

Resolutions of Co. E, 154th Reg.

At a meeting of Co. E, 154th Reg. ment, N. Y. S. V., held at headquarters of the Co. Camp Seward on Arlington Heights, Oct. 31st, 1862, the following resolutions were adopted as a token of the high regard in which we hold our deceased H. Reynolds.

Whereas, In the disposition of Divine Providence, our brother in arms, W. H. Reynolds has been taken from our midst, friend W., therefore:

Resolved, That in the death of our friend and brother this company has lost a true friend, and the country a faithful soldier and patriot:

Resolved, That we sincerely and deeply sympathize with the friends and relatives of the deceased in this hour of their affliction, and pray that comfort may come from Him who is the mourner's friend.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the friends of the deceased and also be furnished the Fredonia Censor for publication, with a request for the County papers to copy.

Yours with Respect,

Capt. J. R. FAY.

C. O. FURMAN, Clerk.

ANOTHER PATRIOT GONE.—We are pained to learn of the death of Sergeant John Foster, of this village, which occurred at the King St. Hospital, in Alexandria, on Saturday last. The deceased was a printer by trade, and employed in the Censor office at the time of his enlistment. While in active service he maintained a regular correspondence with this paper, and his letters, over the familiar signature of "J. F.," have been perused with eager interest by those who have cared to trace the fortunes of the 49th. A zealous and earnest patriot, he enlisted from a sincere desire to aid his country in this hour of its

FROM THE FRENCH.

In the autumn of 1830 I was in Andalusia; and having a good deal of leisure, and being to see the site of one of Caesar's most decisive battles against the champions of the Republic, (a question which has then occupied the attention of European savans.) I hired a guide and two horses, and, with Caesar's commentaries in my hand, and a few shirts, started off for a pretty long excursion.

One day, whilst traveling over an elevated portion of the plain of Cachana, worn out with fatigue, thirst and the heat of a scorching sun, anathematizing Caesar and the loss of Pompey, I perceived, at some distance from the track we were following, a green strip of vegetation, which seemed to promise a spring further on. Turning off from our road, we soon arrived at a marsh in which a rill, issuing from a gorge in the hills above, lost itself. We came to the conclusion that higher up the water would prove cooler, and far more free from frogs and leeches; and perhaps we might find some shade among the rocks. My horse neighed at the opening of the gorge, and was replied to by another which we could not see. Scarcely had we made a hundred steps up the gorge before we came upon a circular glen delightfully shaded by surrounding rocks. It is impossible to conceive a more agreeable halting place for a weary traveler. A spring burst from the foot of the rock, and fell into a basin of sand as white as snow; five or six noble oak, sheltered from the wind, stood near; and all around the basin a fine, luxuriant grass furnished a better couch than could be found in any inn within ten leagues.

The honor of discovering so pleasant a retreat did not belong to me; a man was already resting himself here, and was no

in one of the sudden sorry to be beguement, I had to judges he glared his The had ch of my of the and I strange past, time, not ea racity gan to for the ate lit althou the gr present troubl was a up be unorse each ed th was t me w With answe Cuen appet thith trave mou the eyes to sh we r T