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CHARGE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

The 145th Penna. regiment went into the battle of Fredericksburg with only five hundred men, out of a full thousand, stout and strong, who had left the city but a few months before. The Rev. Mr. Stoughtenberg, in his sermon on the dead and wounded of the regiment, in the 1st Presbyterian Church on last Sunday a week, aptly repeated Tennyson's famous poem of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," at Balaklava, as suitable to the part taken by the 145th regiment in this fight, with a slight alteration in the number of men and the character of weapons used. The allusion made by the reverend gentleman to this poem has caused great inquiry for it, and we therefore give the original complete:

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them;
Cannon to the left of them;
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare;
Flash'd as they turned in air;
Sabring the gunners there;
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke,
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back; but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them;
Cannon to the left of them;
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered,
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.

Dr. Olds on Arbitrary Arrest.

THE HORRORS OF FORT LAFAYETTE EXPOSED.

ON Christmas day Dr. Olds had a most enthusiastic reception at Lancaster, Ohio, and addressed over ten thousand persons. We give the portions of his remarks relating to his arrest and imprisonment:

On the 12th of August last, after 10 o'clock at night, my house was forcibly entered by three government ruffians, who with violence seized my person, and holding a revolver at my head, demanded my surrender.

When, after my capture, I demanded to know by what authority they had thus rudely broken into my room, and by what authority they had thus seized my person, they very grumblingly informed me that they were acting under authority of the War Department. I then demanded to be shown their warrant. They informed me that I had no right to make any such demand—that the order which they held was *for their protection*, and not *for my gratification*. They, however permitted me to see it. The document was signed by the Assistant Secretary of War—was dated at Washington city, August 2, 1862. It was directed to W. H. Scott, and commissioned him to take with him one assistant, and to proceed to Lancaster, Ohio, and arrest Edson B. Olds, and to convey him to New York and deliver him to the commanding officer of Fort Lafayette: and that if he was resisted in the execution of the order, he was directed to call upon Governor Tod, of Ohio, for such assistance as might be necessary. The order contained no intimation of the "nature and cause" of the accusation against me; indeed, it charged me with the commission of *no offense whatever*; and when I demanded of my captors to know what were the charges against me, they replied that they "did not know." Thus, my friends, was I dragged from a sick-bed, for I was at that time, and for many long and weary days and nights afterward seriously afflicted with an attack of the bloody flux. In this condition I was hurried into a carriage, and during the remainder of the night driven to Columbus, and just at daylight placed upon the cars and taken in my sick and exhausted condition, without a moment's delay, to Fort Lafayette. After this degrading operation had been performed, and before conducting me from the commandant's room to my dungeon, all the other prisoners about the fort were locked into their rooms, that I might not be seen and recognized, lest peradventure information might be given to the world and my friends of my whereabouts and the cruelties about to be practized upon me. One of the prisoners having learned a few days afterwards, through the medium of the newspapers, who the mysterious stranger was, wrote to a friend of his (that Dr Olds, of Ohio, had been brought to Fort Lafayette and placed in solitary confinement." His letter was returned to him by the commandant, requiring him to strike out so much of it as referred to the care of Dr. Olds. My dungeon was on the ground, with a brick pavement or floor over about the one-half of it; and so great was the dampness that in a very short time, a mould would gather upon any article left upon the floor. My bed was an iron stretcher, with a very thin husk mattress upon it—so thin indeed, that you could feel every iron slat in it the moment you lay down upon it. The brick floor, with all its dampness, would have been far more comfortable than this iron and hard bed, had it not been for the rats and the vermin that infested the room. I had also in my room a broken table and a chair; a chunk of government bread, with an old stinking rusty tin of Lincoln coffee, with a slice of boiled salted pork, was my fare. My only drink other than their nasty coffee, was rain-water I was furnished with no towel, neither could any entreaty procure one for me. Neither could I induce my jailers to let me have a candle during my long tedious sick nights. No entreaty could procure for me the return of the medicine which had been taken from me when I was searched. Again and again I begged for the little bit of opium to relieve my suffering, which had been taken out of my pocket with my other medicine, but all in vain. After ten days of such treatment and such suffering, late one night the sergeant of the guard brought me some medicine which he informed me, the surgeon at Fort Washington had sent me. This surgeon, having, when all became still and hushed; and when morning broke in upon that loathsome dungeon, death had done his work. This poor victim of Lincoln's despotism had ceased to live; his released spirit had gone to that world where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling." There is to-day confined in one of the cells of Fort Lafayette a poor prisoner, said to be partially deranged; since last February he has been in solitary confinement. His cell is darkened; a sentry marches night and day before his prison door; he is permitted no intercourse, not even to see the other prisoners. You can well imagine how strict his confinement is when I tell you that his aged and widowed mother, who for months had been seeking to obtain an interview with her son, at last having obtained the long sought for permit, came on Sabbath day to visit him.

Before the prisoner was taken from his dungeon to the commandant's room, in which his mother was permitted to see him, the other prisoners, myself among them, were all locked into their rooms; a file of soldiers was detailed to guard him from his cell—a double guard placed in the sally-port. And what suppose you was this man's offence, that for so many months he had thus been so inhumanely treated? Why, simply this: On one dark, stormy night, with a life-preserver made out of oyster cans, he jumped into the sea and attempted to escape.

And in conclusion, my friends, permit me to say, that although I would not "take the oath," attempted again and again to be forced upon me by Mr Lincoln, as a condition to my release, yet, when in two weeks from this time, I take my seat as your representative in the Legislature, I shall most cheerfully take the oath of allegiance to both the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Ohio. That oath, notwithstanding the examples of both Lincoln and Tod to the contrary, I shall maintain inviolate. All those sacred guarantees which both these Constitutions throw around you, to protect you in your inalienable rights, I will endeavor to enforce to the utmost of my poor ability, in defiance of the despotism of both the President and the Governor, although by so doing I may be again returned to my lonely cell in Fort Lafayette. Again, my friends, for this extraordinary reception—for this most cordial greeting, I tender you my heartfelt thanks.

A PATRIOTIC ANTHEM.

God save our land in peace,
Free and united;
Grant us from foes release,
And that all war may cease,
All grounds arise increase,
All wrongs benighted.

Thy mighty sceptre wield,
Keeping guard o'er us;
In thy great beauty shield,
From blight our every field,
Sending a plenteous yield—
Thy gifts—before us.

When we before Thee kneel,
Forms imploring;
Make us to see and feel,
Joy in our common weal,
Pity for want's appeal,
Justice adoring.

Make us work hand in hand,
Faith truly plighted,
Brother by brother stand,
All great, good works expand,
God save our noble land,
Free and united

Letter From Major Jack Downing.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6, 1862.

Wal, I am glad to see that Congress has got together, and the Message has been red and digested. The Kernel worked hard enuff on it, I tell you. He wouldn't let Seward or Chase have any thing to do with it, but he just mauled it all out himself. The next day arter the Message was sent in, Summers cum in and sed the Message wasn't grammatikal in all its parts. I telled him that "I guessed if he had to work around short corners, as the Kernel did, without gettin tripped up, he would find it mighty hard work to get every thing jest accordin to grammer." I telled him "grammer wasn't of any sekount, wile the rebellyun lasted—that, like the Constitushin, the grammer was suspended, or locked up where habus korpus couldn't get at it. In fact," sez I, "Mr Sumnure, I think any man who talks about it's bein necessary to observe the laws of grammer, or any other laws, wen the nashin is in a death struggle with traitors, is a disloyal person, an orter be sent to Fort La Fiet." Wen I sed this, Sumnure turned all sorts of colors, so sez he, "Wal, Majer, perhaps you're rite about grammer; but I think you orter spell the President's name rite in your letter. It's a disrespect to the Chief Majerstrate not to do it." "Wal," sez I, "Mr. Sumnure, I've got my own ideas on spellin. Spellin is a good deel like sparkin the gals—it's jest as a feller takes a noshin. My idea is, if I spell a word so as to get its sound, I'm rite, an I don't keer what you say. It's the only rule of spellin that holds good in the long run. Now," sez I, "if Linkoln don't spell Linkon, what on arth does it spell?" That seemed to stump him. "But," sez he, "Mayer, there's some general rules that orter be observed—rules that the schools all use." "Wal," sez I, "I don't know much about schools, an I guess the Kernel don't nuther. I went to school six weeks, and the Kernel sez he went six months. School lernin is mity poor truck to put into a feller's hed, onless he's got a good deel of brains there. There's more edicated fools now in the world than there are fools of any other kind, and there's a great mesany of 'em. Lord knows. And," sez I, "it's these edicated fools that make all the trubble."

"Why, Majer," sez he, "you ain't an enemy to edication, I hope."

"Wal, no, Mr. Senator, I ain't no enemy to edication; I only hate edicated fools."

Sez he, "Majer, what do you mean by edicated fools?"

"Wal," sez I, "wen I was a boy, [illegible] went to school the six weeks I spoke of, there was a boy in my class who could [illegible] beat me a spellin and readin, and in [illegible] I could whistle. I could hit a [illegible] jest as [illegible] pluck, or pluck, or scare. He had [illegible] chickens, and mity little generally [illegible] sense. His father, however, sent him to college, an the first thing I heard of him the papers were callin him a learned man, an he ain't done any thing ever since but to blab at Abolishin meetin, and make Abolishin speeches. Now," sez I, "that's wat I call an edicated fool. Jest like the fattest pig—the one he want he turns to durn near end down hill, and continues upside to call whether to [illegible]

[illegible] ing, he ain't worth only enough for lard, then a bull dog is to catch rats."

Summers looked kind of astonished yen I sed this, but I didn't say a word, and jest here the Kernel, who had been down stairs to get his boot-jack, cum in. See he, "Good mornin, Mr. Sumnure. I'll bet you one of Chase's greenbacks," see he, "that you can't tell why this boot-jack is like an office-seeker." Sumnure said he couldn't. "Wal," see the Kernel, "because it sticks close to the heels of the President."

I telled the Kernel how that Sumnure sed that the Messige warn't grammatikal. "Wal," see he, "I believe everything goes rong sence I became Presidint. The country is upside down; the niggers are more trubbel than ever before; the white men are cutting one another's throats, an it seems as if Bedlam was let loose; an now the grammer has been violated they say. Wal, I wonder wat on earth I'm fit for. I never succeeded well in flat boteis; I allers had poor crops wen I tried to be a farmer, I was too tall to split rails handy; and, as a lawyer, I wasn't anything more than from poor to middling. *If* I can't be President, I dont see wat on arth I was made for."

"Wal," sez I "Kernel, perhaps you are like the old Quaker's dog." See he, "How was that, Majer?" "Wal," sez I, "I'll tell you the story. Up in Maine, not fur from Downingville, there used to live an old Quaker named Hezekiah Peabody. He had a yaller dog that was allus loungin around the house. One day Sol Hopkins, a rough old feller, cum along, and see he, 'Mr. Peabody, I want a dog to hunt foxes: do you think your dog is good for foxes?' 'Now,' says the Quaker, 'neighbor Solomon, I never tried the dog on foxes, for the hunting of any animal is not my business; but if thee wishes a dog for foxes, according to the Scriptures, this dog must be a good dog for foxes.' 'Wal, will you warrant him a good dog for foxes?' 'I can not do that, neighbor Solomon, for I never tried him on foxes, but, according to the Scriptures, ye can be sure the dog is good for foxes!' So old Sol, thinking the Scripture proof must be good, gave the Quaker five dollars for the dog. He took him cum, an the next day he saw a fox runnin across one of his lots. So he called the dog an showed him the fox, but he wouldn't stir an inch orter him. This made old Sol terribul mad, an the next day he took the dog back to the Quaker, and see he, in his rough way, 'Mr Peabody, this dog ain't worth a dam!'—'Tut, tut, neighbor Solomon, thee shouldn't speak profanely with thy lips.' 'That may be,' see old Sol, 'but didn't you tell me this dog was good for foxes?' 'Wal,' sez old Sol, 'how do you make that out?' 'Wal, neighbor, the Scriptures say that there is nothing made in vain, an as I had tried that dog on every thing else except fox hun in, I thought that that must be what he was made for.' Now, sez I, Kernel, hope it won't turn out that you are like the old Quaker's dog, 'made in vain,' or, as old Sol expressed it, 'not worth a d—!' but, sez I, if you don't restore this Union before your term expires, the people will think you were a good deal worse than the Quaker's dog; for *if* he warn't good for anything, he didn't do any particular harm."

The Kernel didn't seem to like this story much, for sez he, "Mayer, I think you are getin kinder personal." Sez I, "No, Kernel, I don't mean to be, but you know stories will sometimes fit closer than you think for when you begin to tell them."

Jest here Seward cum in, with his churchyard smile. See he, "good mornin, Mr. President; I've got good news from England.—There won't be any intervenshin now, an the rebellyun will be over in sixty days. My friend Weed thinks so, too."

"What's up, Boss?" sez Linkin. That's the name he calls Seward by. "Oh," see he, rubbin his hans, "don't you see by the papers what a large amount of money the merchants of York are subscribin for the poor, patient, starving English workmen? God bless 'em!" Here Seward drew a deep sigh, an sez he, "It will produce such a good effect in England! Intervenshin is dead. The rebellyun is crushed, an all by this grand an noble idea of mine to feed the starving poor. What filanthrowpy will do when it is done rite!" An here Seward commenced rubbin his hans an walkin about the room; an setin like a gal that is goin to get married. I didn't say enything, an the Kernel didn't say enything either, an it wasn't a minit before Seward dodged out of the door agin as quick as he cum in. After he had gone, sez I, "Kernel, how many times has Seward had the rebellyun suppressed?" "Oh," sez he, "he goes to sleep every night with the sartin beleef that the Union will be restored by daylight; that Jeff. Davis will be hanging on a sour apple tree by noon, and that he will be elected next President by sundown."

"Wal, Kernal," sez I, "I think you've got a quer Cabinet." "Yes, I hav," sez he. "Seward thinks that his rittin letters to Europe, is goin to overthrow the rebellyun. Chase thinks it can't be done except by his greenbacks and fresin niggers. Old grandfather Welles is sure there is nothin that will restore the Union except his gunboats, while Blair feels sure that he ken do it by stoppin Demycratic papers." Sez I, "Why don't you change 'em?" "Wal," sez he, "what's the use of swappin jackets? There ain't nothin to be made by it. No, I won't change my Cabynet unless I'm driv to it. It's bad enough now, but the Lord only knows what it might be if I only undertake to change it."

I was in hopes I could induce Linkin to put in some new men, and get out Seward, Chase, Stanton and Blair. But it's no use. So we shall jog along after the old fashion. Where we shall be in the Spring, no one kin tell.—Congris has gone to work in ernest to fix up the finances, and the fair that the Demycrats don't use Linkin for suspending the habus korpus. The Southropists are hizzy, and they are going to give all the niggers here a Christmas dinner, which, I suppose, is expected to last em the year round. Eatin like a Turk one day an starvin 364, is, accordin to my idees, a poor way of livin.

Yours till death,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

REPUBLICAN DOCTRINE.—In the debates, in the Senate on the subject of arbitrary imprisonment Senator Merrill thus avowed and the Constitution on the subject of [illegible]

[illegible] constitution: "[illegible] our state to day and our condition to day; and in that sense it is the higher law; it is the law above the Constitution and above all laws; it is the law of our life and the law of our existence to-day. Our state to-day is that state known to nations where the laws are silent. Your municipal regulations and your Constitution have no voice for such an occasion and such a time."

☞ Ex Governor Packer, while returning home, alone, through Third street, about nine o'clock on Sunday evening, was suddenly seized with a violent and exceedingly dangerous illness. As soon as possible he was conveyed to his residence, by people who came to his assistance, where, after several hours of great suffering, he became convalescent, and is now considered out of danger.—*Lancaster Union.*