Montgomery County Sentinel.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance. — DEVOTION TO PARTY NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. — Two Dollars, if paid at the end of the year.

By M. Fields. — ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4, 1861. — Vol. VII.—No. 8.

THE SENTINEL

Is published every Friday morning at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing or Two Dollars if not paid until the expiration of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

☞ Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the rate of one dollar per square for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Ten lines to constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked upon them, they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

☞ Communications, the effect of which is to promote private interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of fifty cents per square. All communications must be accompanied with the author's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.

☞ Advertisements for Companies or Associations of any kind, denominational, charitable or otherwise, are in all cases to be paid for at the usual rates; and obituary notices or eulogies in addition to the announcement, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents per square.

☞ Office next door to the house on the south-west corner of the Square.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Law Partnership.

RICHARD J. BOWIE & JOHN T. VINSON, of Rockville, Montgomery county, Md., have entered into copartnership in the Practice of the Law.

They will practice in the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and in the Circuit Courts of Anne Arundle, Howard and Montgomery counties, and in the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia.

RICHARD J. BOWIE,
JOHN T. VINSON.

Dec 7—1y.

ATTENTION,

ALL YE LOVERS OF GOOD COFFEE!

Save your Money, and always have Good Coffee!

This can be done by using one of HERRMANN'S

Celebrated Coffee Roasters!

THIS is a little invention that every woman requires, as an article of economy and convenience. The coffee roasted in this machine is not only better and for health is not so much stronger, as the aroma is retained and not destroyed in the roasting. It therefore requires less coffee.

One pound of coffee can be roasted in from ten to twelve minutes, and two pounds in twenty minutes. It is so constructed that the coffee is kept constantly in motion, and exposed to the same degree of heat; consequently, all the grains are roasted alike, and have exactly the same flavor—no foreign flavor being acquired from over-roasting, or not roasting enough. A glass window is prepared at the end of the cylinder, so that the coffee may be inspected just as much as if it was in an open vessel; obviating the danger of roasting too much, and the aroma passing off, which would necessarily occur did the machine have to be opened. If you wished to inspect the coffee. You can, by beyond all doubt, make better coffee and more of it.

W. A. CUMMING has purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell the above machine for this (Montgomery) county, and would be pleased to show them, and explain the system of them, to his friends and the public.

They can be seen at the Store of John H. Hoeflich, Esq., where, at all times, can be found, at prices to suit the times, a full supply of Dry Goods, Groceries, and all articles usually kept in a first-class country store.

feb 15—1y. WM. A. CUMMING.

A Southern Invention.

WOODWORTH'S COMPOUND TOILET & WASHING SOAP

Patented March 13th, 1860.

THE subscriber having purchased of Mr. Woodworth the Patent Right for Montgomery county, Md., for his IMPROVED SOAP, now offers for sale

Family Rights.

Also, SOAPS of every description manufactured by his process.

The subscriber has tested this soap thoroughly, and can, with confidence, recommend it to the citizens of Montgomery county. It is decidedly the

Cheapest and Best Soap

that has ever been made, and at the same time the mode of manufacturing the simplest that has ever been discovered. It can be made in TEN MINUTES. Any one can heat over the fire a quantity of water, and turn the same into the best Toilet or Washing Soap. It is made without any offensive smell. There is no lye or grease used, being made entirely from chemicals. It has been analyzed by some of the best chemists, and found to contain nothing that will injure the most delicate fibres of the skin.

This soap has been used by thousands of families for the last six months, and it is universally preferred to any other, wherever it is known, both for its superior quality as a washing and toilet soap, and for the great economy there is in using it, being cheaper by

Several hundred per cent.

than any other soap known. Every family should possess it, and needs only to be known to be sought after by every housekeeper and laundress in the land.

☞ The chemicals for its manufacture can be obtained at any Drug Store at a very trifling expense.

FAMILY RIGHTS, or any of the Soaps, can be obtained of the subscriber. Any one purchasing a family right, and are dissatisfied after giving the soap a fair trial, can return it. He will, if required by the person purchasing a right, make some of the soap.

PERRY TRAIL.

Rockville, Md.

ROCKVILLE, Dec. 4th, 1860.

Mr. Trail: The specimen of soap you gave me, I caused to be thoroughly tried and found them to be all you represented. I have never seen any soap to equal them, both for their superior quality, and for the great economy there is in using them. I cheerfully recommend them to the public. A. F. DOSWELL.

AUCTIONEERING.

W. W. ALLEN, Auctioneer, will attend to sales in any portion of the county, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. His charges are moderate. All orders left at the "Sentinel" office, or directed to me at Rockville, will be promptly attended to.

dec 18—tf

Poetry.

Thou art Growing Old.

Thou art growing old, my mother,
And thy brow is marked with care;
All furrowed is thy aged cheek,
Once beautiful and fair.
The soft brown locks are oddly changed,
Chill frosts have settled there,
And touched with many a withering kiss,
Thy gently flowing hair.

Thou art growing old, my mother,
As I catch the hard-drawn sigh,
Well I know that [illegible]
Have [illegible]
But with gentle life [illegible]
Beneath on me [illegible]
With a love that [illegible]
Till the sun of [illegible]

Thou art growing old, my mother,
Many of our beautiful head
Have [illegible]
To the far-off [illegible]
But the voice [illegible]
[illegible]
Which we hear [illegible]

Thou art [illegible]
And [illegible] thy [illegible]
[illegible]
Even in [illegible]
But the [illegible]
There [illegible]
Will [illegible]
[illegible]

Thou art growing old, my mother,
Soon [illegible]
In the land of [illegible]
In the region of [illegible]
Where [illegible] than my mother,
With [illegible]
[illegible]
God [illegible]

An Interesting Story.

MAKING CALLS.

BY KATE CAMERON.

[illegible]

"Mary," said Charles Henderson to his wife, as they rose from their noon-tide repast, "this would be a pleasant day for you to go calling; can't you go?"

"I suppose I could," was the reply; "but I should have to take Charley with me, for I promised Jane she might have him this afternoon."

"Well, then, draw Charley down to the store, and I'll take care of him," said Mr. Henderson kindly; and as his wife followed him to the door, he gave her a good-by kiss, and we'll watch her as she tread down the nearly grass-grown path leading to the little white gate.

Mary stood looking after him with a loving eye, and thought "what a dear good husband he is! I ought to be very thankful."

It was a lovely day in October, and the breeze stole gently through the crimson vined eaves clustering around the piazza of their cottage home. Mr. Henderson was engaged in no [illegible] business in the thriving town of Westbury. Industrious and frugal in his habits, he bade fair to become a successful merchant; and his young wife was ever ready to lend a helping hand, and by her economy and tact, aided them more than either of them realized. Nevertheless, she was not always contented with their still humble lot, although she seldom troubled her husband with any complaint. Many of her acquaintances moved in a higher circle of society, and she was by no means insensible to the inferiority of her furniture and dress, when compared with theirs; and it must be confessed that the remembrance of this fact sometimes caused her an unhappy hour.

On the afternoon in question, these repining thoughts thronged unbidden round her heart, and soon gained undisputed possession of that citadel. She turned away from the door with a listless air, and ascended the stairs to her own room. How cheap the pretty cottage chamber set looked in comparison with Mrs. Thornton's elegant rose wood furniture! The white window shades, too, were vastly inferior to the costly curtains that draped the windows of her aristocratic friend; and how low the ceiling was! and how mean the ingrain carpet seemed to her ambitious vision! And as she began to make her toilette for the afternoon's walk, she ejaculated impatiently:

"Oh, dear! I've nothing fit to wear! My black silk looks so dowdy, and then, I've worn it so much; and my blue is at best two inches too short. I do think Charles might let me have a new dress; but it is always the way, a merchant's wife must be the last one served. Well," she concluded with a sigh, "I must wear the black;" and as she fastened the despised dress, she could'nt help mentally confessing that it fitted her trim form admirably, and although more than two years old, had borne its age remarkably well. Her neat straw hat, with its bright ribands and flowers, was very becoming; and her street basque, just the style, although made out of her old cloak. Her kid gloves were not new, but were free from those untidy rips which too many ladies leave unmended. Surely these articles of apparel were not indicative of extreme destitution!

Before donning her outer wrappings, however, she prepared her twelve-month boy for his visit to "Papa's store." A fine little fellow was the pet Charley, and when in his new merino dress, with a pretty cloak and fancy hat, he might well be looked upon by loving eyes, with fond and proud affection.

Jane helped her mistress draw the little carriage down the steps, and out of the gate, and Mrs. Henderson proceeded on her way in rather a more desirable frame of mind.

She met several ladies who stopped to kiss Charley, and call him "a jewel," "a beauty," and "a splendid baby;" and arriving at her husband's store, he greeted her with his accustomed kindness, and proudly lifted his darling boy from the carriage, and telling his wife to enjoy all she could, and be home at tea time, he again bid her "good-bye."

Her first destination was Mrs. Thornton's, the brown stone house on the hill. She was one of the elite of Westbury. As Mrs. Henderson opened the heavy iron gate, and walked up the box-edged walk, she gazed half enviously upon the rich port mansion and its [illegible] surroundings. The [illegible] was large, [illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] lawn, while a fountain threw its spray high up in the autumn sunshine, falling again with a musical [illegible] in its basin. Lost [illegible]

[illegible] the granite steps, and [illegible] the bell, and was ushered into a room [illegible] richly furnished in the [illegible] of the purple velvet [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] velvet and [illegible] wood everything that fancy could [illegible], or art invent; but it looked [illegible] to Mrs. Henderson's fastidious, and the visitor felt [illegible] that it was [illegible] home—there were no tiny feet to soil the [illegible] carpets, no little hands to disarrange those costly ornaments on the [illegible] no [illegible] to be rebuked [illegible] and she still [illegible] "I wonder if Mary Charley [illegible] in such a room!"

Just then the rustle of [illegible] was heard, and Mrs. Thornton [illegible] gracefully entered the room. She was a pale, haughty looking person, but when she spoke there was a gentle cadence in her tones that [illegible] might have been an angel's; and happy woman that love [illegible] her heart with his manly warmth. [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] was the [illegible] for poor little Charley. It was [illegible] that would not [illegible] with her, she said, [illegible]

[illegible] March 9th and as the [illegible] passed on to Mrs. Henderson's [illegible] When Mrs. Henderson [illegible] in the parlor [illegible] with [illegible] family [illegible] from [illegible] door [illegible] the [illegible] stairs. Here all was in perfect [illegible] two children in [illegible] Mr. Leigh an excellent and amiable person; but alas! she was a widow, and as Mary Henderson thought how lonely it must be to tread life's pathway with no strong arm to lean upon, she prayed that she might be truly grateful for the love and devotion of her kind husband.

Her next call was at Mrs. Stanton's, a large and showily furnished house, but it was well known in Westbury, that but the most strenuous exertions enabled the aspiring family to "keep up appearances." They toiled early and late, contrived, pinched, and scrimped in their daily living and apparel, that they might have the means for occasional display at parties and at church. Mary pitied them, and thought how unsatisfying must be such a life; all outside show—no pure home enjoyment. And again she felt thankful for her own less ostentatious, but far happier lot.

The short Autumn afternoon was drawing to a close, and she had time for but one more call, and that was on Mrs. Lane, the wife of the pastor. The parsonage was an attractive and cheerful looking dwelling, lacking none of the appliances of wealth. Mrs. Lane was blessed with a devoted husband, and three beautiful and affectionate children; but she was a confirmed invalid, and could not rise from the lounge in the sitting-room to welcome Mrs. Henderson. She was a sweet looking, intellectual woman, but her life was one of weariness and suffering, and only the consolations of the religion which she not only *professed*, but exemplified in all things, enabled her to endure her pain and languor with so much meekness and patience. Again did Mary's conscience reproach her; with the priceless boon of *health*, how could she call herself *poor!*

She now returned with a light step, but lighter heart, to the little cottage from whose windows she already saw a light beaming invitingly. The cozy sitting-room had never looked so pleasant to her before; a cheerful fire burned in the grate; her husband was seated near, reading the evening paper, and Charley was asleep in his arms. The tea-table was neatly spread, only awaiting her return; and as she laid aside her outer garments, Jane brought in the tea and toast. Charles had his little boy down gently in the crib, and after giving his wife the usual kiss of welcome, they sat down to their evening meal.

"Had a good time, Mary?" was his first inquiry.

"Yes, Charles, it has been truly a *good* time, for I have learned a lesson, this afternoon, which I trust will be lasting in its good results. I have been taught that money, however favored, can expect no real happiness on earth, and that wealth does not bring with it perfect content. I would not exchange my husband, and my baby boy, and my warm heart, for all the glittering treasures that gold alone can buy. I have learned that the sweetest of all earthly blessings is contentment."

"Indeed! Mary, I fear Charles Leigh returns to his home, and finds Charley had been unruly." Mary was seated at her little work table, but the sewing dropped from her fingers, and she took up a pearl bracelet, the gift of her sister in Paris, was it an angel's hand that opened it at the words of the Apostle?

"Yet godliness with contentment is great gain."

"For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

"And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

"But they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

"For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

And as Mary closed the sacred volume these words seemed to sink into her heart.

What better moral could we add to this little story, dear Mary Cattle?

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

—Funeral bells are only the door bells of the other world.

—Trick is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and mystery is not profundity.

—In the [illegible] out of a [illegible] wealth creates more wants than it supplies.

—Every heart is created with a handful of seeds in it; it may become a garden of flowers.

—The most mischievous liars are those who keep hiding on the verge of truth.

—We go to the grave of a friend, saying, "A man is dead!" but angels throng about him, saying, "A man is born."

—We carry our worst enemies in our own hearts. Adam fell in Paradise, and Lucifer in Heaven, while Lot continued righteous in Sodom.

—Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we would reach the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise these of the recruiting sergeant.

—The only disinterested action misers and hypocrites can boast of, is that of serving the devil without receiving his wages.

—Children, cultivate civility, politeness, and agreeable manners. They are cheap, and will be advantageous to you through life.

—To be honest *with* success requires far more talent than to be a rogue; to be honest *without* success requires far more magnanimity.

—No general can presume to say that he may not be defeated, but he can and should say that he will not be surprised. A general has often accomplished more by the march than the musket.

—A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look out for his thunder and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people; nay, sometimes he may even be seen laughing.

—A Mormon woman thus writes to a female friend: "While you of the North and South have gone to killing others off, we of Salt Lake are populating the country with extraordinary rapidity. One of our Elders recently had no less than nine children born to him in one week."

—The horse "warranted to stand without tying," which a man bought at an auction the other day, is offered for sale by the purchaser, with the additional guarantee that "he will not move without whipping."

—A celebrated poet advertised that he would supply "Lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him soon after, and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

—"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician while going his rounds. "None." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

The War News.

LATE FROM LEXINGTON.

JEFFERSON CITY, Sept. 29.—There is no reliable news of interest from Boonville, Georgetown, Glasgow, Rolla, or other prominent points.

Capt. Walter, of Col. Marshall's regiment, who was at Lexington, arrived this morning. He left there on Thursday at noon. He saw no rebel troops between Lexington and Sedalia, and says that the main body of Gen. Price's forces were there when he departed, and he believes that they intend to make a stand and meet our troops there, as the vicinity is well calculated from its streams and deep miry banks, without bridges, to trouble an advancing army.

All the Federal forces have been released on parole, except Col. Mulligan, who refused to give his for private reasons.

Price has probably thirty-five thousand men, and the rebels on Thursday confidently expected that Hardee, with eight thousand or nine thousand, and McCullough with ten thousand more, were within two or three days' march of Lexington. They have no faith in McCullough as a general, but think he is very effective with a small body of men.

A body of 10,000 rebels was sent across the Missouri from Lexington on Thursday, with the avowed intention of attacking Lane, who is reported on this side of the river. Our troops had no cartridges, no grape or other shot left at the time of the surrender, but lost from 200 to 300 kegs of powder. The rebels are casting all kinds of balls at the Lexington foundery, which is at work day and night. The rebels are greatly encouraged and declare that St. Louis shall soon be in their possession.

The Battle of Lexington.—General Price's Official Report.

JEFFERSON CITY, Sept. 28.—General Price's official report, giving a somewhat detailed account of the battle of Lexington, has been received. The following are the closing paragraphs:

"Our entire loss in this series of engagements amounts to 25 killed and 72 wounded. The enemy's loss was much greater. The visible fruits of this almost bloodless victory are great. About 3,000 prisoners, among whom are Colonels Mulligan, Marshall, Peabody, Whitegrover, Major Van Horn, and one hundred and eighty other commissioned officers, five pieces of artillery and two mortars, over 3,000 stand of arms, a large amount of sabres, about 750 horses, many sets of cavalry equipments, wagons, teams, ammunition, more than $100,000 worth of commissary stores, and a large amount of other property. In addition to all this, I retake the restoration of the great seal of the State and the public records, which had been stolen from their proper custodian, and about $900,000 in money, of which the bank of this place had been robbed, and which I have caused to be returned to it."

Col. Mulligan's Regiment at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 29.—Col. Mulligan's regiment arrived here yesterday from Lexington, and marched to Benton Barracks, where they will be paid off.

Jackson Quigg, who, it is believed, fought under the rebel Gen. Price at Lexington, was arrested yesterday as a spy.

From Lexington.—Strength of the Confederate Army.

JEFFERSON CITY, Sept. 30.—Some of the officers of Col. Mulligan's command, who have arrived here from Lexington, report that large amounts of ammunition have been found buried in the vicinity of Lexington, including 3,000 rounds of buried shell within Col. Mulligan's intrenchments, which had been deposited there months previous by order of Governor Jackson, from Jefferson city.

The rebel force at Lexington is represented to be from forty to fifty thousand, and they claim that it will be augmented to seventy-five thousand in three weeks time.

A boat has been sent to Lexington to remove our wounded, Gen. Price having given a permit for that purpose.

The foundry at Lexington is turning out three 12-pounders per week, and a large amount of shot and shell of every description.

FROM THE SOUTH.

Southern Account of the Battle at Carnifex Ferry.

We have heretofore given detailed Federal accounts of the battle at Carnifex Ferry, between the Federal troops, under Gen. Rosecrans, and the Confederates, under Gen. Floyd, and now subjoin a Southern report, from the Lynchburg Republican:

THE ENGAGEMENT AT CARNIFEX FERRY.

On Monday last we received intelligence of the advance of the enemy, in heavy force, from the direction of Sutton, along the Summerville road. On Tuesday morning Col. McCausilin's regiment, which had been down at Summerville, as our advance, was driven in, and the enemy encamped fourteen miles distant from us. We expected him to drive in our pickets on Tuesday night, and attack us on Wednesday morning, but, contrary to these expectations, he forced his march and drove in our pickets at two o'clock Tuesday. Our line of battle was at once formed behind our breastworks, and scarcely had all our forces been placed in position before the enemy was seen swarming in the woods from one end of our lines to the other. He approached with great deliberation and firmness and his central column emerged from the woods and above the hills, two hundred yards in front, just fifteen minutes after three o'clock. He approached us from this point in double quick time, evidently intending to force our works at the point of the bayonet. At the first crack of our rifles the gallant Colonel, who led in front of his men on a splendid black charger, fell dead to the earth, while the head of this column recoiled in utter confusion. The Colonel's horse, as if unconscious of the fall of his rider dashed up to our embankments and around them into our camp, and from the inscriptions on the mountings of his pistols, proved to be Col. Wm. H. Lytel's, of Cincinnati. I saw the daring officer fall from his horse, and he was certainly one of the bravest of the brave, for he sought "the bubble reputation" at the very cannon's mouth.

The enemy's column now opened upon us along the whole of our centre and right, and for an hour the rattle of musketry and the thunder of our artillery was incessant and terrible.

The enemy was driven back and silenced for a moment, but came again to the fight, supported with 5 or 6 pieces of artillery, two of which were rifled cannon. For another hour and a half the battle raged with terrible fury, and again the enemy's guns were silenced and he driven from our view.

The sun was now fast sinking beyond the distant mountains, and we were strongly in hopes that the enemy had met his final repulse for the evening; but a few moments dispelled our illusion. For the third time the enemy came back to the conflict, with more violence and determination than before. He assailed us this time from one end of our lines to the other, and tried his best to flank us. For another hour and a half, and until the dark curtains of night closed in upon us, the fight raged with intense fury.

At first the range both of their small arms and artillery was very bad, shooting entirely over our heads. The range of the cannon was especially bad; for, while their balls cut off the tops and split open the giant oaks in our encampment, their shells, with few exceptions, burst high in the air and fully fifty yards in our rear. But when they came to the last charge they had gotten the range far better, and their balls began to plow up our embankments, while their shell broke directly over us in every direction and with terrible fury. The enemy seemed to be perfectly enraged at our obstinate resistance, and was determined to pour out the full vials of his wrath upon us.

The battle ceased at fifteen minutes past seven o'clock, having continued almost incessantly four long hours. Our men stood to their posts with astonishing coolness and courage. The only fault they committed during the battle was that of firing upon the enemy at too long a range, and while too securely posted behind the dense forest trees which skirted our lines.

We did not lose a single man killed, nor more than ten or twelve wounded. The enemy's loss could not be ascertained, but at one single spot, where Col. Lytel fell, we counted thirty-seven dead bodies. The prisoners inform us that their loss was heavy, and from the fact that we silenced their guns three times, we are confident that this report is entirely true.

Our officers acted with great coolness and bravery. The battle had raged but twenty minutes when our gallant General was very painfully wounded in the right arm, the ball entering near the elbow and passing out near the wrist, without breaking any bone. We retired him a short distance under the hill, and had the wound dressed by Surgeon Gleaves, and in ten minutes he was again moving along our lines, encouraging his men by his presence and voice. At a later stage of the fight a Minie ball tore through the lapel of his coat, and another through the coutle of his saddle. Indeed it is the wonder of all of us how he escaped death. He is now suffering much pain.

I do not know the names of all our wounded, but John Stone and Thomas W. Martin, of Capt. Henley's company, Amherst, were the most severely hurt. None other of this company was hurt, and only one in Captain Snead's company—Bryant.

At the close of the fight a council of war was held, and, upon our knowledge of the enemy's strength, together with the information we received from our prisoners, it was determined to retire all our force to the south side of Gauley, and not hazard an attack the next morning.

We learn from the prisoners that the enemy was nine regiments strong, with six pieces of artillery, and that they would be reinforced by Gen. Cox in the morning with two more regiments and two pieces of artillery. They also informed us that Gen. Rosecrans commanded in person.

Our force was only 1,700 men, and, while we had strong reason to believe that we could maintain our position even against such odds, we did not think it prudent to hazard so much.

We had dispatched Gen. Wise in the morning for reinforcements, and he had declined to send them for fear of an attack upon him by Gen. Cox. We had also sent couriers for the North Carolina and Georgia regiments to come up, but it was impossible for them to reach us in time to support us.

At ten o'clock last night, therefore, our forces proceeded to retire from the position they had so heroically defended during the day, and by light this morning they were all safely and in order across the river, with all their baggage, &c., except some few things which were lost from neglect and want of transportation.

We are now pitching our tents at this place, on the main Charleston road, about fifteen miles from Gauley Bridge and fifty-five miles west of Lewisburg. Gen. Wise is encamped at Dogwood Gap, a few miles above us, with a portion of his force holds the Hawk's Nest, below us.

The Skirmish at Lewinsville—Col. Stuart's Official Report.

Headquarters, Munson's Hill,
September 11th, 1861.

Generals: I started about 12 o'clock with the Thirteenth Virginia volunteers, commanded by Major Terril, (303 men,) first section of Rosser's battery, Washington artillery, and a detachment of First cavalry, under Captain Patrick, for Lewinsville, where, I learned from my cavalry pickets, the enemy were posted with some force. My intention was to surprise them, and I succeeded entirely, approaching Lewinsville by the enemy's left and rear, taking care to keep my small force an entire secret from their observation, I at the same time carefully provided against the disaster to myself which I was striving to inflict upon the enemy, and I felt sure that, if necessary, I could fall back successfully before any force the enemy might have; for the country was favorable to retreat and ambuscade.

At a point nicely screened by the woods from Lewinsville, and a few hundred yards from the place, I sent forward, under Major Terrill, a portion of his command, stealthily to reach the wood at a turn of the road, and reconnoiter beyond. This was admirably done, and the major soon reported to me that the enemy had a piece of artillery in position in the road just at Lewinsville, commanding our road. I directed him immediately to post his riflemen so as to render it impossible for the cannoniers to serve the piece, and, if possible, to capture it.

During subsequent operations the cannoniers tried ineffectually to serve the piece; and finally, after one was shot through the head, the piece was taken off. While this was going on a few shots from Rosser's section, at a cluster of the enemy a quarter of a mile off, put the entire force of the enemy in full retreat, exposing their entire column to flank fire from our pieces. Some wagons and a large body of cavalry first passed in hasty flight, the rifle piece and howitzer firing as they passed; then came flying a battery, eight pieces of artillery, (Griffin's,) which soon took position about six hundred yards to our front and right, and rained shot and shell upon us during the entire engagement, but with harmless effect, although striking very near. Then passed three regiments of infantry, at double quick, receiving, in succession, as they passed, Rosser's unerring salutation, his shells bursting directly over their heads, and creating the greatest havoc and confusion in their ranks. The last infantry regiment was followed by a column of cavalry, which, at one time, rode over the rear of the infantry in great confusion. The field, general and staff officers were seen exerting every effort to restore order in their broken ranks, and my cavalry videts observing their flight, reported that they finally rallied a mile and a half below, and took position up the road, where they supposed our columns would be pursuing them. Captain Rosser having no enemy left to contend with, at his own request was permitted to review the ground of the enemy's flight, and found the road plowed up by his solid shot, and strewn with fragments of shells; two men left dead on the road, one mortally wounded, and one, not hurt, taken prisoner. The prisoner said the havoc in their ranks was fearful, justifying what I saw myself of the confusion.

Major Terrill's sharpshooters were by no means idle, firing whenever a straggling Yankee showed his head, and capturing a lieutenant, (captured by Major Terrill himself,) one sergeant and one private, all belonging to the Nineteenth Indiana, Colonel Meredith's. The prisoners reported to me that Gen. McClellan himself was present, and the enemy gave it out publicly that the occupancy of Lewinsville was to be permanent. Alas for human expectations. The officers and men behaved in a manner worthy of the general's highest commendation, and the firing done by the section under direction of Capt. Rosser and Lieutenant Slocum, (all the time under fire from the enemy's battery,) certainly, for accuracy and effect, challenges comparison with any ever made. Valuable assistance was rendered me, as usual, by Captain Ball; and Messrs. Hairston and Burks, citizens, attached to my staff, were conspicuous in daring. Corporal Hogan and Bugler Weed are entitled to special mention for good conduct and valuable service.

Our loss was not a scratch to man or horse. We have no means of knowing the enemy's, except that it must have been heavy, from the effects of the shots. We found in all four dead; and mortally wounded and captured four. Of course they carried off all they could. I returned here with my command, after reestablishing my line of pickets through Lewinsville. Please forward this report to Gen. Johnson. Your ob't serv't,

J. E. B. STUART, Col. Com'ng.

—The kiss, with which a girl seeks to catch her beau, is a fishing-smack.