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New Goods SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Now faint and sore afraid, Under my cross, heavy and rude, My idols in the ashes laid, The holy words my pale lips shun, O! God, Thy will be done.

Like ashes strewed

where the first three days of the battle were fought. To within about a mile of this the dead of both armited had be buried; but from this to the next hospital (about filteen miles) the dead remain as death found them. It is a scene, I shall not attempt to describe, and no utterly awfal that I could hot to it. It is esti-manted, that 15,000 of our men and as many. Of more of rebell is here under many, of more, of rebels lishers unburi-ed; and as six, weeks have passed since the battle, imagination in its wildest fan-cies cannot begin to paint the "spectacia.

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