Poetry.

[Selected.]

The Sun of Righteousness.

Light of the universe, bright Sun of glory,
Rise on the heathen benighted, and shine;
Disperse all the clouds and darkness before thee,
Diffuse all around thy splendor Divine.

Life of the world, and death's potent destruction!
Breathe once again on the valley of bones;
Soon all the dead will be put into motion,
And hearts become soft, though harder than stones.

See! Lucifer falling, son of the morning!
Demons to caverns of darkness retire;
They cannot endure the "Spirit of burning"—
They cannot withstand Omnipotent ire.

Now is the ensign of mercy displaying!
Now is the banner of Jesus unfurl'd;
And thousands of souls this moment are praying,
His kingdom may spread all over the world.

Bright Sun of righteousness! clad in thy glory,
Rise on the nations benighted, and shine;
Disperse all the clouds and darkness before thee,
Diffuse all around thy splendor Divine.

Literary Notices.

THE FAMILY BIBLE; CONTAINING THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS, with Brief Notes and Illustrations, Designed to give the Results of Critical Investigation, and to Assist Common Readers to Understand the Meaning of the Holy Spirit in the Inspired Word. Including the References and Marginal Readings of the Polyglot Bible. *American Tract Society.* Royal 8vo., pp. 1504. For sale at the *Tract Society Depository*, 929 Chestnut Street Philadelphia; also at the *Presbyterian Book Rooms*, in Pittsburgh.

The publishers, in their advertisement of the *Family Bible*, say: "It has been with great care revised by the most competent scholars. Every note that seemed unnecessary has been omitted; and every passage, however difficult, has been maturely examined by those skilled in the originals and their cognate languages and dialects, with all the helps of the ablest Commentators, and modern geographical and other researches; and the *results*, as far as they can be briefly stated, are given in the simplest manner without perplexing the plain common reader. The invaluable practical Instructions remain almost entirely the same as in the former edition. Prefixed to each book is a summary view of its contents; and in all portions of the comment such historical and related facts are given as form a clue to the interpretation. The volume comprises 1,504 large royal octavo pages, with new Maps engraved expressly for this edition; a Chronological Index and Tables of the Patriarchs and Prophets; a Synopsis of the Harmony of the Gospels; a Family Record, etc. Price $3.50 in good leather binding, or, $3.75 with the *Psalms in Metre*."

The advertisement says much, but we by no means think too much, in behalf of the Family Bible. We have been for some time in possession of the work as originally published in three volumes, and have found it a very valuable help to the profitable study of God's Word. We have especially prized it for the pithy, pointed and spiritually-minded Instructions with which it abounds. It is far from being all that the theological student desires and needs, but we believe it is all that it professes to be, and all that, perhaps, under the circumstances, it should be.

We mention in this connexion, that the Society has also published a pocket edition of the New Testament, in large 18mo., which contains all the Notes and Instructions and Tables to be found in the corresponding portion of the Family Bible.

GRACE ABBOTT; or, THE SUNDAY TEA-PARTY. 18mo., pp. 95.

STORIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By *Rev. Jonathan Cross.* 18mo., pp. 172.

THE WOODMAN'S NANNETTE. By the Author of "The Aunt Friendly Books," etc. 18mo., pp. 110.

HARRY THE SAILOR-BOY, AND HIS UNCLE GILBERT. 18mo., pp. 119.

STEPS UP THE LADDER; or, THE WILL AND THE WAY. 18mo., pp. 103.

These little volumes, published for the young by the American Tract Society, are gotten up in a style to please, and are calculated we think to benefit, those for whom they have been intended. They are deserving of a place in the Sabbath School Library, and are worthy also of attention as suitable holiday presents to the little folks They can be obtained at the places already mentioned in our notice of the Family Bible.

SERMONS PREACHED AND REVISED BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Seventh Series. 12mo., pp. 378. New-York: *Sheldon & Co.* For sale by *R. S. Davis*, 93 Wood Street, Pittsburgh.

Few ministers have been the subject of praise on the one hand, and abuse on the other, to the same extent as Mr. Spurgeon. We cannot concur with those of his admirers who speak of him only in terms of eulogy; still less can we approve of the unqualified censure of many who dislike him. There are many in the ministry more intellectual, many more learned, many more refined in taste, many more elegant in style, many more graceful in delivery, and many at least as earnest in their efforts to do good; but we know of no one who, in our judgment, combines as many of the essential qualifications of a good preacher of the Gospel, as does the famous Baptist Divine of London.

We cordially recommend the present volume of Spurgeon's Sermons. They will not of course interest the reader as they have interested the hearer, but we promise to the properly disposed mind much pleasure and spiritual profit from their perusal.

AMERICAN HISTORY; by *Jacob Abbott.* Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. IV.—Northern Colonies. 12mo. Pp. 288. New-York: *Sheldon & Co.* For sale in Pittsburgh by *R. S. Davis.*

This is the fourth volume of a series of American history, by Mr. Abbott, designed expressly for the young. It contains an account of the Expedition of the famous Navigator, Gosnold, to the Northern portion of America; a Sketch of the Puritans, the causes which led to their abandonment of their country, their voyage in the Mayflower, and their landing and settlement in Massachusetts; a history also of the Dutch Settlements on the Hudson; and a concluding chapter on the growth and extension of the colonies.

The style of the book is simple, but by no means childish. The pictorial illustrations are highly attractive. And the history itself is, throughout, instructive and entertaining. A better book of the kind could scarcely be selected as a holiday present for boys and girls.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. New-York: *Leonard Scott & Co.* For sale by *Henry Miner*, Fifth Street, Pittsburgh.

The October number of this able Quarterly contains the following articles: I. Solar Chemistry; II. The Herculanean Papyri; III. The Mussulmans in Sicily; IV. The Supernatural; V. The English in the Eastern Seas; VI. The Legend of St. Swithun; VII. Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Edward Irving; VIII. The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; IX. Hops at Home and Abroad; X. Prince Eugene of Savoy; XI. The American Revolution.

The intelligent reader will find most of these articles in a high degree interesting and instructive. And even the concluding paper, though in some respects a good deal provoking, is well worthy of perusal. We can at least say that the following paragraph evinces good sense in the reviewer: "We are inclined to believe that Lord Palmerston's policy has been hitherto right—that at this moment the acknowledgment of the South as a nation would of itself effect very little, and might cause to England evils greater than those which it would remove."

For the Young.

[From the Watchman and Reflector.]

Willie, the Drummer-Boy.

"He was a brave little soul," said the sergeant of the 19th, as he hastily dashed a few tears away. "His father was our captain, and Willie never flinched in the thickest of the battle. Right on, fighting as hard as the hardest, for he had thrown away his drum and caught up somebody's gun, which he had hardly the strength to carry, cheering and deadly in earnest, he fought till he fell. We thought he was wounded but slightly, but we had to hasten forward and leave him there, in God's name. We were too sorely pressed to stop for any one. His father was wounded, too."

So there slept little Willie. For him waited no fond mother's kiss; or if it did, this world would never see it stamped upon brow or lip. As the face of a sleeping angel, so sweetly serene did his face shine. Willie was only fourteen, and small of his age at that. A slight form, delicate features, and eyes as blue and sunny as the sky, marked Willie's face. It was very touching to see him the day after he was brought in, so meek, so wan, so patient; and to hear his little story, told with the weak and failing strength of ebbing life.

"Well, my dear little fellow," said the visitor, compassionating his weakness, "so you were wounded in that dreadful battle."

"Yes'm—and they went right on—and left me They had to—because they were fighting, you see. But I couldn't move my leg. I got on—one arm—and dragged myself off—to a tree, and that was only a few steps off. So I laid there—till dark—and I wanted water—so much—that I cried, I couldn't help it. My leg began to ache, and it was bleeding. I thought of poor father—and wondered if he was dead, and then I was so weak—that it seemed as if I must cry for that too. I did'nt want to be left there in the dark—with all the men dead about me. It seemed—as if they were looking at me—and the wounded men—they were all over the field, and they groaned, and shouted like crazy people.

"Pretty soon it got dark—but I couldn't sleep. I wanted water—so bad. But nobody came to give me water, or anything. I felt mighty bad there, 'specially when the cannon stopped. O! how I wished I could see. But I couldn't—and I couldn't stop the groaning. I guess I was a little out of my head, for I thought I was kneeling down once saying my prayers, and I seemed to be in mother's room, and there were three candles burning. Well, I believe I slept sometimes—that night—but when morning came—I was so dry that I couldn't move my tongue—and I thought I was dying.

"Presently a man came along—a rebel soldier. I thought he was going to kill me. He swore at me and called me a Yankee brat. I asked him for some water—and he slapped his canteen, and told me to drink if I could get it. Then he went away and began pulling off the clothes from our poor dead soldiers. He stripped ever so many. By-and-by, after he had gone, there came another rebel soldier. I begged him to give me some water—he was good and gave me a drink out of his canteen. O, it did taste so nice!" and the poor little sufferer smacked his lips as if yet tasting the deliciousness of that battlefield draught.

"But he took away my gun," continued Willie, "and asked me if I wasn't sorry I'd been fighting against the confederates. I was glad I'd drank the water because I was very weak, and if he'd asked me before—I don't know—I don't think I should, but I was *so* dry I *might* have said yes. But I told him no—that we were in the right, and they were wrong and must be beaten. It seemed to make him mad, and he began to swear. So when he found out father was captain, he told me that he was dead, and that he killed him. That made me cry. Then he put his hands in my pockets, and turned me over to get my money—though it hurt me so bad! It made me scream, but he didn't care. He took ten dollars and some change. I'd been saving it to send on to mother to keep for me—but the old rebel got it. So I laid there the next day, hungry and almost starving, and then some kind person took me off the field."

The dear little fellow! Whose eyes would not moisten at the recital of such a tale? And then to feel that in all probability his wound was a mortal one! it taxed the strongest nerves.

"Are you sorry you went?" asked some one.

"No ma'am," was the quick, firm response. "I'd like to get well so as to go again—that is, if my father would let me."

"And where is your father?"

"He's in another hospital, wounded too. But they say he'll get well. O, I do hope so—I want to see him."

The poor little drummer-boy! destined never to look upon the face of father or mother in this world again. The next day he was better, his spirits were high, his cheeks flushed; the next day worse, and so he began to decline. Once he was heard repeating the Lord's Prayer very earnestly.

"That's the prayer your mother taught you," I said.

"Yes'm—I wish I could see my mother. I've got a letter from her; don't you want to read it?"

He put his little trembling hands under the pillow, and handed me a well-written sheet. Let me transcribe the letter:

"*My noble little Son:*—They tell me you are wounded and in the hospital; that your father is wounded also. O, how I wish I could come on and see you, but I cannot. Your little brother is only two weeks old, and I am not able to be with you. O, my dear little boy! when I heard how brave you had been, it made me cry for joy. If I had heard you had run away and was frightened, it would have made me feel bad, but I should have said you were only a child. But, child as you were, I am so proud of you that you didn't flinch and give the foe a chance to fire at your back. That would have been dreadful.

"I am very lonesome without my husband and my little boy, but I have given them to the country, and though I may lose them, yet I shall feel that all is right. I do hope God will grant that you may both live. Your grandmother feels very bad, and keeps talking all the time about her little Willie-boy—her little 'baby,' as she always calls you. I hope you will come back home, for her sake.

"My dear boy, keep up a good heart. I hope before Summer comes again this dreadful war will be over. Then you can plant the garden and tend to your little apple-trees, that seem to miss Willie. Perhaps you may have to walk with crutches for a long time, but you may not need them at all—I trust not. Don't forget your prayers, Willie. You have always been a good little boy to me, Willie, and though you left me so young, (you are fourteen, now; a whole year since you first started, and six months since I saw you last,) I am almost certain that you remember the instructions of your mother, and have not let bad soldiers or bad men have influence over you. You told me in your last that the soldiers swore dreadfully. O, dear Willie! uever hear without reproving them. Sometimes they will listen to a little boy like you. Say your prayers always to your Father in heaven, and he will keep you safe in temptation.

"Now, dear Willie, good night. It is getting quite late, and your brother wants me. I wish you could see him. I am going to call him Judson, if your father consents. I hope, if it is allowable, both you and your father may come home, and then I can nurse you with grandmother's help. Grandmother says she would 'codle up' her boy, and so she would—spoil him, I suppose.

"Your father wrote me yesterday. He says he is very comfortable, and hears a good report from you.

"Be kind to your nurses; they have to work very hard, be deprived of their rest, and submit to a great many inconveniences. What they do under the doctor's orders will be for the best, though it may cause you what you would call needless suffering."

I transcribe the whole of this letter because it was the last poor little Willie ever read. After I had finished it I handed it back, with the remark that his mother was a good woman

"I bet she is," he responded, with a boy's characteristic fervor. "I've got her miniature; would you like to see it?"

Of course I assented; and, after another diving under his pillow, the case was forthcoming. A mild and motherly face—could I give it a higher compliment?—returned my curious gaze. In it I read all the devotion that could suffer, aye, die for the objects of its love, and the almost idolatry of that love.

"Have you any sisters?" I asked.

A tiny case from under the same hiding-place answered me. In it was the beautiful child-face of a sweet little girl, some four or five Summers old.

"But how did you keep these through the fight?" I asked.

"O, I did n't do that. I left them with somebody, and did n't expect to see them again; but she brought them here for me to look at."

"Well, Willie, I hope you remember what your mother says about prayer."

"Yes'm, I always pray—everybody ought to pray, well or sick," he said, sighing wearily, as he finished. "O, if I could only see my mother!"

"Perhaps you will, soon, Willie."

"I hope so, ma'am."

"His sweet resignation, plaintive glance and voice made my eyes fill again. I yearned to take him in my arms, to my heart, and tell him that I would be to him as a mother—the dear little drummer-boy!

On the following day an alarming change had taken place in Willie. He lay with eyes partially closed and labored breathing. His leg was frightfully swollen, and even now the doctors were debating whether it would not be best to take off the limb before there was any fatal alteration in the strength of the patient. Everybody seemed interested in the child's recovery; they all loved the little drummer-boy

He waked up while I stood there. His lip grieved. I bent down and heard him whisper, "I don't went them to cut it off." I soothed him as best I could, took my seat by his side, and began to fan him. Once in a while I repeated a little text of Scripture, which I thought he might have learned at Sabbath School, and he seemed to be pleased and to brighten up, as if they were familiar and well-remembered passages. At length he fell asleep again. The surgeons came up, and one of them whispeaed that they had decided not to attempt the amputation—it would be in either case, so bad was the wound and so reduced his strength, certain death.

I thought of the sick father in the hospital—I thought of the sick but hopeful mother at home, and my heart ached. Well, the veins grew bluer and more rigid on the forehead of the little drummer-boy; the eyes, under their falling lashes, duller and darker. He was going very fast, the doctor said. When he awoke he "babbled of green fields," and his last intelligible words were, "Mother, kiss me." Need I add that I bent over the sweet little forehead, now so pale, with the moist rings of yellow hair clinging to it, as his love to the dear ones at home, and pressed a fond, a lingering kiss there, or that the salt tears dropped upon the fair locks? I think not.

So there he laid in his last, long, dreamless sleep, to be forgotten by mother, father and country, never. For deathless as eternity is the memory of all our gallant dead, whether the mound beneath which they sleep be six feet long or four. Heaven holds the soul of little Willie, the drummer-boy of the 19th.

For him the garden at home will never blossom, or the trees that "seemed to miss him" yield their fruit. But the trees that grow in the garden of the Lord, they shall shed healing balms for him throughout all ages.

M. A. D.

Miscellaneous.

Correspondence Between Generals Halleck and M'Clellan.

[OFFICIAL COPY.]

BERKLEY, Va., August 4th, 12 M.

To Major-General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief:

Your telegram of last evening is received. I must confess that it has caused me the greatest pain I ever experienced, for I am convinced that the order to withdraw this army to Acquia Creek will prove disastrous in the extreme to our cause. I fear it will be a fatal blow. Several days are necessary to complete the preparations for so important a movement as this, and while they are in progress, I beg that careful consideration may be given my statement. This army is now in excellent condition; we hold a debouche on both banks of the James River, so that we are free to act in any direction, and with the assistance of the gunboats, I consider our communications as now secure.

We are twenty-five miles from Richmond, and are not likely to meet the enemy in force sufficient to fight a battle, until we have reached fifteen to eighteen miles, which bring us, practically, within ten miles of Richmond. Our largest line of land transportation would be from this point twenty-five miles, but, with the aid of the gunboats, we can supply the army by water during its advance, certainly, to within twelve miles of Richmond. At Aquia Creek, we would be seventy-five miles from Richmond, with land transportation all the way. From here to Fortress Monroe is a march of about seventy miles—for I regard it as impracticable to withdraw the army and its material, except by land. The result of the movement would thus be to march 135 miles to reach a point, now only 25 miles distant, and to deprive ourselves entirely of the powerful aids of the gunboats and water transportation. Add to this the certain demoralization of the army, which would revive the terrible depressing effect upon the people of the North, and the strong probability that it would influence foreign powers to recognize our adversaries; and these appear to me sufficient reasons to make it my imperative duty to urge, in the strongest terms afforded by our language, that this order may be rescinded; and that far from recalling this army, it be promptly reinforced, to make it resume the offensive. It may be said there are no reinforcements available; I point to Gen. Burnside's forces—to those of Gen. Pope. It was not necessary to maintain a strict defence in front of Washington and Harper's Ferry. To those portions of the army of the West, not required for a strict defense there. Here, directly in front of this army, is the heart of the Rebellion. It is here that all our resources should be collected to strike the blow which will determine the fate of this nation. All points of secondary importance elsewhere, should be abandoned, and every available man brought here. A decided victory here, and the military strength of the rebellion is crushed. It matters not what partial reverses we may meet with elsewhere, here is the true defence of Washington. It is here on the bank of the James river that the fate of the Union should be decided. I am clear in my convictions of right—strong in the consciousness that I have ever been, and am still, actuated solely by the love of country; knowing that no ambitious or selfish motives have influenced me from the commencement of this war; I do now what I never did in my life before—I entreat that this order may be rescinded. If my counsel does not prevail, I will, with a sad heart, obey your orders to the utmost of my power; devoting to the movement—one of the utmost delicacy and difficulty, whatever skill I may possess, whatever the result may be; and may God grant that I am mistaken in my forebodings. I shall at least have the internal satisfaction that I have written and spoken frankly, and have sought to do the best in my power to arrest disaster from my country.

[Signed,] GEO. B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General.

[OFFICIAL COPY.]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Washington, D.C., Nov. 23, 1862.

To this Gen. Halleck returned the following reply:

WASHINGTON, August 6, 1862.

To Major-General M'Clellan, Commanding, &c., Berkley, Va.:

GENERAL:—Your telegram of yesterday was received this morning, and I immediately telegraphed a brief reply, promising to write you more fully by mail. You, General, certainly could not have been more pained at receiving my order than I was at the necessity of issuing it. I was advised by a high official, in whose judgment I had great confidence, to make the order immediately on my arrival here, but I determined not to do so until I could learn your wishes from a personal interview; and even after the interview I tried every means in my power to avoid withdrawing your army, and delayed my decision as long as I dared to delay it. I assure you, General, that it was not a hasty and inconsiderate act, but one that caused me more anxious thoughts than any other of my life; but, after a full and mature consideration of all the pros and cons, I was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the order must be issued; there was to my mind no alternative. Allow me to allude to a few of the facts of the case. You and your officers, at our interview, estimated the enemy's forces at and around Richmond at 200,000 men. Since then, you and others report that they have received, and are now receiving, large reinforcements from the South. Gen. Pope's army, now covering Washington, is only 40,000. Your effective force is only about 90,000. You are thirty miles from Richmond, and Gen. Pope is eighty or ninety. With the enemy directly between you, ready to fall with his superior numbers upon one or the other, as he may elect, neither can reinforce the other. In the case of such an attack, if Gen. Pope's army be diminished to reinforce you, Washington, Maryland and Pennsylvania would be left uncovered and exposed; and if your force should be reduced to strengthen Pope, you would be too weak to even hold the position you now occupy, should the enemy turn round and attack you in full force. In other words, the old army of the Potomac is split in two parts, with the entire force of the enemy directly between them, and they cannot be united by land without exposing both to destruction; and yet they must be united. To send Pope's forces by water to the Peninsula is, under present circumstances, a military impossibility. The only alternative is to send the forces on the Peninsula to some point by water, say Fredericksburg, where the two armies can be united. Let me now allude to some of the objections which you have urged. You say that to withdraw from the present position will cause the certain demeralization of the army, which is now in excellent discipline and condition. I cannot understand why a simple change of position to a new and by no means distant base, will demoralize an army in excellent discipline, unless officers themselves assist in the demoralization, which I am satisfied they will not. Your change of front from your extreme right at Hanover Court House to your present position was over thirty miles, but I have not heard that it demoralized your troops, notwithstanding the severe losses they sustained in effecting it. A new base on the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, brings you within sixty miles of Richmond, and secures a reinforcement of forty or fifty thousand fresh and disciplined troops. The change with such advantages will, I think, if properly represented to your army, encourage rather than demoralize your troops. Moreover, you yourself suggested that a junction might be effected at Yorktown, but that a flank march across the Peninsula would be more hazardous than to retire to Fortress Monroe. You will remember that Yorktown is two or three miles further from Richmond than Fredericksburg is. Besides, the latter is between Washington and Richmond, and covers Washington from any attack by the enemy. The political effect of the withdrawal may at first be unfavorable, but I think the public are beginning to understand its necessity, and that they will have much more confidence in a united army than in its separate fragments; but you will reply, "why not reinforce me here, so that I can strike Richmond from my present position?" To do this you said at our interview that you required fifty thousand additional troops. I told you that it was impossible to give you so many. You finally thought you would have some chance of success with twenty thousand, but you afterwards telegraphed to me that you would require thirty-five thousand, as the enemy was being largely reinforced. If your estimate of the enemy's strength was correct, your requisition was perfectly reasonable, but it was utterly impossible to fill it until new troops could be enlisted and organized, which would require several weeks. To keep your army in its present position until it could be so reinforced would almost destroy it in that climate.

The months of August and September are almost fatal to the whites who live on that part of James river, and even after you got the reinforcements asked for, you admitted that you must reduce Fort Darling and the river batteries before you could advance on Richmond. It is by no means certain that the reduction of the fortifications would not require considerable time—perhaps as much as those at Yorktown. This delay might not only be fatal to the health of you army, but in the meantime Gen. Pope's forces would be exposed to the heavy blows of the enemy, without the slightest hope of assistance from you.

In regard to the demoralizing effect of a withdrawal from the Peninsula to the Rappahannock, I must remark that a large number of your highest officers—indeed a majority of those whose opinions have been reported to me—are decidedly in favor of the movement. Even several of those who originally advocated the line of the Peninsula, now advise its abandonment.

I have not inquired, and do not desire to know, by whose advise or for what reasons the Army of the Potomac was separated into two parts, with the enemy between them. I must take things as I find them. I find the forces divided, and I wish to unite them. Only one feasible plan has been presented for doing this. If you, or any one else, had presented a better one, I certainly should have adopted it, but all of your plans require reinforcements, which it is impossible to give you.

It is very easy to ask for reinforcements, but it is not so easy to give them when you have no disposition of troops at your command. I have written very plainly, as I understand the case; and I hope you will give me credit for having considered the matter, although I may have arrived at different conclusions from your own.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,
[Signed,] H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

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