honor of the Father of his Country still there, looking heavenward, and revered in every village and State, and around every fireside.

JEAN.

THE OSWEGO REGIMENT.

UPTON'S HILL, VA., NOV. 27, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

The boxes and barrels of good things sent sometime ago, by our friends in Ellisburgh, have at last reached us. Thanks, &c., are stale and every-day things, but we are sure that if every soldier in the army had such friends as we have in Ellisburgh, there would be no appeal to the public generosity for little comforts and necessaries, and less suffering. Our friends take it upon themselves to see that we want for none of those little comforts and luxuries, which the government cannot gather together in sufficient abundance for so large an army. The Commissary Department can give bread, and beef, and beans, and beets, and beef, and bread, by the hundred, and barrel, and bushel, but there are a thousand little things which make no provision for, which can only be supplied by the more affectionate thoughtfulness of mothers, and fathers, and sisters, and friends. The town of Ellisburgh, Jefferson county, is really at war. Those who are not in the field are providing for those who are, and in this way are silently doing active service. The men in the field have stronger arms, and braver hearts, to strip and to endure, when thus anticipated in their wants, and watched over by grateful friends. We hear the voice of Ellisburgh, crying from afar unto us: 'Honor me and I will remember you; neglect no duty, flee from no danger. Those who fall shall be embalmed in my memory, those who come home shall have their reward of love.' It is something like this we hear in all these little gifts. We know that dearly as we are loved by our friends, they, like the Grecian mother, would rather see us return unto them dead, than dishonored. It is not the intrinsic value and nutritious character of these articles, that makes the boys so jubilant. It is that they see love written all over them. They see kindness in the butter, in the cheese, in the cabbage, in the catsup, in all these things, and it is this that gives these things their greatest value. The company gave three cheers for Dr. Buel. He was mainly instrumental in getting them together, and sending them. No self-sacrifice is too great for him, if only he can do something for "the boys." We cannot mention the long list of contributors to this stock of good things. It would begin with Prof. Houghton, and Uncle John Clarke, and run all through the town. But we must not forget to tell Mr. Finney that the bottle of currant wine, addressed by him to Jeff. Davis, in care of Albert Lane and myself, fell into Union hands, and was confiscated as contraband of war.

Jean.

—Mr. B. B. Hart, a private in Capt. Taylor's company, 24th (Oswego) Regiment, now on the Potomac, has won by his daring and valuable services a handsome compliment from his regiment. At dress parade a few evenings since, the regiment was formed in hollow square, and Private Hart was called forward. The Major then complimented him upon his soldierly bearing and courageous adventures, and in the name of the regiment, and as a testimonial of their appreciation, presented him with a revolver of superior workmanship, a spy glass, a pocket compass, and a set of the most accurate maps of the region and State of Virginia. Speeches were made by Capt. Taylor, Jennings, Barnum, Beardsley and others. This, we believe, is the first instance in which a private has won such a complimentary notice from his regiment.
THE TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

CAMP KEYES, VIRGINIA,
HEADQUARTERS 24TH REG'T N. Y. S. V.

September 8, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

Last evening, about nine o'clock, a messenger from the Arlington House rode up to our Colonel's quarters post haste. Pretty soon Adjutant Oliver came along in front of our tents and said, in that kind of whisper which makes one nervous, "Be ready to march at a moment's warning, with two day's rations and forty rounds of cartridges." Of course we have learned to check that curiosity which would prompt us, on such occasions, to ask "what all this is for," and all we had to do was to wonder what was going to turn up, and work to provide for it. The camp was soon all astir; fires were kindled to cook the meat, and barrels of hard bread were rolled out from the commissary department; the ordnance store was thrown open, and small, well-made boxes, marked "A thousand ball cartridges," were opened, and their contents intrusted to the care of the Sergeants of companies. I saw boys who had been on the hospital list for a week, cleaning their guns and filling their cartridge boxes with "pills" with which they said they were going to clean out secession. About twelve (midnight) haversacks were filled with provisions—cartridge boxes with ammunition—guns were in good order, and everything ready for a march—be it for fight or fun. Still no orders came, and the boys gathered in groups—some for "bluff," some sang "Dixie's Land," while others more thoughtful, wrote letters to friends at home. But gradually sounds died away—hope by one light went out, and all became so quiet that one would not have thought that the first few notes of "The Assembly" would have brought into line a thousand Enfield rifles. About this time I threw myself down on my sea-grass mattress, thinking if I could catch "forty winks or so," it would do me no harm. Where the night went I couldn't positively say, for that was the last I saw of it. The next thing that came within the grasp of consciousness was this morning, about seven o'clock, when Dr. Reynolds came to my tent, and, pulling aside the canvas door, said "good morning," and walked in without further ceremony. The Doctor was to accompany the right wing of the regiment, which was detailed for picket duty to-day, and lest there might be no need of his professional skill, he wanted to procure an antidote for the "blues," in the shape of something to read. I was a little lazy about getting up, and to cut short the Doctor's visit I pointed out to him a collection of Sabbath School books, which our chaplain left in my charge. They are such as "Amy and her Brothers," "The Fox and the Fight," "It is I," &c. The Doctor cast a glance at them and then turned toward me with a pleasant indignation sitting on his face. This soon gave way to a story which he told in such capital style that I was up before he was through with it, and ready with my whole library at his disposal. I took up volume after volume showing each to him to select what he wished from the whole. The first was the August No. of the Atlantic Monthly, which a very dear friend sent to me after reading of my want of it in a letter to you some time ago. The second was Tennyson in two volumes. The third was Dickens' "Great Expectations." These were my whole stock and the Doctor selected the last mentioned. I opened his choice to the passage where Dickens describing Mrs. Joe Gargery's great dinner mentions "the obscure corners of the pork, of which the pig while living had least reason to be proud" as part of it, and asked him if with
as knowledge of anatomy he could tell where these "obscure corners" were situated.—

He read the passage and scratched his head, and

started out the door, whether to look in his anatomi
cal library, or on picket duty, I can't say,

for I haven't seen him since. Nor have I heard anything more of the marching orders, nor what caused the excitement.

The rebels are fortifying near Chain Bridge, and there is a strong force of them in that vicin
ty, and that is probably the point at which an attack was expected. They still occupy Mun
sor's Hill, but are adding nothing for the last few days, to its fortifications.

Somebody who writes to the New York Her-
ald, tells of wonderful skirmishes along the lines,

and especially in the vicinity of Hall's house;

but how he sees or hears what the pickets do,

or not, I can't say. In fact, I have come to the conclusion that it is safe to believe nothing that I read in some of the papers, and only half what I see with my own eyes. Five companies of our
regiment are on picket to-day, along the lines
from Hall's house to the water tank, but I have heard nothing from them.

This Sabbath has been remarkably quiet—
That is quiet for a camp Sabbath. Of course,

compare its quietness with the Sabbaths of our
homes, where the report of a gun used to shock
our nerves and disturb our equilibrium during a
whole church service, where we laid aside all
labour and all worldly mindlessness as far as we

could and read a different class of books, and
wore a different kind of face and a different kind
of clothes, one would say this camp quiet is qui
tness on a large scale. We have had regular
guard mountings, and morning parades and in
specation, and dress parades this evening, and af
fer that our Chaplain called us together around
a fatherly old oak tree and made a few remarks
to us, and a prayer for us and our country and
humanity, and then the whole regiment joined in
singing "Old Hundred." These are the leading
features of a regimental Sabbath.

And now as I write, the music of two brass
bands (the one our own and the other of the Twenty-second, encamped beside us) rises with a volup
tuous swell, "smoothing the raven down of
darkness till it smiles."

Ours is playing the Marseillaise Hymn, and as
the players strike that stirring chorus

"March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death," I can not wonder that the French love it, and
have so often moved under its influences to such
glorious victories. There is a magic power in
its words and notes that moves the deep abiding
places of the soul, and causes it to rise with a longing for battle fields and glorious deaths.

The other is playing "Auld Lang Syne," and
as the notes move along the lines

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never called to mind."

one's mind is called away from war and tumult
at the time, and places, and friends which
bind the heart and win the reconsition. The
one points to a name and the vistor's wreath,
while the other calls back to the household,
parents, and friends we love. But it is time for
"tattoo," and the grim Corporal of Police will
soon be around with his unmusical cry, of "Lights
out if you please sir." I think I hear his foot
fall now, and before he gets here I'll blow out
my light and say good night. Jean.
FROM THE OSWEGO REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS 24TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V.,

UPPER'S HILL, NOV. 3, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

Such a day! One’s heart has a muffled beat at the thought, “where will this storm drive our fleet?” The great naval pageant to which we have looked forward so long—among which so many hopes clustered—so many interests hung suspended. All day the rain has been incessant, and the wind has blown a perfect hurricane, whistling around our canvas dwellings as though angered that they should be in its pathway. Fortunate were those who had the ropes tightly drawn over the pins, solid in the ground, for not a few were the luckless inhabitants in day who saw their tents rise at the bidding of this littered monster, and leave them standing in the rain. And he is no respecter of persons. Dr. Reynolds was sitting in his tent, deeply interested in “Half-Chains” in the November Atlantic, and he had just passed under the grape vine and entered the grotto with the beautiful Kaguna leading the way, when his tent rose gracefully up and departed; but the Doctor was on intent on the rose-colored cloud and the variegated shades of the mousy carpet, and the wildness of the enchantress when she beckoned him to a seat beside her, that it was some minutes before he was conscious that he was neither in the grotto nor in his tent, but sitting in the rain, with some dozen or more standing round about, laughing at his plight. He sat there disregarding the storm, reminding one of the calmness of the old Roman Senators, who sat unmoved in the Senate Chamber, indifferent to the presence of the Generals, who stood before them with drawn swords, having plundered the city of its choicest jewels and murdered its inhabitants. But the Doctor, unlike them, gathered himself up after a while and began to pick up his furniture and put it in charge of a neighbor, but his tent is still a wreck on the ground.

The sentry in front of our tent paced his beat in the drenching rain, with his rifle at a “secure,” thoroughly imbued with this stanza:

"Independence! Thy spirit let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
My bosom to the blasts I’ll bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

Which he declaimed with a vehemence in keeping with the fierceness of the elements warring about him. The moans of the forest groaned, their great arms stretching toward the ground, and their summer leaves disappearing on the winds. It has been such a day as one seldom experiences—the wildest by far of our camp life; and it warns us that we must be moving toward Richmond soon, or going into winter quarters within gunshot of the capital. But, perhaps, it is imagination following the great fleet along the Atlantic coast, beholding it scattered by the winds and many of the vessels wrecked on the breakers, that makes us notice this day so closely. Our hopes are passengers in those vessels, and should the expedition prove a failure, it would darken the prospects of the morrow. Our arms have met with so many reverses on land that should Neptune raise his trident against us, we would begin to feel that we are on the wrong side moving against the gods. And this morning’s Republican announces officially, that the hero of Lundy’s Lane and Mexico—the sage warrior in whose counsels we confided so trustingly, is our Commander-in-chief no more. The years hang heavily about the old man’s head, and this bloody rebellion has stolen that gladness from his old age which should have escorted him to the grave after so many years given to his country.

His work is done;
But while the hopes of nations died,
Yet let his name not perish,
And keep the soldiers firm—the Statesmen pure.

We are now to follow the fortunes of McClellan. He has won the confidence of the army by his appearance. God grant that he may prove worthy of it by his action.

Jean.
The good people of Ellisburgh and Henderson have just forwarded to Co. K, 24th Regiment, (Capt. Barney) the following articles, in addition to 280 lbs. butter, 250 lbs. cheese and 18 qts. currant jelly heretofore furnished: 265 lbs. butter; 390 lbs. cheese; ½ barrel pickled cabbage; ½ barrel cucumber pickles; 8 gallons tomato catsup. A tolerably good supply of luxuries for one company. Jefferson county butter and cheese is said by the soldiers to be a far superior article to that retailed about Washington—which is strange.

UTICA MORNING HERALD
AND DAILY GAZETTE.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH (OSWEGO) REGIMENT.
UPTON'S HILL, VA., HEADQUARTERS 24TH REGIMENT N.Y.V.
Oct. 8th, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

We stood in the circle round the fire last night, Phil. and I, and drew our great coats close about us. Phil. is one of the recruits Capt. B. brought with him the other day, and hasn't got used to this soldiering yet. Yesterday was his first day out here, for the recruits had all remained in Camp Keyes a few days after their arrival, that the change from comfortable dwellings to this bough-house might be softened by the brief comfort of tents. But yesterday morning the most of them came out to join the regiment, and enter upon their new life in earnest. It was laughable to hear their comments on the different styles of architecture adopted in the building of this, our brigade city. They saw long rows of — I don't know what to call them, but they are constructed by driving forked stakes into the ground ten or twelve feet apart, connecting them by laying a pole across the top, and then placing rails or poles on for rafters, after which the rails are thatched with straw and cornstalks and cedar branches, which makes the roof. But here and there they saw structures which displayed greater taste—cozy little summer houses, with arched doorways and windows; and then they saw what the boys call the City Halls, Cathedrals and Courthouses. On the whole, they were more edified with the sights of our city than they would have been, likely, if we had looked to the Parthenon for models, and built in classic fashion. And then to see the great boilers of meat over the fire, and the huge pots of coffee, and the boys eating from pewter plates and drinking from great tin cups—they thought it funny.

In the afternoon they went along with the other boys to work on the fort, which we are building on the hill near Upton's house. Phil. is an earnest kind of a fellow, and he had many quaint questions to ask about things. He saw a thousand men at work building the fortification, and he soon learned that its slope is octagonal; its mean diameter about two hundred feet, and that the ditch around it is to be seven feet deep by twelve wide, when completed. He wondered that so much work could be done in a week by one brigade—a rifle pit on Mason's Hill, which he states was dug by the rebels on that hill, and a fort on Upton's Hill almost completed; and all this in a week. We told him that Gen. McClellan had complimented us on the manner and amount of our work; and then Phil. smiled to think that he and McClellan were so much alike by our handiwork. During the afternoon, I saw him look frequently at the dark, ominous clouds rising in the south west, and I wondered if the rain was going to come.
ous like myself. And last night when we stood
by the fire, pitchy darkness brooding in the air,
mighty thunder rolling over our heads, and the
fierce flashes of electric flame that shone over
our bivouac for a moment, revealed strange
nights as have been seen since the days that
Adam bivouacked in Eden, or Noah rode about
the world in his great canal boat. Three thou-
sand and men were gathered here on this hill-side,
standing in groups at the corner of the streets,
around camp fires, or under shelter of the great
oaks. Some trying to keep dry, some singing
strange old songs, some fearing their powder
would get wet. In the midst of all this, while
we were standing at the fire, Phil looked at the
big clouds over head, and the big drops coming
down, and the thick darkness lying round about
and thinking of the chances for sleep, he said—and
just as he was going to say it, he stepped on the
end of a rail which was burning. The boys at such
time as this, don't spare fences or anything
else that makes a light and gives out heat.
The rain had soaked through the roofs of their
sleeping apartments and wet the straw under
them and the blankets over them and one
by one they had given sleeping up for a
bad job, and had crawled out from their lairs,
and looking round on their fellowes huddled to-
gether, they were not long in thinking of fence
rails and fires. Whole fences found their way on
to strong shoulders in the dark, and fires were
soon giving us comfort. Some fifty of us were
gathered around one of these fires, and I was
just listening to a report, that had just come in,
that the rebels had fallen back as far as Fairfax,
and I wondering when we would follow them up,
and thrash them outright, or get thrashed out-
right ourselves, and so settle it one way or the
other, and I had just come to the place in the
wonder where thoughts of how much depended
on the next conflict between the two armies of
the Potomac, and how justly cautious are all the
movements of McClellan, when Phil, as I said
before, setting his foot on the end of the rail,
and thinking, I suppose, of how he'd enjoy a
feather bed, and a good supper, and a good
house, and the little kindnesses of his mother, and
the sweet voice of his sister, and looking around
and about him, and above him, said, after drawing
himself up to his full length, in that quaint, queer
way of his, and I suppose he
felt
all he said, and
knew also that no one there would dispute it.
"It rains!" and I thought he was
right.

BELLEVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 4.

Capt. Barney, of Co. K, Twenty-fourth (Oswego) Regiment, left for Washington, via Syra-
cuse, on Thursday, the 26th ult., with fifty-four
able-bodied, intelligent recruits for the regiment.
Capt. Barney was at home two weeks, during
which time he has been indefatigable in his la-
bors, having spoken eleven times, each time to a
crowded house. His operations have been con-
fined to the towns of Henderson and Ellisburg
of this county, and Sandy Creek and Orwell in
Oswego county. We do not hesitate to say that
few officers in the service could have enlisted as
many men in these towns, within the same time.
Here is the list:

Fordice R. Melvin, Wm. H. Brading, Newton Smith, Cha
Parker, Reuben R. Lane, John Hardwood, Aug. G. H.
Clark Whitney, Albert N. Nevin, Albert Denson, Geo
W. Bell, Myron D. Read, Orson E. Wood, William M.
Alfred Marshall, Dorrill F. Parker, Reuben R. Lader, M
Isaac Carlin, Wm. H. Fearing, Thomas W. Williams, Geo
Cole, Isaac Rice, John Wagner, Albert L. Clark, Mc
Oscar H. Hanley, William W. Weeks, Amos Fogg, James
N. Montgomery, Orson L. Anthony, Wm. H. Babcock, Eddie
Nicolson, Wm. S. McDonald, Geo. W. Taylor, Geo
Edgell, John F. Good, Geo. W. Smith, Henry C.
Oliver D. Hulbert, Theodore W. Hulbert, Daniel G. Allard,
W. A. Green, George Babcock, Nathan Fairly, Edwin C. G:
Geo. A. Higginson, John J. Cooke, Walter Maple, Thom
Nettle, Cyrus Johnson, Robert A. Greenfield, Chas.
Gus Chaseney II, Parsons, Henry Anderson, James H. Sped
Chas. F. Parsons, Christopher C. Hiller, Francis Curtis

Yours truly,

N. W. BUEI, M. D.
FROM THE Oswego REGIMENT.

Oct. 19th, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

Three miles by seven is about as much of Virginia as I am personally acquainted with. I have never been as far to the right as Chain Bridge, nor to the left as Alexandria. The three miles run from the south end of Long Bridge up along the south bank of the Potomac. The seven miles run from the same end of the same bridge-pan along the turnpike toward Fairfax.

Contributed: This makes three times seven miles on the sacred surface with which I am pretty well acquainted. These acres are insignificant compared with the whole extent of the State, but they form no mean part of the stage on which the actors in the drama of the World's Hopes are rehearsing their parts, and slowly moving on to the catastrophe. This small part, along with many others, is destined to fast through history with a peculiar interest to every people. The theater that now stands upon it will have foot-marks that time will not forget, nor floods wash away. The forests that have been felled may grow up again—the earthworks may disappear in the flight of years and the wash of waters—but the foot prints that mark the progress of human rights will never be erased.

Beginning then, at the three mile line along the Potomac and starting toward Fairfax, there is a tendency upwards in the lay of the land—gradually on the left, more abruptly on the right, into the hills named Arlington Heights—both tending, in the end, arriving at the same elevation.

Then, there stretches out before one a level tract, sloping—here and there a gentle undulation—almost four miles, when it breaks down gradually toward the common level. Along its course the Potoomac River winds its way, and side by side with the River, the Alexandria, Loudon and Hampshire Railroads run.

Crossing the stream and the road, the land looks upward again—the left, plodding its way along, is content when it gets as high as it was before it fell; while the more ambitious right rises three hundred feet above the common level. But, as if it were unable to maintain the elevation, it begins to roll down again, in front and on the right, leaving a ridge about a mile long, with but few feet of level surface at the top, called "Mason's Hill." At the foot of this hill, a narrow valley, when the land rises again about two hundred feet, and roll level again as it did before, leaving a hill-like expanse—called by some "Murray's," by others "Mason's," and by others "Taylor's." These different titles can, perhaps, be accounted for in this way: A man named Murray kept a tavern on the hill. Some have christened the hill after his cognomen, and called it "Murray's"; while others, adopting his name, give it the same "Mason." Again, another man keeps, or did keep, a tavern on an old frame, whitewashed building on the hill, or on part of it, which looked toward "Falls Church," hence some geographers correspondingly have honored, or dishonored, (if you please) this hill with the name "Taylor." These two hills—Mason's and Upton's—are very similar in length and height, and general appearance, and one standing in this valley between them is reminded of the stories of the graves of giants that have come down to us in mythology, and looking down the valley but a few yards distant from the south end of these two hills, a dome shaped mound rises upon the view, as if it were the pedestal on which may have stood some ancient monument reared in honor of the mighty, dead that lie buried under the hill.
at whose feet it stands. This may seem to
some as marvellous. Perhaps it is. But who
can say positively what was or was not in the
unrecorded ages of that wondrous race—the In-
dian? Who can say what was or was not in the
early ages of the American nation? At any rate, this mound-like, dome-shaped elevation, is now by
reality the celebrated Mason's Hill.

And it was the situation of these three hills
which figure so conspicuously in the story of the
Confederate Army, that I was trying to get at all the while. I be-
gan at the Potomac, and thought to take a
round-about way and describe their situation unawares, but I find my pen isn't cautious
enough for such a task. How shall I get out?

Shall I tell of these fortifications on these hills?
but you knew all about them already. Perhaps
I should begin by saying that the intrenchment on
Mason's Hill is not a regular fort, nor is it
the same as some of the descriptions given in the
papers. The intrenchment on Upton's Hill is a
double, with embrasures for eleven large guns,
and is surrounded by a ditch and an abattis,
which would laugh at any attempt at storming.

Shall I tell of these fortifications on these hills?
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papers. The intrenchment on Upton's Hill is a
double, with embrasures for eleven large guns,
and is surrounded by a ditch and an abattis,
which would laugh at any attempt at storming.

I had this account from one of
the boys who was forced to lie in the woods
until night covered his escape.

The rebels immediately advanced their pickets
wolves, which had been driven in for the purpose
of baiting ambitious brigadiers. But McClellan
is not the man to fall into traps or to move
till he is ready. Let the people wait with full
faith and trust the time and manner of move-
ment to him. Congress, brigadiers and the peo-
dle ordered the battle of Bull Run—they ought
to be satisfied. I see the people are impatient
again. They say this vast army is idle here on
the bank of the Potomac. Let them come and
see what has been done. They will not say then
that we are idle. Let us trust—let us wait until
the people are satisfied. Congress, brigadiers and
the people ordered the battle of Bull Run—they ought
to be satisfied. I see the people are impatient
again. They say this vast army is idle here on
the bank of the Potomac. Let them come and
see what has been done. They will not say then
that we are idle. Let us trust—let us wait until
FROM THE OSWEGO REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS 24TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V.,
Upton's Hill, Oct. 24th, 1861.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald:

Yesterday morning, having nothing particularly pressing on our hands, Capt. Ferguson and myself procured a pass from Gen. Keyes, to take a stroll around the country. The solemnity of these October days makes camp melancholy, and one needs to stir about a little to keep the spirit from becoming sombre under the influence of the funeral march that is escorting from our sight the beauty which has helped to wile away an idle hour of Summer.

We each buckled on one of Colt's navy size revolvers, and put a lunch in our haversacks. We met with nothing noteworthy on the way to Falls Church, and nothing in the village particularly attracted our attention. It is one of that class of villages which one might by accident inquire the distance to, while passing through the place itself. A toll-gate, where neither maiden nor matron, nor invalid old man any longer stands with outstretched hand for the three-pence tax, two churches, a tavern, a blacksmith shop, and a few houses scattered here and there along a mile of the Leesburg turnpike; these make up the village of Falls Church.

The old Church itself, from which the village takes its name, might, perhaps, in times of peace, cause the curious stranger to stop a moment and ask its history; but in these times when one sees things and places in a military light, it is of no importance, and I neglected to learn its age, or its founder, or the origin of its name. I saw it as it stands in the centre of an acre lot, a rectangular brick building, with a quadrangular pyramidal roof, shaded by several great trees, some oak, some maple, and one of another class, the name of which I inquired but have forgotten. The brick of which the walls are composed, they say, were brought from England, and are of that substantial character which seems to defy the wear and waste of time.

Saluting the sentinel at the western door, we entered, perhaps with less reverence than we should, the Sanctuary of the Most High. Near the middle of the left hand wall is a large stationary framework, within which are imbedded in the wall three marble slabs. On the first is engraved the Lord's Prayer; on the third, the Nicene creed; on the middle one, sixteen verses of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, beginning with the second; and to these some sacrilegious youth has added another, which reads thus: "Thou shalt not sit in the midst of thine own iniquity envy the virtuous, who prosper, nor endeavor to destroy the temple of Freedom which their God has reared over their heads; for woe to the envious and the traitorous, they shall not live out half their days."

On the same wall is also another marble in honor of the virtues of Henry Fairfax, "who fell in the battle of Saltillo, Mexico, on the 14th day of August, 1847, while commanding the Fairfax Guards."

The high-box old-fashioned pulpit, the balustraded altar, the baptismal font, are there, telling of a people who held the English faith and worshiped according to that ritual which has refreshed so many generations, and is to-day, despite the reproaches of the enthusiastic innovator, the goal toward which innovations are drifting.

But we must leave the church, noticing as we pass, the newly-made graves in the yard. Here a headboard relates the story of a South Carolina soldier, who was shot on his post. We forgive him his treason, and call him no longer an enemy. Although the evil that he has done may live after him, and grow to curse the human race, still his grave hushes hatred and bids us pray that he may now see his error, and be enabled to enjoy in far higher perfection that freedom which he here raised his hand to destroy.

We are now out of the church-yard, and out of the village. Inclining a little to the left, we saunter leisurely along over the fields and through the woods, till we come to the outpost picket, where we are politely requested to exhibit our pass. This proving to be "sound," as the pickets expressed it, there was nothing more to impede our progress, at least for a
while. We were now in a part of the country which is particularly uninteresting. One could scarce imagine a spot where there would be less for the poet's imagination or the historian's pen. Nothing but the exact sciences could dig anything of interest out of this low, wet land, and I doubt whether I would not have turned back soon had we not just then come out into an open space, where stood a farm-house, around which were the signs of human life. We made an excuse to get a drink of water, and knocked at the door. We were a little surprised to find a house rather neatly furnished, and a mother with two rather interesting looking daughters—the one aged, perhaps sixteen; the other twenty. We were politely requested to take seats, which we did, your humble servant throwing himself in the "big arm chair." The ladies seated themselves to entertain us. It was the first time I had indulged in the luxury of sitting in a private parlor, induced with the thought of woman's presence, since we came this side of the river, the 22d of July. The field and staff officers, and rank and file of our regiment, left home prepared for every hardship and every privation, and no ladies in "the latest" are met sweeping majestic the spacious avenues of our camp. In our promenades in the sultry moonlight, we are forced to link arms with some burly whiskered companion, and talk of tactics and military evolutions, and the most improved mode of field fortification. The old themes—love and moonlight and author—come only in dreams out of the chambers of memory or hope. Imagine us two, just yesterday, after this rugged, masculine companionship, brought in contact with ladies who boast of an education in the society of Washington! I was addressing myself to the matron, I was trying to think of something to say to Mattie—the eldest of her daughters, who was sitting near the centre table playing with the leaves of an album which happened to be open. I looked at her, and she looked at me, (or at least I thought so), but nothing was said. Some thing must be said, but what? I thought of war, but it wouldn't do. There was no way of beginning it. I thought of the rebels, but they would not answer, for she might have a brother, or a father, or a lover, in the rebel army. O, Dobbsicks! O, Dickens! why didn't you come to my relief?

She was becoming nervous. Her fingers were turning the leaves of the album. I was just going to give up in despair, when lo! glancing at a leaf which she was turning, I thought I saw a name with which I was familiar. Immediately my tongue broke loose and I said: "Pardon me Miss Shiere, (for this was the name of the family), if in watching the playfulness of your fingers, my eye met on that page you have just turned, a name which seems to be familiar." This was a huge beginning. My voice faltered, and I almost broke down in the middle of the sentence.

"Ah, yes, with pleasure; is it this one?" her finger pointing to the name, at the same time passing me the book.

"It is, thank you," I said, taking it from her hand. And I was not mistaken. There was the name of a Lieutenant of the Thirty-fifth. He had been on picket duty several times in that vicinity, and this was very convenient headquarters. On his final departure, his feelings had given way to the beautiful language of friendship which was recorded on that spoken white page of the album, in a poetic effusion as musical as the Secedar version of David's psalms, and as brilliant as the long-measure doxology.

Of course, the perusal of the album was a fine pastime, and Mattie (I learned from the album that her name was Mattie) and I were no longer at a loss for words and themes for conversation.

I learned that her father had been persuaded to retire with the army through fear of imprisonment by the Federal Government; that he had taken his horses and much of his loose property with him; that the family was left in comfortable circumstances, and finally I ascertained from Matto's books and words, that there is one in "the army" whose absence is more keenly felt than that of her father.

Thus an hour passed away and it was noon, when Capt. H. suggested that we must be going. But the mother and her daughters wouldn't hear of our going till after dinner, and despite our resolution to go, we yielded to the fascination of a good dinner, and remained.