

The Dansville Advertiser has a much larger circulation than any other paper published in Dansville has now, or ever had. Advertisers will please note the fact.

News About Home.

One Year Old. With this number THE DANVILLE ADVERTISER enters upon its second year. Who would believe it? We should not if a reference to our carefully kept mail book did not convince us. It is customary at these annual land-marks for an editor to take a retrospective view of the ground over which a twelvemonth has taken him. But we shall have few words to say now. Owing to adverse circumstances, unforeseen obstacles, and partially, perhaps, to the present condition of our country, we have hardly accomplished the work laid out one year ago, or as we printers would express it, have not "finished our task;" but the success which has so far attended the exertions we have been able to put forth, is far beyond our most sanguine hopes. We did not expect to accomplish much this year, in a pecuniary point of view, for one must have a wide reputation to realize a comfortable income in this branch of art, and every one knows that a reputation is not built in a day, any more than was ancient Rome. But the assurance we every day receive that we are surely and steadily growing in the esteem and confidence of the public, is most gratifying, and inspires us to make greater exertions in the future.

As we have before stated, THE ADVERTISER was at first intended as a mere advertising medium, for we had never laid the flatteringunction to our soul; that we were capable of conducting a newspaper, and we must now ascribe the rare success and popularity of our sheet rather to the unwavering devotion of friends, and the general disposition of citizens of this village to help those who manifest a disposition to rise to an honorable position in their midst, than to any inherent worth of its own. We are well aware that we are not competent to the task of properly representing Dansville, with all her brilliant prospects, her enterprise and her unbounded resources, but we shall endeavor to work our way up into a position where we can exert a vigorous and salutary influence upon the community of this our favorite village and home, and contribute much to its welfare and to its reputation abroad, and we shall at all times be very thankful for any suggestions which will enable us to make more rapid progress. Dansville is not known to the world as she should be. We know her citizens to be at once upright, enterprising and generous to a fault, and that no greater resources can be found in any village of her size. Our location is charming. Nowhere are there such beautiful valleys as the vale of the Canaseraga; nowhere are there such grand old hills as sweep up from her sides, so enchantingly ribbed with flashing silver rivulets. We shall endeavor to make people understand this and much more.

—And away down in the future, when we shall have had many years of experience, we hope to see our ideal ADVERTISER the welcome guest of many happy households, and ourself the copy country editor which some brother craftsman, in fit cogitation has pictured to himself as follows: Location—a charming country village (just like Dansville)—suburban list, large and paid in advance—office, stocked with a wide abundance of beautiful books, type, kept in constant use—dwelling, a roomy cottage, surrounded in woodland, elms, and roses, and set in an orderly garden, with trees as graceful as the gentle and modest woman who calls it her home, and with downers as blooming as the good-mannered children whose silver voices fill the house with music—position, a desecrated vestryman, or elder, or school director, or village trustee, or president of loquacious character, upright health, comfortable—heart, hopeful and than I am—brain, warm and fruitful—mind, at peace with God and man.

Oh, dear, but that's too good for an editor, and we think we shall only dream of it, and endeavor to be represented in a picture half way between the above, and the following from the closing scene in the life of a less lucky fellow: "Beet by butchers, by his baker teased, By creditors besieged, by bailiffs squeezed, He yielded slowly in the desperate strife, His weary office and his troubled life, And gave to quiet earth, and modest stones, His many virtues and his aching bones."

Our readers will excuse us for launching a little into the perspective, for they all know that nothing is more natural than for man to look ahead into the dreamy future, and anticipate the joys in which he may never participate. Our real business is with the present, and if we discharge its duties faithfully and cheerfully, we need have no fears for the future. Will you help us to do it? Accident. Quite an exciting adventure occurred on Tuesday to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Gilbert, of North Cohocton, while on their way to Dansville. Just this side of the toll-gate, their horse stumbled, struck on his head, and turned a complete somersault, breaking the thills and some part of the harness. The buggy kept on until it got directly over the horse, when it stopped, and the occupants leisurely got out, not injured in the least, the horse all the while lying under the buggy "wrong side up." Mr. Gilbert dismounted him, got him on his feet, and much to his surprise found him also uninjured. We don't believe the same thing has ever done before, or could be done again, and must pronounce Mr. Gilbert's horse one of the most successful acrobats in the world, and worthy of a place in Franconi's Hippodrome.

The 13th Coming Home. Much excitement was caused here Saturday night by the report in the Rochester papers that our regiment would be mustered out of service immediately, and sent home. But since that time we have heard nothing about it, and think it altogether probable that their presence in Washington for a short time yet, will be considered necessary. Our boys, too, from all accounts, must be nearly exhausted, and have a desire to recruit a little before starting on their fatiguing ride homeward; and as many of them will probably never return to the scenes of conflict, they will wish to see all there is to be seen. The regimental officers will undoubtedly attempt to re-organize the regiment, and to ascertain what prospect there is for its enlistment, in order that they may shape their future course before leaving Washington. The wisdom, gallantry and coolness of Col. Quinby at the Battle of Bull's Run has done much toward re-instating him in the esteem and confidence of his regiment, still we think this regiment will never go to battle again without a thorough and radical remodeling. —When our boys do come home, they will receive a welcome as hearty as their conduct on the field of battle has been glorious. It has been suggested, and somewhat talked up, that the boys be marched directly to their old drill room and dining hall, and there feted in a style a la Baron Renfrew. But we think the hall altogether too circumscribed for the thousands which will assemble on this occasion, all of whom will be anxious to see the boys enjoy their reception; hear the speeches, &c., and we respectfully suggest Aldrich's Grove as the place for these glorious exercises. Here no pent-up hall will "contract our powers," and the tables can be as ample as the hearts of our citizens, and the grounds large enough for an audience such as never before assembled in Dansville. —And why cannot we have a triumphal arch over Main Street, (perhaps opposite the entrance to Canaseraga Hall,) festooned with flowers and evergreens, with an appropriate motto of welcome, and surmounted by the glorious "Red, White and Blue," for which our boys have so gallantly fought. Let us make a time of it, and do honor to Dansville and to the boys, in a celebration to which we can ever recur with patriotic pride and satisfaction. —We would suggest that a meeting of our citizens be held to-night for the purpose of taking this matter into consideration. There is no time to lose, and a committee should be appointed to make the necessary arrangements, to show the world how Dansville honors brave men.

Latest. From Hon. Geo. Hyland, who returned from Washington yesterday morning, and who spent several days in camp with Co. B., we learn that our boys are slowly recovering from the almost superhuman exertions put forth in the great fight. They are still, however, weak, stiff and sore, and almost universally afflicted with a severe diarrhea, which they attribute principally to drinking muddy water and to their privations. The two wounded men, David E. Smith, of Dansville, and Richard Ketchum, of So. Dansville, are doing well. James Adams, of this place, was considerably bruised by being run over by a rebel horseman, but is about camp. —Mr. Hyland says that Smith, who was badly wounded in the shoulder, was in camp two days before his wound was dressed, owing to the inefficiency of the surgeon. —There is not much doubt but that the boys are turned over to the U. S. for two years, their whole term of enlistment. This is a great disappointment to the boys, and to their friends; and such is the dissatisfaction in the regiment, not only among private members, but also company officers, are being made out representing the extensive demoralization of the regiment, and expressing the belief that their future conduct in battle as now organized, will be such as to bring disgrace upon themselves and upon their State. We cannot believe that under those circumstances the 13th regiment will be retained.

C. L. I. The election of officers in the Canaseraga Light Infantry has been postponed by Col. Rorbach to the 21st inst. This is as it should be, giving our brave volunteers, members of this company, a chance to have a word in. We hope they will give new life to the company, for we would like to see the boys around again.

Match Game. The Dansville Base Ball Club will choose sides, and play a match game for a supper to-morrow (Friday) afternoon, commencing at 4 o'clock. Our citizens should turn out en masse, for they will be sure to see some good playing. The gallant boys of the club have promised to make ample arrangements for the accommodation of ladies who would like to witness the game.

The New Company. Forming in this village now numbers nearly thirty good men. Their drill room is Shepard's fine hall in Phoenix Block. By request of the members of this company Col. Grant puts them through the motions now and then in his usual good style.

Tall Corn. We must put down our friend J. B. Morry for the first premium on corn this year. —We dare not say how tall it is, for we don't know, but we think it the finest we ever saw in this vicinity.

Our Mortality. Our record for the month of July, shows six deaths—2 males, one from consumption, one from drowning; 1 female, from disease of the brain; and 3 still-born.

Crowded Out. The arrival of additional news from the boys yesterday, has crowded out about two columns of matter in type for this number.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS.

From George M. Morris. [We are pleased to lay before our readers the following minute and graphic letter from our able correspondent, Corporal Morris. It is the best published letter which we have seen from any member of the 13th regiment.]

DEAR BUNNELL:— By the kind care and protecting arm of the controller of the destinies of man, I am able to "indite you a letter this morning."— Confident that nothing short of power Supreme could have saved me from the danger which at times has surrounded me within the last two weeks, I return thanks to the God of battles for thus preserving me. We left our camp July 16th, in connection with Tyler's division of the Grand Army, and moved forward into the enemy's country. We reached Vienna at 7 o'clock P. M., and encamped for the night. Early in the morning we resumed our march, taking the road for Georgetown, where a small force of the enemy were known to be entrenched. The road was blockaded at short intervals by fallen trees, which the pioneers removed without much trouble. Skirmishing parties were constantly kept in front, at sufficient distance to give timely warning of the appearance of the enemy. As we approached Georgetown, two regiments were thrown into the fields in line of battle. Sherman's battery proceeded along the road until the intrenchments could be seen. The rebels were at work on them, and seemed to be unconscious of our approach. A couple of shells from our howitzers soon attracted their attention, and caused them to make a hasty retreat. Two balls from the rifle cannon tore a hole through the intrenchment large enough for our troops to pass through. We saw no more of them that day. In an old house at Germantown two prisoners were taken. A short distance beyond Germantown we joined Hunter's division, which left Alexandria at the same time ours left Arlington. They had come by the way of Fairfax, and met with similar success to ours. We proceeded on our journey about five miles farther and encamped for the night in an old secession camp which had just been vacated. They had been compelled to leave while preparing supper. The fires were still burning, with meat in kettles cooking over them. We slept soundly all night without being disturbed. It was understood that we were to proceed to Centerville that day, and that all the divisions under McDowell were to meet them. A large force of the enemy was expected to be entrenched at this place. Our marching on this day (July 18th), was slow and cautious. We came in sight of the intrenchments before the other divisions came up, but nothing could be seen of the foe. After satisfying ourselves that the enemy had vacated this place also, we went forward and planted the stars and stripes on the breast-works, cheered them heartily, and turned into an open field to wait for the other divisions. They came up about noon, and a brigade belonging to Schenck's division proceeded forward on the Manassas road; the remainder of the army staying at Centerville. About two o'clock the report of cannon was heard in the direction our troops had taken, and we knew a fight had commenced. Soon the news came that the advance regiments had been fired into by a rebel battery, and a general engagement had commenced. Our brigade, (Sherman's) was ordered forward to the support of Sherman's battery, which had opened fire on the enemy. We "double quicked" for the three miles, and came into the scene of action. Our regiment formed into line of battle, filed into the woods behind our battery to protect it from a charge of infantry. An open field lay between us and the enemy. They were secreted in a dim woods on the side hill above us. Nothing could be seen of them save a dragon occasionally. The only means of learning their whereabouts was by the smoke of their guns. We lay upon our faces in the woods, while cannon ball and shell fell all around us thick and fast, for over an hour. Quite a number of the dead and dying lay strewn through the woods. — Had our regiment remained on their feet, we should have suffered terribly. As it was, not a man was hurt. McDowell came up about four o'clock, and seeing that nothing could be accomplished from the position we then occupied, he ordered the troops to fall back to Centerville. Thus ended the first day's fight. Another move was not made until Sunday last. About two o'clock on the morning of the 21st, we started again for Manassas. Hunter's division took the right flank road, Tyler's the front, and Schenck's the left flank. All started at the same time, with the intention of reaching Bull's Run together, but at different places. This they accomplished without opposition. The road we took led us so that when we reached Bull's Run, we were in the rear of the battery that got fired into on Thursday. Sherman got sight of it and threw two or three balls from his thirty-two pound siege gun, which tore it all to pieces. We then commenced feeling of the enemy from different points, by throwing shell into the woods in front. — They did not reply to our guns. They could be seen on the hill above us, and the pickets exchanged several shots.

By some means they got wind that Hunter was flanking them on the right, and they sent out a force to meet him. Our Brigade lay in the woods at this time waiting for Hunter to commence the attack. From an open field at our right we could see the enemy as they went out to meet Hunter. Our gunners threw a shell amongst them which done great damage and had the effect to disconcert them for a short time. They soon were out of reach of the guns in one brigade so we could do nothing but stay quietly in one

place and wait for the fight to begin. At precisely nine o'clock Hunter came up and the fight began. He opened his battery upon them in the center of their column and flanked them on both sides. After a few rounds of small arms, they began to retreat. We were then ordered across the fields to cut them off. In consequence of being delayed on account of a stream, we did not reach them in time to prevent their retreat, but in time to give them the contents of our guns, which made terrible havoc. One South Carolina regiment was entirely cut to pieces. The firing now ceased for a short time on both sides. Our officers were confident that the victory was ours. McDowell and his staff rode into the field and was cheered loudly. An American flag was seen coming out of the woods opposite to us, and all thought that it was Schenck's division coming from the other side. It proved to be a ruse of the enemy however. As we advanced forward they opened a masked battery right where they had planted the stars and stripes. It cut several of our regiments horribly. One of our batteries soon engaged it, and our brigade was ordered to charge upon it. The 69th took it on the right side, 79th and 13th on the left. We succeeded after the most severe fighting ever done by any body of men in the world in taking it and silencing the guns. Every spectator acknowledged that a more gallant charge never was made than the 78th, 69th and 79th made at this time. Had it not been for the arrival of Johnson with a reinforcement of fresh troops just at this period, we should have gained the day beyond a doubt. But he instantly attacked us with a body of men numbering five to one, and forced us to fall back. The scene of carnage which now ensued beggars all description. New batteries before us were opened on us from all directions. — The leaden messengers of death whistled around us—wounded men begged for aid—the dead men trampled over—all were nearly exhausted and dying of thirst. Having no fresh troops to fall back upon, a general retreat was absolutely necessary. By accident, not by bravery, I was about the last to leave the battle field. Could language paint the scene that I saw, then could I draw a picture that none but incarnate fiends could gaze upon without a shudder. Men lay around writhing in mortal agony. Some who had lost an arm or leg were begging pitifully for water. Others were dragging themselves slowly along into the bushes, there to breathe their last, alone and unheeded. My heart shrinks within me as the scene passes through my mind. Let those who have caused this war tremble at the surely coming retribution. The God of Heaven will surely hear the prayer of the mother left desolate in her old age. His forbearance may be long lasting, but it will have an end.

A few words concerning our company and I close. There is but two of them wounded, D. E. Smith and R. C. Ketchum. They are not seriously hurt. Both of them are wounded in the arm. The rest of the company are in much better health than could be expected under the circumstances. We marched 40 miles and fought 11 hours without eating or sleeping. Many had such sore feet that they could not walk for four days. I will write you again the latter part of this week, and give you some further particulars of the battle. Hoping never to be called upon in the battle field again, I remain your friend, GEO. M. MORRIS.

From C. D. Hess, Scott's Band. WASHINGTON, Monday, July 23. You have no doubt seen this received news of the terrible engagement that took place yesterday. I was a spectator of the whole from beginning to end. As newspaper accounts of it are rather mixed up, I will tell you all I saw. The band went with the regiment to the point that I mentioned in my last, and there was discovered the whole Southern army. Our large guns immediately opened upon them and stirred them up some, but brought no response for some time. At length the infantry went out and commenced firing upon them. Then the "ball" commenced. They opened their masked batteries upon our boys. Our whole artillery returned their fire, and at the same time continual volleys of musketry were kept up on both sides. The constant roar of the cannon, the rattle of the small arms, the bursting of shell and the screams of the wounded, made up one of the most horrible scenes I ever could have imagined. We had about 40,000 troops in the field, and the enemy about 125,000, including 5,000 cavalry. Our boys drove them for about six hours, when they received reinforcements, and after three hours more hard fighting, the enemy made a charge with their cavalry, and scattered our forces in every direction. Every man for himself was then the order, and I immediately broke for the woods, Jim Newton following closely I lost drum, sticks, music, blankets, revolver and haversack. I traveled all night, and reached Camp Union this morning. Five of the band boys have come in, viz: Alex., Myring, Tiffany, Newton and myself. The rest I have not seen yet. The loss of life was immense. I do not know yet who was killed in our regiment. We will know in a day or two. It is the last battle the band will go to. I never want to see such a sight again. Our regiment will now probably be soon discharged. I write this in haste to let you know that I am safe, and hereafter shall look out that I remain so.

From Miles O. Wright, Co. B. CAMP UNION, Va., July 23, 1861. DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER:— I am saved by the grace of God. On the 18th day of July we commenced our fight, and on the 21st we had a warm time, I tell you. There was about 12,000 killed, of our men and theirs. They had 75,000 men and we had 20,000,

but when we got them in the open fields we drove them. But they went in their masked battery, and then we cut them down like grass. We fought from half past seven till half-past three, and then we retreated and left the field. They chased us for 15 or 20 miles with 80,000 men and their cavalry, and ran over some of our men and shot some. They run over James Adams and Wm. Goodwin, but did not kill them. It hurt them some. Two out of our company were wounded, and we expect Tom Jones is killed or taken prisoner. If he is taken prisoner we will get him again. After they had chased us 10 or 12 miles, Patterson and Butler came in behind and shot and took all of them. Manassas Station and Manassas Gap is what we tried to take. The battle was fought on Bull's Run, about 25 miles from Washington City. But the way we come it, was about 60 miles. We marched all night and got in camp the next morning. I am alive and well, but pretty sore and lame. I am sleepy, not having slept for 48 hours. I have just seen five rebel prisoners, in charge of Capt. Brown's company in this regiment. I cannot write much more, I am so tired. The boys that are alive are here. Two of our boys are shot, one in the shoulder and one in the elbow. Their names are Smith and Ketchum. You must not feel bad for me. If I get home alive, all right; if not, I die for my country. But I guess our fighting is done with. We have had our share of it. There is not over 500 left in our regiment out of 840. It took 11 tents for each company, now it don't take over 5. Good bye for this time. From your Brother, MILES O. WRIGHT.

From Geo. H. Stepler, Co. B. ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Va., July 24th, 1861. DEAR FATHER:— I received your letter by Mr. Chapin last week, one day while our regiment were gone to Bull's Run, and I meant to have answered it before, but as they probably told you I was sick and did not go with the regiment, I supposed you would not be alarmed about me. I could not get any paper or envelopes, and did not feel able to write before Sunday, and since that every thing has been so mixed up and in such confusion that I could not write. The retreat from Bull's Run was one of the hardest sights I suppose that was ever seen. Our boys came in, one at a time, in all kinds of shapes and conditions; some without hats, some no coats or blankets, and some with other regiments' coats and blankets, tired almost to death, muddy, wet, thirsty, hungry and dirty; some lost the road and got to Alexandria, and some in the other direction to Chain Bridge; but the last one came this morning, Tom Jones, whom we all thought was dead; he got lost and went to Alexandria and came up the river on the boat to Washington. So we are all safe, and only two slightly wounded, Daniel Cook and R. C. Ketchum, from Rogersville. I am better, and as soon as I get a chance shall write again. Your affectionate son, GEORGE.

That Bug. Libby, of the Book Store, has been keeping our citizens in good humor for a week, with a counterfeit black bug of fabulous size, and ferocious, bristling appearance, which from behind he lets down by a slight thread in front of his victim, whose vigorous attempts to demolish it are succeeded by a general burst of laughter from the surrounding spectators. Not at all respecting the dignity of an editor, he has already victimized us three times, but we do not feel so bad about it, for other distinguished gentlemen have suffered the same way.

AGENTS WANTED! We will pay from \$25 to \$75 per month, and all expenses, for active Agents, or give a commission. Particulars sent free. Address E. S. WOOD, MANASSAS COMPANY, R. JAMES, General Agent, Alexandria, Va. 1731

MARRIED. VANCE—KITCHER.—In Sparta, July 30, by Rev. C. S. Fox, William Vance, formerly of Dansville, and Kate Kitcher, of the former place. They have our best wishes for a long and happy life.

DIED. OWEN.—In this village, July 26, Mrs. P. C. Owen aged 67 years.

DANSVILLE MARKET. [Corrected weekly for THE ADVERTISER, by CARPENTER & REYNOLDS, dealers in Drugs and Medicines, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, &c., and may be relied upon as being correct in every particular.]

Flour, 40 lbs.	\$5 00 to \$7 00
Wheat, 40 lbs.	1 00 to 1 18
Spring Wheat, do.	80 to 90
Corn, do.	40
Oats, do.	30
Rye, do.	25
Potatoes, do.	25
Barley, do.	25
Timothy Seed, do.	\$1 75 to \$2 50
Clover Seed, do.	\$2 75 to \$3 00
Butter, 40 lbs.	8
Cheese, do.	9
Lard, do.	10
Eggs, 1 dozen.	9
Salt, 40 lbs.	1 03
Trout, do.	6 50
Codfish, 40 lbs.	5 50
Hams, do.	10
Shoulders, do.	7 50
Pork, 40 lbs.	16 to 17
Dressed Pork, per cwt.	5 00 to 6 00
Beans, do.	7 50 to 8 00
Hides, do.	4 10
Calfskins, do.	8 to 10
Felle, do.	25 to 75
Apples, 40 bushel.	2 50
Nails, do.	4 00
White Lead ground in Oil, in Pails, pr. cwt.	8 00
do. Zinc do. do.	8 00
Wood per cord.	\$2 to \$3 00
Hay per ton.	10 to 12
Raw Linseed Oil, 40 gallon.	\$5 to \$6 50
Boiled do. do.	7 50
Putty, 40 pound.	4 50
Spirits Turpentine, 40 Gallon.	11 00
Elephant Oil, do.	Winter Strained, 6 50
Apples, 40 bushel.	2 50
Peaches, 40 do.	12
Plums, do.	9
Pears, do.	10
Cherries, do.	10
Raspberries, do.	10
Blackberries, do.	8 to 7
American, do.	4
H. S. do.	4
Woolish Refined, do.	3 50
Common English, do.	3 50
T. V. F. Nail Rods, do.	7 50
Swedes, do.	5 to 6
Spring Steel, English, do.	7 50

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From C. D. Hess, Scott's Band. WASHINGTON, Monday, July 23. You have no doubt seen this received news of the terrible engagement that took place yesterday. I was a spectator of the whole from beginning to end. As newspaper accounts of it are rather mixed up, I will tell you all I saw. The band went with the regiment to the point that I mentioned in my last, and there was discovered the whole Southern army. Our large guns immediately opened upon them and stirred them up some, but brought no response for some time. At length the infantry went out and commenced firing upon them. Then the "ball" commenced. They opened their masked batteries upon our boys. Our whole artillery returned their fire, and at the same time continual volleys of musketry were kept up on both sides. The constant roar of the cannon, the rattle of the small arms, the bursting of shell and the screams of the wounded, made up one of the most horrible scenes I ever could have imagined. We had about 40,000 troops in the field, and the enemy about 125,000, including 5,000 cavalry. Our boys drove them for about six hours, when they received reinforcements, and after three hours more hard fighting, the enemy made a charge with their cavalry, and scattered our forces in every direction. Every man for himself was then the order, and I immediately broke for the woods, Jim Newton following closely I lost drum, sticks, music, blankets, revolver and haversack. I traveled all night, and reached Camp Union this morning. Five of the band boys have come in, viz: Alex., Myring, Tiffany, Newton and myself. The rest I have not seen yet. The loss of life was immense. I do not know yet who was killed in our regiment. We will know in a day or two. It is the last battle the band will go to. I never want to see such a sight again. Our regiment will now probably be soon discharged. I write this in haste to let you know that I am safe, and hereafter shall look out that I remain so.

From Miles O. Wright, Co. B. CAMP UNION, Va., July 23, 1861. DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER:— I am saved by the grace of God. On the 18th day of July we commenced our fight, and on the 21st we had a warm time, I tell you. There was about 12,000 killed, of our men and theirs. They had 75,000 men and we had 20,000,

but when we got them in the open fields we drove them. But they went in their masked battery, and then we cut them down like grass. We fought from half past seven till half-past three, and then we retreated and left the field. They chased us for 15 or 20 miles with 80,000 men and their cavalry, and ran over some of our men and shot some. They run over James Adams and Wm. Goodwin, but did not kill them. It hurt them some. Two out of our company were wounded, and we expect Tom Jones is killed or taken prisoner. If he is taken prisoner we will get him again. After they had chased us 10 or 12 miles, Patterson and Butler came in behind and shot and took all of them. Manassas Station and Manassas Gap is what we tried to take. The battle was fought on Bull's Run, about 25 miles from Washington City. But the way we come it, was about 60 miles. We marched all night and got in camp the next morning. I am alive and well, but pretty sore and lame. I am sleepy, not having slept for 48 hours. I have just seen five rebel prisoners, in charge of Capt. Brown's company in this regiment. I cannot write much more, I am so tired. The boys that are alive are here. Two of our boys are shot, one in the shoulder and one in the elbow. Their names are Smith and Ketchum. You must not feel bad for me. If I get home alive, all right; if not, I die for my country. But I guess our fighting is done with. We have had our share of it. There is not over 500 left in our regiment out of 840. It took 11 tents for each company, now it don't take over 5. Good bye for this time. From your Brother, MILES O. WRIGHT.

From Geo. H. Stepler, Co. B. ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, Va., July 24th, 1861. DEAR FATHER:— I received your letter by Mr. Chapin last week, one day while our regiment were gone to Bull's Run, and I meant to have answered it before, but as they probably told you I was sick and did not go with the regiment, I supposed you would not be alarmed about me. I could not get any paper or envelopes, and did not feel able to write before Sunday, and since that every thing has been so mixed up and in such confusion that I could not write. The retreat from Bull's Run was one of the hardest sights I suppose that was ever seen. Our boys came in, one at a time, in all kinds of shapes and conditions; some without hats, some no coats or blankets, and some with other regiments' coats and blankets, tired almost to death, muddy, wet, thirsty, hungry and dirty; some lost the road and got to Alexandria, and some in the other direction to Chain Bridge; but the last one came this morning, Tom Jones, whom we all thought was dead; he got lost and went to Alexandria and came up the river on the boat to Washington. So we are all safe, and only two slightly wounded, Daniel Cook and R. C. Ketchum, from Rogersville. I am better, and as soon as I get a chance shall write again. Your affectionate son, GEORGE.

That Bug. Libby, of the Book Store, has been keeping our citizens in good humor for a week, with a counterfeit black bug of fabulous size, and ferocious, bristling appearance, which from behind he lets down by a slight thread in front of his victim, whose vigorous attempts to demolish it are succeeded by a general burst of laughter from the surrounding spectators. Not at all respecting the dignity of an editor, he has already victimized us three times, but we do not feel so bad about it, for other distinguished gentlemen have suffered the same way.

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