The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1862.

"Washington Pennsylvania Soldiers' Relief Association."

THIS Association, having opened an office at No. 6 Washington Buildings, corner of 7th street and Pennsylvania avenue, where will be found a register of all Pennsylvania soldiers in or around this city, in hospitals, invite the friends of the same to call, assuring them that all possible aid will be extended in finding their sons.

MR CHAS. L WELLS, the Register, will be found in the office.

The Corresponding Secretary, Mr. S. Todd Perley, will answer all letters in regard to sick and wounded Pennsylvania soldiers, wheither in or around this city, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, or New Haven. Address, care Box 94, Washington, D C.

J. K. MOREHEAD, Pres't.

J. M. SULLIVAN Sec'y.

☞ The attention of the reader is directed to the advertisement of Dr. Markley's Family Medicines to be found in another Column of this paper.

New Publications.

THE GODDEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This excellent Agricultural Monthly is received. The table of contents includes valuable articles on important subjects. The farmer's wife finds in its pages much that is not only new but good. It gives good and safe advice, and no time of the will can be the worse for its teachings.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Godey for September is the best of the magazines. It is a good number, varied in matter and illustration. But Godey is always good—its contents are always interesting, its articles well written. No better and more acceptable magazine can be introduced to a household.

☞ Rev. Herman Bocum, from East Tennessee, will preach Sunday morning and evening, in the German Reformed Church.

☞ The Rev. J. K. Billheimer, Missionary of the African Mission, will preach on the subject of missions in the United Brethren Church in Columbia, on Sunday evening, the 17th inst. He will have some African curiosities with him, and also one or two heathen gods, which he will exhibit to the people.

The public is respectfully invited to attend.

GOOD VINEGAR.—Messrs. Himes & Co., who have established a manufactory of "Corn Vinegar" in Columbia, in the building adjoining the Odd Fellows Hall, Second Street, have submitted to our judgement a sample of their vinegar. As far as our palate is a guide, we can pronounce the article first-rate—equal in flavor to genuine cider vinegar. In addition to our valuable endorsement Messrs. H. & Co. have that of the authorities of the Smithsonian Institute, which pronounces the vinegar, from chemical analysis, pure and free from deleterious ingredient. This certificate, with that of others who have analyzed and used the article will be made public. We recommend all who want a pure and good article to try the "Corn Vinegar."

WOUNDED.—We are sorry to see among the wounded at the late battle between Pope's advance and Jackson's forces beyond Culpeper, Capt. Geo. H. Brooks, of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania Regt. His wound however, is reported as slight. Capt. Brooks is a Columbian, and a graduate of the *Spy* office. He commands a company from Harrisburg and has seen much rough service. His regiment suffered severely during the attack of Jackson on Banks in the Shenandoah valley, and in the late fight it was nearly exterminated. Columbia has reason to be proud of many of her sons, not less so of the gallant Capt. B. than any other.

CAPT. GEO. H. HESS.—We have heard the most unqualified praise of the bravery of this gallant officer who received his death wound at the battle of "Gaines Hill" or the "Chicahominy." He displayed fearless gallantry at the battle of Mechanicsville, where he was at one time placed with his company in an abandoned redoubt as a bait, with orders to retreat at a double quick on the charge of the enemy. This perilous duty he performed to the satisfaction of the General, and succeeded in luring the rebels right under the fire of our batteries and infantry, where they suffered immensely and were driven back with slaughter. His conduct throughout this action was splendid, and his courage unflinching. Previous to the battle in which he fell, he had a hemorrhage from the lungs which so weakened him that he was compelled to ride to the field in an ambulance. When the fighting was about to commence he took command of his company and fought his men bravely until shot through the body. Lancaster county has sent out no more noble and devoted soldier than Captain George H. Hess, and his name will always be honored in her borders.

OUR NEW COMPANIES.—On last Saturday morning, after many ineffectual efforts to obtain transportation to Lancaster, Capt. Erisman's men were accommodated with a couple of passenger cars, and "embarked" for their nine months voyage, in front of the *Spy* office. They rushed to the cars, glad to be off at last. But few minutes were allowed them for leave-taking, and the crowd of friends which gathered in a moment were permitted brief adieus. They started off amid cheers and waving handkerchiefs.—After persevering work on the part of the officers and their friends, in Lancaster, the company was at length inspected and admitted to Camp Lancaster. Here they were mustered in on Monday by Capt. Norton.—Geo. H. Erisman is commissioned 1st Lieutenant and Geo. A. Sanders 2nd Lieutenant. Application has been made for the detail of Orderly Sergeant, Jacob M. Strickler, Co., E, First Regt. Penna. Reserves, an old Columbian, to take command. If this can be done, and we believe it is almost certain, the Company will have a tried soldier at its head who will give a good account of our boys. The men are as good as ever entered the service, and will do honor to Columbia and West Hempfield.

The non-commissioned officers have not yet been appointed, and we have not yet been furnished with the roll of the Company, which we hoped to publish this week. By next Saturday we shall be able to give it, we hope.

As we write (Friday morning) the Lancaster County Volunteers, thirteen companies, are reported in trains, halted below town, *en route* for Harrisburg. They will probably go at once into active service.

Since writing the above the trains have steamed through town, the boys shouting, the people cheering, the streets lined with citizens wishing our brave soldiers good-speed.

A CALL FROM "45."—Among our Army Correspondence this week will be found a letter from "45," which contains a suggestion that deserves attention. It will be remembered that before last Christmas it was proposed to send a Christmas offering of Christmas cheer to our several companies. Although this was not carried out systematically, yet a large number of boxes were dispatched by individuals, the reception of which gave the boys infinite pleasure. At that time the Forty-fifth were in South Carolina, and it was thought very hard that they were unable to participate in the good things from home. For the first time since the departure of the regiment from Washington they are now within convenient "striking distance" of home, and our correspondent suggests that the deferred contributions be forwarded. We commend the idea to our citizens, especially our ladies.—Lancaster has sent three immense loads of vegitables, delicacies, &c., to the Lancaster County boys on the James, portions of the last invoice of which were distributed in Co. K, of the Forty-fifth. Cannot the Columbians at least get up one car load for these gallant boys? They have been farther from home than other of our soldiers, and consequently cut off from the frequent home supplies which reached companies more conveniently located. Let a general contribution of supplies be called for, and we may gladden the hearts of our brave boys whilst they lie at Acquia Creek. Will not the ladies of the "Soldiers' Aid Society" take the initiative?

A BRAVE SOLDIER MURDERED.—With what a thrill of horror did the country receive the intelligence of the fall of the first victim of this accursed rebellion—Ellsworth, assassinated in the Marshall House, Alexandria! And but yesterday the public was maddened by the murder of the brave Gen. Robert McCook, shot by guerillas whilst riding, sick, in an ambulance. We ask today the united indignation of his thousands of friends at the foul murder of one of our own bravest commanders—one of Lancaster county's noblest sons. We announced last week the death of our friend Captain Aldus J. Neff, 1st Reserves. We charge now that he was *officially* murdered. He went into the week of battles weakened by sickness, fought intrepidly in every fight, endured the hardships and anxieties of the retreat, and came out sound from blade or ball of the enemy but completely prostrated and exhausted. He struggled against the menacing illness until even he knew himself unfit for duty (and he would be the last man in the regiment to realize that fact), when he reluctantly applied for sick leave. The Brigade Surgeon refused him a certificate of disability, and knowing his fate the brave man lay down in his tent to die. He keenly felt that he was hardly dealt with, and prophesied the end were he kept under the broiling southern sun. All around him saw that he was powerless to rally under the unfavorable influences surrounding him, and at length, when death had set his seal upon him, official sanction was obtained for his departure from camp. The surgeon of the Vanderbilt regarded him in a dying condition when he arrived on the vessel, and death speedily justified this opinion. In the cases cited above brave men fell by the cowardly hands of assassins, and execration followed the deeds. Here an equally brave soldier has fallen victim to either criminal neglect or gross incompetency, and a generous cry of indignation should go up against the barbarity or imbecility which doomed a gallant man to so sad an end.

A committee has been sent from Lancaster to Norfolk to endeavor to obtain the remains of Capt. Neff for interment at home. It will be a comfort to his sorrowing friends to be permitted to lay his body among the dead of his family.

A FALSE AND INJURIOUS IMPRESSION.—An article in Thursday's *Evening Express*, of Lancaster, conveys an idea which is calculated to injure the reputation of our town if not corrected, and which, we fear, will, at all events, give the patriots who at present not only glory in, but foment ill feeling between whites and blacks, fresh material for their traitorous pens and tongues. The *Express* gives, as near as we can gather, for we were absent from town on Monday and only have heresay to guide us, a correct version of the facts. A company of rowdies got into a fight on the Hill with some negroes. By whom the row was provoked we cannot learn, but, at all events, it amounted to nothing but a fight. After leaving the Hill the whites attacked and shamefully beat a contraband woman serving in the family of the Rev. Mr. Maddux, injuring her severely.—This affair led to threats on the part of the whites, and, it is said to counter threats on the parts of the negroes, and was dignified with the name of riot. Rumor magnified it, as usual, and by Wednesday, when the tale reached Lancaster it had assumed sufficiently alarming proportions to bring a special reporter from the *Express* office to look into matter.

The report given in the *Express*, as we have said is mainly correct as to facts, yet it conveys, without intention we imagine, an altogether false impression. The thought of a stranger on reading the article would be that there is ill blood between two classes of the inhabitants of Columbia, ready at any moment to occasion serious disturbance of the peace. This is altogether a mistake. We are sorry we cannot say that the negroes of our town are a quiet and inoffensive class—for they are, as a whole (but with many honorable individual exceptions) turbulant among themselves, offensive, and a curse to the community. But they are *submissive* and easily governed. If the rowdy whites will not molest them, they will be perfectly peaceful, except in their domestic and social relations with each other. We must admit that there is little peace between the inhabitants of the Hill, but one policeman is sufficient to quell any disturbance. It is disgraceful that they are not governed and *educated* to a better moral, physical and social condition: but debased as many of them are, they all recognize the madness of any combination for riot, and the necessity, of submission to authority. When insulted, goaded, attacked, as they occasionally are by rowdies who thus put themselves on a level with the negroes, they will turn at times on their tormentors, and a breach of the peace such as that of Monday is the consequence.

The *Express* article also conveys the idea that a heavy patrol force is required to prevent outbreak. The fact is that at the request of Constable McGinnis he was authorized by the Chief Burgess to put on a few extra policemen, and these sufficed to keep the rowdies from the Hill. As to the force required to keep down the negroes—a note from the Chief Burgess requesting one of our most respectable colored citizens to use his influence in calming the excitement among the people of the Hill was all that was needed to allay anything like disorderly manifestations, if any such existed, and even to keep the blacks from any locality where they might be subjected to insult or injury.

We regret this occurrence, and the noise that it has occasioned. We also regret that the originators of the disturbance, whether black or white, have not been arrested and held to answer for their misconduct. We believe the order-loving citizens of Columbia equal at any time to compel obedience to the laws; yet if these disgraceful encounters are allowed to pass with only an effort to preserve the peace, without punishment to the offenders, they may increase in magnitude and one of these fine days we may find the word *riot* not too exaggerated a term for what now passes under the denomination of *row*. Let all interference with the blacks because they are blacks, cease. Let *legal* interference with the disorders of the blacks (and whites) commence. Let no disturbance of the peace escape investigation and punishment; and, above all, let justice be done to all alike. Then our town will not be disgraced even by rumors of riot.

RECRUITS FOR COL. WELSH.—Capt. Haines has been very successful in obtaining recruits for the Forty-fifth Regiment. By the accompanying list it will be seen that he has enlisted some of the best boys in the borough, Many of the men were under Col. Welsh in the three months' service, and are of tried stuff. The entirely new men have the material in them of which good soldiers are made, and we have no doubt Capts. Haines and Kelsey and Col Welsh will soon bring them in drill and efficiency up to the standard of their veterans. The boys have chosen wisely in entering an old instead of a new regiment. Capt. Haines, we believe, has enlisted a number of men in other parts of the county, and will probably succeed in filling the ranks of the Forty-fifth. Twenty-five of Capt. H.'s recruits will leave for Harrisburg on Monday next, at 11 o'clock.

RECRUITS ENLISTED BY HENRY A. HAINES, FOR THE "45TH REGIMENT PA. VOLS.," FROM JULY 29, 1862.

COLUMBIA.	Henry W. Smith,
Jacob S. Breneman,	John E. Tyler.
Cyrus Bruner,	Samuel Hinkle,
Joseph B. Bostick,	George Derrick,
Stephen B. Clepper,	Robert Hall,
Jacob Decker,	George Snyder,
William Dunlevy,	William Talbert,
Eli T. Derrick,	BAINBRIDGE.
Wesley Davis,	James Finley,
Henry Griffith,	Michael S. Malhorn,
Joseph S. Hagman,	Luther C. Ridabaugh,
James Lockard,	PHILADELPHIA.
James A. Meyers,	Sam'l B. Garrigues,
William H. Pfahler,	Matthew Cowden,
William Roberts,	EAST DONEGAL.
Lawrence M. Small,	Wm. F. Armstrong,
Franklin Swear,	DRYTOWN.
Jeremiah Sheers,	Samuel Cohick,
Jacob Sourbeer,	YORK.
George Sheffer,	Henry Barkhiser.

Our Army Correspondence.

CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, August 7, 1862.

ED. SPY:—There was much rejoicing in the Reserve last evening, upon the arrival amongst us of our comrades who were taken prisoners in the recent battles before Richmond. They looked haggard and careworn, the result of the harsh treatment received. Their experience of prison life is that of all who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Rebels. They were marched out of Richmond on the 5th, fifteen miles to a point on the James River several miles above this, in a broiling sun. Several were sun-struck, one or two of whom were killed by the Rebel escort. Because the poor fellows fell exhausted by the way, and were unable to march, the brutal guard knocked their brains out with the buts of their muskets. The time cannot be far distant when a retributive justice will overtake the miscreants.

For three nights past the "Reserve" have been under marching orders. I think without doubt they will move to-day or to-morrow, we all suppose to Malvern Hill, where was fought a battle on the 5th, the result of which you must have before this in the Phila. Papers. Corps. Chas. Hollands and Peter Wells and private Thos. Coles, all of Co. K, were amongst the returned. It will be recollected that the first two with Charles Faulkner went upon the battle field of June 30th to seek repose. In the morning early whilst the party were cooking coffee, they observed troops (they were some of our men prisoners in hands of Rebels) near, but supposed from the color of their clothes that they were friends. Faulkner confronted one of the grey backs and ordered him to surrender, when he refused, whereupon F. struck out from the shoulder, and landed his *bunch of jicos* between the eyes of the "reb.," laying him on his back. Secesh immediately, however, arose and sniffled out that he was a *preacher* and was a chaplain in the Rebel army, and did not fight. F. replied, "what in the h—l are you doing here then, if you do not intend to fight." The party were soon surrounded and forced to surrender. They were marched that afternoon and night to Richmond. When they arrived at the bridge at White Oak Bottom Swamp, they halted, and whilst there, "Stonewall" Jackson passed by with eighteen cannon and *sixty thousand troops.*

Several of our boys were marched to Richmond over the road where we had the first battle at Mechanicsville. They passed that point on Sunday. They saw hundreds of dead rebels, many were fast in the swamp and mud just as they were killed. Where the creek crossed the road, large piles of bodies floated down and lodged at a cross-ing made of loose rails which had been piled on one side.

The Rebels acknowledged to our men a loss of killed and wounded in the Mechanicsville fight of 2,500. Amongst those returned in Capt. Neff's Company, are Ed. Hughes, Wm. Hughes, Wm. Black, Geo. Elmyer, Joseph Kean. Of Capt. Hess' Company are John Gilbert, Peter McBride, W. Love, J. Harnish, and McCabe.

Lieut. Riddle of Company F, (Pittsburg) who was supposed to be killed, is safe in Richmond and well,* as is also Lieut. Hildebrand, Co. G.

There have been a number of promotions in the 5th, and I herewith send you the list of the officers:

LIST OF FIELD, STAFF AND LINE OFFICERS, 5TH REG., P. R. V. C.

Colonel—J. W. Fisher, Lancaster co.
Lieut. Colonel—Geo. Dare, Huntingdon co.
Major—Frank Zentmyer, " "
Adjutant—A. G. Mason, Bradford "
Qr. Master—S Evans, Lancaster "
Surgeon—S. G. Lane, Franklin "
1st Ass't Surgeon—Wm. H. Davis, Tioga "
2nd " " —— Groff, Lancaster "
Chaplain—S. L. M. Conser, Huntingdon "
Serg't Major—Wm. H. McCall, Union "
Qr. Master Serg't—H. Mullen, Lancaster "
Commissary " Jas. Covert, Lycoming "
Drum Major—W. L. Smedley, Lanc. "

COMPANY A.

Captain—H. C. Ullman, Lycoming co.
1st Lieut—Fountain Wilson, " "
2nd Lieut—J. H. Sway, " "

COMPANY B.

Captain—Jas. Taggart, (missing) Northumberland county.
1st Lieut—Chas. Wells, Northumberland co.
2nd Lieut—Jas. D. Slater, " "

COMPANY C.

Captain—A. M. Smith, Clearfield co.
1st Lieut—D. McGaughey, " "
2nd Lieut—John E. Potter, " "

COMPANY D.

Captain—T. Chamberlin, Union co.
1st Lieut—Theo. A. M'Fadden, " "
2nd Lieut—C. D. Sheffle, " "

COMPANY E.

Captain—J. H. Lonnier, Clearfield co.
1st Lieut—H. P. Petriken, Centre "
2nd Lieut—Wm. H. Dinsmore, Centre co.

COMPANY F.

Captain—J. A. McPherson, Huntingdon co.
1st Lieut—A. G. Mason, (Adjt.) Bradford "
2nd Lieut—Wm. Riddle, (prisoner) Allegheny county.
2nd Lieut—A. P. Shaw, (acting) Bradford co.

COMPANY G.

Captain—J. E. Wolfe, Union co.
1st Lieut—Chas. M. Hildebrand, Huntingdon co.
2nd Lieut—Robert W. Smith, York, co. †

COMPANY H.

Captain—John McCleary, Nothumberland county.
1st Lieut—Vacant.
2nd Lieut—H. B. Paxton, Lycoming co.

COMPANY I.

Captain—R. B. Frazer, Huntingdon co.
1st Lieut—James Porter, " "
2nd Lieut—David Zentmyer, " "

COMPANY K.

Captain—A. D. Collins, Lancaster co.
1st Lieut—John L. Wright, " "
2nd Lieut—S. Evans, (Qr. Master,) " "
2nd Lieut—T. H. Caldwell, Lycoming "

It will be recollected that we loaded several cars at Savage Station on Sunday the 29th of June, with ammunition and started the train towards the bridge (which was partly torn up) over the Chickahominy, setting the inside of the cars on fire first. I learn from the returned prisoners that when the train was observed by the Rebs coming towards them at the rate of a mile a minute, they placed themselves upon the bridge (which is a mile long, the ties of which are covered by plank laid lengthwise) in great numbers with the hope of stopping the train and bagging several hundred of our men, who, they supposed, were aboard. But they were sorely disappointed—on came the train, and when amongst them the ammunition inside exploded and killed one hundred men. They supposed it a "Yankee trick."

The whole Reserve—and especially the 1st Brigade—(with perhaps a single exception which we quite well understand) are waiting anxiously for the return of General Reynolds. His loss has been much felt by us all. The fact cannot be disguised that the efficiency of the Reserve has been much impaired, since the recent battles, by the course of a few conceited men who have suddenly been clothed with Division and Brigade commands. One whom the "Philadelphia Inquirer" *toadies* was in command but a few days before a sign was placed in front of his quarters upon which was written "Seymour's Division," We are no longer the Pa. Reserves. To show the feeling of our boys, it is only necessary to repeat what is passed from one end of the line to another. When a certain officer makes his appearance in camp. "McCall" "Reynolds" "played out" are common expressions.

In order to get a commander for the 1st Brigade, the 6th Pa. Reserves, which has only been in the battles of Drainesville, where they ran it is said, has been foisted into it (and the 8th taken out,) and placed on the right, the position the 5th held for nearly a year. The Colonel of the Sixth, quite a young man, a brother-in-law of Seymour's, was then placed in command of the Brigade. Although there has been an order to have a battalion drill every day, the Colonel of the 5th is the only officer in the Brigade who has thus far shown himself capable of maneuvreing his command in the various movements which all well drilled soldiers are supposed to be versed in. If General Reynolds should come (and we expect him,) he will be greeted (as no other General has yet been so far as I have seen) by a cheer which will fairly make old Virginia tremble, as it were. It will be spontaneous and from the heart. Kershner is at Camden street Hospital, Baltimore, and is doing well. The 1st Brigade will be paid to-day.

"ORDERLY."

*By later intelligence from the Fifth we are gratified to learn that Lieut. R., with two others effected their escape from the 'Tobacco Warehouse' in Richmond, and made their way into our lines about 10 o'clock on the 7th inst., after a marvelous tramp of a week, during much of which time they subsisted on berries—Lieut. Riddle had two interviews with General McClellan and furnished very valuable information. His adventure was marvelous, and the narrative, of which we have received but imperfect particulars, will be interesting.—[ED. SPY.]

†We congratulate this gallant officer on his promotion. His conduct in all the battles was splendid and he fairly won his rank.

[In place of a letter our esteemed correspondent, "CAVALRIST," again sends us the poetical thoughts with which his eventful life in the field inspires him. His communications are always welcome, whether in prose or verse.—ED.]

A Soldier's Dream by the James.

'Twas night on the beautiful James,
And in generous flush of youth
The moon with her great flood-tide of flames,
Had deluged the gorgeous South.

The breeze in a whisper low
Talked love to its favorite tree,
And kissed the wave in its onward flow,
Towards the distant sea.

In Heaven the golden stars
Had jeweled their mother's breast,—
Alas. that the voices of turbulant wars
Should shake their peaceful rest!

Red Mars in his chariot car,
His chargers snuffing the field,
Impatient and mad at the tide of war,
Stood "rest" on his spear and shield.

And Orion in full dress,
Ablaze with his bands of gold,
Looked down on the camps of the wilderness,
As he did in the days of old.

Dreaming a soldier lay,
Wearied and sick and sore,
When the Zephyr and moon beam sported in play,
Over the wave-washed shore.

And closer the glittering band,
Encircles the spell of home,
Where in Heaven like visions, hand in hand,
The sweet earth-treasures come.

Till he murmurs aloud in sleep,
And tears of delight are shed,
And startled are the things that keep
Their revel around his bed.

For the toad at a gambol plays
With the lizard over his breast,
And the Moccasin snake with its glassy gaze,
Hath long been guarding his rest.

Gone is the fairy band,
That round home altars meet,
A monster is writhing within his hand—
Affrighted, he gains his feet;

And grasping his sabre bright,
And standing over his bed.
With one fell swoop from left to right,
He cleaves the serpent's head.

Then the sick man softly treads,
Rearing his blanket and arms.
Where the troopers lie on their hard earth-beds
Ne'er dreaming of these alarms.

And anon, a glistenging tear
Of sadness fills his eye,
For him, of sympathy, none is near,
And the world is going awry.

Not that on yonder bank,
Are the dismal and black mire swamps,
Where the Pine and Cypress, dark and dank
Gather the dews and damps;

Not that a foe accurst,
Through yonder fathomless wood,
Doth picket and prowl, with an anxious thirst,
To lap the true heart's blood.

But the spider, the lizzard and toad,
And the snake from its larking place,
All halt in their round, his pain to goad,
And chuckle and laugh in his face.

And the fever courses each vein,
And fires his temples brown,
Even the merciless moon brings a sense of pain,
As it steadfastly looketh down.

Again upon the sod
He lays him down to rest,
And slumber's spell, like the smile of God,
Steals over his troubled breast.

Then leaving Oblivion's world,
By the star-lamps that lend their beams
He journeys through realms all golden and pearled,
And enters the land of dreams.

When Lo' sweet syren Hope
Stands forth with her shining arms,
And the rose-hued clouds of the future ope,
Replete with its myriad charms.

And waving her star gem'd wand,
Long moveth her lips so bright:
"Soldier! a shadow is over thy land,
But, behold! where breaketh the light!

"I know thou lovest the free,
Then bear thee bravely now,
And a chaplet of laurels is twining for thee,
In the future to bind thy brow.

"Unto Fame thou art as dear
As the legion of souls that prest
On to the battle without a fear,
And gave to the steel their breast.

"While nations their rights would save,
And heroes fight and fall,
There's a glory secure for the truly brave
Who answer their country's call.

"Where bravest deeds are wrought,
Should it be thy lot to fall,
A glory thy generous blood hath bought,
Death cannot take it all

"When the scroll its tribute pays,
Let sages record thy name,
And the bards of the land in fitting lays,
Chant forth thy well earned fame.

"When the Spring with its May returns,
And the forests re-sound with glee,
The youths and maidens among the ferns
Will remember and talk of thee.

"They will tell, when the tocsin pealed,
And danger threatened the land,
As the fairest and bravest sought the field,
How sad was their little band.

"They will talk with a whispering breath,
Of those who are then laid low.
Oh! dearer such fame, than the bloody wreath
That burns on the Conqueror's brow!

"And among them will one be there,
Who hath loved the sound of thy name,
In whose gentle eye will rise the tear,
And whose lip will flatter thy fame.

"As oft of the gay she tires,
To her bower will she repair,
And watching the fading of sunset fires,
Will think of thee then, and there,

"And e'en as with brazen mouth,
The curfew the hour proclaims,
Singing, she'll gaze, to the far off South
Where rotteth the beautiful James.

"For a bosom her brow has prest,
Is sleeping beside that wave,
And the sigh that wells from her own sweet breast,
Is the tribute her young-love gave.

"When wrapt in profoundest night
Great Nature's heart doth rest,
And valley and hill in the dreamy light
Of the harvest moon is drest,

"Then bursting its prison door,
Her soul upon stair of beams,
With the white wing'd guides that hover o'er,
Will follow thine own, in dreams.

"Till, with angels grown too fair,
Earth's shackles it needs must spurn,
Forever with thine, the crown to wear,
Of glory that blooms Eterne."

And the Syren's song was hushed,
Yet the charm of its melody,
Was borne by the waves, as they faintly gushed,
To the caves of the distant sea.

And oh! 'twere a joy to see,
The soldier's face as he dreamed,
Till the bugles sounded the reveille,
And the light in the Orient streamed.

CAVALRIST.

James River, July 18, 1862.

ACQUIA CREEK, VA., Aug. 12, '62.

DEAR SPY:—We arrived here on the steamer Elm City from Newport News on the 6th inst. In regard to our movements, everything was profoundly secret, no one except the Major General commanding seeming to know our destination. Rumors were rife in camp that we were going to North Carolina, to Petersburg, Va., to McClellan's army, to this place, and to that place; one wiseacre had it that we were even going to California. However, we embarked quietly and safely, steamed past the Rip Raps, Fortress Monroe, up the Chesapeake Bay, into the mouth of the Potomac and to the landing at mouth of Acquia Creek. A little steamer containing Gen. Burnside and staff ran along side of us; the General called for Col. Welsh and directed him to debark immediately with his regiment and assume command of the post, with headquarters at Acquia Creek. We landed with men and baggage the same evening. Next morning eight of our companies were sent out to encamp at Broken Station, on the Fredericksburg Railroad.—Companies I and K are here to guard the landing and furnish guards on the trains between this and Fredericksburg. Capt. Kelsey is Provost Marshal; or, in other words, is the Judge of this Bailiwick. The Colonel is Governor and we are all young Governors.

This is decidedly the most desirable location we have yet had: our mails and express matter come regularly. We occasionally see live women, crinoline, &c., making our poor fellows feel as though they had just come into the world. We get fresh bread daily, fresh beef every alternate day, and as hucksters and sutlers are here in abundance, with the use of a trifle of cash we are enabled to live luxuriously. Still, any of those little Christmas or other holiday presents that could not reach us in season, would be acceptable now, and would make us again think of the girls we left behind us.

We are pleased to hear of the promotion of our fellow townsman to the Coloneley of the 5th Reserve. Earning his promotion on the battle field entitles him to the love and respect of his countrymen, citizens or soldiers; all honor to him and his gallant regiment.

Military movements are not to be written about now, yet if you visit us, we will explain movements that are destined soon to startle the civilized world, and specially delight all true lovers of our good old flag. A boat leaves Washington every morning, and as no pass is needed to come to Acquia Creek, all our friends need do to visit us from Washington is simply to fork over two dollars and come on. We receive *Spys* regularly—the last number was received on Monday following its issue. Two or three new regiments from the north are expected here to fill up Col. Welsh's brigade; we would like the Lancaster County to be one of them. Letters should be addressed, Col. Welsh's 45th Regiment, Acquia Creek, Va., via Washington, D. C.

"45."

HEADQUARTERS 6TH U. S. CAVALRY, HARRISON'S LANDING, Va., Aug. 4, '62.

FRIEND SPY:—Again I send you a few items of news, which I hope will be interesting to your readers. War news have been a little below par with us for some time. On the night of the 31st of July, at about twelve o'clock, we were aroused from our peaceful slumbers by the booming of artillery. We turned out of our tents in "double quick," and found the shot and shell coming into our camp as thick as hail. The Rebels had opened on us from the other side of the river, from five different points. Every person was taken by surprise. Soldiers and civilians were seen flying in every direction, filling up every safe place that could be found. Some were in groups behind bales of hay, while others were behind trees; the firing was kept up for an hour, when they were finally compelled to retire, no doubt, by the sudden appearance of two or three gunboats, which threw a few hundred pound shells in among them. The only damage done in our camp was one horse killed, some few tents ripped, &c.; what was done to other camps I have not been able to hear, but it is supposed to be slight.

At 6 o'clock P. M., August 1st, two or three regiments of infantry, cavalry, &c., were landed on the other side of the river, just opposite our camp. They had not been there many minutes until every house on the river bank was burned to the ground, the burning timbers and stone chimneys coming down with a crash. The yelling of the soldiers could be heard for miles.

To-day, August 4th, we have news from the other side of the river of the capture of some few prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and the destruction of a rebel camp. Soldiers could be seen marching up and down the banks, with turkeys, chickens, geese, &c., suspended from their bayonets. Col. Tyler's battery of five siege-guns are now planted on the river bank, about two hundred yards in rear of our camp, which I think, will send them to the last hole if ever they try it again. All is quiet at present along the river, the only enemies we have to contend with now are the flies and mosquitoes: they march in upon us in whole brigades, while "Old Sol" comes down with a vengeance.

I am told that "*Bowery*" is coming out with a company. Michael, can't you manage to send a keg of lager with him; and let him stop at the quarters of the 6th U. S. Cavalry Regimental Band? he will find the happiest set of boys he ever beheld. Oh, whew! but it's hot! and our friend Lewis Tredenick, is sweating as much as any of us. Lewis is as jolly as ever, and has come to see the sights. B. F. B.

WAR NEWS!

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

Great Battle in Progress near Culpepper Court House—Account of the First Day's Fight—The Rebels ask permission to Bury their Dead—The Battle not resumed—The Rebels Falling Back.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY VIRGINIA, Six miles beyond Culpepper, Virginia, August 10.

A battle was fought yesterday between General Banks and Stonewall Jackson.—Gen. Bayard, of Gen. McDowell's Corps, with his cavalry brigade, had been engaged the day before in the extreme advance, near the Rapidan river, skirmishing and manœuvreing, and taken some prisoners, ending with a slight loss whilst baffling the efforts of a large rebel force to surround and cut him off.

Yesterday morning he was engaged some hours before Gen. Banks came up, and with four regiments of cavalry and the First Pennsylvania, First Maine, and First Rhode Island, delayed and embarrassed the enemy's advance.

The Rebels, under Jackson and Ewell, had crossed the Rapidan in force, and their advance guard, fifteen thousand strong, was attacked by Gen. Banks yesterday afternoon, about six miles south of Culpepper Court House. The fight was almost wholly artillery at first, but the infantry became engaged about six o'clock, and a determined and bloody contest followed. Gen. Banks' right wing, under Gen. Williams, suffered severely. The Rebel position was in a wood, while the troops which attacked them were obliged to cross the open ground. It was not until about six o'clock that it became evident that the Rebels were attacking us in force. Previous to that there had been rather a desultory cannonade. The whole Rebel force suddenly attacked our lines in overwhelming numbers at all points, nearly all their regiments having full ranks.

At 7½ o'clock General Pope arrived on the field from Culpepper, accompanied by Gen. McDowell with a part of his corps, but the battle was substantially over, Gen. Banks still holding his ground that he occupied at the beginning of the battle.

After the arrival of Gen. Pope there was an artillery contest, continuing at intervals till nearly twelve o'clock. The night was unusually clear and the moon full. The Rebels planted a battery against McDowell's centre, where Gen. Pope and Gen. Banks were, bringing both of them under fire.—The Generals and their staffs were so near the Rebel lines, being actually in front of their own lines, that a sudden charge of Rebel cavalry was made from the woods a quarter of a mile off, apparently with a view of capturing them.

The attempt, however, was repelled by a vigorous fire from Gen. McDowell's troops, and the Generals and their staffs left the ground under a cross-fire from the Rebels and our own troops. The fire of the Rebel batteries was afterwards silenced. Gen. Pope on arriving sent fresh troops to the front to take the place of Gen. Banks's exhausted columns.

The enemy did not renew the attack except by artillery. Our troops were under arms and in position all night. Gen. Banks was on the field throughout the action, and constantly under fire. His handling of his troops and personal gallantry is highly praised by his officers, and the bravery and good conduct of our troops were conspicuous during a large part of the fight. When overpowered by superior numbers some regiments retreated in disorder.

Col. Knipe, of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania Regiment, is dangerously wounded. Lieut.-Col. Selfridge is severely wounded. Maj. Matthews has had his arm amputated. Adjutant Boyd is severely wounded. All of the same regiment.

Col. Donelly, of the Twenty-eighth New York Regiment, is fatally wounded. Lieut.-Col. Brown has had an arm amputated.—Maj. Cook is killed. Both of same regiment. Col. Chapman, of the Fifth Connecticut, is wounded and a prisoner. Lieut.-Colonel of the same regiment, is killed, and Major Blake, of same regiment, is wounded and a prisoner. Of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, Maj. Savage is missing and probably killed. He was left on the field in a dying condition. Captain Abbott was also killed.

Gen. Banks was rather severely hurt by an accident. A cavalry trooper ran against him, and he was struck heavily in the side. Nevertheless, he remained on the field and is on duty this morning with his command.

Gen. Geary is wounded and has had an arm amputated. Gen. Augur is severely wounded.

Maj. Pelinze, Gen. Banks' Aid, took command of a hesitating regiment and gallantly led it through a galling fire. He received two shots and is severely but not dangerously wounded in the side.

Capt. Williams is missing; Capt. Goodwin also. Capt. Quincey a prisoner. Surgeon Leland is wounded. Lieut. Oakley is wounded severely. Lieut. Austin and Lieut. Buckman, of the First New York Cavalry, are wounded. No other officers in that regiment are hurt.

Lieut. Hopkins, of the Seventh Ohio, is wounded. Col. Ruggles, Chief of Staff to Gen. Pope, had his horse shot under him, and two of Gen. Pope's body guard were killed. Col. Morgan, of Gen. Pope's staff, and Maj. Perkins, of Gen. Banks' staff, both received bullets through their hats.

The Second Massachusetts Regiment was in the hardest of the fight, and suffered severely.

The Fifth Connecticut and Twenty-seventh Indiana and Forty-sixth Pennsylvania Regiments are badly cut up.

Col. Ramsay, of Gen. Banks' staff, had his horse shot under him.

The Rebel Gen. Winder was wounded.—The losses are very heavy on both sides, not less than from two to three thousand, killed, wounded and missing, on each side. Some prisoners were taken by both armies.

Both Jackson and Ewell were present in the battle. Reinforcements under Gen. A. P. Hill, to the amount of 18,000 men, reached the Rebels last night at about the same time that ours arrived.

Skirmishing in front is going on this morning, but the troops on both sides are so much exhausted by fatigue and intense heat that no serious encounter is expected to-day.

The Battle Not Renewed—The Enemy Fallen Back—The Rebels ask Permission to Bury their Dead.

CULPEPPER, August 11.—The enemy this morning sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury their dead. This shows that with all their superiority they are too badly cut up to maintain their position, and that their falling back yesterday was from necessity, not choice. Our troops are engaged in bringing off our wounded from the battle-field and burying the dead.

NEW YORK, August 11.—The **Herald's** special report says that Jackson and Ewell had from 40,000 to 50,000 Rebel troops and that our troops hold their position.

Gen. Crawford's Brigade was in the advance.

Another Account.

WASHINGTON, August 10.—The most desperate fight for the numbers engaged since the war commenced occurred yesterday at Cedar Mountain, eight miles south of Culpepper Court House, Virginia, between General Banks' *corps d'armee* of Gen. Pope's forces and the Rebels under Stonewall Jackson in person. General Pope had sent Gen. Banks' command to the front early in the morning, and the divisions of Gen. Augur and Williams took positions a mile or a mile and a half this side the ground of the skirmish of the day previous.

In the afternoon Crawford's brigade of General Williams' Division, composed of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, Tenth Maine, Fifth Connecticut and Twenty-eighth New York Regiments, with Brest's Battery of Regulars, moved forward to a piece of high ground between Cedar creek and Crooked river, some four miles north of the point where the Culpepper and Godensville turnpike crosses that stream. To the south of this point, distant about three-fourths of a mile, rises the Cedar Mountain, a spur of the great thoroughfare range.

No sooner had our transports emerged from the timber on the north, and crossed Cedar Creek, than a battery of heavy guns, located in the thick timber half way up the mountain side, opened upon them with shot and shell, and another, of smaller guns, from a point of tim