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### CAVALRY SONG.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Draw your girths tight, boys.
This morning we ride,
With God on the right, boys,
To saddle to our side.
Where the balls patter,
Where the shot shatter,
Where the shell scatter
Red death far and wide.

Pause not to think, boys,
Of mothers in tears:
Quaff this drink, boys,
Let's toss to our dears:
Then off for the battle,
The mad charging battle,
The cannon's fierce rattle,
The victors' wild cheers!

Look to your arms, boys,
Your friends tried and true:
How the blood warms, boys!
The foe is in view!
Forward! break cover!
Ride through them! ride over
Them! baptize the clover
With blood as with dew.

### I CAN'T DO WITHOUT A PAPER.

What! do without a paper? No,
I've tried it to my sorrow:
So, to subscribe for one I'll go,
Nor wait until to-morrow.
Should lovers drown or hang themselves,
Or cut other foolish caper,
I never get to hear of it,
I do not take the paper.

Why, there's my neighbor, old John Stout,
He always hears the news,
And having news to talk about,
He never gets the "blues."
While others yawn in ennui,
His mind is light as vapor!
The cause is plain to half an eye,
He always takes the papers.

While neighbor Stout hears all the news,
And knows the current price,
And always minds his P's and Q's,
'Is taking good advice.
I cannot tell the price of calves,
Of poultry, coffee, tape, or
Any kind of merchandise,
Because I take no paper.

Though I have studies, which require
Much time and mental labor,
Yet I can spare a little time,
As well as Stout my neighbor:
Though time is precious, I can use
A longer midnight taper,
And thus take time to "read the news,"
Therefore I'll take the paper.

### THE THREE WEEPERS.

Sorrow weeps!
And drowns its bitterness in tears:
My child of sorrow,
Weep out the fullness of thy passionate grief,
And drown in tears
The bitterness of lonely years.
God gives the rain and sunshine mild,
And both are best, my child!

Joy weeps!
And overflows its banks with tears:
My child of joy,
Weep out the gladness of thy pent-up heart,
And let thy glistening eyes
Run over in their ecstacies:
Life needeth joy, but from on high
Descends what cannot die!

Love weeps!
And feeds its silent life with tears!
My child of love,
Pour out the riches of thy yearning heart,
And, like the air of even,
Give and take back the dew of heaven:
And let that longing heart of thine
Feed upon love divine!

*Horatius Bonar.*

ANOTHER "BEAR" KILLED.—Some bears having made a raid on the sheep in Johnson, a citizen of that town set a trap to catch one of the marauders. The following morning he went to the trap and was greatly elated on discovering that his game was "bagged."—He immediately brought up his gun and shot the animal dead on the spot. But alas! how often do appearances deceive us.—On close examination the animal proved to be a sheep of his own flock, which had the misfortune to belong to the colored race.—*News dealer.*

# The Caledonian.

VOLUME 28—NO. 20 | ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1864. | WHOLE NUMBER 1424

## A National Thanksgiving.

*By the President of the United States of America,*

**A Proclamation.**

It has pleased Almighty God to prolong our national life another year, defending us with His guardian care against unfriendly designs from abroad, and vouchsafing to us in His mercy many and signal victories over the enemy who is of our own household. It has also pleased our Heavenly Father to favor as well our citizens in their homes as our soldiers in their camps and our sailors on the rivers and seas with unusual health. He has largely augmented our free population by emancipation and by immigration, while he has opened to us new sources of wealth, and has crowned the labor of our working men in every department of industry with abundant reward. Moreover, He has been pleased to animate and inspire our minds and hearts with fortitude, courage and resolution sufficient for the great trial of civil war, into which we have been brought by our adherence, as a nation, to the cause of freedom and humanity, and to afford to us reasonable hopes of an ultimate and happy deliverance from all our dangers and afflictions.

Now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart the last Thursday in November next, as a day which I desire to be observed by all my fellow-citizens, wherever they may then be, as a day of thanks-giving and prayer to Almighty God, the beneficent Creator and Ruler of the universe, and I do further recommend to my fellow-citizens aforesaid, that on that occasion they do reverently humble themselves in the dust, and from thence offer up penitent and fervent prayers and supplications to the Great Disposer of events for the return of the inestimable blessings of peace, union, and harmony throughout the land which it has pleased him to assign as a dwelling-place for ourselves and our posterity throughout all generations.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States, to be affixed

Done at the city of Washington, this 20th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1864, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-ninth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President: WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

## "Cast Him Out!"

A friend of mine, a beautiful girl, at an early age was left an orphan. A demon, in the form of an artist man, led her into sin by insidiously undermining her religious belief, and finally, by the aid of many lies and promises, effected her ruin. It was not all at once that she plunged into the abyss to rise no more. Even after her fair fame had come to be questioned, there were struggles to resist the threatening degradation. I can see it now as I look back over her terribly short history, how her young nature recoiled from the darkness; how she trembled as she came near the brink of the precipice. Oh, how vividly come to mind her naive appeals for sympathy and protection!

But the evil report had gone forth, and wherever she turned she found the doors of society closed against her. Mothers warned their children not to have anything to do with "that creature;" they themselves treated her coldly, her employers turned her away, and she, a poor, motherless, heart-broken thing, was left to the serpent wiles of the villain who betrayed her!

It was a season of revival: she looked for help to the church of God. It was the last struggle of a drowning soul. The truth, as preached by a godly evangelist, took root in the heart of the sin-burdened wanderer. She wept and prayed, arose for prayers, and put herself in the way of Christians; but the church turned its back on her, gathered up its pharisaical robes as the sinner came weepingly along, and then, filled with horror and despair, by the advice of the world, who had done all this wrong, and so savagely driven there for shelter, she entered one of the haunts of vice and woe common in the great city.

What became of the fiend in human form who had dragged her down from her high estate of beauty, innocence, and happiness? Did the earth open and swallow him up? Did he swing for his crime, a just spectacle for heaven and earth to gaze at and be glad? Did decent men and women chase him from their presence as they would a cannibal murderer?

How it made my cheeks tingle, and my heart throb with indignation, when I saw, a few evenings since, that loathsome monster in the center of a group of respectable ladies, receiving their attentions!

Yes, I saw the dastardly wretch who had perjured his soul with false vows, who had received a large sum from the proprietor of the den for the new victim, and who mainly made his living by decoying young girls to places of infamy and selling them, petted and flattered by young ladies and prudent mothers—his ill-gotten money blinding them to his iniquities.

Shame! shame on such for their endurance of such vileness and crime. Take care, or my friend's soul may be required at your hand! Will you spare the lamb torn and mangled by the fierce wolf, and pet the wolf? Dare you caress the fair being bitten by the serpent, while you caress the deadly reptile?

The highwayman and murderer are far better than the brute who can commit such a wrong. What are the laws that they do not stop his course? Scorn him, woman! Society, cast him out! Point the finger of shame at him wherever he goes, that it may tell him of that deed, worse than theft or murder. Despise, loathe, shun him!

Oh, my lost friend! Once so graceful, so winning, so joyous! Would that I could lift you up again to life and hope. But it is too late, too late.

Pitying Saviour, look down upon her with compassion, and let her not be lost at last!—*Tract Journal.*

## A Lesson for Bank Clerks.

MR. BULLION'S REVENGE.

It is very true, said Mr. Bullion, that a stranger often meets me with great rudeness in city banks. The clerks are too apt to imagine that every man is by profession a man of business who happens to have any dealings with them: they will let him stand for half an hour before telling him what desk to apply to: and, even when addressed, they will scarcely vouchsafe him an answer. But the clerks in other banking establishments are quite polished gentlemen compared with some with whom I myself have had dealings in the Bank of England. No worrying by stupid people can excuse such contemptuously indifference for the difficulties of others, or snappish replies to genuine enquiries as I have witnessed there. But worst of all is conduct of this kind when the bank-clerk does not even possess the trumpery knowledge which begets his impertinence. The other day I went up to town to get my dividends. The clerk at whose desk I made my application tendered me the proper document, as usual, but added, as he did so: "Well, is that all you want?"

"Yes: thank you," said I, for I have always been a civil-spoken person, I hope, whether a clerk or partner.

"Much *you* know about your own affairs," replied the officer gruffly. "You've got last year's dividends to draw."

"No," said I, "you are mistaken there."

"*Am* I?" returned he contemptuously. "And there's the year before that, too, you wiseacre. What is the good of a fellow like you pretending to do business?"

He tossed me over the other papers, and I filled them up as usual. I was perfectly well aware that the man was wrong, but the combination of ignorance and insolence in him tickled my fancy.

"Well," said I humbly, "I suppose these are all I am to have, at all events?"

"Well, then, you suppose wrong," sneered the dividend clerk. "Go over to that gentleman at yonder desk, and tell him what has happened here, and ask him whether he has got any thing for you.—Why, you're a mere baby."

I thought to myself: "If you were in the house of Bullion & Co., my young friend, I'd read you a lesson about politeness to your master's customers, that you wouldn't forget in a hurry," but I did as I was told without reply.

The dividend clerk to whom I was referred regarded me as though I had been a black beetle. "What's the use of people of your sort coming to a place like this?" he asked. "You're from the country, I suppose?—Ah, I though. So. Why don't you get a lawyer to do your business for you, and not take up our time in this ridiculous manner? Why, you've got five years' dividends to receive: you know no more about your property than an Ojibbeway."

"I don't think I have any back dividends to receive at all," said I: "but when I get home I'll look at my banker's book."

"Banker's book!" repeated the official, sardonically: "you should buy a horn book first, and study your A B C."

To make a long story short, I went back to my hotel with a great deal of money thrust upon me by these good gentlemen of the Bank of England, to which I had no more right than you have: and having referred to my banker's book, just for form's sake, although I was quite sure of the fact, I wrote to one of the principal officials in Threadneedle street, to let him know what had happened.

Conceive my indignation, sir, at receiving a reply, couched in the most insolent terms, and directing me to repair to the bank at a certain hour the next day, to refund those moneys of which I had improperly possessed myself.

I don't think that I was ever made so angry before in all my life. I wrote back a reply which I flatter myself the principal official was not in the habit of receiving. I let him know who I was, and I also favored him with my opinion of the manner affairs were conducted at his little establishment. I concluded by stating that, so far from repairing to the bank myself, I should require any person concerned in rectifying the stupid mistake of his subordinates to be at my hotel the succeeding day, between the hours of one and two, when I should be at home: but at no other time would I receive them.

Accordingly, the two bank clerks, with a crib full of dividend books, came to see me lunch, and hear my lecture upon politeness and accuracy: and I hope it did them good.

These remarks of Mr. Bullion were made some years ago: but partly from the fact that his observations are always delivered with great *aplomb*, as though he were dropping gold, and partly from the unusual circumstance that we happened to agree with one another upon the matter in question, I had not forgotten the particulars of the adventure above described, when I met my friend the other day in the Poultry.

"Well, my dear sir," said I, "I trust that the Bank of England has been putting no slight upon you lately."

"I have not given them an opportunity, sir, since that dividend day," returned Mr. Bullion, purpling with indignation at the mere reminiscence: "but I daresay they are as ignorant of their business as ever. Well, we're close by the place: let us try."

"Try what?" asked I aghast. "You have got no dividends to draw."

"No, but I have got a five-pound note to get changed." Mr. Bullion pulled out a roll of them that made my mouth water as a hungry man's might after another sort of roll. "I daresay they'll make some stupid objection. Come along." I could not surmise what was about to happen: but I confess I was greatly gratified at being associated with the great Bullion upon such an enterprise; just as one might feel honored at being appointed second (or still more, to hold the stakes) in an encounter between Lord Overstone and Baron Rothschild.

We entered the great Temple of Mammon, and Mr. Bullion tendered his five-pound note at the mahogany altar.

The officiating flamen gave it one searching scrutiny, and shoveled out the five sovereigns upon the counter.

"I suppose that it is a good one," observed Mr. Bullion quietly.

With a swift sweep of his practiced fingers, the clerk regained possession of the gold, and regarded us with mingled aversion and dismay.

"What do you mean?" said he, re-examining the note, and this time with elaborate care.

"I suppose it *is* a good one," repeated Mr. Bullion.

"Well, I don't see anything the matter with it: but you must put your name on the back."

"O dear, no," returned my friend decisively: "I should not think of doing that. Why, how do you know I can write?"

"Ah, you can write well enough," said the clerk impatiently. "Come none of your tricks. If you do not put your name upon it, you shall not have your change."

"My name is upon it," returned Mr. Bullion gravely.

"I don't see it," replied the clerk, holding the note up to the light. "I can see nothing on the back at all.

"It's on the front, my good friend: Or Bearer. My name's Bearer as far as you are concerned. I shall write nothing else upon that note."

"Then you won't get your change," rejoined the official.

"Very good, my friend," returned Mr. Bullion, taking out his huge gold watch and placing it upon the counter. "I give you ten minutes to make up your mind upon that point. If I do not receive my money by sixteen minutes after two precisely, I bring my action against your employers, the governor and company of the Bank of England. They will have to show cause why they shall not be declared bankrupts. I again tender you this note signed by them. Do you intend to refuse payment?"

The spectacle of determination and impassivity afforded by Mr. Bullion might have moved firmer minds than that of the unfortunate bank clerk. He murmured something about consulting the head of his department, and disappeared within the interior of the building. We remained the center of an admiring commercial crowd, the majority of whom, I believe, imagined us to be a couple of audacious swindlers. At eleven minutes after two, Mr. Bullion addressed a neighboring clerk in a sonorous voice:

"You had better inform your fellow clerk, young man, that half the time of grace allowed by me to his employers, the governor and company of the Bank of England, has now elapsed. In five minutes it will be too late for them to meet this their just engagement."

At these awful words the second clerk dived into the same back premises to which the first had already betaken himself. At 2.15, to a second, the latter returned, with the note in his hand, and very red in the face. He shoveled out the five sovereigns with rather unnecessary vehemence, but without one word of comment.

"Thank you," said Mr. Bullion courteously. "I thought you would not require my signature. If I ever publish a book about the duties and behavior of bank clerks, dedicated to the proprietors of this respectable establishment, I'll send you a presentation copy."—*Chambers' Journal.*

## Cure for Whooping Cough.

Mr. James Craig, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, in England, has published a paper in which, after averting to the fact that twelve thousand two hundred and seventy-two persons died from whooping cough in 1862, he states that during a recent visit he noticed in the most respectable Swedish journals a statement to the effect that whooping cough can be cured by inhaling the air from the purifying apparatus in gas works. One of these writers says: "This knowledge we have had from two to three months. I know a family where three children were cured by three visits to the purifying house. Our most distinguished physician for the diseases of children, Prof. Abelin, has found the remedy equally effective on a patient of his own family. I have seen a boy from three to four years of age cured by six visits, the first three only lasting ten to fifteen minutes; the latter, on the contrary, thirty to forty-five minutes." Mr. H. M. L. Backler of London confirms this statement and adds that the practice of sending children to gas works to inhale the gas from newly-opened purifiers has been adopted in France for two years past: and he says that, from information obtained at various works which he frequently visits, he infers that the cure for whooping cough is perfect. It often occurs that as many as a dozen children are brought to the gas works at one time, and the managers have now come to regard this new custom as part of the daily routine of business.

## A Remarkable Trial in London.

The police court of Lambeth, a London suburb, was the scene of a singular trial on Tuesday, the 22d of September, 1864. On that day, we learn from the London *Times*, Mr. Edward Hammond, Elizabeth Allen and Emily Wakeman surrendered their bail and answered to a charge of being principals or accessories in an act of the most startling import. By a careful compilation of the testimony of several witnesses, we arrive at the following statement of facts:—On the 7th of September, Mrs. Rebecca Hill, employed in the residence adjoining the place called Laurel House, situated in Lanark, was startled by loud cries accompanied by sobs, which seemed like those of a woman. As she had on former occasions heard similar sounds, she now determined to ascertain their origin. It was not long before her efforts were rewarded. Behind a window, strongly guarded by iron bars, she perceived a woman, who, on noticing her, made signs and gestures as if desirous of secret communication. Accordingly Mrs. Hill procured a long stick, and by means of it passed up slips of paper and a lead pencil. This paper was presently returned covered with fine writing, and with it other paper—pieces of paper-hanging evidently torn from the side of a room—also covered with writing. Without troubling the reader at this stage with the revelations of which Mrs. Hill's pencil was the fortunate cause, we need only say that shortly after, while the servants of Laurel House were taking air in the garden, a man with a constable's commission scaled the high iron gate which protected the enclosure, and hastily approaching them, inquired where he should find the master of the place. Though meeting with some obstacles in his search, such indeed as naturally quick-witted women could invent when taken unawares, he finally got into the presence of the gentleman who was the object of his inquiry.

Saluting him as Mr. Hammond, he requested permission to see his wife. Mr. Hammond at first said that, as the lady in question was in bed, she must not be disturbed. On the officer's suggesting that there must be some mistake, as he had but a moment before seen her at the window, Mr. Hammond grimly yielded, and accompanied his pertinacious visitor into the house. Mrs. Hammond was found in a small room, the atmosphere of which was rank noisome odors, bolstered up in bed by two women, and protected by a coverlid torn and dirty. The police agent then produced his writ, and the whole party, consisting of Mr. Hammond, his wife and the two women, presently passed out of the house, entered a hackney-coach which was standing in readiness, and rode down the street, Mrs. R. Hill probably surveying this proceedure from a convenient outlook, and with a feeling of pleasurable satisfaction.

The next person who appears on the carpet is a medical gentleman of the utmost respectability. On his oath, in court, he affirmed that he had been summoned to make a professional examination of Mrs. Hammond: that she was then at the house of a relative, but too unwell to sit up: and that he found as the result of his inquiry, that her body was emaciated, her whole system in a condition similar to that of a person who had suffered from a continuous fever, "her muscles showing out very distinctly;" her mind was, however, unaffected: she talked with clearness and precision, and with the indication of an intellect of high order.

A week or more of careful nursing enabled this lady to acquire sufficient strength to appear in person at Lambeth Court. Mr. Norton presided. Placed on the witnesses' stand, this lady deposed to the following effect:—

She had been married to Dr. Hammond for several years, bringing to him a dowry of £600 a year. Before her marriage her name was Rosalind Buckley. While still a maiden she had been sent to a homœopathic establishment, and while there was seduced by the proprietor, a Dr. B——, by whom she had a child. These facts, however, were known to her husband before their espousal.

On the 4th of March, 1862, she ascertained from the confession of Elizabeth Wakeman, then a servant in the family, that an illicit intercourse existed between that woman and her husband. She at once wrote to the relatives of Miss Wakeman, informed Mr. Hammond of her discovery, and refusing to return home, sought the protection of her friends. Shortly after, the entreaties of her husband, her own loneliness and a revulsion of feeling led her to join Mr. Hammond again: and she was induced, by a coercion more or less stringent, to write another letter to the parents of Miss Wakeman (who still continued to reside in the house,) in which she denied all her previous assertions. This state of constrained silence, and an estrangement which the presence of a suspected mistress under her own roof rendered perpetual, culminated, in the month of September of the same year, with her being confined, under lock and bolt, in Lanark House, Peckham: Mrs Allen, her former housekeeper, being her janitor. She remained in this place some time, when the whole family, so singularly constituted, removed to Laurel House, Lambeth, where the confinement was still enforced, and, if anything, rendered even more rigorous. During this period she was liable at any time to the entrance of Mrs. Allen and Miss Wakeman; was the passive listener to their abuse, and the victim of their passionate blows. Her wardrobe was taken away from her. Her dressing-case, containing her jewels and many articles of peculiar value, was sent, without her consent, to a pawnbroker's. Her room was kept ill-ventilated, and the bed-clothing was of the poorest and dirtiest description. From a window in her room she could "often and often" see Miss W. standing on the door-step, clothed in her own silk dresses, in her velvet jacket, in her Paisley shawl, with her "round velvet bonnet with feathers" on her head: she could see her husband approach this woman thus attired, hand her into a carriage, and the two ride off together.

By some remarks of Mr. Hammond's counsel we are led to believe that the insanity of the plaintiff will be made one point in the defence. To be sure it came up in evidence that the lady was possessed of a mind of no medium order; that her language was calm and her reasoning acute. But the conduct of the plaintiff, when her husband returned from these rides, seems to have alarmed that gentleman, who we are told was himself a practicing physician. Mrs. Hammond appears to have remonstrated in very strong terms against these occurrences—against the scandal—against Miss Wakeman's use of her wardrobe—against her own incarceration. On these occasions Mr. Hammond, with professional instinct, simply added to the previous severity. Mrs. Hammond must have surely encouraged her husband's suspicions of an aberration of intellect when, as she touchingly tells us, she strove to repress her feelings and assume a calm exterior, in hope, by her forbearance, to move that husband's heart. Thus autumn succeeded summer, winter followed upon autumn, the seasons rolled wearisomely on. The long days of monotonous agony were only broken by the recurrence of her meals. There is a simple pathos in the *Times'* report that would be spoiled in a paraphrase. "When Mrs. Allen came into the room she placed the food down, then went out of the room and locked the door. It was the sound of the locking that had worn her spirit—the incessant sound of being locked up depressed her mind."

Here the testimony ceases for the time being. From September 1862 to September 1864, when Mrs. Rebecca Hill's opportune curiosity brought relief to her suffering, Mrs. Hammond had been a prisoner in her own house. Was it in the intention of her husband to continue these proceedings till her mind should break down under its burdens, that, under the protection of the law he had set at naught, he could at once secure his wife's income to himself and gratify his sensual passion unrestrained?

However this may be, Mr. Norton was evidently startled at the audacious character of the crime. His language was as severe as would comport with official dignity, and he bound over the several parties of the defence under very heavy bail to answer to the indictment at the next session of Surrey court.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are about to start a new illustrated juvenile magazine under the editorial charge of two popular authors, a lady and gentleman. It is to be called "Our Young Folks," and many prominent writers will contribute to its columns—among them, Capt. Mayne Reid, Mrs. Stowe, Gail Hamilton, "Carleton," and J. T. Trowbridge.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Contents for November: Leaves from an Officer's Journal, an interesting article by Col. Higginson, who has from the first had command of a black regiment: Riches: The Vengeance of de Gourgues: Lina: Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings—IV.: To William Cullen Bryant: House and Home Papers—X. in which Mrs. Stowe makes herself peculiarly interesting and instructive: The New School of Biography: The Last Rally: Finances of the Revolution, a good article for the times: Through Tickets to San Francisco—A Prophecy: Sea-Hours with a Dyspeptic: The Twentieth Presidential Election; Reviews and Literary Notices.

## The Vermont Troops at Cedar Creek.

[Correspondence N. Y. Times.]

Custer, with his practical eye, saw at a glance that the important moment for a dash had arrived. Hastily calling in his command he started with the 1st Vermont Cavalry, Col. Wells, and 5th New York Cavalry, Major Krom,—the balance of the command, except the 1st Connecticut, following as closely as possible.—With this small command he pushed through a rocky ravine, striking Cedar Creek at a blind ford, but little more than one-fourth of a mile from the pike. Custer and Wells at the head, crossed with the 1st Vermont, and Major Krom with the 5th New York following. At a distance of less than half a mile from the creek, Pegram's infantry was found drawn up behind a stone wall to receive them.—Skirmishers were hastily deployed from the 1st Vermont: the 5th New York in column, by squadrons, formed on the left. The rebel artillery could be heard running over the pike—it was too great a prize to be lost. "Charge! Charge!" fairly screeched out Custer, and the small but gallant band did charge successfully, dispersing the enemy and not stopping for prisoners. On the command dashed, striking the pike about one mile south of Cedar Creek! It was now dark, but at a glance it was seen that the pike was full of artillery, horses, men and wagons.—Col. Wells dashed forward to beyond Strasburg, cutting off by the movement *forty-five pieces of artillery*, ambulances, wagons, caissons, horses, soldiers, &c., &c. The soldiers surrendered quietly generally, and only asked to have their lives spared—so much does conscience haunt even the poor traitors in the ranks of the rebel army. The scene that followed must be imagined, for it cannot be pictured in the mind of the reader. As I have said before, the Michigan brigade, Col. Kipp, had forced Kershaw's command across the river on the left, capturing many prisoners, and in fact dispersing the command. Devin's brigade, a portion of it was on detached service, the 1st New York, a portion of the 6th and 29th New York, pursued the enemy directly up the pike: but the rapid movement of Custer gave him the advance, and his command, or rather the 1st Vermont and 5th New York, captured a majority of the guns.—Merritt's division captured several battle flags, seven or eight pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners. Custer's division recaptured a flag belonging to the 15th New Jersey infantry, which was taken in the morning, and also several battle flags and prisoners. The 1st Vermont also captured more prisoners than there are men in the regiment.

The New York Tribune's correspondent in speaking of this charge says: As there were but forty-eight pieces of artillery captured by the whole army, this splendid achievement of the Green Mountain Boys can be fully appreciated. Gen. Sheridan states that no regiment has captured so much at a single charge since the war commenced. The 1st Vermont has long been a terror to the rebels.

[Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.]

At the battle of October 19, the 2d brigade 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 will, courage and coolness may be attributed the splendid discipline and fighting of the 2d brigade on that morning, when, under a terrible enfilading 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: he 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 has led his brave regiment through many battles, from Fort Hudson to this "added hour of victory" in the valley of the Shenandoah. 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 Old Vermont, and we'll drive the enemy to hell, where he belongs!" It is unnecessary to add that the 8th Vt. and 12th Ct. in the grand charge of that day nobly verified the words of Col. Thomas, who led both regiments.

SEVERE ACCIDENT.—Mr. Martin Newcomb, of Derby, and his daughter, were severely injured by being thrown from a wagon, just north of this village, on the Worcester road last Wednesday. Mr. Newcomb's head was badly cut, and Miss Newcomb suffered a fracture of both wrists. Both are now doing very well.—[Freeman.

☞ About midnight of the 1st inst., a number of raiders attempted to surprise and capture the Water Battery at Castine, Maine, but the garrison rallied and drove the attacking party off. The number of raiders is not known and it is not ascertained where they came from. The Governor of Maine is taking active measures to have the whole coast put in a state of defence.