

Home Weekly Telegraph

"Independent in All Things—Neutral in Nothing."

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

T. A. PLANTS, A. E. McLAUGHLIN, Publishers.

VOLUME V.

POMEROY, MEIGS COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1862.

NUMBER 12

Business Cards.

T. A. PLANTS,
Hornay and Counselor at Law, Pomerooy, O.
Office in Edward's Building.

N. G. P. SIMPSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomerooy, Ohio.
Office in Swallow's Building, one door below O. Branch & Co's.

T. W. HAMPTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Kyngerville, Gallia County, Ohio. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. [4-12-17]

C. R. GROSVENOR,
Attorney at Law, Athens, Adams County, O., on the first day of each term. Office at the "Gibson House." 2-16-17

MARTIN HAYS,
Attorney at Law, Harrisville, Meigs Co., O., will promptly attend to all business that may be entrusted to his care, the several State Courts of Ohio, and in the U. S. Court for the Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio. 3-8

W. R. GOLDEN,
Attorney at Law, W. R. Golden's Office in Athens, O., and Townsend's in Painesville, Meigs Co., O. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims, and other business on trust to them. 2-16-17

E. HUTTON,
County Surveyor, and Attorney at Law, of Meigs in the Court House, Pomerooy, Ohio. 4-3

W. P. RATHBURN,
Banker, corner Court and Second streets, Pomerooy, O. [4-4]

DANIEL & RATHBURN,
Bankers, corner Court and Second streets, Pomerooy, O. [4-4]

W. A. ACHES,
Watchmaker, Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front street, below the "Remington House," Pomerooy. [1-1]

W. H. WHITEHEAD,
Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, three doors above the bridge. The best of work for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order. [1-1]

SUGAR HUN SALT COMPANY,
Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. [1-1] C. GRANT, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY,
Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. 1-1

DANBY SALT COMPANY,
Coastal. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel for country trade. [1-1] W. G. COOPER, Sec'y.

ISAAC G. WALKER,
Clothing, Grocer, and Dry Goods Dealer, first store above O. B. Donnelly's, near the Rolling Mill, Pomerooy, O. Country Merchants are respectfully requested to call and examine my stock of groceries, as I am confident that I cannot be undersold. 1-23

F. LYMAN,
Painter and Glazier, back room of F. Lambeck's Jewelry Store, west side Court street, Pomerooy, O.

M. BLAZER,
Carriage and Wagon Manufacturer, Front street, first corner below the Rolling Mill, Pomerooy, O. All articles in his line of business manufactured at reasonable rates and they are especially recommended for durability. 2-5-17

F. E. HUMPHREY,
Blacksmith, back of the Bank Building, Pomerooy, O. Farming Tools, Shovel, Flows, Mattocks, Hoes, &c., on hand and made to order. Horse shoeing and all kinds of Job Work done to order. Jan. 3-3-17

FRANK COOPER,
Reins Mason & Bricklayer, Residence in John Lane's Building, near the Catholic Church. Dressed and Rubble stone work executed in the best manner. Also, Bricklaying, Cementing, &c., done at reasonable prices. Work warranted. [3-24-17]

DR. A. CAMPBELL EARLY,
Operative and Mechanical Dentist, Gallipolis, O. S. Donnelly's, near the Rolling Mill, Pomerooy, O. Long experience in the Dental profession, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to those who need his professional services. All work warranted. Dr. E. may be found at the Gibson House, Pomerooy, on the 1st of each month. Will visit patients at their homes if they wish it. 45-17

CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE.
We have the addition of new, to our large and well assorted stock of Queensware, to be had to order. We have no equal in the city. All orders carefully selected and well packed. We solicit an examination of our goods. [1-1] F. E. HUMPHREY, Front Street, Portsmouth, O.

FAMILY GROCERIES AND BOAT STORES, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
E. G. PADEN,
(Successor to Patten & Smith),
Designing to continue the

Pomerooy Weekly Telegraph.

T. A. PLANTS & CO.
Office in first story of "Howland" Building, near the "Sugar Run Stone Bridge," Pomerooy, Ohio.

All Business of the Firm Transacted by
A. B. McLAUGHLIN, Business Manager.
To whom all applications for Subscription, Advertising and Job Work should be made, at the office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
In Advance, 10 Cents
If not paid within the year, 2.00
If not paid within the year, 2.50
If not paid within the year, 3.00
If not paid within the year, 3.50
If not paid within the year, 4.00
If not paid within the year, 4.50
If not paid within the year, 5.00
If not paid within the year, 5.50
If not paid within the year, 6.00
If not paid within the year, 6.50
If not paid within the year, 7.00
If not paid within the year, 7.50
If not paid within the year, 8.00
If not paid within the year, 8.50
If not paid within the year, 9.00
If not paid within the year, 9.50
If not paid within the year, 10.00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
TIME—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
One square (10 lines) 1.00 1.75 3.00 5.00 7.00 9.00 11.00 13.00 15.00 17.00 19.00 21.00
Two squares 2.00 3.50 6.00 10.00 14.00 18.00 22.00 26.00 30.00 34.00 38.00 42.00
Three squares 3.00 5.25 9.00 15.00 21.00 27.00 33.00 39.00 45.00 51.00 57.00 63.00
Four squares 4.00 7.00 12.00 20.00 28.00 36.00 44.00 52.00 60.00 68.00 76.00 84.00
Five squares 5.00 8.75 15.00 26.00 36.00 46.00 56.00 66.00 76.00 86.00 96.00 106.00
Six squares 6.00 10.50 18.00 32.00 44.00 56.00 68.00 80.00 92.00 104.00 116.00 128.00
Seven squares 7.00 12.25 21.00 38.00 52.00 66.00 80.00 94.00 108.00 122.00 136.00 150.00
Eight squares 8.00 14.00 24.00 44.00 60.00 76.00 92.00 108.00 124.00 140.00 156.00 172.00
Nine squares 9.00 15.75 27.00 50.00 68.00 86.00 104.00 122.00 140.00 158.00 176.00 194.00
Ten squares 10.00 17.50 30.00 56.00 76.00 96.00 116.00 136.00 156.00 176.00 196.00 216.00
Eleven squares 11.00 19.25 33.00 62.00 84.00 106.00 128.00 150.00 172.00 194.00 216.00 238.00
Twelve squares 12.00 21.00 36.00 68.00 92.00 116.00 140.00 164.00 188.00 212.00 236.00 260.00

Legal advertisements charged at rates allowed by law. No notice being given unless otherwise specified. All advertisements must be paid for in advance. Copy not having the number of insertions marked on copy, will be continued until forbidden and charged accordingly.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers can continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they notify their publisher or the former discontinues the subscription.
4. If any subscriber removes to another place without informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to the former address, the publisher is not responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper from the office, or declining and leaving it uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Poetry.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.
BY J. R. DEAKE.

When Freedom from her mountain bright,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with her gorgeous dyes,
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from her mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land;
Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who reigns aloft thy regal form,
To hear the trumpet tramping loud,
And see the lightning-lance driven,
And strike the warriors of the storm,
And roll the thunder-drum of Heaven,
Child of the sun to these thy given
To guard the banner of the free!

To hover in the sulphur smoke,
And bid the battle-strike,
And bid its blinding shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly,
Thy sign of hope and triumph bright,
When speaks the signal trumpet-voice,
And the long-die come gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet),
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To thee the meteor glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,
And when the cannon mounthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shafts of flame on midnight's pall—
There shall thy victor glances show,
And covering foes shall sink beneath,
Each gallant arm that strikes the blow
That lovely messenger of death!

Flag of the seal on oceans wave,
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly under the belted sail,
And frighted waves run wildly back
Before the broadside's roaring rack—
The dying leader of the host,
Shall look, as once, to Heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free hearts only home,
By angel hands to valor given,
By angels have lit the welkin above,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever thine that standard sheet!
Where breaths the free that stands before us
With Freedom's bow beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

Humors of the Campaign.

The highly intelligent and versatile correspondent of the N. Y. Mercury sends, from the seat of War, the following graphic account of some matters which have escaped the notice of less vigilant camp followers who write for the press:

Editors T. T.—We have met the enemy at last my boy, but I don't see that he is ours. We went after him with flying banners, and I noticed when we came back they were flying still—honor to the brave who fell on that bloody field and may we kill enough secessionists to give each of them a monument of skulls!

"I was present at the great battle, my boy," said the correspondent, "I was guard of one of the baggage wagons in the extreme rear. The driver saw me coming, and says he:

"You can't cut behind this here vehicle, my fine little boy."

I looked at him for a moment, after the manner of the great actor, Mr. Kirby, and said:

"Soldier, hast thou a wife?"

"Says he, 'I reckon.'

"And sixteen small children?"

"Says he, 'There was only fifteen when last heard from.'

"Soldier," says I, "were you to die before to-morrow, what would be your last request?" Here I shed two tears.

"It would be," says he, "that some kind friend would take the job of walking my offspring for a year on contract, and finding my beloved wife in subjects to jaw about."

"Soldier," says I, "I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

And he didn't let me do it.

While I was skimming around in the rear of another wagon I met Raymond of the Times, and found he was hunting for the "Great Quadrilateral." He said he would go into the thickest of the fight and write an account of it on the knapsack of a dead rebel, if it wasn't for the fact, that if he should happen to get mortally wounded, the Herald would swear that he was shot while running after his hat. Just at that moment, something bust, and I found myself coming up at the rate of two steps and a short-tower second. I met a fire Zouave on the way down, and says he:

"I'm your friend and brother. Let me occupy a seat by your side."

<