Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1862. VOL. 8.—NO. 51.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stick and then another,
And the largest nest is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral-workers,
By their slow but constant motion;
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By its repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you have to do,
And that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavor day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not built in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches;
And Nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermons preaches;
Think not of far off duties,
But of duties which are near;
And having once began a work,
Resolve to persevere.

THE SICK SOLDIER BOY.

A SIMPLE STORY.

One of the most sickest of the soldiers brought to New York on the Ocean Queen, a week or two ago, was a young man named Henry—a Massachusetts volunteer. He was a little fellow—scarcely seventeen, I afterward learned—and his smooth face was very boyish and innocent in its look. The hair was cropped close on his shapely head, and his eyes, though clouded with fever, and wild-looking—for he was often wandering in mind—told of general intelligence, and I thought I could discover in the general appearance traces which indicated that he had gone from a home of more than ordinary comfort, and from care that was loving and assiduous, to fight in the armies of his country, and to fall a prey to insidious disease. Like very many of the sick, he had been so much alone, had suffered so much, and was so weak, that utterance was exceedingly difficult, now that he was where there were attentive friends to watch by him, and to encourage him in his trouble. His entreaties were broken, and his command of language seemed nearly gone, the words coming out disjointedly.

As the ship approached New York, and when he was told we were almost at our wharf, *every* eye caught an unwonted lustre, and a pall smile played upon his smooth, flushed face.

"I'm so glad!"

Poor fellow, New York suggested to him quiet, and more comfort than the hospital of the camp or the crowded berth of the hospital ship could afford. It also made him feel near home and tender nursing.

"If mother only knew, she would come."

"Your mother shall know, my dear boy. As soon as the ship touches the wharf, I will telegraph her, if you like."

"O, do; if she would only come."

So I took from the sick boy his mother's address.

prisoners taken. Gen. Williams, the commander of our forces, is reported killed. The rebel chief, John C. Breckinridge, is reported to have lost his right arm by a cannon ball.

Pope's army has advanced to the Rapidan. The rebels are said to be in force on the opposite side. Maj. Enfield found and seized about 12,000 pounds of flour belonging to the rebel army. Gen. Banks is recovering.

Col. Guitar has defeated Poindexter's guerrilla band in Missouri, between two and three hundred of which were killed and wounded. Our loss not stated.

A battle took place at Clarendon, Missouri, on the 11th, in which the rebels were defeated. Our troops captured 700 prisoners.

General M'Clellan has evacuated Harrison's

speedily come to him.

"Thank you. I'm so glad."

And then I left him, for there were many other sick men that needed attention.

Monday morning I made my way to the hospital, and passing through the wards, crowded with fevered men, I came upon Henry, and by his side was a lady. His mother had indeed come, hurrying as fast as steam would let her, and was now laying her cool hand on the hot forehead of the tired, sick boy. He did not open his eyes as I spoke to the mother and expressed my thankfulness that my young patient had got so fit a nurse, and my hopes that under such care as he would now get the fever would abate, and Henry would soon be again in his home in——.

"Poor little fellow!" said she. "It does seem hard that so young a boy—not yet seventeen—should have had such hardships to endure. But he wanted to go, and I could not forbid him. Some mother must suffer, and God has chosen me."

Ah, yes! Many mothers must suffer. The pains which rack, the weakness which enfeebles the occupants of these many couches are not borne by them alone, but oppress the hearts of mothers, and sisters, and wives, and sweethearts in many distant homes. War lays a rude hand on the happiness of thousands of households.

Bidding the mother a good morning, and again expressing my hopes for the recovery of her boy, I left, praying that if disease of wounds should fall to the lot of my own soldier boy, God would bless him with the opportunity of his mother's care.

The next day in the afternoon, I was again in the ward. The mother was there no longer administering to poor Henry's wants, or gently wiping his brow—for he was past the need of such care now—dead.

Bearing up bravely under the load of her great grief, expressing no discontent with the ordering of Providence which had decreed that her eldest born should thus, and thus early die, only thankful that God had granted her that rare privilege to close the dim eyes and witness the departure of the young soul, she made the preparations for carrying the dear boy to her home.

"Oh, it seemed so good that Henry should not have to die alone, as that poor fellow in the next ward did this morning, no one even knowing his name. Dear, dear boy, he shall rest near by me, and not where I might never see his grave. Oh, I am thankful, sir."

So God sweetened that mourner's affliction. And he has illumined the cloud of mourning which now rests upon many a household by sending the happy assurance that the father, or son, or brother, or lover fallen, fell in the discharge of duty, a sacrifice unwilled, it may be, by the millions who rejoice over victory, but hailed with trumpeted acclamation in the home to which he has gone from battle-field, or camp, or hospital.

I have narrated but a simple history. It has nothing exciting about it or in its circumstances very different from hundreds of others which might be told. But death and love are never trite subjects, and the simplest story that tells of them will come home to many tender hearts.

So Henry has gone to his long home, and we trust and firmly believe, to sit a glorified one at the right hand of his Saviour.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

THE EAGLE'S STRATAGEM.—As the mountains around the Konigs Sea abound in chamois, the eagle very naturally resorts there; and opportunity is frequently afforded of witnessing his tactics, modified by circumstances. The following account gives an instance of most cunning stratagem; but it also shows how impotent for attack the eagle is when his victim is not entirely exposed. A good sized chamois buck had got upon a ledge of rock, and was gazing downward and about him as these animals like to do. An eagle perceived him; but as the bird could not approach close to the rock on account of his breadth of wing, he resolved to obtain the prize he had marked as his own in another manner. So he sailed by the chamois on the narrow path as near as he dared come; then again and again; and as the animal retreated in order to quit his perilous position, the eagle, wheeling round in a smaller circle, met him instantly, to hem in and cut off his retreat. By thus resting just within a few feet of him, and filling him with terror, he hoped to bewilder the chamois, and cause him to fall over the precipice, in which case he would have but to descend, and carry off his booty. And in fact, the chamois, from trepidation probably, in turning a corner slipped with one hind foot over the ledge. He lost his balance, and fell headlong over the rock, as the eagle intended that he should. But after lodging for a short time on an intervening slope, the carcass rolled off, and came tumbling down into the lake. The whole proceeding had been watched by two persons in a boat. They now rowed across to get the chamois; while the eagle, disappointed of his victim, wheeled above them, watching all they did.

BE UNITED IN HEAVEN.—How short is the earthly history of a family! A few short years, and those who are now embraced in a family circle will be scattered. The children, now the object of tender solicitude, will have grown up and gone forth to their respective stations, in the world. A few years more and children and parents will have passed from this earthly stage. Their name will be no longer heard in their present dwelling. Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness and sorrows, will be lost and forgotten history. Every heart in which it was written will be mouldering in the dust. And is this all? Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we can feel? Why should not our feelings towards them be as feeble as they? But blessed be God, this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurances in the Gospel of His Son. Though to the eye of unenlightened nature the ties of domestic love seemed scattered into dust; the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth, only to be reunited under far happier circumstances, in the regions of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again complete in heaven.

WHO WAS HE?—A capital story is told us of an old farmer in the northern part of this county, who had been "saving up" to take up a mortgage of $2,000 held against him by a man nearer the sea shore. The farmer had saved up all the money in gold, fearing to trust the banks in these war times. Week before last, he lugged down his gold an paid it over, when the following eulogy took place:

"Why, you don't mean to give me this $2,000 in gold, do you?" said the lender.

"Yes, certainly," said the farmer, "I was afraid of the pesky banks, and so I've been saving up the money in yellow boys for you this long time."

"All right, only I thought you didn't take papers, that's all," responded the lender.

"Take the papers! No, sir; not I—They have gone on so since the war commenced that I won't have one of the d—ble things about. But the money is all right, ain't it?"

"Yes all right, $2,000 in gold. All right, here's your note and the mortgage."

And well he might have called it all right, as the premium on gold that day was 22 per cent, and his gold was not only worth the face of his bond, but $440 besides, enough to have paid for his village newspaper for himself and posterity for at least three centuries. It pays to take a newspaper.—*Norwalk Gazette.*

EXCELLENT DEFINITION OF GOOD MANNERS.—A writer in the Atlantic (the describes what we are always theorizing about:—"The world has always been charmed with fine manners, and why should it not? For what are fine manners but this: to carry your soul on your lip, in your eye, in the palm of your hand, and yet to stand not naked, but clothed by your individual quality—visible, yet inscrutable—given to the hearts of others, yet contained in your own bosom—coldly and humanely open, yet duly reticent and secured from invasion. Polished manners often disappoint us; good manners never. The former may be taken on by indignant souls; the latter imply a noble and opulent nature."

A very diminutive specimen of a man lately solicited the hand of a fine buxom girl. "Oh, no," said the fair, but insulting lady, "I can't think of it for a moment. The fact is, John, you are a little too big for a cradle and a little too small to go to church with."

THE OPERATIC BEAR IN LONDON.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

It was in 1795. Among the operas which at that time were the rage in France, Germany and England, was Duni's "Lubins," or Miller's Maid.

This little play bears throughout the stamp of extravagant, outside; everything in it and about it is noisy, hyper noisy—the miller's wife, who builds air castles upon her milk pail, and then, in a moment of distraction, permits the foundation of her hopes to fall from her head—the enamored huntsman, who wishes for nothing more than some day to shoot a bear, whose skin, he is convinced, will insure to him a future ease and sorrow free—and the bear, who, to crown the wishes of the lovers, finally permits himself to be disposed of, without resistance. The huntsman shoots—the bear falls to the ground—the victor seats himself upon the body of his victim and sings:

"Hurrah! hurrah! how glorious ends the fray—
The bear has lost—the hunter's won the day!" etc

The "Miller's maid" was at last brought out in London, and had scarcely outlived a dozen representations. The charming music, the noise complete, were in everybody's mouth.

One morning the super who had the honor of playing the bear, was called upon by a young gentleman clad in the height of the fashion.

"You are Mr. Toppleton?" inquired the visitor.

"At your service, sir."

"You play the bear in this evening's opera?"

"I do, sir."

"Mr. Toppleton, I have a favor to ask of you!"

"I shall be happy to oblige you!"

"Will you resign your role to me for this evening?"

"You wish to——?"

"I wish to make my debut in your role this evening!"

"In that case, sir, you must present your demand to the manager."

"That is just what I wish to avoid and, therefore, I have come directly to you."

"But you must be aware, sir, that I cannot resign my role to a stranger without the consent of the manager. Besides, I don't know whether—"

"Whether I am competent to undertake the part, you were about to observe. As to that, you may be sure that I shall not disgrace either yourself or the 'Bear.' I have seven times seen you in that difficult and intricate role, and have become so well acquainted with your style, have penetrated so deeply into the character of the 'Bear,' into the various lights and shadows of his individuality, that I am sure I shall not only obtain the applause of the public, but what I prize much higher, the favor and indulgence of my illustrious and incomparable predecessor."

This was too much incense for the supe.

"It gratifies me, sir, that you are pleased to do justice to my humble talent. I think I may venture to say, without presumption, that no actor, either in England or on the continent, has a better conception of this 'Bear' than your humble servant. It may sound rather egotistic, sir, when I say that I am gifted with a most extraordinary genius for the representation of quadrupedal characters, and am so fully aware of my powers that, in that particular line, sir, I fear no one—(and here he looked the young gentleman sternly in the face,) no one sir!"

"Your modesty exceeds even your talent, Mr. Toppleton!"

"Have you ever seen me in my ape *role*,? I admire modesty above everything, sir; but I must say that ape characters are my favorite. I am an ape, *comme il faut*. Or have you ever seen me as an elephant? I play only the left hind leg, but my conception of it is so exact that you would swear it was an elephant's leg."

"To return to the bear. Come, you will have the goodness to resign me your *role* for this one evening?"

"But, the deuce, what will the manager say to it! The direction might hold me responsible—"

"Permit me a single question, Mr. Toppleton. What is your salary?"

"A half crown a day."

"Good! I will give you thirty guineas down if you will but have done with your scruples, and let me appear to-night as the bear."

"Thirty guineas!—where are they?"

"Here," replied the other, placing a *roulleau* in the supe's outstretched hand.

"Why, that is fifty guineas!"

"Yes, the odd twenty are for your mask, which you will have the goodness to lend me for this evening."

"Fifty guineas!—what bear can withstand such money!"

"So it is settled, then?"

"Faith, yes, and to-night you make your debut as Bruin."

The theatre was full—crowded. The players were all cordially welcomed, and each song was enthusiastically applauded. The bear, from his first appearance in the scene with the huntsman, had drawn the attention of all the spectators upon himself.

"Our bear improves wonderfully."

"He penetrates daily deeper and deeper into the character of the bear!"

"His conception of the mystery of bear-life is astonishing!"

"He is a capital bear—a glorious bear—a bear without an equal!"

"Every inch a bear!"

And all wondered; and all were amazed, and all thundered out the most terrific applause. Indeed, the bear gave such immense satisfaction that he was called out immediately after the first scene.

The bear appeared, made a low bow, and then, in actor fashion, retired, deeply affected, to his dark corner in the dressing-room.

"Now, Mr. Toppleton," said the new bear to the old one, "how are you pleased with me?"

"I must admit, sir, that you have the ability to become, in time, a most eminent bear. You have a good model in myself, and need only imitate me closely to be in a position some day to make your fortune on any stage in the world."

"Rest assured, friend Toppleton, that I shall make every effort to approach, in a degree at least, to the excellence of my distinguished master."

Finally the last scene had approached. The bear appears upon the stage—he is about to attack the huntsman; the huntsman discharges his rifle; the bear ought to fall; but the bear is stubborn and does not fall.

"Down!" cries the huntsman, in a shrill whisper; "down, I say, down!"

But the bear has evidently no intention to "down." On the contrary, he throws himself upon his hind legs, and bids the hunter defiance.

"Confound him!" cries the hunter, endeavoring to bring the bear to terms with the butt of his rifle; but Bruin, this time puts himself in the attitude offensive, and gives the hunter a blow, who, taken unawares at this unexpected resistance, is at his wits' end.

The audience is convulsed with laughter.

"May the deuce take you if you don't fall down!" cries the hunter to the bear, in the same shrill whisper.

But Bruin seems not to have heard the threat; he seizes the huntsman in his paws, throws him at full length upon the boards, seats himself upon the body of his prostrate victim, and sings:

"Hurrah! hurrah! how glorious ends the fray—
The hunter has lost, the bear has won the day!"

Scarcely has the bear commenced to sing, when the audience bursts into a roar of laughter at this unexpected turn of affairs.

But before he had sung a dozen notes, the bear betrays such a powerful tenor that silence is commanded so that the bear may finish his complete, and as he sings ten times better than the huntsman, the astonished spectators cause the house to ring with their enthusiastic plaudits, and cries of "*Da capo! da capo!*".

The bear must repeat the complete—the audience is wild—the curtain falls—there is a perfect yell for "the bear!" "the bear!" but the bear does not appear—the din increases—

"The bear, the bear!"

The manager seeks the four-footed mystery everywhere—in the dressing-rooms, behind the coulisses, in the prompter's box, under the stage; but Bruin is nowhere to be found.

The curtain rattles up again, the manager steps before the lights, makes three low bows, and says:

"The bear, who has had the good fortune to make such a favorable impression upon this highly respectable audience, has disappeared, and I have been unable to find him."

"His name! his name!"

"It is unknown even to myself."

The next morning in all the London papers, appeared the following:

"The bear, who provided the audience with such a comic intermezzo during the representation of 'The Miller's maid' last evening, is it is said, no other than Lord Reginal S—, one of the most eccentric of English noblemen."

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.—Several years ago, and soon after the "anti-license law" came in force in the Green Mountain State, a traveler stopped at a hotel and asked for a glass of brandy. "Don't keep it," said the landlord; "forbidden by the law to sell liquor of any kind." "The deuce you are," retorted the stranger, incredulously. "Such is the fact," replied the host, "the house don't keep it." "Then bring your own bottle," said the traveler, with decision; "you needn't pretend to me that you keep that face of yours in repair on water." The landlord laughed heartily, and brought his private bottle.

The Nashville *Union* is severe on "radical abolitionists," defining them as follows:—"By radical abolitionists we mean wretches who are destroying the system of slavery by sword, and by fire and devastation. The fiends of hell are more humane and noble. They are hastening the overthrow of slavery by bringing on, not only on the South, but the public, great tribulation. These devils in human shape abound in this city, and call themselves Secessionists, Southern Rights men, Fire Eaters and Confederates."

Dr. Garth, of Edenburg, stayed one night at his club long after he said he must be off to see some patients. At length one of his friends, becoming uneasy about the poor fellows, told him he had better stop drinking and be off. "It's no great matter," replied Garth, "whether I see them to night or not; for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

A good joke is told of a famous Botts barbacue in Powhatten, some years ago. When the guest of the occasion had announced, in his usual emphatic manner, with a knowing look at the fair portion of his audience, that he was a candidate for nothing *except matrimony*, an old gentleman in the crowd exclaimed, so that all the ladies might hear, "Ah, well, I reckon you can be elected to that—*it takes only one vote.*"

An Englishman and Yankee being in promiscuous company, the latter was so much struck with some bold air sung by the former, that he asked the name of it. "Oh the tune the old cow died on," was the response. The Yankee struck up Yankee Doodle. "What tune is that?" asked his companion. "This is the tune old bull dick on!" was the prompt reply.

"Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gals. You you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that young un' cleaning the door step on 'tother side of the street, tooled yer dad, Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might have been in California hunting dimes, my son."

On the 30 instant, the entire stock of bells captured by General Butler at New Orleans, were sold at auction in East Boston. They numbered about four hundred, and sold for good prices. The largest weighed 1407 pounds, and brought 23 cents per pound—or $323.

One of the Louisiana "Tigers" captured by Fremont, was sent into Pennsylvania, with his slave. When the latter found he was really free, he "embraced the opportunity" to give his old master a flogging, in return for the many he had before received.

The following slanderous paragraph goes forebaked: A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes placing a line of women thirty steps apart, and communicate the news to the first of them as a secret.

An old maid, who was over-nice in regard to cleanliness about her house, once scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A DEMOCRAT.

(From the Cincinnati Times of August 6th.)

Patrick McGroarty, Esq., of this city, made a war speech at Springfield, Ohio, on Saturday. Mr. McGroarty said: "He was an old line Democrat. As a Democrat he had come to Springfield, to appeal to men to go to war in order to put down the rebellion. He would not discuss whether fire eaters or abolitionists brought on the war. Rebels were in arms against the Government. Let us put down rebellion, and then settle political questions about it. It didn't make any difference whether Joshua Giddings or Jeff. Davis got up the rebellion. There it is—we see who is in it, and we must put it down. He appealed to the old Democrats. He would ask them: Are you going to see the Constitution upset and the Union dissolved, because you think somebody up in Ashtabula county may go to Congress? If you are, you are just as big a traitor as Jeff. Davis. Are you not going to war because you think Lincoln may have violated the Constitution? Who made you the judge? He was elected properly under the Constitution. I didn't vote for him, I wouldn't vote for him now, but I am for putting down the rebellion. Now this is the fact. Anybody who won't go to war for the reasons I suggest, is afraid to risk it, or he is a traitor. All such are either cowards or traitors. That's the whole of it. Is there any man can put his finger on any injury done to the rights of the South? Not one, not even a slaveholder. We old line Democrats were always determined to maintain the rights of the South. We gave them more than they were entitled to. Now, then, why this rebellion? Not because Lincoln was elected, not because Breckinridge was not, or Douglas wasn't. Not a bit of it. It has been working for thirty years. But are twenty millions of people to be whipped by six? We must have more troops. We can't let this war go on one or two years. Men must come out to stop it. If they don't come voluntarily the Government will make them come, and it ought to make them come."

JOKE ON GENERAL KELLEY.—The Wheeling *Intelligencer* is responsible for the following:—A pretty good joke is told on General Kelley, or rather, on the officers of his staff. When the General was after the guerrillas some time ago, down in Wirt and Calhoun counties, he captured a very rebellious young woman, by the name of Sallie Dusky, daughter of Daniel Dusky, who was sent to the penitentiary from this city for robbing the mail at Ripley, and a sister of Captain Andy and George Dusky. The General, feeling confident that the girl knew the hiding places of the guerrillas, had a private conversation with her, and during the interview, having failed to get much satisfaction, he told her if she would make a clean breast of it he would give her the chance for a husband of all the young officers in his staff. This failed to bring the information, and Sallie was taken away in charge of Captain Baggs. As she moved away from the General's presence, she asked the Captain if the General was really in earnest in making the last proposition. Baggs assured her that the General was sincere, and that he would have lived up to his promise. The girl assumed a kind of a thoughtful manner, and after a short time replied:—"Well, I believe I'd about as leave have the old man (meaning himself) as any of 'em."

I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAKE."—Near Newark, N. J., lived a very pious family who had taken an orphan boy to raise, who, by the way was rather underwitted. He had imbibed very strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly before going to church the next Sunday he filled his pockets with apples. One bald-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding, and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he hauled and took the astonished sleeper with an apple square on top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned around and gazed indignantly at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance, "You preach, I'll keep 'em awake."

"Where are the Wide Awakes" now, when men are wanted to fight for their country."—*Democratic paper.*

—Without aspiring to the position of defender of Wide Awakes, we take the privilege of answering where some of those torch light bearers may be found, having a knowledge of their whereabouts. We have heard the question asked by politicians on the streets, as well as seen it propounded in Democratic papers, and it may answer a purpose to say that not one of these street talkers, to our knowledge, has contributed a cent or one atom of their small soul's sympathy to the support of the national arms. We know of Wide Awakes, plenty of them, who are in the ranks, carrying a musket. We know of Wide Awakes, who are lingering in hospitals under scorching fevers and the racking pains of severe wounds. And we know of Wide Awakes who have fallen on the field of battle—given up their lives to their country's good.—*Erie Gazette.*

A person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artisan, "it's a sure sign of weakness when so many hoops are used.

Freedom of speech is a good thing, but a man has no right to talk in such a manner as to encourage his neighbors to the commission of theft, rape, arson, murder, or treason.

When a mighty struggle is in progress for the suppression of rebellion, the Government itself would be a rebel if it were to tolerate those who would subvert it.

Men have no right to live and breathe under a Government they are seeking to destroy. Let our rebels lay that truth to their souls.

He who calls himself a patriot and doesn't do the duty of one, deserves the double punishment of a traitor and a hypocrite.

He who does the most in the cause of the Union is the best servant of God and the best friend of mankind.

IMPORTANT WAR NEWS.

THE BATTLE AT CEDAR MOUNTAINS

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

CULPEPPER, VA., August 11.—The enemy this morning sent in a flag of truce asking permission to bury their dead. This shows that, with all their superiority of numbers, they were too badly cut up to maintain their position, and that their falling back yesterday was from necessity, not choice. Our troops are engaged in bringing off our wounded from the field, and burying the dead. Capt. George Lemmitt, of Princess Staff, was mortally shot on the breast. The 8th Pennsylvania escaped without loss, having been detached to guard a signal station eight or ten miles south-west.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—Accounts from Culpepper, dated yesterday, speaking of the fight on Saturday, say that so heavy was the force to which our comparatively small number was exposed, that the only wonder is that the entire command was not completely annihilated, at the end of half an hour instead of bringing off so large a portion at the expiration of an hour and a half.

The rebel prisoners taken report that their own troops were mowed down by our fire like grass. Three times were they reinforced by fresh regiments and brigades, and when our troops retired they were too much crippled to pursue them in an open ground. The prisoners also report that the heavy guns used by the enemy were of recent English manufacture, with English fixed ammunition.

We lost but one gun, which was left after being spiked in a ditch. Several of the horses having been killed it was deemed expedient to leave the gun, and it was spiked under the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters. Col. Chapman of the 5th Massachusetts, was shot in the breast, and is probably dead. Lt. Col. Stone fell with many wounds. Maj. Blake also fell and, if alive, is a prisoner. Adj. Smith is either wounded or dead. Maj. Savage of the 24 Massachusetts is believed to have been killed. Dr. Leland was shot in the eye. Col. Knipe of the 46th Penn's was wounded. Lt. Col. Selfridge was wounded; Maj. Watson arm amputated; Adj. Boyd wounded, all of the 28th Penn's. Col. Donnelly and Lt. Col. Brown wounded, and Maj. Cook killed, all of the 28th N. Y. Col. Chapman and Maj. Blake, of the 5th Connecticut, wounded and prisoners, and Col. Stone killed. Maj. Savage and Capt. Abbott of the 20th Massachusetts killed. Two of Gen. Popes body guard were killed. Gens. Augur and Geary, both wounded, are doing well. Maj. Gray of the 109th Penn's wounded, Capt. McDonnald of the 1st Penn's cavalry, wounded. The 109th Penn's had 13 officers wounded and 3 killed. Many other officers were wounded. Stragglers from the battle field to the town have all been arrested by order of Gen. Pope, and by to-morrow a list of the missing can be obtained.

On Sunday night, about eleven o'clock, while Generals Pope and Banks were in conference in the rear of our advance batteries, a body of the enemy's cavalry charged in the most daring manner through the woods on our front upon the group. The discharge of muskets and the whistling of balls near them gave timely notice of the rebels approach. Horses were speedily mounted and a regiment of infantry fired a volley, checking the charge and probably saving both of our commanders. Gen. Buford with his cavalry command arrived yesterday from Madison. Previous to the departure thence he sent a reconnoissance to the Rapidan, where he found a force of the enemy on the south but none on the north side of the river.

A Telegram from Culpepper dated 13th says, all was quiet during last night and this morning. Col. Donnelly of the N. York 28th is still alive, but is a sinking condition. The other wounded officers are mostly doing well.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.
August 11, 1862.

To Military Commandants, Provost Marshals, U. S Marshals and Police Officers:

You will receive herewith an order from the War Department to prevent the evasion of military duty, and for the suppression of disloyal practices, dated the 8th of August, 1862. This order, to be efficient, is necessarily very comprehensive in its terms, and its proper execution requires the exercise of sound judgment and discretion in the officers to whom its enforcement is entrusted; and to guard you in its execution, the following instructions are to be observed:

First, The order comprises two classes of persons, viz: Those who are about leaving their own State. Leaving the United States until the military draft is perfected is absolutely prohibited, but it was not the intention of the order to interfere with the transit from State to State of any person but those who design to evade military duty. Whenever you have reason to believe that the purpose is to evade military duty the order will authorize the detention of any person leaving his own State, county or military district.

Second, Any person so detained may be released on giving bonds to the United States, with sufficient security, in the sum of $1,000 conditional for the performance of military duty if he should be drafted, or the providing of a proper substitute.

Third, Immediate report is to be made to this office of all persons so detained, with the cause of their detention.

Fourth, You will exercise the power of arrest and detention with caution, and so as to avoid giving annoyance or trouble to any person, excepting those who are seeking to evade the performance of their duty to their country.

Fifth, The Governors of the respective States are authorized to give passes and permits to their own citizens desiring to leave the State without intent to evade military duty. By order of the Secretary of War.

L. C. TURNER, Judge Advocate.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10—The following is from the Petersburg *Daily Express* of yesterday.

"RICHMOND Aug. 9.—A dispatch from Gen. Van Dorn to Secretary Mallory states that the confederate ram Arkansas, Lieutenant Stephens, commanding, had been destroyed. She left Vicksburg on Monday to co-operate in the attack on Baton Rouge. After passing Bayou Sara, her machinery became deranged, and whilst attempting to adjust it several of the enemy's gunboats attacked her. After a gallant resistance she was abandoned and blown up. Her officers and men reached the shore in safety."

The Devil and the Rebel Confederacy are the rival fathers of lies, and the latter has much the larger family.