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## TOWANDA :

Thursday Morning, September 11, 1862.

### Selected Poetry.

#### TURN ME GENTLY.

Turn me gently when I'm dying,  
Gently turn me to the sun,  
Let me see the last ray fading,  
That shall mark my journey run;  
When the pulse has ceased its beating,  
And my limbs are growing cold,  
Press me in my Sunday wardrobe  
And my arms across me fold.

Place me in a modest casket,  
Color white my choice would be,  
Unadorned by costly fixture,  
Close the lid and turn the key;  
Beneath the quiet grave-yard,  
Where my resting place shall be,  
If it please thee, brother stranger,  
O'er my body plant a tree.

Plant an evergreen with branches  
Tending upward to the sky,  
Emblem unto all who pass it,  
That the soul will never die;  
Or instead of a weeping willow  
With its twigs bent to the ground,  
Which will tell my body slumbers  
In the dust beneath the mound.

In my narrow house you hollow  
On a gentle rise or steep,  
Lay my head toward the summit,  
Just as I were asleep;  
Raise a marble slab not costly,  
With its letters chiseled deep,  
Record plain, to all who read them,  
When and where I fell asleep.

Sweetly there my form will slumber,  
In the lap of Mother Earth,  
Slumber, while the unaged spirit  
Which is of such priceless worth,  
Sears aloft to meet those loved ones,  
Loved ones gone asleep before,  
Cross the chilly stream of Jordan,  
Never to be parted more.

Sweetly in the grave so lowly,  
Let me rest where all is calm,  
Where vain hopes and fond delusions,  
And life's lies can do no harm,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest,  
There I long to dwell forever,  
Dwell for ever with the blest.

### Miscellaneous.

#### A PERILOUS RIDE.

The noble beast which forms the subject of my story had been a bay of the richest and most glossy color, with a lone spot of white hair on the forehead. His tail had been allowed to flow uncurtailed by the unrivalling knife, naturally and gracefully as those of the wild mustangs of the prairie. The ample chest, small ankle, and proud neck and the wide-apart prominent eyes, and open nostrils denoted gentle blood, but, at the time I saw him, old age had whitened his beautiful bay coat, long tufts of hair were growing behind each foot, his eyes were rheumy, and the few long teeth he possessed were loose. I had noticed the care and attention bestowed on him by every member of that family. Not a day passed that his neck and face were not caressed by soft feminine hands, and if I had been surprised at that, how much more so was I when Mrs. Morrison, who like myself, was staying there through the summer, would frequently throw her arms around his neck, and while his soft nose rested against her shoulder, would caress him pettingly, and not unfrequently her beautiful eyes would fill with tears while thus employed. "Don John" received all these caresses as if he had been accustomed to them, frequently following one and another of the inmates like a huge horse-dog.

My curiosity at length became so great that I resolved to become acquainted with the reason why he was thus honored with the respect and attachment of the household. Not many days elapsed before I became acquainted with the reasons, and I assure you, gentle reader, I considered them sufficient to excuse any amount of affection which it might please the superior brute to bestow on his fellow, the dumb one. He had belonged to Dr. Mosely, of Whitesboro, for many years a practicing physician in that place.

The Doctor had been called to Utica, on business connected with his profession, and had been absent three days. During that time of those drenching warm, breaking up rains had set in. Mountains of ice were rushing down the Mohawk, sweeping everything before them, overflowing the banks, carrying away bridges and dwellings, and alarming many of the inhabitants as well it might—for one must see a fresher to understand its terrible importance. One must hear the crash and roar, behold the mad waters rushing headlong and wild, eager for destruction; behold the floating wrecks of many a dwelling, often bearing a "thing of life," and sometimes a human life, as was witnessed not long since on the Lehigh and the Schuylkill.

The night was inky black, and Don John picked out the way faithfully and steadily, never stumbling, but with the bridle hanging slack across his neck, and his nose close to the earth, his master had little fear for the consequences. They were approaching Oriskany, where a bridge spanned the Mohawk, and Don John whined pitifully once or twice, till a sharp word from his master warned him not to show the white feather. On the other side he could just distinguish, through the dense darkness, moving and glimmering light, and once he fancied he heard a shout; but he little heeded aught save getting housed as soon as possible, and sleeping off the fatigues consequent to his profession.

"Now stop, Don, stop sure; old Oriskany bridge to my own hand and your knowledge, has lost many a plank," said the Doctor, patting his beast's neck, and pushing the wet tangled front-lock from his eyes.

They were now ascending the little eminence

leading to the entrance, when the horse stopped. "Go on sir!" said the Doctor, "you are nearly home!" Still no attempt at going on, and beneath them the angry waters roared and bellowed like maddened devils banked of their prey. "Do you hear me, sir?" bawled a smart buffet on the neck, and a gathering up of the loosened bridle into the firm determined hand, and the animal started—slowly, steadily, surely, firmly—through the broad back slightly shivered from time to time, and the gait was so measured and methodical, that at any other time he would have observed it. As it was he only let him have his own way, though he might have smoothed his neck, for he had a kindly heart, and his poor beast had labored hard through dreadful weather, and was sadly in need of food and shelter.

Towards the end of the bridge the steps became slower, and once stumbled in the hind foot. A quick grasp at the bridle, and a cheery "Easy John—easy, sir!" and again the cautious hoofs resounded on the hard road. They were across, for the animal neighed, and tossed his head till the Doctor shook in his saddle. "One more mile to go, poor fellow, but first I and you want some refreshments. So riding up to the small tavern door where a genial light was shining from the windows, he called loudly for the landlord. A dozen or more of the inmates came rushing to the door with lanterns which they carried aloft and a "Good God Doctor, where did you come from?" brok from their lips simultaneously.

"Come from? Why from over the Mohawk! What is the matter? Has the freshet carried away any of you senses? Here boy," as dismounted, he threw the rein to a gaping fellow, "give John something nice, and dry him off. Keep him well wrapped up while he eats, and landlord I want a tumbler of red hot Jamaica, quick?"

"Doctor," said the group, "have you crossed the Mohawk, tonight?" and if so how?"

"Why on the bridge; are you all drunk?" said the exasperated physician.

"Doctor said the old gray headed landlord, "that bridge went down the Mohawk this afternoon! Come with me and I will show you! If you crossed, God only knows how you did it."

A shiver went to the Doctor's heart—lancern hand, he followed the foot-steps of the men to the margin of the swollen and turbid river. "Where was the bridge?"

"Almighty God!" said the horror struck Doctor; "where is my gratitude? My noble beast came over here this night, backed by me on this solitary stony pier, and I, with this right hand gave him a blow when he faltered, and the Doctor sank upon his knees in the soft, wet snow, and wept like a child—the men moved from his presence respectfully, and left him to himself.

When, after some little time, he made his appearance, his eyes were greeted by the sight of his horse, surrounded by the entire household, each contributing to render him some assistance. A quart of warm ale was given by one, another rubbed his neck and chest with spirits, a third dried his glossy hide with warm flannel, and others patted his neck or caressed his nose and face. The Doctor came and took the head of his beast against his breast, and great warm tears rushed up from his heart, as the long, graceful tongue lapped his master's face. "O John, my boy, and I gave you a blow!" and the words ended in a low, waiting groan. Men uncovered their heads and turned their faces from him, and at length he hid his inside, where he spent the night.

The morning revealed unto him the dreadful danger he had escaped, from the sagacity of his beast, and again did he grieve for the blow he had dealt him, when, so nobly, he was putting forth more than human power.

Don John never did a day's work after that. Sometimes his master rode him forth on a pleasure tour, or drove him, before a light vehicle, a few miles, with some member of his family, but his professional labors were over. Nothing could exceed the care and attention that were ever given him afterward. He fed from a manger made of mahogany; his room was more like a parlor than a stable; and company to the Doctor's always paid a visit to Don John before they left.

Thus they lived many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together.

Don John survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended, which related to Don John, to this effect:—that he should be given to his youngest daughter, Mrs. Morrison, while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; and that he should, at his death, be buried with his shoes on, wrapped in his own rich blanket and inclosed in a bedding box, in the corner of his own burying ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned his history, Don John's bones were buried in a corner of the old burying ground at Whitesboro.

TO DESTROY HOUSE FLIES.—It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper (not red) is a poison for many insects. The following simple mixture is said to be the best destroyer of the common house fly extant:—Take equal proportions of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar, say enough of each to cover a ten cent piece; moisten and mix well with a spoonful of milk (a little cream is better) keep that in your room and over it will keep down the flies. One advantage over other poisons is, that it injures nothing else; and another, that the flies seek the air, and never die in the house—the windows being open.

"What do they mean by a cat and dog life?" said a husband to his angry wife.—

"Look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug together. I wish men lived half so peaceably with their wives." "Stop," said the lady, "tie them together and then see how they will agree."

## Political.

### ADDRESS.

OF THE  
Union State Central Committee  
TO THE  
LOYAL MEN OF PENNSYLVANIA.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE, Commonwealth Buildings, No. 613 Chesnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 26, 1862.

FELLOW CITIZENS: In times of war the political organizations of peace are surrendered or postponed to the public emergencies. During the Revolutionary war there was no party against Washington but the Tories or the traitors. During the war of 1812, the enemies of the Administration of Mr. Madison soon became as infamous as the foreign invaders themselves. The war with Mexico was waged, as results have proved, by slaveholding statesmen, in order that one State more might be added to the number they have lately forced into treason; yet the public man who opposed it soon became unpopular, and its victorious general was nominated for the Presidency by the party that dissented from the policy which resulted in the war.—These are the eloquent teachings of the past. We are now engaged in a death struggle with the most powerful foe to human liberty on earth. This enemy is strengthened by slavery in America, and sustained by the monarchies of the Old world. The issue is clearly made—the contending parties openly arrayed against each other. There is not a nation, an individual, or an idea opposed to human freedom that is not enlisted against this Government and in favor of the rebellion. We are ourselves our only friends.—Within ourselves is our only hope. We can have no sympathy from any other Power in the world—no sympathy that is sincere and effectual. The State Central Committee, appointed by the Union State Convention, composed of the loyal men of Pennsylvania, who met to consider what was proper to be done in this crisis, have a simple duty to perform in this their first address. They have only to ask whether the examples of the two wars with Great Britain, and the admissions of the war with Mexico, shall be re-collected or rejected in this gloomy hour, and whether the American people will cordially support the Government in putting down the rebellion.

The Central Committee would impress upon the people of Pennsylvania that the one great subject for them to consider is the danger to the Republic. There is no prejudice or opinion that should not be postponed, and, if necessary, sacrificed, to avert the common peril. The Convention from which the committee derived its authority acted in this spirit, and it is now your duty to come forward and sustain the candidates that Convention placed in nomination. We make this appeal to all loyal men. They only are loyal who recognize this war as one waged for our national existence—who give an ardent and unquestioning support to the Administration—who sustain all the measures of Congress for the maintenance of the war-making power—who see in the Southern Confederacy, and those who are in alliance with it, the enemies of Civilization and Liberty—and who do nothing to weaken the hands of the Executive. They are not merely disloyal who take arms in their hands, and combine themselves into an army. He is a rebel who abjures his allegiance and becomes an enemy to his flag; but he is traitor, who, while enjoying the protection of the Government, and ostensibly observing his pledge of allegiance, contrives to bring dishonor and defeat upon the country. These rebels and traitors are called upon to meet. We must encounter them on the battle-field and at the ballot box. The ballot box is the great source of popular power. If beaten there, our victories will be fruitless, our sufferings unrewarded, our sacrifices barren, and the glory and valor of our soldiers will end in the triumph of the Southern rebellion and a dishonorable peace.

It is necessary to restate the causes of the war. Our opponents have made them the substance of calumny and misrepresentation. For answer, we appeal to the living history familiar to all men. We need not remind the people that at the basis of the Southern rebellion there exists a hatred of Northern men and Northern institutions—of our social, political and revenue systems.—This has inspired their leaders during two generations. Wedded to an institution which has demoralized them in demoralizing their labor, and entangling the earth by an enslaved race of men, they have made their slaves the source of their political power, and ruled the nation with policies of slave labor. The happy hours of our national progress have for years been embittered by their insolence. All legislation that looked to the prosperity of the Northern States and protection to their industry has been opposed and defeated by them. With the growth of Northern strength as the result of free institutions and free toil, comes the possession of political power and the gradual resistance to encroachments of slavery. Nor need we remind the people of the outrages that followed the efforts of the slaveholders to recover their unholy and despotic dominion. The outrages upon Kansas; the studied insults to Northern Senators and Representatives; the ceaseless abuse of the Northern people, and the gradual concentration of the military and naval power in the hands of traitors, all contemplated the restoration of their ascendancy, and enabled them to inaugurate the treason which culminated in war. Strengthened by a wicked Administration, and sustained by timid and treacherous public men in the Northern States, they were permitted to organize an armed resistance, and to make fearful advances, before the Government could strike a blow in its own defence.

The election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, so fortunate to the country and so fruitful of saving consequences to the whole people, baffled the immediate purposes of the conspirators.

The adversaries of Mr. Lincoln's Administration are nearly in every case the adversaries of the Government. The attack the one to weaken the other. We recognize in the Executive the embodiment of that authority which can alone destroy the rebellion and rescue the Republic. If the Executive arm is paralyzed, there can be neither unity among the people, victory for our armies, nor hope for the preservation of the Government.

While thy enemies of the war propose adhering to the form of mere party organization, the loyal men have yielded their preferences and systems, content to defer to the days of peace the revival of disputes which can only be repeated now to the injury of the common cause.

Let the people decide whether that interest is deserving of confidence which, in the midst of war, refuses to abandon the prejudices of party strife, and in the midst of national peril devotes itself to the work of dividing the people.

The opponents of the war are more anxious to prove their hatred to a party than to the public enemy. They insist that the "demon Abolition" is the most dangerous foe of the public peace. We can see but one great criminal—and he is now in arms against our countrymen and brothers. To defeat him at once and forever is our first and most imperative duty.

The adversaries of the war insist that they contend for the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is. We, too, are for the Union as it was; but not for the return of the armed associates of the sympathizers with treason to the places they so long occupied and so basely deserted. And while we renew our fealty to the Constitution as it is we also insist upon the addition of that duty which the opponents of the war so steadily ignore, viz: "The enforcement of the laws," whether these laws are for the confiscation of the rebel property, the emancipation of all slaves who aid to defend the flag of the Union, or punishment of the reckless partisans in the adhering States who aid and comfort the rebel enemy, demoralize the people, and paralyze the arm of the Executive.

If, in a word, we have sympathy to bestow it is not for the murderers of our country's liberties, but for the defenders of those liberties. The gallant soldier teaches us by his example to persevere in devotion to our country. He offers his life to the Republic with uncompromising spirit, reposes full confidence in his superiors, sustains the Government of the United States, and sees but one antagonist before him—the rebel who strikes at his own heart and at the Union of these States. We should be unworthy of the advantages of peace and of home if we did not strive to imitate at the ballot-box an example so freely set before us by our fellow citizens on the battle-field.

In the fulfillment of these grave duties, we invoke to the standard of our countrymen of every class and opinion. We scorn the baseness that invokes party hate or popular prejudice. When we behold the adopted and the native citizen, the Democrat and the Republican fighting side by side in the army, we are inspired by the lesson to do likewise in the quiet walks of civil life.

Loyal men of Pennsylvania, it is for you to determine between the friends of the Government and the war, and the opponents of both. It is for you to declare for the sympathizers with freedom or the sympathizers with slavery and the rebellion. It is for you to decide whether you will strengthen Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis. It is for you to say whether the traitors shall be crushed or whether our free institutions shall be crushed. There is, and there can be, no middle pathway. There are, indeed, but two parties—patriots or traitors—those who are for the Union and those who are against it. And all men who are not openly for the Republic must be counted among its enemies.

It is a fact that you cannot too carefully ponder, that the leaders of the opposition to the Government in this State are the same, with despicable exceptions, who encouraged the policy which encouraged the traitors to commence the rebellion. Their whole effort since the war began has been to divide the people of the loyal States. They announced, early in 1861, that Pennsylvania should join the South in the event of a separation, and this is their secret hope to-day. They would have held the hands of the Government that the rebels might strike at its heart and would have succeeded but for the prompt courage of President Lincoln. They followed the fortunes of General Breckinridge up to the period of his desertion into the ranks of the rebels. They repeat his arguments in this their Country's darkest hour. Their plea for the Constitution was his plea before he drew his sword against it. They clamor, as he clamored, against the Abolitionists. They deplore emancipation, even while they deny that the most effective emancipationists are the slaveholders themselves. They bewail confiscation acts, while Jefferson Davis sequestrates the property of all loyal men in the South. And, as if to complete the parallel, and to show how sincerely they love the traitors, even as they pretend to despise the treason, they see our brave men perishing on the battle-field and in hospitals, from the disease of the swamps and the bullets of the foe, and discourage enlistments in order that they may be relieved; and, while prating of a negro exodus into the free States to terrify our laboring whites, denounce the employment of the escaped colored men of the South to lighten the burdens and lesson the labors of the white defenders of the flag!

We address you loyal brothers and friends, in the earnest hope that you will not desert your country in this momentous crisis. We

feel that we have the right of this great argument. We are supported by the hope that all good men are with us. Everywhere in the free States, the same organization for which we speak is supported by citizens without reference to former party distinctions.—The Republicans have come forward to give this organization their sanction. The most distinguished and orthodox Democrats have joined the ranks of the great army of loyal men, and from every battle-field our brave soldiers send us words of approval and of thanks. In Pennsylvania, the great People's party have enrolled themselves in this mighty movement. Shall it fail! Will you permit a few discredited leaders, the relics of a debased and guilty Administration, who are, in fact, more responsible for the war than any other class but the rebels themselves, to sway you from your obligations to your country? This cannot be—this must not be.

Every inducement invokes us to consolidate and co-operate. The comfort and necessities of our fellow-citizens in the field of war—the support of our patriotic President and our fearless Governor, that they may fulfill their great trusts efficiently—and threatening aspect of foreign Powers—call upon us to sink all considerations before the one absorbing duty of the hour.

The nominees of the loyal men of Pennsylvania for State officers, Hon. Thomas E. Cochran, of York county, for Auditor General, and Hon. W. S. Ross, of Luzerne, for Surveyor General, deserve your united and ardent support. Mr. Cochran has served with great credit to himself and advantage to the State for the last three years to the position for which he is again presented. He is known and esteemed for his pure personal and upright public character, and his high abilities and extended experience, are additional assurances that he is worthy of the suffrages of the friends of the Government. General Ross has belonged to the Democratic party, and is one of that large and influential body of men who have forever broken the shackles of the slave power, and who see in the present troubles the opportunity to prove their independence of those treacherous leaders who during these trying times, degrade the name of Democracy by using it as a cloak for sympathy with treason. Beloved at his own home, and in a long course of public service having earned the confidence of the people and gathered a valuable experience, he is eminently fitted for the trust that has been conferred upon him.

To elect these gentlemen, will require the concerted and cordial co-operation of the loyal citizens of the State. It would be most culpable if, with every other advantage, we should fail to win a great victory in October for want of an effective and extended organization; or if we should, by dissensions among ourselves, on minor issues, give the victory to our adversaries. The duty of securing a strong and able representation in Congress, to sustain the President in his noble war policy, and to defeat the candidates of the Breckinridge sympathizers, is paramount and binding. Let us not forget that we have also to elect a Legislature that is to choose a United States Senator, and that in every county important officers are to be elected. If we act up to the call and to the counsel of the State Convention from which we derive our authority, we shall achieve a great and lasting triumph. In this struggle it is the duty of all men to forego personal preference for the common cause; and he who shall refuse to respond to this sentiment is unequal to the awful responsibilities of the times. To accomplish complete unity, and to prepare for a successful result, it is advisable that the loyal men should meet together in their respective wards and districts frequently. These are the fountains not only of all power, but, in this emergency, of all patriotic purpose and popular enlightenment.—Armed with the weapons of truth and of love of country, and strong in the sense of a perfect understanding among ourselves, we can defeat all the hosts of our adversaries, and encourage our public servants in council and our gallant brothers in the field of battle.

CYRUS P. MARKLE, Ch'n.  
G. W. HAMMERLEY, W. J. HOWARD, Secretaries.

### Letter from Yorktown.

YORKTOWN, Aug. 24, 1862.

Yorktown is taken."

FATHER:—I improve the first opportunity of writing you since we were ordered to evacuate our position at Harrison's Landing. Several days before we moved and after the orders were issued, the mail going from the army was stopped at Fortress Monroe, so that information of our movements could not get to the public. After the baggage except what we could carry on our backs was packed up and sent forward so that we had no means of writing. I mention these facts to account for your not hearing from us for a few days.—You have general information of the move by the papers, so I will only give you a brief narrative of the marching, &c., of our regiment.

We left Harrison's Landing at 2 o'clock A. M., August 16, in a very quiet manner as we occupied a position in front (then became the rear,) and did not want the rebels to take any notice of our leaving as they might take a notion to come down to see us off which would have caused us some slight annoyance, particularly as our division was the last to leave the camp.

General Sumner's Corps was three miles in advance waiting for us to pass, when they became the rear guard. We moved on to within three miles of Jones's Ford on the Chickahominy and halted for the night after marching about twelve miles. The weather was cool for the season, a fine breeze blowing all day. We had plenty of dust, however, and withal very tired and foot sore. We had just commenced to cook coffee for supper, when we were ordered to go on picket. Company F happened to be stationed near a Negro hut, in the woods, where we got some chickens, green corn and hoe cakes and "made out" a good supper for soldiers.

We started the next morning at sun rise and marched down the mouth of the Chickahominy, on the James River, by the most crooked circuitous roads I ever saw. We then halted a few minutes, then crossed the Chickahominy on a pontoon bridge and marched three miles and halted for the night. This day had been tolerable, but not so cool as the day before. We had marched fifteen miles and were in a condition to enjoy rest and food most emphatically. The next morning at day break we were on the march again. The weather was hot, roads very dusty. We marched through Williamsburg at about 11 o'clock A. M., and halted a few minutes to rest and allow the men to fill their canteens from a muddy spring. We then traveled on slowly three miles and halted at about 2 o'clock P. M.; ten miles this day. We were now nearly worn out and every man complained bitterly of sore feet. I had sprained my ankle and had to use my sword as a cane, since early in the first day of the march and was by this time unable to walk much farther. We were ordered to remain here the balance of the day and all of the next to rest the men, and wait for the wagon trains to pass which had got delayed and behind on the way.

We encamped near some good corn fields, and the men lived on green corn, poultry and in many cases fresh beef which they managed to help themselves to.

On the next day, the 20th, we pulled out at 6 o'clock A. M., (weather still hotter,) and marched to Yorktown—six miles—and halted a few minutes. Then marched to a position about two miles S. E. of Yorktown on the York River. The road we took being circuitous—made the distance three miles so that the distance marched that day was nine miles. We arrived at this place at noon.—Yesterday we struck tents and marched back through Yorktown to a position half a mile above on the bank of the river, where I am now sitting under a flag, writing to you.

Now for a few more incidents on the march and my narrative is closed:

Capt. Cooke was taken sick on the second day, and I was left in command of the company during the rest of the march while he came on by himself. My ankle was lame all of the way so that I had to convert my sword into a cane for support, but rest has made it now about well; so that I walk without trouble. We fared pretty well for food on the ways as no orders were issued prohibiting foraging on the march. We took anything and everything eatable we could find without asking any questions.

All corn and potatoe fields, and poultry coops, were most thoroughly "skinned." All cattle we found were confiscated, so that I don't believe there is enough left on the Peninsula to subsist 20 families during next winter. I am glad of it, for I don't believe there is a loyal man among them, and hope they will have a good starving time of it. There were no fighting between our rear guard and the enemy except a little skirmishing. They did not follow us in force.

The troops are now nearly all shipped from this place. We shall stay here for some time. General Emory who now commands our brigade has been appointed Military Governor of Yorktown, and the brigade is detached from the army to garrison the town. It will be much easier duty for us than marching around as we have done so far, since we come to Va. I will not complain if we stay here during the war for we have done as much duty, marching, and fighting, as any other brigade, and so far have received only neglect and most unmerited ingratitude from those in high place whose duty it is to encourage their troops, and least of all to give them credit for what they do.—If we had been treated with justice, I, for one, should be anxious to go on with the army to win "new fields of glory." We do not wish for the flaming complimentary puff of newspaper correspondents who get drunk on some Colonel's whisky, and then sit down and give him the credit of performing some daring exploit with his regiment, while some other regiment had done while he and his regiment were miles away from the scene, and lying quietly in camp, but we are satisfied with a plain ungarished statement of facts as they occurred.

We can live very comfortably here after we get settled and the other troops get away.—We get, from the north side of York river, potatoes, fruit, butter, milk, poultry, &c., and plenty of oysters out of the river. The men go in and gather them whenever they want a mess, which is every time they eat. I buy them from the darkeys at 50 cents per bushel, and have oyster stews every day.

As the water here is salty, it is a splendid place to bathe, and we take a swim every day.

In my next letter I will be able to give you a description of Yorktown and the works around it. I have not had a chance to look around it yet.

You can't imagine how we rejoice at the news of the rapid recruiting going on at home, but we don't give them credit for any patriotism, for I know if it was not for the fear of the draft but very few would now enlist. I am glad to see some fellows starting by such a spur, who could not realize that it was their duty to have enlisted long ago. But I trust they will do their duty manfully, and wish them good luck and much honor.

Yours, truly  
1st Lieut. T. B. CAMP.  
Company F, 52d Reg. Pa. Volunteers.

LOOKING IN THE WRONG BOX.—A Mr. Thomas Ogden, having arrived in New York from England, went several successive mornings to the post office to ask for letters. Inquiring always for letters addressed to Thomas Ogden, the postmaster invariably replied that there were none for him. But becoming at length quite impatient at these frequent disappointments, he thrust his head through the delivery window, and soon discovered the cause. "You are looking among the *Haiches* sir," he said to the officer within; "you should look among the *Hecs*."