

TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

VOL. I

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Dotting for the Year.

THE SHAMROCK.

The following affecting little illustration of martial individualism was presented by a student of language and our military friends.

THE IRISH PICKET.

BY "BANNETT."

I'm standing in the mud, Biddy, With not a speech in me; And silence, speechless as the grave, Is all the words I hear. Me gone is at a soldier's arms, I've vented to the boys, And when I'm after alphas' out, I find myself alone. This Southern climate's queer, Biddy, A queer and luscious thing, Old Winter abates all the year, And Summer in the Spring, Ye mind the hot place down below? And may ye not be fair? It's dithers comparisons—but this Is swifl warmness here. The only moon I see, Biddy, Is one small star, ardore, And that's the forint the very cloud. It's well to be before; The watchmen glance along the hill That's well to the north, And when the sentry passes them I see his ugly count.

It's dead for shape I am, Biddy, And dramsin shewt I'd be, If them old rebels over there Would only leave me free; But when I'm against a stump And strive to get repose, A musket ball be comin' straight To hit me spacious nose. It's ye I'd like to see, Biddy, A alphas' here, w'd me; And then, avonon, hear ye say, "A comble—Pat—march ye!" "Och, Biddy darlin', then says I, Says ye, "get out of that!" Says I, "An accram mass your waist," Says ye, "be decent, Pat!"

And how's the pigs and ducks, Biddy? It's then I think of, there; That looked so innocent and shwate Upon the parlor fire; I'm shure ye'r say with the pig That's fat as he can be, And side wid the best, because I'm towid he looks like me.

When I come home again, Biddy, A sergeant tried and true, It's just a decent house I'll build And just it chape to you, We'll have a parlor, bedroom, hall, A check-pend nately done, With kitchen, pig-pen, pray-patch, And garret—all in one.

But, murther! there's a lassie, Biddy, That's cravin' round a tree, And well I know the creature's there To have a shot at me; Now, Mither Redd, say ye pray'n, And how'd ye dirty jaw, Heresage—be jabers, Biddy dear, I've broke his ugly jaw!

All Sorts of Good Reading.

ARMSTRONG ON MILLER.

A REPORT ON A REPORT.

[Supplementary Report to the account rendered by the Hon. Mr. Miller to the Senate, published in the Journal, October 4th, of that part of the doings of the Ninety-fifth Regiment, O. V. I., at the first battle at Richmond, Ky., August 30, 1862.] Colonel.—I beg an at the place where you left off (in your Battle Report), in which it is mentioned that the Ninety-fifth had been ordered to charge a battery. Here there is a blurb in your well-written report, which none but a participant can supply. Presuming that you had not been officially advised of the reasons why two hundred soldiers and numerous officers were captured near that spot, I propose, in justice to that body of gallant men, to enter a little more into a detailed description of the event than your hurried notice, which reads, "The Regiment lost, in addition to our killed and wounded, 160 men and a large number of officers captured at this place." I am filled with admiration for the delicacy with which this mention is made, but cannot suffer myself to be restrained by that feeling when I read, in your report, that feeling that it would be reckless and useless to continue our assault upon the battery. I ordered the regiment to halt and fall back, which they did, for a time, in good order, losing, however, in addition to our killed and wounded, 160 men, and a large number of officers captured at this point." Names of men in the list immortals, which shall still live in the memory of the few brave men who called for the enemy's first onset; how were explosives invoked and adjuration employed by you who witnessed the flight of your commander before the regiment was under the fire of musketry, or had fired a gun.

some kind; for, in proof of it, three-fourths of the regiment, being brave men and good officers too, would not have fallen back in disorderly retreat, even before the advance of the enemy, had they known there was a forlorn hope of 200 men to endure the mist; and while the other regiments had set to struggle, and slowly yield before a line of fire that was terrific.

In your absence I took command, and was joined by the following named officers, who had not withdrawn from the field: Captains Gowill, Warnock, Hanson, Albee and Tate, and I, believe, Captain Wylie, Captain Taylor, for being on picket duty, these constituted all the Captains from Franklin County, with the exception of Captain Stewart, who is mentioned in your report as having ably seconded you in the capacity of Aid on the retreat. In addition I beg to mention Lieutenants Bull, Davidson, Robinson, Tate, Chrisman and Culwell, who remained on the field. The hit would doubtless have been much larger, had not the advance thought we were at their heels. In fact Adjutant Tuller returned to us on foot and was captured in our vicinity.

In order to save the command, the men were kept together, and only began to retire when the other regiments left the field. My command was surrounded, yet kept together by the cool courage of officers and men, who thought, when the day was lost, that we might cut our way out. But such numbers were brought against us as to compel me to throw down their arms, within one-fourth of a mile from the point where the battle opened, and within an hour after the order to charge the battery.

I have to apologize for not knowing that there was such an order as to "fall back," not anticipating it so early in the engagement. In this connection, I hope I may be indulged in the mention that after my command had surrendered, being mounted, I effected my escape amid a volley of bullets, happily without injury, and had proceeded about a mile, receiving an occasional shot from straggling rebels, when I unfortunately ran into the enemy's lines and was captured near the point where our army was making its second stand.

From the time of my capture until the morning of September 1st, I did not see you. During those two days, (I mention it by your information,) the wounded were brought in and cared for, and the 540 soldiers of our Regiment were released on parole. From them details were sent to examine the field on details of humanity. And I had but just sent Capt. Warnock with a force to enter our headquarters with the Regiment, at 10 o'clock A. M., before these duties were performed, which must be my apology for not obeying your order; as we desired to perform the last and sad rites of sepulture for our dead comrades before departure, and which you had doubtless overlooked.

When these duties were done, the regiment took up its line of march for Cincinnati, at 4 o'clock P. M., with which incidents I believe you are conversant. This Report would not have been made—it did not need making, so far as the furnishing of information is concerned. General Mansion long ago reported the part our Brigade took in the action, and before you made up your mind to make your informal showing to the public. The regiment shortly understands your reason for appearing in the papers at this late day, and why you do not report more elaborately, except on certain points, which certain reasons required you to amplify. But that public mind which was so long left unlightened, (in a Pickwickian sense, (may take your accounts together, and congratulate itself that there were two officers in one regiment, not only willing but anxious to appear before the world with the pen as well as the sword. (And here let me mention, that the sword and the horse you instructed me to turn over to the rebels, I had the good fortune to bring home through their lines.) The public mind may congratulate itself, or not, as it is its mood, that the two officers, who like Caesar could win battles, and with equal elegance describe them for history, no longer crowd each other in the narrow limits of a camp of prisoners, for the warrior no longer rejoices in the title, or the style of Lieut. Colonel. The Department strongly left a loop open where an escape was made possible from about twenty-four hundred year, and from the service wherein paroled soldiers are treated something like common felons. Moral. Having something else to do, and not being an adventurer, a subject of felicitation. Though, had the regiment remained in the service, this withdrawal would not have happened.

There is one paragraph in your account, which, although mentioned before, I cannot admire enough. It is suggestive. It is pregnant of hidden meaning that none but the men of the regiment understand. At the risk of being thought frolic, it is worthy of a reproduction in this place. "Seeing that it would be reckless and useless to continue our assault upon the battery, I ordered the regiment to halt and fall back, which they did for a time in good order, losing, however, in addition to our killed and wounded, 160 men, and a large number of officers captured at this point." Names of men in the list immortals, which shall still live in the memory of the few brave men who called for the enemy's first onset; how were explosives invoked and adjuration employed by you who witnessed the flight of your commander before the regiment was under the fire of musketry, or had fired a gun.

Witness, ye six Captains and six Lieutenants, who scorned to fly with or without orders, though well knowing the penalty would be no mention of name or act other than the brief allusion above written; how it is possible for man to be so heartless as to merely say, "losing at this point, however, (however what?) in addition to our killed and wounded, 160 men, and a large number of officers," &c.

"He rides a race, he carries weight," &c. The Colonel forgets his vocation. The Report is evidently considered from a Surgical-Dull-But stand point. He has reverted, instinctively, to old professional habits. The preservation of human life was apparently uppermost in his thoughts. In witness whereof his Report says: "We continued falling back for about one and a half miles." This is not doubted; but at the same time a few thousand Indiana and two hundred 95th men were hidden from his view in an encircling storm of cannon shot and musketry.

Sanitary conditions considered, the point selected for that battle field was not very salubrious. The Colonel was right. Projectiles were numerous, and the list shows great casualties. If he is rapid in noting precautions of danger in the present engagement, as he was in the famous retrograde movement on the battery, he will discover, by the diagnosis, that the atmosphere in that vicinity is breathed by too many of the ill-fated 95th men to make respiration pleasant.

The Colonel's ill-starred anxiety for distinction, which caused him to importune the authorities for leave to take his regiment to the field; the same manifestation at Lexington, Ky., resulting in Gen. Wallace's order to move forward to meet the enemy at Richmond, when not one half the men know their field officers, and company officers hardly knew each other by sight, and the regiment had never had battalion drill. The intemperance to the sick—the brutality to the well—such as knocking men down with his fist, striking them with his sword, drawing pistols on them, and coming it in a Nelson over them generally, winding up by arresting the whole Quartermaster's Department at once; and, the morning of the battle, putting the officer of the day and other officers under arrest. For these, and other reasons, to be held in general execration, his men are utterly demoralized, and lost to the service, under his command. Then to print a report not required by the regulations, (and if he could have given correctly three words of command, consecutively, would have known it) in which injustice is done to men and officers through petty feelings of envy. All these matters require to bring forth a reply which shall truly represent sentiments nearly unanimous, prevailing in the regiment, and to do the regiment the justice which can alone be done by a court martial or by this publication. The writer has sought to do it without fear or favor, for he has weighed the consequences and will abide by them for the sake of all those men, from whom he now parts with regret who, whether officers or soldiers, fighting in the first battle or through them all, whether carrying swords or muskets, in all our intercourse never once forgot that they were gentlemen, &c.

How the Ohio Boys Fight.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati Commercial writing from the Army of the Potomac, gives the following account of the valor and energy of the Ohio regiments engaged. The battle of South Mountain really commenced at a bridge over Catoctin creek, half a mile west of the village, where the rebels had posted artillery to dispute the passage. Dislodged from this, they retreated to a strong position up the mountain side, their main body being massed on a wooded bluff to the right and left, for a distance of more than two miles. It was on the left that they were stormed out of their stronghold by Hooker's corps, Cox's Kanawha division charging upon the enemy with irresistible valor. It was there that the 23d Ohio, the "psalm singers" of the Western Reserve, crossed bayonets with the 23d South Carolina, a proud regiment, and representatives of the rabid ultraism of the Palmetto State. It was Caviler against Puritan, and the latter, as in the days of Prince God Baruchides, had the best of it. Yet, so desperately did the Carolinians fight, that before a single man surrendered, he would beat his gun against a rock or tree so as to render it useless to the enemy. A private in the 23d Ohio shot one and bayoneted two of the rebels in this stormy encounter, and was made a sergeant for his gallantry. The other Ohio regiments composing the brigade displayed equal valor, and were bodily engaged at close quarters with the enemy several times before he was driven over the crest of the mountain into the valley, on the west side of the South Mountains.

How They Fought in Battle.—An army correspondent says: "You wonder whether the regiments fire regularly in volleys, or whether each man loads and fires as fast as he can. That depends upon circumstances, but usually, except when the enemy is near at hand, the regiments fire only at the command of their officers. You hear a drop, drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by rattle and roll, which sounds like the falling of a building, just as some of you have heard the brick walls tumble at a great fire." Sometimes, when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon a regiment to cut it to pieces, the men form into a square, with the officers and musicians in the centre. "The front rank stands with bayonets charged, while the second rank fires as fast as they can. Sometimes they form in four ranks deep—the two front ones, kneeling, with their bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them, they would run against a picket fence of bayonets. When they form in this way, the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the rear is terrible, and many a horse and his rider goes down before the terrible storm of bullets."

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The President's Proclamation.

The reader will find in another part of today's Intelligencer a Proclamation of the President of the United States, declaring prospectively the emancipation of slaves in the insurgent States on the 1st of January next, unless in the meantime the people of these States shall so far return to their constitutional relations as to send Representatives to Congress.

With our well-known and oft repeated views respecting the impropriety of such proclamations, it can hardly be necessary for us to say that where we expect no good, we shall be only too happy to find that no harm has been done by the present declaration of the Executive.

This new proclamation with regard to the contingent emancipation of slaves in the insurgent States not being self-enforced in regard to the immediate emancipation of slaves in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida the only difference between the two papers resides in the signatures respectively attached to them. And as, in themselves considered, they are likely to prove equally void of practical effect, we are not without the suspicion that the President has taken this method to convince the only class of persons likely to be pleased with this proclamation of the utter fallacy of the hopes they have derived upon it. This opinion, we may add, finds confirmation from the fact that he suspends for some months the enforcement of so much of his declaration as denounces the emancipation of slaves in punishment for contumacy on the part of the insurgent States, while he gives immediate force and effect so far as force and effect result from proclamations, to the regulations prescribed by the new article of war and the provisions of the confiscation act in the matter of slaves. On any other theory than this the proclamation may be said to open issues too tremendous, and to be fraught with consequences too undeveloped, to admit of calculation or forecast by any intelligence we can command.—National Intelligencer.

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Orpheus C. Kerr Visits the Navy Yard.

By invitation of a well known official, I visited the Navy Yard yesterday, and witnessed the trial of some newly invented rifled cannon. The trial was of short duration, and the jury brought in a verdict of "innocent of any intent to kill."

The first gun tried was similar to those used in the Revolution, except that it had a large touch hole, and the carriage was painted green instead of blue. This novel and ingenious weapon was pointed at a target about sixty yards distant. It didn't hit it, and as nobly as that where we expect no good, we shall be only too happy to find that no harm has been done by the present declaration of the Executive.

The next weapon tried was Jink's double back-action revolving cannon for ferry boats. It consists of a heavy bronze tube, revolving on a pivot, with both ends open, and touch-hole in the middle. While one gunner puts a load in at one end, another puts a load at the other end, and one touch-hole serves for both. Upon plying the match, the gun is whirled swiftly around on a pivot, and both balls fly out in circles, causing great slaughter on both sides. This terrible engine was aimed at a target with great accuracy; but as the gunner has a large family dependent upon him for support, he refused to apply the match. The Government was satisfied without firing, and ordered six of the guns to be furnished in time for our next war.

The last weapon subjected to trial was a mountain howitzer of a new pattern. The inventor explained that its great advantage was that it required no powder. In battle it is placed on the top of a high mountain, and a ball slipped loosely into it. As the enemy passes the foot of the mountain the gunner in charge tips over the howitzer, and the ball rolls down the side of the mountain in the midst of the doomed foe. The range of this terrible weapon depends greatly on the height of the mountain and distance to its base. The Government ordered forty of these mountain howitzers at a hundred thousand dollars apiece, to be planted on the first mountain discovered in the enemy's country.

Pencilled Passages.

IN THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, FOR AUGUST.

BURNS.—Up from Ayrshire to Edinburgh came Burns, with black, piercing eyes, with all his songs about him, as if he had recd a century of the music of his groves.

LAMB.—His mind was like a Tudor mansion, full of roofed, wainscotted rooms, with pictures on the walls of men and women in antique garb; full of tortuous passages and grim crannies, in which ghost might lurk; with a garden with plots and shaven grass, and processions of clipped yews, and a stone dial in the corner with a Latin motto ment the flight of time carved upon it and a drowsy sound of rooks heard sometimes from afar. He spluttered out puns among his friends from the saddest heart. He laughed that he might not weep. Misery, which could not make him a cynic or a misanthropist, made him a humorist.

MR. CARLILE.—He does not write "scoundrel" on one man's forehead, and "angel" on another's. He knows that pure scoundrel and pure angel have their dwellings in other places than earth. In humanity there is no such thing as a straight line, or an unmixed color.

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The Paris Demi-Monde and the Fashions.

In spite of the Monthyon medal, which was established by a philanthropic French nobleman to encourage the spread of virtue—virtue does not seem to spread in Paris. That particular class of society known as *lorettes*, is largely on the increase, and these creatures are becoming so annoying that there is talk of obtaining a law, through the Corps Legislatif, which shall oblige them to submit to the police regime imposed upon the rest of the fair sisterhood in France. Without pretending to discuss the question in an ethical point of view, it may be permitted to reiterate the opinion once expressed on this subject by an Auteugat chimney sweeper, who, noticing the enormous number of *Apasias* in the streets of Paris, remarked: "I don't know that they do any harm, but they occupy altogether too much room." For some little time past, the most ambitious of the Paris *lorettes*, those who are the recognized leaders of their class, have taken it into their heads to banish crinoline— which by the way, they introduced to the fashionable world—and to substitute in its place dresses with long trails, which literally sweep the streets. It is already impossible to walk along the boulevards without trampling, every now and then, upon some lady's queue, and the consequence is hardly less disastrous than if the unlucky stroller had trodden on a serpent's tail. Madame turns round in a fury, and before the culprit had time to apologize, she launches at his head two or three short epithets, which are pretty certain to attract the attention of the passers-by. If this were all the evil would not be quite insupportable; but from time immemorial it has been the glory of respectable Parisians to despise the others, whilst it has always been their happiness to imitate them in dress. Since the demimonde has begun to banish crinoline, it is observed that dresses are less rotund on all sides, but what they lose in expansiveness is amply made up in length, and the new style bids fair to be even more ruinous to the pockets of husbands and fathers than was the last. The only way to study real economy will be to employ a page to follow Madame or Mademoiselle when she sallies forth, and carry her tail.—Paris Letter.

Are Half of Us Disloyal?

It is curious to notice that, while the least respectable portion of the Republican press are engaged, for a purely partisan purpose, in the mischievous business of trying to prove that the members of the Democratic party are disloyal and traitorous, the only State in the North which did not cast its electoral vote for Mr. Lincoln (New Jersey) is the first State to fill up its quota of volunteers under the two calls, and that, too, without a draft. Connecticut which contains the largest proportion of Democrats—and those, too, of the Breckinridge type—of any of the New England States, is the first of them to complete its quota, while Massachusetts the most Republican State, has already postponed the draft three times, and now again puts it off until the 1st of October, with a small chance of the quota being filled even then. Of the Western States, Indiana, the most Democratic State, has done the best both in recruiting and fighting all through the war.

We do not allude to these facts with any intention of reflecting upon the courage or loyalty of the Republican masses. It would be as grossly unfair to do so as it is the attempt now making by the Republican press to convey the impression that the members of the Democratic party have not only not done their duty by the Government but are secretly in the interest of the enemy. Thoughtful and prudent Republican leaders would do well, however, to caution their more intemperate associates against the impolicy of stigmatizing as disloyal a party which the coming fall election may prove to be in the ascendancy in the North. There are those who believe that the Congressmen about to be elected will show a large preponderance of Democrats, and surely no lover of his country would like to proclaim in advance to the world that this majority will be in the interest of the rebels.—New York World (Republican).

The New Haven Register says:

"A few nights since owing to an accident, the Springfield train did not reach Hartford until late and, in consequence, those awaiting its arrival at the station had a tedious time of it. Among them was a demure looking Yankee, inclined to have a nap. Fixing his feet on the upper round of his chair, he leaned back against the wall and "went at it." He was not fairly under way, however, when he was tapped on the hat by one of the officials, and that sitting up sleeping was not allowed in the depot."

"Eh! ejaculated the astonished sleeper, no sitting up and sleeping?"

"No Sir"—again the rules of the Company, said the official.

"Well I declare," replied the other, "this is a mean place! Won't you ask the Company if I mayn't gaze?" following up his query with a stretch that put the officious official to instant flight."

A REBEL STEAMER KNOCKED TO PIECES.

Lieut. Commanding Walker, of the gunboat Winona, writes to the Navy Department, Sept. 20, dated off Mobile: I discovered one of the enemy's steamers lying in Navy Cove, and within range of my guns, firing over land. The first shot carried away the top of her smoke-stack, and caused the crew to leave the vessel. The next two shots went over her, and the fourth struck her and knocked her to pieces. Fort Morgan fired over and around us, but without casualties.

A Drunken Philosopher.

Tux late William J. Soelling, a writer for the Boston Press, who died there several years ago in the House of Correction was on one occasion found dead drunk in the street and taken to the watch-house, where he was kept over night. On being brought before the police magistrate, next morning he had become partially sober, when the following dialogue took place:

Magistrate—Well Soelling, what do you do for living?

Soelling—I am a public writer.

Magistrate—And pray what do you find to write about?

Soelling—A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at.

Magistrate—Umph! and what do you commend?

Soelling—A handsome woman that will stay at home; and eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon; and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue.

Magistrate—What do you censure?

Soelling—A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing, a workman who believes in a professional gentleman; a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands; and people who elect a drunkard or blockhead to an office.

Magistrate—What do you laugh at?

Soelling—I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit.

Magistrate—Oh, I perceive that you are an utterer of pithy sentences; now I am about to utter one that will surprise you.

Soelling—A pithy sentence from your honor would indeed be a matter of astonishment.

Magistrate—My sentence is, that you discontinue writing for the term of thirty days while you rest and recruit yourself in the House of Correction.

This report was a poser. Soelling submitted to the requirements of the Vagrant Act, and retired from the hall of justice in company with the officer, without another syllable.

BETTER TO FIGHT THAN TO RUN.—"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a cheryman to his son one morning.

"So I did this morning," said Bill with an enthusiastic gleam in his eyes.

"And, what was it, darling?" and the father ran his fingers through his offspring's curls.

"Why, I wholoped Jack Edwards," said young hopeful, "till he yelled like bismarck." "You should just have heard him holler, dad."

The father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded mildly with:

"You should not have done that, my child." "Then he'd a wholoped me," replied the young hopeful.

"Better," said the sire, "for you to have fled from the wrath to come." "Yes, but," replied the hopeful, by way of a final clincher, "Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen and endeavored to compose himself.

GENERAL SCHWEE has a son, a captain on his staff, who is but twenty-one years of age. During the battle of Antietam, when the bullets were whistling around the general's ears, he found it necessary to send the young man upon a mission of duty to a certain portion of the field. After given him the requisite instructions, Gen. Sumner embraced him and said, "Goodbye, Sammy." "Goodbye, father," was the response, and the captain rode forth upon his mission. On his return the fond father grasped his hand, with the simple remark of "How d'ye do, Sammy?" The spectators of this final scene were much affected.

A CERTAIN Western Colonel in Major Gen. Grant's army,