

Carrollton in this County.

Front of 154th Regiment N. Y. V.

Portville, July 6, 1865.

Mr Editor:—Believing that anything pertaining to the 154th Regiment will be interesting to the readers of your paper, I offer for publication a roster of the officers, together with a statement of the strength, present, absent, etc., at the time of final discharge at Elmira, N. Y.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Lieutenant-Colonel.....L. D. Warner
Major.....Harris Cheney
Sergeant.....Dwight W. Day
Assistant-Surgeon.....George H. Bosley
Adjutant.....Wm. A. Farber
Master-Matross.....Ezra Chapman
Captain.....W. W. Matson

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Co. A, 1st Lieutenant.....H. A. Ames
2nd Lieutenant.....C. S. Stevens
Co. B, Captain.....S. V. Pool
2nd Lieutenant.....James Biel
Co. C, Capt.....J. S. Harding
1st Lieut.....Warren Oman
Co. D, Capt.....A. W. Benson
1st Lieut.....John Mitchell
Co. E, Capt.....James M. Gallagher
2nd Lieut.....Alexr. McDade
Co. F, Capt.....B. A. Johnson
1st Lieut.....Alexr. Bird
Co. G, Capt.....W. L. Cameron
1st Lieut.....J. E. Wellman
Co. H, Capt.....C. P. Velder
1st Lieut.....Horace Smith
Co. I, Capt.....William Clark
1st Lieut.....G. C. Waterman
Co. K, Capt.....Arthur Hotchkiss
1st Lieut.....Henry Barlow

The following officers and enlisted men were commissioned by His Excellency the Governor of the State, in the grades named, but owing to the reduced strength of the Regiment were unable to muster in in such grade. Lieut. Col. Warner, as *Colonel*, Major Cheney, as *Lieutenant-Colonel*, Capt. Benson, as *Major*. Sergeants Richard McCleiden and George Sutherland, as *1st Lieutenants*, Sergeants Harrison, Covill, Leroy Litchfield, William Caston, Andrew M. Keller, William Canning, and Private Alexander Morton, as *2nd Lieutenants*.

The whole number of Officers and Enlisted men who were mustered at Washington previous to leaving for Elmira, was 329; absent, detached, 10; with leave, 9; sick, 110; total, 129. Strength, present and absent, at date of muster, 458. No. who from the various causes named, ceased to belong to the Regiment, as follows:
Killed in action..... 60
Died of wounds, disease, and starvation in prisons..... 210
Discharged on account of disability..... 161
Transferred to Veteran Reserved Corps..... 53
Transferred to 102 N. Y. June 10th, 1865..... 23
Deserted at various times..... 67
Total..... 574

Aggregate of Officers and Enlisted men who have belonged to the Regiment, 1032; mustered at original organization, 968; recruits at various times, 64. Total killed, wounded and missing in the various engagements in which the Regiment has participated 595. Many of the wounded have recovered and returned to duty with the Regt. The aggregate of losses or casualties, killed, wounded, missing, died, discharged, transferred, deserted &c., is 985, or sevenmen in excess of the original strength of the Regiment.

I shall as soon as practicable prepare for publication, a brief history of the Regiment, from the time of its organization, to its discharge from the service. Respectfully yours,
L. D. WARNER.

The above was taken from the Postoffice in the absence of the Editor, and was mislaid, which will account for the delay in publishing.

THE 154th.—The following is a list of the killed and wounded in the 154th N. Y. Vols., in the actions of June 15th and 16th, near Pine Knob, Ga., furnished us by Maj. L. D. Warner:

KILLED—Augustus Rodgers, Corp. Co. A, June 15; Thomas Hutton, private, Co. A, June 15; Luther Wright, Co. C, died June 16; Dennis A. Brand, Co. D, June 16.

Wounded—Chas. Alanson Crosby, sds, severe; Lieut. Clinton L. Burnhart, E. thigh, slight; Joseph Merkt, A. finger; Elias W. Kenyon, A. head, severe; Colby M. Bryant, A. hip, severe; Bryan M. Carter, corp. B, side and arm, severe; Henry Wallis, B, thigh, slight; Erasmus Wright, corp. C, arm, severe; Albert E. Hall, C, breast, slight; Joseph Crowell, D, lung and groin, severe; Benj. S. Bentley, E, arm, slight; Sergt. John Wilson, E, foot, severe; corp. Isaac N. Porter, E, abdomen, severe; Jas. D. Quilliams, E, both ankles and thigh, severe; James Sitain, E, thigh, severe; Sergt. Homer A. Ames, F, arm, slight; Marvin Skinner, F, thigh, severe; Sergt. Clark E. Oyer, G, heel, slight; Nicholas Cook, G, jaw, severe; Thos. Mason, I, arm and foot, severe; Henry Barber, Sergt. A, arm, slight.

Total killed, 4. Wounded, 2 officers, and 13 enlisted men. Total loss, 25.

KILLED.

Augustus Shipley, Serg't co B; Thos. R. Al-drich, Corp'l co B; Ozro C. Greeley, Private co. B; George Bishop, Color Serg't co C; Ambrose F. Arnold, 1st Serg't co D; Gilbert Dilse, Corp'l co D; Thomas Willis, Serg't co H; Sanford P. Klayton, Private co L.

WOUNDED.

P. H. Jones, Colonel, contusion; C. P. Velder, Capt co H, contusion.
Co. A.—James W. Randolph, Corp'l, right arm, dangerously; Geo. Williams, private, left arm; Penango, Corp., leg.
Co. B.—Charles Hall, corporal, left lung, dangerously; Philo A. Markham, corporal, right forearm, amputated; Geo. W. Chapin, corporal, contusion in arm and leg; Frank Rector, private, right leg; David Matteson, upper thigh; Andrew Curtis, right hand; A. H. Wellman, left ear and cheek.
Co. C.—Geo. Greek, corporal, both thighs; Peter Nichols, private, hand.
Co. D.—Charles E. King, scalp; E. B. Holmes, right side; James Copeland, right side of face; Ismael Record, finger amputated.
Co. E.—Hiram Lockwood, arm; James Jacques, finger amputated.
Co. F.—Hiram Minger, neck, severe; Howard Whitford, toe amputated; Lewis Jones, corporal, right wrist and hip badly; John Farham, contusion in hip; Fondyes Thayer, contusion in knee; Orin Delrymple, leg; Patrick Garvey, in thigh; John Irwin, corporal, hip.
Co. G.—Serg't Horace T. Clark, upper thigh; Thomas Regan, private, left lung, badly; William Millholland, finger amputated.
Co. H.—H. W. Newberry, right leg fractured; E. J. Penley, corporal, nose; Gilbert Rogers, sergeant, hand and wrist; Harrison Covell, serg't in hand; Samuel Bryant, contusion.
Co. I.—Corp'l Stewart Bailey, right forearm; Serg't Jesse K. Gaen, finger; Benjamin Lee, scalp; John McClear, abdomen, slight.
Co. K.—Serg't George Mason, scalp.

MISSING.

As the "Bobs" remained behind their breast works after our repulse, consequently captured no prisoners, those reported missing were undoubtedly killed. They are as follows:
Private Emerson Goodman, co. A; Charles P. Allen, co. B; George Baldwin, and Russell Lawrence, co. C; Silvey Moore, co. D; Reubin Ray, and Charles Whitney, co. F.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed.....	8
Missing and without doubt, killed.....	41
Wounded.....	41
Total.....	50

HOW AND WHERE.

BY ALICE CARRETT.

How are we living?
Like beads in a garden set out in a row,
To out of the dew, and the sunshine to grow,
Our powers of believing
So darkened and dead,
They simply extend to the objects about us,
The mote and the moth that cannot do without us,
The worms in our bed!

If thus we are living,
And falling, and falling, and rotting, alas!
Like the grass, or the flowers that grow in the
Is life worth our having? [Grass,
The insect a humming—
The wild bird is better, that sings as it flies.—
The ox, that turns up his great nose to the skies,
When the thunder is coming.

Where are we living?
In passion, and pain, and remorse, do we dwell,
Creating, yet terribly hating our hell?
No triumph achieving?
No grossness refining? [Barks
The wild tree does more, for his coat of rough
He trims with green masses, and checks with the
Of the long summer shining. [marks

We're dying, not living;
Our senses shut up in a mystical dream,
We're floating like corpses a-drift in a stream,
Still taking, not giving,
We work not, but wait; [sands
And when we have mired to our loins in the
And feel the rank mildew grow stiff in our hands
We groan for our fate!

Miscellaneous Reading.

Letter from Major L. D. Warner.

CAMP NEAR CASSVILLE, GA., }
May 21, 1864. }

FRIEND FAY:—After seventeen days constant marching or fighting, we have at length halted to take breath and recover our exhausted energies, preparatory to a fresh effort, to finish what has been so gloriously commenced, by driving the foe within the entrenchments of Atlanta, or compelling him to offer battle before he reaches that important stronghold. The 20th corps left Look-out Valley on the 4th of the present month, except Butterfield's division, which preceded the rest by several days. We moved to the right of the enemy's positions at Tunnel Hill, Dalton, &c. On the eve of the 7th, our division encamped about ten miles west of Dalton, from which we were separated by a high range of hills. (the same in which Buzzard Roost Gap is situated.) A road crosses these hills at a point about four miles south of the last named gap, and the crest where the road crosses was in possession of the enemy. About 11 A. M. of the 8th we were ordered to march on a reconnoissance in the direction of this ridge, which here bears the local name of Rocky Faced Mountain. Arriving at about 1½ miles from this point, we were halted, and our brigade was formed in line of battle, with skirmishers in front, and were ordered to advance and storm the hill, in front of which was two ranges of foot-hills, steep and heavily wooded. The march over these hills in line of battle was very fatiguing to the men, and by the time they arrived at the foot of the main ridge they were well-nigh exhausted. The face of the hill is very steep and covered with loose rolling stones, none of them large enough to afford shelter to the men who toiled up its rugged sides. Along the crest runs a ledge of rocks with a perpendicular face of from five to ten feet, affording a most excellent shelter to the enemy, who, without exposing themselves, could deliberately fire upon our men as they ascended from the vale beneath. After resting for a few moments, the order to advance was given, and under a galling and deadly fire from the crest, our brave boys advanced (many of them never to return) to the charge, cheering lustily as they climbed the almost perpendicular ascent. As they neared the summit, the fire from above became more fatal, and the 27th Pa. halted and utterly refused to advance, the 73d Pa., which was on our left, (the 27th being on our right) did some better, but they could not be induced to advance to the foot of the ledge of rocks. The 154th, although losing men every moment, advanced steadily to the foot of the glacis, where they were partially protected from the fire of the foe, and halted for a moment to rest ere they made the desperate attempt to mount to the summit. I will here state that the failure of the 27th to come to time enabled the enemy to turn his whole attention to us, and the 154th was exposed to a deadly fire, not only from its front, but from the right flank, (which last was the more deadly of the two). This regiment claimed that their time had expired, and were bold in declaring that they would not fight. At length Col. Jones gave the command to rise up and forward, and what were left of 200 men mounted the ramparts, and our colors were planted on the mountain's crest! To maintain the position, unsupported as they were, was impossible. After a

short combat they were compelled by superior numbers to fall back, and retreat to the foot of the hill, with a loss of 14 killed and 42 wounded, making an aggregate of 56, besides many who were much injured by the loose rolling stones with which the face of the mountain was covered. Col. Jones, who had for several days been suffering from indisposition, but mounted the hill at the head of his regiment, was thrown from the rocks at the summit, and so severely injured that he was the next day obliged to return to Chattanooga for treatment. Our color-bearer, Troop Bishop, (brother of Lewis Bishop, who lost his life in endeavoring to save our glorious banner at Gettysburg) was shot dead just as he had planted our flag fairly upon the crest, and three others were successively stricken down in the endeavor to bring them off, which was done by Corporal Alexander Williams, of Co. D. Thus ended the part taken by the 154th in this unsuccessful attack upon an almost impregnable position, defended by numbers, according to Rebel accounts, superior to the assailants. The attempt to carry the heights was made at other points, all were alike unsuccessful. The 154th was the only regiment which gained a footing upon the crest, and had they been properly supported, they would have maintained their position. The object of the demonstration seems to have been to draw the enemy's attention to this point, while McPherson passed through Snake Creek Gap, in the same range, nearly opposite Resaca, which he successfully accomplished, and thus gained a position in the enemy's rear. The whole loss sustained by our forces on the 8th, was something over 200, the 154th sustaining far the heaviest, being nearly 30 per cent of our whole force. After dark we retired to the open ground near where we first formed our lines, near which place we remained until the 12th, when we marched for Snake Creek Gap, through which we passed, and until the Rebs evacuated we were engaged in the series of manoeuvres and fights which ended in Johnson's evacuation and our pursuit. Our boys are in good spirits, although they feel that they have been again sacrificed by being joined with troops on whom no reliance can be placed. The 27th Pa. should not have been ordered in where anything depended upon them, as they (never very reliable) are now very much disaffected, and will not stand under fire. We have now 140 guns, hardly enough to be called a regiment, but as good for our numbers as any in the army. Of the transactions around Resaca, so far as we are concerned, I will probably inform you as soon as I get a little rested, unless we should hear the advance (onward to Atlanta) sounded ere the opportunity occurs. They have had harder fighting in Virginia than here, although we have done something in that line, and should have done more, had Johnson not showed a good pair of heels, and been aided by the railroad in running off his stores. Our folks are putting the railroad in repair very rapidly, and last evening the trains ran into Kingston.

Yours, WARNER.

The ladies of Indianapolis, Ind., had a meeting the other day at which Mrs. ...

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June 1, 1864

Letter from Major L. D. Warner.

CAMP NEAR DALLAS, GA., }
June 1, 1864.

FRIEND FAY:—You have undoubtedly seen two belligerent cats (each out of reach of his adversary's claws) yawling and spitting at each other, going through with all the formula of a fight, except the pitching into each other, and actually making the fur fly. Well, this is just the situation of affairs here, on this first day of June, as it has been for the past six days, and as far as I can see, is likely to be for days to come. The two belligerent armies are face to face, their advance lines within easy musket range, and each growling and spitting night and day at each other, and each at work night and day strengthening their defenses, and preparing to repel the other's attack should he be so audacious as to make one. The skirmishers in front of the main works are almost within conversational distance, each man hid behind his tree, log, or in a pit dug in the night for his especial protection, and are each intent upon inflicting as much injury upon the enemy (with as little exposure of himself) as possible. The artillery and infantry behind the advance lines of entrenchments are at the same time keeping up a scattering fire, and each daring the other to make an advance. Each would like to accommodate the other, but dare not. What loss we are inflicting upon the foe I have no means of knowing. Our artillery is far superior to theirs, both in quantity and quality, and our shells and canister can hardly fail of doing some execution, but the thick timber in our front prevents our judging of the extent of the damage. The loss on our part (since the 24th, when we drove them about two miles to their present position at a heavy loss to ourselves) has been quite small, yet some are killed and wounded daily. To explain our present position I will say, that the army left the railroad in the vicinity of Kingston on the 28th, and striking south, flanked the Atlanta mountains, through which the railroad passes, and where Johnson undoubtedly intended to make a strong stand. On discovering our course the rebel General probably determined to meet us before we emerged from the rough hilly region through which we were obliged to pass. But our advance had already emerged into the more open country, ere he could make his dispositions to check our progress. At Pankin Vine Creek, a considerable stream with high banks, which flows along the southern base of the mountains, Johnson probably expected to throw himself in our way, and we had some skirmishing with a small body of his cavalry, who attempted to destroy the bridge, but failed, as our advance pressed them too hard. We crossed the creek, our division leading, and advanced about two miles; when we were stopped by a heavy fire from the enemy,

Geary's division occupies the front lines, and has done so since we have occupied our present position. Our men have been for six days constantly under fire, and the want of sleep is telling upon their health. Their spirits are, however, good, and they are ready for what may occur. But I have not time to write more at present.

Yours,
WARNER.

had been energetically thought at the time, sed. So confident the Senate of this, as appointed in 1863 subject. Many portions of the Legislature of that the bill, after Legislature, while was altered in its by persons who had proceeded to the

Gov. Morgan did in 1862, put the militia would require too of little practical to say that the ap- 000 is not sufficient regiment in each could make a force twenty-eight thou- to be armed and pense of the State- all involve an ex- sions of dollars, to that of seven mil- hardly be sufficient. ened business would expense, particu- late appropriation- and every- ed by the Govern- illustrate the pol- Administration. was made to amend act, but the militia Assembly, on vari- ed reporting any. The wholesale ion men received from the Govern- als was not calou- h to place a large for military pur-

By reference, says to the constitution of Jersey, Virginia, M. Ohio, New Hampshire, Constitution of the I in force at its ad- pti Constitutions of Geo- vada, Kentucky, a- years that the great- ness of the State I- was made, that it- had been a system- the State of Car- olina, by the time- allowed more ex- pensive to war- white man, &c. In of February 3, 17 slaves and their issue "the privilege of vot- being given?" And have been a violation the Constitution of a well known among the practice of admit- of color to vote, first among all of a thirteen." In Virgini- side by side with white

A Free State.—The situational Convention of his labor, the new- he submitted to a vot- the State on the first- tember. It provides- cation, such as was in Southern States, and it will be relieved of sla- tion is predicted, with its favor. The Conve- so to have exercised he and to have with- held of considerable amount, the purposes of civil This is not been usual in Northern States.

The news from Gen- Allen is not so gloom- est. It appears that desperate fighting has in front of Atlanta, a severe contest of Erida the sad misfortune to Pherson, one of the mo- accomplished, and success- commanders, either Gen. McPherson was sl- lings, so that his de- been instantaneous. In- ouch, which has not

stand. On discovering our course the rebel General probably determined to meet us before we emerged from the rough hilly region through which we were obliged to pass. But our advance had already emerged into the more open country, ere he could make his dispositions to check our progress. At Pankin Vine Creek, a considerable stream with high banks, which flows along the southern base of the mountains, Johnson probably expected to throw himself in our way, and we had some skirmishing with a small body of his cavalry, who attempted to destroy the bridge, but failed, as our advance pressed them too hard. We crossed the creek, our division leading, and advanced about two miles; when we were stopped by a heavy fire from the enemy, who were concealed in the thick woods which skirted the road. This was about noon. Our division of course came to a sudden halt, and awaited the arrival of the rest of the corps, which with the 4th was on the same road. From some prisoners who were brought in we learned that Hood's and Hardee's corps were in our front. It was near night when the proper dispositions having been made, the advance commenced and drove the enemy about two miles, when darkness put an end to the conflict for that night. A heavy shower of rain fell just after dark, which wet us to the skin, but we were obliged to lay upon our arms all night without either fire or supper. All night the enemy in our front were hard at work digging rifle pits and throwing up obstructions, and when day dawned they were in a condition to make a strong defense, should our forces renew the battle, which we did not do, but on the contrary set to work building counter entrenchments, and here since that time we have been looking bayonets and bullets at each other, but neither making any further advance.

Our loss in the affair thus far is two officers and nine men wounded by gun shots, and one man with an axe, while cutting trees for abatis. This makes our whole number of casualties since we left Lookout—63—or 34 per cent of our whole force, added to this is about 30 who have given out from sickness, making near 100 in all. A pretty heavy loss for a regiment so small as ours. Col. Jones has not yet rejoined us, but is daily expected. When he comes he will take command of the brigade, as Col. Buschbeck has gone home with his regiment, the 27th Pa., and Col. Jones is next in seniority. Col. Allen has gone home, and so the command devolves upon myself. Capt. Hotchkiss has gone to the rear sick. We have now but four officers for duty in the line, but that is enough for the number of men. How long the present state of affairs in this place will continue, it is impossible for one in my position to even guess. Judging from the movements of troops in our rear to-day, there is something of importance on-

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own works and waiting the course of events. This waiting it seems was, however, no part of the programme of the rebels, and this morning their works were found to be deserted, they having stealthily withdrawn during last night. We are now, while I am writing, occupying their deserted works, and speculating as to what would have been the result of an assault, (if well defended). The conclusion arrived at is, that it would have been decidedly damaging to the party making the attack. These works, as indeed the whole series with which this immense wilderness is strewed, are said to have been under construction since the opening of the campaign, to follow, probably, of just such a system of defensive operations as the topography of the country is well adapted to. There is said to be a similar line about two miles south of this, and there we will probably come to another halt, and there will be a repetition of the play, with, probably, the same result. From mile by mile the ground is disputed and gained, and no one can prophesy with any certainty when the campaign will end.

But the order to march has come and I must close for this time, and go hunt out the enemy among these endless Georgia hills and forests.

Yours, WARNER.

IN THE WOODS, June 21, 1864.

FRANK FAX:—As intimated at the close of my communication of the 17th, the familiar "fall in" sounded along the lines, and at 10 A. M. we were once more in motion, in pursuit of the retreating foe. After marching through brush and climbing over logs about a mile and a half, we emerged from the woods and debouched into a section of cleared land probably a mile square, much the largest clearing we have encountered since the 24th of May. The further side of these fields was bounded by a range of heavily wooded hills, and behind these hills is the road from Marietta to Dallas. It was at once evident that these hills were occupied by the enemy, and that here was another of their defensive lines. To the left and on a line nearly in continuation of these hills, is the higher peaks of Golgotha, covering the approaches to Marietta in this direction. Hardly had our columns emerged into the open grounds when we were saluted by the rebel batteries, in a way that proved beyond question that they considered us as entitled to notice and consideration. Our artillerymen were men of too much politeness not to return the salute, and a brisk exchange of compliments was the result. This was the first opportunity we had enjoyed for a long time to use this arm of the service, and we went in with a celerity which soon convinced the rebels that they were getting more than they bargained for. Meanwhile the infantry formed in line of battle and advanced across the open fields and through a thicket on the right and took up a position in front of the range of hills, with the usual line of skirmishers was thrown out as near the enemy as possible. As usual, our brigade was in the front line and considerably exposed to the enemy's fire. A brisk fire was kept up between the skirmish lines until dark, when we advanced our lines to within 200 yards of the enemy's works, and then we were ordered to construct,

ly along the Marietta road in the direction of the town. The roads, owing to the almost incessant rains of the month, are becoming literally impassable for trains, in fact, they are the worst I ever saw. Horses and mules have frequently to be unhitched, and with the aid of chains, extricated from the slough holes. About 11 to-day we experienced the heaviest rain storm I think I ever experienced. For the space of about an hour the windows of heaven were opened in earnest, and the watery flood fell not in drops, but in streams. But to the soldier there was no retreat to a friendly shelter, we must go marching along as if the sun was shining clear, although wet to the skin and wading half knee deep in mud and water. About 12 we came to a halt, (having advanced but about 2 1/2 miles, and being within 4 of Marietta) as the enemy was again in position in our front, and ready to dispute our further progress. And here we still remain, with our usual skirmishing and bushwhacking in full blast. On the evening of the 19th the 154th was engaged until past midnight building entrenchments in our front, which was, as usual, the front line. On the morning of the 20th, (yesterday) our brigade was all moved to the right to relieve the 3d brigade, and had to rebuild their works, which were within easy musket range of the enemy. About 6 P. M. we were ordered to fall in, as we were to be relieved by a brigade of the 4th corps, while we were to move to the right and relieve the 3d division of the 20th, which was to take the place of the 14th, &c., &c. Well, we took down and packed up tents, and then waited for the troops which were to relieve us, who did not come until about 7 this morning. Of course we rested well last night without any tents, with our guns in hand expecting every moment to leave, for day and night are all the same here, and one is as likely to march at midnight as at noon. Well, this morning we were relieved and marched to the right about a mile and a half, and are now again in position behind a line of works of our own construction. We expect to remain here through the night, but there is no certainty of such an event. The weather still continues wet, and while I am writing it is raining, with every indication of a wet night. There has been but five or six fair days this month, and it now looks likely to set in for a rainy spell. This campaign has been a trying one to the physical powers of the men. We have now had seven weeks of constant marching, digging, bushwhacking and some fair fighting, with an accompaniment of heat, dust, rain and mud, especially the two last. And when the campaign is to close it will require one superior to men to predict with any certainty. Our progress, though sure, is slow, and it may be many weeks ere the spires of Atlanta will glisten before our eager gaze. But be the time long or short, we are bound to win in the end. Our boys are in the best of spirits and sanguine of success. We have lost but one man since my last. James McFarling, of Co. D, was wounded while on the skirmish line on the 18th. He was struck by a musket ball just above the ankle, the ball lodging between the bones.

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...100 yards beyond the
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...This was
...had a chance
...and they went
...and a tiger, and
...for about a
...trampled over the
...which
...just such an
...and a heavy fire was again
...which
...halt. Our boys
...from tree to
...when they
...which
...progress. Our sup-
...upon the
...which was kept up far into the
...and finally died away to a scat-
...which was kept up
...night. Meanwhile our troops
...to work and fortified their posi-
...and daylight found us in the same
...at Dallas, as re-
...only that here their
...on the crest of a ridge
...which overlooked our entrenchments
...and gave them a decided advantage.
...They had also several pieces of artillery
...in position, and shelled us in a manner
...not at all pleasant to sensitive nerves.
...We, however, gave as good as we re-
...while strengthening our
...and waiting the course of
...This waiting it seems was,
...however, no part of the programme of
...the rebels, and this morning their works
...were found to be deserted, they having
...withdrawn during last night.
...We are now, while I am writing, occu-
...their deserted works, and specu-
...to what would have been the
...of an assault, (if well defended).
...The conclusion arrived at is, that it
...would have been decidedly damaging
...to the party making the attack. These
...works, as indeed the whole series with
...which this famous wilderness is studded,
...to have been under construction
...since the opening of the campaign.
...in view, probably, of just such a sys-
...of defensive operations as the ter-
...of the country is well adapt-
...There is said to be a similar line
...about two miles south of this, and there-
...will probably come to a similar halt,
...and there will be a repetition of the
...play with, probably, the same result.
...The result by which the ground is disput-
...and gained, and no one can prophesy
...with any certainty when the campaign
...will end.

But the order to march has come and
I must close for this time, and go hunt
out the enemy among these endless
theologic hills and forests.

Yours, WARNER.

Is the Wrong, June 21, 1861.

Flagge's report:—As intimated at the
close of my communication of the 17th,
the Cavalry "hall in" sounded along the
... and at 10 A. M. we were once
...in pursuit of the retreat-

boards for the last four weeks. After
laboring upon our entrenchments until
after 1 A. M. of the 18th, we lay down
for a nap, and awoke at daylight to
find a shower of rain falling, and ren-
dering further repose out of the ques-
tion, as we had no tents, and besides
the mud was of a very uncertain depth,
but of certain tenacity. This was a
day of skirmishing and artillery duel-
ing, without any perceptible change in
our relative positions, except that our
artillery effectually silenced that of the
enemy. It was predicted that the ene-
my would leave during the coming
night, and particular vigilance was en-
joyed upon the picket, (which was in
my charge) that their retreat might if
possible be ascertained. At 3 A. M.
of the 19th the picket was relieved by
fresh troops, and no pains was taken to
hide the movement from the enemy, if
yet in our front. This failing to draw
their fire, I, at day-break, advanced a
part of the skirmishers across a very
soft bottom and creek in front, and then
up the hill until we found ourselves in
peaceful possession of their works on
the crest, they having, as was expected,
once more retired under cover of the
night, taking with them all their guns
and material. Their fires were still
burning when we ascended the hill, but
no other signs of life were visible. Af-
ter a brief examination of the premises
I returned to report the occupation of
their works, and to get my coffee, pre-
paratory to the day's work, which was
in anticipation, namely, another ad-
vance, another halt, skirmish, then en-
trench and probably wait until the reb-
els judged it prudent to again evacuate.
As expected, we were on the move
about 9 A. M., our course being easterly
along the Marietta road in the direc-
tion of the town. The roads, owing to
the almost incessant rains of the month,
are becoming literally impassable for
trains, in fact, they are the worst I ever
saw. Horses and mules have frequent-
ly to be unhitched, and with the aid of
chains, extricated from the slough holes.
About 11 today we experienced the
heaviest rain storm I think I ever ex-
perienced. For the space of about an
hour the windows of heaven were opened
in earnest, and the watery flood fell
not in drops but in streams. But to
the soldier there was no retreat to a
friendly shelter, we must go marching
along as if the sun was shining clear,
although wet to the skin and wading
half knee deep in mud and water.
About 12 we came to a halt, (having
advanced but about 2½ miles, and being
within 4 of Marietta) as the enemy was
again in position in our front, and ready
to dispute our further progress. And
here we still remain, with our usual
skirmishing and bushwhacking in full
blast. On the evening of the 19th the
154th was engaged until past midnight
building entrenchments in our front,
which was, as usual, the front line. On
the morning of the 20th, (yesterday)
our brigade was all moved to the right
to relieve the 31 brigade, and had to
rebuild their works, which were within
easy musket range of the enemy. About
6 P. M. we were ordered to fall in, as
we were to be relieved by a brigade of
the 4th corps, while we were to move
to the right and relieve the 31 division
of the 20th, which was to take the place
of the 14th, &c., &c. Well, we took

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Excelsior Store

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is justly established for sel-
very lowest prices invariably
to all, that it is unnecessary
to detail of the great difference
between a street wash store or
the prices for bad debts in which
our present stock embraces

DRESS GOODS!

to mention, but embracing ex-
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WLS,

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work, as fast as they are out.

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MANTILLAS

received at Geo. Brodie's
in our stock.

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AND

CLOTHING.

Selected Poetry.

When "They Miss Me At Home."

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

They miss me at home, they do miss me,
When daylight is paling on high;
When the West is all crimson with beauty,
And night softly woos the sky;
'Tis then the voice of a parent
By mercy's sweet angel is sent—
It whispers delightfully ever,
A parent's love never is spent!

When Aurora is touching with silver
The East in her earliest hue,
And mermaids are playing in waters
While twilight is loving the blue;
Then father and mother are thinking
Their minutes of tenderest plea,
As voices of angels revealing
The fullness of gladness to me!

When strewing the gold-light in fullness,
The sun mounts triumphantly high,
And arching the earth with brightness,
Is keystone of noon in the sky;
'Tis then the sun of affection
Shines out from its home in their heart,
And crowns the soul with its gladness,
Illumining every part!

And when the clear daylight has faded,
And mourns in the robe of the night,
When silence is wielding her scepter,
And darkness imprisons the sight;
'Tis then the past with its pleasures
Rises quick to the parental review,
And joys that are gone by forever,
Have charms for them to pursue!

When Spring fairies float in the meadows,
And flowers smile "How do you do?"
When April is budding to blossom,
And May is in fragrant, too;
'Tis then that parental emotion
So holy, so blissful, is seen,
An Eden of rapture unmeasured,
Is the love of my Mother I ween!

When Summer is sultry and fervid,
Mid the glow and the fire of July,
When breezes and zephyrs are fainting,
And water is steam in the sky;
'Tis then that acuteness of feeling
Is kindling the founts of the soul,
My father! for me he is pleading,
With favor he cannot control!

When Autumn is laden with plenty,
And fruitage is giving her store,
September is yielding her harvests,
October is offering more;
In the midst of such boundless abundance,
Profusion so gushingly free,
In vision I picture my parents—
As thinking and wishing for me!

When the Sabbath, the garner of blessing,
Droppeth heavenly gifts on the earth,
And pleasures, ecstatic, immortal,
Are springing to glorious birth;
'Tis then coming back to delight me,
Memorial echoes I hear,
'Tis the murmur of motherly music—
To melt the heart to a tear!

And when the hour of departure
From its rest in the future is borne,
And the death pall is shading in darkness,
And the shroud by the body is worn;
'Tis then I hope you'll not miss me,
Where seraphs and angels allure,
Where the good are united forever,
In Paradise holy and pure!

Miscellaneous Reading.

Letter from Major L. D. Warner.

CAMP 154th REGIMENT,
ISLES FORT, GA.,
July 8, 1864.

FRIEND FAY:—Now that another An-
niversary of our National Independence,
with its usual attendants, such as pa-
triotic speeches, big dinners, rides, balls,
powder burnings, &c., to say nothing
of the amount of good, middling and
bad liquor expended on the glorious
occasion, has come and gone, not to
return for a twelve-month, I venture to
again call your attention to the soldiers,
who, while these festivities are in full
life, amid the surroundings of his dis-
tant home, is sweltering under the heat
of a Georgia July sun, and daily, as
well as nightly engaged in fighting,
watching, digging, and marching, toil-
ing over rugged hills, through deep
and tangled ravines, and almost im-
penetrable jungles, charging up to the
cannon's mouth, or the deadly rifle-pit,
meeting wounds or even death without
flinching, and for what? For the pres-
ervation of those institutions for which
our forefathers, eighty-eight years since,
pledged their lives, their fortunes and
their sacred honors, sealing the com-
pact with their blood, and then nobly
redeeming their pledge. And no less
July will we, their children, in this

light on the 3d we were on the move in
pursuit of the retiring foe, pressing
hard upon their rear, and picking up
many prisoners, or rather they who
should be called deserters, as they evi-
dently fell back for the purpose of com-
ing within our lines, even the fears of
Yankee cruelty, and Northern dungeons
fading from their minds as nothing in
contrast with the miserable life they
leading while fighting for their sinking,
hopeless cause. As they passed to the
rear, instead of appearing dejected they
seemed like men who had just escaped
some great peril which was about to
overwhelm them.

The retreat of the rebels was covered
by cavalry, not so much to hinder our
advance as to prevent their own men
from falling to the rear and giving
themselves up. Our boys were in the
best of spirits, and all eager to be in
the advance guard. Whenever or where-
ever there is a chance to bag game the
154th needs no urging. But all things
terrestrial have an end, and so had the
chase for that day. Coming out into a
clearing on top of a high hill, we saw,
on another ridge about two miles ahead,
the enemy again awaiting our approach
behind a strong line of works, which
every man was hail at work rendering
as much stronger as possible. Well,
it was clear to everyone that our ad-
vance was nearly at an end, for this
time. Still we kept on to near the base
of the hill on which the enemy was
posted, and bivouaced for the night, at
the same time advancing a strong line
of pickets well up to their position, and
placing our artillery in position, where
it could make their rest a very inse-
cure one to sit upon. Everything be-
ing in proper shape, we quietly await-
ed the result. The morning of the 4th
was ushered in by the music of the va-
rious brass bands belonging to our ar-
my. The whole catalogue of National
airs was gone through with, much to
the edification, no doubt, of the Johnnys,
who must have appreciated this con-
cert, got up in a measure for their es-
pecial benefit. Wonder if the echo of
those old National songs among the
hills of Georgia did not awaken in some
rebel bosom a feeling of regret for the
doings of the past three years, and that
they could not now sit beneath the folds
of our glorious old flag, and gaze upon
its luster with the same proud feeling
of security as of yore.

The 4th passed without any percepti-
ble change, other than a little skirmish-
ing between the pickets. The day was
intensely warm, and we stuck to our
shade, intent only on keeping as cool
as possible. A ration of "commissary"
was issued to those who take a fancy
in that direction, and some had their
patriotism much strengthened thereby.
But the demonstrations were not as
positive as we generally witness at
home on like occasions.

Early on the morning of the 5th it
was again ascertained that the rebels
had again taken unto themselves legs
and left one more series of defensive
works as monuments of their digging
propensities, and proof that the last
ditch is not yet. These hills are crowned

Lieut. Col. Allen and Dr. Van Aen-
nam returned to the Regiment yeste-
day, looking much better than when
they left for home. But I have written
too long a letter for a hot day, and will
close.

Yrs,
WARNER.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS I

Entirely too numerous to mention, but embracing every style of new, rich and desirable

SHAWLS,

ALL NEW STYLES!

Received from week to week, as fast as they are out.

CLOAKS

AND

MANTILLAS

Soon as any new style is received at Geo. Brodus' it will be found in our stock.

CLOTHS,

CASSIMERES,

AND

CLOTHING,

A large Stock, manufactured expressly for our trade.

Linens, Hosiery

and Gloves,

Sheetings,

Shirts,

Yankee Notions,

Hats and Caps,

And everything for all.

TEAS

At Old Prices.

BOOTS & SHOES

For every Man, Woman and Child,

Including the Boys!

The Largest Stock, and at less prices,

Than Ever Before.

But why enumerate, when it is so well known that Smith not only keeps everything useful and ornamental, but sells cheaper than any other store.

So call early and often, and avail yourselves of the great bargains now offered in goods bought when gold ruled at one fifty instead of buying those substances bought by our neighbors when gold ruled one eighty. The difference in price is great.

Call and see for yourselves. Small profits, quick sales and one price, is my motto.

R. O. SMITH.

Old and Excellent, 1854.

FRIEND FAY:—Now that another Anniversary of our National Independence, with its usual attendants, such as patriotic speeches, big dinners, rides, balls, powder burnings, &c., to say nothing of the amount of good, middling and bad liquor expended on the glorious occasion, has come and gone, not to return for a twelve-month, I venture to again call your attention to the soldiers, who, while these festivities are in full life, amid the surroundings of his distant home, is sweltering under the heat of a Georgia July sun, and daily, as well as nightly engaged in fighting, watching, digging, and marching, toiling over rugged hills, through deep and tangled ravines, and almost impenetrable jungles, charging up to the cannon's mouth, or the deadly rifle-pit, meeting wounds or even death without flinching, and for what? For the preservation of those institutions for which our forefathers, eighty-eight years since, pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors, sealing the compact with their blood, and then nobly redeeming their pledge. And no less nobly will we, their children, in this hour of our country's peril, redeem the pledge made and renewed, to transmit to our descendants the precious casket (without the loss of a jewel therefrom) which has been placed in our keeping, and for which we are responsible to future generations.

But I have wandered from my subject, and will now return to the soldier, whom we left down in Georgia, longing for the cool shades and crystal springs of Cattaraugus, and dreaming of pleasures in store "when this cruel war is over." The past week has wrought some changes in the situation of the opposing forces, and although we have not yet been allowed to cross the river and enter the promised city, like the ancient Patriarch, we have been allowed to look upon its tall spires and stately structures, glistening in an afternoon's sun. Yes, my eyes have beheld the gates of the city, though I may never enter them.

But to my journal. The date of my last letter (July 1st) left us entrenched in the enemy's front, and they in ours, they probably hoping and expecting we would advance, we hoping they would do the same thing, but from experience well knowing they would not. Thus passed the time until the night of the 2d and 3d, when they abandoned their works in our front, and at the same time withdrew from their impregnable positions on the Kenesaw Mountains, and of course gave up Marietta. This is the most general retreat that has taken place for several weeks. At day-

... got up in a measure for their special benefit. Wonder if the echo of those old National songs among the hills of Georgia did not awaken in some rebel bosom a feeling of regret for the doings of the past three years, and that they could not now sit beneath the folds of our glorious old flag, and gaze upon its lustre with the same proud feeling of security as of yore.

The 4th passed without any perceptible change, other than a little skirmishing between the pickets. The day was intensely warm, and we stuck to our shade, intent only on keeping as cool as possible. A ration of "commissary" was issued to those who take a fancy in that direction, and some had their patriotism much strengthened thereby. But the demonstrations were not as positive as we generally witness at home on like occasions.

Early on the morning of the 5th it was again ascertained that the rebels had again taken unto themselves legs and left one more series of defensive works as monuments of their digging propensities, and proof that the last ditch is not yet. These hills are crowned with the most extensive system of works from which we have yet driven the enemy. But as we did not halt for a close examination, neither will we attempt a description.

The retreat of the enemy was better conducted than the last, and we took but few prisoners. After marching some four miles, we ascended a high hill about a mile and a half from the river, and from whence a very fine, though somewhat distant view of Atlanta is obtained, especially in the afternoon, when the sun is shining upon this side of the buildings. We are distant from the city about ten miles, more or less. The enemy occupied (as usual) a range of hills between us and the river. Well, we halted here for the night, and the next day we moved to the rear and left, into a position where it was believed we were to remain for several days to rest, and renew our clothing, &c. We laid out and fitted up our camp, and had just got in shape when on the 7th we found we were not just in the right place, and must move again. So we packed up and marched about five miles, and found ourselves about three fourths of a miles from where we set out. Here we expect to remain two or three days to rest and make up monthly returns, muster rolls, &c. Wish we might also have a visit from the paymaster, as funds are decidedly low. This class of men will hardly venture so far to the front with their money chests, especially while raids are as fashionable as at present.

FOUND FAY—Well, after sixty-five days of pretty rough campaigning, during which we have driven the enemy (or rather, as the Atlanta papers explain it, have been drawn into the trap which Johnson, with such consummate skill, has set for our destruction) from one line of defense to another, till he has passed the river with all his forces, and expecting to interpose that as an insurmountable barrier to our approach

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about fearful of the effect upon their men. There are no such fears entertained with regard to our boys. The inducements to desert to the enemy are so very small that they fail to discover it. With the exception of some little artillery skirmishing, there is quiet along this part of our lines. And it is a quiet which is appreciated by the men, after the long period in which they have been almost constantly under fire. We have occupied our present camp since the 7th inst., and it is thought in high places that we may stay several days to come, yet our movements will probably be governed by those of the enemy. If we could have the benefit of your Northern gardens and berry fields, and have what fresh vegetables we would wish, we would become in a short time almost new men. Seventy days with an exclusive diet of meat, bread and coffee, in this hot climate will tell upon the health of the most robust. Indeed, it is reported that there are some cases of scurvy already developed in the army, with how much truth I cannot say. If we could get what onions and potatoes we could eat for a few days it would effect a great change. It is rumored that the paymaster is about to make us a visit. I hope this may prove to be correct, as we are very much in want of greenbacks and are willing to take them at par, even though it takes \$2 00 to buy \$1 00 in gold among the Wall Street gamblers. The last payment made to the army was to December 31, 1863, and consequently there is now six months' pay due. Those soldiers who have families at home dependent upon their earnings for food and clothing are many of them troubled, (while hazzarding their lives for their homes) with visions of grain want entering and installing himself within their cottage homes, while the anxious mother gathers her little flock around her and invokes Heaven's aid, in this her day of trial. Small as is the soldier's pittance, many a heart would no doubt be made glad were the army paid at this time, and the men allowed to send home their six months' pay, less what is due sutlers, and what they keep for their necessary expenses here. The present high prices of provisions, as well as dry goods, must bear hard upon the families of these men. ~~as there is no~~ increase of wages (too small at first) to keep pace with the cost of living. Would that those who are responsible for the present inflated prices could for a twelvemonth be forced to subsist upon the soldier's wages.

The Atlanta papers, which we get occasionally, through the politeness of the picket, are still filled with the same bombast which has filled their columns since the opening of the campaign. They still try to look brave, and to make their readers believe that all is well, that their leader is master of the situation, that he is getting Sherman just where he wants him, that it was in accordance with the plans of the campaign, to draw the federals away from their base of supplies, and to sure destruction, when the opportune moment for opening the offensive should arrive, &c., &c. This was undoubtedly very satisfactory when Sherman was one hundred miles from Atlanta. But when from their house tops they can see the glimmer of the federal bayonets, hear the booming of our cannon, and the bursting of our shells, the matter must have assumed a different phase, and such kind of braggadocio is simply ridiculous. But still it is kept up, although somewhat modified. For instance, a late number of the Atlanta Intelligencer is deploring the inefficiency of their cavalry, and imploring the commander-in-chief to send Forrest (or at least his cloak) to lead them in a raid upon Sherman's communications. If Forrest, says the Intelligencer, were here, the railroad between Sherman's rear and Chattanooga would be speedily severed, and Georgia would be at once rid of this scourge which is turning her fertile fields into a desert.

It is reported, but I do not vouch for the truth of the report, that two corps of our army are on the other side of the river, having crossed above our position.

The following dialogue is said to have occurred between our pickets a few nights since:
Federal—"Hallo!" Rebel—"Well, Yank, what's wanting?" Yank—"How are you over there?" Rebel—"All right, we have been reinforced by two corps." Yank—"Where did you get them?" Rebel—"Why, from your army. Sherman sent them over to us." Yank—"All right; we will send you more of the same sort. Hooker will come in a few days."

WARNER.

OUR SICK AND WOUNDED.—There are now about fifteen thousand sick and

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to the city, we have at last halted to take breath and recuperate our strength by a few days' rest. The two armies now occupy either bank of the river in our front, which is in the neighborhood of two miles and a half below where the railroad crosses. The pickets are along the water's edge, and they are on very good terms, and quite a traffic has sprung up in the articles of coffee and tobacco. The rate of exchange agreed upon is, as I am informed, one pint of coffee for three plugs of tobacco. The rebel officers try to prohibit this sort of intercourse, but with little effect. They are no doubt fearful of the effect upon their men. There are no such fears entertained with regard to our boys. The inducements to desert to the enemy are so very small that they fail to discover it. With the exception of some little artillery skirmishing, there is quiet along this part of our lines. And it is a quiet which is appreciated by the men, after the long period in which they have been almost constantly under fire. We have occupied our present camp since the 7th inst., and it is thought in high places that we may stay several days to come, yet our movements will probably be governed by those of the enemy. If we could have the benefit of your Northern gardens and berry fields, and have what fresh vegetables we would wish, we would become in a short time almost new men. Seventy days with an exclusive diet of meat, bread and coffee, in this hot climate will tell upon the health of the most robust. Indeed, it is reported that there are some cases of scurvy already developed in the army, with how much truth I cannot say. If we could get what onions and potatoes we could eat for a few days it would effect a great change. It is rumored that the paymaster is about to make us a visit. I hope this may prove to be correct, as we are very much in want of greenbacks and are willing to take them at par, even though it takes \$2 00 to buy \$1 00 in gold among the Wall Street gamblers. The last payment made to the army was to December 31, 1863, and consequently there is now six months' pay due. Those soldiers who have families at home dependent upon their earnings for food and clothing are many of them troubled, (while hazzarding their lives for their homes) with visions of grain want entering and installing himself within their cottage homes, while the anxious mother gathers her little flock around her and invokes Heaven's aid, in this her day of trial. Small as is the soldier's pittance, many a heart would no doubt be made glad were the army paid at this time, and the men allowed to send home their six months' pay, less what is due sutlers, and what they keep for their necessary expenses here. The present high prices of provisions, as well as dry goods, must bear hard upon the families of these men. ~~as there is no~~ increase of wages (too small at first) to keep pace with the cost of living. Would that those who are responsible for the present inflated prices could for a twelvemonth be forced to subsist upon the soldier's wages.

The Atlanta papers, which we get occasionally, through the politeness of the picket, are still filled with the same bombast which has filled their columns since the opening of the campaign. They still try to look brave, and to make their readers believe that all is well, that their leader is master of the situation, that he is getting Sherman just where he wants him, that it was in accordance with the plans of the campaign, to draw the federals away from their base of supplies, and to sure destruction, when the opportune moment for opening the offensive should arrive, &c., &c. This was undoubtedly very satisfactory when Sherman was one hundred miles from Atlanta. But when from their house tops they can see the glimmer of the federal bayonets, hear the booming of our cannon, and the bursting of our shells, the matter must have assumed a different phase, and such kind of braggadocio is simply ridiculous. But still it is kept up, although somewhat modified. For instance, a late number of the Atlanta Intelligencer is deploring the inefficiency of their cavalry, and imploring the commander-in-chief to send Forrest (or at least his cloak) to lead them in a raid upon Sherman's communications. If Forrest, says the Intelligencer, were here, the railroad between Sherman's rear and Chattanooga would be speedily severed, and Georgia would be at once rid of this scourge which is turning her fertile fields into a desert.

tops less than three miles from the Star of the 20th now rests to the northward of the town, and if we have not visited its classic halls in person, we have seen its messengers with our compliments to the authorities. Our first greeting would have been to the ladies, but they learning that the Yankees were all barbarians or Turks, did not await our arrival. Our men messengers have in their usual explosive tone, assured the residents of our proximity and friendly greeting, and the Chivalry have responded with even louder and more demonstrative assurances of welcome to bloody graves. They have sent us an almost constant shower of testimonials of their high appreciation of the honor our visit confers, closing each day's festivities with a grand pyrotechnical exhibition beautiful to behold, but somewhat dangerous to those for whose benefit they are extemporized. These exhibitions on our account we would willingly dispense with, as we are averse to ostentation, but as we are their great guests they must have their own way, and as long as it is at their own expense and hurts us but little it is all right.

At the date of my last letter the 20th Corps was resting upon the hills north of the river. On the eve of Sunday the 17th inst., we broke camp and by the light of the moon crossed the river upon two pontoon bridges, and after advancing near one mile bivouaced for the night. On the 18th we advanced some 2½ miles, driving before us a small rear guard of the enemy. Most of this night was employed in entrenching our position. We had promised ourselves a level, open country as soon as the river hills were passed, but we find dense thicker, more impenetrable, if possible, than before. On the 19th we again moved forward, and just before night crossed Peach Orchard Creek and took position, the enemy retiring but keeping up a brisk skirmish with our advance guard. This night we again worked upon our entrenchments until past midnight. On the 20th the corps took up position—the 1st Division on the right, then the 2d and the 3d. The second was for some reason advanced considerably beyond the 1st. About noon Col. Jones was directed to advance one regiment of his brigade some 400 yards in front of the line and hold a hill. The 33d N. Y. was accordingly advanced to the hill, and formed into line preparatory to entrenching, the picket being advanced a short distance in front of the line. Our whole position was covered by a dense forest. At this critical moment the enemy, who unbeknown to us had been massing under cover of the forest, opened a heavy fire upon the front and right flank of the regiment, and immediately advanced to the assault with heavy columns. Thus flanked and unsupported the 33d could only fall back to the main line, which after some resistance it did, with a loss of seventy men. Elated by this partial success the enemy followed up their advantage, falling upon the right flank of the Division line forcing it back in some considerable disorder and loss. But here came a turn in their affairs. The left of our

mistaking our shelling for the result of the shelling on our part we have no means of knowing, as their batteries and lines are mostly covered by heavy timber. With regard to their missiles they not only excite no terror, but are a subject for joke and merriment on the part of our boys, who (from the little effect of their fire on this arm of the service) have learned to despise them.

We have been gradually advancing, gaining ground daily and holding all we get, until we are now within about two miles of the centre of the city, and our shell must very much disturb the quiet thereof. Still the country here is mostly covered by the primitive forest, and there is nothing to denote that we are at the portals of a great Southern city, except the glimpse that we get of the spires thereof over the tops of the ridge and through the forest in our front. It was expected that we would have found a level, open country as soon as we left the river hills. But here we are, with hills and forest in front, rear, right and left. There are some evidences of cultivation, but there are few towns in Cartersburg that have not a much greater proportion of improvements than here in the environs of Atlanta. I can think of no section with less so, it will better compare than the Alleghany Reservation, leaving out the improvements which the white man has made thereon.

Our loss since crossing the river has been light. One man killed, one officer and four men wounded, and one man missing—supposed to be a prisoner. Capt. A. Crosby died at Nashville on the 9th inst. of the effects of a wound received near Pine Knob, June 18th. He was a young man of very prepossessing manners and appearance, of good moral character and of fine mental qualities, an ornament to society as well as to his profession (that of a lawyer). The announcement of his death, coming unexpectedly as it did, has cast a gloom over the regiment with which he has so long been connected, to the members of which he had become endeared by his many excellent qualities, as a soldier, companion and friend. I feel that I can say for his late companions in arms, that they sympathize with his family and friends at home in their bereavement, and would add this testimony as to the worth of the departed, while they drop a tear over his grave.

While I write, the balls of the Rebel sharpshooters are whistling nearer my head than is at all pleasant or conducive to a clear head or steady hand, and hoping that my next may be penned under more favorable circumstances, I subscribe myself yours &c W.

The Democracy and the Draft.

The course pursued by the democratic press and partizans of the State and county in reference to the coming draft can be accounted for on no other hypothesis than a desire on their part to prevent the filling of our quota by securing volunteers. They desire a draft for political objects, and hope to secure capital for their party in the disaffec-