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From the 5th Vt. Regiment.

[The following extract from a private letter from a member of Company K, 5th Vermont, will be found to contain many things of interest, although relating to a battle of not very recent date.]

CAMP 5TH Vt. REG'T.,
Stratford Village, Oct. 24, 1864.

"Early Wednesday morning, Gen. Earley made an attack on the 8th and 19th corps, which were encamped about two miles in advance of ours; and before the troops had time to collect their senses, they were completely flanked by the enemy. By the time we had got out of bed, as many of the 8th and 19th corps as had escaped being taken prisoners came rushing back through our camp in great disorder. As fast as our corps got packed up they moved out to where the bloody work had commenced.—Our Regiment deployed as skirmishers and moved forward to the left of the line. We soon became engaged with their cavalry, which was working around our left. It was a foggy morning, which greatly prevented us from ascertaining the position of the enemy. We skirmished with their cavalry, driving them gradually back until we had got up quite close to where their lines of battle lay in wait, when a terrific shower of musketry opened on both sides. It now became evident that they had obtained a strong position, and the good supply of artillery which they had just taken from the 8th Corps, enabled them to hold us in check. We kept up a continuous fire until our trains had all reached a place of safety, then the whole line was ordered to fall back, which we did in a hurry—they following us up and giving us volley after volley as they came. We fell back about a half a mile and then formed again, and held them in check nearly an hour. They now used their artillery at the best advantage.

It was here that Gen. Bidwell of the 3rd Brigade, 2d Div., was knocked from his horse by a shell, and mortally wounded. He had just rode up, and been consulting with Gen. Grant who was standing a little back of our company, the Gen. had just turned his horse to go, when a shell hit him in the left shoulder taking out the whole back part of the shoulder and back. Four men were immediately called for from our company to carry him off of the field, of whom I was one. We placed him on a piece of a tent, and before we had hardly time to raise him up, the whole line gave way, and fell back. They told us to throw away our guns and get him off at all hazards. You can have some idea of our task and critical position, when I tell you he was a man who weighed over 200 lbs., and that we had only a little shelter tent on which to carry him nearly a mile as fast as we could travel, with shot and shell playing around our heads like hail-stones and with hardly time to get breath until we were where our corps had again formed a line, here an ambulance was in waiting. We got him into that and he was carried to Doretown to the hospital, but only to breathe his last. He was well aware that he could not live, as he said when we were carrying him off, that he was hurt inwardly and found it difficult to get his breath. He was a brave Gen. and will be greatly missed by a large body of the men that have fought under him during this campaign. Gen. Grant had his horse wounded at the same time, and was obliged to leave him on the field. One of his aids was also wounded. The same shell that killed the Gen., took off Capt. Orr's left arm. Capt. Orr is from Pawlet, and is a Capt. in the 77th N. Y.

We fell back still further, about half a mile from the village of Middletown, where we were ordered to halt and form a line, and this by order of Gen. Sheridan. It was supposed that he was well on his way to Petersburg, but it appears that he had only got as far as Winchester, and hearing of the great battle in progress hastened back in time to save the army from retreating to Bolivar Heights, and turn the tide of battle. We halted, and threw up a little protection of rails; and who should come riding up the lines but Gen. Phillip Sheridan at the rate of 40 knots an hour. Such a cheering as went up along the whole line I never before heard. He was better than 1000 reinforcements at that critical moment. After he had got them all into position he said as he rode along, "Boys, we are going to

drive them, you are going to camp on the same ground that you did last night," and we did. About three o'clock everything was ready for a forward movement. We advanced slow but sure, until we had reached a stone-wall that was within good shot, behind which they lay concealed. We halted behind this and commenced firing, our artillery playing rapidly at the same time. I suppose they made up their minds that something new had taken place, and that they had something else to fight besides the 8th and 19th corps. They had been told by their Generals that morning that that was all the force that remained in the valley, as the 6th corps had gone to Petersburg. As they commenced to fall back from behind their wall, we rushed over ours and with a yell we followed them on a "double quick" clear to Cedar Run. It had now become so dark that we did not proceed any farther, but the cavalry rushed ahead, crossed the creek and charged on their train which they had just got across, capturing over 70 wagons and an immense number of prisoners, and followed them all night, and the next day they had got ahead of their column at Edinburg, cutting off nearly 2000 prisoners, taken back all the artillery that the 8th corps had lost, making in all about 60 pieces. They also captured many stands of colors, and a great amount of ammunition and hospital stores.

It proved to be a splendid victory, instead of a disgraceful retreat as many supposed it would be in the morning. I hardly think that old Earley will think it advisable to attack again so early in the morning.

Our Patriot Dead.

The following touching remarks occur in the recent speech of S. P. Chase at Cincinnati:

"And there is many a young man sleeping calmly beneath the southern sod, wept over by a northern mother. When did you ever see a northern mother sorry that she had given her son to the republic? I have seen many children's mothers. It is only a few days since I was in Massachusetts, when I was at the place where old Israel Putnam, the wolf hunter, was born. They showed me the room in which the old man was born, and it was interesting to think that I stood there upon the spot where such a man came into life. But I heard something far more interesting than that. A young man of the same blood, some sixteen years of age heard of the firing on Fort Sumter. His youthful ardor was kindled. He was sleeping in the room of the old general, and caught the spirit of his ancestor, and in the moonlight nights he would sit outside and carve with his penknife a sword of wood. They showed it to me. On one side he had engraved 'Not to be drawn without justice; not to be sheathed without honor.' On the other side he had engraved 'Death to traitors.' And his youthful heart so burned within him, that when the second call was made for troops, May, 1861, his ardor could not be restrained; he enlisted and went forth to fight the battles of his country, and passed through almost every battle field from Ball's Bluff to the seven days before Richmond, and there, mortally wounded, he fell down to die. I saw his aged parents—his young sister. There was not one of them that did not rejoice that if he was to die, he was to die in defense of the Union and his country. (Loud cheers.)

Are we to confess that all of this blood has been shed for a failure? (Cries of 'No, No.' 'No, never!') Hallowed be every grave in which a soldier sleeps. (Amen and cheers.) Honored and beloved forever, the mother who bore them and sent them forth for their country's cause. (Loud cheering.) And we will not desert them. (Cries of 'Never and cheers!')

We have passed through the time of trouble, and now light beams upon us; we already see its dawning. The victories we have recently achieved, in my judgement, and confident hope, usher in the glorious day when the rebellion will have been suppressed throughout our land, and freedom and Union everywhere restored to us.—(Cheers.) The cause cannot be deserted by such men as I see before me to-night. You will stand by it, you will take your part in the glory and honor of having contributed to the success of our armies in the field and to the establishment of our cause at the ballot-box, by inspiring every soldier with new zeal and ardor, and communicating new vigor and new energy to the administration charged with the duty of administering the war."

Heroism in Common Life.

Common life is a true and perfect sphere for heroism. There are, in the life of every family, things that are magnificent and worthy of poetry and history, and that will be chanted in the other life. There are things in the experience of every household that are essentially heroic, connected with the conduct of parents towards their children, and of the children towards their parents, and of the children towards each other. They are not famous, they are not wide-spread; but if you measure heroism by the moral quality, by the motive, you will find cradle side heroism and bed side heroism, heroisms of distress and poverty, which are as eminent as any heroism that ever was on the battle-field or in the council chamber. Yes, and ten thousand times more so, because they are accompanied with less excitement and prospects of sympathy and remuneration. Fox in the dull night, alone—oh, alone! as the longest striking of the clock alone; at its shortest stroke, alone; at its double stroke, alone; at three and four in the morning, alone; with a sick babe and no one to succor, sits the child of fortune, cultured, exquisite in taste and sensitive in every moral feeling as an angel. At last the longed-for sound, now hated, of the foot-steps of him for whom she waits, comes to her ear; and some miserable dispirited creature wakes the night and comes, rude and red and round, stumbling into the room; and she with every feeling barrowed, with every taste offended, and her whole nature ached, revolts. Yet, it was the first love, the only love, it was the husband of her youth, it was hers; and she turns to forget her revolting and her shrieking, to meet him, to quiet him, to lead him to his disgraceful bed, to put him to sleep, to kneel while he snores in his drunken slumber, and amid tears, and prayers, and heart-breaking and anguish, like another angel of God to him, to implore mercy for him, and not her own father knows it; nor her own father knows it; no companion knows it. With her own life she is hiding his deformity. Now do you tell me that there is heroism like this on battle-fields or in council-chambers.

And society is full of heroes of love and domestic fidelity. Thousands of them are unknown on earth. They march in ranks and battalions, so that we speak of them in terms of multitude as drunkards' wives. All those that, under such circumstances, lift themselves up above the ordinary line of human conduct, are heroic. And God waits for them and heaven is homesick for them. Oh, how they will shine there! Perchance, as you see them going through the street, neck and patient, their dress growing more and more rusty, you smile pityingly, and say, "they are poor drunkards' wives; they were promising ones, but they have gone down, down, down, and now they are nowhere." I beg your pardon, they have not gone down, they have been going up. And when you rise with all your wealth and learning and genius, and stand in heaven, having escaped damnation so as by fire, you may stand lowest, and see them as far above you as the stars to-night are above your heads. For the last shall be first, and the lowest shall be the highest.—*Decher.*

Lord Kenyon has left a great and well earned name; yet he indulged many peculiarities of opinion, say, many strong prejudices, which worked injustice. His parsimonious meanness in dress, equipage, and style of living was proverbial; and his fondness for introducing supposed quotations from the classics, ludicrously misunderstood, was so inveterate as to provoke the rebuke of George III. "Pray, my lord, keep to your good law, and give us no more of your bad Latin." In an amusing miscellany he is represented as addressing the jury—"Having thus discharged your consciences, gentlemen, you may retire to your homes in peace, with the delightful consciousness of having performed your duties well, and may lay your heads on your pillows, and say 'Aut Caesar nullus.'" In Coleridge's *Table Talk* he is stated to have said—"Above all, gentlemen, need a name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the Apostle."

Weddings.—These interesting events are thus classified by a contemporary: "A 'honey wedding' is when you start in wedded life. A 'wooden wedding' is the tenth anniversary, when five little ones makes everything look wooden—to some folks. A 'silver wedding' comes on the twenty-fifth anniversary, when the 'old man's' pile begins to swell, and his hair is growing silvery. A 'golden wedding' comes on the fiftieth anniversary of the match, when riches become solid gold, and the golden days of enjoyment pass by. A 'diamond wedding' must come on the seventy-fifth anniversary, for no one goes up to the 100th in this climate; then all is sparkling—in the future; and that is about the last of it, on earth.

A Glorious Death.

The brigade cavalry which was raised for General Buford is called the finest one in the army. After his death the command was assigned to Col. Lowell, as a compliment for his service; and he acquitted himself in it so as to command the admiration of the officers and men. Gen. Sheridan was so struck with his efficiency that he urged the President to make him a Brigadier General, and the commission had been issued. He had always exposed himself wherever he could render any service, leading his men and fighting often like a private soldier. But in this campaign of thirty days his exposure had been very great; twelve horses had fallen under him, one of them struck in several places, and his clothes had been riddled with balls; yet he had not been touched.

His first wound was received about one o'clock on the day of Cedar Creek, from a spent ball which struck him in the breast. The concussion of the lungs was so great as to cause anxiety. Gen. Torbet urged that he should be carried from the field; but this he resisted. Though his voice could only be raised to a whisper "he hoped to lead in the final charge" and so he did. He was carried to the rear and a little parapet of earth thrown up to shield him; and he lay there motionless for two hours, having exacted a promise that he should be told when the charge was ordered.—This came at three o'clock. He was then raised up and placed upon his horse, and for a time seemed to receive a new life. He rode to the front, amid the cheers of the men, and took the command which had devolved on Lieut. Col. Caspar Crowninshield.—His clear voice was gone, but all saw by the waving of his sword, and by his eye, what he meant. He whispered the orders to his officers, and they were passed along the lines.

It was half an hour before the bugle sounded the grand charge. Then his strength rose with the occasion; he threw into his whole life; it was to him "the final charge," and to many other brave men. A ball pierced him from shoulder to shoulder, and laid on a shelter tent, he was carried from the field. Though paralyzed, he remained conscious, and gave minute directions about the business of his command. He dictated letters and sent loving messages to his young wife, his parents and friends, and, having finished all, he lay quietly as if expecting death. No doubt he was prepared for it, for the whole of his brief life had been spent in the performance of his duty. Few men have combined so much learning and so much virtue, with so strong a love of country.—*Boston Journal.*

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The rebel raider Wheeler is only 20 years old and very small. He is a "dwarf" man. At a ball in Cambridge, Pa., just before the war, he got light, and becoming aware that the ladies were turning up their noses at him, he soliloquized thus: "Wheeler, you're drunk! Wheeler, you're drunk! Wheeler, you're drunk! Wheeler, you're drunk! Wheeler, you're drunk!" and he did.

"Will you give me them pennies now?" said a big new-boy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No, I won't." "Pound away, Me and Dr. Franklin agrees. Dr. Franklin says, take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Two rebels who have been placed at adjoining posts on the picket line both awoke, and met at Gen. Dyer's headquarters. Both expressed surprise at seeing one another, and then comes the explanation: "Why, Jim, I was watching you all the time for a chance to slip away!" "And I was watching you, Mike, for my chance."

A Terrible Instance of Rebel Atrocity.

The following "first-rate notice" of Col. Thomas of the 8th Vt.:

At the late battle of Oct. 19, the two brigades of the 1st division, 19th army corps, was commanded by Col. Stephen Thomas of the 8th Vt. veteran volunteers, of which officer it would be impossible to speak in terms of too much praise. To his indomitable courage and coolness may be attributed the splendid discipline and fighting of the 24 brigade on that morning, when, under a terribly enflaming fire of the enemy, they gallantly maintained the left of the 1st division line.

Col. Thomas is a Vermonter, with all the characteristics of a Green Mountain boy; was a prominent Democrat anterior to the rebellion, and a candidate upon the gubernatorial ticket of his party in 1860. He nobly sacrificed party to principle at his country's call, and his led his brave regiment through many battles, from Fort Hudson to this "added hour of victory" in the valley of the Shoum-doh. His speech to his regiment just before a gallant charge at the late battle of Winchester is characteristic of the man:

"Boys! if any of you are in the habit of praying—and I hope you all are—the time to pray has come. Pray now, and pray devoutly! Remember Ethan Allen and Vermont, and we will drive the enemy to hell—where he belongs! It is necessary to add that the 8th Vt. and the 12th Conn. in the grand charge of that day, nobly verified the words of Col. Thomas, who led both regiments."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.—The following is the "professional" advice of an examining judge to a lawyer on admission:

"Sir, it would be idle to trouble you further. You are perfect; and I will dismiss you with a few words of advice, which you will do well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of civil law, never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress. Carry out this principle, sir, and you are safe. Never say 'boo' to a goose when she has the power to lay golden eggs. Let your face be long, your bills longer. Never put your hands into your own pocket when anybody's else is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use and don't trouble it with other men's matters.—Plaster the judge, and butter the jury. Look as wise as an owl, and be as officious as a town clock. But above all, get money; honestly if you can, my dear sir, but get money. I welcome you to the bar."

THE CONTINENT AN ICEBERG.—Prof. Agassiz in the Atlantic Monthly, comes to the conclusion that the continent of North America was at one time covered with ice a mile in thickness. The proof is that the slope of the Alleghany range of mountains are glacier-worn on the very top, except a few points which were above the level of the ice mass. Mount Washington, for instance, is over 6000 feet high, and the rough, unpolished surface of the summits, covered with fragments just above the level at which glacier marks come to an end, tell us that it lifted its head alone above the desolate waste of ice and snow. In this region, then, the thickness of the sheet could not have been less than 6000 feet, and this is in keeping with the same kind of evidence in other parts of the country; for wherever the mountains are much below 6000 feet, the ice seemed to have passed directly over them, while the few peaks rising on the heights are left untouched. The glacier, he argues, was God's great plow, and when the ice vanished from the face of the land, it left it prepared for the land of the husbandman.

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