

Nov. 25, 1863

Rebel and Federal Success Compared

Their own means of the war which had of course been sufficiently considered. If this all the victories won by the Rebels were negative, while all the victories won by the Union were positive in their results. They effected upon the first battle of Bull Run, they perceived the fruits of their success, all through their fingers. Our progress towards Richmond was checked, but their progress towards Washington was not accelerated. They compelled McCLELLAN to abandon the attack on the Capital, but they permitted him to evacuate the Peninsula without the loss of a man or a pound of baggage. They opened Porter's second battle of Bull Run, but they failed in the grand object they had in view, the capture of Washington, and permitted themselves soon after to come within sight of Antietam. They defeated BURNAP and FREEDERICKSBURG, but they suffered him to recross the Rappahannock and regain his position at Richmond. They got the better of HUNTER at Chancellorsville, but their loss was heavier than our own, while they obtained no moral or strategic advantage over us. They drove ROSSBACK upon Chattanooga, but they did it at an expense of over twenty thousand men killed, wounded and prisoners, while they failed utterly and miserably in the object sought, namely, driving our forces across the river, and the rescuing of East Tennessee. Even the Rebels themselves confess that the battle of Chickamauga will have to be fought again.

From Washington

Correspondence of the Catholic Freeman, Washington City, Nov. 21, 1863.

Col. R. H. Jones, of the 113th N. Y. V., started en route for his Regiment from Annapolis, Md., on the 1st. In a single day of detachments of the 5th, 11th and 19th Corps, now with the Army of the Cumberland, reaching Nashville, Tennessee, on the 7th inst., whence the men were distributed to their several commands. It will be recollected that Col. Jones was severely wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and taken prisoner on the 2d May, 1863. After being in Rebel hands for some ten days, he was paroled and returned within the lines of the Union army, but was not declared exchanged until the 1st of October, to take effect September 1st. This long restraint from active service bore heavily upon one of the active temperaments of the Colonel; and he made repeated efforts to effect a special exchange for one of the numerous Rebel prisoners of equal rank, held by the Government, without avail. But, so soon as declared exchanged, he made like efforts to be immediately ordered to join his Regiment. In each of these endeavors he was earnestly aided by the Hon. R. E. FERRIS, whose high character and position as a Representative of the Empire State, gives him great weight with the Government. In response to their applications the Commissary of Prisoners of War reported to the Secretary of War that—

"Col. Jones has been detained at Camp Parole solely with a view to promote the interests of the service. Where his authority and his example should have a very beneficial influence on the discipline and good order of the Corps. When the paroled prisoners were first released, all were ordered to join their respective Regiments, and Col. Jones was ordered to join the 113th N. Y. V. by direct orders of the Secretary of War, and he was accordingly ordered to rejoin the 113th N. Y. V. on the 1st of October."

A General Order was expected to take command of them. But, indeed, they have been ordered, under command of Colonel Jones, to join their respective Corps in the Army of the Cumberland. It is to be regretted that the time spent in this manner is not more profitably employed.

Col. Jones was appointed to the 113th N. Y. V. on the 1st of October, 1863. He was appointed to the 113th N. Y. V. on the 1st of October, 1863. He was appointed to the 113th N. Y. V. on the 1st of October, 1863.

The Wood-Robin—A beautiful melody called "The Wood-Robin" was celebrated in a more touching beautiful lyric than the following, by our noted song-writer, James G. Clark—Cincinnati Commercial.

THE WOOD-ROBIN.—By James G. Clark.

How calmly the lingering light
Beams back over woodland and main,
As an infant, ere closing its eyelids at night,
Looks back on its mother again.

The wood-robins sing at sun-down,
And her song is the sweetest I hear,
From all the sweet birds that in sweetly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.

'Twas thus in my boyhood of me—
That season of error and guilt,
Ere the stars and the shadows that fall on our path,
Had told me that pleasures grow old.

Love, in the warm summer eve,
To recline on the welcoming sod,
By the broad spreading temple of twilight and leave,
Where the wood-robins warble, led her God.

I know not that life could end ere
The burden it beareth to-day,
And I felt that my soul was as light and pure
As the tone of the wood-robins' lay.

O! beautiful, beautiful youth,
With its vision of hope and of love,
How cruel is life to reveal the truth
That peace only lieth above.

The wood-robins fill the same time
From her little nest in garden and glen,
And the landscape and sky, and the twilight of dawn,
Look sorely and growing as then.

But I think of the glories that fell
In the harvest of sorrow and tears,
The song of the forest bird sounds like a knell,
Tolling back thro' the valley of years.

Sweet bird, as thou singest, I see
That the visions that rise from the past,
The deep of the future is purged with truth,
And the mystery meeting at last.

I know that the splendor of youth
Will return to me yet, and my soul
Will float in the sunlight of beauty and truth
Where the tones of the Infants roll.

O! I fear would arise and set all
From the crowns of erudite and pure,
And I feel that my soul was as light and pure
As the tone of the wood-robins' lay.

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