

the battery and neighboring woods a tremendous fire of every description of missiles. In the woods, on the left, a company of riflemen, from Jefferson County, Virginia, under Captain George W. Humphreys, greatly distinguished themselves by a well-directed fire on the enemy's decks, as did a company of militia, under the command of Captain Janney, who was posted by me on the right. The first company lost one man killed, and one sergeant and four privates wounded; the latter, two privates killed."

The private killed in Captain Humphrey's company was David Harris, of Shepherdstown, a most worthy young man, who left a mother and other relatives in that gallant town, celebrated for the quota of fighting men furnished in the Revolutionary era. Sergeant David Humphreys (a merchant of Charlestown, and long an efficient magistrate) had his right arm shattered with a grape-shot, and it was found necessary to have it amputated. Hugh M'Donald was shot through the body with a grape-shot, but survived. William Phielding was wounded in the fleshy part of the thigh; Thomas Stedman had one of his fingers injured, and Lieutenant Blackburn had his cheek grazed with a ball. There are now not fifteen survivors of the company within my recollection.

In his return of killed and wounded (during twenty-three days' operation in the Potomac), Captain Gordon mentions seven killed and thirty-five wounded on board his ships—a much greater loss than we suffered, notwithstanding our imperfect defences.

In commending Lieutenant King, of the Sea-Horse, who got out of his sick-hamock to command while passing the batteries, Captain Gordon states that the first two guns pointed by Lieutenant King disabled each a gun of the enemy. This is true. One of the guns was split to the touch-hole, and another had a wheel of the carriage shattered. The fire of grape and shells was incessant for more than two hours, while the riflemen of Captain Humphreys were down at the water's edge, aiming at the decks and rigging as long as a man was to be seen on either.

My dear sir, I have made this hasty sketch much longer than I intended, but I was encouraged by you to hope that some of the incidents might be worth reciting. I am glad you have undertaken the task of vindicating the reputation of the troops engaged in the ill-fated field of Bladensburg. Better materials for gallant and efficient service than the volunteers and militia of the District I