

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy chair,
While the gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him,
A fair, young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come,
Of the flying blast of trumpet,
And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, fearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

-Vanity Fair.

OUR LITTLE ONE.

There's a fresh little mound 'neath the willow,
Where at evening I wander and weep;
There's a dear, vacant spot on my pillow,
Where a sweet little face used to sleep;
There were pretty blue eyes, but they slumber
In silence beneath the dark mould;
And the little pet lads of our number
Has gone to the heavenly fold.

Do I dream, when in sleep I behold her,
With a beauty so fresh and divine,
And so close in my arms I enfold her,
I can feel her soft cheek upon mine?
Oh! so loving those cheek eyes glisten
That my vision is lost in my tears,
And bewildered, enraptured, I listen
To a voice from the spirits' bright spheres.

There's a silence in parlor and chamber,
There's a sadness in every room;
We know that the Father hath claimed her,
Yet all things seemed burdened with gloom.
But I'll not be a comfortless mourner,
No longer brood over my pain,
For I know where the angels have borne her,
And soon I shall see her again.

Communicated to the American.

Letter from a Member of the Band of the 14th Regiment, C. V.

BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, Harper's Ferry, Va.,
Oct. 9th, 1862.

DEAR S. — In my last letter I promised to write you something about this place, but before doing so, I will describe our march here from the battle-field of Antietam. At 3 o'clock on Monday morning, the fifth day after the battle, we were called up by reveille, and ordered to cook our coffee and sling our blankets, and be ready to march at four, which being done, our haversacks were filled with three days' rations of Uncle Sam's "pics," as the boys call our hard bread. The line was formed, and at about five we commenced to move towards the village of Sharpsburg, passing over that part of the battle-field occupied by the rebels before their retreat. After marching for about three quarters of an hour, along a narrow road which was strewn on each side with dead horses, broken gun carriages, blankets, knapsacks, muskets, and other evidences of the rebel defeat, we arrived at the village. It has a very pretty site, on a slight eminence, but there is none of that appearance of thrift which characterizes our farming towns of the North—everything looks slovenly excepting the Church edifices; there are two of these, built of brick; the first one we passed was completely riddled with shot and shell, the other was not much injured. A large number of the houses were also more or less injured, giving evidence of the long range of our artillery. After passing through the village, we took the river road to Harper's Ferry, crossing Antietam Creek at Bjen's Iron Works. Here the road commenced an ascent, winding around the sides of the mountain, ascending and then descending alternately, never level, and very narrow, not wide enough for two wagons to pass in many places, tortuous in the extreme, more so than the river. The scenery was grand, and would have been soul-stirring to any one but toil-worn soldiers, though I confess that my impressions of it are not very fresh or vivid at the present time, owing to the weariness of that march. On this road, about two miles

Gibraltar, ready, perhaps, to be surrendered to the enemy again by the next traitor who shall happen to have command. Maryland Heights, I should judge, rise to nearly five hundred feet above the river, and present an appearance most grand and imposing. Before the surrender, these heights were occupied by Col. Ford, under Col. Miles, with some twenty guns, ten of which were siege guns of heavy calibre, and three regiments of infantry and some cavalry—and if you could see the place, with its natural defenses, you would wonder how it could have been taken by any army, if defended with any spirit. But instead of defending it, the guns were spiked and tumbled down at least 24 hours before the rebels came in sight of them (this I have on good authority from a citizen), thus leaving Harper's Ferry and Bolivar Heights untenable. The rebels planted their batteries on the heights, and shelled our troops out in a very short time.

The village of Harper's Ferry lies on the south bank of the river, gradually rising back so that most of the town is more than a hundred feet above the river. It is built mostly of brick, and has an old look, many of the buildings being half destroyed. In times gone by, when peace reigned over the land, it must have had a better look than at present. Now all buildings not occupied as hospitals and guard-houses, are used as stores and sutlers' cribs, where you can buy almost everything at enormous prices, or treble what you would have to pay for the same things at home. The land rises gradually from the river towards the west, until you arrive at Bolivar Heights, which are about two miles from the ferry. There are no fortifications here, except a line of rifle pits on the west brow of the hill. The view from this side of the heights extends for more than 20 miles over the valley of the Shenandoah, and a more splendid sight could hardly be imagined, and then the sunrises and sunsets are most gorgeous, such as you never see in the Naugatuck valley. We have had several balloon reconnaissances within the past few days, but with what result I don't of course know, although a reconnaissance in force took place the next day, in one or two instances. I do not know when there will be a forward movement. The private soldier never knew when there is to be one, any more than the newspaper correspondents do,—when the order comes we move, that is all we are allowed to know.

Correspondence of the American.

From the 15th Regiment, C. V.

CAMP CHASE, Virginia,
Oct. 23d, 1862.

EDITOR AMERICAN:—Washington as a city, aside from its public buildings and the associations connected with it, presents few attractions to a stranger. Its wide streets, as a general thing, are lined with antiquated-looking houses, reminding one more of dwellings in some back country town, than of their being a part of the national capital. Through its center runs what was once a canal, but which now is only the receptacle of the filth and dirt of the city—a public nuisance and a disgrace to the citizens. The public buildings stand out in strange contrast from the rest, and can readily be distinguished from any stand-point where Washington is visible. But if it is an old-fashioned place, I doubt if there is another city of its size where more business has been transacted within a year past than here. The great rendezvous and headquarters of our armies, of course it must be the storehouse from whence they are to be fed, and the long trains of government wagons constantly blocking up its streets bear evidence to the fact. Everything available seems to have been converted into some military purpose, even to the capitol itself, which till recently has been a great hospital for the wounded. The enclosure around the Washington monument is converted into a huge cattle pen, where are hundreds of these animals waiting for the slaughter house, while the large lot in front is also devoted to the same purpose. The general post-office serves as a receptacle for army supplies, the upper part of the building being filled with quantities of boxes and barrels containing food and sustenance for the troops, while its neighbor across the street, the Patent-Office, is also a vast military hospital.

I promised you an account of this latter building, which I will try to fulfill, though it must of necessity be imperfect, as a full description would fill a volume. One feels well repaid after taking a tour through its halls, where is concentrated the inventive genius of tens of thousands of our mechanics, who each day are contributing additional evidences of their skill, in some new and remarkable species of mechanism, alike wonderful and useful. The lower part of the building is occupied by the Government for State purposes altogether, the models being kept in the second story, where they are arranged in classes by themselves, on shelves enclosed in glass cases for protection. There are 35,000 of them which are accepted and pat-

For the American.

Lines on the Death of Charles M. Isbell.

He has gone from this weary world
To a realm of boundless love,
Where the saints and the angels triumphantly sing
Round the great white throne above.

Oh! mourn not, friends who have loved him well,
That he has gone before;
But prepare yourselves to meet him again
At Heaven's pearly door.

His life was pure—oh! may it prove
A blessed example given,
To help us to find the path aright
That leads to God and Heaven.

Waterbury, Oct. 26th, 1862.

D. T. F.

Communicated to the American.

From an Officer of the 14th Regt., C. V.

WARRENTON, Maryland,
Oct. 16th, 1862.

MY DEAR — We were ordered to-day, at noon, to report here for guard duty, and have marched down the Potomac, about five miles from Bolivar Heights, to guard goods and stores. This is the principal depot at present for the Army of the Potomac, on this side of the river. Such an infinite amount of subsistence as is required to feed our immense army, now gathered in this neighborhood—hard crackers by thousands of boxes, beef and pork in barrels do., hay and grain in proportion.—A thunder-storm that has been gathering all the afternoon, has opened on us. I was invited by the agent in charge to share his quarters, and am sitting at his desk, by a cheerful fire, writing at my leisure, with a very comfortable stretcher to sleep on, when I have scribbled a few words to you. My men, who are not on duty, I have got into an unoccupied building, out of the rain—so we shall all do nicely. You spoke of many losing their blankets. There were plenty of blankets and overcoats on the field after the battle, but they looked so suspicious that few would like to take them—they would prefer running the risk of sleeping cool while. I regret I did not gather some relics of the field at Sharpsburg—but we had been on the march with the least possible amount of baggage, and we would hardly have accepted gold or silver to add to the weight we had with them. Our men lost nearly all they had with them, in the way of overcoats and blankets. They were ordered to lay off everything that would interfere with their efficiency. When Gen. Richardson was wounded, a blanket to carry him in was called for; one of my men, who had saved his, offered it; then something was wanted to put under his head, and another gave his for a pillow.

You inquire about the Guilford men. The three killed were married, two of them had children, one only married last Spring. One of them, Richard L. Hull, was an old friend of mine—all Christians and good members of society, a loss to any community. I think Richard was the bravest man I ever knew.—The day before the battle, when the shells came into our camp, I have no doubt he was perfectly unconscious of an unpleasant sensation. On the terrible battle, while we were standing in the corn-field, under orders to cease firing for a few moments, with shot and shell dashing around us, I came across Richard, calm and cheerful as a May morning. I said to him—"Richard, does your pulse beat any faster than usual to-day?" He replied, in his quiet way—"I do not know as it does." I passed on, and soon saw him, with a shot through the head, gasping his last, entirely unconscious. The only tears I shed that day were as I leaned over poor Richard, took his hand, and asked if he knew me. I sometimes think if I had seen but one of the thousand sights I saw that day and afterward, on the field and in the hospitals, I should have a more vivid remembrance of the horrors of the battle-field. Men very soon become accustomed to their surroundings. About noon, as we were moving to another part of the field, in files of four, ranks about two feet apart, a shell came directly in range of my company, passed just over the heads of my men in the front rank, struck the head of the man in front, scattering his brains over my men, killed three and wounded several in Co. D, in front of us. We were advancing at quick step, and one second later would have landed the shell in my company. Not a man flinched, but at the word "close up," they stepped over the fallen, and on we passed, with an abundance of the same messengers falling around us. But they ceased to make the impression on us they did the day before, when we had only a few drops instead of a shower.

As I went over that battle-field, two or three days after the fight, and saw the bodies in such numbers, especially the rebel dead, bloated, and black as negroes, my feelings became almost callous, life seemed very cheap and death a very common thing. Some striking contrast in

WATERBURY (CT) AMERICAN - 10/31/62

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ready to march a four-mile being done, and knapsacks were filled with three days' rations of Uncle Sam's "pies," as the boys call our hard bread. The line was formed, and at about five we commenced to move towards the village of Sharpsburg, passing over that part of the battle-field occupied by the rebels before their retreat. After marching for about three quarters of an hour, along a narrow road which was strewn on each side with dead horses, broken gun carriages, blankets, knapsacks, muskets, and other evidences of the rebel defeat, we arrived at the village. It has a very pretty site, on a slight eminence, but there is none of that appearance of thrift which characterizes our farming towns of the North—everything looks slovenly excepting the Church edifices; there are two of these, built of brick; the first one we passed was completely riddled with shot and shell, the other was not much injured. A large number of the houses were also more or less injured, giving evidence of the long range of our artillery. After passing through the village, we took the river road to Harper's Ferry, crossing Antietam Creek at Birn's Iron Works. Here the road commenced an ascent, winding around the sides of the mountain, ascending and then descending alternately, never level, and very narrow, not wide enough for two wagons to pass in many places, tortuous in the extreme, more so than the river. The scenery was grand, and would have been soul-stirring to any one but toll-worn soldiers, though I confess that my impressions of it are not very fresh or vivid at the present time, owing to the weariness of that march. On this road, about two miles from the ferry, is a small stone house, in which it is said that John Brown secreted some of his piles when he made his celebrated raid into the "Old Dominion."

The division arrived at the river at about 4 o'clock, p. m., and the fording was immediately commenced. The rebels had destroyed the railroad and pontoon bridges, so wide we must, and at it we went, but as there is always a good deal of time consumed by an army in fording a stream, it was some time before it came our turn to dip our feet in this Jordan of America—but it came at last, when it was proposed that we, the band of the 14th C. V., play while crossing. The Band marched in at the head of the regiment, playing "Jordan is a hard road to travel," and when nearly across, "Dixie Land." Soon after we began to play, the soldiers all along the shore and in the water began to cheer, so you see our passage was quite a triumph. While the line was forming again, I had a little time to look at the ruins of the U. S. Armory, in the yard of which the brigade was forming. I can give you no correct idea of the extent of the works, the brick walls of which are still standing, except that they were the most extensive and complete of the kind in the Union, before they were first burned. The Government had commenced to rebuild the works, before the rebels occupied the place a few weeks since. They burned the new buildings at the same time they did the bridge. The little brick engine house, made classic in history by the gallant defense of John Brown and his little band, is still standing.—A boy standing by gave me the name of that heroic (?) cavalry officer who struck him down. I picked up a bullet near the engine house, that I intend to keep as a memento of the place.—After the line was formed again, the band took position at the head, and as we marched up High-street, we played "John Brown's Quick-step" which contains the airs of *Vive la America* and the John Brown song, and we arrived at Bolivar Heights about sundown, tired enough, I can assure you. The first thing to be done now was to cook our supper, which consisted of hard bread and coffee, having had nothing since four o'clock in the morning, except what dry bread we ate on the march, which is dry enough, as every soldier knows. While satisfying our hunger in a measure, we were informed that tents were covered up in the rifle pits, on the west brow of the hill, and we soon set ourselves to work digging them out and setting them up, so that we could have shelter for the night. The wind was blowing sharp and cold, and we were wet and shivering, so you can imagine how glad we were to get anything to sleep under, this being the first time we had had anything of the kind since leaving Fort Ethan Allen. After getting our tents up, we soon turned in for the night—so ended our march to Harper's Ferry.

Now I will try to give you some description of this place. We have from our camp, on the top ridge of Bolivar Heights, one of the most beautiful views in the world. I have heard it said that it could not be surpassed. The Potomac and Shenandoah form a junction at Harper's Ferry, the Potomac coming in from the northwest and the Shenandoah from the southwest side, as we face the east from our camp. We have a view of the village and the Potomac in front, Maryland Heights on the left, Loudon Heights on the right. The heights were covered with green woods when we came here, but they are, at present, for the most part, of the asper and miter, and soon these beautiful heights will be covered with frowning fortifications, bristling with heavy cannon, a perfect

acted within a year past than here. The great rendezvous and headquarters of our armies, of course it must be the storehouse from whence they are to be fed, and the long trains of government wagons constantly blocking up its streets bear evidence to the fact. Everything available seems to have been converted into some military purpose, even to the capitol itself, which till recently has been a great hospital for the wounded. The enclosure around the Washington monument is converted into a large cattle pen, where are hundreds of these animals waiting for the slaughter house, while the large lot in front is also devoted to the same purpose. The general post-office serves as a receptacle for army supplies, the upper part of the building being filled with quantities of boxes and barrels containing food and sustenance for the troops, while its neighbor across the street, the Patent-Office, is also a vast military hospital.

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Some villainous looking torpedoes, taken from the river at Columbus, intended for the annihilation of our fleet on the Mississippi, lie pensively on a platform in front of the door.—An old-fashioned looking machine, standing near by them, next attracted my attention.—On close inspection it proved to be the original printing-press invented by Franklin, the instrument which has since revolutionized the world, and tended more to advance civilization and diffuse knowledge, than a thousand years previous to its discovery had done. It is coarse and roughly built, and, as far as workmanship is concerned, compares rather unfavorably with the smooth and highly polished models around it. The camp equipage of Washington is quite a curiosity, and attracts considerable attention. His sword, tent, medicine chest, money box, writing desk, and many other things, are shown in a good state of preservation; also many private articles which have recently been removed from the Arlington House, and brought here for exhibition.

The wounded troops, from the battle-fields of Maryland, block up the passages in the new building which has been added on. They all seemed as comfortable as it was possible for them to be, though many poor fellows never will enjoy the blessing of health again—bullets and exposure having numbered their days.—Most of them were in the best of spirits, and one noble fellow, who had his arm amputated at the shoulder, was complaining because he could not handle his musket again and join his regiment. There were about six hundred of them in the building at the time, some two or three hundred having been carried out the day before. There are thousands of valuable curiosities here, aside from models, which render the Patent-Office an attractive place, though one needs to spend a full week there in order to obtain a good idea of its contents.

Affairs in our regiment remain the same as ever. Two of our number have died since our stay here: Richard Flynn, from our own company, and F. P. Talmadge, from Co. A. Aside from that, the health of the regiment has been very good, there being but few who are very sick. We go into winter quarters in a few days, on an open plot of ground just below the Arlington House, in the Sibley tents, which are much more comfortable than those we now are in.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A lad nine years of age, son of Mr. Fox who drives a stage from Vernon depot through Rockville and Tolland, was killed by the cars of the train from Providence to Hartford, about five o'clock on Friday afternoon. As the train was leaving the depot, he fell between the cars, and the wheels cut off both legs just below the hips.—He died almost instantly. He had probably been playing about the cars, trying to ride a little distance, and then jump off. His father did not know he was there till his mangled body was found.

disting around us, I came across Richard, calm and cheerful as a May morning. I said to him—"Richard, does your pulse beat any faster than usual to-day?" He replied, in his quiet way—"I do not know as it does." I passed on, and soon saw him, with a shot through the head, gasping his last, entirely unconscious.—The only tears I shed that day were as I looked over poor Richard, took his hand, and asked if he knew me. I sometimes think if I had seen but one of the thousand sights I saw that day and afterward, on the field and in the hospital, I should have a more vivid remembrance of the horrors of the battle-field. Men very soon become accustomed to their surroundings. About noon, as we were moving to another part of the field, in files of four, ranks about two feet apart, a shell came directly in range of my company, passed just over the heads of my men in the front rank, struck the head of the man in front, scattering his brains over my men, killed three and wounded several in Co. D., in front of us. We were advancing at quick step, and one second later would have landed the shell in my company. Not a man flinched, but at the word "close up," they stepped over the fallen, and on we passed, with an abundance of the same messengers falling around us. But they ceased to make the impression on us they did the day before, when we had only a few drops instead of a deluge.

As I went over that battle-field, two or three days after the fight, and saw the bodies in such numbers, especially the rebel dead, bloated and black as negroes, my feelings became almost callous, life seemed very cheap and death a very common thing. Some attribute the contrast in the appearance of ours and the rebel dead, to their use of whisky and gunpowder. I am inclined to think it a mistake. Nearly all the sickest prisoners I have seen, as well as the wounded, were very thin, looked as if they had been worked hard, poorly fed, as well as poorly clothed, their systems so reduced that, as with men affected with the scurvy at sea, they bloated, and decomposition takes place much sooner than with men of more vigor. I have done in this just what I intended avoiding—that is to talk of the scenes I have passed through.

You speak of "impressions." I think I am to return home safe. Could you share the same feeling, I should feel that this long separation was robbed of its chief shadow, as our enjoyment or unhappiness in this world is so wrapped up in our anticipations, that the present is either made glorious or gloomy, by the light or shade we behold, as we turn our faces toward the future, and imagine we penetrate the mist before us, when we only behold the reflection of our own hopes and fears. I am called, and must say good-bye. I. R. D.

For the American.
Hospital Acknowledgments to Waterbury Donors.

NEWPORT NEWS HOSPITAL, Virginia,
Oct. 10th, 1862.

EDITOR AMERICAN:—The patients of the first division of this hospital were agreeably surprised by the arrival of a large box of valuables, sent to Miss Emeline E. Moses, by the citizens of Waterbury, Conn., for the benefit of suffering and invalid soldiers. It was highly valuable, and will contribute more largely to the relief of the suffering patients than the contents of many boxes that have been sent here, which have cost more money.

Dry goods as clothing are but of little value here in the summer months, when stimulants are largely in demand to meet the prostrating influences of climate. The inclemencies of Winter will perhaps call out all the articles of this kind now in store, but the past and present call loudly for materials of the kind just sent. It would be invidious to name some of the donors and not all, hence your paper is called upon as a medium through which to express the thanks and gratification of the recipients of the Waterbury donation. We have been suffering from the want of stimulants, and this donation came timely to the service of many.

The opportunity should not be allowed to pass of expressing to the people of Waterbury the meritorious character of Miss E. Moses, of that place, laboring here nobly and faithfully for the restoration of the health of our suffering patients. Faithful to her mission; she is always on duty—no moderate degree of sickness or rain nor storm prevents her from attending to the call of humanity—a ministering angel, whose presence gives pleasure and animation and life to all our inmates—more than one has been enabled to say that their life was maintained through her ministrations.

Respectfully yours,
E. D. BUCKMAN,
Assistant Surgeon in charge of Division.

It is estimated that Illinois will produce 20,000 bales of cotton this year, and the crops now gathering.—The State could grow 500,000 bales profitably. The sorghum crop in Illinois is estimated to amount to \$1,000,000 in value the present year.

The rights of man, I think of Independence all men; and no one that the right of man, was ever enshrined in rights made by Jefferson men in the present power throttled the it down. It still is dead. Woe, woe to slavery, when it was

Truth, crushed, dies, but never dies.
The eternal yoke
But error, woe
And dies and

For by arraying his progress, she needs the country, the Union against every man, knows low to that all earthly blessings. The contest now is country, by a solemn This is the inevitable growth and extension defied all human wisdom caution to the problem emancipation, matter which force was to of two things: Shut the United States out half of the Nineteenth United States, and come African slaves will be fended a territory, which may open in all its hor years, the blacks, to make a San Domingo, the latter the desire accomplished, and tion of problems will the head and front ment of this age, the nobler civilization, harmony which is by traction and the cer mankind.

To succeed, there on the part of the come the world; to the common conscience regress for progress cal character of the despotism and slavery the mildness and beneficence institutions, which task the Confederate more nyr less; and petuation of African to regions that know brother thus count spirit of the past; to engage in deadly as always accrue to the We have seen that History has its laws, specious a part in its its great movement. War must likewise essay laws; and History, with its grand judgment of God say that War is not of this judgment, and gation; the defeat and decrees of civilization; this people whom the present time, in opp the world, and conse Book of Life.

Do these principles War? And if they doubt be entertained present contest? A means be gradually will not its destruction, and immediate, when not its destruction owners themselves? prius demerit.

MORE SOUTHERN TERN man and Starbuck of Texas, is addressing on Tuesday night of

"You ask me, per the President's Proclamation is a great stumbling stone of the faithful in try. Do you accept it? Yes, gentlemen, I do, not only accept it, but writing upon the wall el in the South tremble this evening. [Applauding] writing that one of old so much the hand or t in respect of Slavery still more the great moves the hand." Then them is the Ameri thoroughly convinced umph over Slavery, a in order that Libert please.]