The Compiler

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

44th Year. GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, NOV. 4, 1861. No. 6.

TERMS.

The COMPILER is published every Monday morning, by HENRY J. STAHLE, at $1 75 per annum if paid strictly IN ADVANCE—$2 00 per annum if not paid in advance. No subscription discontinued, unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING done with neatness and dispatch.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, directly opposite Wampler's Tinning Establishment and "COMPILER PRINTING OFFICE" on the sign.

Sheriff's Sale.

IN pursuance of sundry writs of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, and to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court-house, in Gettysburg, *on Saturday, the 9th day of November next*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

A TRACT OF LAND, situate in Tyrone township, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of Dr. W. R. Stewart, John Diehl, and Henry and John Spangler, containing 5 Acres, more or less, improved with a Two-story Roughcast Dwelling HOUSE, with a one story Log Kitchen attached, Log Barn, part log and part frame, Shoemaker Shop, Hog Pen, and all other necessary out-buildings, and a well of water near the door of the Dwelling. Also, a small Orchard of choice fruit trees. Seized and taken in execution as the estate of ANN MUSSER, deceased, with notice to *Jacob Musser*, terre tenant.

— ALSO —

A CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, situate in the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., *on the east side of Carlisle street*, adjoining lots of J. L. Schick on the south, Valentine Werner on the north, and Dorsom & Codori on the east, being 70 feet front on Carlisle street and running back 142 feet, on which is erected a Two-story Brick Dwelling HOUSE, with an Attic, being 23 feet front and 32 feet deep, with a two-story Brick Back-building attached, being 20 feet deep and 14 feet wide. Cellar under said House. Also, Hydrant and Gas. This is a new House. Fruit trees on said lot. Seized and taken in executing as the estate of JOHN WERNER.

— ALSO —

A CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, situate in the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., on the east side of Carlisle street, adjoining lots of John Werner on the south, Dorsom & Codori on the east, and Jacob Shields on the north, being 30 feet front on Carlisle street and running back 142 feet, on which is erected a Two story Brick Dwelling HOUSE, with an Attic, being 23 feet front and 32 feet deep, with a two-story Brick Back-building attached, 24 feet deep and 18 feet wide. Cellar under said House. Also, Hydrant and Gas. Fruit trees on said lot. This is a new House, recently finished and in excellent order. Seized and taken in execution as the estate of VALENTINE WERNER.

— ALSO —

No 1: A TRACT OF LAND, (being the mansion tract,) situate in Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of John and George Cole, Peter Diller, John McKendrick, Martin Miltenberger, and others, containing 220 Acres, more or less, of which about 120 acres are good timber, and about 12 acres are good meadow, with a branch of Conowago creek running through said tract, and good springs of water, improved with 2 Two-story Frame Weatherboarded DWELLING HOUSES, with Basement and Cellar, Smoke House, Double Log Barn, Wagon Shed and Corn Crib, Hog Pen, Blacksmith Shop, Saw Mill and fixtures, 2 Orchards of choice fruit trees, and a spring of water near the doors of the Dwellings.

No. 2: A TRACT OF LAND, in said township and county, and among lands of Abraham Doll and others, containing 6 Acres, more or less, improved with a One story Log Dwelling HOUSE, a spring of water near the door of the Dwelling. Also, a stream of running water through said tract.

No 3: A TRACT OF MOUNTAIN LAND, situate in said township and county, adjoining lands of John and George Cole, Levi Irwin, and others, containing 430 Acres, more or less, of Pine Chesnut, Hickory and Oak Timber.

No. 4: A TRACT OF LAND, situate in said township and county, adjoining lands of Thos. Fuller, Levi Irwin, Valentine Beamer, and others, containing 100 Acres, more or less, about 2 Acres are clear, the residue in Pine, Chesnut, Hickory and Oak Timber, improved with a Two-story Log Dwelling HOUSE, part Weatherboarded, with a one and a half story frame Back-building attached, Spring House Log Stable, a good spring of water near the door of the dwelling, and a variety of choice fruit trees. Also, a triple geared Saw Mill, Lath Saw and fixtures, with Conowago race running through said tract.

No. 5: A TRACT OF LAND, situate part in Franklin and part in Menallen Townships, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of Andrew Noel, Robert Bleakney, Daniel Winger, Charles Stewart, Jno. Beamer, and others, containing 120 Acres, more or less. About 100 Acres of this tract are clear farming land, about 20 Acres of good meadow, the residue in Pine, Chesnut, Hickory and Oak Timber, improved with 2 Two-story Log Dwelling HOUSES, one with a one story Back-building attached, Smoke House, Washing House, Spring House and a well of water near the doors of the Dwellings, Double Stone Bank Barn, Wagon Shed and Corn Crib attached; two orchards of choice fruit trees. Also, a good Shingle Saw Mill, with all its fixtures, with a branch of Conowago creek running through said tract.

No. 6: THE INTEREST IN A TRACT OF MOUNTAIN LAND, situate in Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of Levi Irwin and others, containing 430 Acres, more or less, of good Pine, Chesnut, Hickory and Oak Timber. Seized and taken in execution as the estate of ANDREW MCKENDRICK.

SAMUEL WOLF, *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg, Oct. 28, '61.

☞ Ten per cent. of the purchase money upon all sales by the Sheriff must be paid over immediately after the property is struck down, or upon failure to comply therewith the property will be again put up for sale.

Last Notice!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Books, &c., of DANNER & ZIEGLER, Jrs., have been placed in the hands of A. J. COVER, Esq., for collection—the death of Mr. Waybright Ziegler compelling us to make this last resort. Notice having heretofore been given to all concerned of the necessity of closing their accounts without delay, and they having neglected to attend to the same, has compelled us to take this course.

DANNER & ZIEGLER, JRS.

Aug. 5, 1861. 3t

Miss C. Sheads'

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, opens Monday, September 2d, 1861. Terms—Per session of five months, $75.—For Music and Languages extra.

For further particulars address

C. L. SHEADS,

Aug. 26, 1861. 6m Gettysburg, Pa.

Removal.

WATCH & CLOCK REPAIRING.—LOUIS ZEITLER has removed his Watch & Clock Making Establishment to South Baltimore street, two doors north of Danner & Ziegler's Store, where he will be glad to receive a continuance of the patronage of the public. By close attention to business, good work, and moderate charges, he hopes to give general satisfaction, as heretofore.

Gettysburg, April 8, 1861.

TYSON BROTHERS have the Agency for CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO'S MELODEONS. These instruments are unsurpassed for beauty and sweetness of tone. A specimen can be seen and tested by calling at their Gallery, York street, opposite the Bank, Gettysburg, Pa. (Oct. 21.

H. G. CARR sells Coal Oil Lamps cheaper than any body else in the county.—Don't forget the place, right opposite the Bank.

TYSON BROTHERS are making their premium pictures at prices to suit the times.

The Muse.

SCOTCH ARGUMENT FOR MARRIAGE.

JENNY is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed—to say no more!
And should the bairnies to us come—
As few that we'll hae do have some—
No doubt that heaven will stand our friend,
And bread, as well as children, send.
So fares the hen in farmer's yard;
To live alone she finds it hard;
He knows her weary every claw,
In search of corn among the straw;
But when in quest of nicest food,
She clucks among her chirping brood;
With joy we see the self-same hen
That scratched for one, could scratch for ten.
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my girl without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause, you see,
Jenny resolved to marry me.

Miscellaneous.

WRITING COMPOSITIONS.

A schoolmaster told one of his smaller boys that he wanted him to write a composition.

"O, I can't, sir. I don't know how," said the boy, in the greatest trouble.

"But you can *think*, can't you?" said the master.

"O, yes, sir."

"And you can *write* words, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just think about something and write down what you think, and bring it to me."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; that will be a composition. Now I will excuse you a little while, and you may take your slate and go out and the first thing you find that *interests* you, you think about it—what it is there for, what it is good for, what will become of it, &c., and write it down and bring it to me."

The little boy went out, and after looking about some time, at last came across a large turnip, behind the barn, growing among some weeds. He stood and looked at it a few moments, and, though he never dreamed he was to become a distinguished poet, his thoughts began to come to him in a simple rhyme, and he wrote them down thus:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn;
And it grew, and it grew,
But it ne'er did any harm.
And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney pulled it up,
And put it in the cellar.
And I it lay; and it lay,
Till it there began to rot,
And his daughter Suzy washed it,
And she put it in the pot.
And it boiled, and it boiled,
As long as it was able,
Then his daughter Lizzie took it up,
And put it on the table.
Mr. Finney and his wife,
They both sat down to sup;
And they eat, and they eat,
Till they eat the turnip up.

The little boy brought in his composition, and when the master came to read it, and saw the evidence of talent in the boy, it is said he could not refrain from tears.

Now, then, boys and girls, don't get frightened at the thought of a composition; but find something that interests you, and write down what you think about it, and that will be a composition. You need not try to write in rhyme, unless you have a talent for it; for *poor* verses are a great deal poorer than poor prose.

Keep to the Right.—The other day as the President and General Cameron were going over to the review in Virginia, it was necessary for them to drive through Fort Runyan. There are two gates, and the rule is to keep to the right to prevent confusion: the right road was blocked up and the President was in a hurry, so he ordered his driver to go through the left. He attempted it, but the guard stopped him: driver insisted on going on, and said the President ordered it. "That do'ge won't do; you cannot go—so back your horses out," he replied; and Old Abe, laughing, said, "We had better fall back;" and so they backed out, and took to the right.—*Cor. Phila. Inquirer.*

Small Business.—Our readers will remember that the printing offices of the Christian *Observer*, Philadelphia, and the *Jeffersonian*, West Chester, were taken possession of and closed up by the United States Marshal, about two months since, because, as was alleged by the persons making the information, that said papers had published treasonable matter. Well, these cases came up for a hearing in the United States Court, at Philadelphia, on Monday, when the United States District Attorney, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, whose duty it was to prosecute the cases, came forward and *withdrew the suits*. This was a virtual acknowledgment that this wrong was committed on the information given by some persons, (probably out of personal spite,) without foundation or reason. An order was made by the Court allowing the claims of the papers for the restitution of their property. The scamp who made the information ought to be made to pay all damages and costs.—*Easton Sentinel.*

☞ The editor of the "Jeffersonian" has brought suits against the U. S. Marshal and two of his Deputies for unlawfully interfering with his business and his rights. This war may prove expensive in more ways than one.

☞ Sorrows are the shadows of joys.

HUMORS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The Philadelphia *Transcript* has a funny war correspondent at Washington, who makes some capital hits. We quote below some of his sayings:

Important Intelligence from Washington.

Another week has fled swiftly by, my boy, on those wings which poets and other long-haired creatures suppose to be eternally flapping through the imaginary atmosphere of time; yet the high old battle so long expected has not got any further than "heavy firing near the Chain Bridge," which takes place every afternoon punctually at three o'clock—just in time for the evening papers. I have been thinking, my boy, that if this heavy firing in the vicinity of the Chain Bridge lasts a few years longer, it will finally become a nuisance to the First Families living in that vicinity. But sometimes what is thought to be heavy firing is not that exactly; the other day a series of loud explosions were heard on Arlington Heights, and twenty-four reporters immediately telegraphed to twenty-four papers, that five hundred thousand rebels had attacked our lines with two thousand rifled cannon, and had been repulsed with a loss of fourteen thousand killed. Federal loss—one killed, and two committed suicide. But when General McClellan came to inquire into the cause of the explosions, the report was somewhat modified:

"What was that firing for?" he asked an orderly, who had just come over the river.

"If you please, sir," responded that sagacious animal, "there was no firing at all. It was William Brown, of Regiment Five, Mackerel Brigade, which has a horrible cold, and sneezes in that way."

Wm. has since been ordered to telegraph to the War Department whenever he sneezes, so that no more of these harrowing mistakes may be made.

The Russian Volunteers.

NINETY-SIXTH RUSSIANS,
Washington, 1861.

Fruit is very high down here, just now, sir, and several of our boys felt themselves under the necessity of climbing to the top branches of some trees before they could get enough to make them sick. Our Colonel discovered me in an apple tree the other morning, and ordered me to come down.

"Keep quiet down there, old cabbage-head," says I; "I'm only up here reconnoitering a little, and, if I ain't mistaken, I think I see a rebel in the distance."

This had the salutary effect wished for, and I was soon left alone again, to continue my operations.

The balloon is an invention of great importance to the pupil of Hardee; and the man who endeavors to bring his military skill to bear down on this subject, will, in the course of events, find himself shoulder-*ing a rusty musket, unless he keeps it well polished.* One of our men undertook to contemplate the balloon in all its various aspects the other day; and after following up a train of ideas as far as the Chain Bridge, he arrived at the conclusion that he would very much like to have what was paid for its manufacture. Another one of our men attempted to show what a striking contrast existed between our colonel and the aforesaid balloon—inasmuch as they both got high occasionally—when he found himself in a reverie, and did not turn up till a rumor was circulated that the men were about to be paid off. Such incidents are very common, and happen about as often as they take place. The cross-eyed private is actually a practiced balloonist, and gave his first experiment, the other night to an appreciative audience, consisting of himself. He had a rope attached to the top of one of the tents and slung over the branch of a tree near by, and had raised the tent about ten feet from the ground before he was sent to the guard house. He says it is an idea of his own and will prove very economical as it will save the cost of gas. An affecting scene occurred the other day, to which I happened to be an eye witness. It appears that one of the men happened to get a piece of soap and went away to the brook and washed himself. When he fell in for drill, our lieutenant eyed him affectionately for a moment and then said:

"Ah! you're one of the chaps that came on with the raw recruits, ain't you?"

"No, sir. My name's William Jones, only I've been an' washed myself."

Our lieutenant didn't know him, and he could hardly credit this; he told the men that in the future they must give their superior officers notice beforehand when they intend to scour themselves, so as to prevent confusion. Some of our men, sir, hadn't seen a piece of soap since the last time they had any. As for myself, I perform my ablutions with a brick. One of our men, who hadn't been washed since he left New York, was mistaken for a contraband, the other day by Gen. Wool, and after having his liberty proclaimed to him, was set to work in the trenches.

Female secession is rampant here just now. I suspected one young lady of about forty years of age for something, but my suspicions were not confirmed until to-day, when I put my hand in her pocket and found a twenty-five cent piece and a paper of pins. This evidence was convicting.

Yours scrutinizingly,

PRIVATE BROWN.

☞ "Father, what does the printer live on?"

"Why, child?"

"Because you said you had n't paid him for three years and still take the paper."

"Wife, spank that child!"

☞ Always look up—God looks down.

THE BATTLE NEAR LEESBURG, VA.

Further Interesting Details.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

Although we have already published details of the battle of "Ball's Bluff," near Leesburg, Va., there are many facts and incidents not yet given which will be perused with interest. A special correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer writes from Conrad's Ferry, on Friday week, a minute account of the engagement, from which we take the following:

Crossing from the Maryland to the Virginia Shore.—The passage of the river was commenced by the first battalion of the California Regiment, at Harrison's Island, on which are several farms and farm-houses.—The island is about two-thirds of the distance from the Maryland side, leaving two hundred yards of the Potomac flowing between it and the Virginia bank. The current is strong and the river deep. Three miserable flat boats were all the means of transportation between Maryland and the island, and one equally bad flat-boat which had been left between the island and Virginia, and the scow here would only hold about sixty-five or seventy, and one man was kept constantly bailing out the water with a shovel, and still at one side it flowed in so rapidly as to make a small cascade.—The life-boat would only hold seventeen.—The inexperienced boatmen misled the flats up the river a quarter of a mile to get advantage of the current, and make a landing at a point which they often failed to do, and were carried below, causing more delay. The last company of the California regiment did not get across until nearly four P. M. The Virginia bank of the Potomac at the crossing point is very high and precipitous.

The battalion, as the first companies came, made its way up by a winding path to the left, in single file, for one hundred yards. Two companies were thrown out in the flanks as skirmishers, and afterwards acted as pickets. They then halted and stacked arms, and had remained but a few minutes. They were then ordered forward and marched to the right about four hundred yards up a dry ravine. On their right and left was a thick undergrowth of bushes and trees in front. There were some five or six acres of a corn field, the ground occupied by the battalion being open and sloping.

In the morning, about three o'clock, scouts crossed the river and could find no rebels. They returned, and then the Massachusetts Fifteenth commenced to cross.—About daylight three hundred and fifty of them started out towards Leesburg to surprise and capture a rebel camp which was supposed to be about two miles from the shore. None was found, and they then went on to within a mile and a half of Leesburg, and where it could be plainly seen. Suddenly thirty rebels were reported to be quietly marching towards Leesburg; and a company started after them on double quick.

The Battle Commenced.—They had gone but a short distance, when suddenly the rebels rose up out of a ravine and fired a volley.—Twenty-three of the Massachusetts boys fell, and after firing at them they carried the wounded back to the woods. They then were reinforced by the balance of the three hundred and fifty, and gradually firing and falling back towards the river, they were reinforced by the Massachusetts Twentieth and the balance of their Regiment who had crossed.

They could not find out how many rebels were against them, as they were kept concealed by fences, corn fields and woods.—Their cavalry only showed themselves in small squads, and kept at a distance. They had fallen back quietly and orderly to within a few hundred yards of the river, when Gen. Baker came up and drew them all up in line of battle. He then said to Col. Devens, "How do you like the position, Colonel?" "It's as well as you can arrange them, General, but I fear we have not enough," replied Col. Devens. "You will find me in the centre, Colonel, if you want me," remarked the General, and he immediately left for the centre.

The firing soon began upon the left, and gradually worked around to the right.—Soon the fire became general. All along our lines, from right to left, they would fire from their cover, with rifles, and every few minutes they would rush out with two or three companies, and after yelling in the most hideous manner, and shouting, "Go in, Confederate Rifles!" "Charge, Mississippi Rifles!" they would come out, fire a volley, and our boys always returned it with such a deadly effect that they could not keep their ranks for a bayonet charge. When the last boat was pushing out it was commanded to "surrender and come back." A lieutenant cried out, "Go to ——! we are the victors, and you will all be caught before the morning." A number of shots were fired at the boat, and wherever a head could be seen in the river it was fired at.—We will not attempt to describe the appearance of the few who reached Harrison's Island and the Maryland shore.

Every attention was shown them by the troops on the Maryland side, who divided their clothing with them. Many passed the night in the open air, and the next day were taken by canal boats to Edwards' Ferry, and from thence to Poolesville, and the surrounding camps. It was undoubtedly unfortunate that various portions of regiments were not acquainted with the officers of the other, and, perhaps, not knowing at first who were alive, had, after the death or disability of their recognized officers, no commander. But that could not have long affected the result, as no reinforcements could come to them from the brigade after the sinking of the boat and the growing darkness.

The Stragglers Returning.—The men continued to come into camp during Tuesday and Wednesday, but none have come in since, up to the time I now write in the camp, Friday noon. Sergeant Francis Cooper and eleven others, started to go up the Virginia side on Monday evening, but they were fired on and two killed; securing a small boat, they pushed off two miles up the stream, and were again fired at and another killed. They left the shore on Tuesday at 2 P. M., and came into camp the same evening.

Two men came in on Wednesday who had worked their way up to the Point of Rocks, and crossed to Col. Geary's pickets. They had to throw away their rifles before the pickets would let them come over. A number also worked their way to Edwards' Ferry, and came into our lines there before our troops had all crossed back into Maryland. About one hundred crossed in a yawl, furnished by a negro, about a mile and a half above the island, on Tuesday morning.

Bravery of a Color Bearer.—Among the many acts of daring and bravery was noticed that of Vansant, color bearer. He was always in front, waving the standard and cheering on the men. When the retreat took place he rolled up the flag and sunk it in the river.

A Tribute to the Brave.—The bravery of the men of the battalion, who, in the face of certain destruction, fighting against hope, and holding their ground to the last possible moment, against fearful odds, has never been excelled by any army that was ever led into the field. The Massachusetts regiments also did nobly, and a small part of the Tammany, from New York.

The rebel pickets, which were stationed all along the river, could see every boat load cross, and knew how many we had over as well as we did. We had not over sixteen to seventeen hundred over at any time, and not over twelve hundred in action.

The California Regiment Lose the Most Men.—The loss is heaviest in the California regiment, though the Massachusetts Fifteenth have lost two hundred and fifty to three hundred killed, wounded and missing.—The Twentieth and Tammany have also lost heavily. Among the rebels were the Tiger Zouaves, who wore red shirts.

A Visit to the Hospitals at Poolesville.—Yesterday we were in the hospitals at Poolesville. Two brothers, George and Andrew Hooper, were there, both badly wounded. George said, "Good bye, Andrew, you are wounded worse than I am; you will die first." But he soon died, and now his body, with a fellow-comrade, Coggswell, is on its way to Philadelphia with an escort.

Gen. Stone's Instructions to Col. Baker.—The following dispatch was sent to Colonel Baker by General Stone on Sunday, the day before the advance of the Federal army towards Leesburg. This dispatch was obtained from an authentic source, and its reliability may be depended upon. It shows that the movement was under instructions from Gen. Stone who commanded the brigade:

To Gen. Baker—2 P. M.—*Sir*:—"Soon as you get your forces in position make a dash at Leesburg; and shoot down any lawless depredator that may leave the ranks. Gen. Gorman is moving up on the left, and I expect to be in possession of Leesburg to night. STONE."

Official Report of the Naval Engagement at the Mouth of the Mississippi.

The following dispatch from Flag Officer McKean was received at the Navy Department, on Friday week:

U. S. STEAMER RICHMOND,
S. W. Pass of Mississippi River,
October 13, 1861.

Sir:—I have the honor to make the following report: At 3.45 A. M., October 12, 1861, while the watch on deck were employed in taking coal on board from the schooner Joseph H. Toone, a ram was discovered in close proximity to the ship. By the time the alarm could be given, she had struck the ship abreast of the port fore channels, tearing the schooner from her fastenings, and forced a hole through the ship's side. Passing aft, the ram endeavored to effect a breach in the stern, but failed. Three planks in the ship's side were stove in about two feet below the water line, making a hole about five inches in circumference. At the first alarm the crew promptly and coolly repaired to their quarters, and as the ram passed abreast of the ship, the entire port battery was discharged at her, with what effect it is impossible to discover, owing to the darkness. A red light was shown as a signal of danger, and the squadron was under weigh in a very few minutes, having slipped their cables. I ordered the Preble and Vincennes to proceed down the Southwest Pass, while I covered their retreat, which they did at about 4.50 A. M. At this time, three large fire rafts, stretching across the river, were rapidly nearing us, while several larger steamers and a bark-rigged propeller were seen astern of them.

The squadron proceeded down the river in the following order:—First, the Preble, second, the Vincennes, third, the Richmond, fourth, the Water-Witch, with the prize schr. Frolic in tow. When abreast of the pilot settlement, the pilot informed me that he did not consider it safe to venture to turn this ship in the river, but that he believed he could pass over the bar. I accordingly attempted to pass over the bar with the squadron, but in the passage the Vincennes and Richmond grounded, while the Preble went over clear. This occurred about eight o'clock, and the enemy, who were now down the river with the fire-steamers, commenced firing at us, while we returned the fire from our port battery and rifled gun on the poop, our shot, however, falling short of the enemy, while their shell burst on all sides of us, and several passed directly over the ship.

At 9.30 Commander Handy, of the Vincennes, mistaking my signal to the ships outside the bar, to get under weigh, for a signal for him to abandon his ship, came on board the Richmond with all his officers and a large number of the crew, the remainder having gone on board the Water-Witch.—Captain Handy before leaving his ship had placed a lighted slow match at the magazine. Having waited a reasonable time for an explosion, I directed Commander Handy to return to his ship, with his crew, to start his water, and if necessary, at his own request, to throw overboard his small guns, for the purpose of lightening his ship, and to curry off his kedge with a cable to heave out by. At ten A. M. the enemy ceased firing, and withdrew up the river. During the engagement a shell entered our quarter port, and one of the boats was stove by another shell.

I have this morning succeeded in getting this ship over the bar. The McClellan and South Carolina are using all exertions to get the Vincennes off. The Nightingale is hard and fast ashore to the end of the bar. I have succeeded in reducing the leak of this ship so that our small engines keep the ship free. This is only temporary, and the ship will have to go to some place and have three planks put in. I have received rifle guns and placed the 32-pounder on the forecastle, and the 12-pounder on the poop.—Could I have possibly managed this ship in any other way than keeping her head up and down the river, I would have stopped at Pilot Town to give battle, but this was found too hazardous, owing to her extreme length. The attempt was made, but a broadside could not be brought to bear without running the ship ashore. I then concluded, as advised, to start for the bar, and trust to the chance of finding water enough to cross.

In narrating the affair of the river, I omitted to state that the ram sunk one of our large cutters, and a shot from the enemy stove the gig.

I am pleased to say that the Vincennes is afloat, and at anchor outside on my starboard quarter, Assistant Surgeon Robinson, from the Vincennes, is ordered to temporary duty on board this ship. Assistant Surgeon Howell, condemned by survey, will return in the McClellan. The master of the Nightingale will deliver fifty tons of coal to the McClellan. This, together with what I will take out, will, I trust, lighten her so that we can haul her off. Very respectfully, JOHN POPE, Captain.

The Santa Rosa Fight.

The official report of Col. Harvey Brown, of Fort Pickens, relative to the fight on Santa Rosa Island, estimates the loss on both sides as follows:

Of regulars, 4 killed, 20 wounded, most very slightly, and 8 missing, among whom is Major Vogdes; of the 6th regiment of New York Volunteers, 10 killed, 9 wounded and 16 missing. The enemy lost, as known to us, 14 killed, including one Captain; 7 wounded, including one Lieutenant, (two since dead,) and 5 officers and 22 enlisted men prisoners; and as he was known to have carried off some of his dead, and probably most of his wounded, those in our hands being all severely so, and unable to be removed, and as the heaviest loss is supposed to have been in the boats, at the re-embarkation, it was probably three times as great, in killed and wounded, as I have named.

In regard to the Confederate force engaged, he says: "I estimated the force of the enemy at 1,200 or 1,500, having closely observed them through a fine telescope as they retreated. Their two large barge, of equal size, and five or six launches, all crowded with troops, and the almost unanimous estimate of the officers is 1,500 from personal observation closely."

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

PENNSYLVANIA, SS:

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, ANDREW G. CURTIN, *Governor of said Commonwealth.*

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, Every good gift is from above and comes down to us from the Almighty, to whom it is meet, right and the bounden duty of every people to render thanks for His mercies; Therefore I, ANDREW G. CURTIN, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do recommend to the people of this Commonwealth, that they set apart *Thursday, 28th of November next*, as a day of solemn Thanksgiving to God, for having prepared our corn and watered our furrows, and blessed the labor of the husbandman, and crowned the year with his goodness, in the increase of the ground, and the gathering in of the fruit thereof, so that our barns are filled with plenty; and for having looked favorably on this Commonwealth, and strengthened the bars of her gates and blessed the children within her, and made men to be of one mind, and preserved peace in her borders; Beseeching Him also on behalf of these United States, that our beloved country may have deliverance from those great and apparent dangers wherewith she is compassed, and that the loyal men now battling in the field for her life may have their arms made strong and their blows heavy, and may be shielded by His Divine power, and that He will mercifully still the outrages of perverse, violent, unruly and rebellious people, and make them clean hearts, and renew a right spirit within them, and give them grace that they may see the error of their ways and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and hereafter, in all godliness and honesty, obediently walk in His holy commandments, and in submission to the just and manifest authority of the republic, so that we, leading a quiet and peaceful life, may continually offer unto Him our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at Harrisburg, this sixteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the Commonwealth, the eighty-sixth.

A. G. CURTIN.

BY THE GOVERNOR: ELI SLIFER,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

☞ The brave never know it.