Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

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Poetry.

For the Signal.

A MARINER'S SONG.

Out on the ocean, away from the land,
In our swift bounding bark o'er the billows so grand:
Careering in tempest how proudly we sweep,
Oh what so sublime as a life on the deep?
Out on the ocean, away on the main,
We race with the dolphin and porpoise again.
How tame are the pleasures of city or field,
To the soul-stirring joys which the ocean can yield!

Majestic our freedom! unlorded our realm,
We course as we list by a stroke of the helm;
So gallantly borne o'er the foam-crested waves,
We dread not the Storm-fiend, tho' frantic he raves!
Each mast bending freely—each sail widely spread,
How buoyant we leap o'er the surges ahead!
Huzza! how we rush o'er the billows so grand,
Far out on the ocean, away from the land.

Away from the land, with its cities and towers,
Its toys and its temples, its thrones and its bowers,
Its tinsel'd delusions, its lusts and its pride;
And its altars, which gory ambition hath dyed;
From its turmoils, its vices, its guile and its arts,
And its passions that gloss on the ruin of hearts.
From its vortex of souls that commingle in crime,
Oh how pure is the ocean! how free! how sublime!

We once loved to roam on the green, sunny earth,
To cull its gay blossoms and shout in its mirth,
And still there's a ray in our destiny's star,
That beacons our course to some haven afar.
We count on the blessings which time hath in store,
When the friends of our hearts circle round us on shore,
Tis for these hallowed feelings and vigils we keep
Abroad on the ocean, away on the deep!

WILLIAM BANNATYNE.

Ashfield, June 30, 1863

NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A TALE OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER VIII—IX.

MARTIN HIGSBY.

(Continued.)

Tired of inaction, and scorning companionship that was not cordial, the borderer amused himself by long rambles in the forest. During one of these rambles, wearied with walking, he sat down beneath the shade of a tree to rest. A large grape vine had climbed the trunk, and spreading upon the lower branches, formed a grateful protection against the heat of the sun. While he was felicitating himself upon the happy chance that led him to this agreeable bower, he heard sounds that alarmed his practised ear, and put him upon the alert. Parting the thick feliage and looking back, he saw Martin Higsby advancing cautiously upon his trail.

'So I am watched!' said Lockwood to himself.

Martin evinced much interest in what he was doing, peering this way and that with an eagerness that Theodore never saw him exhibit on any other occasion. As he drew nearer, it was also obvious that his face was pale and he was considerably agitated. A dark suspicion whirled through Lockwood's mind. No common purpose impelled the footsteps of Martin Higsby.

The borderer took off his cap, placed it on the muzzle of his rifle, and elevating it through the foliage to about the altitude of a man, made a slight rustling of the leaves with his feet. The eyes of Martin lighted upon this object with a savage gleam of hatred. Instantly a rifle ball went singing through the air, piercing the cap low upon the band.—Theodore threw himself upon the ground with a crash and a heavy groan. Martin let his rifle fall heavily at his side, holding by the barrel with a nervous, tremulous grasp, while drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

'It is done!' he exclaimed; 'and Judith Waldron is his murderer!'

He drew a long breath, made a step forward as if to examine the body, seemed to change his purpose, and walked away much agitated. While his steps were yet audible, a voice said:

'Lockwood!'

It was the voice of Neverfail, who approached hurriedly, and with some anxiety of manner.

'Lockwood!'

'Safe!' answered the borderer, arising.

'Rifles and Redskins! I'm not parfict; none of us is parfict; and if you're safe, it isn't by the good will of yonder assassin. He watched you, and I watched him. If that game was fair for him, it was fair for me. I was tempted to draw Suredeath upon him, but resisted, hopin' you had escaped with life, though the chances looked rather agin ye.'

'I discovered the villain in time to avoid the catastrophe. If you will look at my cap, you will see a mark of the good will of Martin Higsby.'

'Yes, I see; a hole just where your head would have been, pervidin' you'd had the cap on. You outwitted him fairly. This comes of jealousy. I aint parfict, as I've said; but I have my eyes about me at all times and make such use of 'em as I can. This isn't the first thing he's done to your hurt, or that he's attempted to do. He's been working agin ye a long time.'

'I have observed with pain and mortification a growing coldness among the people of Fort Waldron. I have been made to feel that I am an object of suspicion. Even those—one, at least—from whom I might justly have expected something different, have grown reserved of late.'

'I hope Miss Judith wasn't one of 'em. for I have a good opinion of the gal I shouldn't like to forfeit.'

'I have seen but little change in the deportment of Judith. Her nature is too noble to be influenced by the lying tongue of rumor,' rejoined the young man, warmly.

'I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Lockwood, both for your sake and her's; for I consider it gross injustice to think ill of one who has been of so much service to the enterprise as you have. Them's my views, and I aint afraid to speak 'em boldly. I have spoke 'em, and will speak 'em agin. You've got the reg'lar fightin' grit when worst comes to worst, and that's what I cant say of a good many of 'em. This same Martin Higsby is a cowarn. Nobody but cowards play the assassin. What do you intend to do?'

'To return to the fort as usual, and say nothing of what has happened. To-morrow I will turn my back upon those who have ceased to be grateful for my services. I will set my face toward the country of the Cherokees in the fulfilment of my too long delayed mission. The danger is imminent, and I feel that I ought to relieve you of any engagement you may have made, either positive or implied, to accompany me. I do this from a sense of duty. You may therefore consider yourself under no obligations whatever to go with me, notwithstanding anything that may, at various times, have passed between us.—That, I think, is settled.'

'Rifles and Redskins!' said Nevertail, very quietly.

'In the morning I will bid you all adieu, mount my horse, and with my rifle at my saddlebow, look toward the land of the fierce Cherokee, trusting to that Providence that appreciates and prospers every true motive.'

'You will see Judith first?'

The borderer's sunburned cheeks grew ruddier at the allusion.

'That is my wish, I confess.'

'I could have sworn it! I know how it is with young fellows. Dimity exercises a great deal of influence over 'em. There was a time when I'd ride ten miles in a storm to see a nice piece of dimity. But them days is gone.'

Neverfail looked down and sighed.

'You regret that period of your life?'

'Not exactly; but I should say that the courtin' days are the best days. Lengthen 'em out—lengthen 'em out, by all means.—Draw all the sweetness out of life as you go along. Leave nothin' to regret and sigh for in after years, when age has robbed you of sentiment and poetry.'

'Pleasant counsel for young blood, whether philosophical or not,' returned Theodore, with a smile.

'Let us to the fort. Your friend Martin Higsby will be glad to see you.'

'No doubt! No doubt!'

Before they came within sight of the fort, the parties separated. Neverfail preceeded Lockwood and went in first; ten minutes after the latter followed and presented himself at the gate, which was kept closed night and day, and guarded. Gaining admission, he passed directly to Waldron's cabin. He met Judith at the door. He entered. Long Bill was within. He sat in a corner and amused himself by staring at Judith, in whose features he seemed to find much to interest him.

'How do you get along?' Lockwood asked, rather abstractedly.

'On my legs, usually,' rejoined Mr. Piper. 'It was a meaningless question, I'll allow. It would have been more to the point to have inquired how you like here?'

'To stick to facks, I aint pleased, over and above. You see it isn't safe here. There's too many Ingins—too many Ingins! Why, I went out this very afternoon, and come near being surprised.'

'Did you see many of them?' continued Lockwood.

'About a thousan', I should say, by the multipliication-table. The woods is full of them. It's an awful kentry. I wish I was out of it.'

The borderer wished he was out of it, too, for he wanted to see Judith alone. While endeavoring to hit upon some expedient to rid himself of the society of Piper, Mr. Waldron came in, accompanied by Martin Higsby. The latter paused on the threshold and became exceedingly pale. He trembled, too, and leane l against the door for support. The cause of his agitation was to Theodore apparent; although Judith was at a loss to account for it. He stammered a hurried, incoherent apology, and made an embarrassed exit.

'Our friend Higsby does not feel quite at ease,' said Waldron, glancing at Judith.

'I wonder he does not!' observed the borderer, smiling. This was uttered by the latter in a quiet tone, but it appeared to Waldron to contain so much significance, that he turned and looked earnestly at the speaker, whose countenance seemed placid as usual.

At this moment Neverfail made his appearance, and Lockwood was not sorry to see him; for his confidence in the man had grown daily until it had assumed the form of friendship. The borderer was holding his cap in his hand, and he noticed that Long Bill had been looking at it for the last minute.

'If 'tisn't too much trouble, I'd like to know what made that hole?' he asked, when he could restrain his curiosity no longer.

Judith instinctively glanced at the cap and saw the perforation made by the bullet. Neverfail was observing her. He saw her grow pale, and saw the pallidness driven away by a conscious blush.

'I was fired at, replied Theodore, carelessly.

'And hit, one would think,' remarked Waldron, who now took the cap and examined it.

'The ball passed entirely through. Here is where it passed out on the opposite side,' he added. 'If this cap had been on your head at the time, the ball must certainly have passed entirely through your brain and come out near the centre of the forehead. How did this happen, Mr. Lockwood?'

'Encompassed as we are by enemies, it is by no means extraordinary that one should be fired at,' answered Lockwood.

'That is but a meagre explanation of the mystery,' added Judith.

'Ah, Miss Waldron, it will not do to meddle with mysteries, you know! They must be let entirely alone!' returned the borderer, playfully.

'A fair retort!' returned Judith, somewhat confused by this home thrust.

'To return to the question,' resumed Lockwood, 'I suspect my cap was partially raised from my head by a grape-vine under which I was passing at the moment the—the Indian fired.'

When he came to the word Indian, he looked up and encountered the searching eyes of Judith bent upon him.

'A narrow escape, upon my word,' quoth Waldron, dubiously.

'The same has happened to me at least a dozen times—by the multiplication,' added Piper.

'I flatter myself,' said Philena, appearing from the adjoining compartment of the cabin, where she had been an interested listener of the foregoing conversation, 'that I know the line of my sex's limits, and and stan'in' on my privileges, I do desire to say that this is a dreadful country to live, and that there is a terrible state of society among the Ingins.'

'Jes' so! I like to see folks stick to facks, because figgers is facks, and facks is figgers, and figgers is rethmetic. To the best of my judgment there wont be one of us alive in two months from this date,' responded Piper, gravely.

'Mournful spettakel!' exclaimed Philena. 'I know from good authority,' said Mr. Waldron, 'that the British are stirring up the the savages to commit further depredations upon the the settlers. Indeed,' looking at Lockwood, it is said that they have their paid emissaries among us. The truth of this, however, I cannot vouch for. Have you heard rumors to this effect, Mr. Lockwood?'

'If you mean by the term 'among us' the good people of Fort Waldron, I can truly say that I have heard no such report; but if your meaning is wider, extending to all the settlements on the river, I can answer in the affirmative. It is highly reasonable to suppose—being at open war with Great Britain—they should have spies along the border settlements. We may take it for granted that such is the case. The policy of war naturally suggests it.'

It was obvious to Judith and the forester that Waldron watched Lockwood closely during this rejoinder; if the borderer noticed the same, he did not indicate it by word or manner.

'It would give me inexpressible pain to believe that a paid emissary is in our midst, sharing alike our confidence and our hospitality, and a party to our plans. Such a conviction would grieve me to the heart; it would weaken my faith in human nature, which at best is none too strong,' added Waldron.

'Show me that man, gov'ner,' said Neverfail, 'and I'll bring his agency to a sudden end.'

'The limits of my sex forbids me to speak,' deprecated Philena, solemnly.

'I'm glad on it!' rejoined Neverfail, bluntly.

'Them that wishes to can forget the respect due to the feminine race; but their persiflage will be met with scorn.

'Jes' so!' affirmed Long Bill.

'I aint parfict!' added Neverfail.

'I here's some things needn't be told of, because everybody knows it, and they're a mournful spettakel on account of it. Logic is logic and spies is spies.'

'And Martin Higsby is Martin Higsby, I take it. Rifles and Redskins!' retorted Neverfail.

At the mention of Higsby, Waldron was perceptibly embarrassed.

Logic is not persiflage and persiflage is not logic, asserted Philena, confidently.

Mr. Piper was good enough to say, 'Jes' so! Stuck to facks.'

'Proclamations and British spies is what I despise. I'd say it if I was to stan' at the p'int of the bagonet for it the next minute. I've either a right to it or I haven't. We find I have. It's either in the limits of my sex or it isn't. We find it is.'

Here was an exhibition of profundity of thought little short of astounding, and furnishes a powerful argument in favor of woman's rights.

'A person is a spy or he isn't a spy. We find he is—persiflage and proclamations to the contrary, notwithstandin'. Women have strong minds or they haven't. I could name them that will find that some of 'em have. Within a few days I've heerd information from voracious authorities that is well calculated to give one a powerful turn. We're sold to the Britishers for thirty pieces of silver. Mournful spettakel!'

'Yes and truly!' proclaimed the redoubtable voice of Obed Slingaby, who, it now appeared, had been having a pleasant conference with Philena in an adjoining room.

'The pious Lodovic hath abundantly shown that the devil dwelleth in the children of men. It seems that we are sold to our enemies and they have only to come and take.

'To take us would be an easy matter, if we were all like you! retorted the forester, with an impatient gesture toward Suredeath.

The door of the cabin was thrown open by Nolan, whose face was red and excited.

'Gentlemen, there is a meeting of the settlers within the limits of the fort, and all are wanted there on important business.'

'Let us go,' said Neverfail.

Judith glanced anxiously at Lockwood, who managed to be the last to leave the cabin. He spoke to her, as he lingered.

'To-morrow I set out for the country of the Cherokees. I would see you before I go.'

'Come to my window to-night. I owe you too much to deny your request. Besides, I have communications to make which are already too long delayed. But, indeed, I fear you will know all before I can have an opportunity to speak with you. I have confidence in your integrity—whatever may happen!'

(Continued on Second Page)

Huron Signal.

GODERICH, C.W., JULY 10, 1863.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Legislature, we are informed, will meet for dispatch of business early in August,—about the 12th or 13th. Although the season chosen is not the best that could have been selected, be believe the decision is a judicious one, as it is highly desirable that our national affairs should be settled upon the best possible basis, and at once. It is believed that one of the first steps to be taken by the Ministry will be to test the relative strength of parties in the House, in reference to which it is conceded by the most influential members of the opposition press that the Ministry will be sustained by a considerable majority. This important point being settled, we hope and believe the new Ministry will endeavor to carry out a sound policy of retrenchment, and at the same time endeavor to place the country in such a position with regard to military organization that no emergency which may unfortunately arise will find us in a state of help less. The "signs of the times" throughout the world, at the present time, are ominous, and without any desire to attempt prophecy, we cannot help anticipating important and perhaps startling events in the immediate future. Whether we may become involved in the brewing troubles it is difficult to say, but still we believe in the principle inculcated by Lord Monck, "Thorough preparation is the best preventive of war." We trust that when the Ministry introduces a Military measure adequate to the wants of our country, the Canadian people will be found ready and willing to bear the pecuniary portion of the burthen.

TREATMENT OF THE BLACKS IN THE NORTHERN STATES.

HARD as has been the lot of the miserable negro since his introduction to this continent, we verily believe he has never suffered so severely at any former period as during the past two years—since he has been induced to seek a better livelihood and a more honorable position in the Northern States than was afforded to him by Mrs. Stowe's brutal taskmaster of the Southern plantation. If we are to believe Mr. Horace Greeley, the Northern people are actuated by a sincere desire to benefit the slave race, or, at least, that the abolition party is prepared to take Sambo to its heart as a "Man and Brother"—to break off his chains—to teach him—to encourage him in the use of all the elevating appliances of advancing civilization. This sounds well on paper—it smacks of the beautiful but shadowy Universal Brotherhood of Elihu Burritt, but, alas, alas, 'tis only holding out to "Les Miserables" the dreamy, baseless benefits of an Utopian dream. The theory sounds well, but it dosen't work. Again we are reminded of the sorrowful fact that the black who has been induced by the specious provisions of Mr. Abraham Lincoln's "War Measure" to come north, comes only to find that he is to be spurned, kicked, cheated and even *murdered* by those from whom he fondly expected to receive employment and fair remuneration. His position is even worse than it was when he "groaned in bondage." In the South, as every intelligent person is aware, negroes are not only tolerated, aside from their market value, but white and black children grow up together in intimate association under the same roof, frequently cat from the same table, and instances are not rare where strong attachments are formed between them, whilst the adult whites, delicate and refined though they be, especially the ladies, very seldom, if ever, manifest repugnance at the presence of a negro. Now, who will assert that it is not entirely different in New England and the Northern States generally. Leaving the fair maids of Federalia to turn up their (pretty) noses and hasten to windward of the increasing mass of black fugitives, let us look at the subject in an utilitarian sense, and ask the question, does the fugitive or whatever else he may be termed find a general willingness to afford him work and wages? We answer, No! And that too at a time when labor might be supposed to be most in demand. Willing as Sambo is to work at almost anything, he finds every avenue closed up by a system of protection which leaves him but one alternative: either to starve or *enlist*. In Washington, in New York, (the centre of American civilization) in Cincinnati, in Detroit, in Buffalo, organized riots are got up for the purpose of driving the wretched negroes from the docks and streets, and in the great agricultural districts systematic efforts are made to dispel the *dark* cloud which threatens to overspread the land. Think of the riot in Buffalo on Monday last. A negro, goaded to madness, shot a white man. It was a wrong act, perhaps an inexcusable one, but can that justify the hellish savagery of the mob which endeavored to exterminate every black in the city? Can it soften down the barbarity that led to the cutting and gashing of a poor innocent negro dressed in "Uncle Sam's" uniform—the kicking and stamping of another until he fell senseless to the bottom of the canal? Thousands in the North wept bitter tears over Uncle Tom's Cabin, and prayed for the downfall of the accursed institution. Where are those weeping eyes now? Let them break out afresh, for misery has been heaped upon misery, and curse upon curse!

THE WAR NEWS.

WE give up to-day a large amount of our space to Northern accounts of the recent tremendous battles at Gettysburg. After reading the carefully prepared detailed accounts, which are polished off so as to appear as favorable as possible to the Federals, our readers will have no difficulty in pronouncing the first telegraphic dispatches gross exaggerations. We were led to believe that Lee had been routed with terrific loss in killed, at least 20,000 of his men prisoners and 118 of his guns taken. No such thing. The destruction and havoc he inflicted upon the Federal forces was nearly, if not quite, as great as that sustained by himself, and so far from having fled in a panic, he undoubtedly drew off the remains of his army in good order after having cut Meade's army up so severely that to follow him with any formidable force was impossible. In a calm and sober review of the position, the New York *World* gives us the following summary, which we believe to be the fairest that has yet appeared in Northern prints:

"It is not likely that the movements of the two great armies in Maryland will be fully made known to the public for several days to come. There is a game of exciting strategy to be played, and the movements upon the military chess-board will necessarily be secret for a time. If Lee can reach the Virginia shore without further punishment, he will be the winner of the game now being played; but if the measures taken to circumvent him succeed, then must General Meade be considered the better—certainly the luckier general.

"We have so far seen nothing to corroborate the newspaper stories of the utter route of Lee's army. The simple fact seems to be that, like Burnside at Fredericksburg, he hurled his army upon masses of artillery and infantry, and was repulsed, not only once, but several times. Our army made no attack upon the rebels, but merely attempted to hold its ground, which it succeeded in doing, and in addition by the close of Friday evening held the best part of the battle-field. Of course their failure to defeat the army of the Potomac was a cruel disappointment to the rebels, as it put a stop to their schemes of invasion, and they were compelled to retreat to save their communication, menaced as the latter were by the forces of General French and General Couch. But there is no reliable evidence as yet that the retreat was disorderly, though it was probably hurried to gain time. And here it may be well perhaps to state why Lee fought these three days' battles. Clearly, then, it was to prevent the junction of Meade's and Couch's forces. It will be remembered that when General Reynolds was attacked on Thursday last he was marching from Gettysburg to Carlisle, to which point General Couch had pushed his advance guard under General Smith. Longstreet and Hill, to prevent the junction and keep the armies apart, fell upon the First and Eleventh corps and drove them back.—Taking advantage of this success for him and reverse for us, Lee determined to attack and defeat, if possible, Meade's whole army. He saw he had no time to spare with Couch within a two-days march of his rear and General French hanging upon his other flank. Hence the desperate assault of Thursday afternoon and the furious fighting of Friday morning.—Hence, also, the retreat on Friday night when his assault failed. This was to save his communications.

"Lee's army retreated, we have reason to believe, in tolerably good order. We do not hear of his losing guns, though he did prisoners, stragglers, and some of the trains he could not take away with him.—When last heard from he was at Williamsport, and it was feared at Washington that he would succeed in getting across the Potomac notwithstanding the height of the stream. General Meade was in pursuit by way of Frederick, and General Couch was coming down the Cumberland Valley. Should Lee be overtaken it would go hard with him, as he must be short of ammunition, but we would not be at all surprised if he got off with what was left of his army across to the Virginia shore. To speculate upon the loss of Lee's army is decidedly premature.

On the 8th, we learn, Gen. Lee had concentrated his forces at Williamsport, on the North side of the Potomac, which he was unable to cross with the main body of his forces, owing to a sudden rise in the river. He took every precaution to strengthen his position and if his ammunition has not been exhausted, his brave men will show some desperate fighting in case of attack. The probability is, however, that he has by this time crossed into Virginia. That once accomplished, the old game of defensive operations will be played to the end.

It seems to be really true that Vicksburg has at last fallen, after a heroic defence. The garrison was paroled. What effect this will have upon the fate of the Revolution remains to be seen, but we are firmly convinced that it is too soon for Northern sympathizers to glory over the reduction of the South into the Poland or Hungary of the American continent.—Many a fierce battle has yet to be fought before the people of the confederate States will be prepared to succumb to the humiliating fate which awaits them if crushed under the heel of a military despotism.

VERY LATEST

WAR NEWS.

Special Dispatch

To the Semi-Weekly Signal.

THE CONFEDERATE WOUNDED AND SPOILS ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

GEN. LEE STANDING AT BAY.

ANOTHER BATTLE ANTICIPATED.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT UP TO LAST NIGHT.

New York, July 10th.

(Special to Tribune.)

From the Front, July 9th.

Intelligence has just been received concerning the cavalry fight of yesterday near Hagerstown with part of Stuart's forces, supported by infantry, which took up a strong position in the woods south of the town. After a determined resistance on their part, the arrival of Gen. Beauford towards night resulted in a gallant charge of our men. The 5th Michigan distinguished itself particularly upon the ground occupied by the rebel infantry, driving them from the woods, a feat almost unprecedented, considering the advantages of infantry in a wooded country.

Our forces occupied the ground first chosen by them. We lost from 50 to 100 killed, the enemy about equally, with the addition of about 50 prisoners. General Kilpatrick, erroniously reported killed, charged the enemy in person and drove them at least 3 miles.

1000 prisoners passed through Frederick on their way to Baltimore to-day, among whom are several officers of the mess.

News from the Upper Potomac is more encouraging. It is almost certain that Lee will be brought to battle on this side of the River, and under great disadvantages.—It is ascertained that he has only managed to cross his wounded and part of his spoils, having so far as known no bridge, but a large number of boats. General Meade has been too quick for him, and Lee now has his choice of fighting with his whole force or losing his artillery. The two armies were at last accounts not more than 10 miles apart. Gen. Lee's is stretching from Hagerstown to Williamsport, and Gen. Meade's being upon the march from Boonsboro on two roads towards him.

Our telegraph is already four miles beyond Boonsboro. Our advance being at that point.

Gen. Couch is slow at coming up, but there are other forces in a position enabling them to approach the flank of Gen. Lee. Should he manage to cross the river, as is exceedingly improbable, it must be in the face of the victorious army of the Potomac, which have ample means of following him.

Shippingsburg, Pen., 9th.

The armies of Gen's. Meade and Couch are rapidly concentrating in front of Lee.

The headquarters of Couch, are here tonight.

News to-day from Waynesboro show that a portion of Lee's army is only 3 miles from the forces of Gen. Smith.

The enemy's cavalry paid a flying visit to day to Greencastle, probably to watch movements and gathering supplies.

Lee's headquarters are still believed to be at Hagerstown, and exciting events are likely to take place during the next two days.

BOONSBORO, 9th.

There has been no active operations on our front to-day.

After the cavalry fight of yesterday, the enemy drew in his forces towards Hagerstown, and formed in line on elevated ground from Funkstown on the right to the bend of the river below Williamsport on the left, thus uncovering the Shepperdstown crossing.

Reconnoitering parties report that Lee is intrenching his front, drawing ammunition from his train on the Virginia side, and making general preparations for another battle. It is contradicted to-night that we have a force in Lee's line of retreat in Virginia. It is not likely that a general battle will be delivered to-morrow.

Special to the Times.

BOONSBORO, MD. 9th.

The rebels were drawn up in line of battle this morning at a place ten miles from here on the road to Hagerstown.—From there they extended down towards the Potomac in the vicinity of Bakersville. They are throwing up rifle pits in the vicinity of Fairplay and probably will await our attack. If so, another desperate battle may be expected within two days. Our forces are so disposed now that a collision may occur at any hour.

THE BATTLE OF THURSDAY.

(Special despatch to the New York *Times*.)

BATTLE FIELD NEAR GETTYSBURG, Penn, Via Baltimore, Friday, July 3.

My brief despatches regarding the desperate engagement on Wednesday, have hardly conveyed a true idea of its magnitude and character. We have now had two days' fighting. Nearly the whole of Wednesday was thus employed by the First and Eleventh Corps, with varying success, they finally being obliged to fall back before greatly superior numbers.

This morning there were strong premonitions of an early engagement with the enemy in force, but as the day wore away and no positive exhibition was made by the enemy, we began to think that perhaps there would be no immediate battle after all. We were hardly in a condition to give battle, as all our dispositions had not been made, Gen. Meade not having arrived on the ground until 2 o'clock in the morning. The position of our lines after the fight of Wednesday was to the eastward and southward of Gettysburg, covering the Baltimore Pike, the Taneytown and Emmetsburg roads, and still being nearly parallel with the latter. The formation of the ground on the right and centre was excellent for defensive purposes. On our extreme left the ground sloped off until the position was no higher than the enemy's. The ground in front of our line was a level, open country, interposed here and there with an orchard or a very small tract of timber, generally oak, with the underbrush cut away. During the day a portion of the troops threw up temporary breastworks, and an abbattis. Gen Meade's headquarters were at an old house on the Taneytown road, immediately in rear of the centre.

Our line was not regular in shape. Indeed the centre protruded out toward the enemy so as to form almost the two sides of a triangle. Before sundown Gen. Meade's headquarters proved to be the hottest place on the battlefield, so far as careless shelling was concerned.

Gen. Howard occupied, with his corps, a beautiful cemetry on a hill to the south of Gettysburg. Cannons thundered, horses pranced, and men carelessly trampled over the remains of the dead. From this hill a beautiful view could be obtained of the valley, and also of a goodly portion of the enemy's line of battle. Our forces had been concentrated on Tuesday night, save the Fifth and sixth corps. The former arrived during the morning, and the latter soon after noon.—They were all massed immediately behind our centre.

Whether or no it was Gen. Meade's intention to attack, I cannot say, but he was hardly ready for it before the afternoon of yesterday. The day had become dull. Skirmishing was now and then brisk, and the sharpshooters in the steeples of belfreys of the churches persistently blazed away at officers and artillery horses. It was by a sharpshooter in a barn just opposite Wadsworth's division, yesterday, that Capt. Stevens, of the Fifth Maine Battery, got hit. A bullet passed through both legs below the knee, inflicting a severe, but not dangerous wound.

At 3½ o'clock, Gen. Meade had received sufficient assurances to justify him in the belief that the rebels were concentrating their forces on our left flank, which all felt to be secure under the protection of the invincible Third corps. Our line was immediately strengthened on that flank, Gen. Sickles' corps being sent to its support, and several batteries from the reserve being brought out and placed in position.

At about 4½ o'clock p. m., the enemy sent his first compliments by a salvo of artillery, his first shells falling uncomfortably near Gen. Meade's Headquarters. From this hour forth to 8½ o'clock, occurred by all odds the most sanguinary engagements yet chronicled in the annals of the war, considering its short duration. The artillery attack which was made by the enemy on the left and centre was rapidly followed by the advance of his infantry. The Third corps received the attack with great coolness. The rebels at once made for our flank, and kept moving heavy columns in that direction. This necessitated support, which was quickly given by the Fifth Corps. The division of Gen. Barnes being sent to the right, and that of Gen. Ayres, regulars, to the left, with Gen. Crawford in reserve.

The battle now became perfectly fearful.—The armies engaged each other at very short range, and for three long hours the war of musketry was incessant. I have heard more noise, louder crashes in other battles, but I never saw or heard of such desperate tenacious fighting as took place on this flank. The enemy would often bring up suddenly a heavy column of men, and force our line back, only to be in turn forced back by our own line of glittering steel. Our gallant colums covered themselves with glory over and over again.—They fought a superior force in numbers. The dispositions of the enemy were very rapid, for look where you would on that field a body of rebels would be advancing. Our dispositions were equally rapid, and the enemy found more than their equal in such gallant veterans as Sickles and Birney and Humphreys. At half-past six Gen. Sickles was struck in the right leg by a piece of shell, and borne from the field. The injury was so great that amputation became necessary, and it was performed successfully—the limb being taken off below the knee.

The struggle grew hotter and hotter. The Second corps was called on for aid, and though its own position was strongly threatened, yet the First division, formerly Gen. Hancock's, flung themselves into the fight with desperation, and after a long and obstinate conflict the enemy slowly and sullenly gave way. In this last charge the brigade of Gen. Caldwell, Second corps, and that of Col. Switler, from the Fifth corps, won great honors. The charges made by our men deserve mention, but want of time forbids. The rebels made frequent attempts to capture our artillery, and at one time had Watson's battery in their possession, but it was retaken in a furious charge by Birney's division.

The battle lasted till fully 8½ o'clock, when the enemy fell back to his old position, and left our veterans the enamguined victors of that field. Our pickets were thrown out, and our lines covered most of the field, including a great number of the enemy's dead and wounded.

I visited some portions of the line by moonlight, and can bear personal witness to the terrible ferocity of the battle. In front of some of our brigades, who had good protection from stone walls or fences, the rebel dead lay piled in lines like winrows of hay.—In front of Gen. Webb's—the Philadelphia—brigade, they lay so thick as to literally cover the ground.

Not far from here was found the body of Gee. Barksdale, that once haughty and violent rebel, who craved as a dying boon a cup of water and a stretcher from an ambulance boy. He is literally cut to pieces with wounds, and must die.

A great and magnificent feature of this fight is the splendid use of artillery. Though our line of battle was only a mile an a half long, yet almost every battery belonging to the Army of the Potomac was more or less engaged. The enemy also used artillery largely, but not to near so great an extent as we did. From this they suffered immensely, and specially on the left, where cannister was largely used. I believe we lost no artillery, unless it was two or three disabled pieces, though it was very wonderful we did not.

L. L. CROUNSE.

Friday's Battle at Gettysburg.

Mr. L. A. Hendricks, army correspondent of the New York *Herald*, gives some further information concerning the battle of Friday last at Gettysburg.

THE MOONLIGHT BATTLE FIELD.

Writing on the 4th from near Gettysburg, he says:—

"In the evening, after the moon had risen, I looked over the battle field. It was the old sad sight of other battle fields—men mangled and bloody and torn; bodies without heads and heads without brains, trunks limbless; here an arm obstructing one's pathway, here a leg visible in the dry fissure of a rock; some long since dead, some dying. Here on the battle field one sees the dread realities of war. I have seen in the past two years 13 battles. I forget the details of the battle.—I never forget the horrors of the battle field.

"The hospitals were scattered about miscellaneously, in houses, barns, ravines—in the most available places that could be found sheltered from shells and the sunshine. Dr. Milhau, Medical Director of the corps, aided by Dr. Russell, Inspecting Surgeons, made the best arrangements they could for the comfort of the wounded. Regimental surgeons of course lent a hand in the wound dressing and amputations.

THE LOSSES.

"The losses in the first day's fight of this corps were heavy. The killed, wounded and missing are set down at two thousand. The second division lost 1039. The Seventeenth United States Infantry alone lost 15 officers. On Friday morning the 4th Michigan regiment numbered only 30 officers and men all told. Most of the missing are supposed to have been taken prisoners.

Fearful Artillery Struggle.

"On Friday morning constant cannonading was resumed again, this time mainly on the right. It lasted two or three hours, then came a dead calm till about one p. m., when the enemy made another final attack, and a second great battle was fought. The cannonading was more terrible than on the previous day. It was the most terrific artillery fight of the war.

View of the Fight.

"From Rock Hill the battle could be seen in all its fierce fury. Soon the infantry of the other corps were engaged, followed by the enemy being repulsed at every point. Our men fought splendidly. The enemy made charge after charge with wild and dashing impetuosity, but only to fall back each time with overwhelming loss. It was intensely hot when the attack began and for two hours after. A thunder shower cooled the atmosphere, but not the ardor of our troops or the savage ferocity of the unyielding foe.

Weed's old Battery taken and retaken.

"Battery I, Fifth United States artillery, known as Captain Weed's old battery, Lieut. Watson commanding, although belonging to the Fifth corps, aided the Third corps in its participation in the fight. Coming down with sweeping force upon the battery, the enemy made it too hot for our men to remain, and the guns had to be abandoned. It was a short lived victory. The supporting infantry, Garibaldi Guard, Lieut. Peoples, of the battery, leading them, rushed upon the captors and retook the guns. It was a most dashing and brilliant little affair. A major-general's commission could not have pleased Lieut. Watson better than the renewed possession of his lost pieces. He soon made then make up for lost time.

The supposed total loss.

"It is impossible to give our total losses. It will be several days before the number can be accurately known. I have given the losses of the Fifth corps, which was only engaged in the first day's great battle. Taking this as a basis and the opinions of those with whom I have conversed, our loss cannot be less than twenty thousand killed, wounded and missing; the loss of the enemy is set down at thirty thousand. We have more prisoners than they, and more captured guns and colors. The victories gained are priceless to us, but they have been dearly bought. I send herewith a list of several hundred names of the killed and wounded of the Fifth corps.

"The statement of Prisoners

relative to the strength, designs and losses of the enemy are marked by a uniformity calculated to enforce conviction of their reliability. In the first place, Gen. Lee's entire army is here, as has been believed and reported from the outset, a total of one hundred and twenty thousand men. The men were given to understand that, having been victorious in the recent fights with our army, they would easily take Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and New York and Boston if they chose, and thereafter return home with colors flying and the independence of the Southern confederacy acknowledged. These promises and expectations bid fair to fall of fulfilment. They admit their losses to be very heavy."

EWALL'S CHARGE.

The correspondent of the New York *World*, writing of the battle, says:—

"This last engagement has been the fiercest and most sanguinary of the war. It was begun at daylight by Gen. Slocum, whose troops, maddened by the loss of many comrades, and eager to retrive the position lost by them on the preceding evening, advanced and delivered a destructive fire against the rebels under Ewall. That general's entire force responded with a charge that is memorable even beyond those made by him yesterday. It was desperation against courage! The fire of the enemy was mingled with yells, pitched even beyond its clangor. They came on, and on, and on, while the national troops, splendidly handled and well posted, stood unshaken to receive them. The fire with which they did receive them, was so rapid and so thick as to envelope the ranks of its deliverers with a pall that shut them from sight during the battle, which raged thenceforward for six dreary hours. Out of this pall no straggler came to the rear. The line scarcely flinched from its position during the entire conflict. Huge masses of rebel infantry threw themselves into it again and again in vain. Back, as a ball hurled against a rock, these masses recoiled, and were reformed to be hurled anew against it with a fierceness unfruitful of success—fruitful of carnage, as before. The strong position occupied by Gens Geary, and that held by Gen. Birney, met the first and hardest assaults, but only fell back a short distance before fearful odds, to re-advance, to re assume and to hold their places in company with Syke's division of the Fifth corps and Humphrey's (Berry's old division) of the 3rd. when, judiciously reinforced with artillery, they renewed and continued the contest until its close. It seemed as if the gray-uniformed troops, who were advanced and re-advanced by their officers up to the very edge of the line of smoke in front of our infantry, were impelled by some terror in their rear, which they were as unable to withstand as they were to make headway against the fire in their front. It was hard to believe such desperation voluntary. It was harder to believe that the courage which withstood and defeated it was mortal.

A TERRIFIC FIRE.

"The enemy drew forward his whole line until in many places a hand to hand conflict raged for minutes. His artillery, answered by ours, played upon our columns with frightful result, yet they did not waver. The battle was in this way evenly contested for a time, but at a moment when it seemed problematical which side would gain the victory, a reinforcement arrived and were formed in line at such a position as to enfilade the enemy and teach him at last the futility of his efforts. Disordered, routed and confused, his whole force retreated, and at 11 o'clock the battle ceased and the stillness of death ensued. This silence continued until 2 p. m.—At this moment the rebel artillery from all points, in a circle radiating around our own, began a terrific and concentrated fire on Cemetery Hill, which was held, as I have previously stated, by the Eleventh and Second corps. The flock of pigeons, which not ten minutes previous had darkened the sky above, were less dense than the flock of horrible missiles that now, instead of sailing harmlessly above descended upon our position. The atmosphere was thick with shot and shell. The storm broke upon us so suddenly that soldiers and officers—who leaped, as it began, from their tents, or from lazy siestas on the grass—were stricken in their rising with mortal wounds and died, some with cigars between their teeth, some with pieces of food in their fingers, and one at least—a pale young German, from Pennsylvania—with a miniature of his sister in his hands, that seemed more meet to grasp an artist's pencil than a musket.—Horses fell, shrieking such awful cries as Cooper told of, and writhing themselves about in hopeless agony. The boards of fences, scattered by explosion, flew in splinters through the air. The earth,