

NEWS FROM THE NORTH.

From the Northern papers of the 22d, 24th, and 25th, for which we are indebted to the kind attention of our friends, we get the following summary of news:

Extraordinary Proclamation from President Lincoln—the slaves of all the rebel States to be declared free after the first of January.

The most important feature of the news from the North is the following extraordinary proclamation from Mr. Lincoln:

WASHINGTON, September 22, 1862.—I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as hereinafter, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in which States that relation is, or may be, suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the Slave States, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted or thereafter may voluntarily adopt the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the efforts to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon the continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued; that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be thenceforward and forever free; and the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom; that the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate States and parts of the States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce within their respective spheres of service the act and sections above recited.

And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

Secretary of State.

Comments of the Northern Press on Lincoln's Abolition Proclamation.

The following are some of the comments of the leading Northern press on the above proclamation.

[From the New York Tribune.] It is the beginning of the end of the rebellion; the beginning of the new life of the nation.

God Bless ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[From the New York Times.]

There has been no more important and far-reaching document ever issued since the foundation of this Government than this proclamation of President Lincoln. The wisdom of the step taken—we refer at present to that clause in the document which declares free the slaves of rebel States after the first of January—is unquestionable; its necessity indisputable. It has been declared time and again by President Lincoln that as soon as this step becomes a necessity he should adopt it. In adoption now is not a confession that the military means of suppressing the great rebellion have proved a failure, but simply that there is a point at which any other legitimate application that can be called in shall also be availed of. Slavery is an element of strength to the rebels if

left unremoved; it will assuredly prove an element of weakness—a source of total destruction—to them and their cause, when we make such use of it and its victims as lies in our power.

From now till the first of January—the day when this proclamation will take effect—is little over three months. What may happen between now and then, in the progress of the war, it is hard to say. We earnestly hope, however, that by that time the rebellion will be put down by the military hand, and that the terrible element of slave insurrection may not be invoked. If by that day the rebel army be overthrown, and their capital captured, and if the slaveholding rebels still prove malignant, irrepressible, and, as in the Southwest, disorganizers and marauders, then let that which Vice President Stephens called the corner stone of the Southern Confederacy be knocked from under it, and see whether the whole fabric of rebellion will not necessarily tumble to the ground.

[From the New York Herald.]

The gravity of this proclamation will strike every one. It has been forced upon the nation by the abolitionists of the North and the secessionists of the South. It inaugurates an overwhelming revolution in the system of labor in a vast and important agricultural section of the country, which will, if the rebels persist in their course, suddenly emancipate three or four millions of human beings, and throw them, in the future of their helplessness and ignorance, upon their own resources and the wisdom of the white race to properly regulate and care for them in their new condition of life. But the importance of this great social revolution will not be confined to the section where the black race now forms the chief laboring element. It will have an influence on the labor of the North and West. It will, to a certain extent, bring the black labor of the South in competition with the white labor on the extensive grain farms of the West, unless the existing stringent laws of some of the Western States, confining the negro to his present geographical position, are adopted in all the other free States.

It is at this time, with victory in our hands, and enormous preparations for crushing out all opposition, that the President issues this important manifesto, and gives the people of the South this chance. It is now the question with them whether or not they are prepared, for the sake of the few miserable leaders of this wicked rebellion, to submit to this overwhelming revolution in their social system. There is the document. There is the time fixed for the return of the rebellious States to the allegiance of the Federal government. No event in the history of the world surpasses the one now presented by the President, and which is to be decided in a little over sixty days.

[From the New York World.]

President Lincoln is a very blondin in the art of political balancing. When in his elevated position a portion of the balancing pole is thrown out on the left side, he deftly projects an equal weight of it on the right. Thus he maintains his equilibrium. While he was humoring the radicals in the process of degrading General McClellan, he withheld the proclamation for which they so loudly clamored. When the unrelenting necessities of war compelled him to restore that general to command, he found it necessary to pacify his exacting and meddlesome faction, and he throws it up to the barking three-mouthed Cerberus, in the shape of a new proclamation.

The new proclamation really amounts to little. The President, proclaims in substance, that on the first of next January he will issue still another proclamation, putting in force the main provisions of the emancipation act. It is subsiding the dignity of a great Government to make such promises as to what it will hereafter do in territory of which a powerful armed force disputes the jurisdiction. If, on the first of next January, the war is substantially ended, there would be some reason in giving the insurgents their election between submission and civil penalties. But they will laugh such offers to scorn so long as they can confront us with great armies. That part of the proclamation which relates to slaves coming within our lines is particularly weak. The law is the same that it was several months ago. If a proclamation on this point is necessary, why was it so long delayed? Its issue at this late day looks like a concession to the radical clamor.

Another Proclamation from Lincoln.

Lincoln has also issued the following proclamation suspending the writ of habeas corpus in the case of all State prisoners, and warning all persons from interfering with enlistment and raising the draft:

Whereas, It has become necessary to call into service not only volunteers but also portions of the militia of the States, by draft, in order to suppress the insurrection existing in the United States; and disloyal persons are not adequately restrained by the ordinary processes of the law from hindering this measure and from giving aid and comfort in various ways to the insurrection. Now, therefore, be it ordered—

That during the existing insurrection, or a necessary exposure for suppressing the same, all rebels and insurgents, their aiders and abettors within the United States, and all persons discouraging volunteer enlistments, resisting military drafts, or guilty of any disloyal practice, affording aid and comfort to the rebels against the authority of the United States, shall be subject to martial law, and liable to trial and punishment by courts martial or military commissions.

Second—That the writ of habeas corpus is suspended in respect to all persons arrested, or who are now, or hereafter, during the rebellion, shall be, imprisoned in any fort, camp, arsenal, military prison or other place of confinement, by any military authority or by the sentence of any court-martial or military commission.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this twenty-fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

Secretary of State.

From New Orleans. MORILE, Oct. 3.—A special dispatch to the Advertiser & Register, dated Jackson, 2d instant, says: Butler has issued an order (No. 16) requiring all persons in New Orleans, male and female, from 16 years of age and upwards, who sympathize with the Confederates to report themselves by the first of October, with a descriptive list of their property, real and personal. If they renew their sympathies they are to be removed if for parson, but if not they will be fined and imprisoned and their property confiscated.

The police of the city are charged with the duty of seeing that every household enroll its property in their respective districts.

From Richmond, Oct. 4th.

Another great battle, it is believed, will soon take place between Lee and McClellan's armies, between Winchester and the Potomac. The Confederate army left Banker Hill on Wednesday and moved towards Martinsburg, where the Federalists were known to be encamped.

FROM OUR ARMY.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DATE BATTLES.

We are permitted to give our readers the following highly interesting letter, written by a wounded officer of the 2d N. C. Regiment to his wife and mother, dated Charleston, Va., Sept. 21st.—N. C. Standard. "We left our camp, near Frederick City, on Wednesday morning the 10th inst., and marched through the city in the direction of Hagerstown. As we passed through the city, a respectable show of favor was exhibited to us by the lady secessionists of the burg, but it was not very large, and it had the appearance of cordiality mixed with a lively fear of the consequences. We marched all day over a beautiful mountain turpentine that, at times, gave us beautiful views of the scenery, and encamped at night at the South Mountain Gap, of the Blue Ridge, having passed through during the day, several little villages that lay nestled down among the valleys, the largest being Middletown, a village of perhaps 1,000 inhabitants, who showed by their signs, that they were, for the greater part, hostile to our cause.

Little did I think, as I stood that night, on picket duty on the mountain, that in a few short days a battle would be fought on the very spot I then stood on. I had a beautiful view of sunrise from the top of the mountain the next morning, but was too sleepy to appreciate it. Soon we were again in line and trudged over the mountain gap and then down into the Allegany valley, the tops of whose mountains could be seen away to the westward. We passed through several villages that day, also through the town of Boonesborough, one of the oldest places in Maryland, and encamped for the night in four miles of Hagerstown, in a beautiful oak grove. Here we rested on Friday and Saturday, the first two days rest we had since leaving Richmond. I had a good opportunity, while there, to ascertain the sentiment of the people, two thirds of whom I found hostile to us. Indeed, but few families did I find but had brothers or sons in the Yankee army. Here our army split, Longstreet, with three divisions, went in the direction of Williamsport on Saturday; McLaws' and Jones' Divisions went towards Harper's Ferry, while we, D. H. Hill's, remained. Saturday night we were called to arms soon after we had lain down, and away we put back again through Boonesboro' and by daylight were on the top of South Mountain Gap, and were soon drawn up in line of battle on the two mountains to the right and left of the road, fronting in the direction of Middletown, where the day before, our cavalry had a sharp fight with the enemy, and had reported the enemy as advancing in full force with a column of 20,000 men. South Mountain is on the South side of the road, and is entirely wooded. North Mountain, on the North side of the road, is more or less open, being, for the most part, farmed. Away in the distance we could see the long lines of the enemy approaching, looking like long crooked black shadows slowly moving towards us. As small as our force was, Garland's Ripley's and Anderson's Brigades, (Ripley was not there,) we drew up to meet them. Garland was put away over in the woods on South Mountain, Ripley to the left on North Mountain, while we, of Anderson's Brigade, held the Gap road or center. Artillery was put in position, and, by sunrise, the reverberation of its thunder went rolling up over the cliffs. The enemy also opened, and a sharp artillery duel was kept up for an hour. Very soon the rattle of musketry is heard from the woods on the right; Garland is engaged on the right with the enemy, and we on the left and center stand in eager expectation of being attacked also, although no signs of the enemy can be seen over the cleared fields of the left. In half an hour cheers are heard, and as we stand awaiting an attack ourselves, we eagerly strain our ears to see if we can distinguish whether the cheers come from friend or foe. (There is a difference between Yankee cheers and our own; the Yankee cheer is "Huzza! Huzza!" in

sharp, guttural, while ours is distinguished by our continuous, monotonous yell, without pause or stop.) Our heavy troops within us as we become convinced that the cheers emanate from Yankee throats. The firing continues, and a canopy of smoke hangs over the woods in the vicinity of the place from which the sound of musketry proceeds. Still we are not attacked, and I think I can perceive in the face of Hill a gleam of thought that the enemy have thrown their whole force on our right flank. The men become restless and uneasy, and the light of battle is seen in every face. But here comes one of Garland's aids, galloping furiously—"General, sends us reinforcements—we are falling back, and the enemy are pressing us hard in heavy force." "General Anderson, hurry your brigade to Garland's assistance," and we are faced to the right, and away we go up the side of the mountain at a double quick. We pass lots of wounded limping down the mountain, trickling blood at every step, then again a stretcher containing some more desperately wounded, and as I bend over one, I catch the pale face of the gallant Garland, who is being carried down desperately wounded in the breast. He died before he reached a surgeon. He was killed on the first charge of the enemy, while gallantly rallying his men before their superior force.

We soon came up with the brigade, just getting in position behind a fence that surrounds a small mountain farm. We take position on their left and await the enemy. Soon we see them coming up in our front, and our right opens on them. Bullets whiz from the front, and soon come heavy volleys on our right flank. The enemy have attacked us in front and on the right at the same time. Garland's brigade swings around to the rear, through the woods in order to face the flank fire, while we keep up a continuous one in front, and drive the enemy back beyond range. The enemy still press our right flank, and Garland's brigade after desperate fighting against heavy odds, falls back slowly through the woods, and exposes our right. An order is given for us to move to the left, as the enemy are trying to gain our left as well as our right. We move to the left through a heavy fire, men falling at every few steps. The firing ceases. Our regiments are again formed into line of battle, facing up the mountain, and before the enemy are prepared for us, we attack him, and drive him back; but the laurel is so thick and our force so small that our commanders are afraid to let us penetrate their lines too far. Soon we are reinforced by Ripley's brigade, who are put on the left, and making a left wheel of the whole line up the sides of the Mountain, we drive the enemy step by step up to the top of the ridge, and with a yell we dash to the open plateau of a few acres that are there cultivated, but as we emerge from the cover of the woods, like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky, comes the booming of cannon, and the whole earth in front of us seems torn up by grape and canister. Our exhausted column falls back in some disorder, and we retreat down the mountain, unpursued, to reform. The sun is now but an hour high. Hill's little division has kept the enemy in check all day, and we are again preparing to make another attack, when Jones' division of Longstreet's corps arrives, and gladly do we hear the order given for us to retire. Jones' division fought the enemy till about 9 o'clock, when finding them strongly posted on the top of the ridge, in heavy force, it retired to a position with us, near Boonesboro', where we lay on our arms till near dawn, when an order was given to give the Gap up, and fall back to the Potomac river. We have full one-fourth of our division killed, wounded and missing among the woods on that mountain. The word "missing" means—those who are not known to be killed or wounded, but are not present. At 4 o'clock, on Monday morning, we take up our line of march. We had hardly gone four or five miles before the news reaches us that the enemy are pursuing. Our wagons are endangered. The column forms a line of battle on the first line of hills that run diagonally to the road, and our wagons move on to the front. This causes the enemy to halt, and form in battle array, and while they are disposing of their forces to the best advantage for attack, we quietly move off by the flank to the next succession of hills, and thus continue our retreat until we arrived on the South side of a small creek in the vicinity of Sharpsburg, three miles from the river. (Here we formed a junction with Longstreet's corps, who also had been fighting all day long on Sunday, on another Mountain farther South.) formed a line of battle and determined to make a stand. But the enemy was wary, and though making demonstrations, did not dare to cross the creek, which remained the dividing line between us until Wednesday morning. We threw out skirmishers to the creek bank, placed our artillery in position, and though desultory fighting between pickets was continuous, and not an hour passed but the booming of cannon and the whiz of shell grated on the ear, we ate, slept and stood in line of battle through the long hours of Monday night, Tuesday, and Tuesday night. Tuesday, one division of Jackson's victorious corps joined us. They had, while we were fighting on South Mountain, Sunday, been busily fighting near Harper's Ferry, and succeeded on Monday evening in capturing the whole garrison of 13,000 Yankees, 15,000 stand of arms, and about 90 of the most improved pieces of field artillery, together with a large lot of ammunition, clothing, shoes, and horses and wagons. I have even all the captured articles myself. Our line of battle was now formed anew. Jackson's troops were put on the right; D. H. Hill's in the center, and Longstreet's on the left, facing the creek, with their backs towards the Potomac. All day long Tuesday we could see heavy columns of Yankees arriving in front of our line, and I felt that the crisis was near. At day-light on Wednesday morning, we were assailed by heavy artillery and musket firing on our left, and each man was ordered to his place. Desperate and heavy does it roll from the left, and the sound seems to come nearer. Soon we see the wounded come limping towards us, and they say the enemy has attacked our left flank in heavy force, and our men are falling back. Look at that head of dead! Our artillery is retreating, and while we are straining our eyes in the direction of the retreating

line of Yankees. Three heavy columns are approaching us, extending to the right and left as far as we can see, each column about 100 yards behind the other, and the nearest across 400 yards distant. To oppose this was Hill's weak little division, scarce one-fourth as large, and my very heart sank within me, as I heard Gen. Anderson say to one of his aids to hurry to the rear and tell Gen. Hill for God's sake to send us reinforcements, as it was hopeless to contend against the approaching columns. It was now about 8 o'clock. The battle had begun also on the right of our first position, and Jackson was hotly engaged. Sharpshooters were sent about 50 yards to the front of us, and our line ordered to lie down in the lane, and hold their fire till the enemy was close to us. I stood near Col. Tew on the crest of a hill, in front of our position, and gazed with tumultuous emotion over the fast approaching line. Our little corps seemed doomed to destruction, but not an eye flinched, nor a nerve quivered, and you could observe the battle-light of determination on every countenance, and I then felt sure we would do honor to our noble old State that day, though we would not live to see it again. On moved the columns, until I could distinguish the stars on their flanking banners, see the mounted officers, and hear their words of command. Just then, a Yankee horseman waved his hat us, and Col. Tew returned the compliment. It was the last I saw of the Colonel. Our skirmishers began to fire on the advancing line, and we returned to ours. Slowly they approach up the hill, and slowly our skirmishers retire before them, firing as they came. Our skirmishers are ordered to come into the line. Here they are, right before us, scarce 50 yards off, but as if with one feeling, our whole line pour a deadly volley into their ranks—they drop, reel, stagger, and back their first line goes beyond the crest of the hill. Our men re-load, and await for them to again approach, while the first column of the enemy meet the second, rally and move forward again. They meet with the same reception, and back again they go, to come back when met by their third line. Here they all come. You can see their mounted riders cheering them on, and with a sickly "huzza!" they again approach us at a charge, but another volley sends their whole line reeling back. They then approach the top of the hill, cautiously, and lying down, we pour into each other continuous shower of leaden hail for four long mortal hours. The whole air resounds with the din of arms. Musket, rifle, cannon and shell pour forth an avalanche of lead and iron. Our men are protected by about 6 or 8 inches of the wear of the road, but that is great protection; they fire cautiously, and are apparently as cool as if shooting at squirrels, taking sure aim every fire. The protection, however, is not sufficient. The air is full of lead, and many are shot as they are aiming at the enemy, and the groans of the wounded are heard amid the roar of the musketry. Col. Tew was killed about 11 o'clock, a musket ball penetrating his brain. It is certain death to leave the road, wounded, as the balls fly so thick over us.—We hear reinforcements coming up behind us, but the fire is so hot they were not able to come to our succor and were forced to fall back. Our number is perceptibly reduced by deaths and wounds, and our fire slackens, while the enemy has succeeded in planting a battery that rakes the road, and sends many to eternity at every discharge. Our left has given away, and the enemy has already crossed the line in our rear. At last, the order is given to fall back, and the few that remain unincorporated fall sulkily back. The enemy, however, have been so badly punished, they are not able to follow us immediately. We rally behind a stone fence, and await their approach, the whole division hastily making a respectable regiment.—Reinforcements arrive, the enemy approach, but fall back in disorder before a fire from behind the wall, that safely marked their ranks. Their retreat is followed up by the fresh troops of A. P. Hill, who have just arrived, and when night sets in the enemy is whipped three miles from the battlefield on the left, while the retreating fire that blazes furiously from the right indicates that on the right too the enemy are sulkily retreating before the invincible forces of Jackson. The day is ours, but dearly won. Six or eight thousand of our brave boys lay around dead or wounded in that day's fray, while the ground is made blue by Yankee excrement.—They left fully 4,000 dead on the field. Their wounded must be immense. Our regiment brought only 100 out of the fight, just one-third it carried in, while other regiments suffered worse.

In a few moments I could see the advancing line of Yankees. Three heavy columns are approaching us, extending to the right and left as far as we can see, each column about 100 yards behind the other, and the nearest across 400 yards distant. To oppose this was Hill's weak little division, scarce one-fourth as large, and my very heart sank within me, as I heard Gen. Anderson say to one of his aids to hurry to the rear and tell Gen. Hill for God's sake to send us reinforcements, as it was hopeless to contend against the approaching columns. It was now about 8 o'clock. The battle had begun also on the right of our first position, and Jackson was hotly engaged. Sharpshooters were sent about 50 yards to the front of us, and our line ordered to lie down in the lane, and hold their fire till the enemy was close to us. I stood near Col. Tew on the crest of a hill, in front of our position, and gazed with tumultuous emotion over the fast approaching line. Our little corps seemed doomed to destruction, but not an eye flinched, nor a nerve quivered, and you could observe the battle-light of determination on every countenance, and I then felt sure we would do honor to our noble old State that day, though we would not live to see it again. On moved the columns, until I could distinguish the stars on their flanking banners, see the mounted officers, and hear their words of command. Just then, a Yankee horseman waved his hat us, and Col. Tew returned the compliment. It was the last I saw of the Colonel. Our skirmishers began to fire on the advancing line, and we returned to ours. Slowly they approach up the hill, and slowly our skirmishers retire before them, firing as they came. Our skirmishers are ordered to come into the line. Here they are, right before us, scarce 50 yards off, but as if with one feeling, our whole line pour a deadly volley into their ranks—they drop, reel, stagger, and back their first line goes beyond the crest of the hill. Our men re-load, and await for them to again approach, while the first column of the enemy meet the second, rally and move forward again. They meet with the same reception, and back again they go, to come back when met by their third line. Here they all come. You can see their mounted riders cheering them on, and with a sickly "huzza!" they again approach us at a charge, but another volley sends their whole line reeling back. They then approach the top of the hill, cautiously, and lying down, we pour into each other continuous shower of leaden hail for four long mortal hours. The whole air resounds with the din of arms. Musket, rifle, cannon and shell pour forth an avalanche of lead and iron. Our men are protected by about 6 or 8 inches of the wear of the road, but that is great protection; they fire cautiously, and are apparently as cool as if shooting at squirrels, taking sure aim every fire. The protection, however, is not sufficient. The air is full of lead, and many are shot as they are aiming at the enemy, and the groans of the wounded are heard amid the roar of the musketry. Col. Tew was killed about 11 o'clock, a musket ball penetrating his brain. It is certain death to leave the road, wounded, as the balls fly so thick over us.—We hear reinforcements coming up behind us, but the fire is so hot they were not able to come to our succor and were forced to fall back. Our number is perceptibly reduced by deaths and wounds, and our fire slackens, while the enemy has succeeded in planting a battery that rakes the road, and sends many to eternity at every discharge. Our left has given away, and the enemy has already crossed the line in our rear. At last, the order is given to fall back, and the few that remain unincorporated fall sulkily back. The enemy, however, have been so badly punished, they are not able to follow us immediately. We rally behind a stone fence, and await their approach, the whole division hastily making a respectable regiment.—Reinforcements arrive, the enemy approach, but fall back in disorder before a fire from behind the wall, that safely marked their ranks. Their retreat is followed up by the fresh troops of A. P. Hill, who have just arrived, and when night sets in the enemy is whipped three miles from the battlefield on the left, while the retreating fire that blazes furiously from the right indicates that on the right too the enemy are sulkily retreating before the invincible forces of Jackson. The day is ours, but dearly won. Six or eight thousand of our brave boys lay around dead or wounded in that day's fray, while the ground is made blue by Yankee excrement.—They left fully 4,000 dead on the field. Their wounded must be immense. Our regiment brought only 100 out of the fight, just one-third it carried in, while other regiments suffered worse.

The next morning the Yankees went in a flag asking permission to bury their dead, and all that day was devoted to that purpose, and to taking care of the wounded, who are now hospitalized at Sharpsburg, Md. Harper's Ferry, Charlestown, Winchester, and throughout the country, on the Virginia side of the Potomac. Each army was so disorganized that neither was able to make another offensive move. On Friday our army crossed the river into Virginia, and encamped in the woods near Shepherdstown. The enemy took the movement as a retreat, and on Saturday morning undertook to cross at the same ford, but were met by our forces, and were driven pell-mell across the river with fearful slaughter. Our loss was slight. In the last ten days fully 50,000 men, (on both sides) have been put hors de combat, killed, or wounded, or prisoners. This is a small estimate. I think it likely to amount to 60 or 75,000.

Now, as I have given you an account of the battles, I will give an account of myself. I do not know all that are killed and wound-