

tion on the field of battle, but we all know to which is accorded the lion's share, and we know too, to whom we are indebted for that flagrant injustice. Admiring panegyrist who not only palliate but defend the conduct of that officer, apparently for no other reason than that he happens to be just who he is should remember that in attempting to regain for him his lost reputation, they do it at the trifle expense of three hundred and fifty others, the least of which is just as valuable and as sacred as ever Col. Booker's was. Never did a body of men advance with more spirit and resolution than did the red coats at Ridge-way. They fought with calm determination and with a confidence of success fully warranted by the results of the engagement, up until the time the retreat was sounded, and they retired with great reluctance, contrary to the advice of their own judgments and confused by the inexplicable nature of an order so unexpected and so disastrous.— These are the men who are to be branded as little less than cowards, who have already been charged with being hopelessly demoralized in order to exculpate one man from the responsibility of his own disgraceful and criminal blundering. And this intolerable injustice has recently been aggravated by an insult offered by our government itself in appointing the wretched farce going on at the Royal Hotel during this present writing. The officers and men of the Thirteenth Battalion have abundant cause for dissatisfaction, but right was triumph, and soon they will be understood and admired by the whole country, as they are now the pride and boast of their fellow citizens.

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END OF VOL. I.

*Sic semper tyrannis*