

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 10.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 7, 1862.

Selected Poetry.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Red was the lightning's flashing,
And down through the driving rain,
We saw the red eyes dialing
Of the merciless midnight train;
Soon many crowded together,
Under the lamp's red glow,
But I saw one figure only—
Ah! why did I tremble so?
The eyes that gazed in the darkness
Are read with watching and weeping,
For it brings none back again,
Clouds hang in the west like banners,
And banners of war unfurled,
And the prairie sod is crimson
With the best blood in the world.

White faces are pressed to the window,
Watching the sun go down,
Looking out to the coming darkness,
That covers the noisy town,
White are the hands, too, and quiet,
Over the pulsing breast;
No more will the vision of parting
Disturb the white shrouds' rest,
Over sleeping and grave and tombstone,
Like a praying mantis spread,
The snow comes down in the night time,
With a shy and noiseless tread,
Blue smoke rolls away on the north wind,
Blue skies grow dusk in the din,
Blue waters look dark with the shadow
That gathers the world within;
Tiger and blue are the fingers
That clutch at the fading sky;
Blue lips in their agony mutter:
"O God! let this cup pass by!"
Blue eyes growing weary with watching;
Strong hands with waiting to do;
While brave hearts echo the watchword:
"Hurray! for the red, white and blue!"

Miscellaneous.

MARY MOORE.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore. All my life long, too, I had loved her. Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a young gentleman in a turkey red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny haired, blue-eyed baby not quite a year old. That young gentleman was myself, Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still I saw myself at the little red schoolhouse, drawing my painted sled up to the door, and arranging my overcoat on it that Mary might ride home. Many a black eye I have gained on such occasions; for other boys liked her beside me, and she, I am afraid was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore.—How daintily she came tripping down the steps when I called her name! how sweetly her blue eyes looked up to me from the envious folds of her winter hood! how gaily her merry laugh rang out when by dint of superhuman exertions I kept her—before the rest and let her stand upon the steps exultingly to see them all go by! The lady laugh! No one but Mary could let her heart fly up so upon her lips! I followed that laugh up from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth—I followed it through the heated noon of manhood, and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and call me "Father," I find that music still. When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon me. I was sent away to a western school and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years! This to me, was a sentence of death, for Mary was like life to me. But hearts are very tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed, I had grown into a tall, slender strapping, with very good opinion of myself in general and particular.—If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more; I was a sad puppy, I know, but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say the self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and accepting, I gave up all ideas of profession and prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school in Massachusetts, and was not expected home till the next fall. I gave one sigh to the next fall. I gave one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself a man again.

"In a year," I thought, as the stage whirled away from our door, "in a year three at the most, I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be—why then perhaps I may marry her."

I stroked my budding mustache with complacency, while I settled the future of a young lady I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not stoop with grateful tears to pick up the handkerchief when—ver I know that had Mary met me then she would have despised me. She was as far above me as the heavens are above the earth. Perhaps in the scented and effected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, save a regret that I should make such an unimproved donkey of myself I know she would not.

India was my salvation not merely because of the plentiful share of gold I had laid up, but because my earnest labor counteracted the evil of nature and made me a better man. And when at the end of three years I prepared to

return, I wrote nothing to the dear ones I was about to meet of the reformations which I knew had taken place. "They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find for themselves if I am better worth the loving as I am."

I packed up many a token from that land of gold for the many friends I was to meet.—The gift for Mary Moore was one I selected with a beating heart. A ring of rough virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside. That was all, and yet the little toy thrilled me strangely as I balanced it on the tip of my finger. To the eyes of others it was but a small plain circlet suggesting thoughts, by its daintiness, of the dainty white hand that was to wear it. But to me—oh, me, how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome—a happy home and a sweet face smiling there—a group of merry children to climb my knee—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold.

A tall, bearded, sun-bronzed man, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of conversation, and the cheerful laughter showed me that my sister Lizzie would come to the ood and that I might greet my family when no strangers eyes were looking curiously on.—But no—a servant answered my summons; they were to merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one when he asks for admittance. Some such bitter thought was passing through my mind, as I heard the sound from the parlor and saw the half-suppressed smiles upon the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before I made myself known, or asked for the family. And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small, golden head, a tiny delicate form followed, and a sweet childish face and blue eyes were lifted up to mine; so like the one that had brightened my boyhood that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What may your name be, little one?" I asked, while the wandering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her. (I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time) and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice.

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked.

"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the little child.

My heart sunk down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival who had often tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and won the woman away from me! This was his child—his child and Mary's.—And I must go in there and meet her once again, and then go away forever and die—if God would let me!

I sank body and soul beneath this blow and hiding my face in my hands I leaned against the door. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door and called my sister out to find out who it could be that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a light step and a pleasant voice, saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well; I looked at her a moment and then stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said:

"Jennie, don't you know me?"

"Harry, our brother Harry?" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break. I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all. There was a rush and cry of joy; and then my mother and my father sprang towards me, and welcome me home with heartfelt tears. Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the way-worn traveler. And as I held old mother to my heart and grasped my father's hand, while Jennie clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home.

There were four others, inmates of the room who had arisen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and now stood by Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie, Mary Moore's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, where she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure half hidden by the heavy window curtain that I had on the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over Jennie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home my boy," he said with the loud cheerful tones I remembered so well.—"You have changed so much I never would have known you—but no matter for that your heart is in the right place I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother, gently. "To be sure he looks older and graver and more like a man than when he went away, but his eyes and his smiles are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still."

God help me? At that moment I felt like a boy and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full handsome face—

"You have changed too Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh yes thank you for the compliment.—My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silent still?

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kiss-

ing her crimson cheek. I tell you, Harry, there is not another like her in the United States. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?"

"Very much I flattered."

"Hullo!" said Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently. "I had forgotten to introduce you to my wife, I believe you and she used to be playmates in your days.—Eh, Harry!" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her or to—but mind old fellow, don't repeat the ceremony. Come—here she is, and for once I will manage those ferocious mustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, toward me. A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought: "Not Mary."

It must have betrayed my secrets to every one in the room; but nothing was said—even Frank was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife; and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," said I, in a low voice, "have you alone no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine and murmured hurriedly—

"I am glad to see you here, Harry?"

Simple words—and yet how blist they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an Emperor's crown. There was the happy home group and the dear home fire side and there sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by night and by day were falling before the ardent gaze of mine—and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there before me—more beautiful more womanly and more loving than before! I never knew till that moment the meaning of happiness.

Many years have passed since that happy night and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning grey. I am growing to be an old man and can look back to a long and happy and well spent life. And yet sweet as it has been I would not recall a single day for the love that made my manhood so bright shines in the old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary with her hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow in it is still the Mary of my early days. To me she can never grow old or change. The heart that held her in infancy and sheltered piously in her the flesh and beauty of womanhood can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Not even then for love still lives in heaven.

The Canada Thistle.

Many of our readers are not probably aware that the Senator McCheser's bill to prevent the spread of Canada Thistles was passed by both branches of the Legislature last winter, and is now the law of the State. It provides that hereafter any individual or corporation allowing the Canada Thistle to ripen seed on their premises shall be liable to a fine of ten dollars upon each complaint that is properly established; and any one who may fear the spread of the Canada Thistles upon his premises from the hands of his careless neighbor, may, after five days' notice, enter upon any lands where the weed is found growing, cut it, and recover full costs for the labor and trouble.

This is a wise law, and the farmer who fails to enforce it strictly is not awake to his own interests. The Canada thistle is perhaps the most dangerous weed to agriculture we have in this section. Its massive roots so completely occupy the ground wherever it once gets a footing, that nothing else can be grown upon the soil, and seed is so light that the wind will carry it for miles. There is, therefore, no safety for any farmer if the Canada thistle is any where within twenty miles of him, for it will spread in any direction with most astonishing rapidity, and wherever it starts it will in a little time completely pre-occupy the land against any and every other crop.

We especially invite the attention of our readers to this law. Take immediate steps to cut it down or dig it out, as it will bloom in a few weeks, and before another mouth the downy seed will be wafted in every direction as so many messengers of death to valuable crops.—Every corporation and individual who has this dangerous weed must dig it out within the next twenty days to make his work available; and it must be renewed each year, for it will require the most careful digging out for several years to destroy it. Let every farmer resolve to enforce the new law rigidly, without favor or fear, and we shall be spared from the further spread of one of the most fatal foes known to successful agriculture.

BIG THING ON THE CONTRIBUTION BOX.

Those who go round with the contribution box in California churches, plead and argue the case at the pews as they go along. In one instance the following dialogue ensued:

Parson L. extended the basket to Bill, and he slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give us something," said the parson.

"Can't do it," replied Bill.

"Why not? Is not the cause a good one?"

"Yes, good enough, but I am not able to give anything."

"Poh! poh! I know better; you must give a better reason than that."

"Well, I owe too much money, I must be just before I am generous, you know."

"But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else."

"That's true, parson, but then he ain't pushing me like the rest of my creditors." The argument was conclusive.

A clergyman observing a poor man in the road breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark: "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones." The man replied: "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees."

Army Correspondence.

Letter from Virginia.

CAMP NEAR JAMES RIVER,
July 8, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER:—Your very welcome letter was duly received, but owing to the lively times that have taken place since then, I have been unable to reply to it, until this morning. Our Regiment has been on duty, and on the march, almost day and night for nearly two weeks, and the men are getting almost worn out, and are yet doing picket and fatigue duty almost constantly. To give you something of an idea of our condition at the present time, I will commence back, and give you an account of events as they have occurred during the past two weeks: As you are aware, we came back and camped near Bottom Bridge, after the battle of Fair Oaks—in which we suffered so severely—for the purpose of resting and recruiting a little. Yet while there, the details for guard duty were very heavy, especially on the Fifty-second Regiment, as we were less than two hundred men fit for duty, and we had a full regiment's duty to do. But this is considered as nothing compared to the duty we had been doing previous to the battle. After staying there about two weeks, and during the recent battles of the right wing of the army, it was ascertained that a strong force of rebels had come in from the right, on the east side of the Chickahomony River, between us and the White House landing, and were coming up in our rear, with the evident intention of crossing at Bottom Bridge, and attacking the main right wing of the army in the rear, and thus cut us off from the intended "fall back" to the James River. Accordingly General Naglee, (our Brig. General) received orders to guard well the bridge, and dispute the passage of the enemy across it to the very last. This was on Tuesday, June 24. That night our regiment marched to the bridge, and remained on guard until the next day, when we went back to camp about noon. Again that night, we were ordered back to the bridge, and commenced entrenching ourselves, by way of breast works, rifle pits, &c., and made preparations to tear up the bridge at a moment's notice. Thus the night was spent, and the next day (Thursday), we had so far completed the earth works that we planted a battery of six guns behind them. In the meantime we received information of the enemy's advance toward the bridge in close pursuit of a large baggage train of wagons, extra horses &c., which were on their way from the White House to the bridge. During the day the wagons came pouring in across the bridge, amid a perfect storm of some seven or eight hundred extra horses which had been turned loose, and came on in a drove. When about the last wagons had crossed the bridge, the plank were torn up, and the timbers cut away, and in a short time, our cavalry pickets came on double quick, hotly pursued by the Rebel cavalry, and even mixed up with one another, cutting and slashing with sabres, and occasionally was heard the sharp report of a revolver. Thus they came on to within three hundred yards of the bridge, when the rebels turned and went back as fast as they came.—But the main body came on and planted a battery on a hill to our left, nearly opposite the Rail Road Bridge, and commenced throwing shells among us. Their guns were well aimed, and they had a raking shot at us, but our breast works protected us so that they did us no damage, meantime our battery opened on them, and at the same time a battery from the rail road bridge opened on them, which soon silenced their guns, and they skeddaddled in good style. They did not again molest us, but they kept their pickets stationed in sight of us, so as to be able to observe all that was going on among us. Thus things rested until Sunday. Our regiment staying in the rifle pits day and night all this time, doing all the guard and picket duty. The men had no opportunity to rest, or sleep, only as they could occasionally lie down in the dust and dirt for an hour or two at a time, with all their equipments on. We had orders to hold the bridge until the main right wing of the army could fall back from the vicinity of Savage's Station, across the White Oak Swamp, where it was determined to check the enemy, should he attempt to follow us. At about 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, after most of the army had moved toward the swamp, a train of cars at Savage Station, was loaded with surplus ammunition, &c., and set on fire, and with a full head of steam, started toward the Chickahomony, where the rail road bridge had been burned, directly over the main channel.—Bottom Bridge is from one-half to three-fourths of a mile below the rail road bridge, and a portion within sight of it, so we could occasionally get a glimpse of the burning mass of cars as it came toward the river at a fearful rate of speed, making the earth over which it passed fairly tremble, and making a sound like that of a terrible hail storm, until it came to "where the bridge was, but it was not there," and with a crash it plunged into the river and at almost the same instant, the ammunition and boiler of the engine exploded, and such an explosion, I think was never before heard on the American Continent. Large sticks of timber were thrown into the air to a fearful height, and pieces of the engine and boiler, were thrown in every direction. This seemed to be the signal for the Rebels to attack our rear guard near Savage Station, and immediately the attack was made, but the enemy found more left there than he had evidently bargained for, and he was repulsed, and driven back with great loss. While this was going on, our battery was being removed, silently, and with as little stir as possible, so that the enemy's pickets should not know what was really going on among us. One piece, however, was left, which stood in full view of the rebel pickets, until dusk, when it was drawn off by hand, behind a piece of woods where the teams were attached to it and started for White Oak Swamp. Our cavalry pickets were sent out over the river, and relieved those on duty, the more effectually to blind the enemy, as to our movements.—As soon as it was dark, a part of the regiment

fired off in an opposite direction from that we were to go, until we had passed behind a piece of woods, skirting the river bank, and then fled to the left, across a low marshy bottom, where the water in many places was two or three feet deep, and struck into the road and pushed on at a rapid pace to White Oak Swamp, which was about five miles distant.—The remainder of the regiment soon followed, and we done some tall traveling, as the rest of the troops were all ahead of us, and it was feared that the Rebels would find out what was going on, and come in from the front, on our left, and cut us off, and capture our little handful of men. Gen. Naglee had stayed with us until we left the bridge. When an army is falling back, the rear guard is considered the post of honor, and Gen. Naglee said he would not trust his life there with any other regiment in the army. He rode on a head of us, and when at last about 11 o'clock at night, we came up to the main army, this side of the swamp.—General Naglee rode up and asked what regiment is this? and received the answer the 52d. took off his hat and shouted "good."

After we had crossed the corduroy bridge, across the swamp and came out into a field, we stacked our guns, spread a blanket on the ground and laid down to rest the remainder of the night. I forgot to mention that Colonel Dooze went home sick soon after the battle of Fair Oaks, and the regiment was commanded by Lieut. Col. Hovv, who, by the way, is beloved by the whole regiment for his many excellent qualities as a gentleman and good soldier. He had sent his horse on a head, and shared with the regiment the fatigue of the march, on foot. Next morning (Monday), about sunrise we cooked our breakfast and again took up our line of march, direct towards James river, across a large and beautiful farm, and the whole brigade drew up in line of battle, fronting the swamp, on a ridge a little to the rear of our artillery, and there stacked arms, and fell back into the shade of the woods. The weather was then, and had been for several days intensely hot, and the men had suffered from the effects of the heat and often from want of water. We were making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow, and most of the men had fallen asleep, except the pickets immediately in front. Thus we were resting from our labors of the previous day, until about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. All seemed quiet; hardly a sound was heard, when all at once the enemy poured in a volley of artillery upon us, from some twenty batteries on the opposite side of the swamp! Every man at once sprung to his feet, and rushed to his gun—with the exception of a few who thought it safer to rush from their guns, toward the river. Our batteries soon opened fire on them, and the booming for about five hours was terrific. The shot and shell fell thick and fast around us, and came many times so close to our heads that we were compelled to lie flat on our faces to avoid being struck by them. Some times we could hear them coming, and could tell about where they were going through, and the men would open ranks and they would plow through the ground in close proximity to us, and the balls would sometimes strike in front of us, and come bounding along on the ground and the boys would pick them up and put them in piles like heaps of stone. It was evidently the intention of the rebels, in this engagement, to draw the attention of our men mostly to this point, and if possible to get us to withdraw a large portion of our troops from our left, toward James river, and fronting Richmond, and then throw their main body against that point, and if possible break through and cut off our retreat. It was soon evident that this was their intention, for about 5 o'clock in the afternoon they came on to that point in great force, and made a most desperate struggle to break our lines, but our men were too wary to be caught in this trap, and were prepared to meet them. Soon the whole line, for over two miles, opened fire with musketry and artillery, and the battle raged with fierceness. On they came, confident of success, and elated at the idea of making a good haul of prisoners, and of destroying the whole army by one grand "coup de grace." They soon, however, began to recoil before the well directed volleys of our brave men, and to show signs of hesitation and uneasiness. To add to their consternation, at this juncture of affairs, our gunboats opened fire on them, and it was soon plainly to be seen that they would not stand much longer, and Gen. HEINTZMAN ordered a charge, and the whole column moved down upon them like a terrible avalanche. This was more than they could stand, and they broke and fled in perfect confusion. Thus ended the battle of White Oak Swamp.

Again our army commenced moving toward James River, and we our regiment were a second time left as a rear guard. From the commencement of the fight, we had lain in the field by our guns exposed to the scorching rays of a hot southern sun without water, and the men were half choked for the want of that cooling fluid, but as all the water to be obtained from where we were was at the front, near the swamp, we were not allowed to go there for water, for fear the rebel sharpshooters might pick us off while at the spring. In this situation, we stayed there until nearly all the troops had left, and until near 11 o'clock at night, and then we started for the river, in the rear of a train of artillery wagons which moved very slow, and making a "detour" of some 14 or 15 miles, we dragged along through the dust, so nearly worn out and tired, that the men seemed to stagger at every step. It was not deemed safe for the men to fall out of the ranks and lie down, as the rebel cavalry might pick them up and take them to Richmond as prisoners of war. It was hard to hear the poor fellows beg to stop, only for a few moments, that they might lie down and rest, but it could not be, for it was necessary to make all possible speed, as we had so far to march. The reason of our taking this route was on account of the main road being so crowded with teams and troops that it would have been almost impossible to get along that road. While I was myself nearly fainting from exhaustion and thirst, yet I did, and said all I could to cheer

the poor fellows who were declaring they would have to fall out of the ranks as they could not march any further without rest, and water. I must confess that I was never so nearly worn out and exhausted in my life. We came up with the main army near the river about sunrise, and soon as the men had stacked arms, they dropped down on the ground, and almost instantly forgot their troubles in sleep, from which they did not wake until about 10 o'clock A. M. We then got some water from a muddy, rilly creek, made some coffee, ate some breakfast and then marched a little further toward the river, to the edge of a field of ripe wheat, and then stacked arms, and again laid down in the shade of the woods and stayed there the remainder of the day, and until about midnight. We were then called out, and again stationed in order of battle, and as the main army were again moving down the river, we were a third time to be a rear guard. Soon after daylight it commenced raining, and it came down in torrents, and there we stayed until late in the afternoon, when we again took up our line of march through the dreaching rain and wading through the mud nearly over the tops of our boots until we came into a large field of wheat, a part of which had been cut and put in shocks, and the men were taking the shivers and making a road to get the baggage wagons through the mud. We passed through the wheat field into a field of clover and there stacked arms for the night, the rain still pouring down in torrents, and hastily constructed a sort of shelter to sleep under. This done we turned in for the night to sleep on wet blankets, spread on the wet ground.

It continued to rain until nearly day light next morning. About 8 o'clock in the morning the rebels came down toward the river with a battery and commenced throwing shell into the camp, a little to our right. Our troops near there were ordered not to fire a gun in answer to them, but to take a Regiment or two and stealthily creep up to them and charge on the battery, and capture it. This order was followed, and not only were the guns captured, but most of the rebels, themselves, were captured as prisoners. We remained in the clover field, drawn up in line of battle until near night, and then marched down to the bank of the river and encamped, where we now are. Since we have been here, the regiment has been constantly on picket or fatigue duty, day and night. For instance, the men in company E, who had on duty of a 24 hours tour of picket duty, last night, after dark, went out on fatigue duty—falling timber, digging rifle pits, &c., the same night, and worked all night. Thus matters go on with us now, and doubtless this is the case in the whole brigade.

Our company is reduced to less than twenty five effective men, and yet we have the work of a full company to do; but the men bear it nobly and perform their onerous duties most heroically and without a murmur.

The weather is very hot and sultry, here. I think I never saw so hot weather in old Bradford as it has been here for a week passed.

You may think this state of affairs rather hard to endure, yet most of the men seem to stand it very well, and it is very seldom that I hear a man complain. Of course, there are some who desire nothing so much as to get released from the service, but these are men who enlisted thoughtlessly, and with the idea that they would never be called into active service, and thought it would be something funny to go a "soldiering." When I enlisted I considered the matter candidly, and entered the service with the intention of doing my duty honestly and faithfully, so far as I was capable of doing so, and I have never yet seen a moment that I would accept of an honorable discharge—were it offered me—and leave my companions of this company, here in the field to battle with the enemy in defence of our rights and liberties, and the glorious old Stars and Stripes.

The army is now in position along the river so that the gunboats can co-operate with all our movements, and render the land forces incalculable service.

Reinforcements continue to arrive in large numbers, and the facilities for getting supplies, &c., to the army, are superior to those via York and Pamunkey river, while the army was operating in that vicinity.

Our mail matter begins to come to us more regularly now than it has for a time passed, and I hope we shall have no further trouble in this respect hereafter.

Yours, &c.,
A. H. HAIGHT,
62d Regiment N. Y.

THE BATTLES BEFORE RICHMOND.—The following are the dates and localities of the various battles before Richmond:

Thursday, June 26—Battle of Mechanicsville.

Friday, June 27—Battle of Gaine's Mill.

Saturday, June 28—Battle of Chickahomony.

Sunday, June 29—Battle of Peach Orchard—battle of Savage's Station.

Monday, June 30—Battle of White Oak Swamp; battle of White Oak creek; battle of Charles City Cross Roads.

Tuesday, July 1—Battle of Turkey Den.

An ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the response of the marriage service, but, by mistake, he committed the office of baptism for those of riper years; so when the clergyman asked him in the church, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" The bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone, "I renounce them all!" The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool." To which he replied, "All this I steadfastly believe!"

ONE OF THE HEADACHES.—"I say, Sambo, were you ever intoxicated?"
"No, Julius, never; was you?"
"Well, I was, Sambo."
"Yah, but golly, next morning I thought my head was a wood shed, and all the niggers in Christendom were splitting wood in it!"