

The Edgefield Advertiser.

"WE WILL CLING TO THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF OUR LIBERTIES, AND IF IT MUST FALL, WE WILL PERISH AMIDST THE RUINS."

EDGEFIELD, S. C., AUGUST 7, 1861.

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SINKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

Selected Poetry.

Home without a Mother.
What is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we meet
When her loving smile no longer
Gleams on our faces?
The days are long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And O! how few are childhood's pleasures,
When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish
Hearts we love, to pass away;
And how soon, 'e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning grey.
Her eyes grow dim, and steps are slow,
Her joys on earth are past,
And before we learn to know her,
She hath breathed on earth her last.

Older hearts may have their sorrows;
Grief that quickly dies away,
But a mother lost in childhood
Grieves that heart day by day.
We miss her kind and willing hand,
Her fond and earnest care,
And O! how dear is life around us—
What's home without a mother there?

Hope On.
When sorrows depress,
And might be low,
Let the leaflets of Autumn
Obey Winter's call;
Though faded and weary,
Let there be a gleam;
For a sweet word of comfort
Is: "Ever hope on."

Weariness, in all ages,
Hears heart on its strength;
"Hope ever" their watchword,
Brought sweet to length.
The days dark and drear,
O'er shadowed the morn,
But then came the sweet words:
"Ever hope on!"

Though prospects be darkest
O'er shadow the view,
And trials and crosses
And all our sorrows press,
Yet we know that by fire
Is the gold tried alone,
And, trusting God's word,
We will ever hope on!

If we bear not a cross,
We will not wear a crown;
So, farewell weeping,
Despair is cast down.
With the Christian's soul-armor
Brave the white hill of war,
Looking upward for courage,
We will ever hope on!

Details of the Great Battle.

We feel that we can give nothing to our readers more welcome than the fullest accounts from various sources of the great battle at Manassas on the 21st July. The following from "L. W. S.," a correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, will be found very interesting:

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
NEAR MANASSAS, July 23. —
More of the battle at Stone Bridge—The onset of Gen. Evans—He is repulsed—The advance of the Second and Eighth Kentucky Regiments—The Pursuit—Our troops at Fairfax—Mourning scenes—Honors of the Field—The President, etc., etc.

I have visited again to-day the scene of conflict, and am able to add still other particulars of that memorable action. Your readers will remember that the battle was begun by a feat at Mitchell's Ford, on the road from Centreville to Warrenton. This, however, was only true in part. To that point the mass of the enemy's immense columns was indeed directed, but that also was another feat. Planting batteries against the force guarding that bridge, he exhibited the purpose to force a crossing; but while seeking to induce that impression, he in fact made a detour of more than a mile above, and further to the west; and when our attention was directed to the bridge they sought to come upon our rear. To Gen. Evans, as I have said, the task of defending the bridge had been committed. He soon detected the enemy's purposes, and advanced to counter-attack them. Under him, as I have said, were the 4th South Carolina Regiment, Col. Sloan, Wheat's Battalion, two guns of Artillery, and a battery of the Washington Artillery, as was at first informed, and two companies of Maryland Cavalry. These he advanced to Sully Ford, but had hardly placed them in position before he saw the enemy in overwhelming masses on his flank, having already crossed. To resist them successfully was beyond a reasonable hope. A portion of his small force had already been detached to defend the bridge, and with the rest, not more than 1100, he could not hope to stand against the accumulated thousands on his left; but he knew that victory or death was the determination for the day; he could at least arrest them, and ordering round his two pieces of artillery, and rapidly throwing forward his forces to the left, in the face of the enemy's batteries, already in position, and of their serried ranks near twenty times his own in number, he advanced to the charge; for a time he was covered by a clump of trees, but passing there he came directly in front of the enemy, within easy distance, and made his charge upon them. The result, of course, could not be questioned. "For one ball of his," there were twenty of the enemy, and there could be no expectation but to be ultimately cut to pieces, but he could sell his forces for their utmost value, and he did. The enemy in fact recoiled from the intense severity of his onset; but recovering, they began to bear him back. General Bee, with his brigade, then came to his support; that again checked the current for an instant. Colonel Barlow then came; that again impeded its resistless progress; but the disparity was still too great. Their forces were driven down to Warrenton Turnpike, then across it, and back to the woods one hundred yards below. When Hampton's Legion came with this charge was made, which drove the enemy back to the road. From this they were able to recover, and drove our forces back in turn; again they rallied and drove

they forced us back again. Jackson and Cooke had also come to maintain the unequal strife, and in the midst of fearful carnage strove to hold their own against overwhelming numbers.

Then it was, whilst the victory wavered in the balance and hope seemed almost gone, that the gallant Second, with Kemper's battery, and the Eighth, of Bonham's Brigade, under a previous and well timed order of General Beauregard, came sweeping everything before them, the foe flying from their deadly fire and fierce charges.

On the other flank Smith, too, marched with four regiments, fresh from the railroad, to the vicinity of the enemy, put them to flight and commenced the pursuit.

Each in turn had met the successive onslaughting columns of the enemy, until at length he had no other retreating column to reliance. The pluck of our men began to tell against even overwhelming numbers. Their batteries, which they had advanced to the eminences east of the Warrenton road and near a mile within the line of battle which we took at first, became the objects of attack. The assault was fearful, but the defence was stern and bloody. From Rickett's battery every horse was killed, and even to-day there lie around the place where it stood the bodies of one hundred of the enemy. It was taken twice, but retaken again; and it was only when the regiments of Cols. Cash and Kershaw had cleared the land to the left that the effort to retake it was abandoned. The guns were turned at once upon the enemy, and helped to drive them from the field. Not far to the right the same tragedy was enacted to the same result. The line of the enemy cut in two at this point—was never formed again. One portion retreated by the Warrenton Turnpike, in the direction of Centreville; the others made again the detour round Mitchell's Ford; but they were driven back to the play of Kemper's Battery was as admirable as is often seen. The road is broad and straight for at least three miles. He planted his battery upon it. He was animated by his utmost skill and power by his sense of wrongs. The enemy, for months, has held and abused his home in Alexandria; and, as he ploughed the road along which they were forced to travel, I fear he did not ask for mercy on the souls of those he sent to their reward.

The regiments of Kershaw and Cash, with Kemper's battery, followed to within a mile of Centreville. The road was strewn with powder, and at the Hanging Bridge, on Col. Bee's creek, they took twenty-one guns, which had become jammed, and which, together with the horses, which they were all too hurried to unhitch, were taken and sent back.

I spoke, last night, of the movement of Generals Jones and Bonham upon the batteries in front of them; but I did not state the full effect of their exertions. They followed on to within sight of Centreville. The enemy had preceded them, and had camped. Alarmed at their approach, he struck his camp again, and he did not stop until far beyond Fairfax. Whether he stopped this side of Alexandria or Washington, does not appear. In his route, he left equipment and baggage, and four of his guns at Centreville, which he had not the spirit, even to attempt to save. The number of guns now taken is reported to be 41, and as a conclusive indication of what is the true import and effect of our action, it may be stated that, yesterday, the Confederate flag was run up at Fairfax. That night the town was in possession of a detachment of our cavalry, and tonight it will be occupied by a force sufficient to hold it.

In further evidence of the demoralization of the enemy, it was stated this morning by a gentleman of official position and character in Alexandria, that he left that town unchanged last night, that he came to our own pickets unprovoked, and that the rumor was the volunteers whose term of service had expired, have resolved to leave; that it is determined to prevent them, and that the regular soldiers are now called out to keep them in subjection. This is probable. In a house to-day where some forty of the wounded enemy lay dying, and where they have since been lying without food or attendance, I met a man who said the coming of our troops was entirely unexpected, and that their term of service having expired, they demanded of their discharge, but were told they must fight the battle, and that then they would be paid. If not willing to fight, they must do it anyhow.

I mentioned yesterday that much depended on the opportune arrival of Col. Esch with his brigade. In reference to the time I was mistaken: his was a portion of the command of Gen. Smith, whose coming, however, was most opportune; and when Gen. Smith was also Col. Esch to command and did not leave his share to secure the victory.

When I entered on the field at 2 o'clock of the day of battle, the scene, as I have mentioned was ghastly; for the battle was undecided and the chances seemed equal to us, but I did not mention all that made it painful. In painful life we are not familiar with the scenes of war, and it has appeared to me, at least, to have been but little suffering from the casualties or combats of life. I had not, therefore, the advantage of familiarity, and just at once I saw a man who I took for a hero of any man. At the first to which I came to, which was just beyond the range of bullets, lay one himself, at least, in every stage of suffering and endurance. One had his leg shot off with a cannon ball, and the other had his arm broken, and he had his jaw shot away. Col. Hampton met us with the appearance of having had a ball in his temple, and he said he had been inside from the others, but he had been to be upon the field again. A few steps farther on I saw a Palmetto boy with his under-jaw shot off at the instant. I met Col. Shingler riding over an ambulance, which, he said, contained the late lamented Gen. Lee. The General lay prostrate, and almost expiring from the wound in his abdomen, which of necessity must prove mortal. A few feet farther still, and there lay the helpless form of my late friend, Col. Johnson.

Other there were—aged men, whose gray hairs proclaimed them sixty and more; boys, whose young hearts yearned, I know, for softer hands and sweeter faces than were around them there. To this spot all had been impelled by the wounded soldiers' constant want of water. The stream, by the constant crossing, was so muddy it was scarcely fluid, but they drank it; and, with the night approaching, through which they must either be under the cold sky or bear the jolting of a journey to Manassas, and without attendance or the certainty of medical attendance, they yet were cheerful, or, if not, enduring. No one added to the sufferings of others by exhibitions of his; and during the time I felt at liberty to stay—for the order came for all able to bear a gun to enter in the ranks for a final stand—I heard no solitary groan from any one.

But of all imaginable scenes of horror the battle field to-day excels. Upon the hills from which the enemy was last driven, still lay the dead they had not time to remove. Some had been buried by our own men, but the task was too repulsive, and the most of them were left upon the bare ground without a roof to shade them, bloated, blackened and rotting in the sun, for birds and insects to devour. And it was scarcely possible not to commiserate the fate of men who had offered up their lives for a country that would not show them the cold charity of care.

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already under rapid headway; and with no serious loss, and after but a short and spirited engagement on the enemy's left, in which the 5th Carolina Regiment suffered to some extent, they returned to their positions.

Of the results of victory I gave an insufficient statement yesterday. About six hundred prisoners have been brought in, and have been sent off to Richmond, including Col. Corcoran, of the Irish Zouaves; Col. Wilcox, of a Michigan Regiment; Ely, member of Congress from New York; the Captain of one of the batteries of artillery; Edward Carrington, who, of Virginia, accepted office under the Federal Government, and about thirty other officers, whose names and distinctions I have not been able to learn. While among the killed was Col. Bumsage, of the Rhode Island Regiment. We also have taken 36 pieces of artillery; six pieces on the field, and 30 on the retreat, where they were jammed in the hurry of movement on a bridge across creek. The hospitals and hospital stores of the enemy fell into our hands. Their dead and wounded, to a great extent, were left upon the bare ground without a roof to shade them, bloated, blackened and rotting in the sun, for birds and insects to devour. And it was scarcely possible not to commiserate the fate of men who had offered up their lives for a country that would not show them the cold charity of care.

From the letters which I send you, the forces of the enemy were stated at 150,000. This is too much, perhaps, but it is certain they met us at the Stone Bridge with at least 50,000—our own was not at that point more than 18,000. They were whipped, therefore, on their own ground, by less than half their force of volunteers who had never been in battle, and whipped with their best troops and regulars at their head.

Just at sundown the 6th South Carolina Regiment, under Col. Wyder, which had come to Manassas in the afternoon, arrived upon the field, and before the battle was quite over, came the splendid troop of cavalry, under Capt. Boykin. Hampton's Legion came in time for a bloody part in the action of the day, but were not able to bring the cavalry or Washington Artillery. Of the members of the artillery company, at least, many were present in the action as infantry, and shared the fortunes of the Legion.

Of the many personal incidents of the battle I have not time to speak to-night. My estimable friend, R. McKay, of Greenville, separated from his company, Capt. Holmes came upon four of the enemy in charge of three of our prisoners whom they had taken, and was unconsciously conscious he was about to add to their number: to be certain of the fact, however, he exclaimed interrogatively, "Prisoners, boys?" A Zouave answered, "We don't know exactly who our prisoners here." "Oh you of course," said McKay, "they had then down, and were marched off to the rear."

Six hours were detached from their company, and came upon a company of the enemy all armed, forty-five in number, demanding a surrender as the best means of avoiding their own capture. The enemy complied, and the six men with swords only marched them in.

Captain Richardson, of Kershaw's Regiment, wounded in the leg, was taken, and while held by four of the enemy, a party of his own company came by and snatched the captives off.

General Beauregard has to-day been created a General of the Confederate Army. A friend in conversation with President Davis yesterday inquired as to the rank of General Beauregard. "Yesterday," said the President, "he was a Brigadier-General." "And to-day?" inquired my friend. "To-day," said the President, "he is a General of the Confederate Army."

I have no certain data upon which to go in estimating killed and wounded, but from the evidence before me, I should say that the killed on our side were 2000; wounded, 1000. Of the enemy, the killed must have been at least 1000, and wounded and prisoners must have diminished their forces 2000 more.

It improves our feelings towards men to fight them; so it is, at least, and so it seemed to be in this case. At the crisis of the fight, when it was doubtful if we would not be whipped, and when men, sinking from their wounds, were coming from a fight in which their friends and relations had been cut to pieces, some three or four prisoners brought rather in the way of being brought to the proposition was made, and I passed them on the way when the fight was going on, and greatly feared that something might be done to shame us, but a few words brought the sufferers to their senses, and the prisoners were spared. In every other instance, however, after the act of battle was over, the feeling was kinder than it could have been before the fight began. I saw the soldiers share their water with them, which they could hardly spare themselves. Many of them were taken and cared for by the very men who shot them, and a friend, passing through the field when the fight was over, passed two wounded men, the one from Georgia, the other from New York. The New York man asked for water, and the wounded Georgian begged my friend for God's sake to give it to him; for that he himself had called upon a soldier from New York for water when his column was in retreat, and thought it was at the risk of his life, he ran to the trench and brought it.

It was in search of water that the New York man, Mr. Wilkes, of the Fourth Regiment, lost his life. He had escaped the perils of the fight, and rode to the camp for a drink of water, when starting back he met a party of the flying enemy who shot him. Colonel Johnson fell the instant he entered into battle. They marched down to take position in the Warrenton Turnpike, and before the Legion had fired a gun he was struck by a ball in the forehead and fell without a word.

If it were necessary to add infamy to the already blackened character of our enemy,

the material for it is in the facts of this engagement. No Christian people could hope to sustain that character, while they leave the killed and wounded of their battles to rot upon the open fields. But the most damning fact is in their firing upon our hospitals, and in the use of our flag. It is attested by thousands, that, in several of their charges, they advanced under the Confederate flag, and assumed the character of friends until within the distance to exhibit how much they were enemies. The greatest mortality among us was when, in this way, they came near enough to make their fire effective.

Of individual experience, there were scarcely any to speak. One had Oakley, from Alabama, taken prisoner, was tied; but, when the enemy was fighting, he cut the cords, found a musket, plunged it in a Zouave, endeavoring to detain him, and started to his friends on the way. On an officer's prospecting, he went up towards him, and when near enough, he ordered him to surrender; the officer did so, and young Oakley bore him in triumph in his hands. He proved to be Col. Corcoran. One of the most obvious features of the battlefield is a group of horses, and the men beside them. The caisson had exploded. Men and horses were all killed, and nearly all together bloated in the sun. The mortality among horses was large; as many as one hundred, at least, may be seen upon the field, and it is of regret for their loss that they were particularly fine ones.

Northern Accounts of the Fight.
We subjoin some highly interesting readings from New York papers on the fight and retreat of the memorable engagement at Manassas, and regret that our space will not allow more copious extracts:

ESTIMATED LOSS.
The New York Herald says: "There can be no longer any doubt about the disastrous nature of the retreat of our army from Bull's Run to Arlington Heights. In killed, wounded and prisoners the loss amounts probably to twenty thousand, including many of the best officers, together with the whole of the splendid artillery." (Overestimated.—Ed. Adv.)

A FRANCIS ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHT.
The N. Y. World's correspondent says: "At this time, near 4 o'clock, I rode forward through the open plain to the creek, where the retreat was being effected by our engineers. The Ohio, Connecticut, and Minnesota regiments were variously posted thereabouts; others in distant portions of the field; all were completely exhausted and partly disarmed: no General of division, except Tyler, could be found. Where were our officers? Where was the foe? Who knew whether we had won or lost?"

The question was quickly to be decided for us. A sudden swoop, and a body of cavalry rushed down upon our columns, near the bridge. They came from woods on the left, and infantry poured out behind them. Tyler and his staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by the quick maneuver.

I succeeded in gaining the position I had just left, and there witnessed the capture of Carlisle's battery in the plain, and saw another force of cavalry and infantry pouring into the road at the very spot where the battle commenced, and near which the South Carolinians, who manned the battery, stood in the morning, had doubtless all day been concealed. The ambulances and wagons had gradually advanced to this spot, and of course an instantaneous confusion and dismay resulted. Our own infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, and got upon the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way.

By the time I reached the top of the hill, the retreat, the panic, the hideous heading confusion were now beyond a hope. I was near the rear of the movement, with the brave Capt. Alexander, who endeavored by the most gallant but unavailing exertions to check the onward tumult. It was difficult to believe in the reality of our sudden reverse. "What does it all mean?" I asked Alexander. "It means defeat," was his reply. "We are beaten; it is shameful, a cowardly retreat! Hold up, men!" he shouted, "don't be such informed cowards! and he took backwards and forwards, placing his horse across the road and vainly trying to rally the running troops. The teams and wagons confused and dismembered every corps. We were now cut off from the advance body by the enemy's infantry, who had rushed on the slope just left by us, surrounded the guns and sutler's wagons, and were apparently pressing up against us. "It's no use, Alexander," I said, "I must leave with the rest." "I'll be damned if I will," was his sullen reply, and he held the road back to make his way as best he could. Meantime I saw officers with leaves and eagles on their shoulder-straps, majors and colonels, who had deserted their commands, pass me galloping as if for dear life.

No enemy pursued just then; but I suppose all were afraid that his guns would be trained down the long, narrow avenue, and now the retreating thousands, and better to pieces army wagons and every thing else which crowded it. Only one field officer, so far as my observation extended, seemed to have remembered his duty. Lieut. Col. Spield, a foreigner, attached to a Connecticut Regiment, strove against the current of a league. I positively declare that, with the two exceptions mentioned, all efforts to check the panic before Centreville were reneared, were confined to civilians. I saw a man in citizen's dress who had thrown off his coat, seized a musket, and was trying to rally the soldiers who came by at the point of the bayonet. In reply to a request for his name, he said it was Washburne, and I learned that he was the member by that name from Illinois. The Hon. Mr. Kellogg made a similar effort. Both these Congressmen bravely stood their ground till the last moment and were serviceable at Centreville in assisting the halt there ultimately made. And other civilians did what they could.

But what a scene and how terrific the onset of that tumultuous retreat. For three miles, hosts of federal troops—all detached from their regiments, all mingled in one disorderly rout—were fleeing along the road, but mostly through the lots on either side. Army wagons, sutler's teams and private carriages, clogged the passage, tumbling against each other, amid clouds of dust, and sickening sights and sounds. Hacks, containing unlucky spectators of the late affray, were smashed like glass, and the occupants were lost sight of in the debris. Horses flying wildly from the battle field, many of them in death agony, galloped at random forward, joining in the stampede. Those on foot who could catch them rode them bare back, as much to save themselves from being run over, as to make quicker time. Wounded men, lying along the banks—the few either left on the field or taken to the captured hospitals, appealed with raised hands to those who rode horses, begging to be lifted behind, but few regarded such petitions. Then the artillery, such as was saved, came thundering along, smashing and overpowering everything. The regular cavalry, I record it to their shame, joined in the mole, adding to its terrors, for they rode down footmen without mercy. One of the great guns was overturned and lay among the ruins of a caisson, as I passed it. I saw an artilleryman running between the ponderous fore and after-wheels of his gun carriage, hanging on with both hands, and vainly striving to jump upon the ordnance. The drivers were spurring their horses; he could not cling much longer, and a more agonized expression never fixed the features of a drowning man. The carriage bounded from the roughness of a steep hill landing to a creek; he lost his hold, fell, and in an instant the great wheels had crushed the life out of him.

Who ever saw such a fight? Could the retreat at Borodino have exceeded it in confusion and tumult? I think not. It did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles' Brigade—formed in order on the left, seemed somewhat to reassure the van. But still the teams and foot soldiers pushed on, passing their own camp, and heading swiftly for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which they had so lately passed southward and flushed with glory with the fragments of the shattered and plundered regiments. From the bridge to Hunter's Division of the flight swollen current (fused) and dis-simulated about at such expense them, out the traces of the...

They were now, in all probability, not less than 150,000 soldiers of the Confederate Army within the limits of our State, and the course of events indicates that, in a few months, we shall have double that number. Very many of these brave men have not the Word of God.

Our colporteurs have found many companies in which two-thirds are destitute of a copy of the New Testament, while in almost every company a considerable proportion have neglected to bring with them this invaluable treasure. There is great anxiety on the part of our soldiers to secure religious reading. In many instances they have called upon clergymen in this city and begged for a supply of Testaments and tracts. But they have, to a large extent, begged in vain, as nearly all our religious literature, including Bibles, Testaments and tracts, has been published at the North, and now we cannot obtain a supply from that quarter. Feeling that the South must build up a Christian literature for herself, and that no foreign goods in this respect can answer her home necessities, we are publishing large editions of tracts in this city, especially adapted to soldiers, and expect soon to bring out an edition of the New Testament.

We have pious, devoted, and experienced colporteurs, who are anxious to be sent into this inviting field, and to gather sheaves unto eternal life. Already thirty are laboring in this capacity under our direction, and their reports are of the most encouraging character. Had we the requisite funds, we could in a few weeks send forth not less than a hundred such laborers. Besides, many of the chaplains are being supplied by us with tracts for general distribution. Thus it will be seen that there is much need of funds, if this most important and interesting work is vigorously prosecuted, and we are solely dependent on the free-will offerings of those who feel interested in such laborers. Our books and tracts, which are such as are approved by all evangelical denominations, are for the most part given away.

There is scarcely another such school of vice on the earth as the encampment, and we must counteract its brutal teachings by the "hook of books, and by volumes and tracts of kindred influence. The leisure of the soldier, if we can secure it for religious reading,

may win him to become as well a soldier of the cross.

In no way can we so effectually show our appreciation of those who are now defending all that is worth living or dying for; in no way so well as the sacred cause of Southern independence, as by surrounding our soldierly with the restraining, sanctifying and ennobling influence of Christianity.

Urged by such convictions, I would most earnestly invite the co-operation of all classes throughout our young "nationality" in this inviting field of Christian enterprise. We need funds with which to publish Testaments and defray the expenses of Colporteurs. Let all who have a mind to help, at once send on whatever they feel inclined to contribute. Address,

A. E. DICKEYSON,
Gen'l Sup't Baptist Colportage,
Richmond, Va.

Papers throughout the South will render us an important service by inserting the above.

The Real and the Conventional Nigger.
The Southern negro is usually a fat, oily, laughing, thoughtless semi-savage. Give him each week his prescribed three pounds of pork, his peck of meal, quart of molasses, (winter) his pound of salt, when he has swamped work his nightly glass of whisky, and he is happy. His fun is buffoonery and practical joking. He is naturally a low order of being. I do not think, with all its faults, that slavery lowers the American negro. Let the plantation black set his deep trap, snare-rocks or wild turkeys, keep his lows and hogs to sell to massa at the big house, kill game for the same purpose, work moderately, and in spare time grow enough cotton to make up a bale a year, let him look after his garden, and he will be (if the overseer is kind) one of the most careless and happy creatures in the wide world. Give the blacks in addition, on certain feast days, "a regular break down" ball, and they are happier beings than half England, with all its freedom and religion, could furnish. I am not saying this to defend slavery, but I say it because I think much willful and dangerous nonsense is talked about the slave, whom Mrs. Stowe represents as perpetually praying in chains, weeping or being whipped. I should rather draw slaves with more truth, as always idling, laughing, or eating; and considering that they are fed and clothed, have no taxes or other civic cares, and are free from all the ills and miseries of the white man, why they should be so discontented, is beyond me.

Yesterday two ladies could be seen, with their hoes in hand, weeding corn, as such work is very necessary at this time. One of them informed me that she weeded about 2,500 hills, and that her sister was "too much for her" at weeding corn! What will the husband say when he hears that his wife is weeding corn? What will Virginians say? and what will the entire South say?

What prospect is there for "subjugation"? Is a man to be frightened by Abe Lincoln, when the ladies act thus? Call for millions of men; so call for millions of dollars, and when there is no man to fight on his armor for freedom, women will meet the hirchings of Yankeeedom, and cause them to kneel and call for mercy.

I have only written a few lines, that you may insert it in your paper, to give to our sisters in the South what Virginia ladies are doing. I am not a writer for newspapers.

P. S.—The above lady will continue to weed corn till the crop is well over. She wrote her husband word that she had eleven hands in the field.

Gen. Scott's Columns.—It may not be generally known to this community that within forty feet of one of the batteries now being erected for the defense of Richmond, two children of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, lie buried. We refer to the fortifications being thrown up on Mr. Mayo's plantation, immediately southeast of the city, and commanding James River. When we reflect upon Virginia's relations to Gen. Scott, and Scott's relations to Virginia—that he was born and reared upon her maternal soil, and married one of her daughters, that his nearest relatives in the world are among her citizens and fighting for her defence—that children of his own flesh and blood, and as we fear we cannot say of his love, lie buried beneath her soil; when we recollect the honors that Virginia in her pride has shown him, and the countless kindnesses her citizens have showered upon him; it almost surpasses human credulity to believe that he could have turned the infamous ingrate and traitor that he is. If there is a tender emotion or feeling of love in his nature, would he not naturally turn to the graves of his children? Alas! his long connection with the Yankees and Yankeeedom, has corrupted his nature, and he now stands, one of them by adoption, a violator of his allegiance to his native State, and a betrayer of his country.—Richmond Dispatch.

A Methodist and Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down and prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose, the Quaker observed— "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

"Thomas, spell weather," said a school-master to one of his pupils.

"W-e-t-h-e-r, weather," "this is the worst spell of weather we have had since Christmas—had as the season has been."

long gone; even the hospitals were nearly deserted, all who could limp having started forth with crutches and canes. The rebel soldiers were passing through the town, and apparently endeavoring to ascertain in which way they could best succeed in cutting off the stragglers. I do not know, however, that any serious attempt to do this was made.

The road from Centreville to Fairfax was thick with the debris of the retreat. Baggage wagons were overturned and the horses lying dead and dying. Guns, ambulances, stores of provisions, were strewn everywhere. At Fairfax Court House the inhabitants were plundering our deserted baggage. Toward Arlington the evidence of the disgraceful retreat continued.

A correspondent of the Baltimore American, says:

Enough has been gathered, however, and from reliable sources, to render it certain that the battle was most bloody, not in its general result, but in the character of its individual conflicts. In some instances the conflict is said to have been carried with hand-to-hand desperation, entrenchments being lost and won again at the point of the bayonet, and in one instance at least, at the point of the knife. Thus the Second Michigan are said to have been driven out of a small battery which had been entered by a desperate bayonet charge by a regiment—of Mississippians it is supposed—armed with rifles without bayonets, and with bowie-knives, one of which, captured by a member of the Second Michigan, and triumphantly exhibited by its captor, was in size and weight not much unlike a sabre-bayonet.

An officer of the desperate character of the attack and of the repulse, that the third battery attacked during the day by them, and defended, as was ascertained from two youthful prisoners, by a regiment of South Carolinians, was taken and retaken at the point of the bayonet eight times in succession, the Carolinians at last retaining possession of the work by the aid of a fourth battery which was unmasked at the critical period of the fight.

A Confederate soldier and a member of a Wisconsin regiment were found upon the field locked in a deadly embrace, the former clutching the hair of his antagonist, in whose breast his bayonet was found buried to its hilt.