

from. Quite a change from the spot I last wrote you from. Then, I had to sit with my back against a tree, with my attention divided between writing and keeping a sharp lookout for a stray shot or shell. Last Sabbath found us lying in a reserve, with two lines of battle in front of us, and at 5 A. M. the ball opened in grand style. The battle raged with great fury till 11 A. M., when the enemy were driven back, and repulsed at every point. A short distance from the left of our regiment several batteries were planted, and on these the rebels charged no less than five times, but were repulsed with awful carnage. We could hear their yells, as they charged, and every man would hold his breath with suspense. Not a shot was fired till they began to pour out of the woods into the open field, like wasps from their nests, then the guns, with their double shotted loads of canister and grape, would go crashing through their ranks, and hurl them back. The old soldiers did not feel confident of their repulse till they heard the hoarse booming of a certain battery, then they would cry out "there goes old Weed after them" (meaning Weed's Battery.) Then the Regulars would mount the breastworks and send cheer after cheer of defiance after their broken column. During the intervals in the battle the sharpshooters on both sides were kept busy. — General Griffin while riding near our regiment, had a splendid horse shot from under him. — General Hooker rode along the lines several times, and his fine grey steed made a good mark, but fortunately no bullet could lay him low. — Our batteries were considerably annoyed by a rebel sharpshooter that was concealed in the woods. A captain of a battery first had his horse shot from under him, but he had no sooner mounted another, than a ball coming from the same direction, shattered his leg. At length one of Berdan's men caught sight of a dark object in an oak tree. He aimed, fired, and down tumbled Mr. Sharpshooter, in the shape and color of a huge mulatto. I suppose, though, it is all right for the rebels to use the negroes to slay our Northern brothers. But Copperheads think it an unpardonable sin if we even use them for digging entrenchments. The firing was kept up at intervals until Tuesday, when it ceased entirely. On Tuesday morning, while getting into line, a minie ball struck Martin W. Haight, company A, badly, shattering his leg below the knee. Though the wound is a severe one, yet the Surgeon thinks the limb will be saved. And here let me say a word in regard to our officers. Wherever our regiment went our surgeons were with us (with the exception of Dr. Lord, who was detailed). In that terrible five days' battle I did not see cooler men than our acting Brigadier and our Colonel. The men have the utmost confidence in all the line and staff officers, and they showed by their attention to orders that they were willing to follow them to victory or death.

On Tuesday evening we were treated to a grand rain storm, with all the old fashioned accompaniments of thunder and lightning. The boys were completely drenched. While it was still raining the order came for a retreat across the river. Our division was to cover the retreat. Here my pen must skip over a blank space. —

While standing behind the regiment a ball from the enemy struck your correspondent's gun, glanced and went through the breast of my overcoat, and struck a brass-bound pocket Bible and went under my arm. Some splinters from the gun hit me on the head, and the next recollection I had was, twenty-four hours afterwards.

among myself in "Camp near Falmouth," among the boys again, and nobody hurt.

Thursday we moved camp a few rods to the west of the old one on a gentle rising hill, from which we have a splendid view of the surrounding country.

From the 140th Regiment.

CAMP 140TH N. Y. V., NEAR FALMOUTH, }
Virginia, May 14th, 1863.

DEAR UNION:—I have sent you all the information I could gather concerning our late excursion to the south side of the Rappahannock, but have this day got a few items to send to our friends at home which will give joy to some while it will send the deep pang of sorrow to others; but the almighty and overruling power which directs and controls our actions and our beings will, I trust, be to them a support, and give them strength and resignation to meet the sad tidings.

I stated in my last letter that Dr. Lord was in the hands of the rebels, or rather, I should say, he was left behind at Chancellorsville, and we knew not if he was a prisoner or killed. This day he has returned to us alive and well, except that he looks rather worse for wear. He has been with our wounded in the rebel lines ever since the great Sunday battle, and was to-day sent over with a train of wounded by the rebels into our lines. He says they were very short of provisions over there, owing to the destruction of property by Stoneman's cavalry, and they had to provide themselves from haversacks which they picked up on the battle field.

The rebels acknowledge that our artillery was too much for them, but they say they don't care for our infantry. Dr. Lord says among the many thousands of wounded rebels he saw, and he tells of 12,000, he did not see hardly any who were wounded in the legs by the musket ball. Nearly all were wounded in the arms, head and breast, while a large proportion of our men are wounded in the legs. That shows what has always been a mistake with our men, they aim too high. If they aimed as low as the rebels do we should make much greater havoc among the enemy than we do. Our muskets at short range, if a man is not careful, are very apt to carry over. So if you aim at a man's legs, and get on a straight line, your chances are good to hit a man somewhere below the top of his head, and allow considerable for carrying over.

The Doctor represents the rebels quite jubilant over their partial success, and Gen. Lee was cheered very heartily and long after the battle. Our wounded who were left in the brick house at Chancellorsville when we fell back with Dr. Lord in charge, remained there until Sunday about noon, when the house was destroyed and the out buildings. The wounded were removed to some other point. Among them was Barton T. Perrigo, who, as I told you before, had amputation performed at the upper third of left thigh. Being short of help, and he feeling full as well, and even better than could be expected for one in his condition, two days after the operation he determined to help himself as much as possible, and he removed to another building about a quarter of a mile distant. With two men assisting him, one holding each arm, he hopped on his one foot to the place. The exertion caused secondary hemorrhage, the ligature became detached from the main artery, and within two minutes he bled to death, and thus was lost to the service as good and brave a fellow as the country needs. He was an amiable and faithful companion, and leaves a large number of friends in the regiment who mourn his

loss.

The rest of our wounded are all doing well. Our loss in dead in our first engagement is but three. An overruling Providence has been with us all the way through the past eight months. Our losses when compared with other regiments have been light, from all causes, whether by sickness or battle or anything else. Our regiment is quite healthy since our return. We have nothing more than diarrhoea, which always follows such an expedition as that lately undertaken. We have only two sick in the hospital, and those not seriously. How long we stay here, or what is our next move I cannot say. The folks at home know as much about such things as we do. I see Gen. Hooker has ordered all who write to the papers must sign their own names and not use any more fictitious ones; so I must subscribe myself

Respectfully,

Democrat & American.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1863.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the 140th Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 140TH N. Y. V.,
NEAR FALMOUTH, Va., May 15, 1863.

OUR DESTINY.

Semiramis stands by the Euphrates, contemplating a palace for herself and a habitation for her people. Alexander, at the head of his column, pierces and crushes under his feet a great city. Leyard burrows in the dusty mound, and compels the yelling Arab to drag forth the winged bulls of by-gone glory. These three illustrate the march of the race. The pioneer, the conqueror, and the antiquarian follow and often stumble on one another. The axe, which clears away the forest of Yucatan, disentombs the palaces of an extinct race, and amid the chattering of apes, opens the history of a forgotten civilization.

In nature, in man, in the life of nations, in the history of great cities, the law of growth and decay seems absolute and without exception. Like the earth we inhabit, the full round of existence must be half the time in the night. Since the raw material was measured out, to us at the beginning, and no additions can be made we must tear down before we can build up, and life would have no meaning were it not for death.

There is a time when the infant nation is rocked in the arms of a few serious men, and its life trembles in the balance, between the shock of the old with the birth of the new. There is a time when it springs forth in the pride of its conscious strength of manhood, and bids defiance to the world. And there is a time when it gathers itself for the final struggle, and, clothed in the dignity of a completed destiny, considers its heritage to the young heirs at its bed-side. Have no new elements been introduced to change the conditions of national growth. Must we, too, bow to the inexorable law, and write down over against all our hopes and undertakings, "passing away"? If we look no farther than to the teachings of history, if we go for our oracle to the tombs of past ages, if we say, "America must fall," as we say, we must die to-morrow, because our neighbor died yesterday.

terday, then our question must be answered the affirmative.

But what then? We ought not to be alarmed. The crash of our dissolution must be so far removed as not to disturb these—the days of infancy. For, by every possible deduction from the experience of other peoples, by *all the symptoms*, by common sense, we are assured, that our career, as a nation, is scarcely begun. We must not forget that a body politic cannot be cr down by mere accident, that its growth must be slow, and that if it took Rome a thousand year to rise, and as many more to fall, we need no talk of our national coffin, before we have fairly emerged from our national crib. The first stage has not yet been passed—the Pioneer is still driving hard at his task.

But we are of the number of those who believe that all events, principalities, and destinies form parts of one *grand mosaic*, wherein the purposes of God are perfectly wrought. And when we contemplate the *place we occupy* in the march of civilization, and the *time*, and the *physical surroundings*, and our *history* hitherto, we cannot but believe that there is, for us, a "*manifest destiny*," not in our proud, and inflated imaginations, but in the mind of the great Disposer of events.

We imagined ourselves masters of the situation, just at the moment when our destiny slipped from our hands, and took its own flight, in accordance with its own law. Our best reasons and feelings had long warned us that one iron-stone obstacle stood over against that destiny. And while we laid our finger on our lips, and frowned on those indiscreet, but perhaps honest, men, who kept crying out in our streets: "*unholy! unholy!*" we looked anxiously about for the solution of the terrible problem. And then, when this fearful crisis burst upon us, in spite of that reason, and those feelings, we cried out: "*unfortunate!*" And now, while we sicken, and faint under repeated disaster, and delayed hope, we fail to see that all these have brought us nearer—not to the end of a war, but to the consummation of a grand result. The pillar of cloud and fire has kept steadily on, while we have been clamoring for the flesh pots of Egypt.

Not until our *golden calf* is broken, and our *political Korahs* are swallowed up, shall the promise of God towards us be fulfilled.

Let the patriot, the philosopher, the philanthropist take courage. The events of this war have gradually glided from our hands, and beyond our control, and we have become instruments where we thought to be masters. Here is a paradox in history—the lesser evil swallows up the greater. Let us join the almighty, but bloody tide which sets in towards the disenfranchisement of *men*—the elevation of *man*. Now is the time for Regulus to mount his spikes rather than be false to his character as a man—as a Roman. Now is the time for Junius Brutus to pronounce sentence on his own son, if that son prove false to Rome. Now the martyr may sing poems amid crackling faggots, if the *Great Cause* be thereby advanced, vindicated, or even glorified. We shall be safe, as a people, if, following the advice of the poet Goethe to his friend, we prove "*true to the dream of our youth*."

ADJUTANT.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 30.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the 140th Regiment.

CAMP 140TH, N. Y. V., NEAR FALMOUTH,
May 21st, 1863.

To-day we returned from three days picket duty, and they have been by far the most pleasant the Regiment has ever had. For the last week the weather has been beautiful—by day a warm invigorating sun, by night a clear starlight firmament. Flora for a short time has de-throned grim Mars in the woods of old Virginia, and is lavishing upon nature her sweetest smiles. The forests have put on their rich dress, the green fields are gemmed with beautiful wild flowers, while the whippoorwill at night and sweeter songsters through the day tell us that Spring has gone and summer has come. The roads are dry and in good condition. When then will the army move? I suppose this is the absorbing question now at the North. "When our commander sees fit to give the order" is the only way we can answer it. After the forced marches we have made, living on scanty half-cooked rations, wearied with the terrible work of the hardest fought battle of the war; after all this the men must have a short period of repose, or human nature can never stand it. Brigades that have been broken up by the departure of two years and nine months men must be consolidated; arms and equipments lost in battle must be replaced, reconnoissances by which to determine the plan of new campaigns must all be made, and then will the mighty machinery of this army be set in motion again.

Since we returned to camp the old routine of camp life has been carried on. Reveille at 5 A. M. Squad drill at 6. Company drill from 8 to 9. The men are then at liberty till 4 P. M., when we have guard mounting, followed by dress parade and battalion drill. During the middle of the day the heat is almost insufferable. Those who are fortunate enough to possess a cool retreat under their evergreen boughs pass their time. Others take comfort in the cool waters of Potomac creek. This little stream is a perfect God send to our division, and its banks are constantly lined with bathers and amateur washer women. Great improvements are being made in our new camp, and in a few days will compare favorably with any in the Army of the Potomac. Streets have been graded, evergreens have been drawn by the teams, and are being set out through the camp. The tents of the line and staff officers have large archways of evergreens built over them. This makes them almost as cool as an ice house.—The Regulars set us a good example in laying out camps and adorning them. If you wish to behold a perfect model of neatness and beauty it can be found in the camp of the 1st and 2d brigade of this division. The shelter tents are in straight rows on neatly graded streets, and the wall tents are surrounded by nicely sodded sward and gravelled walks. Over the whole camp long arches of evergreens have been built making it cool and inviting. At a short distance it looks more like a thicket of evergreens than a camp of soldiers.

Since we returned from our last march Col. O'Rourke has been drilling two of the flank com-

panies in the skirmish drill. This is something that we as a regiment have been deficient. Part of Co. A, of the 46th N. Y., in our brigade, was gobbled up by the rebels, they not understanding their business, when told to deploy as skirmishers.

Last Sabbath morning after reveille a soldier belonging to the regulars was drummed out of camp with a shaven head and keeping step to the music of the celebrated "Rogues March." Our brigade is to be reinforced by two regiments from Humphrey's division. They are fixing up a camp near us, and they will move into it next week. We hope the next time we write we will have more stirring (to the rebels) scenes to pen. All we can do now is to improve all we can in discipline and drill, and laugh among ourselves as we read in some Northern sheets of this terribly beaten, dispirited and demoralized army. If we have been beaten it was by the sacrifice of the very flower of the rebel army and its bravest and most distinguished chief; but do not think that we are demoralized. Don't disgrace us with the thought of fowl eagerness to move upon the enemy before the hottest season of the year approaches. If a devotion to our cause and the oath we took when we enlisted, if a perfect confidence in our commander as a brave, efficient military leader, if all this is demoralization, then, Northern friends, we are demoralized in the very worst sense of the term.

JANUS.

THE EVENING EXPRESS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 2, 1863.

From the 140th.

From our own Correspondent.

HEADQUARTERS 140TH REGIMENT,
POTOMAC CREEK, Va. May 30th, '63.

DEAR FRIENDS: As I have a few leisure moments I will devote them in penning you a few lines, to let you know how we are getting along this warm weather. Yesterday, some of "us officers" of the 140th regiment, started for Brooks' Station, some four miles distant, to witness a horse-race, gotten up by two of the most prominent officers of the 5th cavalry. We had not proceeded more than half way when we fell in with a large number who were out to see the sport. After inquiring into the matter a little we learned that it was to come off at Potomac Creek Bridge, and one of the horses, (Capt. M.'s) was on the ground at the appointed time. Here all dismounted, and after waiting patiently for about one half hour, an Orderly was dispatched to Brooks' Station, to inform Major F. that the Captain's horse, and in fact the entire party, were anxiously awaiting his arrival at that place. In the meantime, while the orderly was absent, the officers were invited by an officer of the 4th Michigan regiment to repair to his quarters, about three-fourths of a mile distant, and partake of refreshments, an invitation which the majority of them accepted. After a delay of an hour and a half, the aforesaid Orderly returned, and on his arrival, informed us that Capt. S., of the 5th cavalry, who acted as judge, desired Capt. M. to return with his horse to camp, as there would be no race that day. This announcement disappointed us all, as there was considerable anxiety to see the test, for the animals are considered pretty fast, and I have no doubt that they would make a pretty good show

on some of the beautiful avenues around Rochester.

Those who repaired to the camp of the Sixth Michigan were unwilling to lose their day's sport, and on our arrival at the above-named camp, we found them engaged in running scrub races. There were some ten or fifteen entries—the distance about eight rods. The day was warm, and the roads were very dusty; consequently when the horses were under way, it was almost impossible to see who came in ahead; but the Judge being a fair-sighted gent, gave his decisions promptly and satisfactory. Three heats were run, and Adjutant M., of the 8th cavalry, won the three—he coming in ahead each time, closely pursued by Quartermaster Sergeant M., of the 140th. The scrub races being ended, all hands resolved to go to their respective quarters; but another race was warmly talked of by two of the party, so back to the ground we went. The judges and referees were chosen, and all necessary arrangements made—the entries being Capt. M. and Capt. G., of the 8th cavalry; distance same as before. Capt. M. came in ahead, won the purse with great ease, on account of the bad behavior of Capt. G.'s horse, who ran off the track into the camp of the 4th regiment.—The rider, although being well experienced, could not control his animal, but had he kept on the course, I have no doubt but that he would have won the purse. Quite a number of spectators assembled to witness the sport, and they manifested a very lively interest in it. Among the vast assemblage was a couple of mule drivers, mounted on their long eared steeds. One of the officers inquired if they would enter their quadrupeds for a purse? They said they would; and we were not long in getting up a purse.—Bets were numerous, the squirrel mule being the favorite, and he proved himself as good as he looked, for he came in ahead about 50 yards.—After paying our respects to the Colonel of the 4th Michigan, we took a parting smile, expressing a hope that we should all meet again shortly. Taking all in all, it is really the best day's sport that I have had since I have been in Dixie—everything passed off very pleasantly, and no accidents happened to any of the party.

There is a movement of some kind going on here at present, but I cannot say exactly what it is; but from what I can learn I should judge that it was no forward movement on our part, but on the part of the rebels, the first division of our Corps (the one the Old 18th was in,) passed our camp yesterday, en route for some of the Fords on the Rappahannock, and this morning I learn that all the Fords on the river are being guarded by our troops. This is a pretty fair indication that the rebels are moving in some direction and probably are on the point of attacking us well let them come, we are all hear yet, and what is more we are all ready to extend to them a warm reception, as all our men are feeling in the best of spirits, having lost no confidence by our late movement against the enemy at Chancellorville.* Yesterday the balloon was up several times on our left, and a little below Fredericksburgh, but this morning it is up on our right and about two miles above Fredericksburgh. Yesterday and last night and to day, there has been one continual train of army wagons passing our camp. It is evident that a considerable portion of our army is on the move, and we have received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, and General Sykes has received orders from the Commanding General, (Old Joe) that he would not be required to furnish but one half

the number of men heretofore furnished from our division for to perform picket duty, as all the Ford's on the river were well guarded.

Our Camp presents a very lively appearance to day as the paymaster is in camp, and the boys are receiving the green backs, and I have no doubt but what it will make the folks at home feel just as well. Some were paid yesterday, and quite a number of them sent home by Lieut. Buckley, who was going up to Washington for the purpose of re-shipping the baggage belonging to the regiment, that was sent to Washington to be stored there, until we returned from Chancellorsville. This looks to me rather queer, and I should infer from it that they are to let our division remain here unless something very urgent should transpire. The health of the Regiment at present is remarkably good, and we have but very few in hospital, although we expected more on account of this warm weather. Four men belonging to the Company of which I have the honor of being a member, returned this week from Division Hospital looking "as fine as a saddle," and very much delighted at being again in company with their comrades.

In my last letter I was mistaken in the number of one the regiments which lately joined our Brigade—the number is 91 not 54. They started yesterday morning for Stoneman's Switch, to do guard duty along the line of the railroad.

I must now bid you farewell, as it has come my turn to receive the greenbacks, and you know I would not let the Paymaster go away thinking that I would be so ungrateful as not to call on him.

NATIONAL HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.
June 5th, 1863.

You will perceive by this date that I am again in the land of civilization, or in other words taking a sail around among the Blooms in Washington. I have leave of absence for four days, but shall not remain as the Regiment is on the move. Washington at present presents a very lively appearance, and the streets are thronged with officers and men, the former being far the most numerous. Fears are being entertained here to some extent that the Rebs will pay the city a visit before long, but I can't see it in that light. I also understand that extensive preparations are being made in Alexandria, as they are in daily expectations of a rebel raid being made there before long.

Wednesday night at 12 o'clock we received marching orders, with three days rations, and to move precisely at 3 o'clock next morning. At 1 o'clock the bugler sounded the assembly, and I assure you that the boys were somewhat surprised at being disturbed from their peaceful slumbers at that time of night, and when they least expected it, for we had all come to the conclusion that we would remain in camp for some time to come. When it was made known to the men that we would move at the appointed hour, they set to work immediately making all the necessary arrangements for a start. Col. O'Rourke and Major Force are absent on leave, and Col. Girard is in command of the brigade. They will probably join the regiment to-morrow.

Lieut. Buckley returned to camp from Washington very sick. He is now, I am happy to state, out of danger. The amount of cloth-

ing that our men are carrying will be quite a burden to them, and if we are to march very far they will have to "shuck" a very large portion of it. Our sick were all removed to Sykes'

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were in all about twenty-five, among them were Lieut. Buckley and Adjutant Ira C. Clark. Sickness in the army at present is somewhat on the increase, probably owing to the warm weather we are now having. I understand that our Regiment and Division went to guard the fords on the Rappahannock, United States and Kelley's Ford. The 146th Regiment, who are in our brigade, have received a new uniform (Zouave.) It is a very neat and tasty one, and the men make a very fine appearance. At the last court-martial held in our brigade, three members of the 146th Regiment were tried and convicted of desertion. Two of them were formerly members of the 5th Regiment, N. Y. Zouaves, but at the time that regiment's term of service expired, they were consolidated with the 146th regiment. To-day is the day appointed by the commanding General to carry the sentence into effect, which is, that they are to be shot. It may in all probability be postponed on account of our movement. Our whole division are to witness the execution. For one, I beg to be excused, for I can see enough of that when I see the Rebs.

Yours, &c., THOM BLUM.

From the 140th Regiment.

CAMP AT UNITED STATES FORD, }
June 12, 1863. }

From the above you will notice that, contrary to all expectations, we yet remain and are doing picket duty—which follows—at United States Ford. An order, however, is pending to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, which I thought would be put into execution before sunrise this morning, as the sick were taken to Division Hospital late last night, and rumors saying to prepare for long and tedious marching. Should our marches be long and tedious, but two ways remain by which they could be brought about—one over our old route back to Harper's Ferry, into Maryland to meet Lee on the way, should the rebel forces venture to cross, and the other back on to Washington, the one least probable. Hooker has his wits about him, and Lee does well to act cautiously, but to no advantage, for Hooker will take him out of the wet sooner or later. It is not at all probable that another demonstration will be made on our part until we get reinforcements, for Lee outnumbered us. He is supposed to have over 100,000 men, while we, at the most, have but 75,000—the remainder of the Grand Army of the Potomac.

It would be useless to ask where are your drafted men? By the way, should ever such an event occur as a draft in the North, and it would be the fortune for Copperheads or Villain-digham sympathizers to hold so high a position in the army as privates, and they were to express their sentiments, I can inform them that they would be "put," quicker than could be the question, "Where are all those drafted men?" Why, they wouldn't be "dar." Such is the feeling of the Union soldiers toward these would-be loyal men. It is sufficient to sicken one of the cause for which we are struggling, to read of such demonstrations as the Vallandigham meetings, and these hearkened to in the State of New York. Every soul taking part therein ought to be sent over the lines, that their sympathies might be appreciated by a class far superior to themselves. Not until treason is crushed in the North, will treason be crushed in the South.

Mr. Burns, who came down to see his brother-in-law, Lieut. Buckley, who is sick at the division hospital, paid us a flying visit, and left in company with Mr. Hendricks, a flour merchant of Rochester (who has a son in Co. C.), last evening, thinking that we would move this morning.

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Thomas Buckley is our brigade mail carrier, and this announcement ought to relieve the anxiety of those who fear that "Frank or 'Bub' won't get their letters until the regiment is stationary," for Tom is just the boy to bring it up when put in his charge.

The regiment is in good health, and awaiting patiently orders to move from this lonesome spot.

C. P. K.

ORU ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the 140th Regiment.

HARTWOOD CHURCH, June 14, 1863.

The day so long expected for a move did come, and with it a tremendous rain shower, putting the roads in as muddy a condition as we have known them to be here on the "sacred soil." The march though short, was as "tough" a one as we have yet experienced; starting at 8 P. M. yesterday, and arriving at 3½ o'clock this morning. The distance is but about five miles, and had there been light enough to see two feet ahead we would have been here four hours earlier, regardless of mud. As it was, it required time for the men to feel their way along and pull themselves out of the mud. On the start, our march seemed like a Wide Awake procession. All those who were fortunate to have candles lit them and thus saved themselves a few duckings. The boys present a pitiful appearance this morning, though in good spirits to continue the "job." All they want is to see the road, and they will get over it. The regiment is awaiting orders to continue the march.

JUNE 15.

We started about 7 A. M., marched to Weaverville Mills, one mile South of Warrenton Junction, in an awful dust and heat.

JUNE 16.

Started from Weaverville about 6½ P. M., passed the 8th California there, and are now (4 P. M.) at Manassas Junction. The heat is terrible. Men have dropped like flies to-day while marching, by sun stroke. We are in line of battle, with artillery in position, awaiting what is to come. We will undoubtedly continue on to Centreville to-morrow. C. P. K.

From the 140th.

[From our own Correspondent.]

HEADQUARTERS 140TH REGIMENT,
ON PICKET AT LACYVILLE, Va.

June 23, 1863.

DEAR EXPRESS:—I mailed you a letter a few days since and now I again find myself intruding on your valuable time. We have now been in this neighborhood for the past 4 or 5 days and I assure you that the boys appreciate it very much as it is the most delightful part of Virginia that we have yet traveled through, but we are kept in suspense from the constant artillery firing that is kept up about four miles in advance of us. Sunday it was very heavy, and we were in expectation of being called upon at any moment as we were all confident that it would ultimately result in a general engagement, but yesterday (Monday) there was a lull in the state of affairs. What the final results will be I cannot at present say. There is one thing certain, and that is that we will not remain idle much longer.

Our cavalry are almost daily engaged with the enemy's pickets and some pretty sharp skirmishing has been the result, our men constantly gaining ground, but with far heavier loss than that of the enemy. Our men lay their losses principally to the mounted