

FROM THE ARMY.

CAMP NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C. June 5, 1865.

DEAR SIR: I had thought of writing you again before this, but circumstances, hard marches, and the hot weather have all combined to hinder me. I believe I wrote you from Barksville, Va., last. We camped there some three weeks and then early in May took up our line of march for the land of loyal men and civilization. I need say nothing of it until we arrived at Richmond, except that the route we took showed fewer signs of the destruction by the war than almost any other I have seen, the whole country, (and it is a beautiful one), being in crops or under preparation for them; wheat and corn predominating. The breadth of wheat sown is very great and looked fine; and respect was shown for it by not injuring it or the fences which protected it. Many of the people had come out from their holes, and quite an air of life was displayed, yet but little courtesy was shown by any of them at any time. We occasionally crossed our line of march and Lee's retreat to Clover Hill, and here all the horrors of war appeared. Amelia C. P. is a beautiful, and really handsome hamlet, comprising a marble Court House, and a few very fine residences on slightly rolling ground; but the best and gladdest sight of all was the remains of 200 pieces of Lee's artillery with some 200 tons of ammunition lying scattered and in heaps around—powder shot and shell—which we forced him to abandon and burn on the 6th of April.

Noon of May 5th brought us in sight of Richmond, camping over night at Manchester, across the James. We were to make a triumphal march through the Rebel Capital, at Company front, the next day, but I believe the triumph was with the few scores of frowning Rebels who witnessed it, with the few hundred darkies, their neighbors. If our commanding officers only could consider and feel for the men! "The day was close and hot, and too much bad whiskey leading us. We were marched through the famous town of Richmond, on the hard pavements, heavy marching rig, at a double quick, with the loss of 23 men dying in the streets from exhaustion, and God only knows how many since from injury then and there contracted. But this I do know, that it was a common sight to see between Richmond and Fredericksburg, men lying dead by the road side, who received their death wound there in Richmond, and numbers have died since we came into camp, their death being mainly attributable to that and subsequent hard marching. E. A. Whitney of Homer, fell in Richmond, but I hear he is now in Alexandria getting well. George Kossiter of Homer, George Ellis of Harrison, and Willard Whipple of Ulysses have died, and Duick Whipple of Ulysses, James M. Briggs and George Carpenter of Bingham, are sick in Hospital—Whipple very low. They date their ailments from Richmond. These men were from our country; other men are like them. The march back from Barksville was worse than the march to it. For a few miles this side of Richmond the country has been almost wholly untouched and is as fine as may be seen. As you recede from it marks of fighting become visible, with occasional breast-works and redoubts, increasing fast as you approach Fredericksburg, but once getting there the scene beggars description. The city itself is almost uninhabitable, cat-holes by the dozen, without regard to order or place, being knocked into the houses, and not infrequently they are quite torn down. The bridges are all burned. It must be pleasant for the citizens to think that they have got to sweat to rebuild the works they have burned and torn down, or go without them, and lose their cause too. This side of Fredericksburg to Washington is now one vast common, often thick and rich in meadow grass entirely uncropped save by the pick mule of "Dummer," or "Coffee Cooler." Not a tree, to be seen, and where forests were, shrubs of one, two and three years growth. Buildings are nearly as scarce; now and then one remains, sacred as some General's headquarters. Here is Massena's Junction, a vast plain, beds of two or three Railroads but no rails; Chancellerville and Bull Run on our left, (I had the honor of writing my hard tack fording Bull Run one day), Centerville, where we bivouacked one night, with its strong works, but not of the kind of Grant's at Petersburg; the Wilderness far on our right, the spot where Kearney was killed; all these and a score more were fought by the Veterans of the 2d Corps as "we went marching on."

At Fredericksburg our Regiment and two others were detached from the marching column and sent with the train. This afforded us some relief, particularly as we marched mostly at night. Stopping at a safe-guard until the train had passed, at a nice residence, (one of the very few left) I was detained six hours by its great length. Here was the lady of the mansion and a wounded Johnny. A more completely cowed set of beings cannot be found on "God's foot-stool." "Will the Government allow us to retain our farms?" "Will it search our houses for fire-arms?" "Will it allow us to live in Virginia?" were the chief thoughts on their minds. The lady was a lady, slightly tintured with secesh proclivities, but what else could be expected? Some corn bread and roast potatoes convinced me that the "Government" would accede to their wishes. Two days' march brought me up to my regiment again, during which time I encountered one of the hardest thunder

storms, all night, that I ever experienced. Go out, the next night big storm at night, and crouch in a fence corner with a sheet over you until day-light, and then you will have something of my sensations. We crossed all the classical streams of Virginia on our line of march, of course, the Rappahannock, the Anna, the Mat-ta-po-ny, Cedar River, where we got wet, Bull Run, where I got ducked, the Chickahominy of McClellan memory, and many others that have become famous in this "cruel war." Now Munson's Hill comes in sight, and Fairfax Seminary, and a glimpse of the broad Potomac, and the dome of the Capital! Hurrah! Hurrah! then a little farther Bailey's Cross Roads, Four Mile Run, here is our Camp-ground, now for a wash and a rest, some soft bread, and then—Home! But when? That's the question. Petersburg was hard, so was Sailer Creek and Amelia Court House; to Appomattox was harder; but this is hardest—this suspense worse than death. I am making out Muster Rolls, Muster out Rolls and discharge papers for a great many men, but none include our class. We are looking for orders every day, and have been any time these three weeks, but still the weather is dryer and dryer, the sun hotter and hotter, and the days longer and longer, and yet no sign. Some orders are in camp now I think, but do not know, to be ready to move soon, and I hope it is true. If it should be so there will be a great load lifted off us.

You have seen the account of the Review in Washington. It was a grand affair. I was not down the first day when our corps was reviewed, but the 24th I went in and saw the "bully boys of Sherman's Army" make tracks through the city. It is no novelty to be a soldier, and while it is right to show them to the world and its representatives, but few soldiers enjoyed it, for a parade of that kind is the hardest kind of marching, and of marching they have had enough. I did not even go out to see the corps reviewed at Munson's Hill, May 30th, one half mile distant; but I saw all the celebrities pass by the road. The supper at Gen. Humphrey's Headquarters was a grand affair, but if another half pound of bread was added to the soldier's ration instead of such suppers, they would like it much better; for being in such a place they are miserably short. The oldest veterans say that except when on a march, never were such short rations given out as now. But the War is over; the great funeral is over; the great trial nearly over; and Jeff Davis pretty much "over the coals"; I may as well conclude that this episode, some 300 miles in length, is over too. I bid you good-bye, with the expectation of soon again taking your hobest hand in mine, and "receiving your adulation" the veterans of the war are going to get from a "grateful" people at home. E. O. AUSTIN.

BALDWIN'S CROSS ROADS, VA., June 23, 1865.

DEAR SIR: At last the war is ended and we are coming home; coming home with the certainty that we shall no more be obliged to "shoulder arms" to defend our liberties; no more leave home and its dear endearments for the perils of the field; or the sound of its glad voices for the bugle and the drum; for the blasphe-mous oath, or the wild shout or the wilder and louder hazzah, as we charge the stubborn works, or the sigh and groan as the brave and bold heart sink under the merciless leaden storm. All this we shall witness no more; and when the wounds that fester in the hearts at home shall be healed by the great surgeon, Time, and we can look upon a once more prosperous and happy Union and country, will the price paid for it seem too great? Like jewels on the breast of beauty will the graves of our heroes show in the land, and pilgrims from every hamlet in the nation will visit them, watering with their tears and fanning with their sighs the last resting place of our mighty dead. This reflection was called forth by a visit to the National Cemetery at Arlington, the late residence of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Like thousands of others I had a fancy to visit this now doubly famous seat, and see what sacrifices the Colonel's ambition had induced him to make. You are aware that the old Custis Estate lies upon the high land south of the Potomac and just across from the city of Washington, commanding as pleasant a view as is to be found on the Continent. In a central and extremely pleasant part of the estate stands the "Arlington House," surrounded by a forest or park of oak, of considerable extent, but so situated as to command a view of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, with the country around them, for miles in extent, while the lovely Potomac stretches its silver length for miles away on either hand. Here in a man of size and design to show the wealth and taste of its owner, lived the now former to be famous Gen. Lee. Passing through the principal entrance to the park, or Cemetery, and following a winding carriage road to the top of the Heights, one suddenly comes upon this old mansion, the lofty columns of whose portico invites the tired and heated soldier to come in and take a seat in their shade. Seated here, one naturally wonders why a man possessed of all this could not be satisfied! What sort of a thing this Ambition is that will invite the desecration of such a home! And what sort of a check one must have on after all that has passed, to ask the Government they have tried so hard to destroy and more than half assassinated, to not only forgive them, but to restore to them the ground under which lies so many of their victims!

The inside of the building is only interesting as the former home of General Lee. Some of the pictures still hang in the hall: battle scenes of the Revolution, in which Washington shows conspicuous. What a pity that his moral picture had not hung in the breast of the great rebel leader. A few heads and antlers of bucks are nailed over the rear doorway, which once probably excited the ambition of young Lee in the chase, and, I thought: General, one of the "mudsills" that once excited your ineffable scorn, now stands in your derided, condescended hall, who has often pursued and brought down these forest citizens with as much relish as you, and now at Clover Hill, he has helped to bring down the noblest buck of the Confederacy, and hung his horns in the temple of Liberty as a warning to all followers to shun your path." Some cases of books in the library, some few pieces of furniture in the parlor, and a clock on the mantel, are all that are left to remind one of the elegance and comfort of the former "Arling on House."

Passing through the house and taking a drink at the well, we proceeded a few hundred yards, and behold! Long lines and battalions of the consecrated heroes of the War lie before you; in double lines and in battle front, these long columns seem only to have lain down to rest after the toils of the battle, but never, until the great trumpet sounds the "assembly" will they be marshaled again; but then, may we not reverently believe, that to the sound of the cymbal and harp, they will once more take up their march to be reviewed by the tutelary Saint of Columbia? There are already many thousands buried in this Cemetery, and every day adds to the number; the battle fields in the vicinity furnishing thousands who will here find their final resting place. One cannot help admiring the choice which consecrated the estate of the chief of Rebels as the burial place of his victims.

The feeling that the Johnnies might still retain a grudge against us is entirely dispelled. A more completely whipped set of men you never saw. "Yankees" is now synonymous with "chivalrous gentleman" with them, and I cannot apprehend any trouble in reestablishing State Governments South, for all must now agree that there is no such thing wanted as reconstruction. The only question that can give any trouble is "universal suffrage," and this, I think will be much more readily settled than many of our friends North imagine. They must consider that there is not the same prejudice here against the negro as North; that a large majority of the Southern whites have been in a deplorable condition, and are equally ignorant with Sambo, and are no better qualified to vote intelligently than he is; besides the Blacks are all Union men, and who does not like a black friend of the Government better than a white Rebel? I have no doubt, because I think it should be so, that a universal right to vote will be generally granted to both white and black, coupled only with the condition of intelligence, and I think I know if that is a condition, that with the lower class of whites it will operate to exclude as many as of blacks. The wisdom and intelligence at the head of our Government will eventually fix all things right.

I had hoped to be home to help you celebrate the 4th of July, but shall not. Do not expend all your fine sentiments on those who have come home, for I assure you nearly all the VETERANS are in the field yet. We shall bring home our arms with plenty of ammunition, and our orders are positive to clean out all copperheadism. I do not believe there will be much repugnance to the job. I now expect to see Old Potter somewhere about the 15th or 20th of July. E. O. AUSTIN.

SLAVERY.—The only States of the Union in which Slavery now has an existence are Kentucky and Delaware, and the institution is in a frightfully moribund condition in each of them. In Delaware it is an absurdity in its character as well as in its magnitude, and the people ought to abolish what there is of it, if only for the name of the thing. In Kentucky near all the able bodied blacks have done service in our army, and are therefore free; and the fact that these men have done military service makes all their wives and children free. So that what remains of negro slavery in Old Kentucky is the merest skeleton. Dis-jointed, lifeless, hopeless; with no present value and no prospect in the future. The action of the States on the Constitutional Amendment will wipe out the institution clean; and in favor of this amendment we expect that both Kentucky and Delaware will vote, though both of them have once rejected it.

A correspondent has recently made a trip across South Carolina in the track of Sherman's march, and describes the havoc and desolation as most complete. The route of the avenging army is marked by burned chimneys, obliterated railroads and a country pretty well cleaned of animals, forage and surplus provisions. The white people in the interior, while admitting that they are conquered for the present, still maintain and give expression to their secession heresies, and entertain an intense hatred for the Yankees and the negroes. Notwithstanding this, the planters say that they will be better off without Slavery. There is still considerable cotton scattered throughout the State; but the greater part of the crop has been destroyed.

Seven-Thirties were sold on Saturday to the amount of \$10,331,200.

Barnum's Museum Burnt.

New York, July 13.

Barnum's Museum, the Temple of wonder on Broadway, corner of Ann street, opposite the Astor House, is in ashes. The fire is supposed to have broke out in the Department of Anatomy, and it is doubtful whether it was the work of an incendiary, or the result of an accident. A large number of people were inspecting the various curiosities which have made the museum one of the seven wonders of the world, when a cry of fire was heard in the interior rooms of the building.

In a moment the crowd took panic; stampeding over everything, they hastened to escape. The flames burst out with suddenness, and spread with frightful rapidity. The scene was grand and wonderful. The devouring elements sprang from corridor to corridor with a speed unprecedented. It was just noon when the flames burst forth. In eighteen minutes the vast tower of babel was burning from roof to basement.

The flames rushed forth from every window and thrust their fiery tongues into the streets. The roof fell with a crash which was heard for squares. The sight was almost comical.

The interior of the building was of course entirely illuminated and all the orders displayed for the last time to the gaze of the vast crowd which filled the immense space in front of the Museum. The windows of the tall Astor House were crowded with eager watchers. The roof of the Astor was covered with men spreading wet blankets to protect it from flying cinders. It was in great danger.

The graveyard of St. Paul's Church was alive with the populace, who crushed, in the excitement, many of the rarest monuments. The sight inside the dome of the Belgian Giant was burning in a dozen places—his limbs seemed to writhe as though in mortal agony—his face grew black—he fell. The painting was numbered with the dust of Tyro and Sidon.

All of the pictures burned with rapidity, and acted as conductors of the flames from one portion of the building to the other. The live stock formed a decided feature. All the carnivorous, insectivorous, and herbivorous specimens of creation exhibited terror after their own remarkable way. The shrieks, snorts, howls, whistling, and other demonstration sounded strangely and seemed to indicate that a human being might yet be in the flames.

"RECONSTRUCTION" seems to be working satisfactorily in North Carolina. Gov. Holden is rapidly appointing civil officers for all the counties, cities and towns, selecting only men known for their adherence to the Union. Enrolling Boards are to be appointed in the various counties, whose duty it will be to administer the Amnesty oath to such as may be entitled to take it, excluding the disloyal and those mentioned in the fourteen classes of the President's Amnesty Proclamation, unless special pardons shall be exhibited from the President by the latter. This, says the Raleigh Standard, will sift the chaff from the wheat, and put it in the power of the loyal men alone to reconstruct the Government. Only the real friends of the Union. No one will be allowed to vote or be a candidate for office who has not passed these Enrolling Boards and receive a certificate of loyalty.

HOWELL COBB REPENTANT.—The Macon (Ga) Telegraph says Howell Cobb was in Macon recently, and it "is pleased to know he counsels on the part of the people a cheerful and prompt obedience, to the Constitution and laws of the country. He believes that slavery is forever dead, but he is not at all despondent as regards the future of the South; on the contrary, he believes that a bright future is ahead, and thinks it only remains for the people to put forth their best energies towards developing the resources of the country, to insure commercial prosperity and success. When asked his probable fate, he replied that he thought it would be the same as that of all original secessionists before the war, and those who had occupied the same position with him since. He expressed confidence in the ability and integrity of President Johnson, and thought his course towards us would be conciliatory."

George Smith, a boy eight years old living at Pleasanton, Westchester county threatened if sent to school, he would cut off his arm. Being sent, he placed his left arm on the Harlem Railroad track, and it was cut off by the cars. When picked up, he was whistling "Yankee Doodle." In the subsequent amputation and dressing, he refused to take chloroform, and never winced. That boy will yet make his mark, either for great good or great evil.

Gen. Grant's father, in a speech at the Ohio State Convention, said: "He had been often asked if he did not feel proud of that boy of his. This reminded him of an occasion when this question was asked in the presence of a dutchman, who interrupted him by saying, 'He isn't to blame; he couldn't help it.'"

The Copperhead Senate of the State of Delaware, true to its rebel instincts refused to concur in resolutions of respect to the memory of President Lincoln, which had previously passed the House of Representatives; There is not another State North or South except possibly New Jersey, which would have thus disgraced itself.

CAUTION FROM THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great number, calculated by their utter worthlessness to injure the reputation of our genuine products, to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches. The First has the name "AMERICAN WATCH CO. Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate. The Second has the name "APPLETON, TRACY & CO. Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate. The Third has the name "P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name American Watch Co. painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect. The Fourth has the name "W. M. ELLERY, Boston, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "Union Watch Co. of Boston, Mass.,"—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our Fourth or Wm. Ellery style, usually known as the "Soldier's Watch." Others are named the "Appleton Watch Co.," others the "P. S. Bartlett," in "val of our 'P. S. Bartlett' besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

We also caution the public, and particularly soldiers, against buying certain articles called watches, so freely advertised in illustrated papers as "Army Watches," "Officers' Watches," "Magic Time Observers," "Arcana Watches," &c., the prices of which are stated to be as low as seven to sixteen dollars. A good watch in the same time, cannot be afforded for any such money.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition. ROBBINS & APPLETON, Agents for the American Watch Co., 182 Broadway, New York.

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The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention composed of six different metallic combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of 18 carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are as beautiful as solid gold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully designed with Panel and shield for name, with Patent Push Pin, Patent Gold Hunting Levers, and are really handsome and desirable, and so exact an imitation of gold as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well known St. Jime: Watch Company of Europe; it is superbly finished, having engraved plates, finely carved bridges, adjusting regulative with gold balance and the approved jewel action, with 13,600 and 14,400 hands, and is warranted a good time keeper.

These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for Ladies, and are all Hunting Cases. A case of six will be sent by Mail or Express for \$125.00. A single one sent in a handsome Morocco Case for \$25; will readily sell for three times their cost. We are sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our Trade mark. Address: GIRARD W. DEVAUGH & CO., Importers, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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This is the only work of the kind published that is entirely new and original, containing his early history, political career, speeches, proclamations and other official documents illustrative of his eventful administration, together with the scenes and events connected with his tragic end. It will be sold only by our authorized traveling agents, to whom exclusive territory is given, and liberal commissions paid. Send for a circular and terms to "American Publishing Agency, Box 217, No. 600 Chestnut Street Philadelphia.

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Grain of all kinds, Butter, Wool, Sheep Pelts, Furs, Deer Skins. Also, County, Township and School Orders, for all of which the highest prices will be paid At Olmsted's Coudersport, Pa. Nov 18, 1861

I wish all persons having open account with me to call and settle immediately. I will sell Cheap for Cash All my stock of Merchandise

Consisting of CLOTHING, BOOTS, and SHOES, DRUGS, CROCKERY, GROCERIES, TOOLS, &c., &c., 1 Good Horse and Harness, 3 Wagons, 1 Sleigh, 1 Cutter, 1 Sulkey, The privilege of a good Ashery in complete working order. 15 Cents paid for good ASHES. LUCIEN BIRD. Brookland, Pa., Sept., 1864.

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Also, a Wagon Shop and half lot in the Borough of Coudersport, one lot west of E. A. Stebbins & Co's Store near Glassmire's Hotel. The tools, lumber, &c., can be bought reasonably; or a portion of them if the purchaser so desires. One half can be paid in Wagon-Work. A reduction of ten per cent will be made for Cash down. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber at his Wagon-Shop in Coudersport, Feb. 20, 1862. W. F. VILES.