illigit wealth is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at the breakfast.

Somebody asked Gen. Cass the other day in Detroit: "General, what may we do to save the Union?" "Anything." "May we abolish Slavery?" "Abolish any thing on the surface of the earth to save the nation."

The Charleston Mercury states that a "Beauregard hat" is all the rage in that city. At the same time the war is progressing, the same General will furnish a model for a necktie that will yet be extensively used at the South.

"My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." "Be patient, madam," he replied, you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog for barking intolerably. Why exclaimed an Irishman, "would you beat the poor dumb animal for speaking out?"

There is a man in Virginia who is so aristocratic that he has cut his own acquaintance.