

MORNING.

From rounded hills and dimpling vales
Night's shadowy shreds unfold,
And the lonely star of morning pales,
And the mists are bathed in gold.

Soft zephyrs are breathing from the west
Over the rippling corn,
And the ruby kiss of the sun is prest
On the white brow of the morn.

The flowers shake off their dewy sleep,
And their petal'd eyes unclose,
With innocent looks on the calm blue deep,
That curtains their repose.

From nestling homes, all leaf embowered,
The birds pour matin songs,
And fields and river banks are showered
With new-born insect throngs.

All things are glad at the wakening breath
That heraldeth the day,
When sleep, so nearly akin to death,
Passeth upon its way.

The sweet foreshadowing of that waking
When under heavenly skies,
While the morn of another life is breaking
We shall open these darkened eyes.

SEPARATED.

BY GRACE APPLETON.

Life's to me a desert fearful
Since from thee I parted, fearful:
What care I for all earth's pleasures—
Or her richest, rarest treasure?
Naught hath power to woo my heart
Since our souls were doomed to part.

Life with thee—how bright and fairy!
Thus I build me "castles airy,"
But awake to find them crumbling—
Down the dreary abyss tumbling,
Of despair and with'ring grief—
Dreaded demon—robber-chief!

Lone I wept and long have waited,
Dreaming I might clasp thee yet;
Little did I deem it fated,
Bertholde, that thou couldst forget!
O, mayst thou ne'er know the sorrow
Of a blighted, hopeless morrow!

Not to me, with thoughts of gladness,
Blasphemy up old Ocean's tone,
But with frenzied sighs of sadness
Evermore it roloeth on—
Thus a requiem, friends of madness
To my soul e'er chant and moan!

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

THE BATTLE OF PEACH TREE CREEK.

GRAPHIC DETAILS OF THE FIGHT OF WEDNESDAY THE 20th—HOOD'S ARMY MASSING UPON GENERAL SHERMAN'S LEFT—TERRIFIC CHARGE OF THE ENEMY—IT IS CHECKED WITH ARTILLERY—DESPERATE ENGAGEMENT ON AN OPEN FIELD—THE REBELS DEFEATED AND OUR ARMY RESTS WITHIN TWO AND A HALF MILES OF ATLANTA.

BATTLE-FIELD, FOUR MILES FROM
ATLANTA, JULY 21.

THE BATTLE OF PEACH TREE CREEK.

Your correspondent has furnished you with full details of the movements of General Sherman's army up to the moment yesterday afternoon, when the dashing new rebel commander, General Hood, massed nearly his whole army against the right wing, composed of the 24th and 20th corps, and Newton's division of the 4th corps. This portion of our army, less than one-third of the whole, met the most reckless, massive and headlong charge of the war, without yielding an inch, save a little on one of the flanks of Geary's division, where a gap in the line occurred, and where the enemy pressed through but was speedily checked. The attack was made by nearly the whole of the rebel army, and its complete repulse forms the most glorious chapter in Sherman's present campaign. The following are the details of the fight:

POSITION OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY.

As your readers already know, our whole army had effected the crossing of Peach Tree creek, a small but difficult stream, covering Atlanta on the north, and partially on the east. After the crossing, which was actually completed by the morning of the 20th, our left, under McPherson, rested on the Augusta railroad, south of Decatur, and about five miles from Atlanta. The 14th corps was on the extreme right, near the mouth of the Peach Tree creek. On the left of the 14th corps was the 20th corps. On the left of the latter Newton's division of the 4th corps. A gap then occurred in our lines for three miles, which was covered on the south bank of the creek by a curtain of pickets from Newton's division. On the left of the gap was concentrated the rest of our army, several divisions originally on the right having been moved there early on the morning of the 20th, with a view to strengthening that wing, in front of which the enemy made numerous feints, as if about to precipitate his whole army against it.

THE PRELIMINARY MOVEMENTS.

The enemy thus being, during the morning of the 20th, massed on our left, orders were issued to Newton, Hooker and Palmer on the right to advance and close the gap of three miles. Newton, on the left, was ordered to move first, protecting his left flank by the creek. Successively Hooker's and Palmer's

corps were to close upon Newton and establish a new line as far as possible in advance of the trenches, which they had constructed a half mile south of Peach Tree creek immediately after crossing. Accordingly, about 1 p.m. Newton deployed five regiments as skirmishers, and pushed forward handsomely, driving clouds of the enemy's sharpshooters before them, and scattering their skirmish reserves. By 3 p.m. he had advanced three-fourths of a mile and carried a prominent ridge in his front, on which, after sending fresh skirmish lines forward, he proceeded to establish his division. His troops unsung knapsacks, stacked arms, and fell to erecting a rail barricade with a will.

ADVANCE OF GENERAL HOOKER.

Hooker now advanced from his trenches. Butterfield's division, now commanded by General Ward, on the left, Geary in center, and General Williams on the right. Palmer prepared to close up on Hooker, whenever the latter should establish his new line. The country over which this advance was progressing, is partly rolling and open, intersected with difficult creeks, and partially covered with dense undergrowth.

STRATAGEM BY THE ENEMY.

In the advance, prisoners were captured at different points along the line, who unanimously stated that no considerable body of their troops was nearer than a mile and a half. They were, beyond doubt, sent out to be captured for this purpose. Not less than three-fourths of the entire rebel army were concealed within musket shot of our skirmishers.

THE TRUE STATE OF AFFAIRS DISCLOSED.

At the same time, at 3:40 p.m., and with the celerity of lightning, the rebel host poured forth from their concealment, massed in enormous columns against Newton, coming on without skirmishers, and with yells whose volume exceeded those of any battle-shout I ever heard. Newton's division had but half completed their barricade, and they barely had time to fall into line and seize their guns before the entire rebel column, composed of Walker's and Bates' division of Hardee's corps was within range. The pickets guarding the interval between the right and left of our army barely escaped capture by plunging into Peach Tree creek and swimming across. The enemy had struck us at the vital spot, just where a victory for him might be decisive. Newton had more ground to guard than he could cover by even a single line.

A CRITICAL JUNCTURE.

For the first few minutes every thing hung trembling in the scale—Newton's left flank was exposed, and just covered his bridges across Peach Tree creek. Had it given away the bridges might have been lost, and our whole right might have been rolled and forced back to the Chattahoochee river. The rebel plan was to destroy our forces on the right, after which their army would be strong enough to confront, if not defeat, the main body of our army on the left. Long lines of darkies, with pack-saddles, and other non-combatants, came pouring across the bridges, with sweat running off of them in rivulets. Guards, with fixed bayonets, were placed at the bridges to collect whatever armed stragglers might appear, but none came.

THE TROOPS STAND FIRM.

In spite of the furious charge none of our troops were stampeded. The rebel column poured down an open but rough series of fields toward Newton's left, evidently aiming at his bridges. At the moment the enemy first appeared we had but two pieces of artillery in position, guarding the vital point; but Captain Goodspeed, Newton's chief of artillery, with splendid quickness, brought up ten more guns, making in all twelve. They opened with canister, the gunners working with frantic energy. Four guns went into action on Newton's right. Up to the moment these guns opened, the rebel columns had swiftly advanced, engaging Newton's three reduced brigades at terrible odds.

EFFECT OF THE ARTILLERY FIRE.

It was wonderful how fast the enemy lost his grip when sixteen guns added their blast to the storm of bullets from Newton's infantry. The dusky, gray columns slackened their pace, and began to waver and lose their careful arrangement. In a few minutes they had come to a stand-still, in partial confusion, and firing heavily but wildly. In vain the rebel field officers rode up and down the lines waving swords and exhorting the men not to falter.

THE ASSAULT SIGNALLY FAILS.

In twenty minutes the assault had totally failed, and the enemy gave way, retiring in confusion to the woods from which they had emerged. Nearly two hundred rebel dead were buried in Newton's front next morning. His brigade did not yield an inch.

GENERAL WARD'S DIVISION IN ACTION.

General Ward's division, on Newton's right, was struck at the same moment as Newton. General Ward had just halted his men at the foot of a hill for a brief rest, after his skirmishers had made way to the crest. Word came back to him that the enemy was charging over the open field in his front, in immense force. Without a moment's hesitation Ward ordered his division to meet the enemy with a counter-charge; his men moved up hill in splendid order, and when they gained the crest, they were so close to the rebels that several of the hostile regiments became intermingled. At such points the rebels seemed added by Ward's bold coup, and were cap-

tured without difficulty. On other portions of the line, fighting at close quarters continued for half an hour, but each successive line of rebels was pressed back by the indubitable valor of Ward's men.

THE REBELS WHIPPED.

At the end of that time the rebels fell back into a dense forest in their rear, completely whipped, so far as General Ward's division was concerned.

GEARY'S DIVISION ATTACKED.

The charge swept along to the right, striking Geary's division the next after Wood's. Geary had advanced half a mile from the trenches he occupied in the morning, and had just marched his troops to the top of a ridge, when the rebel columns were thrown on him with terrible violence. The 23d New Jersey, which was thrown out to fortify a hill in advance of the main line, lost over half its number in the first few minutes of the charge. The most of Geary's lines were through a dense wood. Portions of Colonel Ireland's brigade in the center were also inflamed and driven back. By turning one of his batteries from the front to the right, General Geary succeeded in reforming his shattered line where it stood, and not another foot did it yield, rolling back charge after charge. That portion of his line that fell back was reformed, and in about an hour went back into action on General Williams's right.

GENERAL WILLIAMS'S DIVISION NEXT ASSAULTED.

The tremendous rebel assault spent its fury on General Williams's division, next on General Geary's right. The division refused to give an inch, and, though the enemy made three several charges on it before nightfall, it repulsed them all without wavering, though in doing so it sustained heavier loss than any other division on the right.

THE ENEMY ABANDONS THE FIGHT.

About 9 p.m. the enemy abandoned the fight in front of Geary and Williams, carrying off many of their dead and wounded, and falling back to their heavy works about a mile distant. In front of Ward and Newton he was compelled to leave all the dead and severely wounded.

THE CARNAGE.

Judging from great piles heaped up there, the enemy lost in killed and wounded alone over 5,000. We captured about 1,000 prisoners.

THE FIGHT ON AN OPEN FIELD.

The statement that our troops were in fortifications is untrue. They were advancing to take a new position when attacked, and, save with Newton, who had some half-finished rail barricades, the fight was an open one. Even the aggressive Hood is not fool enough to attack us intrenched. Prisoners were captured from every corps in the rebel army, all of whom said the programme was to drive us into the Chattahoochee river, and that nearly their entire army was engaged.

THE ARMY RESTS TWO MILES AND A HALF FROM ATLANTA.

During the progress of the fight, various corps on the left advanced over a mile, McPherson at night-fall, being within two and a half mile of Atlanta, and no portion of our lines more than four miles distant. I left the front July 21, at 2 p.m.; at that time our right was established on the battlefield, about four miles from Atlanta; the left was in shelling distance. The enemy stuck closely to his heavy works girdling the town, a mile or two outside the suburbs.

[Special Dispatch to the World.]

THE HUNDRED-DAY MEN.

MILITIA WILL NOT BE EXEMPTED FROM THE DRAFT.

WASHINGTON, July 25.
Major-General Sanford, of the New York militia, is conferring with Provost-Marshal General Fry and Solicitor Whiting, of the War Department, upon the subject of the liability of the one hundred-day men to be drafted. No definite arrangement is made, but it is understood that the difficulties which arise from misapprehension on the part of Governor Seymour, will be settled to the satisfaction of all parties. The hundred-day men will not be exempt from draft, but will have that time credited to all who may be drafted.

SECOND DISPATCH.

General Sanford is still here, and had another interview with the War Department today. The department, in considering the question as to whether one hundred days' militia in the service are exempt from draft under the enrollment act, adhere to the decision made by Solicitor Whiting, a year since, that they are not to be considered as being in the service the same as men enlisted into the regular forces for a term of years. Members of the militia force are therefore not exempt from the forthcoming draft. It is understood, however, that any one who may be drafted during his term of one hundred day's service, will be credited to that extent on his future drafted time of service.

—A skeptic once said to Dr. Parr, "That he would not believe anything he could not understand." To which the Doctor replied, "Then, sir, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

—It is said that when President Lincoln began the work of filling himself up with good things of the table at the Philadelphia Fair, he exclaimed: "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer!"

OLD AND NEW ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLES.

We are indebted to Cyrus W. Field, Esq., for the following descriptions respectively of the cable submerged between Ireland and Newfoundland, by the Atlantic Telegraph Company, in 1858, and of the cable now being manufactured for the same company by Messrs. Elliot & Co., at Morden Wharf, East Greenwich:—

OLD ATLANTIC CABLE, 1858.

Conductor—A copper strand, consisting of 7 wires (6 laid round one), and weighing 107 lbs. per nautical mile.

Insulator—Gutta-percha laid on in three coverings and weighing 261 lbs. per knot.

External Protection—18 strands of charcoal-iron wire, each strand composed of 7 wires (6 laid round one), laid spirally around the core, which latter was previously padded with a serving of hemp saturated with a tar mixture. The separate wires were each 22 gauge, the strand complete was No. 14 gauge.

Weight in air 20 cwt. per nautical mile.

Weight in water 13 4 cwt. per nautical mile, or equal to 4 85 times its weight in water per knot; that is to say, it would bear its own weight in a little less than 5 miles depth of water.

Breaking strain 3 tons 5 cwt.

Deepest water to be encountered, 2,400 fathoms, or less than 2 1-5 nautical miles in depth.

The contract strain was equal to 4 85 times its weight per nautical mile in water.

One knot, being in fathoms = 1,014 x 4 = 205 times the strength requisite for the deepest water.

NEW ATLANTIC CABLE, 1864.

Conductor—A copper strand consisting of 7 wires (6 laid round one), and weighing 300 lbs. per nautical mile, embedded for solidity in Chatterton's compound. Gage of single wire .648—ordinary 18 gage. Gage of strand .144—ordinary No. 10 gage.

Insulation—Gutta-percha, 4 layers of which are laid on alternately with 4 thin layers of Chatterton's compound. The weight of the entire insulation 400 lbs. per nautical mile. Diameter of core .464, circumference of core 1.392.

External Protection—10 solid wires of the gage .095 (No. 13 gage) drawn from Webster and Horsfall's homogeneous iron, each wire surrounded separately with five strands of manilla yarn, saturated with a preservative compound, and the whole laid spirally around the core, which latter is padded with ordinary hemp, saturated with a preservative mixture.

Weight in air 35 cwt. per nautical mile.

Weight in water 14 cwt. per nautical mile, or equal to eleven times its weight in water per knot; that is to say, it will bear its own weight in eleven miles depth of water.

Breaking strain 7 tons 15 cwt.

Deepest water to be encountered 2,400 fathoms or less than 2 5 nautical miles in depth.

The contract strain is equal to 11 times its weight per nautical mile in water.

One knot, being in fathoms = 1,014 x 11 = 464 times the strength requisite for the deepest water.

St. PAUL'S, LONDON.—St. Paul's, London, in the sixteenth century, must have been a dreadful place. Mr. Walcott, the prebendary of Chichester, thus describes the uses to which it was put in that age:

The desecration was something horrible, and only worse than the filth of the floors and the decay of the fabric. Drunkards and vagabonds slept off their drunken orgies on the bench of the choir floor; butchers and water-carriers conveyed their wares, and men wore their hats, through the aisles; mules and horses were driven across them; tobaccoists sold in the nave; seamsters and book-sellers plied their trade; a carpenter worked in the crypt; trunk-makers in the crypt disturbed the services; chantries had become cellars, lumber-rooms and glaziers shops; choristers, as at Litchfield and Westminster—but less courteous than those of Ripon, who distributed apples to the congregation on Christmas morning—hunted booted gentlemen for spurn-money only less vociferously than beggars pursued the other company, the usurer touted in the south aisle; simony presided on the north; the horse fair in the central alley; and money was paid on the font. Masked women, rufflers, ballad-mongers, stall-knights, captains out of service, and quacks haunted the place; the servant waited to be hired at the serving-man's log; the sergeant-at-law received his client at his special pillar; whilst around were seen the merchants' change and fashionable lounge.

—A supe in a Western theater having been inducted into the ghost part of Hamlet, "for this night only," performed the part so badly that he was hissed off. The manager came forward, bowed gracefully, put his hand on his heart and announced that "Smith had agreed to give up the ghost."

—A grave-digger, who buried a Mr. Button, placed the following item in a bill which he sent to the widow of the deceased: "To making a Button-hole, 50 cents."