honor of the Father of his Country still there, looking heavenward, and reverenced 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 some-time 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 beans, and beef, and bread, by the hundred, and barrel, and bushel, but there are a thousand little things which it makes 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. Stacey 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 Capts. 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 issued to the First 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—one by one lights went out, and all became so quiet that one would not have thought that the first few notes of "The Assemble" would have brought into line a thousand Enfield rifles. About this time I threw myself down on my sea-grass mattrass, thinking if I could catch "forty winks or so," it would do me no harm. Where the night went I could n'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

his 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 anatomical 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 vicinity, and that is probably the point at which an attack was expected. They still occupy Munson's Hill, but are adding nothing for the last few days, to its fortifications.

Somebody who writes to the New York *Herald*, 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 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 labor and all worldly mindedness 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 quietness on a large scale. We have had regular guard mountings, and morning parades and inspection, and dress parades this evening, and after 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 voluptuous swell, "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiles."

Ours is playing the Marseillse 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 old acquaintance be forgot,
And never called to mind."

one's mind is called away from war and tumult to the times, and places, and friends which bind the heart and win the recollection. The one points on to a name and the victor's wreath, while the other calls back to the household, penates, 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 footfall now, and before he gets here I'll blow out out my light and say good night. JEAN.

FROM THE OSWEGO REGIMENT.

HEADQUARTERS 24TH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V.,
UPTON'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—around which so many hopes cluster—so many interests hang 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 to-day who saw their tents rise at the bidding of this invisible monster, and leave them sitting in the rain. And he is no respecter of persons. Dr. Reynolds was sitting in his tent, deeply interested in "Hair-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 so intent on the rose-colored cloud and the variegated shades of the mossy carpet, and the witchery 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 monarchs 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 gun-shot 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 races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
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 a little 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 founding 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 Court-houses. 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 is in imposing contrast with the one 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 struck 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 confess I thought them a little suspici-

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 shown over our bivouac for a moment, revealed as strange sights as have been seen since the days that Adam bivouacked in Eden, or Noah rode about the world in his great canal boat. Three thousand 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 laying 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 a 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 fellows huddled together, 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 outright 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 (O wego) Regiment, left for Washington, via Sy cuse, on Thursday, the 26th ult., with fifty-f able-bodied, intelligent recruits for the regime Capt. Barney was at home two weeks, duri which time he has been indefatigable in his bors, having spoken eleven times, each time t crowded house. His operations have been c fined to the towns of Henderson and Ellisburg this county, and Sandy Creek and Orwell in wego county. We do not hesitate to say th few officers in the service could have enlisted many men in these towns, within the same tim Here is the list:

Ferdice R. Melvin, Wm. H. Brading, Newton Smith, Ch Parker, Harvey Z. Farr, John Hazlewood, Aug. G. H Clark Whitney, Orsmel N. Bosworth, Edwin Green, Geor W. Felt, Myron D. Stanley, Oren S. McNeil, William McK Alvah Randall, Dewitt F. Parker, Rensselaer Lester, M rick Salisbury, Orville Nutting, Simon C. Williams, Orson Gale, Mason Mires, John Wagner, Almeron W. Clark, M cus D Houghton, Willard W. Wilson, Amos Cogswell, Am K. Montague, Oren Shufelt, Gaylord W. Babcock, Madis Stevens, Wm Lyon Mosfustry, Geo. W. Taylor, Geo. Knight, Chas. F. Gallen, Geo. W. Smith, Henry H. Coop Oliver D. Ellis, Theodore W. Holley, Daniel C. Adsit, W A. Cross, Eugene Babcock, Nathan Parish, Hiram Gilbe Geo. A. Huggins, Lyndon J Cole, Walter Watkins, Thom Nichols, Dunne Demun, Robert A. Greenfield, Chas. Gou Chauncey H. Persons, Henry Anderson, Romeo E. Spic Chas. F. Persons, Christopher C. Wilder, Franklin Curtis,

Yours, truly,

N. W. BUEL, M. D.

FROM THE OSWEGO REGIMENT.

UPTON'S HILL, VA., HEADQUARTERS 24TH REGIMENT N.Y.V. Oct. 10th, 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 out along the turnpike toward Fairfax Court-house. This makes three times seven square miles of 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 float through history with a peculiar interest to every people. The army that now treads upon it will leave 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—on the right more abruptly, into the hills named Arlington Heights—both tendencies, in the end, arriving at the same elevation.

Then there stretches out before one a level tract, extending, with here and there a gentle undulation, almost four miles, when it breaks down kindly or harshly some two hundred feet. Along the foot of this descent Four Mile Run winds its way, and side by side with the Run, the Alexandria, Loudon and Hampshire Railroad runs.

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 and the left, leaving a ridge about a mile long, with but few feet of 'level' surface on the top, called "Upton's Hill." At the foot of this hill there is a narrow valley, when the land rises again about two hundred feet, and rolls down again as it did before, leaving a hill like unto the other—called by some, "Murray's;" by others "Mason's," and by others again, "Taylors." These different titles can, perhaps, be accounted for in this way: A man named Murray Mason owns a farm on the hill. Some have christened the hill after his cognomen, and called it "Murray's"; while others, adopting his nomen, give it the name "Mason." Again, another man keeps, or did keep tavern in an old frame, whitewashed building on this hill, or on that part of it which looks down toward Falls Church—hence some geographers or correspondents have honored, or dishonored, (if you please) the 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 the 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 it were the pedestal on which may have stood some ancient monument reared in honor of the mighty dead that lie buried under the hills.

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 Indian? Who can say what is in the earth beneath us. At any rate, this mound-like, dome sloped, pedestal resembling elevation, is now in reality the celebrated Munson's Hill.

And it was the situation of these three hills which figure so conspicuously in to day's history, that I was trying to get at all the while. I began 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 scouting expeditions, and has, by its venturing too far, led me into trouble. How shall I get out?

Shall I tell of these fortifications on these hills? but you know all about them already. Perhaps it would be well to say that the intrenchment on Munson's Hill is not a regular fort, as some of the papers have it, but patches of the nature of a "priest's cap," the gorge being open. The same may be said of the intrenchmetn on Mason's Hill, along which runs also an indented rifle pit; while the fortification on Upton's Hill is a redoubt with embrasures for eleven large guns, and is surrounded by a ditch, and an abatis which would laugh at any attempt at storming, unless knocked to pieces first by shot and shell.

To leave these hills, which I don't think I'll be hasty about climbing with pen and ink again, I might say, that yesterday Gen. Wadsworth, with one company of infantry, and one of cavalry, started out to reconnoiter in the direction of Fairfax. Finding no enemy, the General proceeded, till at last he made up his mind that the rebels had fallen back, and that he would go and occupy the Court House. He telegraphed to Gen. McClellan, accordingly, wishing him (McClellan) to send on some troops to support him; when McClellan telegraphed back, ordering him (Wadsworth) to retire to Upton's Hill where he was posted, and that he (McClellan) would let him know when he wanted him to hold Fairfax Court House, and would support him accordingly. Gen. Wadsworth didn't get much farther when he found it prudent, to, retire without waiting for the dispatch.

A body of Colonel Stewart's cavalry was seen in the distance approaching. The Company of infantry were ordered to break ranks and get back to camp as best they might, while the cavalry, delaying a little to cover the retreat of the infantry, soon put spurs to their horses and were out of sight. 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 again, which they had drawn 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 movement to him. Congress, brigadiers and the people ordered the battle of Bull's 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 and obey—these are the duties of every citizen and soldier.

Now I feel easier. Here's a good place to stop, there!

JEAN.

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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 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 picket 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, imbued with the magic 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 evening 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 authors—come only in dreams out of the chambers of memory or hope. Imagine us two, then, yesterday, after this rugged, masculine companionship, brought in contact with ladies who boast of an education in the society of Washington!

While Capt. H. was addressing himself to the matron, I was trying to think of something to say to Mattie—the eldest of her daughters, who was setting 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. I could'nt endure this. Something must be said, but what? I thought of war, but it would'nt do. There was no way of beginning it. I thought of the rebels, but they would n't answer, for she might have a brother, or a father, or a lover, in the rebel army. O, Doesticks! O, Dickens, why did'nt 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. But the ice was broken, and she said:

"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 spotless 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-metre 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 *surmised* from Mattie's looks 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 would'nt hear of our going till after dinner, and despite our resolution to go, we yielded to the fascination of a good dinner, and remained.