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The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN,

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE

Fallmadge Block--Third Story--to the Left at the Head of the Stairs.

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The Soldier's Letter.

How sweet when night her misty veil,
Around the weary soldier throws,
And twilight's golden skies grow pale,
And wooing winds invite repose,
To sit beside the watchfire's blaze,
Where friendly comrades nightly come,
To sing the songs of other days,
And talk of things we love at home—

Of those we love, who list and wait,
Beneath the same benighted moon,
The postman's step behind the gate,
With tidings from an absent one;
And beaming smiles their thoughts reveal,
And love is mirrored in their eyes,
As eagerly they break the seal,
Elate with joy and glad surprise.

But dearer yet the shout that rings,
In exultation loud and clear,
To hail the messenger who brings
Letters from home and kindred dear;
And 'neath the pale moon's shining light
The soldier reads the treasure o'er,
And through the hours of silent night,
In dreams he visits home once more.

In dreams he sits beside the hearth,
Afar from camps and traitor's wiles,
And deems the dearest spot on earth
Where loving wife and mother smiles;
And many a face almost forgot,
And many a word so fondly spoken,
Come flitting around the soldier's cot,
Till the sweet dream, at morn is broken.

O, ye who love the soldier well—
Bid him be hopeful, brave and gay;
Better he knows than you can tell
The perils that attend his way,
Some word of hope in battle's hour,
While striving with a vengeful foe,
Has nerved the soldier's arm with power,
To strike or wave the impending blow.

The soldier brave is often prone
To deem himself forgotten quite,
A wanderer on earth alone,
When friends at home neglect to write.
Then cheer him oft with words like these,
And thus your deep affection prove,
Let every keel that ploughs the seas
Bear him some message full of love.

Holbrook's U. S. Mail.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wander all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the power and the goodness of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometime, "Suppose all the children on earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill sides are the children of the waters; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped and came to be so very weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed, that lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the stars, and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying on his bed he wept for joy.

But, there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the hosts.

His sister's angle lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into his room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears:

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before;

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angles, and of the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh sister, I am here! take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:

"The mother is no more, I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all the former company. Said his sister's angle to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the stars because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh mother, sister, and brother, I am here! take me!" And they answered, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man, who had been the child, saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her; God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinckled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried as he cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

They whispered one to another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining, and it shines upon his grave.

HOW HEALTH BRIGHTENS THINGS.—Nature has so knit the mind and body together, that they act and react upon each other. Who has not felt that the state of health give a coloring to every thing that happens to him! One man, whose health is depressed, sees his own fireside, that used to burn so cheerfully, only colored with gloom and sadness. Another, of a bright a joyous mind, in the full vigor of health, will go forth, and the very desert that man's eye will rejoice, and the very wilderness to his view will blossom as the rose, and the saddest strains of nature will sound to him joyous and brilliant. A sufferer goes out and looks on nature, and its roses all become thorns, its myrtles all look like briars, all the the sweetest minstrelsy of the grove and forest sounds to him like a wailing minor running through all the sounds of Nature.

Army Correspondence.

CAMP NEAR DANVILLE, Oct. 13th, 1862.

Dear Gazette;—I snatch this opportunity of writing of the doings of the 90th Ohio as time is too precious to be lost, to inform your readers where we are, and how we got here. At my last writing we were still at Louisville if I mistake not. Since then our experience as soldiers in the army of the Union has been of a varied character. We are now upon the war path eager and anxious for the fray. We have been following the track of the invader of Kentucky for two weeks, and exciting has been the chase Every muscle has had full play. Every energy has been put in requisition for the race, and now, nearly worn out, exhausted and foot sore, yet with ardor and the indomitable spirit which characterizes an American soldier unabated, we have got the enemy at bay in position on the cliff of Dick river, in close proximity to "Camp Dick Robinson," so much heard of during last winter when it was the abiding place of the gallant 17th Ohio. When the "forward movement" was commenced at Louisville the whole army was reorganized. The new regiments were placed in brigades side by side with the old ones. New brigades consequently had to be formed, and commanders had to be assigned. Our brigade was broken up and the 90th placed in the 22d Brigade, General Cruft commanding, and 4th Division, Brig. General Smith. The general opinion among officers and men was that Bragg would make a desperate stand at Bardstown, and if defeated there would fall back on Lebanon. On our march our front was continually harrassed by the enemy's cavalry and light artillery. Every effort was made by them to retard our advance. Skirmishing was kept up continually. Bridges were burned to prevent the passage of our trains, but all their efforts were in vain. We moved slowly but surely—not moving far but continually going. The men were all in good spirits, and believed themselves to be fully able to cope with the veteran's of Bragg's army. The men suffered some from thirst, water being very hard to get, and also from heat and dust. But we had provisions plenty, while using only our rations, but used the fresh meat which the boys would manage to "confiscate" without the knowledge of our superiors, we fared exceedingly well. As we neared Bardstown we were kept on the alert. The rebels were reported to be there, by the scouts, in force, and we moved with the utmost caution. On Saturday, the 4th inst, we were within three miles of the town, when we learned the rebels had "skedaddled," to the chagrin of the men. Buell is considered sharp, but Bragg "pulled the wool over his eyes." On Sunday, 4th inst, we started once more in quest of the enemy. As we were going into Bardstown we passed the vacated encampment of the rebels, Our cavalry brought in some prisoners. Quite a squad passed us while on the march. A sorry, dejected looking set of men they were. I have read many descriptions of their utterly destitute condition and woful appearance, but never credited them: but I am now satisfied of their truthfulness. What power keeps their army together I cannot tell. Desperation alone can do it. How they can fight I am not able to understand. I was struck with the appearance of their clothing more than anything else; uniforms it cannot be called. Garments tattered and torn of every hue and color, reminding one of the story of Joseph's coat of old. The wistful look with which they gazed upon the blue coats showed that no *moral suasion* would be necessary to induce them to rob a dead man for such a suit.

We passed through Bardstown, a place of considerable notoriety, but not of much consequence, being a small town. Suffering from thirst hitherto, here we had an abundance of water, cool and refeesching, running from the rocky sides of the immense hills surrounding the town. It certainly is situated in the roughest portion of the State. We camped on the hill south east of the town on Sunday night. On Monday we had the sorest time of the march. We left the Bardstown pike and struck across the country for the Danville and Lexington pike. The road traveled over was a country by-road, which the builders of, (not recognizing the old maxim "that the length of a hot bail," to use a homely expression, "is the same lying or standing,") had made over the steepest hills and roughest hollows that could be found. Of all the roads we have passed over, this is certainly by far the worst. How our wagon trains came across is a mystery to me. To detail to your readers the weary marchings, how we would travel for miles with a swallow of water, and how whole divisions would travel after night for miles out of their course for the single reason of procuring water for the men, would be too tedious, nor do I wish to. I will pass all these things till we come to Wednesday, the 8th inst, after a severe march of six miles during the forenoon we arrived to within six miles of Perryville. Here the thundering of artillery and the sharp rattling of musketry burst upon our ears. It bore away to our left, we being on the extreme right. A halt was made and we had a good rest. We were then ordered forward and placed in position as a reserve behind a dense wood. Our skirmishers were immediately thrown forward, and we stood by our arms for further developments. No call being made for our services, we were moved into the woods and laid on our arms all night. All the afternoon the battle was waged on our left. The particulars of the engagement you know better than we do. That it was a hard fight as long as it lasted there can be no doubt. What the losses were on either side I have not definitely learned. Rumors we have innumerable. But from what I could learn I judge that on Wednesday the rebels had the best of it, but finding their position untenable, they fell back during the night. On Thursday we were moved to the south of the pike, and marched in line of battle through the fields towards Perryville; but we met no enemy. To have followed us that day immediately in our wake, a person would have formed an idea of the destruction of property caused by an army. But the emergency demanded it and it was done. We camped two miles from Perryville near the pike. On Friday morning we passed through the town—a small town, and but for the recent battles near there would never have been of any consequence. The houses were riddled with round shot thrown during the battle of Wednesday. The town was completely deserted—the inhabitants left, fearing that we would burn the town. Some three miles out the skirmishers that were in the advance came running in.—They had run foul of two regiments of rebels, We were halted and the artillery hurried to the front. Taking a position on a commanding eminence and with shot and shell they soon made the rebels uncomfortable and they *mizzled* as usual.—We went into camp soon after, and it began raining rather uncomfortably during the night, but the boys found numerous hay stacks and hemp stacks, and temporary sheds were soon put up, and we passed the night away not so unpleasant as might have been the case. On Saturday we remained in camp. A flag of truce came in but we have no disclosures. Sunday morning we were ordered off.—We moved north of the pike passing Danville two miles to our right. The town was then in possession of John Morgan. We marched to within four miles of "Camp Dick Robinson," when we were ordered back. Arriving at the Lexington pike, we found that a movement against the town was to be made. Our brigade moved off in the darkness and arrived at the town at 11 P.M, and found that it had been evacuated by the rebels. We went into camp here. The Secesh citizens nearly all left. The Union men were rejoiced to see us. You will have intelligence from this part of Secessia soon, and that of a startling character too. Bragg must fight or surrender. We may be in the fight. Until then, good bye.

We have orders to leave immediately Send us the Gazette.

Serg't WILLIAMS,
Company D, 90th Ohio.

Interesting Correspondence.

The following correspondence between Governor Tod and Col. Fuller, of the 27th Ohio regiment, is of thrilling interest:

HEADQUARTERS, 1st BRIGADE, 2d DIV., ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI
NEAR RIPLEY, MISS, October 9, 1862.

To the Governor of Ohio:

Sir:—I have the honor of forwarding to your Excellency the battle "battle flag" of the 9th Texas Regiment, which was captured by a private of the 27th Ohio Infantry, at the battle of Corinth, October 4th, 1862.

The Rebels, in four close columns, were pressing, with gallantry amounting to recklessness, upon the Ohio Brigade, with the evident intention of breaking our line, when the terrible and incessant fire of our men drove them back in the utmost confusion.

The 9th Texas bore down upon the left center of the 27th Ohio, with their flag at the head of their column, and advanced to withing six or eight yards of our line, when Orrin B. Gould, a private of Company G, shot down the color bearer and rushed forward for the Rebel flag. A rebel officer shouted to his men to "save the colors," and, at the same moment, put a bullet into the breast of Gould; but the young hero was not to be intimidated.—With the flagstaff in his hand and the bullet in his breast, he returned to his regiment, waving the former defiantly in the face of the enemy.

After the battle, when visiting the hospitals, I found young Gould stretched upon a cot evidently in great pain. Upon seeing me, his pale face was instantly radiant with smiles, and pointing to his wound, he said, "Colonel, I don't care for this since I got their flag."

I have the honor to be,
Your Excellency's obedient servant,
JOHN M. FULLER,
Colonel 27th Ohio,
Commanding 1st Brigade 2d Division.

Hon. DAVID TOD, Governor of Ohio.

THE STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Columbus, Oct. 6.

John M. Fuller, Col. 27th Regiment O. V. I., Ripley, Miss:

DEAR COLONEL:—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th inst, acompanying the bloody flag of the 9th Texas regiment captured by the gallant Orin B. Gould, a private of Co. G, in your regiment, in the great battle fought on the 4th inst, near Corinth. The brave and daring act of Gould, when made known to the loyal people of our State, will fill their hearts with joy and gratitude. I am pained to learn that the wound received by this hero proved fatal, and he is no longer in the land of the living to enjoy the rich reward due to his gallantry. But although dead, I have determined to give to his relatives and brother soldiers evidences of my appreciation of his noble conduct; and therefore herewith enclose you a commission for him as Captain in your regiment, of the date of your great battle Oct. 4th, 1862.

The bloody flag sent me I have given a prominent position in the room in the State House, appropriated to the keeping of the many trophies taken on the field of battle, by the brave and loyal hearts from Ohio; and, as the most fitting account of our possession of this trophy, I attach your elegant and manly letter to the flag.

In this connection, allow me to assure you, and the brave men under your command, that the noble bearing and gallantry of your regiment on that bloody field, is fully appreciated by the people of Ohio. Make this known to the heroes of your regiment, and assure them, that when this war is over, and our glorious old flag can again float over every inch of the territory possessed by the United States, and they thus permitted to return to their homes they love so much, they will receive the hearty greeting of all who appreciate our glorious institutions.

Very truly yours,
DAVID TOD, Governor.

[From the N. Y. Independent, October 9th.]

The True Southern Laborers.

There is a systematic attempt making, for political reasons, to produce the impression upon the laboring classes in the North, and particularly upon the Irish, that if slaves are emancipated they will come into competition with THEM; and, by glutting the labor market, reduce the price of labor, and interfere with their wages. To unthinking men, there is so much probability in such statements as to demand examination and refutation. For if unprincipled men shall succeed in inflaming the passions of the laboring men of the North, and, to the hatred of race, shall add the blind fury of selfishness, a good cause will be impeded, and the Administration will be embarrassed in carrying out its beneficent plans.

Emancipation will bring no colored laborers to the North, but will drain a great many out of it.

There are physical and social reasons for this.

The colored man is the creature of the tropics, and all his aptitudes fit him for a warm climate. Even the temperate zones are not temperate to his heat loving constitution. His skin is thirsty for the sun. He basks luxuriously in a heat that would scorch and consume a white man. In short, he is fitted by his nature for tropical latitudes, and is as much out of place in our cold temperate zones as are oranges, plantains, or palm trees.

Nor does he willingly wander away from warm latitudes. It is only as the less of evils that he is persuaded to such exile. There can be no more extraordinary testimony to the black man's love of liberty, than that he submits to live in Canada. A white bear in the Gulf of Mexico, and a black man in the arctic regions, are about equal misplaced.

Experience, likewise, shows that his reluctance to live in cold climates has a physiological basis. For the colored race do not thrive in cold climates. They do not multiply, they are not so robust; they fall into consumption easily, and waste away. This is clearly shown in the statistics of New England and New York. It is very plain, then, that black men would never emigrate from the South to the North, except under some extraordinary pressure. It is the dread and hatred of slavery that drives them, against their tastes, into an uncongenial climate. If slavery continues, there will be a great influx of freed slaves into the Northern States. This is inevitable. But, if they are allowed their liberty in the South, no inducements will incline the slaves to exchange the glowing airs of the South for the frigid and austere climate of the North. Their local attachments are known to be strong. They linger around the place where they were born and bred.—They have a great deal of Southern feeling. They may be thankful for Northern kindness; but they are identified in their ideas, their pride, their whole method of living with the South, will never become *Northerners*.

If only slavery were removed, the black man would prefer to live among Southern men. Southern men understand his nature and necessities better than Northern men. A Northern man is methodical, industrious, enterprising. He exacts from himself punctuality, diligence and frugality; and in even severer measure he exacts them from those who labor for him He has learned to value TIME In the North, "time is money." In the South, time has very little value. Less labor suffices, upon the luxuriant soils of the tropics, for the production of the necessaries of life. The heat of the climate makes labor more intolerable The true Southerner has a sympathy with the black man's easy and shiftless ways. Provided a black man keeps the place assigned to him, there is reason to believe that he is better treated in the South than in the North. He is not only allowed to follow any trade for which he has aptitude, but he is encouraged to do it.

But, in the North, the black man has no place assigned him in society. The Irishman, no matter how low or beggarly, knows that his child may rise to any position in society. The father may be a vulgar, brutal wretch. But the child goes to the public school; he becomes intelligent; he has a vigorous stock, and as soon as he emerges from his own family, he finds nothing which industry may earn, or ability achieve, or genius deserve, that is withheld from him simply on account of race and parentage.

But it is not so with the black man—He is, for the most part, hindered in his efforts at education. As he grows up in intelligence, every step is marked with suffering. Except within the circle of his own people, he is excluded from the practice of the learned professions. A black lawyer would starve. A black physician could gain no considerable practice, however skillful, and though a perfect gentleman, and regularly educated; he could scarcely gain admission into any medical society or association.

In what parish, except among his own people, could an African clergyman, though he were as learned, eloquent, and pious as Cyprien or Origen, be tolerated? Thus far, education serves rather to highten the black man's susceptibilities to social indignities, than to augment his power or increase his influence.

If we turn to the less informed, laboring classes of black men, what chance is permitted them? They are effectually excluded from the great staple industries by a prejudice which is a thousand times more effectual than could be statutory law. There is hardly a single mechanical trade in which white men will allow blacks to labor by their sides. Black men are allowed to be sailors, and to mingle with white shipmates without prejudice. To a very limited extent, they can labor in agriculture with white men. But, besides these, there is scarcely any trade or calling in which white laborers will permit black men to toil by their side.

It is in the face of such almost insuperable obstacles that politicians would persuade the ignorant, that black men will leave a climate they love for one they dislike; a society where they are at least tolerated, for one where they are hated; a section where all mechanical labors are put into their hands, for one in which they are excluded from all; from where they may be blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, coopers, to one where they may not even carry the hod, or blow the bellows, or push the drudging saw! There is no danger that water will run up hill!

Everything dissuades the black man from the North. The climate pinches him. Labor disdains him. Social prejudices exclude him from position. The bitterest political animosities restrict his civil rights to a minimum. Even religion and philanthropy perfer to offer him inducements to colonization rather than to help him where he is.

On the other hand, should liberty be given to the black man there would be a demand for his labor in the South greater than ever before. And upon a fair scale of wages, he would labor with vastly greater fidelity. The first effect of emancipation would be, to withdraw from field labor a vast number of women, who, instead of being beasts of burden, would remain at home, in the appropriate duties of wives and mothers. Their places would have to be made good. This would tend to draw laborers from the North. The black man, for the most part, can give only unskilled labor. This labor is far better fitted to the rude husbandry of the South than for the mechanical and agricultural industries of the North.

Every single circumstance tends to show than no fear was ever more unreasonable than that which evil minded politicians are zealously diffusing among the unreflecting portion of Northern laborers. And it will be a good and wise task for every true patriot to reason with his neighbors whose prejudices have been excited, and to show them that emancipation, while it is an act of sublime National Justice, will not disturb the industrial economy either of the North or the South. Whereas, the direct and inevitable effect of slavery in the South will be to drive increasing numbers of black men into the North.

Slavery keeps up a competition with Northern cheap labor. Emancipation will destroy all competition, and leave white labor in the North without impediment.

From Washington and the Potomac.

FREDERICK, Oct. 16, Midnight.—Later advices from opposite Shepherdstown report the reconnoitering party under Gen. Humphreys, which crossed the Potomac this morning, were met near Shepherdstown by a rebel force, which opened on them an artillery fire. As our forces had no artillery with them, they retired across the river, having accomplished the object of the reconnoissance, and ascertained that the rebels were still in some force at this point.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—Gen. Fremont expects soon to be in Washington, preliminary to his assignment to an important command in the Southwest.

The statement published nearly a week since, that Gen. Morgan had been suspended from his command, on account of his retreat from Cumberland Gap, is believed by the Secretary of War to be untrue, as nothing of the kind is known at the War Department.

CHARLESTOWN, Va, Oct. 16, 8 P. M.—Lee is at Winchester with a large force, and Jackson at Bunker's Hill with another large force. Stuart's cavalry is on the Shenandoah. A large rebel force is at Leestown, six miles away.

Our forces are deployed out—Caldwell's brigade on the right front, the 5th New Hampshire on the left; the 6th Regiment, cavalry, on the extreme front of the village, and cavalry, infantry and artillery scattered through the village.—The 6th New York Cavalry are two miles in the rear, to prevent a flank movement.

The enemy is expected to be reinforced. We learn from the people that Jeff Davis has issued a proclamation that all Union officers held and captured shall be put to hard labor, if the Lincoln proclamation is carried out. There is a furious storm raging.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—We have dispatches from the Times' special correspondent in front of Washington, dated Centreville and Green Springs. The rebel Gen. Stuart was certainly at Leesburg on Monday, our correspondent having been within sight of his camp fires. He a tempted to cut off Captain Ayre's detachment, but was foiled by information given by a negro who had heard his master detail the rebel plan of operations.

There is no doubt that Stuart is now in in front of our advance guard, and threatening an attack. Gen. Stahl has advanced to meet him, and our correspondent is confident that Stuart will be compelled to fight or run. Stuart encamped yesterday between Bull Run Mountain and the Blue Ridge.

Our pickets were driven in last night from the direction of Leesburg. Lieut. Kioning returned on Tuesday evening from a reconnoissance and reports a force of 400 rebel cavalry at Bristow's Station, and that the rebels are running trains between Warrenton and Warrenton Junction.

A small rebel force appeared yesterday on the stone bridge at the Bull Run battle ground.

☞The Manchester American is responsible for the following:

A friend who witnessed the battle of Antietam, and remained in that region for some days attending to the wounded, states that he found a Georgia conscript on the field mortally wounded. His only clothing was a shirt torn in shreds, and a pair of trousers cut at the knees and seat. The kind attentions he received from our hand caused him to give his name and some interesting particulars. "I am," said the wounded man, "A Georgian by birth. I sold my cotton in 1860 for $5,800. I have a wife and four children at home. I am a Union man, they pressed me into the army. I am dying. I have never fired a gun at the stars and stripes.

FAVORITES.—"I have ever found," says a sensible writer, "that men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a high repect, nay, reverence them, are seldom most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites A true respect for woman leads to respectful actions towards them; and respect is usually a distant action, and this great distance is taken by them for neglect and want of interest."

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc, and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is that kind that appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, and all the precincts of home.—They differ widely in character. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Now it does necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. A slight education will modify both a little and unite their good qualities in one.

VALUABLE RECIPTS.—To make a nice jam—lay your head under a descending pile-driver.

To see if a man is your friend—make love to his wife!

To get the frost out of your fingers—put them in hot water.

To see if a girl is amiable—tear her dress in a ball room.

To keep yourself warm in bed—set it on fire.

To be ahead of time—carry your watch behind you.

To see how hard a man strikes—tell him he lies.

To keep poor relatives from troubling you—commit suicide.

To keep from being dry—stand out in the rain.

To do away with spectacles—put your yes out.

To have tarts for tea—let your wife see you kiss the waiting maid. A sure thing.

To prevent a headache when getting sober—keep drunk.

To tell if you love a girl—have some tallow headed chap go to see her.

To see if a girl loves you—ask her like a man.

HE'S FOR PUTTING IT TO THEM.—A Kentuckian named Geir whose house, mill and store were burned by Morgan's men, and he taken prisoner, winds up a letter which he writes—after his escape—to Mr Hall, editor of the Ravenna Democrat, as follows:

"I am unequivocally for confiscantion subjugation, emancipation, extermination, and hell and damnation."

GENERAL DAVIS RELEASED.—General Jeff. C. Davis, who has been in close confinement at Louisville since the unfortunate rencounter between him and General Nelson, in which the latter was killed, was released by order from the War Deparment. It is supposed that he will be at the head of his command in the field before long.