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SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

We are coming Father Abram, six hundred thousand more.

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Fayette County Herald

VOL. 4. WASHINGTON, FAYETTE CO., O., THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1862. NO. 49.

Our Army Correspondence.

From Capt. Robinson's Cavalry.

COLEVILLE, Md., Oct. 21st 1862.

Ed. Herald:—Twelve miles North of Washington City, at the small village bearing the above name, consisting of a grocery, hotel, three dwellings and a stable, you will find the headquarters of the first Squadron Ohio Cavalry.

We are here under Col. Tracy, of the 109th New York regiment, infantry, whose headquarters is at Beltsville, six miles East of us, on the Washington City Branch of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

Our duty is scouring the country in small squads, to catch deserters and reconnoiterers, who are trying to escape the draft. Twenty-seven of our company, are with the army at Sharpsburg, six miles above Harper's Ferry, as Orderlies and Messengers to Gens. Morell and Humphrey, and these were in the battle of South Mountain and Antietam.

Many incidents and travellings through the Old Dominion, and back through Maryland, have fallen to the lot of Co. A, since my last letter; for it is now nearly two months since I last wrote to you, and you know the rebels have given us but little rest during that time.

My excuse for not writing, is the constant duty we have had to perform in the field with our baggage far behind us. This, with sickness, has made writing out of the question.

At the request of our boys, since we are now in a snug little place, with not much duty to perform, I will undertake to tell you a few of the incidents through which we have passed, but first let me give you the casualties which have befallen us.

On the night of August 23d, while our army under Gen. Pope, reinforced by Burnside, was holding back the massive rebel army from Richmond, behind the deep, narrow channel of the Rappahannock, the notorious rebel Stuart, with his brigade of cavalry, crossed the river above our army, unopposed, and by our army, unobserved, made their way directly to Catlett's Station, some fifteen miles in the rear of our army, where the headquarters of Gen. Pope and Gen. McDowell had been ordered to park. Through the influence of what distinguished officer of our army, I will not say now, since he is far from us, and I can do no good.

About ten o'clock in the evening, when most of our boys were with the wagon, consisting of those who were unfit for duty, the sick wagons, cooks &c, had retired, an unearthly whooping, hallooing and shouting, aroused them, and before they could get out of their tents, the rebel cavalry were all around them, as our train, being a little removed from the Gen., was the first attacked.

It was a dark, cloudy night; the occasional flashes of lightning, and the falling light of the camp-fires alone gave light sufficient to distinguish a man at only a few paces distant, otherwise, none of those with the wagons would have escaped. The suddenness of the attack, and its being so unexpected, our boys made but little resistance; but each man shifted in the darkness, for his personal safety. Those who escaped, give interesting narrations of lying in ditches, while the horses of the enemy passed over them, of sitting behind a stump or pine bush while they rubbed past in touching nearness, unobserved, of climbing trees, and of outrunning their horses, and escaping through the woods.

But as our boys came out of their tents and before they could make their escape, the rebels caught a dozen of them and carried them off to Richmond, with twenty-nine of our horses, including the Captains Pony, and his big horse was shot. The rebels fired into our tents, wounding John Foley in the leg near the ankle joint; he is still in the Emory hospital at Washington City, but is now able to use his leg a little in walking. They also struck their sabers into our tents, calling on the "cursed Yankoes" to surrender. It is a fact that they did not molest Gen. McDowell's train. But why repeat what our boys who were in the scrape and got a free ride to Richmond, have had an opportunity of telling you personally, since they have all been paroled and are with us again.

In the Register of last week, I see our missing, and much respected comrade, Mr. A. J. McGinnis, mentioned as being in this mess; this statement is incorrect, since Mr. McGinnis was with the company until the evening of August 25th when the army had fallen back to Warrenton, and we were camped near the scene of the above mid-night raid.

when nothing was disturbed but the wagon train of Gen. Pope, and those of his attendants. But on the night of the 20th of August, Jackson's corps of the rebel army, came upon Manassas Junction, sending their cavalry first to destroy the bridge over Bull Run towards Alexandria. They also sent a brigade to Kettle Run bridge, five miles from Catlett's Station. The bridge at Bull Run was destroyed early in the evening, while the bridge over Kettle Run was not destroyed until about eight o'clock the next morning. At Manassas Junction I counted the charred remains and blackened-car-wheels of near on hundred cars and at Bristol Station about half as many more, as we passed by the next day. You see the trap was to hold the Manassas Gap road, destroy the bridge towards Alexandria, and then have a force up near our army at Kettle Run, which would permit no trains to pass back; and allow those coming down to run right into the snare.

The trains which left Catlett's Station after four o'clock were all captured. The first, which left at half-past seven, carried Mr. McGinnis, who was going down to Alexandria on some company business. The next which left at nine, we found run into the former, near Bristol Station, at Broad Run bridge. The last locomotive was run off the track down the embankment. Both engines were full of bullet holes, and the cars burnt.

We have heard nothing of Mr. McGinnis since he left us that evening, nor has there been an answer received to any of the many letters he was taking down to put in the office at Alexandria. The supposition here, as stated in the Register of the 16th, is that he was killed in the collision of the cars.

Our next loss was that of our 2d Lieut. Mr. A. E. Chester, who was taken prisoner on the 28th of August, in a little skirmish at Centerville, in which your humble correspondent escaped, slightly wounded. But since he has been paroled and is now at home on a visit, I will leave him to tell you how it happened.

The terrific and sadly fought battle of Bull Run the 2d, came off the two days following, Aug. 29th and 30th. I have a lasting impression of the rattle of musketry in a low strip of woods skirted by high ground, a little East of the old Bull Run battle ground, of seeing Brigade after Brigade of our men in battle line, marching into the woods, and after a sharp conflict of a few minutes, come running out again, sometimes followed by the rebels, hallooing Bull Run! Bull Run! at our retreating men. All one day, and half of another, I watched this outrageous cowardly performance. Riding in with one division of Eastern troops, I saw no officers higher in rank than Captains. No one seemed to know the position of the enemy, or the disposition of our troops. One regiment sent out as skirmishers, were driven back, and when the bullets of the enemy began to whistle around the men in line, our own men opened fire on the retreating regiment, and between the fire of the enemy and our own, the fatigued regiment was nearly annihilated.

I saw at another time, one of the advanced skirmishers, who was a new recruit, peering around from behind a tree, and happening to see a rebel, he dodged behind the tree, then pointed his musket in that direction, holding it at arm's length from behind the tree.

"Thicker than leaves, the lives began to fall. On a vast fire, air, earth, and stream combined. The whole hill-top blazed like Etna, when the restless Sitan hovers in his joy. Naught could be seen save the artillery flame. Which arched the horizon like a fiery cloud. And the yelling roar, and loud, long booming of each gun on high. Over came the ear far more than thunder. Heaven's flashes spare or smite rarely. Men's make millions ashes."

I cannot stop until I tell you of one noble sight which will ever live in my memory. When our men began to waver and were coming down the hill, a battery was ordered to their support, on double quick. It rushed up the hill, every horse at full speed, under the whip, right into the thickest of the fray, and was lost in the smoke of the contest; fifteen minutes afterwards, one piece and three caissons came down the hill, all that was left to us, of that noble brave battery.

But why tell more of this wholesale murdering, the half of which will never be known. Why did you know that more than a thousand wounded men lay on the cold ground suffering from their wounds, for four, and some for five days without any attention whatever, until they were dying from sheer starvation. Ask Lieut. Sellers of Greenfield,

if you wish to know more of that terrible suffering.

Of the retreat to Centerville that night, and Jackson's attempt to cut off our rear, the second day following, of our little General's departure to the West, and of the battle of South Mountain and Antietam, you will excuse me from saying anything, as my letter is already lengthy.

I should mention, however, the good health of our new recruits, and the great assistance they give us.

We get plenty of everything here, both for man and beast, and it is probable that we will stay about the City all winter, but this is only a guess.

I hope to find time to write to you occasionally, but cannot, for the pressure of other duties, write you as often as heretofore.

Your address is: Co. A 1st Ohio Cavalry, Washington City, Yours truly, LOVEJOY.

From the 44th O. Regiment, LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 27, 1862.

Editor Herald.

The Forty-fourth Regiment arrived at this place on the 25th, having marched from Covington in four days, nearly one hundred miles. The boys are all delighted with the appearance of the country, and say they are willing to undergo every hardship in order to prevent its being overrun by the rebels. Instead of vacant and ruined plantations, as in Western Virginia, they find very little evidence that the country has ever been occupied by the enemy, and on every side it presents splendidly cultivated plantations.

Georgetown was the only town of importance passed through on the route between Covington and this place. The majority of the inhabitants, as I was informed, are of the Jeff. Davis school, but they do not take an active part in the struggle, being satisfied so long as neither side interferes with their property, particularly their "cullud" property.

The rebels do not appear to have committed many depredations in this section of the country. They subsisted to some extent on the country, but paid as much respect to private property as is possible for any army. This policy was doubtless pursued for the purpose of gaining adherents to their cause, and succeeded to a great extent. There are a great many objects of interest here, but I have not been out of camp yet, consequently can not speak of them in this communication.

Yesterday several thousand troops returned from the pursuit of Gen. Long's rebel gang; they overtook him and succeeded in capturing about one hundred and fifty prisoners.

There are twelve or fourteen regiments of infantry, three batteries of Artillery, and a large force of cavalry encamped here now. The rebel citizens express the opinion that Smith and Morgan will make their appearance in the vicinity in a short time, but I am inclined to think they will postpone their visit until there are fewer Yankoes around. It would be a rather unhealthy location for a rebel army just now.

The "contraband" question has been giving a great deal of trouble here, and yesterday an order was issued forbidding the admission into the lines, of that class, and ordering all now within the lines to be turned over to the Division Quartermaster for disposal.

All kinds of rumors are in circulation in regard to the movement of the rebels, but they are not reliable enough to be credited.

The weather has been very cold for several days, and yesterday morning the snow fell to the depth of three or four inches.

Yours truly, TYPO.

Gen. Hackleman, writing to a friend a few days before he was killed in battle said:

"Many good men must go under in this contest. The great question is, who will be left? It is indeed a dark hour, but you know me, and know that I always look on the brightest side of the picture. I have faith in God, wicked as I am—faith that He is working out His own good will and pleasure, with fire and sword. All will come right. The right man will be found for the right place—traitors in our army, and sympathizers with treason in it, will be doled out by and by, when the Government finds that it has to make a terrible struggle to preserve its existence. The days of holiday war are over—it has come to a deadly strife."

J. C. W. Powell, State Attorney for Talbot County, Maryland, and now a prisoner in Fort Delaware, is one of the conscripts of that county.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

—FIRST PERSON—SPEAKS.

I am a minister's wife. I didn't mean to be! Such a thing never entered into my calculations. And so our parish cannot charge me with "malice aforethought." And I do honestly suppose that if Hugh had carried Sarah Barrett's books to school instead of mine—if he had twined forest leaves around her hat in summer, and placed his sled at her disposal in the winter, our people would be much better satisfied with Mrs. Hugh Smith, than they are at present; and I should be—not quite so happy. But as the Parson said, "short of it," people are very perverse about this matter of matrimony, and match-making don't go as the world goes. So it happened that I was courted from the first day my braid was tied with blue ribbons, (I have them yet—those ribbons, for I am sure they did the business for me) until the morning when I knelt in white at the foot of the church altar and the people whispered, "she is indeed to young too marry yet."

Hugh hadn't always meant to be a minister; though old ladies always told him that he was of a "thoughtful turn of mind." It was during his last year in college that he decided to study theology. We were engaged then, and he wrote me about it; a long, earnest letter, very like that of Paul to Timothy, when he says "Even so must their wives be grave—not slanders, sober, faithful in all things." "Just like a man," thought I, arranging all my duties in "apple pie order," and then calling me like a spaniel, to come and pick up, first this and then that, as I was hidden. However I was not vexed, though I had not been consulted. My faith was strong in Hugh, and I would not be the one to say to him nay, while he was promising our master to fulfill his blessed commands, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," although I had no idea it involved so much travel as I have since found out to be the case. I did not fear for Hugh, but exalted him at once in a semi-celestial sphere, midway between earth and Heaven—But poor me! How was I ever to climb up there? Such remarks as people would make when they heard of it! My friends often called me "crazy Kate," when I was very gay, and it would be in everybody's mouth—"what a thing for a minister's wife!" But then they didn't know what solemn, earnest thoughts I had sometimes, nor how Hugh's letter had stirred within me the desire "to go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem," not knowing the things perhaps which might befall me there. But I need not tell how I answered that letter, and blotted the paper all over with tears, nor how Hugh handled my poor little doves of excuses—nor how hard I tried to be very good, and very sober, all these three years he was reading Genesis in Hebrew and John in the original Greek; nor how we settled over a church in the country, leading me thither to be his help-mate in the work of winning souls, and wondering why the parish didn't pay—in which last, I think I may modestly say he has ever found me a faithful co-laborer.

But there are some other things I do wish to tell, even at the risk of being tedious. I think no one ever entered upon a field of labor with a clearer view of the premises than myself. The only wedding gifts I had, of any account, were cassocks, and these were shrouded upon me in such profusion that I very soon became aware that I was regarded in my own town, as a "bit of a thing," worth nothing at all. Hugh trusted me—he only—I need not say, that when I was all over, and I rode into W— I was about the size of a church mouse in my own estimation. I only felt sure of one thing, and that was my wardrobe. I was confident that my garments were sufficiently sombre. I was guiltless of bright colors. Drab predominated; and if the object to be studied was, as I had been taught to believe, to make myself look as ugly as possible, I think the ultimatum must have been reached, when I went to church the first Sunday in that gray bonnet, with the pale green face trimmings. To this day it is a standing consolation that, whatever else may be said of me, I have never been accused of that most heinous sin in a minister's wife—dressing becoming. I think my instructions before I left home had been so explicit, that I was partially prepared for the numerous honors that awaited us at the commencement of our new life. Hugh was immediately put upon the School Committee, elected President of the Young Men's Christian Association, invited to the superintendency of the Sabbath School, and duly established as a society of one, for the promotion of the moral, religious, intellectual, and social interests of the town. The harness fitted him well, I do not know that it fretted him, or that anybody found fault with him; and I began to think my ampu were pebbles, after all.

But alas for us, of the feminine gender! Though Moses was the meekest of men, there never is any mention made of his wife, as being possessed of that virtue, in any remarkable degree; from which, we are led to conclude that she must have been of a shrewish disposition. Poor thing! We cannot tell what her trials may have been! I was first chosen President of the Congregational Sewing Circle. I declined the honor, in compliance with the advice I had received, to remember that I was young in years. Of course everybody reasoned that poor Mr. Smith had blundered sadly when he married. He could expect no help from that inefficient wife of his, and it was a pity such a devoted young minister should have started in his work with such a drawback. Next I was elected first directress of the Dorcas Society, and accepted. Then Mrs. Smith, was altogether too forward. To think she should presume to take the place of Mrs. Jones! Again—I returned my calls promptly. It was very strange that Mrs. Smith should go out so much. She must be a miserable housekeeper! Then I staid at home, and it was stranger still that Mrs. Smith went out so little.—One week I declined the direction of the Juvenile Society, and was astonished to learn that I had no interest in the young people. Mrs. Smith was entirely too grave. The next week I accepted the position, and am still more astonished to hear that I care for nothing but young society. Mrs. Smith was entirely too gay! However Hugh was satisfied, and I was beginning to content myself with the reflection that I must learn to labor and to wait for the "well done" of the Master.

For instance—Only one man in town had garden-sauce for sale. I went one day to buy some lettuce, and he would give me no pay. I thanked him, though I felt a little uneasy, all the while.—Very soon I repeated the experiment again, with similar results. Despite all I could say, he refused the money, of course of the kindest and most generous motive. But it is useless to say that was the end of lettuce, and during the remainder of the season we were compelled to forego the luxury. Again—I sent some garments to the milliners to be pinked, there being no other machine in the place. On calling for them, I pulled out my purse, as any other lady would, when I was informed that no charge was ever made the minister's wife for work of that kind. I appreciated the motive, but of course must hereafter content myself with rough edges or plain hems. We remained in W— just a year, and I candidly confess that, with all my cutting and trimming to parish opinion, I am very much afraid Mrs. Smith was answerable for the changes in our location. I shall not be beguiled into disclosing how many times we have changed our habitation, since that time, but will only content myself with hinting in true feminine fashion, that if we do not remain more stationary the next ten years, it is my opinion we shall reach the point from whence we started, and though Mr. Smith will not have fulfilled the command to preach the gospel to every creature, still I think the number of his hearers will be anything but moderate. I know not how long we shall remain where we are.—But I am older now, and better I trust. I love to labor with Hugh, and to be persecuted for righteousness sake—sometimes for my own folly's sake! Every year the "sunny side" grows sunnier, and I receive much kindness, not upon the lecture principle, Shadows dwindle, and every duty is not a stump fence, as it used to be; which is neither safe to climb nor to let alone. I trust there may be some stars in my crown, though there will be many more in Hugh's.—So, my sister, whatever the world says, if you want to marry a minister, count the cost then go and do likewise, for I will tell you privately, that I don't believe that Hugh regrets the blue ribbons, and I don't believe, though people did shake their heads at the marriage, that he has ever been sorry it wasn't Sarah Bartlett instead of me—and furthermore, the work is sweet for the dear Lord's sake.

The Principia.

Feeling is a truer oracle than thought; hence women are righter than men.

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Terms of Advertising.

One square (12 lines or less) three insertions or less, one dollar; each additional insertion, five cents.

All advertisements must be made to those who advertise by the year.

Legal advertisements inserted at the legal rates.

From Moore's Rural New-Yorker. Reply to "An Opinion."

Faith X:—I have "come," not to "eat you up," but to give you a sort of sensible "talk to." I have been thinking your case over, and have come to the conclusion that you must be in a very forlorn condition, to call so piteously for deliverance from a poor, defenceless old maid. Now, candidly, do you not feel slightly conscience-stricken for making the assertion that "you care not for the romance that may have been attached to her former history?"

Only think of it! Would you leave her (the old maid) since her "disappointment" throw aside all self-respect and true womanly feeling, and marry a man she does not love—simply to gratify your sensible (?) caprice, and relieve your pious horrors of maidenhood advanced? Then "these are such cases, you expect, as old maids becoming such from principle?" Well, have they not a perfect right to do so? Did not Paul "the great" live a life of single-blessedness? And who shall give us a better example?

"You would like to know, in all reason, what need there is of a woman acting so much like a simpleton, because she chances to be without a husband?" For the same reason, I presume, that some women "act like simpletons" because they happen to have husbands, and storm! and scold most furiously; or that some old bachelors of forty act as if they had suddenly been attacked by heart-disease if they "chance" to see a pretty Miss of fifteen—simply because they know no better. The world is made up of variety, and, if it were not manifest in the group of old maids, 'twould be a strange phenomenon, and they would cease to be a terrestrial tribe. But I argue that the picture you have drawn for our edification is "the exception, not the rule." In my experience with old maids, (and I claim to have had considerable,) I will guarantee that not one in ten has been of the "simpering, twisting, ready-for-matrimony" sort of maidens you speak of.

In my humble opinion, a genuine old maid is really one of the "salt of the earth"—one who, in adversity as in prosperity, is ever ready, with a smile upon her placid countenance and a blessing on her lips, to minister consolation to every sorrowing heart; who goes on her "errands of mercy," hoping for nothing, asking no remuneration save the heartfelt "God bless you" from those she has blessed, and the happy consciousness of having done her duty. She looks upon herself in her loneliness—just as she is—a necessity in the world, and very sensibly sets herself "about doing some good"—just as she should, and just as it was "originally designed." So, friend X, even though you do occasionally meet with the old maid who is "possessed" with a "mischievous, prying disposition," please remember that "Providence surely has mingled the cup," and that such as these are "necessary evils," sent among us to enable us the better to appreciate the good. But if you will not be convinced of the superior qualities of old maids as a "rule," I hope in compassion for "the race" that you will manage to dispose of yourself "ere the war-cloves for should our lovers, who are upon the battle-field, be sacrificed upon their country's altar, we are, every soul of us, going to be old maids! And what a glorious hand there will be to comfort the widows and fatherless, whose protectors, like ours, will have fallen in battle to secure to us the rights we shall have gained.

Laura Lee. Monroe County, N. Y., 1862.

AS OLD DEACONRY OF THE CAST OF TONES.—Daniel S. Dickinson said, in a speech at the Cooper Institute N. Y., Wednesday night:

"Constitution, law, freedom of speech, liberty of the press, usurpation, tyranny, &c., are words easily printed; and even parrots can be taught them." But men should know that the instincts of a government as of an individual, are self-defensive [Applause.] The father and proprietor of a dependent family, who should fail to employ all his energies when assailed by a murderer or banisher, and instead thereof proceed to vote from his law book, would, if slain, rank with suicides in the sight of God and man, and a Chief Magistrate who should fail to protect his Government against foreign and domestic foes, armed and unarmed, whether avowed or secret—whether wielding openly the weapons of death, or in sidiously acting as the atrocious and apologetic of rebellion—would himself be guilty of treason, and would deserve impeachment, conviction and execution. [Great applause.]

That's the way the money goes.