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Poetry.

Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than
Love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraph above
Coveted her and me.
And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-berthed kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
And shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.
The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason, as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud, chilling
And killing my Annabel Lee.
But our love is stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
Nor this did the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down here below,
Can ever dissuave my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
For the moon never beams without bringing me
Dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright
Eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my
Bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In the tomb by the sounding sea.

American Flag.

Proud flag of my country! all gallantly
streaming,
In the breeze of the battle, when glory ap-
pears;
The stern fearless blaze of the hurricane brav-
ing,
And mercy hangs round, with her olive and
tears.
Proud flag of my country! 'tis transport to
meet
Some smoke-colored hero, who's bled under
thee;
When he rashly'd after victory's blood dripping
and
And grasp'd the wild laurel that blooms o'er
the
sea.
Yes, yes, if there's one whom a nation should
love,
One high-minded man, whom e'en angels
admire;
It is he, who with spirit, all flushed from above,
With the rich roval bloom of the patriot's fire,
Who stands between danger and thee, in the
hour,
When a tyrant would tread on thy peace and
thy power.

Agricultural.

Farm.

Barns and sheds need ample ventila-
tion after being filled with hay and
grain. Leave the large doors open in
fine weather. Keep the fowls from lay-
ing upon the hay, or trespassing on the
grain mounds. Thresh and clean all
scatterings. Examine the roofs for
leaks, and repair if necessary. Paint-
ing is better deferred until cooler
weather.
Cattle—It is poor economy to keep
young stock or those intended for Fall
fattening upon short pastures. Plenty
of grass now will be a saving of grain
hereafter. Misch cows also need gener-
ous fare; feed them from the scolding
patch, if one was sown—or if necessary,
allow a daily treat of bran or shorts
mixed with water and partly fermented.
Corn—The roots should not be dis-
turbed now by plowing. If weeds are
troublesome, pull them by hand, or hoe
the surface lightly. Authorities are di-
vided as to the propriety of removing
the suckers. It would seem that the
grain would be better if the strength of
the plant were directed there by remov-
ing superfluous growth of stalks.
Experiments are needed to determine
the truth in the matter.
Fallows—"Summer Fallows" should
not be allowed to grow and ripen
weeds whose seeds will be scattered in
the soil. The harrow will generally
destroy those growing, but a few will
still be left, unless pulled or cut by
hand. Remember that weeds produce
seeds by the thousand each.
Gleaning—Many bushels of grain
will be saved by passing over fields
with the horse-rake after the grain is
gathered.
Grain—Thresh as early as can be
done conveniently; commence with the
stacks. It is usually better to sell as
soon as the market is fairly fixed.
Meadows—Remove bushes, rocks,
and other obstructions from moving
lands. Top dress new mown lands
with fine compost, to protect the roots
from scorching, and quicken the young
growth. Keep stock from meadows
until the grass is three or four inches
high, and do not allow it to be eaten
very close.—*American Agriculturist.*

Miscellaneous.

NOT A STORY.

Mr. Jones was married. He had been
married a long time, ever since he could
remember. The first Mrs. Jones was
a pretty school-boy love, and died
early. Mr. Jones was inconsolable for
more than six months, and then finding
the burden of his grief too heavy to be
borne alone, decided to share his regrets
with a sympathizing feminine friend.
The connection was a mere temporary
one, but, alas for the mutability of
earthly pleasure, Mr. Jones was again
a widower at the age of forty, and be-
ing extremely lonely, and having a habit
of marrying, he offered his broken life
and bereaved affections to Miss Patience
Norcross, a mature young lady of
thirty.

We have said that Mr. Jones had a
habit of being married, and it had so
grown upon him that, had Providence
opened the way, he would in all proba-
bility have followed up a series of be-
reavements with a succession of consolations.
But in selecting Miss Patience
he had no regard to compatibility
of temper. He had never thought any-
thing about it. His other marriages
had been happy accidents, and so far
as he knew or reflected, that was the
order of nature. But Miss Patience
had a habit, too, and it was in accordance
with her name, for it was the habit
of endurance. It was a failing that
leaned to virtue's side, and beyond it.
She lived in the remote and the future.
The present with her was a mere tempo-
rary expedient till better times. Distance
not only lent enchantment to her ob-
jects of pursuit, but was absolutely the
only charm to which she was sensitive.
She really liked Mr. Jones almost up to
the hour of his proposals; she meekly
tolerated him ever after.

They were boarding for a time, and
the wife said submissively to all her
friends:—"Oh yes, it is very comfortable
for the present, until we feel able
to keep house." Mr. Jones after the
remark had been reiterated for the fifth
time, asserted that he was able to
keep house. To prove this, he engaged
and furnished a tasteful tenement, and
another year saw Mistress Patience the
patient mistress of her own fireside.
"What a pleasant situation," said
Dame Grundy, as she called on a tour
of inspection.
"Why yes," returned Mrs. Jones—
"It is all we can expect in a house-
wife. If we were to build we should
plan very differently, of course. And
then you know one could have the
heart to make improvements in fruit
trees and shrubbery. O, Mrs. Grundy,
I hope to live long enough to have a
house of my own."
Mrs. Jones was well to do and good
natured. Moreover she was a little ob-
tuse, as we have seen, and he did not
perceive that something to put up with
with most of us a practical necessity.
So he said very generously, "Mrs. Jones,
in another year you shall have a house
of your own."

"I am afraid you cannot afford to
build such a house as I would like."
"I can and will. You shall modify
the plan yourself, or draw a new one,
if you prefer."
Mrs. Jones sighed, "It will take so
long in building," and from that hour
every rational enjoyment was deferred
until they should get in their new
dwelling. There were the usual delays
and disappointments, and Mrs. Jones'
endurance was fully gratified; she was
regaled with a "lingering sweetness
long drawn out." At length the house
was built and furnished, the grounds
laid out and planted, and the wheels of
the new establishment fairly in motion.
Moreover, by rare good luck, there was
very little to alter or undo; most of
the arrangements were desirable and
the expenditures successful.

"I hope, my dear," said Mr. Jones,
benevolently, "that we are now in a
condition to take comfort."
"If we ever get settled," assented
Mrs. Jones, with a sigh.
Well, years rolled on, and they were
settled. The flowers bloomed, and the
fruits ripened. The turf thickened in-
to velvet, and the trees grew tall and
cast a welcome shade. Strangers paused
to admire the premises as they passed,
and neighbors paid their various
tributes of envy and admiration. Mr.
Jones smoked his prime cigars in the
back piazza, and grew to look portly
and contented. Not so with Mrs. Jones.
To all the encomiums lavished upon her
residence she replied submissively,
"Yes, it's a pretty place, but we don't
know who we built it for. We have
no children to come after us, and are
just putting up improvements for stran-
gers to pull down."
Was ever a woman so favored of an
indulgent fortune? Within a year from
the utterance of this remark, Mrs. Jones
was the happy—no, the patient mother
of a real, genuine, glorious baby. Mr.
Jones, who had with difficulty refrain-
ed from happiness before, was uncon-
trollably jubilant now. The boy was
healthy and handsome and bright—
There was no mistake about him; he
was a fixed fact, a star of the first mag-
nitude. He had wanted it, is true, for
which the fond father was intensely
thankful, for to gratify and prevent
them was his supreme delight.
And the mother? Alas, hers were
all a mother's cares, anxieties and fore-

bodings. Until he was weaned she
scarcely left the house, or indulged in
the simplest luxuries of diet. Then
there was the long period of teeth-cut-
ting, during which her maternal appre-
hensions were never appeased. Then
she lived in fear of the measles, whoop-
ing cough and scarlet fever, until the
young hero met and conquered them all.
He grew round and rosy, and she
thin and anxious, but still unalterably
patient. At school she feared he might
study too much, or too little, and as
her fears were pretty equally divided
between the two perils, it is presumed
that he avoided both. Then she had a
general misgiving lest he should be
spoiled, and from too much petting at
home become an indolent and useless
member of society. But though the
reader may share her fears in this re-
gard, Master Jones falsified them all
and opportunity seemed to
agree with him. He was ambitious and
self-reliant, and not objectionably will-
ful. When at last he decided to study
for a profession, the mother fitted out
his wardrobe with reluctant care, and
his first letter from college was moist-
ened with rather more than the full
proportion of natural tears.

"I am glad he is doing well," she
said, in reply to a remark from her hus-
band, "but I miss him more than I can
tell you. Since we have only one, we
could wish he could have staid with us.
The seven years of his student life are
very long to wait."
"To wait for what?" inquired Mr.
Jones.
"For the good time coming," replied
his wife.
"Why, woman, the good time has
come, long ago. Can't you see it? We
have been having it all along."
"It may be so with you, Mr. Jones,
but I have never been free from anxiety
for a minute in my life."
"And never will be, my dear," re-
turned the husband, as he shook the
ashes from his cigar. "It is positively
your strong point, and I have an admi-
ration for your skill in it. You will find
more to submit to in any given circum-
stances than any woman I have ever
known."
Mrs. Jones raised her eyes to her hus-
band in meek surprise. She forgave
him, and was silent.

Telegraphically "Tight."

Mr. John Erskine, of St. Louis, was
recently arrested by a policeman in the
streets of that city, just at the instant
when, posted in front of a large Bank-
ing House, he was attempting to pick
the lock for Mr. Erskine is an honest
and industrious citizen—but to
smash with his fist one of the granite
steps leading to the building. In ac-
cordance with the laws regulating
prowling and gravitation, the step
persistently retained its form and po-
sition; and Mr. Erskine, finding that
it utterly refused yielding to his punish-
ment, commenced treating it as a rebel,
threatening it with federal vengeance,
to the delight of the spectators.

When brought before the magistrate,
Mr. Erskine made a very laudable at-
tempt to maintain his perpendicularity,
but not succeeding in this to his entire
satisfaction, he came to an amicable un-
derstanding for the purposes of sup-
port, with the shoulders of the officer
who had arrested him. That function-
ary despatching such close proximity,
rather rudely repulsed Mr. Erskine, who
forthwith fell upon his knees, and with
uplifted hands, assumed the attitude of
a gentleman commencing his devotions.
The Judge then opened the case by
asking, "What is the charge against
this individual?"
Policeman—"getting drunk, your
honor—completely drunk—attempting
to destroy private property, and collect-
ing a crowd of persons around him."
Prisoner—slowly raising and steady-
ing himself against the desk—"That's
a mistake—a calamity beyond descrip-
tion. I get drunk? Perish the tho't!
I was not drunk, am not drunk, and
what is more, never shall nor will get
drunk, upon any consideration what-
ever. No, your honor, I never drink
anything stronger than pure cold water;
if you doubt it, ask my neighbor
Thompson. And in order to prove be-
yond contradiction that I have my sen-
ses perfectly, I will now proceed to sing
the Star Spangled Banner without
missing a note."
The Judge in a commiserating tone—
"Poor lunatic!"
Prisoner—"Lunatic, indeed. That's
sensible, and more than likely. But
reading the newspapers has brought me
into that forlorn condition. I like
to hear the war news and read all the
dispatches on that subject as soon as
they are printed. That's the way I've
lost my reason. No sooner is a sen-
sation dispatch hatched and circulated,
than the second dispatch contradicts
the first; and the third demolishes that
again; and so on ad infinitum."
Judge—"So you have been mixing
your liquors, have you?"
Prisoner—"Eh your honor, not my
liquors, but my despatches. Oh, Tele-
graph! I've ruined, you've undone
me!"
Notwithstanding the ingenious mode
of defense resorted to by Mr. Erskine,
he was sent to work off his "despatches"
at the station house; and on the way
thither he promised the police officer
that he would thereafter abstain from
reading newspapers, particularly those
containing war despatches.

A Protest Against Babies.

We copy the following malicious
thing from that wicked journal *Vanity
Fair*. The writer has had a sad experi-
ence, and has yet to see that "precious
treasure," "Our Baby!"
I wish to complain of a very old nu-
isance (yet, withal, a very young one,
too); one which has furnished a theme
for many and many a monody before,
and which, I believe, will yet be sung
again and again. My only excuse for
treating so trite a subject, must be in
the woes I have endured on its account—
an account in which, I may say, there
is nothing to my credit.

Simply then, I protest against Babies,
and skips my article for the next.
"But the husband, who still remem-
bers how cold the floor suited his
unshod feet, and how comfortless was
his situation, in such a suit, and nothing
else, when he arose."
"In the dead waste and middle of the night,"
to walk up and down, back and forth,
with the stars pitilessly glimmering
through the icy window panes; upon
him and his lying, struggling—and
squalid—burden!"

The husband reads my article and
tacitly believes in me. He won't ac-
knowledge it to his wife, though.
The Baby is not an ornamental ob-
ject. It is not a useful object. It is
what is it? As the original What Is
It is said to be a connecting link, so I
am fain to think it the Baby—a con-
necting link between Humanity and
Inanity.

Babies are puzzle-ers. You, fond
mother, brooding dove-like over the cradle
where your first-born cherub lies in
smiling slumber, scorn me for the asser-
tion; but it is true. Take a sudden
glance at any little bald-headed, flap-
eared, noeyebrowed, boneless, shape-
less, epitome of a man—except your
own—and you'll see, that, on a quick view,
to an impartial observer, the rival of
feet of the Baby is of the goggle de-
scription.

They wear unwholesome flannel
things, always worked up under the
arms and on the nap of the neck; or
rather the crease where the nap should
be. Their salivary glands are defect-
ive. They have no nose. They must be
kissed. That perhaps is the worst char-
acteristic they possess.

Who in the name of God is that un-
lucky first conceived the notion of kissing
a Baby? A high colored, shell-less, oar-
less, with rudimental features of fea-
tures and a strong tendency to mottle-
rash. Is that an essential quality?
Not any! Yet what a number of ordin-
ary nerves dare refuse when the Baby is
handed man to kiss? No, I certainly
do not.

You, mamma, will own that you have
seen cases of Iting, the worst, in the
mildest words, up to the very top of
the head of Mrs. Jones, your neighbor
—its hair as white, not shiny, and
hairless as a billiard ball; with awfully
anatomical veins meandering over it;
its half-open mouth, of stretchy appear-
ance, eminently conducive to the econ-
omy of the salivary glands before men-
tioned. Its black twinkling eyes,
like glass beads in a bag of puffy. Its
meaningless gaber and querulous wail.
You know the child—and I observe
that you don't kiss it, and I can help
yourself. Madame, every week of life,
I have several just such beings present-
ed to me for admiration, as I am inevita-
bly expected to bestow upon the highest
pledge of affection, the sweetest
seal of love eternal!

Do you know my idea of Paradise?
It is a place where they get along with
out Babies. I want to go to Paradise!
I want to go now!

To one pint of milk add a quart-
er of a pound of raw sugar and two
ounces of ground pepper; simmer them
together eight or ten minutes, and place
it about in shallow dishes. The flies
attack it greedily, and are soon suffo-
cated. By this method, kitchens, etc.,
may be kept clear of flies all Summer,
without the danger attending poison.
It is easily tried.

A single snowflake—who cares for
it? But a whole day of snow flakes,
obliterating the landmarks, drifting over
the doors, gathering upon the moun-
tains to crash in avalanches—who does
not care for that? Private opinion is
weak, but public opinion is almost on-
nipotent.

An editor thus logically nudges
his delinquent subscribers—"We
don't want money desperately had, but
our creditors do, and no doubt they
owe you. If you pay us, we'll pay
them, and they'll pay you."

He who wishes to comprehend
the present and understand the future,
must take his lesson from the past; for
it is there that he finds the roots of the
present and the germs of the future.

A firm faith is the best theology;
a good life the best philosophy; a clear
conscience the best law; honesty the
best policy; and temperance the best
physic.

Water isn't a fashionable beverage
for drinking your friend's health;
but it's a capital one for drinking your
own.

Letters of Volunteers.

[We take pleasure in giving here-
with, letters and extracts from letters
from our brave Volunteers, who were
in the battle at Bull Run. One of
these letters is from a Minnesota Volun-
teer, to his brother in Smithville; the
rest are all from men from this town and
Coventry, all of whom are members
of the 27th Regiment, which performed
such heroic deeds on the field of battle,
they will be read with peculiar interest,
as being graphic and truthful accounts
of the battle, speiced with many in-
stances of personal adventure, and hair-
breadth escapes.]

CAMP ANDERSON,
WASHINGTON, July 29, 1861.

Editor *American*: You have probably
seen the full particulars of the great
battle at Bull's Run, in which our forces
were defeated, and I will give you
some of my own experience.

Our company was on picket guard
the night before the action, and at 2
o'clock, A. M., we were called in, and in
an hour were on the march for the
scene of action. We marched about 12
miles when we began to hear the boom
of cannon, and we knew that the strife
had commenced. We pressed forward
at a double quick rate and were soon
in sight of the rebel batteries. Our
regiment was one of the first to charge
the enemy in our column. We drove
them from their battery, and followed
them into a deep ravine, where they
displayed a white flag, and our Colonel,
supposing them to be our men, ordered
us not to fire, but we soon found out
our mistake and fired upon them. They
returned the fire, killing our ensign and
two privates. Our brave fellows fell all
around me, and I expected it would be
my turn next; but, thank Heaven I
escaped without a wound. We were
soon compelled to retreat, and we be-
came separated and each one had to
take care of himself. After four hours
of hard fighting we were all on the re-
treat. Our men were nearly exhaust-
ed, not having had anything to eat or
drink except sea-biscuits and muddy
water for two days.

We actually filed our cartridges with
water from Bull's Run, that was thick
with mud, and gave them to the rebels.
After we had retreated about 5 miles, the
rebels fired upon us again, and we re-
turned in the woods, in confusion. I was
completely exhausted and had down in
the woods and in less than ten minutes
I was sound asleep. When I awoke I
was alone and it was dark. I know not
what way to go, but started as near
as I could judge in the direction of our
army. I came to where I heard
marching and I supposed them to be
rebels. I did not dare approach them,
not having a gun and a brass hoop and
stood there till morning.

When it was light enough to see, I
started again and went directly toward
the battle field again. I inquired of a
savage which way it was to Centerville,
and was told that it was in an opposite
direction from that which I was travel-
ing. I soon retraced my steps toward
Washington, with faint hopes of seeing
my wife, as I was almost certain the en-
emy were between me and my army.
I threw away everything that I had,
made a breakfast of whortleberries, and
went on a drenching rain commenced my
march. The first man that I saw, stood
in the road directly before me with a
musket in his hand. I supposed him
to be a rebel, but went up to him and
bade him "good morning." He proved
to be one of our soldiers from the State
of Maine. At Centerville I fell in with
three men from one of the Binghamton
companies, and remained with them
during the rest of the day. We were
about the last on the road, and expect-
ed at any moment to see the enemy's
cavalry approaching, but we did not
see them. Several times during the
day I was on the point of giving up in
despair, but my companions urged me
on, and after one of the hardest days of
my life I succeeded in getting to Alex-
andria, Va., where I staid at the hut of
a slave—glad to get as good shelter as
that. The next day I took a boat and
came to Washington where I found our
regiment, in their old quarters. Our
boys thought I was either killed or
taken prisoner, and when I made my ap-
pearance among them I was greeted
with many a hearty shake of the hand.

My townsman, Delos Payne, was in
the thickest of the fight, and fought
valiantly, and is anxious to get another
chance to "pepper" them. I am un-
able to say how long we shall remain
here, probably three or four weeks.

Oscar Phelps is with us, having done
his duty faithfully on the field of battle.
Our defeat was a bad one, but we
hope to do better the next time.

Yours truly,
A. G. NORRIS.

WASHINGTON, July 23, 1861.

The last time I wrote to
you I believe I was in Fairfax C. H.,
near Centerville. Since then I have
witnessed as terrible and bloody a bat-
tle as American history can boast of.
We were routed up Sunday morning at
two o'clock and marched toward Bull's
Run, a distance of about fifteen miles,
where we arrived at twelve o'clock.
The battle immediately commenced by
cannonading on both sides. But this
was too slow work, and we were march-

ed up in musket distance. The first
regiment we met we were going to fire
into, but they told us not to fire into our
own men, so we shouldered our mus-
kets and had hardly done so when they
poured into us with a whole volley of
musketry, cutting down several of our
men. They use all manner of strate-
gies, which was very effectual at first.
They would send out little squads of
men to get our men to chase them, and
as soon as we got near enough, there
would a whole regiment rise from be-
hind some embankment and pour into
us. Some would hoist the Stars and
Stripes to make us think they were
Union men. But those things finally
played out. One regiment of Cavalry
tried to play this game on the New
York Fire Zouaves. They allowed them-
selves to be fooled till a good opportu-
nity presented itself, when they poured
upon them cutting them all to pieces.
The report is that there were but six
left. Bully for the New York boys—
The rebels were very strongly fortified
They had embankments all around
them, and a thick wood behind them
where they could retreat and be in per-
fect safety. In short they had every
advantage, but we made them retreat
once and should have probably gained
the day had they not been reinforced
by a brigade from S. C. This was worse
than we could stand so we had to re-
treat. They gained the day, but when-
ever they gain the morrow is another
thing. They have got to be routed out
of there, and when once out of there,
and Manassas Junction, their cake is
done. Their only hope of salvation is
to keep those two places.

I never should or never could have
suspected a people reared as they have
been under the blessings of Christianity
and civilization, to be possessed of such
inhuman cruelty. I have often shudder-
ed, and had my blood run cold when
reading of their crimes of hell in war,
but I don't know as I ever read of any-
thing more cruel than to deliberately
kill wounded men out of the wagons,
and cut their throats. I did not see
this done, but there are boys in our com-
pany that did. Every wounded man
they came across on the battle field,
they would either cut his throat or run
him through with the bayonet.

Our retreat march, before we could
get in any kind of safety, was back to
our old camp fifteen miles, and in this
the rebel cavalry tried to outflank us,
and they came very near doing so—
Some ten or twelve of us stopped at a
mud-puddle to get a drink, when we
heard a great noise. On looking up we
saw the rebels coming down a line at right
angles with the path we had to take. The
boys scattered in every direction. I
stopped half a second to see what to do,
and finally ran for the woods. We came
down a creek about the time the rebels got
to a bridge where the creek crosses the
main road. Our only chance was to
jump on and wade through which we
did in double quick time. They fired at
us as we were crossing but did not hit
us. After we had crossed, all the boys
but myself ran for the woods. I sus-
pected that part of the rebels had gone
that way, so I kept along the edge—
Three or four balls were fired at me but
without effect. We finally got to our
camps where we staid about two
hours, when we were ordered to march.
It was not safe for us there. We
came back to Washington where we were
arrived last night at four P. M., making
about forty eight hours without sleep,
nothing to eat but sea crackers, a march
of sixty miles, and a battle of five or six
hours. You may judge for yourselves
whether we were tired or not.

CHARLES WINTERS.

WASHINGTON, July 23, 1861.

Dear Brother: Fearing that you might
hear a report of my being killed in the
disastrous action of the 21st, I take this
method of informing you and other
friends that I am alive, and by the in-
tervention of Providence, untouched—
I have experienced a new sensation
lately—that of hearing the rush of shot
and shell, and of seeing friends and
companions in arms falling by my side
in the cold embrace of a glorious death.
We were driven—routed—but not un-
til the ground was covered with the
slain. We are not disheartened. We
hope to regain and will regain our po-
sition, or die in the attempt. I can
give no certain account of our loss, as
I killed outright and 250 wounded in the
Regiment alone. Our wounded will, I
fear be killed at last. I have heard that
the house used as a hospital was burned
and all killed. The enemy were in a
strong force, and after the charge was
made they had batteries which
could not be seen until they opened fire,
and then only by the smoke. We were
rushed up in disorder to a masked bat-
tery, with a large number of the enemy
in a concealed trench. We discover-
ed them before they fired, but our of-
ficers refused to let us fire, because they
said they were friends, but they fired,
and many a gallant heart ceased beat-
ing. We dropped on the ground and
fired, reloaded and fired, formed as well
as we were able and fired, and kept fir-
ing. We were repulsed, and returned
again; again separated and again ral-
lied on our colors, which we brought
with us from the field.

In our Company, C, the color Co., we
lost about 25 killed, our Captain wound-
ed, 2d Lieut. do, 3 Sergeants killed,

or missing, and some 6 others slightly
scratched. I was loading the 5th time,
when a ball passed between my fingers,
taking my ramrod from my hand, leaving
me with a useless gun until I could pick
up another ramrod. I got one, but it
was too large at the large end, and I
had to load with the small end. Well,
I gave them 14 rounds, and then left
with a mixed crowd of Fire Zouaves,
Minnesota and Massachusetts troops,
Garibaldi Guards and U. S. Regulars.

They killed our wounded on the field, and
we understand that they killed all in
our hospitals. They were in strong
force, and were re-inforced by 10,000
men, just as we were marched on to
them. * * * Please write, and
send papers, and have others do so, for
we are much pleased to get them in
camp. Direct to Co. C, 1st Regiment
Minnesota Volunteers, Washington, D.
C.
Yours, &c.,
Geo. L. SMITH.

WASHINGTON, July 27, 1861.
Dear Friend Jones: Yours of the 24th
was duly received and perused with
pleasure. You stated that you were feel-
ing discouraged, on account of the de-
feat of our forces on Sunday last, near
Manassas; and you state that we lost
some 3000 men. This is not so, for ac-
cording to the last report we only lost
some 1300 in killed, missing and wound-
ed. It is true we lost some arms in the
action, but they have been recovered
since, and the ammunition lost was ren-
dered useless by the rain. There are
31 missing and killed in my Regiment.
* * * The 27th Union Regiment
was one of the first to take part in the
battle. We were on the field from 10
A. M. to 4 P. M. doing our part I will
assure you. Although we were very
tired when we got there, having made
a march of some fifteen miles without
any rest, and going some of the way in
double quick time, we were ordered to
take the right of the batteries; to get
there we were exposed to a galling fire
from the enemy's batteries, throwing
shell and balls through our ranks at a
great rate. For the first introduction,
we stood on the ground, and as the en-
emy came on, we passed so close
to my head that it staggered me to
see. After we gained the right of the bat-
teries, we advanced on them and met a
body of them in a hollow, secreted by
a stone house and a piece of woods—
They had a battery on the hill. They
threw grape and shell at us, but we
drove them from there about a mile—
They then planted their batteries on a
hill so they could play on us from three
positions, and the men made another
stand. They ran up the American col-
ors and sent a man to us stating that
they would lay down arms. We then
advanced toward them, and when near
they fired on us, mowing our men
down on all sides. Of course we were
in confusion, each man for himself, but
we stood our ground, and they retreat-
ed again, but poured such a raking fire
on us, and no Regiment coming to our
relief, Col. Slocum ordered us to retreat.
In the meantime I had got ahead of the
rest, and took my station behind a large
tree which sheltered me from their fire.
I saw one of them stick his head round
a hay cock. I told him to come out or
I would shoot him. He did not comply,
but said "don't shoot, don't shoot," but
I had my gun to my eye, and when he
showed his head I shot and took him in
the head. He jumped about two feet
high, uttered an awful groan, then fell,
the blood gushing from his head in a
stream. He was the poor sneak that
said they would surrender. He got his
head shot off. I saw him, and then I saw
for the first time that the Regiment had
left, so I turned and ran to the best of
my ability, and they poured a whole
volley at me, putting three holes thro'
my pants, and cutting off a part of the
seat of my trousers as clean as if done
with a pair of shears. My gun was
struck by a ball, the stock part of it
knocked off, and it was knocked clear from
my hands, but I got another on the
ground and brought it through with
me. Our haversacks, containing our
food, were all thrown off at the com-
mencement of the action.

Sometimes it would seem as if the
day was ours, but about 4 P. M. orders
came to retreat, and we started and did
not rest until we reached Washington,
a distance of 47 miles. All late in the
evening we were ordered to march, the
worst of all was the leaving of the wounded
at the mercy of the enemy, as they
would come along and thrust a bayonet
through them; and the house where
we carried the wounded was blown up
by the rebels.

I was among the wounded, where of
all the sights one ever saw, that beat
all. Lead me up to a masked battery,
face to face with the enemy, but deliv-
er me from another such a place as that.
Those groans still ring in my ears, and
always will. As you pass along you
will see one just gasping for breath;
another crying for water, another beg-
ging you to blow his brains out, and
put him out of his misery. Some have
their limbs blown off, others part of
their faces off, then you will pass by one
already in the cold embrace of death.
You may read but you cannot imagine
a thing about it. You sent me a paper
containing Dickinson's speech, and I
like it very much, and I hope you sent
it to me and you state you will send
me money if I want it. To be sure it
is hard for us to get hold of a cent now
until the Government pays us what is