

# Montgomery County Sentinel.

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By M. Fields.

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## Poetry.

### Remembered Music.

When I was sad, oh! sing to me  
The song of other days,  
For I still cling with changeless truth  
To those familiar lays;  
They lead me back to boyish hours,  
To verdant grove and glen,  
To accents that charmed me with their bliss,  
To friends who loved me then.

Yes, sing to me those simple songs,  
For those of modern skill,  
I never knew until the world  
Had wrought me grief and ill;  
Their tones so sweet can move no more,  
Nor soothe my bosom's strife,  
Like those remembered melodies  
That tell of early life.

### An Interesting Story.

#### LOST, YET FOUND.

The spot on her cheek is the fire of shame,  
"Tis a rough, hard road that her feet have  
trodden,  
Sheep to her soft, in her Savior's name—  
Show her the way to her Father's home."

It was an autumn afternoon, full of  
still splendor. The trees, though it was  
only the last week in September, were  
bright, in the neighborhood of the White  
Mountains, with all their wonderful tints  
of crimson, rust, purple, and gold. The  
summer travellers had nearly all left the  
hotels—the regular stages had been taken  
from most of the routes—and there was  
an air of primal stillness and repose  
far and near over the landscape.

In a low and comfortable but strong  
carriage were a gentleman and lady who  
were visiting that region for the first time.  
The driver, a genuine son of New Hamp-  
shire, to the mountains born, bestowed  
his undivided attention upon his own  
affairs; having taken enough to take  
notice of the conversation or proceedings  
of the two who sat together behind him.

They were bride and groom, these two.  
After years of painful waiting, fortune  
had smiled at last upon Paul Herkimer,  
and permitted him to marry the woman  
of his choice. This was their modest  
wedding-tour. The bride was no longer  
in the glow of her first youth. Nearly  
thirty years, with their light and shade,  
night and day, summer and winter, had  
done their work on her good, kindly face,  
making it nobler, more tender, more  
thoughtful, than it could have been ten  
years before; and therefore more beauti-  
ful than when the pink flushes of girl-  
hood were on the cheeks—its blue glad-  
ness to the eyes. The cheeks were pale,  
now, and the eyes—thoughtful, half sad,  
—looked grey, instead of blue, beneath  
the long lashes that half hid them. One  
charm she had, beyond any one I ever  
saw—a strong, fearless honesty, and self-  
reliance, which shone in every movement  
of her face. Such a woman in earlier  
years would have been among the Chris-  
tine martyrs—even now she was ready  
to tread on thorns, or through flames, if  
her path of duty led that way.

It was strange how they came together—  
Paul Herkimer and Constance Wade.  
He was so different—youthful-looking,  
though really just of age—far hand-  
somer, and a great deal better calculated  
to please the world, which recognized him  
as wearing its own uniform. Still he  
loved Constance—perhaps his soul reach-  
ed higher than he himself knew, and was  
indeed able to hers. At any rate, for  
years marriage with her had been the  
goal to which thought and endeavor  
tended, and now that goal was won. She  
was his wife, and together, under the  
golden September sun, they were jour-  
neying up and down the rugged slopes  
New Hampshire hills, on whose summits  
one feels so strangely near to Heaven.  
At length she spoke, bringing back to  
her companion's face her clear, far-seer-  
ing eyes, which had been ranging over  
the distance.

"Paul, do you see that woman, you-  
der, toiling up the hill in front of us? I  
noticed her an hour ago, when we were  
observing the last long hill before this one.  
She seems, all the time, to keep just about  
so far in advance, and now she hurries—  
as if a restless pain goaded her. But  
there—see—she totters—she has fallen!  
Driver, in mercy make haste. I believe  
she must have fainted."

It was twenty minutes, perhaps, before  
they reached the fallen figure, lying so  
helplessly by the roadside. Then Mrs.  
Herkimer sprang out, and hurried to the  
stranger. She sprinkled her face with  
cologne, and moistened her lips with it,  
and then she lifted the poor, helpless  
head to her bosom. As she did so, a  
long gasping sigh parted the lips bright  
as a scarlet berry, and the eyes unfolded  
and stared with a questioning gaze her  
kindly face.

The stranger had been very beautiful.  
She was beautiful still, but the haggard  
lines about her mouth, and the anguish  
in the eyes told the story of suffering,  
whose marks would never pass away till

the face, with the death smile on it, should  
be hidden under the daisies.

"You have walked too fast and too far,  
Mrs. Herkimer, said, kindly, "and now  
you must let us help you on your way.  
Where are you going?"

The stranger writhed herself away,  
beyond the clasp of the kind arm which  
was holding her. A brilliant scarlet  
flushed the wasted cheek, and she cried—  
"Do not hold me. I know by your se-  
rene face, your pure, friendly eyes, that  
you are what I was once, and never can  
be again. A woman like yours is no fit-  
ting pilot for an outcast. You ask me  
where I am going,—listen, and I will tell  
you. I go to look upon the home which  
I only made desolate—the parents  
whom I deceived and deserted—to look  
till the sight shall blast my heart yet  
more than the memory has blasted it,  
and then—listen still—I am going to die."

"Where is this home?" Mrs. Herki-  
mer asked, gently, yet with a certain  
authority in her voice which the poor  
creature had no power to resist.

"In Bethel, Maine. I lived there all  
my young, innocent days. The birds  
in the forest, or the flowers on the hillside,  
were no freer or blither than I, and I  
was my parent's ill—the last child of  
seven, and loved all the more because  
of the six graves on the sunny hillside. I  
was happy until Guy Leslie came. He  
was with a party going to the mountains,  
and while they were resting and chang-  
ing horses in the village, he saw me.  
Then he ordered his trunk off the stage, and  
stayed to see me again and again. It was  
the old story, lady. He was rich and  
highly cultivated—I was poor, unlearned  
and pretty. You must not condemn him.  
That I felt his own blame. He never  
promised to marry me, but I loved him  
so well I was glad to go with him on any  
terms.

"I went away with him in the sum-  
mer, and he left me, and left peace and  
home behind me forever. How well  
I remember it all. The moonlight lay  
white and still about the little cottage  
with the ivy over its porch. My father  
and mother were sleeping peacefully, for  
I went in to look at them, and leave my  
lavies on their beds. Then I went  
out, and before the laborious two by the  
gate he stood, strong and beautiful and  
beguiling as a lost angel. I put my hand  
in his, and I have never seen a happier  
hour since. Not that he was unkind to  
me; he was too generous for that, but my  
mother had prayed too often over my  
slumbers for her child to be happy living  
in sin. Oh, lady, there is no anguish  
which eats so sharply into the soul as the  
perpetual cancer of remorse. I felt that  
I was outlawed from all good men and  
pure women; and I became a creature  
of doubt and difficulty, came to seek  
Deacon Gray's advice. Deacon he bore  
the name of a just man, she went on and  
told the whole story. Before she had  
finished the mother was sobbing wildly,  
but the father sat, never turning away  
his stern, observant eyes. At last, she  
told all, the narrator asked—

"What will those parents do? What  
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Now, indeed, the dead calm of the old  
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"Bring her to us, in mercy bring her  
to us! She is our child, our only one—  
though her sin were ten times as great,  
when she forsakes it, she shall find only  
love and welcome in the hearts of her pa-  
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And waiting to hear no farther, Con-  
stance Herkimer left them there, and  
hurried away.

In ten minutes more that lady was  
lifted again. A shivering, timid figure  
glided in, and the door was shut upon  
Miriam Gray and her parents.

The next week Deacon Gray's farm  
was sold—his dues collected, and he and  
his wife went away from the town of Bethel—  
no one in that neighborhood knew whither.

Ten years afterwards the October sun-  
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peaceful acres of a rich and ample farm  
in the outskirts of a thriving Western  
village. The day was already wearing  
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A woman opened it—a woman still  
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Apparently the gentleman was less  
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ghastly pale, and cried, passionately—  
"Why, why are you here, Guy Leslie?  
Did you not work me too enough in the  
past?"

"Yes, and for five years have I been  
seeking you far and wide, to see if I  
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her, she shall go to them—if not, we must  
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I do?"

"I confess I do not. If you are mind-  
ed to go about the world seeking fallen  
women, and giving up your time to their  
rescue, you should have put on the garb  
of a Sister of Charity instead of a bride-  
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change our plans on account of this wo-  
man—had enough, even according to her  
own story—and probably even that un-  
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"It is not untrue, Paul. If you had  
heard her tell it you could not doubt  
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as to what our duty is."

For some moment Paul Herkimer looked  
into his wife's clear eyes—met their  
sweet, solemn gaze, and recognized the  
pure, unselfish shining through them.  
Then he said, the shadow meanwhile  
clearing away from his brow—

"You are right, Constance, as you al-  
ways are. My own conscience, I know,  
would not be at ease should we leave this  
poor creature to her fate. We will do all  
you suggest."

Few words were spoken, as the car-  
riage, with four in it, rolled on toward  
Bethel. The poor wanderer who had so  
strangely found a friend, sat weeping in-  
sensibly, with a new hope fluttering at her  
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That night, just at twilight, Constance  
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lived through all her peaceful early years.  
Her husband waited for her at a little  
distance, but she went in quite alone.  
She saw there a woman looking a great  
deal older than her years—prematurely  
broken and sad, as those whose last  
years are life's set. She knew by those  
yearning, wistful eyes, which many tears  
had dimmed, that there would be a glad  
welcome from that mother for the lost  
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iron mask. No joy and no sorrow spoke  
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at her as he had ever wept or smiled.  
Concerning his reception of his returned  
child, she saw no indication on which to  
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Saying for sole excuse for her com-  
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the home where the poor wanderer had  
lived through all her peaceful early years.  
Her husband waited for her at a little  
distance, but she went in quite alone.  
She saw there a woman looking a great  
deal older than her years—prematurely  
broken and sad, as those whose last  
years are life's set. She knew by those  
yearning, wistful eyes, which many tears  
had dimmed, that there would be a glad  
welcome from that mother for the lost  
child that was found. But the father wore an  
iron mask. No joy and no sorrow spoke  
from his passionate face—he did not look  
at her as he had ever wept or smiled.  
Concerning his reception of his returned  
child, she saw no indication on which to  
found so much as a conjecture.

Saying for sole excuse for her com-  
ing to the house—that she was stronger  
in the place, and being in circumstances  
of doubt and difficulty, came to seek  
Deacon Gray's advice. Deacon he bore  
the name of a just man, she went on and  
told the whole story. Before she had  
finished the mother was sobbing wildly,  
but the father sat, never turning away  
his stern, observant eyes. At last, she  
told all, the narrator asked—

"What will those parents do? What  
will you do, if it were your child's con-  
struction, or would you remember what  
you are suffering, the Heavenly Father  
sheds His crying children?"

Now, indeed, the dead calm of the old  
man's face was broken up. Rising, but  
leaving her his chair, as if he feared to  
trust himself without its support, he  
cried—

"Bring her to us, in mercy bring her  
to us! She is our child, our only one—  
though her sin were ten times as great,  
when she forsakes it, she shall find only  
love and welcome in the hearts of her pa-  
rents."

And waiting to hear no farther, Con-  
stance Herkimer left them there, and  
hurried away.

In ten minutes more that lady was  
lifted again. A shivering, timid figure  
glided in, and the door was shut upon  
Miriam Gray and her parents.

The next week Deacon Gray's farm  
was sold—his dues collected, and he and  
his wife went away from the town of Bethel—  
no one in that neighborhood knew whither.

Ten years afterwards the October sun-  
shines rested goldenly over the fair and  
peaceful acres of a rich and ample farm  
in the outskirts of a thriving Western  
village. The day was already wearing  
late, when a traveller entered the rustic  
gate, and knocked at the farm-house  
door.

A woman opened it—a woman still  
fair and graceful, but whose face, so calm  
and sad, would scarcely have been recog-  
nized as Miriam Gray's, except for the  
brightness of the golden hair, and the  
deep, clear blue of the downcast eyes.  
Apparently the gentleman was less  
changed, for meeting his gaze, she turned  
ghastly pale, and cried, passionately—  
"Why, why are you here, Guy Leslie?  
Did you not work me too enough in the  
past?"

"Yes, and for five years have I been  
seeking you far and wide, to see if I  
wronged you not in some measure or  
longer, if necessary. I will see her pa-  
rents, and, if they are willing to receive

## FROM THE SOUTH.

### The Battle of Wednesday & Thursday.

#### CONFEDERATE ACCOUNTS.

(FROM THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.)

From the Richmond Dispatch, of Friday, the 27th ultimo, we obtain the following interesting items:

#### The Battle of Thursday.

On yesterday afternoon engagements opened a few miles northeast of the city, which we have no reason to doubt is the beginning of the great conflict that is to decide the fate of this capital, and perhaps of the Confederacy itself. The cannonading till an hour or more after dark, was quick and heavy, exceeding in rapidity and volume that at Seven Pines. Not a word from the field has reached the city. The reason probably is, that the attack was made under the light wings of the enemy's staff. The city is confident and calm.

#### Information came to hand last night that the attack was made by General A. P. Hill's division on the enemy's position near the Meadow Bridge, about 3 o'clock. The enemy recoiled, leaving a battery, as is reported, in the hands of our troops.

Retreating about two miles, the enemy made a stand in their entrenchments at Mt. Laurel, and after a vigorous resistance, held out for two hours. But they could not stand the impetuous onset of our victorious troops, and again broke, and made for the main body of McClellan's army, leaving three batteries to their pursuers. Darkness put an end to the chase. We have no reports of casualties. The battle opens gloriously. May this morning's sun be our Sun of Austerlitz.

#### From the Lines.—The Fight on Wednesday.

We are permitted to take the following extract from a letter from a member of a company in the fight, dated yesterday:

"We have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, and then only a slice of bread and a cup of coffee to each of us. We had to lie all day in the sun. The Yankees were shelling us most of the time, but did not hurt us. About 6 o'clock P. M. we were ordered to fix bayonets and charge the Yankees—that is, four companies of our regiment (the 12th Virginia)—the other portion being held as a reserve and support for our artillery. We had to charge across a wheat field about three quarters of a mile. The Yankees were under cover, in a dense wood, and at least eight to one.

"We crossed the field with a yell, and so quick and unexpected was the movement, that the Yankees broke and fled, but not until many of them had been made to bite the dust. I don't mean that our battalion did all this. We were nobly aided by the Forty-eighth North Carolina and Fourth Georgia. The woods were filled with the dead and wounded Yankees. None of our company were killed, but seven were wounded—Sergeant William Woodson, in knee; B. Edyson, through the lungs (mortally); J. B. Old, in calf of leg; A. Gashwright, in small of back (seriously); John Leatmont, in arm; Sergeant John B. Laughon, slightly, in leg; David Wilson, in foot, (slightly). We took some twenty or thirty prisoners."

"We have been unable to obtain any further particulars of the fighting in the early part of the day, and until the Generals in command concede some facilities to reporters and correspondents of the press, will have to trust to chance for whatever news we may obtain from the lines.

The 48th North Carolina, alluded to in the above extract, is a new regiment, commanded by Colonel Hill. The regiment marched from the Capitol Square,

Wednesday morning, about 6 o'clock, and went into action soon after reaching the lines. About twenty of the regiment were killed, and a considerable number wounded, including Major Hodge, who was struck in the right foot by a ball.

Early Wednesday morning, "Long Tom" operated on the Yankee breast-works, north of the Williamsburg road, and demolished a considerable portion of the entrenchments. The Yankees fled in dismay from the shells of this powerful engine. The gun, which was captured, is now in the hands of our Artillery. The infantry support being a portion of General Hunter's brigade.

### NEGRO REGIMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

#### Explanation of General Hunter.

The following letter from Gen. Hunter has been laid before Congress by the Secretary of War:

#### HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF THE SOUTH.

Port Royal, S. C., June 23.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington:—Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from the Adjutant General of the Army, dated June 13, 1862, requesting me to furnish you with the information necessary to answer certain resolutions introduced in the House of Representatives on June 9, 1862, on motion of Hon. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, the substance being to inquire—

1. Whether I had organized, or was organizing, a regiment of fugitive slaves in this department?

2. Whether any authority had been given to me from the War Department for such organization? and

3. Whether I had been furnished, with order of the War Department, with clothing, uniforms, arms, equipments, &c., for such a force?

Only having received the letter containing these inquiries at a late hour on Saturday night, I urge forward my answer in time for the steamer sailing to-day (Monday). This haste prevents me from entering as minutely as I could wish upon many points of detail, such as the paramount importance of the subject calls for; but in view of the near termination of the present session of Congress, and the widespread interest which must have been awakened by Mr. Wickliffe's resolution, I prefer sending this imperfect answer, to waiting the period necessary for the collection of fuller and more comprehensive data.

To the first question, therefore, I reply that no regiment of fugitive slaves has been or is being organized in this department. There is, however, a regiment of persons whose late masters are "fugitive rebels," men who cry where they before the appearance of the National flag, leaving their servants behind them, to shift, as best they can, for themselves. So far, indeed, are the loyal persons composing this regiment from seeking to avoid the presence of their fugacious and traitorous proprietors, that their late owners that they are now, one and all, working themselves in a position to see in full and effective pursuit of their fugacious and traitorous proprietors.

To the second question, I have the honor to answer that the instructions given to Brigadier-General T. W. Sherman by the Hon. Simon Cameron, late Secretary of War, and turned over to me by succession, for my guidance, distinctly authorized me to employ all loyal persons offering their services in defence of the Union, and for the suppression of this rebellion, in any manner I might see fit, or that the circumstances might call for. There is no restriction as to the character or color of the persons to be employed, or the nature of the employment, whether civil or military, in which their services shall be used.

I conclude, therefore, that I have been authorized to enlist fugitive slaves as soldiers, could any such be found in this department.

No such characters, however, have yet appeared within view of our most advanced pickets, the loyal slaves everywhere remaining on their plantations to welcome us aid us, and supply us with food, labor, and information. It is the masters who have, in every instance, been the fugitives, running away from the loyal slaves as well as from the loyal soldiers, and whom we have only partially been able to see, chiefly their heads over ramparts, or, rifle in hand, dodging behind trees in the extreme distance.

In the absence of any fugitive (master) law, deserted slaves would be wholly without remedy, had not the crime of treason given them the right to pursue, capture, and bring back those persons of whose protection they have thus suddenly been bereft.

To the third interrogatory, it is my painful duty to reply that I have never received any specific authority for issues of clothing, uniforms, arms, equipments, and so forth, to the troops in question. My general instructions from Mr. Cameron to employ them in any manner I might find necessary, and the military exigencies of the department being my only, but in my judgment, sufficient justification. Neither have I had any specific authority for supplying these per-

sons with shovels, spades, and pick-axes, upon employing them as laborers—with boats and oars, when using them as lighter men; but these are not points included in Mr. Wickliffe's resolution.

To me it seemed that the liberty to employ men in any particular capacity implied with it liberty, also, to supply them with the necessary tools, and, acting upon this faith, I have clothed, equipped, and armed the only loyal regiment yet raised in South Carolina. I must say, in vindication of my own conduct, that, had it not been for the many other diversified and imperative claims on my time and attention, a much more satisfactory result might have been hoped for, and that, in place of only one, as at present, at least five or six well-drilled, brave, and thoroughly acclimated regiments should, by this time, have been added to the loyal forces of the Union.

The experiment of arming blacks, so far as I have made it, has been a complete and even marvelous success. They are sober, docile, attentive and enthusiastic, displaying great natural capacities for acquiring the duties of the soldier. They are eager, beyond all things, to take the field and be led into action, and it is the unanimous opinion of the officers who have charge of them that in the peculiarities of this climate and country, they will prove invaluable auxiliaries, fully equal to the similar regiments so long and successfully used by the British authorities in the West India Islands.