LABLE
SPONIBLE

TIGHT BINDING
RELIURE TROP RIGIDE

The Christian Watchman

G. W. DAY, Printer. BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL. REV. E. B. DEMILL, A. M., Editor

VOL 1. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1861. NO. 35

Poetry.

THE WILLOW.

The willow grows beside the river
And the boughs hang o'er its flow,
Till the green leaves, as they quiver,
Kiss the waves that run below.

The river whispers to the willow
With a sad, mysterious tone,
As the bubbles of each billow
Gurgling break on bank and stone.

What saith the river, as it glistens
In the sun-glints through the tree,
While the bough stoops down and listens
To its plaintive melody?

"Like my waters, life is flying—
Brightest joys have shortest stay—
As my waves speed onward sighing,
With thy kisses far away:

"Human hopes are like the bubbles
Swoln and glittering on my tide,
Till the rocks, like earthly troubles,
Meet and wreck them as they glide."

High o'er willow—high o'er river,
Soars a lark in airy rings,
While his voice trills to the quiver
Of his sun-illumned wings.

And the ether vault is riven
With this glad song, as he flies—
"Seek, like me, thy joys in heaven,
And thy hopes, within the skies."

Original Contributions

For the Christian Watchman.

Studies for the Sunday School.

NUMBER IV.

BIRTH OF JESUS.

MAT. 1; 18—25. LUKE 2: 1--7.

Though Mary the Virgin had been visited by an angel from Heaven, though the Great Spirit of the Universe had communicated with her, and though she was about to become the mother of the Redeemer of mankind, yet except Elizabeth none knew of the events which had transpired. The highly favoured of Heaven had faith in God, and was content even to endure reproach, confident that he doeth all things well. She had not even confided to Joseph, to whom she was betrothed, her privilege or her hopes. However before they came to live together, her situation was discovered, though Mary did not explain, but left the event with God.

Joseph resolved to put her away. In accordance with the law it was necessary that he should give her a formal and public letter of divorcement, stating his reasons for effecting a separation. But Joseph being a benevolent, as well as a just and honourable man, while he felt the necessity of parting, yet could not bear to put to open shame her whom he had loved, and determined to divorce her without stating specifically the grounds on which he acted.

But while he was in a state of deep and painful agitation, an angel of the Lord appeared unto him, not visibly as to Zacharias and Mary, but in a dream. This was the message delivered to quiet his fears, and save the peace and honor of his betrothed. "Joseph, son of David, fear not to take Mary thy betrothed, for the babe is conceived of the Holy Spirit. She shall bear a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, Saviour. This name shall be given him, for he will save his people, not merely from oppression or sorrow, but from the consequences, and especially from the guilt and power of their sins.

This supernatural visitation calmed his fears, and satisfied the mind of Joseph. He could not doubt the reality of the vision or the truthfulness of the message. Accordingly he did as was commanded, and took Mary to his house.

Shortly after the birth of John a decree went forth from Cæsar Augustus that all the inhabitants of the Roman Empire should be enrolled, and their property estimated for purposes of taxation. This just enrollment took place while Tuirinius was procurator of Syria. In Palestine it was made in accordance with Jewish custom which required each individual to have his name set down and his property valued in his ancestral town or city. In consequence, a few months after the decree of Cæsar had been issued, Joseph went up from Galilee from the city of Nazareth, to Bethlehem the city of David, in the province of Judea, since he was of the family of David. He was accompanied by Mary his wife, who went up with him to be enrolled also. She was now far advanced in pregnancy. While in Bethlehem her time expired and she brought forth her first born son, and swaddled him and laid him in a manger. There was such a concourse of people at that time in Bethlehem, that there was no room in the caravansary for the holy family.

There were at that time in the vicinity of Bethelehem, shepherds who dwelt in the fields, and kept watch over their flocks by night. Suddenly an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and a divine halo lightened the darkness and shown upon them. The appearance of the angel, and the supernatural brightness and dazzling, filled them with alarm. The angel thus addressed the terrified shepherds: "Fear not, for behold I announce to you a joyful message, which will be a source of happiness to all the people of Israel. For behold, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour has been born. He is the very expected Messiah; he is the Lord. In confirmation of this announcement I give you a sign, you will find a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

Then suddenly there appeared with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, who rapturously praised God, singing the following anthem: "Glory to God on high; peace on earth below, Good will from God to man."

When the heavenly visitants had vanished and returned to their native skies, the shepherds said to each other, "Come, let us go to Bethlehem and see what has transpired, the event which the Lord has revealed to us." They hastened away, and came to Bethlehem, and found ther Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in the manger.

When the shepherds had seen the child, and had thus been convinced in their belief of the truthfulness of the announcement which they had received, they departed, and published all around what the angel had said respecting him; his rank and office, the blessings he was to confer upon Israel. All who heard these reports from the shepherds were greatly astonished. Mary, however, was still more deeply impressed by the angelic visitation, and the heavenly anthem. She kept them in her mind, and made them the subject of earnest meditation. The shepherds returned to their homes glorifying and praising God for what they had seen and heard, being convinced, since the announcement of the angels had been confirmed by the event, that the Messiah had come, and that the redemption of Israel was at hand.

While these simple minded Jewish shepherds had learnt of an event respecting which all the rest of their fellow-countrymen, were ignorant, Gentiles in a far distant land have received an intimation that the Desire of nations had appeared. Representations of both Jews and Gentiles were to pay homage to the new born king. Some Parthian or Persian magi, pagans, yet devotees the least erroneous system of paganism then existing, priests, yet the purest and most sincere of their class, had become familiar with the idea then prevalent, that a great monarch who was destined to universal authority was on the eve of making his appearance. These men were well versed in the science of Astronomy, so far as it was then known, and were accustomed to scan the heavenly bodies. Just about the time when the shepherds saw the angel, and the celestial splendor, and heard from the he avenly host their sublime anthem. The Magi also saw in the sky a new star. Their minds had evidently been deeply intereted by the sentiment then prevalent respecting the coming king. When they saw the star, they inferred that He had made His appearance. As this star moved Westward they followed, eager to pay their homage.

The circumstances which attended the birth of Jesus proclaimed his glory. The recognition of the new born babe by the great Father is all the more unmistakable, because the birth was unattended by any earthly pomp or parade. To a poor and humble maiden, an angel from Heaven appears. She, betrothed to a carpenter, is inspired by the Holy Spirit, and spontaneously produces one of the most sublime anthems which human lips have ever uttered. When suffering under a wrong imputation, again an angel from Heaven is sent to rectify the wrong. A whole chain of providences result in the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem. The new born babe lies in a manger, but angels rejoice in the event, and representations of Jews and Gentiles are miraculously summoned to pay to him deserved reverence, and to foreshadow the predicted hour when at his name every knee shall bow. When we contemplate the occupant of that manger, with the inspired language of Zacharias, Elizabeth, and Mary, with the announcement of Gabriel, and the anthem of the heavenly choir sounding in our ears; when we see the shepherds bending in lowly reverence, and discern in the distant East the star which is guiding the wisest of the Orientals to Bethlehem, we feel that earthly splendor would be out of place, and exclaim, truly this babe is the Son of God.

A. B. C.

For the Christian Watchman.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME.

NO. VII

THE ENVIRONS OF ROME.

'Neath the lofty Capitolian, where it rears its rocky crest.
There an Empire fought her fight, and sank at last into her rest.

Desolation reigns around the dust of their Imperial halls,
Where the crumbled city lies, a wilderness within the walls.

And o'erleaping spreads away, to where the distant prospect dies.
Over where the arid surface of the waste Campagna lies,

Unto where the Pontine marshes yield the atmosphere of death,
And the pallid peasants perish, at the fever's fatal breath.

Sweeping round the blue horizon, there the Alban mountains raise.
High in air their towering summits o'er the wreck of other days.

And across the lone Campagna from the Alban mountains down.
Endless lanes of lofty arches grandly march into the town.

And the long ranks of the silent sepulchres in sad array,
Guard the ashes of the mighty slumbering on the Appian way.

But a hapless dead have found them, other more inviolate homes,
In the subterranean darkness of the solemn Catacombs.

Which beneath the opulous city and beyond the Tiber flow,
Unexplored in endless laybrinths in their solemn silence go.

Now let us take a more extended view, and with the eye range over the prospect before us. Attention is at first attracted by the scattered tombs which appear in the vicinity of the city.—along the Appian way. We notice a few miles from the Porta Capena the tomb of Cicelia Metella, "the firm round tower of other days."—Not far from it is the Cathedral of St. Sebastin, which marks the entrance into the celebrated Catacombs. We glance carelessly over some ruins in this vicinity and then turn to the Campagna, a vast and undulating plain, whose dreary monotony is interrupted only by its long lines of broken acqueducts, and the Tiber and Arno as they glide along in many a turn and winding. Over this desolate region a deadly atmosphere, which is every year approaching nearer to the city itself, has been hovering since the terrible invasions by the Barbarians of the North.

"Groves, temples, palaces,
Swept from the sight, and nothing visible
Amid the sulphurous vapors that exhale
As from a land accurst, save here and there
An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
Of some dimembered giant.

This Campagna is bounded by a long range of hills richly wooded, and of diversified forms. On the right is the country once inhabited by the Albans. In this direction the Alban hills bound the view. On a long flat ridge once flourished Alba Singa, one of the earliest and most formidable of the enemies of infant Rome. In front was the Sabine Country. In its hills and bathed in perpetual verdure is Tivoli, where Horace once dwelt and whose beauties he sang. To the left and seperated from the territory of the Sabines was Etruria.

How very beautiful is one scene spread before us. Nature has adorned with some particular charm every object on which the eye rests. The sky is of an azure hue unknown in our more northern clime, the atmosphere is remarkably transparent, affords an exhiliration to the spirits, and comes to us laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, "for the very weeds are odorous," The various features of the extensive prospect, whether they be near at hand or more remote are all sharply defined and stand forth in the transparent atmosphere or against the deep blue sky with surprising clearness and distinctness. The otherwise monotonous aspect of the Campagna is relieved by the gentle elevations in our vicinity, and the classic streams which gleam in the bright sun light like molten silver. Very beautiful also is the low line of verdant hills which bound the plain, until they terminate in the peculiar and graceful form of Mt Soracte.

Not now in snow
Which asks the lyric Roman's aid
For our remembrance—and from out the plain,
Heaves like a long swept wave about to break
And on the curl hangs pausing.

Overlooking these hills are the rounded forms of the majestic Appenines, covered with verdure of a darker hue than the olive clad hills beneath. Here and there is a snow covered summit rising above the mountains, and affording an element of grandeur to the calm and beautiful scene which it surveys.

To all this attractiveness is added the peculiar charm which time only can impart. The most lovely scenes in the new world fail to excite the mingled awe and admiration with which we contemplate similar scenes in countries which have a history. We always experience the highest enjoyment in view of the beautiful or the grand, when with the brilliant colors, the graceful and infinitely diversified forms of nature, whose productions are ever new and fair, there is mingled the peculiar hues and shapes which the ages alone can produce.

There is given
Unto the things of earth which Time hath bent
A spirit's feeling, and when he hath lent
His hand, but broke his scythe. There is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower,
And this scene will endure

The deadly malaria which is even now stealing into the villas in the vicinity of the city, and imperceptibly creeping around the Palatine, may yet render the now populous valley of the Tiber as desolate as the oldest of the seven hills. St. Peters may yet surpass the Coliseum as a stupendous relic of antiquity.

Yet the bright sun will shine out of its azure canopy as brightly as now, the amphitheatre of hills yonder will still gleam in perpetual verdure, the Appenines will rise in their present majesty, the waters of the Tiber or of the distant Mediterranean will sparkle in the bright sunlight, and in addition to the ruins of Pagan Rome, the spectator will gaze with deeper emotion on the fragments of a Rome not less wonderful in its monuments or history.

A.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Mr. Russell's Account to the London Times—A Cowardly Rout and Causeless Panic—Scenes in Washington after the Retreat, &c. &c. &c.

WASHINGTON, JULY 22, 1861.

SCENES BY THE WAY—ROAR OF THE CANONADE FIRST HEARD BY THE TOURISTS.

I sit down to give an account—not of the action yesterday, but of what I saw with my own eyes, hitherto not often deceived, and of what I heard with my own ears, which in this country are not so much to be trusted. Let me, however, express an opinion as to the affair of yesterday. In the first place the repulse of the Federalists, decided as it was, might have had no serious effects whatever beyond the mere failure—which politically was of greater consequence than it was in a military sense—but for the disgraceful conduct of the troops

The retreat on their lines at Centreville seems to have ended in a cowardly rout—a miserable, causeless panic. Such scandalous behaviour on the part of soldiers I should have considered impossible, as with some experience of camps and armies I have never even in alarms among camp followers seen the like of it. How far the disorganization of the troops extended I know not; but it was complete in the instance of more than one regiment.

Washington this morning is crowded with soldiers without officers, who have fled from Centreville, and with "three months' men," who are going home from the face of the enemy on the expiration of their term of enlistment. The streets, in spite of the rain, are crowded by people with anxious faces, and groups of wavering politicians are assembled at the corners, in the hotel passages, and the bars. If in the present state of the troops the confederates were to make a march across the Potomac above Washington, turning the works at Arlington, the capital might fall into their hands. Delay may place that event out of the range of probability.

RECUPERATIVE ENERGY OF THE NORTH—ARROGANCE OF THE NEW YORK JOURNALS TOWARDS FOREIGN NATIONS.

The North will, no doubt, recover the shock. Hitherto she has only said, "Go and fight for the Union." The South has exclaimed, "Let us fight for our rights." The North must put its best men into the battle, or she will inevitably fall before the energy, the personal hatred and the superior fighting powers of her antagonist. In my letters, as in my conversation, I have endeavoured to show that the task which the Unionists have set themselves is one of no ordinary difficulty, but in the state of arrogance and supercilious confidence, either real or affected, to conceal a sense of weakness, one might as well have preached to the Pyramid of Cheops.

Indeed one may form some notion of the condition of the public mind by observing that journals conducted avowedly by men of disgraceful personal character—the be-whipped and be-kicked and unrecognized pariahs of society in New York—are nevertheless, in the very midst of repulse and defeat, permitted to indulge in ridiculous rhodomontade towards the nations of Europe and to move our laughter by impotently malignant attacks on "our rotten old monarchy," while the stones of their brain new republic are tumbling about their ears. It will be amusing to observe the change of tone, for we can afford to observe and be amused at the same time.

GOING OUT TO GENERAL M'DOWELL'S ARMY—EXCITEMENT IN THE CITY AND A WAR AGREEMENT FOR A CONVEYANCE.

On Saturday night I resolved to proceed to General McDowell's army, as it was obvious to me that the repulse at Bull Run and the orders of the General directed against the excesses of his soldiery indicated serious defects in his army—not more serious, however, than I had reason to believe existed.

How to get out was the difficulty. The rumors of great disaster and repulse had spread through the city. The livery stable keepers, with one exception, refused to send out horses to the scene of action—at least, the exception told me so. Senators and Congressmen were going to make a day of it, and all the vehicles and horses that could be procured were in requisition for the scene of action. This curiosity was aroused by the story that McDowell had been actually ordered to make an attack on Manassas, and that Gen. Scott had given him till twelve o'clock to be master of Beauregard's lines. If Gen. Scott ordered the attack at all, I venture to say he was merely the mouthpiece of the more violent civilians of the government, who mistake intensity of feeling for military strength.

The consequences of the little skirmish at Bull Run, ending in the repulse of the Federalists, were much exaggerated, and their losses were put down at any figures the fancy of the individual item who was speaking suggested. "I can assure you, sir, that the troops had 1,500 killed and wounded; I know it." I went off to the headquarters, and there General Scott's aide informed me General McDowell's official report gave six killed and thirty seven wounded. The livery keepers stuck to the 1,500 or 2,000. The greater the number *hors de combat* the higher the tariff for the higher of quadrupeds.

All I could do was to get a kind of cabriolet with a seat in front for the driver, to which a pole was affixed for two horses, at a Derby-day price, and a strong led-horse, which Indian experiences have induced me always to rely upon in the neighborhood of uncertain fighting. I had to enter into an agreement with the owner to pay him for horses and buggy if they were "captured or injured by the enemy," and though I smiled at his precautions, they proved not quite unreasonable. The master made no provision for indemnity in the case of injury to the driver or the colored boy who rode the saddle-horse.

When I spoke with officers at General Scott's headquarters of the expedition, it struck me they were not at all sanguine about the result of the day, and one of them said as much as induced me to think he would advise me to remain in the city if he did not take it for granted it was part of my duty to go to the scene of action.

An English gentleman who accompanied me was strongly dissuaded from going by a colonel of cavalry on the staff, because, he said, "the troops are green, and no one can tell what may happen." But my friend got his pass from General Scott, who was taking the whole affair of Bull Run and the pressure of the morrow's work with perfect calm, and we started on Sunday morning—not so early as we ought, perhaps, which was none of my fault—for Centreville, distant about twenty five miles southwest of Washington.

I purposed starting in the beautiful moonlight, so as to arrive at McDowell's camp in the early dawn, but the sides could not or would not give us the countersign over the Long Bridge, and without it no one could get across till after five o'clock in the morning. When McDowell moved away he took so many of the troops about Arlington, that the camps and forts are rather denuded of men. I do not give, as may be observed, the names of regiments, unless in special cases—first, because they possess little interest, I conceive, for those in Europe who may read these letters; and secondly, because there is an exceedingly complex system—at least to a foreigner—of nomenclature in the forces, and one may make a mistake between a regiment of volunteers and a regiment of State militia of the same number, or even of regulars in the lower figures. The soldiers lounging about the forts and over the Long Bridge across the Potomac, were an exceedingly unkempt, "loafing" set of fellows, who handled their firelocks like pitchforks and spades, and I doubt if some of those who read, or tried to read our papers, could understand them, as they certainly did not speak English. The Americans possess excellent working materials, however, and I have had occasion repeatedly to remark the rapidity and skill with which they construct earthworks. At the Virginia side of the Long Bridge there is now a very strong tete de pont, supported by the regular redoubt on the hill over the road. These works did not appear to be strongly held, but it is possible men were in the tents near at hand, deserted though they seemed, and at all events reinforcements could be speedily poured in if necessary.

The long and weary way was varied by different pickets along the road, and by the examination of our papers and passes at different points. But the country looked vacant in spite of crops of Indian corn, for the houses were shut up, and the few indigenous people whom we met, looked most blackly under their brows at the supposed abolitionists. This portion of Virginia is well wooded, and undulating in heavy regular waves of field and forest; but the roads are deeply cut and filled with loose stones, very disagreeable to ride or drive over. The houses are of wood, with the usual negro huts adjoining them, and the specimens of the race which I saw were well dressed and not ill looking.

On turning into one of the roads which leads to Fairfax Court House and to Centreville beyond it, the distant sound of cannon reached us. That must have been about half-past nine A. M. It never ceased all day; at least, whenever the rattle of the gig ceased the booming of guns rolled through the woods on our ears.

One man said it began at two o'clock, but the pickets told us it had really become continuous about half-past seven or eight o'clock.

MEETING THE FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT ON ITS WAY HOME—THE MEN LEAVE IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY.

In a few minutes afterwards a body of men appeared on the road, with their backs towards Centreville and their faces towards Alexandria. Their march was so disorderly that I could not have believed they were soldiers in an enemy's country—for Virginia hereabout is certainly so—but for their arms and uniforms. It soon appeared that there was no less than an entire regiment marching away, singly or in small knots of two or three, extending for some three or four miles along the road. A Babel of tongues rose from them, and they were all in good spirits, but with an air about them I could not understand. Dismounting at a stream where a group of thirsty men were drinking and halting in the shade, I asked an officer, "Where are your men going, sir?" "Well, we're going home, sir, I reckon, to Pennsylvania." It was the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment, which was on its march, as I learnt from the men. "I suppose there is severe work going on behind you, judging from the firing?" "Well, I reckon, sir, there is." "We're going home," he added after a pause, during which it occurred to him, perhaps, that the movement required explanation—"because the men's time is up. We have had three months of this work.

I proceeded on my way, ruminating on the feelings of a General who sees half a brigade walk quietly away on the very morning of an action, and on the frame of mind of the men, who would have shouted till they were hoarse about their beloved Union—possibly have hunted down any poor creature who expressed a belief that it was not the very quintessence of everything great and good in government and glorious and omnipotent in arms—coolly turning their backs on it when in its utmost peril, because the letter of their engagement bound them no further. Perhaps the Fourth Pennsylvania were right, but let us hear no more of the excellence of three months' service volunteers. And so we left them.

The road was devious and difficult. There were few persons on their way, for most of the Senators and Congressmen were on before us. Some few commissariat wagons, were overtaken at intervals. Wherever there was a house by the roadside the negroes were listening to the firing. All at once a terrific object appeared in the wood above the trees—the dome of a church or public building apparently suffering from the shocks of an earthquake, and heaving to and fro in the most violent manner. In much doubt we approached as well as the horses' minds would let us, and discovered that the strange thing was an inflated balloon attached to a car and wagon which was on its way to enable General McDowell to reconnoitre the position he was then engaged in attacking—just a day too late. The operators and attendants swore as horribly as Anna's warriors in Flanders, but they could not curse down the trees, and so the balloon seems likely to fall into the hands of the Confederates.

THE REBEL WORKS NEAR FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE.

About eleven o'clock we began to enter on the disputed territory which had just been abandoned by the secessionists to the federalists, in front of Fairfax Court House. It is not too much to say that the works thrown up across the road were shams and make-believes, and that the Confederates never intended to occupy the position at all, but sought to lure on the federalists to Manassas Gap, where they were prepared to meet them. Had it been otherwise the earthworks would have been of a different character, and the troops would have had regular camps and tents, instead of bivouac huts of branches of trees. Of course the troops of the enemy did not wish to be cut off, and so they had cut down trees to place across the road, and put some field pieces in their earthworks to command it. On no side could Richmond be so well defended. The Confederates had it much at heart to induce their enemy to come to the strongest place and attack them, and they succeeded in doing so. But, if the troops behaved as ill in other places as they did at Manassas, the federalists could not have been successful in any attack whatever. In order that the preparations at Manassas may be understood, and that General Beauregard, of whose character I gave some hint at Charleston, may be known at home and as regards his fitness for his work, above all as an officer of artillery and of skill in working it in field or position, let me insert a description of the place and of the man from a Southern paper:— * * *

[Mr. Russell here copies a letter dated at Manassas, eulogizing the position and commander in the highest degree.]

AT FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE AND GERMANTOWN—TRACES OF THE MARCH OF THE UNION TROOPS.

It was noon when we arrived at Fairfax Court House, a poor village of some thirty or forty straggling wooden and brick houses, deriving its name from the building in which the Circuit Court of the county is held, I believe, and looking the reverse of flourishing, and one may remark, obiter, that the state of this part of Virginia cannot be very prosperous, inasmuch as there was not a village along the road up to this point, and no shops or depots, only one mill, one blacksmith and wheelwright. The village was held by a part of the reserve of McDowell's force, possibly 1,000 strong. The inhabitants were, if eyes spoke truth, secessionists to a man, woman, and child, and even the negroes looked extra black, as if they did not care about being fought for.

A short way beyond this village Germantown—the scene of the recent excesses of the Federalists—afforded evidence in its blackened ruins that McDowell's censure was more than needed.

The chimney stacks being of brick are the sole remains of the few houses in the village.

Here our driver made a mistake, which was the rather persisted in that a colored chattel informed us we could get to Centreville by the route we were pursuing, instead of turning back to Germantown, as we should have done. Centreville was still seven miles ahead.

DIFFICULTY IN FINDING THE BATTLE FIELD.

The guns sounded, however, heavily from the valleys. Rising above the forest tops appeared the blue masses of the Alleghanies, and we knew Manassas was somewhere on an outlying open of the ridges, which reminded me in color and form of the hills around the valley of Baidar.

A Virginian who came out of a cottage and was assuredly no descendant of Madam Esmond, told us that we were "going wrong right away."—There was, he admitted, a by-road somewhere to the left front, but people who had tried its depths had returned to Germantown with the conviction that it led to any place but Centreville. Our driver, however, wished to try "if there were no secheesers about?" "What did you say?" quoth the Virginian. "I want to know if there are any secessionists there." "Secessionists!" (in a violent surprise, as if he had heard of them for the first time in his life) "No, sir-ee! Secessionists, indeed!"

And all this time Beauregard and Lee were pounding away on our left front some six or seven miles off.

The horses retraced their steps, the colored youth who bestrode my charger complaining that the mysterious arrangement which condems his race to slavery was very much abraded by the action of that spirited quadruped, combined or rather at variance with the callosities of the English saddle. From Germantown onwards by the right road there was nothing very remarkable.—At one place a group of soldiers was buying "secession money" from some negroes, who looked as if they could afford to part with it as cheaply as men do who are dealing with other peoples property. Buggies and wagons (Angelice carriages), with cargoes of Senators were overtaken. The store carts became more numerous.

SAFE AT CENTREVILLE—TAKES UP A POSITION WITH LADIES, LEGISLATORS AND POLITICIANS.

At last Centreville appears in sight—a few houses on our front beyond which rose a bald hill, the slopes covered with bivouac huts, commissariat carts and horses, the top crested with spectators of the fight. The road on each side was full of traces of Confederate camps; the houses were now all occupied by federalists.

In the rear of the hill was a strong body of infantry—two regiments foreigners, mostly Germans, with a battery of light artillery. Our buggy was driven up to the top of the hill. The colored boy was despatched to the village to look for a place to shelter the horses while they were taking a much required feed, and to procure, if possible, a meal for himself and the driver. On the hill there were carriages and vehicles drawn up as if they were attending a small country race. They were afterwards engaged in a race of another kind. In one was a lady with an opera glass; in and around and on others were legislators and politicans. There were also a few civilians on horseback, and on the slope of the hill a regiment had stacked arms, and was engaged in looking at and commenting on the battle below. The landscape in front was open to the sight as far as the ranges of the Alleghanies, which swept round from the right in blue mounds, the color of which softened into violet in the distance. On the left the view was circumscribed by a wood, which receded along the side of the hill on which we stood to the plain below. Between the base of this hill, which rose about 150 feet above the general level of the country, and the foot of the lowest and nearest elevation of the opposite Alleghanies extended about five miles, as well as I could judge, of a densely wooded country, dotted at intervals with green fields and patches of cleared lands. It was marked by easy longitudinal undulations, indicated by the form of the forests which clothed them, and between two of the more considerable ran small streams, or "runs," as they are denominated, from the right to the left. Close at hand a narrow road, descending the hill, went straight into the forest, where it was visible now and then among the trees in cream-colored patches. This road was filled with commissariat wagons, the white tops of which were visible for two miles in our front.

[Conclusion on the Fourth Page.]