To Commodore:--In this way the whole line of advance onward, and finally pitched our tents, we reached Warwick Court House, the rebels still retreating as we advanced. After a short rest, we proceed onward, and finally pitched our tents in the woods about three miles to the right of Warwick. There the boys enjoyed a few days of exciting and danger, which duty as our gallant "Home Guards" would tremble to perform. The pickets of Hancock's Brigade and those of the secesh being within close musket range of each other, everyone in the hole from behind a tree, bang would go one of our rifles, which if the bullet would not wing a limb or forty yards of a post, when the enemy was so accurate and fast, that very soon, they wished, we would have taken cover. Of course they would return our fire, and in this way a sharp fire would be kept up by both sides, until both parties tired of it, when they would "suspend hostilities" for some time, and after a flag of truce with some peace propositions, which would invariably end in this agreement, that "if you don't fire at us, we won't at you," a representative from each side met and used each other at the river, when they would have a quiet chat, crack a few jokes, trade buttons of smoke together, before they separated. When either party wanted to relieve their pickets, they would leave the reserves and approach the line as quickly and quietly as possible, until within thirty or forty yards of a post, when the picket would be left to glide along dodging from tree to tree, until he reached his companions, when the whole line of pickets would be relieved, and the utmost caution be necessary for the men's safety. If a straggler approached the line of either party, the skirmishers of the other would "draw and shoot" on the doomed man, and the sharp crack of the rifle would be the only announcement of the almost certain death of one more victim of foolhardy recklessness. Only two days since, a man belonging to the Second Vermont with the working party, soldiers, officers, and all sought shelter behind their breastworks. More of our artillery was now brought forward and commenced their deadly work. The enemy answered with renewed vigor, the skirmishers on both sides joining in the fight. It seemed to promise a general engagement.

The firing of the men was very accurate, much more so than that of the rebels. While the firing was kept up so busily, and when at its height, Gen. McClellan rode up, and as the men recognized him, they stopped firing and cheer as the air, and the most intense enthusiasm prevailed.

About 10 A.M., after more than two hours of hard and rapid firing, the rebel battery yielded. They could not stand the fire of our sharpshooters, and by noon would a man show himself above the parapet, than our men would pick him off. Up to this time there were three killed and live wounded, of Mott's battery, and one or two of the secesh wounded.

Though the rebel batteries were now silent none of us thought that they would remain so. A good opportunity present itself. It now became evident that a man and a cannon were necessary, so after a short consultation between Gen. McClellan and Gen. Smith, three of our batteries opened on the enemy, at a distance of more than 500 yards, and the fire from these soon brought the rebels to a sense of their position and gave them to understand that we meant business.

They replied rather warmly for fifteen or twenty minutes and then became silent again. The idea that they would draw us on, (we were of the opinion that they could use their guns if they wished), we fired a few minutes longer from our batteries, when information was received by Gen. Brooks, of the 2d Brigade, that the creek could be forded. With this information, two companies of the 3d Vermont were sent across from our right to attack the left and rear of the enemy. This was done, two more companies of the 3d Vermont were now located about the river, and the brave Vermonters, the rebels seeing so few of our men rallied, and after a desperate struggle, a hand to hand conflict, the Vermont heroes seeing no reinforcements arriving, were obliged to fall back and retire from the now stunned ranks of the brave Vermonters. The rebels seeing so few of our men rallied, and after a desperate struggle, a hand to hand conflict, the Vermont heroes seeing no reinforcements arriving, were obliged to fall back and retire from the now stunned ranks of the brave Vermonters. The rebels seeing so few of our men rallied, and after a desperate struggle, a hand to hand conflict, the Vermont heroes seeing no reinforcements arriving, were obliged to fall back and retire from the now stunned ranks of the brave Vermonters.

FROM THE FIFTH WIS. REGIMENT.

Head Quarters, 5th Regt. Wis. Vols., Camp No. 9 in the Field, April 21st, 1862.

FRIEND CHASE:—Since last I wrote to you, we have taken quite a jump into "Dixie." We are now located about half way between the James and York Rivers.
Circular to the Wisconsin Volunteers.

ROOMS OF THE

State Historical Society of Wisconsin,

Dear Sir:

It is well known to the historical student that there are many epochs and events in our American History but imperfectly understood, because of the paucity and meagerness of narratives left by the actors. Thus there are many doubtful points connected with the discovery, settlement, and Indian wars of the Colonies. An intelligent historian has observed of Bacon's Rebellion, which occurred nearly two hundred years ago in Virginia, that "the discrepancies between the several relations can hardly be reconciled; and of our Revolutionary War, for want of full authorities, many an interesting event, it is feared, has been sadly disfigured, or unworthy men, in some instances, suffered to usurp honors unjustly due to others.

It is due to our Wisconsin Volunteers, who are devoting their time and energies, and risking their lives, in defense of the Constitution, Laws and Flag of their Country, that the Historical Society of their State should make ample provision for a full history of their services. And this the Society proposes to do as fully as its means and appliances will possibly allow. It can hardly be expected that camp newspaper correspondents, many of them mere mercenary hirelings, ready to praise or condemn as they may be paid to do, will render that justice to our own Wisconsin troops that their merits may deserve; and if they should in some rare instances grant them a full measure of justice, it would prove as ephemeral as the newspapers in which it might appear.

Besides saving some eighty files of newspapers, and among them several prominent Eastern and Western Dailies, which will contain a vast amount of correspondence relative to our officers and soldiers, we earnestly desire to preserve all other material within our reach relating to the career and services of our Wisconsin Volunteers. It is the wish of the Society that you give your approval and aid to this effort.

1st. If you do not find time or inclination to preserve a regular Diary, then write out and send the Society isolated sketches of any particular event and service of which you may be cognizant. All such details, whether in Diary form or separate narrative, cannot be given too minutely. Write them out as fully as you would narrate them to a friend at your war camp, or at your peaceful fireside.

2d. Preserve, whenever it is possible, for the Society, a plat or drawing, however rude it may be, of any skirmish ground or battle field, on which our Wisconsin troops may play a worthy part.

3d. Preserve and send to the Society for its Cabinet of Curiosities, and relics taken from our Rebel foes—flags, swords, guns, bayonets, pistols, or other interesting objects captured from the enemy.

4th. When the war is over, the Union preserved, and peace once more restored to our country, will not our Wisconsin troops take pride and pleasure in depositing with our Historical Society their Company and Regimental Flags, under which they have marched to battle and to victory? Here, with other war relics, they would be carefully preserved during all coming time, where thousands would annually inspect them with all the State pride, interest and curiosity usually attendant on objects having such deeply interesting historical associations.

All such Diaries, narratives, plats, drawings and relics will serve to illustrate and enrich a History of the Services of the Wisconsin Volunteers, which the Society will aim to carefully prepare and publish at the close of the war, in the highest style of art, with personal sketches of those gallant Wisconsin men who may especially distinguish themselves in the service.

Wisconsin is now making for herself a strange and eventful history—her sons are making unspeakable sacrifices in maintaining the honor and sacredness of the Union bequeathed us by our fathers, and are freely yielding up their lives, and pouring out their blood upon the battle-field in the good cause in which they are engaged. The Truth and Justice of History demand that a Society like ours should perpetuate these services and sacrifices for the enlightenment and encouragement of our children and children's children, and we most earnestly appeal to you to do what you can to aid us in carrying into successful effect these worthy designs and purposes. It is not enough to say, that some one else will keep a proper Diary—we wish these many times multiplied, so each will record particular events with more minuteness than others, and all will more or less serve to corroborate each other, and thus fortify the correctness, and increase the interest of the general narrative proposed to be constructed from them. In such a work, care will be taken that due credit is given to all Diaries and statements furnished the society, and used in the preparation of the contemplated History, and all such documents will greatly enrich the collection of original manuscripts of Wisconsin history, to be preserved in its archives for future times, and future historians and biographers.

Very Respectfully,

Cor. Sec'y State Hist. Society of Wis.
## Correspondence of Wisconsin Vols.

### Vol. 2

For 1861 & 1862

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Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18, 1861.

The success of the expedition to South Carolina has occasioned much rejoicing among loyal citizens, and created an eagerness among our troops to march southward. The general expectation, however, is that the immediate movement by land will be made here, farther than a gradual pushing forward of the federal lines as the rebels shall withdraw to strengthen their southern defenses. No general engagement with the rebels in Virgina can be brought about save by attacking the enemy in their entrenchments, which are known to be formidable both at Manassas and Centreville, and aggressive movements will for the present be confined to the coast and the western divisions of the army. Still no preparations are yet being made for winter quarters for the army on the other side of the Potomac, which favors the idea that it is not decided to retain it in this vicinity for any length of time. In most of the camps, stoves have been introduced in the officers' quarters, and the solidified tempers and the solid sense of the hardships of casual life among the soldiers has brought about a temporary use of fireplaces of brick to make them comfortable during the cold storms and chilling winds which assail them. Winter quarters are being provided for the regiments on this side of the river.

The army is kept in the best possible condition for immediate and effective service by daily brigade and battalion drills, and weekly reviews by divisions under the command of the General. The soldiers and officers are now becoming accustomed to the habits and dangers of military life as almost entirely to have thrown off that nervous sensitiveness and keen apprehension of danger so prolific of disaster in camp and among reconnoitering parties, in the earlier part of the campaign, and the business of war—its hardships, and blood and carnage—are now contemplated with a steadfastness of nerve and coolness of mind in remarkable contrast with that manifested at the outset, when quaking sentinels found an enemy in every bush, and reconnoitering parties would meet in deadly conflict, without determining whether they were friends or foes. Coupled with this however there is also an increasing wantonness of character and recklessness of life among the soldiers that will accord with habits of civil life and which bode no good to society when the soldier shall have returned from the war. Many a young man who returns unschooled by rebel bullets and unmarked by disease will find his moral sensibilities blunted and his heart calloused by the habits and associations of the "tented field."

A few hours ride over the territory now occupied by the belligerent forces, exhibits the realities of war as none can appreciate of his arduous duties until to-day, when on this side of the river.

"Among loyal citizens, and created an eager desire for battle, threatening cannon, and glittering sabres of galloping horsemen continually remind you of military sway. It is interesting to behold the grand displays of the marshaled hosts, which are continually occurring under the direction of the commanding General. It is seldom in the history of a civilian that he is permitted to see twenty or thirty thousand armed men, marching in all the panoply of war with attending horsemen and well-appointed batteries of artillery. But it is painful to reflect that in this enlightened age and country these things should be rendered necessary to maintain the principle of freedom and put down the aggressions of slavery."

The Wisconsin regiments are now in fine condition, and make a most creditable appearance, having all, save a portion of the 7th, received their blue uniforms. There has been some sickness and several deaths since my last, but as a general thing our men stand it better than those from other states, either from the better regulations of their officers, or from their better adaptation to the service. Still, there are weekly discharges of disabled and weakened soldiers, and many deaths by disease. Last week three died from the 7th, and one from the 6th. One of the former died from small pox, and two from typhoid fever. The wife of Sergeant Williams, of Company I, 7th Regiment, (from Waukesha County, I believe,) died in camp, of typhoid fever, on Sunday morning, the 10th inst. She was sick but eight days. The camp of the soldier is no place for a woman, either to live or to die in. Patriotism and love for her kindred may induce a woman to surrender the comforts and quiet of home for the privations and hardships of the camp; but it is no place for her, and in nine cases out of ten she will be more an inconvenience than an advantage, either as a nurse or "laundress."

Lieut. Col. Sweet, of the 6th, has been confined to his quarters for some days, with premonitions of typhoid fever, but he is now better, and it is hoped he will soon be out on duty again.

Col. Cutler is, as the boys say, "tough as a black owl," and never disabled either by hardships or sickness. He has been acting Brigadier-General for a few days past, in the absence of Gen. King, who has been to New York. Dr. Chapman, Brigade Surgeon, has been sick for some time, but has still continued the discharge of his arduous duties until to-day, when he has yielded to necessity and the recommenda-
From the Seventh Regiment.

CAMP ARLINGTON, NOV. 15, '81.

Mr. Editor,—In my reading of soldiers' letters, I have not seen anything concerning our mode of living in camp. I first, we drive stakes in the ground and by placing poles upon them raise a kind of platform, on which is laid a mat of cedar boughs, taken from trees once belonging to the rebel Gen. Lee, now confiscated to the rebel property. On this kind of bed we sleep most happily and contentedly as if beneath our parental roofs. Yesterday was pay-day and the boys are all as merry as larks, and their spirits as high as ever. We have now reached this, which is the thought of a battle. We occupy a position on the right and Fort Tillinghast on our left. They are mounted with eight guns each, sizes from twelve to twenty-four pounders and are all well garried.

The Sixth Wisconsin Regiment is stationed on our right and the Second on our left. These regiments above named and the nineteenth Indiana regiment constitute Gen. King's Brigades. To-day we have on general review between Bailey's cross-road and Munson's Hill. The latter of which was formerly occupied by the rebels, with an inferior fortification mounted with basswood cannons and several field pieces having strong resemblance to stove-pipe. The fort was taken by the federal troops the latter part of September without much resistance on the part of the rebels. Their guns it seems did not prove very effective.

Munson's Hill is a strong point, and I wonder why the rebels did not secure it; for it is higher than any other point near the place and commands the ground for a mile around it. Now in regard to the grand review which is to take place tomorrow, the language is inadequate to describe it. Eight divisions were reviewed as follows: Gen's McCaLL, M. Howell, Heitzelman, Fitz John, Porter, Franklin, Blenker, and Smith, comprising nineteen regiments of infantry one hundred and twenty-four pieces of cannon making twenty-one batteries and nine regiments of cavalry, forming an aggregate of seven thousand troops. The largest armed force ever assembled together in the United States. And it was a grand and magnificent sight. At twelve o'clock, Gen. McCaLL and staff accompanied by the President and Secretaries Steward and Cameron made their appearances. Every person was anxious to see the young Commander and when he passed along cheers went up for him. After this the troops marched around quite a large piece of ground thus making the grand review and when each regiment would march by McCaLL would salute them by taking off his hat.

At five o'clock the review closed and the troops went off in masses to their camps, and the boys made their camp about seven o'clock with keen appetites ready for the regular pork and beans, &c.

Yours until accession is cleaned out,

P. S. Letter from 7th Regiment.
The roads are awful muddy, was hard traveling, got back safe and sound, were visited by the Horse Guards, then the parade was in order, there were present at dress parade. Having very pleasant weather now, has been cold, had two good showers during the last day, the time it was last done before day light.

We are getting our tents fixed up tolerable comfortably by which the regiment at large; they have been for the past week in their tents by building a foundation of puncheons. Last Friday Co. C, got a notion to beautify their appearance, put up a lot of street, a good fire was going on, and the men had gone out to bed. Before night, Friday, the whole regiment had their streets lined with evergreens. Co. C, had a notion to take a bustle about it, for they formed an arch of two long slender cedars, made a letter ‘P’ and fastened it to the peak of the arch. They then took a paint brush and painted the breast of the bayouet—looked nice. It was not long before some of the other Co’s had followed suit, company the 6th, 7th and 2d fire together good, either by battalion or by company, but it was told the longer its tail got, till the boys had lit it, that when he started off through the stamps of his drizzle he was safe. When he came to the guard he was challenged with, ‘Who goes there!? ‘Casey and his boys are very much excited. When he gave the countersign it was, ‘Freiheit, a lust farewell to my old cocky old man, let us hope and pray that time is not every day affair, but I do not know can't stay three days—boys kind of dread it can't be so.

The health of the regiment is generally very good, and being as it is a holiday, the time passed freely.

While on dress parade Hon. Wm. H. Seward and Senator Wilson drove up in front of our line, and halted to see the mounted men maneuver. The men, having all received their new uniforms, felt well and performed their exercises with spirit.

The day closes with a gentle rain starting, on us, and the same on our enemies a few miles beyond, verifying in a singular manner the destiny in his hands. B. They had met with no incident worthy of mention, except a little wind braker. The men in Grant City, Captain Callis' company has sent home $1,000 in one pile. We will have in the field from our State any eighteen Regiments, in the aggregate 18,000 men. Suppose each soldier should send home $7 per month, not a high estimate, considering that the State has 18,000 men, they will send home for circulation here, $126,000 per month, or about $1,512,000, a million and a half of dollars per year. To this may be added say $200,000 paid out by the State to the families of volunteers which is circulated at home; but leaving this out of the account, let us compare the war tax, the first installment of which, is to be paid next year, with our receipts. The account will stand thus:

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<th>Receipts from soldiers per year</th>
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We make by the war per year, nearly a million of dollars. The fluateur may endeavor to overthrow these figures by alleging that the soldier is not a producer of wealth, as the farmer and miner are; he puts money in circulation, but does not create it as the California miner does. Well the present effect should be the same as though the soldier created the wealth which he distributes. Besides, wars which better the institutions of a people, enhance a nation's wealth. The revolutionary war paid for itself because it created a substantial debt at least in all the free States, which attracted...
ed emigration, enhanced the price of land and stimulated all branches of industry. The revolution was a great financial gain. So will it be with the present war if managed rightly. There are four millions of people in the South who do nothing to stimulate Northern industry, for they buy nothing of the Northern States; robbed of their wages, they have nothing to spend that the government can sell, nor have they any money to pay with, even if they desire these things. Freedom will open her greatest market in the South. Railroads may yet pay in that direction. We have lost the Southern trade entirely this summer, and are not so poorly off as we were in 1858, under an ordinary collapse in business. The trade of the South at present, is more necessary to European nations than to ourselves. Show the armies overthrow the shiftless, beggarly system of slavery in the South and make for us an empire of free men, with all their wants and means to purchase with, this war will pay for itself in dollars and cents, and will prove that the sword of the soldier may create money in the same sense that the plow and the pick are said to create it.

J. T. M.

Letter From the 7th Regiment.

Arlington Heights, Dec. 16th '61.

The accumulation of small events since the date of my last, has made it embarrassing for me to write. If I omit some facts and present others of less importance, you must consider that the New York daily papers have exhausted these subjects, furnishing the public with the particulars of every event transpiring, and adding many of a purely fictitious or imaginative character. The New York Herald, for instance, stating that Blenker's Division was the first on the ground at the great review, which took place on the 20th ult., near Munson's Hill; when it is notorious to us that McDowell's Division prepared the grounds, clearing it of trees, fences, barns, secession tenements &c., during the two days previous; and we were on the ground in our position in King's Brigade before any other regiment, and McDowell was there placing his brigade, cavalry, artillery and infantry in their positions in order that the other Divisions might form on that basis. In short, the other Divisions were our guests, if I may use such an expression. The whole affair was grand, stupendous and splendid. For the balance of information, I endeavor the newspapers, cautioning your readers not to credit the accuracy of either Harper's or Frank Leslie's illustrations of the event. They resemble it as much as Stanley's Gallery of Aborigines in the Smithsonian Institute would.

The road to Munson's Hill goes through Blenker's Division, at which place the boys replenish their canteens with something stronger than water. The honest German soldiers ask each applicant who has a canteen "if he fights mit Blenker," and an affirmative answer supplies him with any labeled liquid he chooses, at a high price. If the stuff was analyzed, I doubt not but what many druggists would find ingredients in it of a deadly nature in their effect on the human system. That produces intoxication, demoralization, disease, and death. I find abundant proof. The sutlers furnish it, but you must go about to get it in a sly way. The sutlers are a nuisance and the best allies the rebels have within our lines.

The Seventh last have seen some active duty. On the 10th we started to serve on picket, and to relieve the Sixth Wisconsin guarding the line between Gen. Blenker's and Gen. Smith's Divisions, about three miles to the west of Fall's Church. At 8 A.M., we were ordered to march striking the road near Fort Corcoran; thence past several cavalry encampments, by way of Fall's Cross Roads, crossing the Alexandria & Loudoun Railroad; then ascending the encampments of New York Regiment, to Upton's Hill, on the summit of which Gen. Wadsworth's headquarters stood, and from which elevation we could look up to Lewinsville on the right, and Munson's Hill on the left. On the side of the latter we could see the fortifications of the rebels, which consisted principally of a stove pipe and logs placed in such a manner as to resemble a fort. When our troops moved to take the place some time last fall, the rebels took to their heels, and it has since been christened Fort Skadaddle. In front lay Fall's Church, an indiscriminate collection of dwellings encircling two churches—one of which, Fall's Church proper, is a brick building, two stories high. The brick laid in alternate rows of green and red, produces a find effect. It is surrounded by trees and a cemetery. The whole village is handsome, but no signs of business are manifest. From here we took a slanting direction to the south-west, and finally halted in a pine thicket, where our predecessors had left some fancy evergreen tents, manufactured out of the raw material—Norwegian pine and red cedar,—which abounds in these localities. The exhausted lands, although bearing evidence of having been once very fertile, now lie a waste, and nothihg but scrubby pine and cedar will grow on the old tobacco fields. Other portions, which have been spared cultivation by slave labor, or at least have had a long time to recover their lost resources, exhibit a vigorous growth of oak, chestnut, buttonwood, &c.

The left wing took the southern portion of the picket line, under the command of Major Hamilton. The right, under command of Lieut. Colonel W. R. Robinson, took the right; the line adjoining that portion guarded by Smith's Division. Company A and B first occupied the posts on the line, while company I, D and C remained in the thicket as a reserve. We built blazing fires, boiled coffee, and took our supper, as best we could. We had gay times. Before we retired, or rather laid down, with belt and cartridge box, &c., on us, and our mugs and mugs, and napsacks for a pillow; acting Adjut. Bailey warned us, to be ready in case of alarm. After some had gone to sleep, and while others were bivouacking around the fires, a loud report of a gun was heard, succeeded by every gun on the line of the left wing. Fall in, fall in, was sharply echoed throughout the whole reserve, and in less than 2 minutes we were in line of battle on the hill in the advance of our reserve posts. Lieut. Col. Robinson rode forward, and soon returned reporting nothing abroad, but that there might be danger in the morning if at all. In the morning we learned, and saw the cause of the alarm in the form of two negro women—a mother and a daughter, the latter was to be sold South that day, and she and her mother determined to hazard whatever fate might have in store for them within our lines. They did not choose to "bear the ill" they had, but rather courted those "they knew not of." It is true they knew not but what they might be returned, as Gen. Stone does return fugitives to their rebel masters. —The policy of the Government on this question is as much a riddle and a mystery as the ancient oracles of Egypt. Secretary Cameron says something to please the North, which the President modifies to suit Reeverdy Johnson and the
Border States. So it goes. Each Commander of our volunteers follows his political predilections in regard to contrabands. The Government is afraid to assume the responsibility. Fremont was removed because he did. But the Seventh Regiment is not afraid to assume the responsibility. Every private in the ranks would assume it; and when a thousand men assume the responsibility, each one having a good musket and forty rounds of ball and three back-shot cartridge you may be assured we were responsible. The Democrats in our regiment were fiercer than those who had been Republicans. The North Star shone pure and serene through the pine boughs, and if you looked on the countenances of these women—the daughter was nearly white, and goodness look down from a tree which you would not surrender them back to suffering the contingencies of that system which tramples on the honor of man, and makes merchandise of the virtue of woman. Next morning company I and D relieved A and F on the outer line, and they took our place as a reserve. Nothing occurred during the day. At night the counterranger was given out, and the picket guards instructed in their duties. It was my good fortune to be attached to the patrol guard. The line guarded by the Tigers extended from a tree which had been pierced by the enemy's bullets, in an encounter with the picket of the 14th New York on the 15th ult. (They tied two of our men to a tree, and shot them, concluding by beating their heads with clubs.) to its intersection with the Alexandria and Loudoun Railroad. About 10 P.M., the patrol started on their rounds. On coming to the first thicket, we were halted, gave the countersign and passed on; but before emerging we suddenly heard the word Halt! accompanied by the clicking of the trigger, when we instantly took to the vector line; and had we been pierced by the enemy's bullets we would have been spared. Jake Phillips had done well. After again passing a farm house where Lieut. I acc ennpanied by the clicking of the trigger, all did well. On the first thicket, we were halted, gave the countersign. Woll done! Notper, the second Lieut. in a Grand Rapids company, and the novelty of his position turned his head.

Thanksgiving. Gov. Randall addressed this Brigade at the Arlington House. The usual boast of compliments passed between us and him. This is a great country. The Second had a big dinner that day, which was attended by all the big officers around Washington. Sec. Seward and Senator Wilson paid their respects to the Seventh, riding along our line while on dress parade, smoking pipes. A very vulgar sight.

The Fifth regiment blows a great deal on their superiority in discipline and their officers. Who doubts it? The Second also blows a great deal. The Seventh has not been guilty of this practice. They prefer to await events, and wear the laurel self in wise. We have had no fault to find with our officers. On the contrary, our Lieut. Colonel has the confidence of all, and is a thorough disciplinarian. Not even the enemies of Col. Van Dorre base their objections to him on accounts of his military capacity. They acknowledge him able to command even a Division, but as he is a German, some of our inferior officers objected to him. Colonel Queen's English does no glide over his tongue with that slippery elegance so desirable in an orator. They hate to be corrected in broken English, although his word of command is clear and distinct, and loud enough to awake the seven sleepers, or drown the roar of a small railroad train. All the officers as any other regiment, and while marching in review at Muson's Hill, we kept a better line than either the Second, Sixth of Nineteenth Indiana.

Yours, very tired.
W. D. W.
and it will be used. Now, we have a tremendous round trip from Mankato to Minneapolis, consuming thirty-one hours to New York. Instead, the citizens of this county, and of the state, have been very liberal in the effect of the vigorous and patriotic spirit with which they have met the exigencies of the times. The policy lately adopted by our government, that every citizen capable of bearing arms is for our flag and our common country. I have unusual pleasure in this close of this speech, and I am prepared to defend it when called upon publicly. We have already, at a distance, and in the evening we hear there are a few men wanting to make all the companies full, but they are first filling up. This regiment will be fully equal to those that have gone before it, both in point of men and discipline. Col. Varnum and Col. Cogswell have every reason to be proud of the duties ac-

Camp Randall Items.

Religious services were held at Camp Randall yesterday for both regiments—for the Eighth in the morning and the Eleventh in the afternoon. The men were marched up by companies, and occupied the seats on the hill-side, near the old Temple of Fine Arts.

Rev. P. McKisken, of the Methodist denomination, the Chaplain of the Eighth, preached from the first part of the second chapter of First Kings—the charge of David to his son Solomon: "Be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man," &c. The sermon was a very good one on the qualities essential to true manliness and strength, and was listened to apparently with great interest and attention by the soldiers.

Rev. E. B. Burton, Episcopal, entered upon his duties as Chaplain of the Eleventh, by preaching an excellent discourse from the second and third verses of the second chapter of II Timothy: "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life." The speaker identified himself fully with his fellow-soldiers, referred to the warlike expedition recorded in sacred history—that of Abram to rescue Lot and his friends from the three kings who had taken them captive—and to the wars of subsequent ages; spoke with enthusiasm of the present conflict as a struggle for National Unity, and then dwelt upon the special lesson of the text in a manner calculated as well to make good soldiers as good Christians. Quite a number of his own congregation and of others from the city, as well as members of the 8th regiment were present, and when, near the close of the services, all joined in singing, to the tune of Old Hundred, the Army Hymn, the words of which had been distributed among the crowd, the effect was very fine.

The soldiers were relieved from all duty during the day, except guard and dress parade. In the evening we hear there was a very interesting prayer meeting at the tent of the Chaplain of the 8th, attended by some 60 or 70 soldiers. We hear also that there are prayers every evening at the quarters of one or two companies in the 11th. In this connection we are glad to learn that the Eau Claire Eagles have received from their friends over 100 very neat pocket Testaments, the Soldiers' Library prepared by the American Tract Society, and other good works which are sought for and read with avidity.

This morning there were only 14 men of the 8th off duty on account of illness, and but five or six in hospital. The 31st has about the same number in hospital one or two of whom are pretty sick. We understand that Mrs. Hayward, wife of the Colonel's Orderly, goes with the 8th as Matron of the Hospital. The sight of her cheery face we should think would often do more good than medicine.

About a dozen rounds of blank cartridges were issued to the companies of the 8th, this forenoon, and they were marched over the hill west of the University, and drawn up on the lake shore, where, under the direction of the Lt. Colonel and Major, they had some valuable practice in loading and firing. Some fatal idea of the motions in a battle were given by the spectators, on the men fired by the Platoons, company and battalion. Some nervous ones would aim to report immediately on returning to Camp. Not one was absent at one time, and no pass shall be issued to more than ten men of any one company at a time. The chain of goutlines shall be the limit of the Regiment, shall pass outside the limits of the Camp without permission in writing; signed by the Captain, and countersigned by the Major. All are to report immediately on returning to Camp. No more than ten men of any one company shall be absent at one time, and no passes shall be issued to include squad or company drills, or to extend beyond that time.

The officer of the guard shall keep a list of men so leaving Camp, with the time of their reporting to him, and submit the same with his gen-

The first general order has been issued to the 8th regiment, which is as follows:

GENERAL ORDER, No. 1.

HEADQUARTERS 8th REG'T W. A. M., Camp Randall, Sept. 3d, 1861.

1. The chain of sentinels shall be the limit of the limits of the Camp.

2. No member, except Commissioned officers of the Regiment, shall pass outside the limits of the Camp without permission in writing; signed by the Captain, and countersigned by the Major. All are to report immediately on returning to Camp. No more than ten men of any one company shall be absent at one time, and no passes shall be issued to include squad or company drills, or to extend beyond that time.

3. The officer of the guard shall keep a list of men so leaving Camp, with the time of their reporting to him, and submit the same with his general order, in the morning.

4. No man and every officer must be present at the Battalion, Squad and Company Drills, as the officers and men may desire. 

5. Surgeons call at 5:30 A. M., when the sick in camp of each company will be marshaled to the dispensary, in charge of the commissioned surgeons.

6. Battalion drills from 3 to 7 A.M., unless at the discretion of the Surgeon.

7. "Be on a Tenderer," Call for breakfast at 7 A.M., when all the officers and men will be in camp on their respective quarters and march in order, avoiding all confusion, to the mess house. They will return to quarters in like good order.

8. Surveys made, in charge of the commissioned surgeons.

9. Guard Mounting Called at 7:45 A.M.

10. Squad drills at 8 A.M., unless at the discretion of the Surgeon.

11. Squad drill at 6:30 A.M., to be conducted by the non-commissioned officers superintended by the commissioned company officers. This drill is not to exceed one hour.

12. Company Drill, from 8 to 11:30 A.M., to be conducted by the non-commissioned officers superintended by the commissioned company officers. This drill is not to exceed one hour.

13. "Keep Right" will be sounded for dinner at 8 A.M.

14. All commissioned and non-commissioned officers shall attend squad drill, in Floral Hall, at 2 P.M., unless at the discretion of the Surgeon.

15. Commissioned officers drill, in Floral Hall, at 2 P.M. All are ordered to be present. This drill will be conducted by the Lieut. Colonel.

16. "Keep Right" will be sounded in all companies, when the men are called to review the 8th regiment. All are ordered to be present.

17. Dress Parade, at 5:30 P.M.

18. "Keep Right" will be sounded in all companies, when the men are called to review the 8th regiment. All are ordered to be present.

19. Dress Parade, at 5:30 P.M.

20. "Keep Right" will be sounded in all companies, when the men are called to review the 8th regiment. All are ordered to be present.

21. Dress Parade, at 5:30 P.M.
At Camp Randall.—The 8th Regiment has at last secured a brass band. About a dozen musicians of the Fox Lake and Wyocena bands have arrived in camp, and have constituted the nucleus of a regimental band, which will be filled up for the most part, from the ranks of the Regiment. The expense of a band may be considerable, but in its inspiring effect it is worth all the cost. On the tiresome march and in the lonely camp it will prove most true that "music hath charms." This bright weather is rapidly cleaning the hospitals.

There are about a dozen refreshments stands now on the grounds, in all of which the sale of all kinds of liquor is strictly prohibited. The camp also boasts two or three Picture-taking establishments and a regular barber shop. We noticed two very neat, heart shaped flower-beds in front of the officers tent of the Harvey Zouaves, in the 11th Regiment, this morning.

The time of the departure of the Eighth is at length definitely settled. They go on Saturday next. They will probably march up town to morrow or next day.

The streets are yet a little too muddy to render such a march practicable without rolling their new clothes, which they wish to keep new and bright until they reach Missouri.

The regiment was out again on Fourth Lake, back of the University, this morning, stringing blanket cartridges, and acquiring thus a familiarity with the use of their guns.

**Sketch of the Field Officers of the 8th Regiment, W. V.**

[The following sketch of the Field Officers of the 8th Regiment has been furnished by our friend and correspondent, for the excellent service of the 8th Regiment. —Ed. Jour.]

**Col. E. O. Murphy.**

Col. Murphy was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1827. He spent two years in the College at Athens, Ohio, in connection with which institution was a military professorship, filled by a graduate of West Point, under whom he first studied the science of war. Prof. Daniel Read, now of this place, was then Vice President of this Institution. From Athens, Col. Murphy went to Oxford College, in the same State, where he also graduated in due time. In 1844, he was appointed Bearer of Despatches to Texas, and carried out with him the Treaty of Annexation. In 1848, he graduated at the Law School, in Cincinnati, and was admitted to the bar of that city, where he remained in practice of his profession, until 1850, when he was appointed Disbursing Officer in the expedition to Texas, and carried out with him the Treaty of Annexation. In 1848, he graduated at the Law School, in Cincinnati, and was admitted to the bar of that city, where he remained in practice of his profession, until 1850, when he was appointed Disbursing Officer in the expedition to Texas, and carried out with him the Treaty of Annexation. In 1848, he graduated at the Law School, in Cincinnati, and was admitted to the bar of that city, where he remained in practice of his profession, until 1850, when he was appointed Disbursing Officer in the expedition to Texas, and carried out with him the Treaty of Annexation.

Lieut.-Col. G. O. Roberts.

Lieut. Col. Roberts is a native of Massachusetts. He was educated at the Commercial and Collegiate Institute in New Haven, Conn., where he also studied military science, for which he was evidently a genius, as well as a great passion. He ardently devoted to his business, and is regarded by those who know him best, as eminently qualified for the position he occupies. He has many friends in this com...
Eighth Regiment at Camp Randall.

On Thursday of last week the writer visited Camp Randall, at Madison, and found matters progressing finely. The 8th Regiment was about ready to leave, and he feels sure will be no disgrace to those that have gone before it. The 11th was not quite full—seven companies only being in camp; but they were being drilled thoroughly, and had become quite proficient.

We were pleased to find in the latter regiment 1st Capt. Abner Powell, of the Farmers’ Guard, Mineral Point. He graduated at the close of the last term of Pilotville Academy, and will be remembered by many of the residents of that place. The habits of industry and application which marked his course through the academy have not deserted him, as the manner in which he performs his duties fully shows.

We were assured by some of the Regimental Officers that, considering his experience, he has few if any equals in the regiment. We shall expect to hear of his rapid promotion.

The camp, as our readers perhaps know, is situated upon the Dane County Fair Grounds, and the buildings belonging to the society are appropriated to the various uses of the regiment. The fine art building is used as a hospital. There were but three cases in it—none dangerous. The building labelled “Operative Machinery” is the cooking and eating apartment. It is best most appropriately named. Seventeen hundred pairs of jaws, to say nothing of the cooking implements, form no mean collection of “operative machinery.” The fare isn’t quite fair, but we presume, it is the best that can be had under the circumstances. There was but little grumbling—no one seemed to be pretty well satisfied, owing doubtless in a great measure to the fact that the officers content themselves with the same fare that is served up to the privates.

On Thursday evening some of the 8th regiment got into an altercation with a sentinel keeper on the camp grounds, and were driven down his building before the guard could form and quell the disturbance. This was the only riotous affair that we saw, and we were informed that such things were of rare occurrence.

The 11th will probably remain in camp for sometime to come.

W. from Camp Randall.

[Correspondence of the Journal & Courier]
The 1st, 9th and 10th are in camp at Milwaukee, and there is little known here of their progress. They are said to be doing well. The 11th has now some 500 men in camp, and filling up rapidly.

Col. Harris who was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st is a fine officer, and to judge from appearances his name will be more generally known when he gets into active service. All the officers of the 11th, or nearly all, were in the 1st Regiment, and of course qualified to assume their duties at once.

Wisconsin is yet to have a name in history for furnishing better fighting men, better equipped than any of her sister States, in the opinion of your humble servant.

Camp Randall Items—The 8th Regiment on To-Morrow Morning.

The 8th Wisconsin Regiment leaves for St. Louis to-morrow. It will go by the Northwestern R. R. to Chicago and then by the Illinois Central. The time fixed for leaving is 8 o'clock in the morning, and those who wish to witness the departure of this fine body of men will need to be on hand bright and early.

This forenoon quite a number of the men were up town enjoying themselves, and getting various little things for the journey. No passes were issued to men who had not at any time been intoxicated during their stay here, but we think some managed to slip out by running the Guard on the west side of the camp. There was no drill this morning, and the men were occupied in cleaning and polishing up their arms, writing letters, packing and making other preparations for departure. All seemed in the best of spirits. There are some one half dozen in the hospital of the 8th, and two or three will hardly be well enough to accompany the regiment.

The number of men reported this morning is as follows: Co. A, 103; Co. B, 109; Co. C, 96; Co. D, 98; Co. E, 71; Co. F, 108; Co. G, 79; Co. H, 88; Co. I, 105; Co. K, 103—In all, 998.

The Band of the 8th now numbers 17—Percept they will soon be required to follow that leader to a glorious victory, at no distance. Wisconsin people will have no cause to blush on account of the conduct of this regiment when called to action—The men will give a good account of themselves.

We publish again, a corrected list of the field, staff, and company officers of this regiment as follows:


Commissary Serg't—J. B. Degg, Madison. 1st Commissary Serg't.—J. B. Degg, Madison. 2d Commissary Serg't.—J. B. Degg, Madison. 3d Commissary Serg't.—J. B. Degg, Madison. 4th Commissary Serg't.—J. B. Degg, Madison.

The departure was managed better than expected. To-Morrow morning, St. Louis, the 8th Regiment was paraded in a manner that precludes any idea of disorder. The officers did their duty admirably, and the men were all in good order. The 8th Regiment now numbers 17—We have a few of the incidents connected with the departure and departure.

Another noble band of Wisconsin soldiers have gone forth from this State, to battle for the supremacy and perpetuity of their glorious Union. The Eighth Regiment left Camp Randall this morning, in accordance with orders, for St. Louis. It is a Regiment of which any State may be proud. It is now about one month since the men came into Camp Randall, without experience in military drill, but with stout hearts, strong muscles, and a determined will. They were intelligent men, inspired with patriotic love for their country, and a stern determination to crush out rebellion, and protect the honor of the Union and its flag. Thus armed, it is not strange that their progress in the science of war was rapid, and their success complete. Though liberty was grated to a great plate. The officers have devoted them many of the men to come up town yesterday with energy to the work allotted to them. They have shown that they possessd their privileges on former occasion to the full vigor of manhood, and it is essential to the making of good military men. They have labored diligently, faithfully, intelligently and successfully. No regiment has left the State better prepared for going at once into the active duties of the field than the noble Eighth; and the Union may rest assured that they may soon find an opportunity to exercise their skill. As they go to Missouri, to be under the command of Gen. Fremont, we have reason to expect they will soon be required to follow that leader to a glorious victory, at no distant time. Wisconsin people will have no cause to blush on account of the conduct of this regiment when called to action.

The men will give a good account of themselves.
The Eighth Regiment arrived at Chicago all safe and sound at about 4 o'clock on Saturday last. Having been provided with a generous lunch by the good people of Janesville on their passage through that place, the men were all fresh and in good spirits. The regiment marched directly through the city to the depot of the Illinois Central Road. Gov. Randall, with Adj. Gen. Ulysses Grant, General Terwood, and Commissary Gen. Wadworth, handsomely mounted, preceded it.

The second train stopped a few moments at the Depot, but was bowling across the bridge 25 minutes before 10 o'clock.

The morning was as bright, and the air as clear and bracing as could be desired. The boys were in the best of spirits—a few of them a little touched with liquor, and inclined to be saucy. One member of Company A, in particular, who had managed to escape the search of the guard last night, was up to the till about 8 o'clock this morning, had substituted an old felt hat for his military cap, and was talking quite excitedly, and not always with the choicest language.

But one man was left in hospital. A "forward movement" is a great curse.

The boys of the 11th were drawn up in line as the Regiment marched out of the gate, and made their comrades farewell with rossing cheers. The band played on the hill, by the track, till all were aboard.

There was a large crowd of people, including many friends of companies from this vicinity, to witness the departure.

The eagle, borne by Capt. Perkins' company, attracted much attention and was greeted with clapping of hands and cheers all along the line of march.

An excel en dinner was provided at the Tremont House for the Regimental officers and their ladies at which the Governor and staff, Judge Neogele of Janesville, Ben. Colonel J. V. Robinson, and other civilians were present. The Captains, for the most part, and Quarter Master Ellingson remained with the regiment looking after the well-being of the men, who were provided with coffee and rations in the cars at the Depot.

GOING TO HELP UNCLE SAM FIRST.—In one of the companies of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment was a young man, under age, who enlisted without his father's consent, and contrary to his wishes. The father, a farmer, residing in the North-Western part of the State, wrote several letters to his son, while the regiment were in quarters at Camp Randall, for the purpose of persuading him to return. At last he wrote him that he must come— that he had a large amount of threshing to do—that he could not afford to hire help, if it were to be had, which was hardly possible, owing to the number of enlistments and that he must return home and help him, even if it entailed another enlistment.

The young man replied:

"Dear Father,—I can't go home at present. I should be very glad to help you, but Uncle Sam has got a d—— sight bigger job of threshing on hand than you have, and I'm bound to see him out of the woods first."

CAMP RANDALL.—While at Madison last week, attending the conventions, we visited Camp Randall to see the Racine County boys in particular, and all the boys in general. We found Capt. Lyon off duty of the day, and in conversation with the celebrities of the camp. We found our boys all well and lively; called at the hospital and found Dr. Murta waiting patiently for a professional call, there being but one man in the hospital, and he suffering from an injury to his right knee received on the cars. We then visited the "Eagle's Nest" as the quarters of the Eau Claire Eagles are designated, and found a goodly number making their morning call on the pet of the company, a genuine live Eagle, caught by one of the boys up in the piney just before the 11th. They have a great many of their attentions, and we were told that he is to accompany them to Washington.

Everything about the camp, visible to outsiders, was in perfect order, and a happier looking set of men we never saw together. The 8th Regiment is full and waiting orders to move, but whether it will be to Washington, or Missouri, or down the Mississippi is undetermined.

P. S.—The Wisconsin of Tuesday says they are ordered to report to Gen. Fremont, and will leave this week. Good luck attend them.

THE EIGHTH AT ST. LOUIS.—This splendid Regiment of which Wisconsin may well be proud, received the most flattering attention during its journey, which was a series of ovations. It arrived at St. Louis last Sunday morning, where the stalwart and soldierly appearance of the men, and their perfect equipment, were the subject of universal admiration. On Monday morning they were reviewed by Secretary Cameron, who had just returned from Jefferson City. At the conclusion of the Review he addressed the Regiment, bestowing the highest compliments upon it, and upon the State which sent it. We believe that no better soldiers have come to St. Louis than the members of the Eighth, and we hope that they will soon join the gallant "Fourth Hundred," and go into active service.

HEADQUARTERS 8TH REGIMENT, W. V.

Editors Advocate:—Knowing that some of your readers feel an Interest in this Regiment, and particularly in the "Racine Co. Volunteers," occupy a few leisure moments this evening in an attempt to give you some idea of our situation and probable movements.

Our Regiment now numbers 900 officers and men, and new recruits are daily being enlisted into service. We are ordered to Missouri, and expect to leave this camp early next week for St. Louis, going by way of Chicago. The men are all impatient to reach their field of labor, and appear well pleased that our destination has been changed from Washington to Missouri. We are fortunate in our Regimental officers. Col. Murphy is thoroughly acquainted with the duties of his position, which is attested by the rapid improvement of the Regiment in military science; besides, he is a man of great experience, and a gentleman in the highest sense of the term. Lieut. Col. Hobbins, and Major Jefferson, are perfectly at home in the positions they occupy, and are great favorites with the men. The same can be said of our Surgeons, Doctors Thorburn, Hobbins and Murta. They are untried in their efforts to increase the comfort of the
I had time to give you a description of them, but suffice it to say, that they are light and small; yet three are all that we need for each company. They are made of heavy sheet iron. We can now have our meals cooked without being smoked until they are bitter and spoiled, and our coffee is not thick with sleet, dirt and ashes, like it often is prepared in the ordinary way. We don't know how we could get along without them now since we have used them; many thanks for them to Gen. J. C. Fremont, whom we all esteem, and in whose integrity, courage, patriotism and good judgment we all have the utmost confidence in him, that he will come out all right if the government will give him a half a chance.

The General's enemies are not thought much of here. Frank Blair is politically dead in this neck of woods. Our troops were very much enraged when we heard the news that Fremont was to be Court Martialed, and superseded; some said if the report should prove true, they would desert. It would certainly have a bad effect on the army in the western department, if the government should supersede him; we will hope for the best. We are expecting to hear good news from the boys, soon, who went after Price.

We have been in camp about five weeks, and the men are improving rapidly and moderately warm. Our parades in drill; some are beginning to think they ground is level and surrounded by neat little cottages, while washed in white and out, where our soldiers feel quite at home. Benton Barracks, and the adjacent parade grounds, contain over two hundred acres, situated in, and surrounded by a very beautiful country; we are about four and a half miles in a north westerly direction from the city. Our regiment is quartered in what is known here as the middle barracks. We have plenty of the substantialials to live on, but we are not troubled much with the luxuries of life, and we are better off without them. We have fresh beef twice or three times a week, the balance of the time we have bacon, good light bread, beans, rice, hominy, coffee and sugar; and we can have all the milk we want for five cents per quart.

We have better conveniences for cooking here than we had in the three months campaign in western Virginia. The cook stoves that Gen. Fremont ordered for this department of the army, have arrived. They are indeed a perfect success; I wish and trials, the battle and defeat. We were entertained very much to hear them tell their experience; their tattered flag, torn and dusty garments, told how great had been their labor and hardships to sustain and preserve the honor of their country. They bore the marks of hardships, and the scars of war; and if their stories are to be credited, the victory was a dear bought one for the rebels.

Regiments are continually coming and going, they come here and drill a few weeks, and then leave for the seat of war. The 8th Wis. regiment arrived here this morning direct from Camp Randall. They are a fine, hearty, robust looking set of men, and good size. They had an American Eagle (a real live one too,) sitting on a pole which one of the men was carrying; he seemed proud of his bird-en. Hurrah! for the Badger State!

We have a large number of troops here, but I don't know how many; they can be numbered by the tens of thousands in St Louis and adjacent camps and barracks. There are several Fortifications around the city, which command all the approaches; and several of those terrible 64 pounders, which speak in tones of thunder for the union, and give forcible demonstration of what they are here for. "or any other man?" Well it is getting late, the drummers have just beat the retreat, and we will soon hear the taps, when out go the lights, and then quietness and silence will reign, excepting when disturbed by some sleeper who will commence to tune his nasal organ, then we will have music indeed. Our evenings are spent very pleasantly, some of the boys get together and tell yarns, others will sing the evening away; occasionally we hear them sing:

"Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?"
"It would be an assurance most dear, To know that this moment some loved one, Were saying "I wish he were here!" &c."

Oh! I tell you they think of their homes and friends they left; but we are engaged in a good cause, and we don't want to go back to our families, until this unholy rebellion shall be crushed, and an honorable and lasting peace shall be declared. God speed the time.

Tap, tap, tap. I must close for this time; Good night. Yours,

Lieut. A. G. DISMORE.

18th Reg. Mo. V.
From the Eighth Regiment.

St. Louis, Oct. 14, 1861.

Editors State Journal:—After a fatiguing railroad ride of thirty hours, and a tramp of three hours through the streets of St. Louis under a blazing sun, the 8th Regiment arrived at this encampment yesterday. The men bore themselves during the entire trip in the best possible manner, and were greeted along the line with the greatest enthusiasm. It struck us particularly that the nearer we moved to the seat of war the more patriotic and demonstrative were the people. At every station, as well as at every village and house on the road, there were wide-awake crowds, cheering, waving hats and handkerchiefs, &c. In passing through this city, we were surprised to find that some of the boys had expected to catch a glimpse of “old seces,” the walks were thronged and the windows filled with people keeping up a volley of cheers and cries of “Hurray for the Union!” and “Bully for Wisconsin!” The 8th will never cease to remember with grateful feelings these incidents of the trip from Madison to St. Louis.

At Chicago, after waiting two or three hours, we had some coffee distributed and drew our rations. At Janesville the citizens had a splendid lunch prepared for us to which the boys did ample justice. At several places along the line between Chicago and St. Louis, we received coffee and other refreshments. It was about 10 p.m. of the 12th when we arrived at Illinois town, opposite Janesville, and the cars were switched off on a side track, sentinels posted, and the Regiment bivouacked for the night. In the morning we crossed the river and were treated to an excellent breakfast before coming into camp. Ohio field officers were indescribable during the trip, in providing for the comfort of the men. But few were placed under the surgeon’s care, and those are now doing well.

Benton Barracks is a Camp of Instruction in the western part of the city, commanded by Brigadier General, Samuel B. Curtis, and contains now 5,000 or such a matter of infantry, and 1,500 cavalry. The parade ground is large enough for the troops to maneuver with ease. We are all quartered in good wooden barracks, kitchens and mess houses in the same, and each company cooking for itself. If we could stop here and drill about a month, we would have a tip-top time of it; but the report is that as the 8th is the best equipped regiment on the ground, it will be ordered into active service immediately. Gen. Cameron, Secretary of War, was here and left to join Fremont day before yesterday. So far we have not had time to peat ourselves in the news, and know nothing of the movements of the enemy or of our friends. You will always hear particulars sooner than we will.

I must mention that the Regiment came near losing the Eagle in St. Louis. While turning the corner of a street more densely crowded than usual, the Eagle broke loose, and spreading his wings, literally “soared aloft,” and gave chase to a flock of frightened tame pigeons. Great was the regret at his escape, but greater the joy when he was recaptured and placed on his perch above the gleaming layouts of the Regiment.

But enough for this time.

Yours truly,

G. W. REED.

The 8th Regiment.

The following letter from Capt. Lyon will give our readers the particulars of their journey to St. Louis. We invite the attention of our Madison editors to the events relating at Camp Lyon’s to the news, and we believe there must be good grounds for complaint.

CAMP OF INSTRUCTION, BENTON BARRACKS,

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 15, 1861.

Messrs. Editors:—On Saturday evening last, our Regiment struck tents at Camp Randall and started for the seat of war. We reached Chicago at 4 o’clock, P. M.; left there at about 8 o’clock, P. M.; arrived at Illinois Town, opposite St. Louis, at 8 o’clock Sunday evening, and the next morning crossed the river; marched some four or five miles thro’ the city in a north-west direction and arrived at this camp a little before noon.

At Janesville we partook of a most bountiful entertainment, provided for us by the citizens of that place, which, after the somber monotony of fare at Camp Randall, for four weeks, was most refreshing. The people of Janesville may rest assured that they will find upon their first introduction to the city in a northwest direction and arrived at this camp a little before noon.

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Sunday was a balmy, beautiful day—very beautiful—and we travereed all day long over a magnificent country, and as we passed upon it, and remembered that Illinois has sent, and is sending forth 50,000 of her sons to do battle in the sacred cause of Liberty and good Government, we felt that we were in a glorious State—in a State, which, when the history of these times is written, will figure conspicuously and honorably.

This camp is pleasantly located on high, level ground embracing several hundred acres, including the grounds of the Missouri State Agricultural Society, in the west part of the city, and, I am told, includes within its limits the celebrated Camp Jackson, where Lyon and Blair captured Clark Jackson’s rebel State troops last Spring. Yesterday was a very warm day, as warm, I think, as the last 4th of July in Maine, and the men suffered much on the march to camp, burdened as they were with their overcoats, canteens, haversacks, knapsacks and guns; but they stood it very well, and last evening many of them were dancing in their quarters so briskly that we bystanders would scarcely believe that they were the same fatigued and discouraged tramp of several miles through the heated, dusty streets of a city, and that, too, at the end of a journey of 400 miles. The means of our company are all well and nearly so, as least we have none in the Hospital, and no case of serious illness.

I should judge that there are accommodations at this camp for 2,000 or 2,500 troops and perhaps more. The barracks are clean and well ventilated, and everything about the camp appears to be arranged with reference to promoting the health and comfort of the troops. There are several thousand men here now including quite a large cavalry force. The Arsenal, I learn, is three miles below the city, and Jefferson Barracks four miles below the Arsenal. I have no knowledge of the number of troops at these posts. We saw some fortifications on our march to the camp and are told that the city is well fortified.

I must not forget to say that we met at Chicago several Racine gentlemen, among whom was J. W. Racing, Esq., who left with Lieut. Bartlett a handsome present, in money, for our company, which we invested for their benefit on our journey, in provisions and deli-
From the Eighth Regiment.


Editors State Journal:—You have no doubt heard ere this of the safe arrival of the 8th Regiment at St. Louis. The trip was a very pleasant one, without a single disaster. We spent Sunday night in the cars on the main road of the river, and on Monday morning crossed into St. Louis. Secretary Cameron was in the city, and we paid our respects at Barnum's Hotel, where we addressed ourselves in a few brief and appropriate remarks. The regiment then went into quarters at Camp Benton. Next morning news was received that some of Jeff. Thompson's rebels had burned the bridge of the Iron Mountain railroad across Big River, about fifty miles from St. Louis, and nearly the same distance from Pilot Knob.

The bridge was guarded by about 50 men, one of whom was killed, several wounded, and the rest captured. There were several hundred rebels, immediately on the reception of this news, the 8th Regiment was ordered to march to Pilot Knob and reinforce our troops there, who were supposed to be in danger of being surrounded and cut off.

Preparations were immediately made to march, and by 4 o'clock the right wing under Lieut. Col. Robbins and Major Jefferson, were on the cars of the Iron Mountain Railroad on their way to the scene of action. They arrived at this place, which is six miles from the scene of the bridge burning, about midnight. Amid darkness and falling rain, they left the cars and took possession of a hill which overlooked the railroad, and there remained under arms all day and all night, expecting an attack from the rebels, who are swarming in the woods around here. Yesterday morning the left wing left St. Louis under command of the Colonel, and arrived here about 8 o'clock p.m. Great was the delight of our boys who came here the night before, when they beheld again their Colonel and the rest of the regiment. They had feared that the bridges between here and St. Louis would be burned, and their communication cut off before our comrades could come to their relief. Such cheer as they gave when they saw us never swept the skies of Missouri before, and must have horrified the demon of rebellion that haunts these forests. The whole regiment slept on their arms last night, with old Mother Earth for their bed and the cloudy heavens for their canopy. Our pickets fired during the night, at some real or imaginary foe, and immediately the whole regiment was up in two or three minutes formed in line of battle. The boys are in excellent spirits this morning, in spite of their hard bed, the bad weather, and the proximity of the rebels. Colonel Murphy is well and in excellent spirits, though he has scarcely slept three hours out of twenty-four since leaving Madison. The other officers are also well.

Last night the rebels burned the house of a Union man who lives a few miles from here, and drove his wife and children out of their home. They arrived here yesterday before day. The people of this place claim to be strongly for the Union, but they are surrounded by rebels on every side. We start this morning for Big River, which we shall ford or cross as we can, and endeavor from thence to force our way through to Pilot Knob.

We shall probably have a brush with the rebels on the way, and it may be a bloody time before we reach our destination. Our men are prepared and anxious to meet the foe, and unless overpowered by superior numbers, I have no doubt they will prove themselves worthy of the reputation they have already acquired.

The Enemy Wisconsin.—A private letter from a gentleman who saw the troops march from Pilot Knob, Mo., on the morning of the 21st inst., to attack the rebels at Frederickton, says:

"The contrast between the 8th and the other regiments was remarkable, particularly with the 88th Illinois, the regiment of the commandant. An officer standing by as they all filed past said: 'That 8th Wisconsin can walk through the other regiments with their eyes shut!' Our State has not furnished so many soldiers as some others, but they are good for what they are 'marked'—they are full weight."

Our Boys in Missouri.

In the extract of a letter from Capt. Lyon's Company, published in last week's Advocate, we left the boys at Pilot Knob, Saturday, in not very comfortable quarters, expecting a fight every minute.

Sunday afternoon, about four o'clock, they were ordered to take two days' rations, and 3000 strong started out. They marched all night, part of the time double-quick, testing the bottom of the men pretty thoroughly. They stood it well. Having once, they paraded and then continued their way till within five miles of Frederickton, where they learned Jeff. Thompson and Col. Lowe were stationed with some ten to twenty thousand rebels. Daylight came, and soon they reached the spot to find the birds gone. The sound and noise were a clue to the presence of the enemy. They advanced, and were met by small parties of cavalry, who offered resistance, but were soon defeated with 5000 men, lost two officers and many men. The 8th Regiment then advanced and captured several of the enemy, and the troops were reinforced with 1000 men. The following day our troops followed some twenty miles in the direction the rebels had fled, but found them gone out of reach, when a return to Frederickton was ordered, which was reached on Wednesday. On Thursday the boys returned to Pilot Knob, after marching in all over eighty miles.

In summing up the experience so far of the Wisconsin 8th Regiment, it may be briefly stated that on the 11th last, they left Madison, since which time they have travelled over six hundred miles, been detailed on important service, held a responsible position during one engagement, and came off victoriously. The Racine County Volunteers are well and in capital condition.

The Battle at Frederickton.

A dispatch from one of the companies that went from Janesville, writes home to his mother from Missouri, in relation to the battle at Frederickton:

"The battle at Frederickton was the hardest one for the time on record. I must tell you how it commenced. We went into the town where they were encamped. They had left on the morning of the same day, so the people told us, and gone to Little Rock, while at the same time they laid in a camp near about half a mile distant. But there was a..."
black friend who told us where they were.
The same day they were reinforced by 1,500
troops from Mississippi, calling themselves
Lincum's poisons. They immediately formed
in line of battle. I think our boys killed
sixty of them, when the cavalry took after
them, cutting them all to pieces. They laid
in piles; some on the fences; one of them
laid on the ground two days with his brain
blows out, and was breathing when we came
away. They have no uniform and the poorest
of clothes. Their guns were old nothing
picked up anywhere; no blankets, and dirty
as hogs. Those that lay on the field at night
were eaten by hogs. Upon the whole it was
the most God forsaken place I ever saw in
my life. One boy found his cousin shot in
the leg, and sat down by him; he told us
when he saw the Stars and Stripes he could
not shoot. He says he will not shoot anoth-
er gun away.

The Eighth Wisconsin.
The Eighth Wisconsin had arrived at
Pilot Knob yesterday. With them are
the 21st, 23rd, and 88th Illinois, and the 1st
Indiana Cavalry. More reinforcements
were expected last night. An attack on
the Knob was momentarily expected from
large body of rebels, and the women
and children of the place were being sent
out as rapidly as possible.

The Battle of Fredericktown
From the Eighth Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 8th Reg. W. V.,
Pilot Knob, Mo., Oct. 25.

Editors State Journal: At the rate at
which we have moved since we left Madis-
on, the 8th Regiment will soon be, if it
is not now fairly entitled to adopt, as
a motto, the celebrated dispatch of Julius
Cesar, "Veni, Vidi, Vici." I came, I saw,
I conquered. The telegraph has doublets
before this furnished you with an outline
of the battle near Fredericktown on last
Monday. I have now sent you an ac-
count of it sooner, but the truth is, strange
as it may seem, that for two or three days
after the engagement we knew very little
more of the details than you did. A man
may be in sight and even in the midst of
a battle and yet be entirely ignorant of
what is going on at a very short distance
from him. Each man engaged sees but
little of the field, and that from a stand
point peculiar to himself. Hence the ap-
parent contradictions contained in the ac-
counts which different persons give of the
same battle. Some time most escaped be-
fore the truth, with regard to details, can
be reached; and I have preferred to wait
until I could write with some degree of
definiteness and accuracy.

Last Sunday afternoon, the 21st, 23rd,
and 38th Illinois regiments, the Wisconsin
8th, about 600 of the 1st Indiana cavalry
and Major Smith's battery, advanced, and ad-
vanced with quick step and hideous yells,
until the enemy broke and fled across the
stubble fields into the woods.

The 1st Indiana Cavalry had formed in the line, and dashed down
the hill and up the opposite slope, where
they were exposed to a fire from infantry
and artillery in front. The enemy poured into the
fire, under which Major Gavitt, Captain
Higman, and several others fell, but they
were quickly supported by the infantry, and
our advance was made rapidly, and the enemy
began to fall back, and in a
short time were completely routed. Our
infantry pursued them three or four miles and the cavalry ten miles, inflicting severe
punishment upon them in their flight.—

The action was short, sharp, and bloody,
in less than an hour and a half from the
time the first shot was fired, the enemy
were completely routed.

The numbers on each side were not far
from 5,660, though not more than half of
the rebels were on the field, and the rebels
did not stand long enough to give them a
chance. As there was no expectation on
our part of a fight so soon, there was no
preparation made for the two regiments which were nearest when the
enemy was discovered, were, of course,
first engaged, and before the others could
reach the battle the battle was decided.

Our regiment was in Frederick-
town when the firing began, and were for
a time in doubt as to what it meant. As
soon as Col. Murphy was satisfied that it
meant a battle, he ordered his men to
form and advance in double quick-time.

Never did the boys obey orders more
cheerfully, or move in more gallant style,
than they did as they ran for the first
time the flash, and heard the roar of the enemy's guns. It was a stirring scene to
them as they saw their comrades, along
the road side, and, with the long line of
shimmering bayonets, sweeping on to
the field of death. Just as they got near
the enemy's guns, the enemy's cannon shot
whistling overhead, and reports of shots were received for the Eighth, with two pieces of
cannon, to fall back on Fredericktown, and as
not at least three hours to protect the baggage train and
cover the retreat, should such a move-
ment be found necessary.

The order to counter march was ordered
but with evident reluctance, some four of
the boys being almost ready to mutiny,
and rush on their own responsibility into
the thickest of the fight. The position
assigned the 8th was under all the circum-
sances in honorable one. There was an
immense quantity of baggage to protect
and had been repulsed, the
brunt of the battle would have fallen on
our regiment. The battle was fought principally by the cavalry and artillery,
colloquially known as the infantry regiments—pre-

From the 8th Regiment.

Col. Murphy fell back to the court house square and formed his men
in line of battle, and the infantry regiments were
prepared to march out in the rear of the artillery
and march on to Fredericktown, but it was decided
not to, the 8th did not wish to march in the rear
and in full flight through

The Eighth Wisconsin, who has been in command of this post,
left this place for the purpose of attacking
the rebels under command of Col. Lowe
and Jeff. Thompson, who were understood
no need to be at a distance of one or two
miles. Our troops marched all night, only stop-
ing occasionally to rest, and about night
of the next morning arrived at Fred-
ericktown, only to find the rebels had disappeared, and they were in-
formed by the inhabitants that they had
gone the day before towards Greenville,
and were probably thirty miles dis-
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correction.
the woods and across the fields. The rebels lost two pieces of their artillery, and according to the most reliable statements taken from prisoners and officers and those who were on the field engaged in burying their dead, nearly three hundred of them were found dead in the fields, in the woods and along the road. At about the time our men were seen by them the next day. The number of their wounded is not known but it must have been great. Many of them who might otherwise have died, in all probability died for want of proper care. A large proportion of the rebels killed were shot in the head. On our side there were seven killed and about 10 wounded, most of them slightly so. This great disparity between their loss and ours, must be to a great extent accounted for by the superiority of our arms and the superior manner in which they were handled. Taking every thing into consideration, this is the most disastrous defeat the rebels have yet suffered in Missouri. The next day our troops went in pursuit of the enemy, but after going about ten miles, and learning from scouts that they had broken up into small squads and scattered all over the country, so that it was useless longer to pursue the orders were given to return to Fredericktown. Last night the 8th returned to this place. I have been out four days, during which they have marched about 70 miles, constantly exposed to heat by day and frost by night, without tents or shelter of any kind. I am glad to say that most of the boys are in good health and spirits and anxious to see the foe.

From the 8th Regiment.

For the Gazette.

Pilot Knob, Mo., Oct 1.

Dear Friend,—You may think I have been ungrateful in not writing before but if you know what I have gone through you would not blame me. It is two weeks and a day since I left Madison and I have only slept in a tent three nights. I think the 8th has endured more fatigue in the short time it has been engaged than any regiment in the service. We have been chasing Jeff Thomson for over a week, but he is routed now for certain. The next day after we arrived at St. Louis, word came to Camp Benton that the rebels had burned a bridge on the Iron River, and they had captured a picket guard stationed there—the picket consisted of 40, and were stationed on a hill overlooking the bridge; they fought well, being protected by a stone wall enclosure. They lost in killed three men including one Orderly, and the rest prisoners. The rebels were 1300 strong; they burnt the bridge and went back to Frederickstown. Our right wing was put on the east of 6 o'clock for the bridge, and we arrived at 12 P.M. at De Soto within 4 miles of the bridge and slept on our arms till morning next day. The left wing came. The town was almost depopulated, women and children having fled when the enemy burned the bridge, but when we took possession they began to return and told of their large forces being forced to go with Thomson.

Next day all about for the bridge where the ruins of a beautiful structure, and the smoke of a large house burned on the Iron River, 2 cannon and two companies of Cavalry of the 4th Army had landed. We went on the bluff while the baggage was being carried over and examined where the gallant few battled for freedom. The ground was still wet with blood. I saw pieces of flesh and brains scattered about. While waiting here our men took 3 prisoners and five horses and 80 barrels of powder. At 9 o'clock all aboard again for Pilot Knob, the terminus of the railroad. This is the point the rebels wanted and that was the object in burning the bridge. There is a large mountain of iron here and furnaces where shot and shell are cast. We found here several regiments of Illinois troops and 400 cavalry. We slept in a barn (Col D) that night; in the morning the cavalry (scoops) came in stating that they had a skirmish with the enemy on the morning the cavalry (scoops) came in stating that they had a skirmish with the enemy 20 miles from here and near Fredericktown, and at 8 o'clock orders were given to march and take the enemy at Fredericktown. Our army consisted of Illinois 35th, Illinois 28th, Wisconsin 8th, Indiana 8th, Missouri 8th, 6 cannon, two 24 and four 6 pounders of Missouri 1st Artillery. We marched all night, and arrived at Fredericktown at 8 A.M. and you may judge of our surprise when we saw the enemy camp fires still smoking but they had fled. The town was deserted of men except a few and they all told us that Thomson had left the day before and gone to Greenville 30 miles distant. Well, we were mad—raving mad—to think we would have to march forever to catch the enemy. But soon an additional force arrived from Cape Girardeau, consisting of Missouri 11th and 17th, Illinois 29th, 2 cannon and two companies of Cavalry. They were little disappointed for these forces were to act with us and cut Thompson's forces up. What was to be done, all were tired and ready to drop down, so we stacked arms and lay down, officers and men, until about 12 1-2 o'clock, when it was decided to march for Greenville. We came in from the east and the Girardeau force from the south-east, and the road to Greenville road leads south. After the fire was formed the advance had marched 1-2 miles and met a negro who told them that Thompson was down in the ravine. Soon the rebel force was seen, and our cannon opened on them which was responded to by the enemy's battery, and the battle soon began in earnest.

We had scarcely got our line dressed before the first shot was fired; our line was a long one, and we were nearly in the rear of the army, and did not know what it meant until an Aid came down the road stating that the rebels were on our advance. Then we sought to have heard the yell of our troops—overcoats were taken off, knapsacks and everything cast aside, and forward on double quick time was the word; heartily did we respond,—But when we got fairly out of town in view of the battle field, another Aid came dashingly ordering the 8th back to protect the baggage and the rear of the army, then we bit our lips and hung our heads. We stood in breathless silence listening to the boom of cannon, the crack of rifles, the roll of musketry, and the hideous yelling of our troops as they charged on the enemy. Everything to our view was now enveloped with clouds of smoke. Then the wounded began to arrive in fat ass the surgeon could go back and forth with care and skill. In one hour the victory was complete and the rebels left in the field, pursued by our infantry 4 miles. The Caillay kept on, carrying the work of death in their march. At 4 o'clock our infantry came back bringing 100 prisoners which were put in the court House and well guarded. They looked hard, having to uniforms but such as they wear every day on the farm. They stated that when they saw our troops so well clothed and well armed, that they determined to flight no longer for Thompson and immediately gave themselves up. It was almost dark and the air was filled with smoke settling to the ground. Claire after where now went up for our victory, while in the intervals far off could be heard the crack of the rifles of the Caillay but in pursuit. We were then ordered to sleep on our arms, and next day marched again in pursuit, while some were left on guard and some to bury the dead. As we passed the battle field it was awful to look upon bodies lying in every direction, houses burnt, farms, barns, pools of blood and all mingled in confusion. We were not allowed to leave the ranks, but see what we could as we marched along. Fences were leveled, corn fields flat, and houses riddled with balls. Occasionally a body was seen lying in a ditch where it had crawled to escape the balls and there die unheeded. All along
the road for four miles the bodies were scattered, the last one will ever be fresh in our memory; lying by the road side entirely made, the head was nearly severed from the body and the ravens or buzzards had picked out the eyes, and eaten the flesh in several parts of the body. We marched 12 miles, when night came on and we slept again on our arms. The morning sun rose on our camp finding us a tired army, waiting for news from the cavalry still in advance. About 11 o'clock a.m., they came back stating that they had completely disorganized the rebel army having taken their baggage train of 150 wagons, which they destroyed, and killed 40 men. This was four miles from where we slept. 8 miles farther on they overtook the last body worth pursuing and killed 80 in a large log barn where they ran for safety. Our cavalry might have taken them prisoners, but they lost their Major in the first of the fight and they had sworn to show no mercy till they had avenged his death 100-fold.

At 1 o'clock we were again ordered to march, but now countermarch to Frederic-town where we arrived about morn-town and slept again on our arms. Our soldiers were much exasperated at what seemed to them a deliberate purpose on the part of the people of Frederic-town, to run us into an ambush, by unanimously telling us a falsehood as to the movements of Thompson, for we could not but believe that they knew where he was. This feeling was heightened by another circumstance, there were few if any town and almost every woman questioned, told the story that she was for the Union, that her husband was for the Union and that he had been forced to run away from home for fear the secession would kill him; but when the truth was ascertained nearly every one of these men were with Thompson that day. The officers did their best to restrain their men, but they were determined to have revenge and they broke into several houses, stores and dwellings and used whatever they wanted and destroyed several things that were of no use to them.

They set fire to and burned about fifteen house, several very good buildings. Where ever a man was known to be for the Union his property was untouched. I have heard of no personal violence to man or woman.

Secession is played out in Southeast Missouri, and it will take Jeff Thompson a long time to get as many men together as he had on the morning of the 21st. He had 1700 under Col. Lowe (who fell in the first engagement—I saw his body) 2,000 under his own command and the riff-raff of the surrounding country; nine cannon 6 and 12 pounders. Our force captured 4 of his cannon. The enemy lost at Frederic-town 232, at the baggage train 40 and at the last charge in the barn 60, making in all killed so far, 352, and 100 prisoners.

Many more will be found in the woods and ravines. Our loss was principally sustained by the cavalry, 13 killed and 40 wounded. It is the most signal victory yet obtained by the Union in Missouri.

Some papers state the rebel loss at 600 but I only state what I have good authority for.

We are now back to Pilot Knob, the terminus of the rail road, and whether we shall to keep here a week I cannot tell, before you get this we may be on our way to Fremont in the west—or to Kentucky. Although we were not engaged in the battle, we have endured much fatigue. I must here mention an accident which happened on the way to Frederic-town—a sergeant of Co. G, got shot in the leg by one of his own company. They were walking close to the fence and the gun striking a rail caused it to go off, the ball hitting him as before mentioned. He has since died and was buried yesterday. J. S. Palmer, of Co. J, was also accidentally shot at the burned bridge, but he is now doing well and will be fit for duty in a few days.

The 8th regiment are generally healthy. Co. D, have only two in the hospital. The boys are sick of Missouri and begin to wish for some better place. We are hemmed in by mountains— there is not even room here for a dress parade—nothing but stumps and rocks.

We have just come from divine service by our Chaplain who is anxious for our spiritual as well as temporal welfare. We have little to write except to see the Gazette once in a while to see what is going on at home.

The Partridge has arrived and I think we will be paid off in a few days. David formerly of the Gazette, is doing well and tells me he makes a good soldier.

Yours etc., more anon,

S. C. McD.

Capt. Lyon's Company on their Travels.

We are permitted to copy a portion of a private letter from a member of Capt. Lyon's company, giving an interesting account of their journey from St. Louis to Pilot Knob.

We came to St. Louis the day after our arrival there, that a large body of secessionists was attacking a company of Federal troops about forty miles from here, and had destroyed a bridge. Our right wing was at one started for the place, followed by the left wing, (ours) the next morning at 5 o'clock. Both detachments reached the place of safety. On our arrival, forty men from the left, were detailed with as many from the right wing, as guards and pickets, sent out to reconnoiter. They returned after a short absence without finding the enemy in force, and bringing in several prisoners. Some were discharged, others we have yet, what disposition will be made of them I cannot say. Our orders were if we heard a gun fired to fall into our places in order of battle. At 12 o'clock, I laid down, put my oil cloth on the ground, and with my over coat and blanket to cover me, went soundly to sleep. In the course of half an hour, a shot was heard Company K (Raine's Co. volunteers) were the first in place, as we waited some time but no enemy appeared. Breaking ranks, we again sought repose, but twice again were aroused, still the enemy came not, when at 4 o'clock breakfast was cooked, and we ready to start from DeSoto, a point on the St. Louis and Iron Mountain R. R. The whole regiment took the cars and went on six miles to the bridge—or where the bridge was—for we found nothing but ruins. The structure was a fine one and crossed the Big River. Between DeSoto and the ruins of the bridge we passed through a tunnel of 500 feet in length. When in the vicinity of the bridge Co's K and H were ordered in advance as scouts, our company leading the way—a post danger, but of which we felt proud.

Our destination now was Pilot Knob, if we did not feel it necessary to guard the Bridges. Detailing a sufficient for that purpose, the rest of the regiment moved forward for the Knob.

We soon received intelligence that the rebels had made an attack upon Union men at Pilot Knob, now twenty miles distant, and had compelled them to retreat. The train upon the receipt of the news was urged to its utmost speed, never did I ride so fast. Upon our arrival there we found men women and children flying to the mountains for safety, expecting an attack momentarily.

The enemy however for some reason did not deem it best to make the attempt. Our boys were delighted and anxious for a brush, but hardly disappointed that the rebels kept away. All night we lay on our arms, and before morning the balance of the regiment came in by train, except one company left to guard the baggage at the burnt bridge. Friday we had a good chance to look around this place, called Pilot Knob, a village of two or three hundred inhabitants usually, lying at the
base of, and surrounded by five tolerably good-sized mountains. The areas upon which the village is built, and which embraces all the space between the hills, does not exceed a mile in any direction. The mountains are one solid mass of iron ore, of remarkable purity. Pilot Knob, the highest of the mountains, ascended yesterday; upon its highest peak is a pillar, upon which is inscribed the name of its discoverer. It is now a thousand feet in height, fifteen feet square, and 300 feet long. The Knob is divided into two masses, the upper one being the best. The lower one is too near the river to be worked. The Knob proper is a hill of iron, 500 feet high, 1500 feet square, and composed of rock, iron ore, and sandstone. It is a tedious tramp to ascend it. It is a hill of solid iron, 500 feet above the town, and on the summit is a rough pile of rock. A Union flag floats from the top. It is a place of about two hundred inhabitants. We do not grumble. We re¬lish the hard work, and we are not yet aware that we may some day return to the beautiful City of Lakes, where we used to have the pleasure of meeting our "dear friends at home." Yours truly,
G. W. D.

FROM THE EIGHTH REGIMENT.

An Interesting Account of the Battle of Frederlektown.

We received last evening a private letter from Major Jefferson, of the 8th Regiment, giving a very interesting account of the battle of Frederlektown. The facts have been already anticipated by other correspondents, but his description of the battle is so fresh and vivid that we take the liberty of extracting it.

At 8 o'clock, the united forces from Pilot Knob and Cape Girardeau were in readiness to move towards Greenville, 60 miles distant, presuming that Jef Thompson was near that place. The Cape Girardeau forces had got under way, and were about half a mile from our regiment. As we were somewhat astounded to hear a shot from a twelve pounder.

I met the Major of the Twenty-first Illinois, and asked, "Can we have come up with the enemy?" He replied, "O, no; it is impossible—Thompson is 25 miles distant." Then came another shot.

I said: "That means fight, as sure as you live." We are now within range of the whole artillery force commanded firing, and within three minutes more the sharp spatter of musketry was heard. The most intense excitement and crossed lines of fire between the town. Women and children were running to and fro, seeking shelter and other
The next day after the battle, the united forces marched towards Greenville. Four or five miles out we found dead rebel body in the road, one of which the horses had been at. We placed the bodies in a corn-field, and when we returned Sunday buried them. The march was continued until 10 o'clock that night, at which time we bivouacked. At 10 A.M. next day we commenced to march towards Fredericke town, arriving at 4 P.M., and remained there until 10 next morning, when we marched back to that place (22 miles) by 8 o'clock P.M. During this whole trip—from St. Louis to the different places I have mentioned—we have had to bivouac and live the best we could. We pitched our tents yesterday for the first time since leaving Camp Randall. The men and officers are all in good health except Lient, Col. Robbins, who was ill and could not accompany us to Fredericke town. He is so that he can attend to his duties now. There are about 25 men who are slightly sick. Sergeant Illingsworth, Co. 6, Sugar River, was killed by the discharge of a gun in the hands of one of our men while he was astride of a rail fence, which from the effects of an accidental shot received in the leg. He was buried yesterday with military honors. B. M. Goats, Co. II, Sugar River, was killed by a Minnie ball. Captain Cheney, our Paymaster, for being paid his last months of service. One man has been shot through the head, one through the leg. He was buried yesterday. Sergeant Illingsworth, from Sugar River, was shot through the heart, Co. II (Sugar River), died on the 24th of December, of wounds. We have lost two men recently by accidents. The first was French Illingsworth, from Sugar River. He was killed at Fredericke town, by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of his comrades. He was a Sergeant in Company II, a young man of excellent character, and respected by all who knew him. His loss is much regretted. His body was brought down from Fredericke town, with the Regiment, and buried the day after it arrived. It was a mournful spectacle, as, with reversed arms, muffled drums, and mournful music, we followed the first of our dead to the grave. He was buried on a hill-side, near our camp; and as we committed his body to the grave, we prayed that God might comfort his bereaved and widowed mother, who has sent two of her sons to fight their country's battles, and one of whom has so early fallen.

On Tuesday last, John Oarney, of Janes ville, a private of Company G, was killed in the engine house of the iron mill here. He fell against the balance-wheel, and was struck by it on the back of the head, and killed almost instantly. We buried him beside Illingsworth.

Our Regiment has been paid off this week, for services up to the last of October. We are fortunate in this respect, for some of the other regiments here were four months in the service before they received any pay. We are indebted to Major Cheney, our Paymaster, for being paid so soon. He is a worthy representative of Wisconsin, in this department of the service.

Last night, our Regimental Band serenaded Col. Murphy, Major Cheney, and Col. Carlin, commander of this post. After the serenade, the Band and a number of officers sat down to an oyster sup-

places of concealment. Every person and thing that could move was moving. Our newly-received only regiment took the double quick step down the street towards the battle ground. The day was very warm, and the men, to facilitate their movements, commenced stripping off their loose clothing and threw it along the road side. After we had proceeded two-thirds of the way to the battle-ground, we came to the Court House for the reserve force, and to support some heavy artillery which was planted near the Court House, and at the end of the street leading to the battle ground. In half an hour the wounded commenced to be brought in—some shot in the head, some in the leg, some with an arm off, and so on. The whole country resounded with the echo of our men's cheers and yells as they charged the enemy. The battle lasted for a few minutes, and had the occasion required it he would have attempted to climb over. He died while he was astride of a rail fence, which from the effects of an accidental shot received in the leg. He was buried yesterday with military honors. B. M. Goats, Co. II, Sugar River, was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of his comrades. He was a Sergeant in Company II, a young man of excellent character, and respected by all who knew him. His loss is much regretted. His body was brought down from Fredericke town, with the Regiment, and buried the day after it arrived. It was a mournful spectacle, as, with reversed arms, muffled drums, and mournful music, we followed the first of our dead to the grave. He was buried on a hill-side, near our camp; and as we committed his body to the grave, we prayed that God might comfort his bereaved and widowed mother, who has sent two of her sons to fight their country's battles, and one of whom has so early fallen.

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The citizens of Madison will not soon forget the grand display made by the 8th Regiment on the morning of their departure from Camp Randall. Among those who watched between the lines of men, we noticed a tall, well-proportioned, fine looking young man, of whom it was remarked, "There goes one of the finest appearing young officers in the Regiment."

It was Henry Freese Illingworth, the subject of this notice. No braver, better man—no purer patriot, ever enlisted in the cause of his country.

Also, he has been stricken down in the bloom of his youth, in the morn of his day! While we mourn his early death, his memory will be cherished by them and we who know him, and his name live among those who have died in the service of their country.

He wrote to me on the evening that the Regiment left Pilot Knob for Fredericktown, and seemed much pleased that they were going immediately into active service. He soon found a soldier's grave. He was buried with military honors, and now reposeth in the bosom of his youth, in the morn of his day! While we mourn his early death, his memory will be cherished by them and we who know him, and his name live among those who have died in the service of their country.

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Almost a mile south of us is Ironton, the county seat of this county, in which the 8th Illinois 21st and 33d are encamped. The village which we are encamped in is situated in the valley between Pilot Knob and Shepard Mountain, and contains about 500 inhabitants, most of whom are supported by mining and smelting.

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Shepard Mountain, on the opposite side.—The ore is found in immense quantities in almost every hill for miles around this vicinity. There are probably no mines in the world—at least none on this continent—in which iron ore is found in such immense quantities, so easy of access and of such good quality, as in this part of Missouri.

The ore taken from Pilot Knob, I am told, yields about sixty-five per cent. of pure iron. That from Shepard Mountain is said to be better still. There are two furnaces here employed in smelting ore, and five others a few miles distant.

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The weather during the past two weeks has been bright and warm in the daytime, but cool and freezing at night. As a consequence of this variableness of the temperature, combined with the exposure incident to the Fredericktown expedition, many of our men are suffering with severe colds. The measles has also visited our camp, and about fifty men are under its influence. There are yet no very serious cases of sickness; and most of those who are sick, under the kind and skillful treatment of our medical staff, are doing as well as could be expected.

None of our regiment have yet fallen victims of disease, but we have lost two men recently by accidents. The first was French Illingworth, from Sugar River. He was killed at Fredericktown, by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of his comrades. He was a Sergeant in Company H, a young man of excellent character, and respected by all who knew him. His loss is much regretted. His body was brought down from Fredericktown, with the Regiment, and buried the day after it arrived.

Editors of the State Journal:—This region abounds in rocks and hills, but they are not the kind that flow with milk and honey. It was a mournful spectacle, as with reversed surface of the country is rugged and arms, muffled drums, and mournful music, forbidding in the extreme, but beneath it lies the wildest rebellion put down, and our country restored to happiness and peace.

From the 8th Regiment.

CAMP BURNSIDE, PILOT KNOB, MO. Nov. 2, 1861.

P. B.

For the State Journal:

Editor's Journal:—This regiment is known to have been intoxicated since the Regiment was mustered into service. Would that this could be rid of all the regiments sent to the seat of war.
struck by it on the back of the head, and killed almost instantly. We buried him beside Illingsworth.

Our regiment was paid off this week, for services up to the last of October. We are fortunate in this respect, for some of the other regiments here were four months in the service before receiving any pay. We are indebted to Major Cheney, our Paymaster, for being paid so soon. He is a worthy representative of Wisconsin in this department of the service.

Last night, our regimental band serenaded Col. Murphy, Major Cheney, and Col. Carlin, Commander of this post. After the serenade, the band and a number of officers sat down to an oyster supper, which was generously provided by Major Cheney. After the supper toasts were offered, and some short and patriotic speeches made by Col. Murphy, Major Cheney, Quartermaster Billings, and others. The whole affair passed off very pleasantly, and furnished satisfactory evidence that the stern duties of camp life do not unfit men for social and intellectual pleasures. The Band was complimented for their music, as they deserved to be.

We have an excellent drum corps. Drum Major Keeley thoroughly understands his business, as also does Jones, the leader of the Band.

We are numerically about one-third larger than any other regiment here, and I think it may be said without any exaggeration that we would not suffer by comparison with any other regiment I have yet seen. It is not boasting to say that the officers of the 8th are, as a whole, men eminently qualified for the positions they occupy. Of the field officers it is not necessary to speak. The discipline and bearing of the Regiment, and the amount of work they have already done in this State, speak for them. No regiment has a more competent medical staff. They are not only skillful, and assiduous in the discharge of their duty, but they do it in that spirit of kindness which is often more valuable to a sick man than medicine. Few positions in the army are more important or more difficult to fill properly than that of Quartermaster; but all agree in the opinion that Quartermaster Billings is the right man in the right place. The company officers are intelligent and patriotic gentlemen, who have the confidence of their men, and who will never dishonor the State they represent.

Not a single commissioned officer of this regiment is known to have been intoxicated, since the regiment was mustered into service.

Would that this could be said of all the regiments sent to the seat of war.

From the Eighth Regiment.

Mr. B. M. Coates, who accompanied the 8th Regiment to Missouri as Agent of the State to look after the welfare of members, returned to this city yesterday. He left the regiment at Pilot Knob on Saturday. Before leaving St. Louis, on Tuesday, he learned by telegraph that the regiment had taken up its march southward, with another expedition which was to act in conjunction with one from Cape Girardeau, so that if there is any game in the vicinity of Greenville we may except to hear of our boys bagging it soon.

Mr. Coates was a witness of the battle of Fredericksburg, having borrowed a horse of Jefferson, and rode down to the fight, taking position near one of the Union batteries. His account does not materially differ from that of our correspondent. He brings back a six pound cannon ball, which struck the ground but a few feet from him. He saw another ball strike the wheel of a cannon, knocking out part of the fel lows and spokes, scattering splinters all over the gunner, and nearly cutting in two the iron tire, which was an inch thick, and three or four inches wide.

Mr. Coates says that Surgeon Robbins, of this place, was on the battle field with in fifteen minutes after the fight, engaged in removing first our wounded and then those of the rebels. Surgeon Trowning took charge of all the surgical operations and did all the amputating, assisted by the surgeons of the regiments engaged in the fight. Our regiment was the only one supplied with hospital stores to any extent. Mr. C. says the surgeons, including Dr. Murra, are all indefatigable in the care of our sick men.

In the fight at Fredericksburg there were six of the Federal troops killed on the spot, two died that night and two the next day, while five of the wounded are unlikely to recover. In all, on our side, there were 43 wounded, 10 of whom were about the next day. Of the rebels 213 were buried the next day, and others subsequently, so that over 800 of them must have been killed. As far as could be ascertained the number of their wounded was small in comparison. Not more than 600 men left. Thompson's force were armed with regular muskets, while the remainder had various kinds of shot guns, squirrel guns and rifles. Mr. C. brings a specimen of equipments (which will be deposited in the State Historical Rooms) taken from the body of a dead rebel, and covered with his blood. There is a small powder horn, and an old buckskin pouch in which are the bullets, caps, a broken knife for a screw driver, and other odd truck, the whole, with some little horn caps for measuring charges, and a priming wire, 'carried by rotten and pieced-up leather thongs. It looks as if some forlorn fellow had started out to hunt 'Yankees' in much the same spirit and rig as if after wild beasts. Few of the rebels were equipped very much better. It is thought they had been promptly followed up, instead of waiting a day, most of the enemy could have been taken. There were just eight houses burned in Fredericksburg, instead of the whole place.

There is the most perfect unanimity of feeling and mutual confidence between officers and men. Col. Murphy, Lt. Col. Robinson and Major Jefferson in particular, are very much liked by the men, who are ready to do anything in the world for them.

Unfortunately, the measles are having a run in the regiment, there being about fifty cases, otherwise the boys are doing well, notwithstanding the hard service they have had. The eagle is in fine trim, though there was a false report in St. Louis that it had "gone over to the enemy.”

There are abundance of very fair grapes, ripe persimmons and other fruits and nuts in the country where our boys are.

Mr. O. was able to be of considerable assistance in procuring various delicacies for the sick, not included in the regular rations, and in picking up, taking care of, and providing means of transportation for those who gave out on their marches.

We hear that the officers of the Regiment speak in the highest terms of their care for the men, and are very desirous of his return. When he returned to St. Louis he found out for the paymaster those of the 8th who had been left behind, 8 in number. They were scattered in 3 different hospitals. Five of them who were able were sent on to rejoin the regiment.

Mr. O. was the bearer of nearly $10,000 of Uncle Sam's payment to the boys for their friends at home. The expense of his mission was but about $200.

We learn that a letter from Col. Carlin, of Illinois, in command at Pilot Knob, to a gentleman of this city, says that the 8th Wisconsin was the best, and best equipped regiment that has been sent into the Western Department.

We hear also that some of our men, despite of orders, pitched into the fight at Fredericksburg on their own book, and were forgiven their breach of discipline on account of their bravery.

We have been permitted to read a private letter from Capt. Lyon's Co. (from Capt. Lyon, date "Pilot Knob, Nov. 15, 1861,") from which we learn that the 8th Regiment had just returned from their Southern Expedition. He says "We went about 70 miles, making a march of at least 185 miles in eleven days. We made easy marches, and went South to Greenfield, the county seat of Wayne county, and then 95 miles further South east to the St. Francis
The expedition went down to show the people the power of the Government and to disperse any scattering force of rebels we might find. We took a few prisoners who had been in Jeff. Thompson's army, but found no rebel forces to fight. What our next move will be we don't know, but rather expect to go to Kentucky—and want to bad. We have been here just four weeks, on the march 16 days, and tramped over 300 miles during that time. The boys are as proud as locoef of the Regiment. Everything goes on well and pleasantly.

The measles are running through our Regiment, but they are mild. Dr. Murphy is invaluable to us, and is a great favorite with all the boys. A courier brought us the mail yesterday and day before, with lots of letters from the families at home, and wasn't we a happy set of fellows? Another letter from one of our Raine boy's speaks of their Regiment with equal pride, and of Company K, as the bright particular star of the Regiment.

From the Eighth Regiment.


From our Regular Correspondent.

Since the battle at Fredericksburg various rumors have been afloat with regard to the whereabouts and doings of the "Missouri Marion," as Jeff. Thompson is styled by the Memphis Appeal. It was reported that he had collected the remainders of his scattered forces near Greenville, in Wayne county, and had received reinforcements from the South, and was preparing for further mischief. The counties south of this, especially Wayne and Butler, have been entirely under rebel sway all summer, and it was determined to send down a force for the purpose of driving out Thompson, if he could be found, and of overawing the sympathizers and encouraging the Union men who still remain in these counties.

Accordingly on last Tuesday, the 8th, Wisconsin, the 21st Illinois, four companies of Col. Baker's Indiana cavalry, and Capt. Manton's battery, were ordered from Pilot Knob to Greenville. We started about noon, marched twelve miles, and encamped for the night in a field surrounded by timber, near the margin of a beautiful stream. Next day we marched about eighteen miles and twelve miles more on the day following, bringing us to Greenville. We found the town deserted by more than half its population, and learned that Thompson had not been seen there since the day after his defeat at Fredericksburg. Jeff. must have done some great running on that occasion, for he reached Greenville—a distance of forty miles—on Tuesday, the day after the battle. Here he spent the night and the next day waiting for his scattered forces to come up. On the next evening his scouts brought intelligence that our pursuing forces were only ten miles distant, on the reception of which Jeff. packed up and started for parts unknown. The next heard of him his forces were divided, part at Bloomfield and part at Indian Ford on the St. Francis river. Greenville is the county seat of Wayne Co., and boasts a court house, four or five store houses, all of which were closed, a couple of country inns, one of which is running; and about forty other buildings of all the classes, mostly of the log pattern, with the odd one out, both church or school house that we could discover. Indeed we have seen but one school house and one church in all the county we have traversed since we left Pilot Knob, and these were at a little village called Patterson, the inhabitants of which, as far as we could discover, were mostly loyal, and have suffered severely on that account.

We spent Thursday afternoon and night at Greenville, and next morning started for Indian Ford. About a mile and a half beyond the village, we passed the residence of Hon. Albert Jackson, Judge of this district, and saw the American flag in front of his house, the only one, with the exception of our own colors, that we have seen since we left Pilot Knob.

Our boys gazed the stars and stripes with great delight, and cheered them most heartily as they passed. Judge Jackson has been an exile from his home for three months, on account of his loyalty to his country and the Constitution he has solemnly sworn to sustain. He came back yesterday with our troops.

We arrived at Indian ford on Saturday, where we encamped for the night. This place is on the St. Francis River, about seventy miles from Pilot Knob, and about twenty from the Arkansas line. A company of cavalry was sent out on the road to Bloomfield, who met a messenger bringing intelligence that Col. Oglesby, with a force of 8,000 men Bird's Point, had taken possession of Bloomfield, and that Jeff. Thompson had left this part of the country and gone to Casseyville. On Sunday morning we left Indian Ford and marched back to a place about 3 miles distant where we found better camping ground, and water more convenient. Here we spent the day recruiting our somewhat exhausted energies, and getting off the dust and dirt that had accumulated during our march. On Monday morning we started back, and the next day entered Greenville. When we reached the town, we met a team coming from Greenville, and learned from the driver that the Illinois 38th, which had been ordered up to reinforce us in case of a reverse, had arrived the night before, and that they were firing their guns for amusement this morning; and it was this that caused the alarm. On Wednesday we left Greenville and this afternoon returned to Pilot Knob, having marched about 140 miles in ten days. The country through which we have passed is rugged and hilly, and as a whole sparsely populated. The roads are rough and rocky, and the streams without bridges. Our boys, however, waded through them as if it had been fun, often not taking even the trouble to pull off their shoes and socks.

Civilization—"if it can be called civilization—exists in this country in its lowest forms. The houses are nearly all built of logs, with shake roofs and paneled floors. Farming is carried on in the most primitive style. Such things as threshing machines, reapers and spinning mills are unknown. The houses are without stores, and the women are without crinoline. Books and newspapers are very rare, and schools and churches are like angels' visits—few and far between. The ignorance of many of the people is equalled only by their credulity. Their leaders have made them believe the most absurd and atrocious falsehood with regard to the Administration, and the people of the North. On the second day we were out, I stopped at a house, to get a drink of milk. The proprietor appeared more respectable and intelligent than the average of the people we had seen. We entered into conversation. He admitted that he sympathised with the South, but had never taken up arms against the Government. He said that until within a short time, he had such an idea of our troops, that had we come along two weeks before, we should have found his house deserted, and himself hiding in the woods. He evidently regarded the war as one of the North against the South, not as one of ambitious rebels against a just and free government. Finally, after talking with him some time, he told us that he could not read, and that all he knew of national affairs he had to learn from others.—Many—probably the majority—are in his condition.

At Greenville they had a story in circulation that Washington had been taken, and that Lincoln and his Cabinet were prisoners. Further on they had another story that Lincoln was down in Arkansas freeing the negroes, and that Gen. Scott was after him with an army to drive him out. In conversation with a prisoner,
who has been a Captain in Thompson's army and who is evidently a man of great intelligence for this country, he told me that he had taken up arms under the belief that the Administration intended forcibly to emancipate all their slaves, and introduce negro equality among them. He said that some time before the late battle at Fredericktown he became convinced that he had been deceived, and that he applied for a discharge and returned to his home, where he was found when arrested. The ignorance of the masses in the South is one great cause of this rebellion. Slavery has enfeebled them upon ignorance and poverty—social, intellectual and moral degradation—yet they seem unconscious of the fact. "A fire is kindled around them, yet they know it not; and it burns them, yet they lay it not to heart. It may be this war will open their eyes.

Death of Lieut. Curtis of the Eighth Regiment.

At a meeting of the officers of the Eighth Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, held at Pilot Knob, Missouri, on the evening of the 17th of November, 1861, Capt. John E. Perkins was called to the chair, and Adjutant E. T. Sprague, appointed Secretary.

On motion of Capt. M. M. Baker, a committee consisting of Capt. Baker, Conner, Redfield and Lyon was appointed by the chair to present resolutions expressing the sentiments of those present relative to the death of the late Lieut. Carlos D. Biephens.

A just tribute to the memory and character of the deceased was then paid by Capt. Coniger, of the same company, whereupon the meeting adjourned to the next succeeding evening, when the committee reported the following resolutions, which were adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has removed from the scene of action of this Regiment one of the bravest of the locality in the State of New York in which he was born, and one whom we learned to respect and love, and who has fallen, a sacrifice to the cause of liberty, and for the Union, therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Carlos D. Steppens, Company B has lost an efficient officer and a faithful friend, the Eighth Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers one of its brightest ornaments, and that the cause of right and liberty an able and earnest defender.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the relatives and friends of the honored deceased, and that we tender to them the heartfelt sympathies of this command in a righteous war.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded by the Secretary to the family of Capt. Steppens, who is a man of memory is not dead but sleepeth.

Resolved, That the newspapers of Wisconsin and of the locality in the State of New York in which he was born, give the above insertion.


From the Eighth Regiment

HEAD QUARTERS 8th Reg't W. E. "Camp Pullman."

Editors Patriots—Another beautiful day has dawned upon Camp Burleside, and quiet reigns throughout the camp. The tents are pitched, and the men are off on their own business, and are passing away into the arms of Dame Morpheus, save a few who are preparing for the camp Cooks and others engaged in writing to their friends in the outside world.

Yesterday afternoon the 8th regiment arrived in camp after an absence of eleven days, marching through the southern portion of the State, in search of secession. On the 7th inst., the order came for us to take our departure, and it came rather unexpectedly, but notwithstanding, the boys were up and dressed, armed and equipped, in a short time, and on the morning of the 8th, we marched off for the seat of war.

We encamped for the night in Greenville on the banks of the St. Francis river; here the boys had a fine time bathing. The people in that vicinity had forgotten to take all their personal property when they went away, so some of the boys, to us unknown, pitched in and helped themselves to chickens, ducks, geese, pigs, &c. I should have thought the Eighth might have shared in the feast. Everything, in fact, was plentiful. When they gave their last squeal, the ducks gave their last quack, the geese had paddled across the river for the last time, while the hogs and chickens all sacrificed their dear lives for the sake of the Union. In fact, Greenville was almost a city of teeming tenantry, and everything quiet in town.

After remaining in camp one day, we pulled up stakes and marched 20 miles south, towards the place, and reached Pilot Knob yesterday the 15th at 9 p.m.; heartily glad to get back to camp.

As far as this camp is concerned, our noble commander made a brief and very affecting speech to his men, complimenting them on their bearing their long and tedious march; "that he felt proud of them as gentlemen—as soldiers. That if they felt towards him as he could not but feel towards them, he would ask for nothing more," &c. When he had finished his remarks, many an eye was moistened with tears. The Major proposed three charges for Col. Murphy, and the boys gave three times three, with a roaring "tiger," for their noble commander. Three cheers were given the adjutant; three for the Major; three for the officer who had charge of the regiment; and three for the members of the brass band. And thus we went for Col. Robbins and "the Union forever.

As stated before, this is indeed a lovely day—"Old Sol' is shedding his warm rays down into the valley of Pilot Knob,—one would think we were three miles off a coast. I hope the sun will continue to shine while we remain here, for it makes one feel cheerful, if all else is not so. Well, boys, we have some work to do; but the boys are becoming quite cool. Though we have plenty of straw to sleep on, some of the boys are catching colds and getting down with fevers, but we hope to have it all on an alarming extant. We have about 800 miles of duty—mostly from mesels, but by keeping from the cold and with good, we hope to see them all around with us again soon. The
water is so full of mineral, it is weakening to the system, and many, from drinking too much of it, are complaining of headaches, weakness of limbs and general indisposition. You can reasonably suppose that the water, being so highly impregnated with iron, must, as a matter of course, be a hard drink. You humble correspondent has partaken of all the complaints so prevalent in this Southern climate, and he can only attribute it to being a strict wet season! He will not allow himself to make too free use of ured spirits—"Iron Water." His principal diet is weak coffee and drink free because, "like poor Jack, he couldn't get it."

It is somewhat pleasing to see some of the boys, when they are able to take a bit of the pleasant and can't get it. They will watch a saloon until some officer comes out and they will try to persuade their superior that it is decidedly necessary that they should have something to drink as they feel very unwell.

With a stern—"Eh! perhaps he?"—look, the officer gazes upon the forlorn being before him, whose expression of countenance would speak anxiety and his mouth screwed up to a whistling position as he utters—"Captain, I say, I'm very much in need of something," 

Perhaps the Captain will take pity on the poor fellow and will desist from molesting him. The word of the keeper, but, if not, the fellow contemplates with mere staring into the Captain's soul. The usual order is given—"Away, uttering to himself, "actions speak louder than words," and he thinks from appearance of things, he is well without his glass of medicine.

We have lost three men since arriving in Missouri. Two were accidentally killed, one of which, by the accidental discharge of a gun in one of his comrades hands, and another was killed by falling against a "drive wheel" in the iron furnace. Lieut. Stevens of the 40th Illinois boyan Riiles died on the 6th of typhoid fever, and was buried with military honors.

Gen. Fremont's removal does not seem to create much excitement in camp. In fact, nothing is said about it. We only trust that if it is so, there will be no more mutiny among the men. With three rousing cheers for the American flag that now floats in secession land, and three more for the Democracy victory in the mountain.

I am truly yours, G. W. D.
I have just been informed that the object of our march was only to strengthen the Union sentiment in south-east Missouri, and show the people that there were Union troops in the country. It was called a reconnaissance in force.

Some of our boys think and say in a joking way that the Colonel is only marching us about through Missouri to show us the expense of marching—we want to get where there are some rail roads.

Yours, &c., more anon,

FROM THE 11TH I. S. CO. McF.

FRON KEN, Mo., Nov 21, 1861.

FOR THE ADVOCATE.

—On the 5th inst., in company with the 21st Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, the 1st Indiana Cavalry, and Capt. Master's Battery of Artillery, we left our camp on an expedition to disperse a body of armed rebels said to have collected in Bloomfield, in Stoddard county, about 100 miles, South-east of this place.

We marched through Green ville, Wayne county, into the Indian Ford across the St. Francis river in the North-east part of Butte county, and about 5 miles West of Bloomfield, where we learned that the rebels had already been dispersed by a force from Cape Girardeau. We accordingly took up our line of march for this place where we arrived on the 16th inst.

The country through which we passed is very wild and mountainous and but thinly settled. The majority of the people are very stupid, ignorant, dirty, and of course poor. They are probably a fair specimen of the "poor whites" of the South. It was rarely that we found one outside of the villages who could read and write. Many of them had been made to believe that the Federal troops, wherever they went, indulged in plunder, rape, violence and murder, and of course these deluded people were accessionalists. But when they found themselves kindly treated by our troops—their property and all of their rights protected—they straightway became good Union people. With the exception of a few leaders, there is no invertebrate hostility to the Government in the minds of the inhabitants here, and when they are disabused in relation to the objects of this war and the purposes of the Government, they return readily and cheerfully to their allegiance.

There has been considerable sickness in our Regiment, mostly measles of a mild type and colds. We have lost but four men since the Regiment was organized—two by accident and two by disease. Three only of our company are in the Hospital: Wm. Walker, who was attacked on our late expedition with inflammation of the lungs; Chas. Dunham, with measles; and Levi Weeks, with rheumatism. They are all convalescent. Beside these we have six or eight men in camp unfit for duty but not very sick. Dr. Murns, (the whom the more faithful surgeon cannot be found in the army,) informs me that the sickness in the regiment is rapidly subsiding.

The men are exceedingly anxious to get letters and papers from home, and our friends there can confer no greater kindness upon us than to send them. We see by the Advocate that the Ladies of Racine are active in furnishing Hospital stores for the army. Those articles which they are providing are very much needed in the service, and they may rest assured that they are doing a good work. We are much pleased to hear of the interest in this matter displayed by the Racine people.

We see much discussion in the papers relative to the removal of Major Gen. Fremont, some of them predicting disaster and ruin to the Union cause as the result of it. It is proper for me to say, that, so far as I can judge, (and I have some opportunities to learn the feeling of the army in Missouri on that subject,) the army acquiesce in the action of the Government without complaint. We believe here that the success of our cause does not depend upon the rise or fall of any man or set of men, but, under God, upon the justice of our cause and the courage and fortitude of the hundreds of thousands of brave men who are now in the field defending that cause. In these we trust, and not in the genius of any one man, and we are ready to do battle under such commanders as the Administration of our own choice may place over us. Receive all this stuff from "Special Reporters" and "our own Correspondent" of dissatisfaction in the army, by reason of Fremont's removal and the like, with a great deal of incredulity.

We have no definite knowledge of our future movements, but rather expect to be ordered to St. Louis, or near there, in a short time. Col. Murphy is now in St. Louis awaiting orders.

Major Jefferson has been ordered to take charge of the Iron Mountain Railroad leading from this place to St. Louis, and yesterday companies B and E, Captains Conger and Green, were sent to some point on the road to guard bridges. We are now drilling as skirmishers and the men make fine proficiency in it.

We have met a few Wisconsin friends here not attached to our Regiment, among them Major Cheney, of Walworth, a Paymaster, and Capt. (formerly Senator) Hutchinson, a Commissary in the U. S. service. Major Culver—the inimitable Culver—late Assistant Attorney General of our State, and now a Paymaster, is at St. Louis. Gen. Swan, of Milwaukee, is somewhere in Missouri. Major Cheney paid off our Regiment on the 1st inst. and is now here to pay some Illinois troops. Capt. Hutchinson has been here some months, and he is the Brigade Commissary at this post. All of these gentlemen are very highly esteemed by those who have made their acquaintance, and they are an honor to our State.

In closing this rather desultory communication, I will only add that the men are in excellent spirits, and in good fighting trim, and
their most earnest desire is that they be sent
where they can do their part towards crush­
ing out this rebellion. When the record of
this war is made up, be assured that it will
be found that the 8th Regiment has done its
whole duty.

Respectfully yours,
WM. P. LYON.

From the Eighth Regiment.

Correspondence of the State Journal.

CAMP CURTIS, Sulphur Springs, Mo., November 29th, 1861.

Last Monday the 8th Regiment—with the exception of those unable to leave the hospital, and two companies who were guarding the railroad—came by the cars on the Iron Mountain R. R. to this place. About seventy of our men were left in the Brigade Hospital at Pilot Knob, and Companies B and F were left under the command of Major Jefferson, to guard the railroad between Big River and Mineral Point. We found the 11th encamped here, they had been here last Friday. The look was, as all the Wisconsin Regiments do when they leave the State. They have evidently been well drilled, and present a fine appearance on dress parade. Their new uniforms and fresh countenances present considerable of a contrast to the sun-burnt, weather-beaten, and somewhat dirty and dirty appearance which six weeks of active service, spent in marching and countermarching through the wilds of south eastern Missouri, have given to the 8th already.

This village is on the bank of the Mississippi, twenty miles below St. Louis, and contains about thirty houses, a couple of stores, post office, boarding house, a railroad station and a steamboat landing. About half a mile back from the river are the Sulphur Springs, from which the place takes its name. The atmosphere is invigorating filled with sulphur for a considerable distance from the springs. We are encamped in a picturesque valley, which opens back from the springs to the line of the road, which was formerly a plantation residence, but which, for some time past, has been occupied. It has been occupied possession of by Surgeon Thomp­
son, and under his treatment has been made a much more comfortable place than the brigades Hospital at Ironon. There are about thirty in it at present, most of whom, it is supposed, are nearly all of those whom we left behind at Iron­
on. Yesterday was Thanksgiving day, and, in obedience to Governor Randall's proclamation about two days before the celebration, we have done our duty in the usual way, and have a beautiful day.

Our present camp hospital is about a mile and half back from the river. It consists of a small frame building, which was formerly a plantation residence, but which, for some time past, has been occupied. It has been occupied possession of by Surgeon Thomas, and under his treatment has been made a much more comfortable place than the brigades Hospital at Ironon. There are about thirty in it at present, most of whom, it is supposed, are nearly all of those whom we left behind at Iron­
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The guard duty is severe, but in consid­

From Companies B & F, Eighth Regiment.

Guarding the Iron Mountain Railroad—Foraging Pastimes—Thanksgiving Day.

To die of longing for ease in camp, is the
hardest fate a soldier can meet. Amid the
stirring scenes of martial strife—the roar
of artillery—the clash of arms, and the
shock of battle—the anguish of death is
severely felt, and the soul of the brave
convulsed soldier sent on its course down the
hard path on the hard camp pallet, and
waste away, day by day, far from the
endearments of home—away from the
soothing influences of a mother's
sympathy—to feel the fever drink the
blood, and the chill of death conceal the
spirits, with no friendly ministration to
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refusing to take the oath, is played out.

Even chickens are regarded as a mer­chantable by those who can secure from unwarranted visits, for "sharp, seizure, and confiscation."
The Christmas cards of the various times; in bad weather do we the best we can. To-day the snow lies three or four inches deep on the ground, and camp life is uncomfortable. The sentinels are dis­missed, for defence, and serve in some degree to shelter the tents; but still it is somewhat uncomfortable.

Thanksgiving day in Wisconsin was ob­served in our camps, with proper cere­monies. I noticed Capt. Conger, dressed in his blue, carrying a keg of cider from the day bright, on the way home. He said something about dress parades, also, after the cider was gone.

Company F had several turkeys, and a shanghaied cook with "all the line," served for dinner; and there were a good many allusions to old Wisconsin and the folks at home.

God bless them, and God bless our State.

Some twenty of our boys, by permission, attended a ball at a Frenchman's hall until midnight. The other night, and had things pretty well under their own way. The First Sergeant took charge of the guard, and it is intimated that they placed a guard before the door, and refused permission for any of the neighboring gentry to leave the apartment until the affair was over and the Wis­consin boys doused as much as they wanted to, and were ready to go themselves. Of course they behaved them­selves like gentlemen, and only exercised a due share of caution. Occasionally we had a sally, but we had a great deal of fun. The sentinels picturing out the forms of the sentinels picturing out the forms of the revolutionaries, and ban­ging away at them with muskets. "Fall in!" is the word. We have a large band, and the boys are courting with us.

If the fighting never stops, we will have a short extract from the letter refer­ring to the condition of those sick, and doubt not, now that the "Soldiers Aid Society" will take prompt steps to meet the wants of the brave boys. Had it been supposed they were needy, we are sure, the ladies would have sent a box long ere this.

"At the time your Soldiers Aid Society sent a box of things to St. Louis, soldiers from Racine lay sick in the hospital at Fronton, a branch of the St. Louis concern, and had not their company officers literally forced the managers of the hospital to admit their comrades to take care of them, these sick men would have died of sheer neglect—and as it was, some of them returned to camp covered with vermin. How much good has been in the "Soldiers Aid Society," Racine done these volunteers from Racine?"

From the Eighth Regiment.

Commander-in-Chief of the Union.

Sulphur Springs, Miss., Dec. 4th, 1861.

Editors Patriot,—Since writing my last (Nov. 16th) nothing of much importance has occurred to me. Of course I have not as much opportunity to see the usual number of camp­ers as I have had before, but I have been always in the habit of taking the oaths of allegiance, and are not demonstrative. The presence of a squad of Uncle Sam's boys in uniform is sufficient to make a whole township of such secessionists particularly quiet and courteous.

Not one in twenty of the population can read or write, and they have no idea in the world why they are secessionists. Traitorous politicians, who were in the habit of furnishing them opinions, led them into sympathy with the secessionists. Poor luck! they are not capable of appreciating the benefits of a good government, and they are not worth shortening. Slaves are not plenty here. We made a good job of it, and we satisfied a great many people with the belief that they are a lazy, pri­vate-thieving set. Slave labor must be exceedingly hard on the master. Such a thing as a "contraband" coming into his camp and enjoying the privileges of his house, and then to have to feed his property, and have no desire or aspirations for freedom. Our camp is in honor of our Governor elect, Hon. L. P. Harvey, from whom a better man was never made. The result of the election at home gives unbounded satisfaction to hundreds in the regiment, and we know that those coming into power will be as true to the interest of the soldiers of the State as those going out of power have been.

Yours, truly,

G.

News from Capt. Lyon's Co.

In a letter received yesterday from a mem­ber of Co. K—Racine County Volunteers—we learn they have removed from Pilot Knob to Sulphur Springs, a place lying on the west bank of the Mississippi river, about 20 miles below St. Louis. They have had a good deal of hard work, and found the 11th regiment of volunteers having suffered, yet they write in excellent spirits and ache only to be doing active work at the rebels. They have no knowledge how long they will remain at Sulphur Springs. We publish a short extract from the letter referring to the condition of those sick, and doubt not, now that the "Soldiers Aid Society" will take prompt steps to meet the wants of our brave boys. Had it been supposed they were needy, we are sure, the ladies would have sent a box long ere this.

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From the Eighth Regiment.
No more any open secessionists, but there are many, both North and South, who declare that they do not show themselves as such, though they do not show themselves. As far as the natural scenery is concerned, this part of the country is a marvel to see, and the inhabitants are about on the same scale. Everything (to use a common expression) is at loose ends. There is no energy or ambition among the people if they have enough to eat and drink, it all they desire. When peace is declared, if there are any of us left, we propose colonising the country as it is. Napoleonic to call on all the regulars and regiments to be almost if not altogether invisible, and amply competent to the task of carrying the standard of the Republic in triumph from the middle of the river and in the snow from the hills, and in the middle of the day it became uncom-


dated. The weather in Missouri, like the loyalty of some of its citizens, seems to know hot and cold almost in the same breath.

Most of our men have, however, made their tents quite comfortable by digging fire places in them, and they are in better quarters than they would have in the camp, which conducts the smoke outside of the tents. Extra blankets were also issued the other day to all our men, so that unless the weather grows more severe than it has yet been this winter, we shall be able to get along, even in tents, without any great amount of suffering.

In behalf of the soldiers, I must return a unanimous vote of thanks to the good ladies of Madison, for a large box of clothing and other useful articles sent by the consig- nients, which arrived this week. These things are highly appreciated here, not only for their intrinsic value, but as tokens of the good will and sympathy with which the soldier is regarded by those whose hands filled them. A proper supply of good reading matter is in demand. Why cannot the friends of the soldier in every community from which a company has gone, make arrangements to supply that company with a larger amount of the same? The number of copies of the State Journal are taken in camp, but thousands of copies of that, and other good Wisconsin papers, are destroyed daily, which, if sent here, would cheered many a solider's heart.

We are in receipt of the following letter from a brave soldier in Mr. Metcalf's Company-

In the hands of a commander—a

commander with the cap—which

shall crush this rebellion and con-

tinue all that it is a costly and perilous en-

terprise to attempt to overthrow such a

civil government as ours.

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In the hands of a commander—a
mand. The men wait with greatest anxiety for the mail, and manifest the greatest disappointment when they fail to receive letters. Our soldiers, like society in general, are always anxious to hear from home, and many of them sit up all night long for a glimpse of the familiar faces of those who, far away, are ever present to their hearts. Let those who have friends in the army, write to them often. Let not those who are in defense of their country feel that they are not forgotten at home.

The words of cheer that come from home fall with magic power upon the heart of the weary soldier, and inspire him with fortitude to confront every danger and bear every burden patiently to the end.

From the Right Guard.

HEADQUARTERS, Camp Curtis, Saltpur Springs, Mo., Dec. 12th, 1861.

Editors PATRIOT:—'Tis the bright, deep-seated, full of promise moon, and the twinkling stars send sentinel to the bright moon as she glides so proudly on through the blue heavens, unheeded by the wandering nature. It is the first sight I have had of a piece of silk that will give me a feeling of the passing wind or the waters of the Mississippi. We hear of rebels in the Southwest passing our line, and we are full of the strange, the mysterious. We have had with our Union troops. But they are near the State, and Price is still hanging around—he will probably meet with a warm reception in a few days. In one month's time from this I do not believe there will be many traitors remaining in Missouri. Last week however, Col. Murphy received a message from Big River Bridge, stating that they had apprehended a train of supplies and captured the enemy and wanted more help. The Col. immediately ordered two companies of the 11th regiment down there, also one company was sent from Virginia to help. In a few days or weeks, it will be quiet in that part, and I guess, if the rebels attempt to burn the bridges again, they will be burned by the hands of those who have come from that part of the country. Since the 8th, Jeff Pilot Knob, old Jeff Thompson, is said to be coming up from the South and has been ordered to destroy the rail road bridges. But this he can not do as the roads and all the bridges are strongly fortified by men and log cabins. There are many roads and log cabins. These roads may not be reliable, though there are men prowling around night seeking an opportunity to destroy these bridges and hinder the transportation of troops and stores.

One man may burn a bridge and therefore we have stationed men along the line to guard the bridges. They have destroyed one fine bridge—which cost at least $1,000. It may be pleasant for those who have to build them.

One little incident occurred a few evenings ago, that created quite a sensation, following with a heartily laugh. About 9 o'clock in the evening, when all was quiet in camp, a soldier, dressed in blue, came riding up to Headquarters, all the men had heard him. He rushed into the Col.'s quarters, exclaiming at the top of his voice—"our pickets have been fired on. We are given no help—that the woods were full of rebels, and he had an order to burn a bridge and saddle to come after help." He had, in his delirium, forgotten that he had lost his saddle from under him. He must have rode very fast to have lost his saddle off, and not know it till he reached camp. The bridge was plainly heard by all. The news spread like "wild fire" through the camp, and in less than ten minutes the whole regiment were on the line of battle. around their tents in their stocking feet, looking at the beautiful moon, and wondering what was going on. Several boys were not badly frightened; they had been humbugged too often to believe so "good news." The morning show was received, and we would await the results and see what it amounted to. We did wait and it amounted to nothing but a severe cold. The boys got up a dance over the way last night, and the ball was fought before, the glory and majesty of the camp. They had none for breakfast and could not have any myself. We find many things in camp life to amuse us. I was in a romantic kind of life—moving around from one point to another with now and then a fight just to keep the pulse in good order. Oh, who would not be a soldier!

The boys got up a dance over the way last night, and we had the pleasure, for the first time, of being "enamored," of light, fantastic toes," with the Missouri girls. It is the first night I have had of a piece of silk goods for a long time. The girls are good-looking—In fact, pretty, and the young volunteers very polite and agreeable. The dances did not break up till we o'clock this morning, when the boys presented arms, and escorted the fair ones to their homes.

It is quite warm here—no snow and no snow banks to shovel away from your door before you can get out. All is pleasant without and I believe it would be comfortable enough to sleep outside of our tents to-night.

On the 4th of November last, Mr. E. W. Palmer, of the 7th regiment, succeeded Mr. John P. Grant in organizing a Good Templars' Lodge, called Wisconsin Volunteer Lodge. They have about 60 members, and are doing a large amount of good for the State.

There are many tempations of vice in the life of a soldier, and one becomes reckless, caring nothing for themselves or the future. Our army is doing a large double tent for meeting purposes and for the use of the Good Templar Lodge.

We have a beautiful camping ground, with high hills on the North, South and West, covered with oak and hickory trees. The 8th regiment has the most tents at this time than all the others before. I send a rough sketch of Camp Curtis, from which you can see our position and the lay of the land surrounding it.*

Dear Gazette:

My last left us quietly encamped at Pilot Knob after a long fatiguing march of eleven days. Nothing occurred worthy of note until the 24th of Nov., when we received orders to march on the following morning by R. R. Ever soldier's hearts bounded with joy when the order was given, and we were to be safe from danger of the enemy and was to be safe from danger of the enemy and was to be safe from danger of the enemy and was to be safe from danger of the enemy and was to be safe from danger of the enemy and was to be safe from danger of the enemy and was to be safe from danger of the enemy and was to be safe from danger of the enemy. It was a glad inenting cn beOilis.—r

Accordingly, next morning at 9 o'clock, we struck tents, and at 7 we were aboard a train of that bottom cars, headed northward. After various curving and twisting we came in full sight of "Burn Bridge," on Big river, where we crossed in safety on a temporary affair, constructed since we were here before. A large force was collected on the bluffs on the west side of the cut and on the east side where the battle was fought before, the glorious victory by the Federal troops. One moment we thought we had gotten the flag, but it was not so. All the houses that were deserted when we stayed here before, are now inhabited, and from several houses waved the flag of the Union. So much good at least has been done through this section. About 4 P.M., we "brought up" at Saltpur Springs on the Mississippi, where we found the 11th Wis. encamped, they having arrived two days previous.

It was a glad meeting on both sides. They scarcely knew us at first, but when we assured them that we were the very old 8th Wis. all that had friends of acquaintances formed during our stay at Madison, began to single us out. "Hold on, you have changed in appearance." Bully for you! "How did the season look?" How many had you killed at Frederic?
town? "How did you tear your clothes?"
A hundred such questions as these were asked before we had time to answer the first.
We left all our prisoners at fronton and therefore could not gratify their curiosity by showing them a live neshah.

On the 25th, we got fairly camped on a small plateau overlooking the 'Father of Waters.' On our front is a good Parade Ground, being the first cleared spot we have seen except Benton Barracks, where there was room enough for the 5th to have a dress parade. On our right the bluffs rise abruptly to the height of 150 ft where there is a magnificent view of the river, ten or fifteen miles up and down. The natural scenery is grand, and in time of peace must be a delightful residence.

There is no navigation on the river except by government boats plying between St. Louis and Cairo. Twelve or fifteen gun-boats and mortar batteries have gone down the river since our arrival, to join the great 'River Expedition,' and we hope to be 'counted in' when they are ready for a move.

This place derives its name from springs of sulphur water about one and a half miles from the river. Our hospital is located there, occupying two or three large dwelling houses, formerly inhabited by farmers, but who are now in the rebel army. The town proper contains two stores, a depot, and several dwelling houses, inhabited by men who claim to be Union men—at least, while we are here. They own a large number of slaves. You may be surprised to hear that slavery exists even within the limits of our camp, but such is the case. A general order of Gen. Hallock forbids us interfering with slaves who may come within our lines, but it does not hinder us from putting a 'ten in their ears occasionally. To day I was talking with a little fellow (a slave) about 8 years old, around whose hair the hair hung in 'tint white locks,' blue eyes, and skin as white as any boy who walks the streets of Fox Lake. His brother older than himself, is of a pure African complexion, walking by his side, both cursed by the same inevitable doom, a life in bondage. Let those who live in the North and preach up slavery, only look on this unhappy sight, which is now witnessed by two Regt.'s of freemen and then say that it is right. No man, with the least spark of humanity in his heart could do so. I have often wondered since I came here why so many slaves were here with only the river between them and freedom; but in conversation last Sunday, with three or four smart young men, I asked them if they would not rather be free to work where they chose, and why they could not go across to Illinois? They told me if it were not for men on the other side they would soon be free; men who get 50 dollars a piece for every one they return. They believe that there are plenty of such men in Illinois, who live by causing fugitives with blood-hounds. I do not believe half they told me about it. The fact is, they are men to believe it when they are young, and they grow up with that idea till it becomes a fixed fact in their minds. Slavery may be right, but I have seen enough in this place to condemn the whole institution—enough of slavery. Thanksgiving was not forgotten here. We all assembled on the hill overlooking the river below, whose waters murmured on heedless of the congregation of soldiers assembled. The proclamation of Gov. Randall was read by the chaplain, who delivered a very good and appropriate address, which was well received by all.

No drills came off, and the day was duly observed as far as a fast day was concerned, perhaps better than in Wisconsin. We had no turkey, no goose, no nic-nacs,—nothing but a soldier's humble fare; which made many a boy wish he was at home to enjoy the good repast prepared generally for such an occasion.

"All passed off quietly in camp until the 4th inst., when we received orders to be ready to march at any moment. We are still under the same order. On the 9th two companies of Cavalry arrived at this post, one from Milwaukee and the other from Chicago. On the evening of the 7th a telegram came to the Col., asking help down the R.R., as fears were entertained of an attack on some of the bridges. Accordingly two companies of the 21st were immediately sent down on the cars, and another company of the same Regt. on the morning following. There was a great deal of excitement among the 11th boys for they expected now to have a smell of powder. They shook hands and parted with their comrades, expecting many of them never to return again; while many who were taken suddenly with a complaint which is generally confined to the timid on their hearing of immediate danger. I have seen some such cases in our Regt. To day all is quiet down the R.R., and I do not anticipate an attack for the road is well guarded. Two companies of the 8th, and 13 are guarding a bridge about 25 miles down; the balance of the regiments are here. We have been aroused and called up several times by false alarms; some of the 11th boys being on picket and getting an idea sometimes that a stampede was a smash, but was answered by the next, and so on till the camp would bo called up. They will soon learn to be more careful.

The weather is very fine and warm, and many of the boys go in swimming. The general health of the regiment is improving. The measles have nearly run out.—We (Co D) have only three sick at Ironton, and two in the hospital here, and there will be around in a few days. We regret the absence of our Capt'n, but hope he will soon be able to resume his command. Lieutenant Williams is in command and is anxiously discharging the duties devolving on him, and aided by the subalterns of the company I have seen but that Co D will compare with any company in the Regiment in efficiency and discipline. We are progressing rapidly in skirmishes and Battalion Drills, and should we be lucky enough to get into another battle and not be on the reserve, you will hear good reports from the Fox Lake boys.

Yours truly,

S. C. Mc.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, Mo., Dec. 22, 1861.

Dear Advocate:—A few days since I received a letter from T. J. Emerson, Esq., Chairman of the Ladies Aid Society, enclosing a duplicate receipt for two boxes shipped to St. Louis, subject to Capt. Lyon's order on mine. I immediately forwarded the receipt to St. Louis, and the evening had the gratification of receiving two boxes filled with well selected articles for the comfort and relief of the sick, and their arrival at this time is quite opportune. Allow me, Messrs. Editors, through the medium of your columns, to return the thanks of the medical staff of the Eighth Regiment, to the "Ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society" of Racine.

As you are aware, this Regiment has seen some very severe service—long marches and continued exposure tried well the constitutional strength of the men. The following table shows at a glance the total number of sick cases, diseases and deaths that have occurred in the Regiment from the time that it left Madison, up to the 26th of November, 1861:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Died</th>
<th>Sick</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nov. 26</td>
<td>158</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

From this table it will be seen that the mortality,
Col. Salomon yet in town Saturday.

He is a fine looking officer and is evidently the right man in the right place. He has had considerable experience and was with Sigel in the battle of Carthage, and with Lyon at Springfield. Enlistments are now more rapidly made among our German population than at any previous time since the beginning of the war.

BURLINGTON, Sept. 6th.

Messrs. Worroos:—Last week, Tuesday, a committee of our citizens consisting of Capt. Massie, C. P. Barnes, James Galton, Wm. Bradshaw and A. M. Hineshead, visited Capt. Sigel, at Milwaukee, for the purpose of presenting a splendid sword to Capt. Hexx Oery, of the Burlington Rifles.

The presentation was made at 2 o'clock by Col. Salomon having the whole Regiment on parade, and a large number of citizens being present to witness the ceremony. However, that Capt. Oeff had been promoted to the Majorship of the Regiment before the arrival of the committee. C. P. Barnes, Esq., on behalf of the citizens of Burlington presented the sword with the following appropriate remarks:

"Major Henry Oeff:—We have been delighted by your personal friends of good and loyal citizens of Burlington, to present to you this sword in token of your confidence and regard.

"We trust in God, and believe that the time will come when we shall address you as a well-tried and veteran American soldier; but as yet your military qualifications are comparatively untried, in this, your adopted country; and we can, at this time, speak to you only of hopes and confident expectations.

"Your well known integrity as a man, your devotion to the civil laws and institutions of this government as a citizen, your general deportment as a gentleman, your soldier-like bearing as an officer, and the honorable mention of your services across the water, have given you a prominent position in the estimation of your numerous friends, and fellow citizens.

"It is expected of you, that you will subject yourself to constant and vigorous discipline. That you will promptly accord to your superiors, that necessary deference and submission which you must demand from your inferiors in rank. That every energy, both mental and physical, which you possess, will be brought to bear for the success of this army. That of the hardships and privations in store for these your good men, you will be willing to take upon yourself the highest share; and when we shall look for the posts of greatest danger in the 9th Regt., we will distinguish it by the presence of Henry Oeff.

"Such, sir, are among the hopes and expectations of your personal friends, in token of which we invest you with this sword. May you continue to wear it with pleasure to yourself and distinguished honor to the Federal arms; and may Him who rules the destinies of men shield and protect you from all harm."

Major Oeff replied in a neat and brief speech, thanking them kindly for this token of their regards, and closed by assuring them that it should never be sheathed in dishonor while he had the power to grant it.

Col. Salomon then turned to his regiment and briefly explained to them, in German, the objects of the visit of the committee, &c., when three times three cheers were given by the whole regiment for the committee.

Burlington challenges any town in the county to compete with her in the number of volunteers now in the service or to go there.

Can you give us a list of the men from Raymond and Yorkville? Verily, the State of Wisconsin is proud of her sons.

A Departure of Capt. Palmer's Company.

Early Monday morning, Capt. Palmer's company left Lancaster for Camp Scott at Milwaukee. Teams from the country to the number of twenty conveyed them to Muskego in time for the evening cars. Many from the country, the fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers of men in the company, came to give them a parting farewell. The bravest hearts seemed most troubled, and many not related to the soldiers except by the ties of acquaintance were most affected to tears. Some preferred to conceal their weakness and retired to secluded places, thus to avoid the parting hand and word. Strange, that on these solemn occasions, those we look upon as the weaker half are the stronger, and yet able to feel the more deeply!

Hazel Green being largely represented in this company, the citizens of that patriotic town lent all necessary aid in sending their maps to Lancaster; several of their friends camped and stayed to see them off. A number of the men enlisted from Hazel Green count among the most intelligent young men of the country.

Lieutenant Brown, who resided some time at Hazel Green, before enlisting, is highly indorsed by the leading citizens of that place for the station he occupies in his company.

Rev. Capt. Palmer's Company, and Officers.—Capt. Palmer's Company, named the Grant County Patriots, organized on Friday last by electing Rev. W. H. Palmer, Captain by acclamation, Ed. D. Lowry, Esq., First Lieutenant and A. C. Brown, Jr., Second Lieutenant—the latter gentleman late of Hazel Green and formerly of Jacksonville, Ill., Colleged Mr. Brown is a son of Hon. A. C. Brown, who formerly resided at Potosi and represented his part of the county in the legislature, but has been for many years in California. He enlisted in an Illinois Company for three months and served a month longer at Cairo, was honorably discharged and returned to Hazel Green in view of re-enlisting in some Wisconsin Company. Lt. Lowry is well known as the law partner in the firm of Barber and Lowry. He is a native of Rutland, Vt., and a graduate of...
Vermont University. Capt. Palmer is a native of Oneidil County, N. Y., was a practicing lawyer somewhere in the north in this State for several years previous to his conversion, after which time he entered the ministry as a circuit preacher, in which profession he has served for three years, the past year in Lancaster. He is believed to be eminently qualified to lead a company. The gentlemen named have been commissioned by the Governor, and are ready for the service. The none commissioned officers will be appointed after going into camp. The privates of Capt. Palmer's company represent most towns of the county and most parents, miners, farmers, mechanics, etc., and fairly average in size, character and intelligence with any that have left in other companies.

The Volunteer Company best known by this name was full last week, and elected their officers at Platteville on Tuesday the 24th—T. C. Overton, Captain, Harvey Fairchild, First Lieutenant, and John Smaile, Second Lieutenant. Capt. Britten, to whose energies and outlay of time and money the country is indebted for starting this company, was absent at the time of organization, serving as a private in Capt. Nash's company. It was understood at first that if he raised a company he might be transferred from Nash's company and be attached to the new; but as he is not recognized in the organization of the new company, the proposition is declined by transfer, and perhaps the time had gone by when he could be released from the Seventh Regiment; otherwise, ingratitude is chargeable to the account of Capt. Overton's new company. We hope the end has come to Capt. Britten's chain of misfortunes, every link of which has seemed to have been forged by accidental mis-fits.

Capt. Overton's Company has been assigned to the Tenth Regiment, under Col. Chapin, and to report at Milwaukee on the 8th of October.

From Camp Holton.

Milwaukee Oct. 28, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—The Tenth Regiment still remains on the bluff shore of Lake Michigan, as at my last writing, notwithstanding they were ordered, more than a week ago, to go to Louisville. Our Governor is very careful of the reputation which he has so justly obtained—namely, by sending our troops from the State well equipped, and well cared for; and we trust that he will not be rash enough to injure that reputation, by sending the troops away until they have received the necessary equipments, with which to render themselves service to their country, and honor to Badgers. Almost every day something new comes along, such as stockings, shoes, kampasacks, cartridge boxes, belts &c. The next thing most needed is our overcoats.

The pay rolls are now all made out and we are expecting to get our pay from the State at an early date. The First Regiment was paid off several days ago, and to-day took their departure for Louisville Kentucky, with which the Tenth hopes soon to follow.

The two flank companies of our regiment went over to Camp Scott this morning and escorted them to the depot. An immense crowd of people followed them there and the scene at the parting was indeed touching, yet every occurrence seemed to glow with pride as they looked upon the gallant band. Last Sunday evening on invitation of the pastor, our Regiment attended service at Plymouth Church, and listened to an elegant and decided practical discourse on "Camp Life!" its evils and its benefits. One point upon which the speaker dwelt with decided effect—namely, "Order in Camp!" certainly demanded the earnest thought and attention of every officer and soldier. Thus far, this matter has had too little attention in Camp Holton.

Thus far I have said nothing of our Regimental officers. As yet, we have seen but little of them; yet I think I am safe in saying that already, by successive vigilance, and seeming interest in their junior officers and soldiers, together with their temperance and morality, they have succeeded in gaining the respect and esteem of all in the Regiment.

Their unceasing labors with the regiment in the matter of drill, are also beginning to tell well in our battalions, and we hope soon to compare well with many that have been much longer at the work.

OAK.

Departure of the 10th Reg't.

We visited Milwaukee last Saturday morning to witness the departure of the Tenth Reg'm, and bid good by to Major McMinn. The Regiment made a splendid appearance as it marched from Camp Holton to the Milwaukee & Chicago R. R. depot. The Light Guards did escort duty, and the officers of the 9th Regiment accompanied their fellow soldiers to bid them God speed on their glorious mission.

The Regiment will compare favorably with the best in the West, and I am quite sure that you will be proud of its members and the work which you will be able to do but little damage to, etc.

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missioned by Gov. Randall as Colonel of the 10th Regiment. A better appointment could not have been made.

Lt. Col. Guppy and Major McMynn are both excellent men. The latter is well known as one of the leaders in the cause of Education in this State, and although he has had no military experience, is fast becoming efficient in military science.

[...]

The Union people here seem to be Union to the very core. They feel and know our needs as well as we ourselves. After satisfying our hunger and thirst we took the train for this place, passing through some fine country; but the lack of thrift, cleanliness, and enterprise among the people, is certainly striking to every Northern man. Next farms, well cleared and well cultivated farms are certainly an exception to the general rule. We went aboard the train scarcely knowing whether we were to stop this side the seat of war or not; but after a short ride of about 20 miles we were set down at the little village of Shepherdsville, close by the Louisville and Nashville R. R. Such has been the success of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, known as one of the leaders in the cause of Education in this State, and although we had enough experience to make them every way competent to discharge their duties with honor to themselves and to their State.

Should the Regiment be furnished with ammunition, it is probable they will at once cross over into Kentucky; if not, they will camp on the Indiana side till it is furnished.

The 1st and 10th are, we think, camped together, and will probably be in the same brigade. The brigade they are in will make its mark.

From the Tenth Regiment.

CAMP ABERCROMBIE, SHEPHERDSVILLE, Dec. 25, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—The incidents of our journey from Milwaukee to this place, have been nothing but a series of good luck and pleasure if we except one or two things of minor importance. The weather has been beautiful, the women handsome and winning, the people hospitable and obliging, and the railroad companies faithful to contract. Notwithstanding the morning of our departure was starting cold, old Sol arose from his nocturnal bath in Lake Michigan with a brightness that sent joy to every heart. Never was a brighter day more enthusiastically than did ours on that occasion. We arrived in Chicago about three o'clock, and were entertained in fine style at the Tremont House. At seven o'clock P. M. we started again on our journey; going by way of Michigan City; but what passed from that time until daybreak I have little knowledge—at that time. Sunday morning, we found ourselves at Lafayette, Indiana. At eleven o'clock A. M. we arrived at Indianapolis where hot coffee was again distributed and we went on our way rejoicing. Throughout the whole day the way was lined with people, cheering, waving their handkerchiefs and bidding us "Good Speed." Eight o'clock P. M. found us safely deposited in Jeffersonville.

Col. Chapin went across the river to Louisville immediately for orders which came to us about eleven o'clock to the effect that we were to move across the river at daybreak the next morning. Accordingly, at that hour, at the beating of the drum we fell in, marched to the river, were ferried across to "The Old Kentucky Shore," marched through the city to Depot of the Louisville & Nashville railroad and met with thousands of spectators who watched us with apparently anxious looks.

On arriving at the depot we were furnished with a thoroughly substantial meal, such as soldiers alone can do justice to, and thoroughly appreciate.

We are now surrounded by both friend and foe, and consequently a discipline heretofore unknown to us is now being enforced and we begin to taste some of the realities of camp life. Last night cartridges were given to come on the way and the men are without coats or vests, complaining that they have not wood drawn to our camps but the weather is so fine and bright that it makes us feel so comfortable that we can hardly feel the cold.

This town is older than any in this State, and although we had a thunder shower this morning, there is no rain. The weather has been delightful.

The health of the Regiment is good. There is a decided improvement on that of Wisconsin, and instead of shivering around campfires as at Camp Holton, the citizens have prepared an abundant supply of hot coffee for the soldiers, of which the men have all been drinking, and they were sent out three or four miles to guard some point on the railroad. How long they may remain, I am unable to say; but probably for several days, when some other company will be sent to their relief.

The health of our Wisconsin farmers would raise the most enthusiastic as well as did ours on that occasion. We arrived in Chicago about three o'clock, and were entertained in fine style at the Tremont House. At seven o'clock P. M. we started again on our journey; going by way of Michigan City; but what passed from that time until daybreak I have little knowledge—at that time. Sunday morning, we found ourselves at Lafayette, Indiana. At eleven o'clock A. M. we arrived at Indianapolis where hot coffee was again distributed and we went on our way rejoicing. Throughout the whole day the way was lined with people, cheering, waving their handkerchiefs and bidding us "Good Speed." Eight o'clock P. M. found us safely deposited in Jeffersonville.

In addition to the above from "our regular correspondent" we extract the following from a private letter to us from Lieutenant G. M. West:

"The fact is, this sudden change of climate from cold to hot, takes away ones ambition somewhat. We hope to become acclimated in a few days so that it will not make us feel so languid. The Hartford boys are all well except James Cook. He has the rheumatism pretty badly and was left at the hospital in Louisville."

I was very much disappointed in our journey. I expected it would be very tiresome and tedious, but the weather was so fine and the excitement so great, that we hardly thought of being tired until we reached our destination.

We are near the camp of a Kentucky Regiment, Col. Boone, which has now about 1000 men. It is said that there are a number of secessionists in this vicinity some of which are desperate characters. The Railroad bridge across Salt River at this place is guarded continually because the rebels have threatened to burn it. The boys have come down to see biscuits and salt bacon and do their cooking with as good a grace as though they had been brought up to it from the time they were weaned, and I tell you, it is a decided improvement on the fare which we got at Camp Holton.

S. H. Helmer writes:—My health is first rate, and I am perfectly happy and satisfied. I would not change places with any man in Hartfort, for we are in a beautiful country, and if it were not for the curse of slavery it could not be best. It is very warm and pleasant now, though we had a thunder shower this morning. There is not the thrust and energy here that we see in the free States, and the baneful effects of slavery are very visible everywhere, in the lack of enterprise and the universal indolence of the inhabitants. It is hardly possible to realize the difference existing between this State and Indiana, it is so great, and only the Ohio River between them.

We have wood drawn to our camps by the slaves, and sometimes five negroes will come with one load, a work that one Yankee would do alone. They have a saddle on the near ox for the driver to ride and they have lines fastened to the noses of the oxen, somewhat after our fashion of driving horses. The white men don't much care for the shops which they cannot trust the negroes with. And in tilling the soil, they merely skim the land, and some of our Wisconsin farmers would raise double the crops that these people do. The land is excellent, but there is little raised comparatively—no fruits, though in this vicinity there are nuts in abundance—and wild fruit in any quantity.

We are stationed 18 miles from Louisville on the Railroad, to guard a bridge over Salt River, and if any of our Wisconsin Democrats intend to take a trip up that River this fall, tell them to give us a call. Every bridge and culvert is guarded on this road, and one company of the Company of this Regiment is stationed 6 miles from here to guard a water tank.

We are in the land of Secesh and all the men in our regiment are anxious to meet the foes, and when we do have a fight, I think it will be a big one as we are within 70 miles of Buckner's forces which are reported at 80,000 strong.

I like this life much better than I thought I should—the people are very kind and the rebels have all left for a more congenial clime. Some of our boys are going out into the country next Sunday. There is some danger, but we are very armed and in squads, and besides, the excitement. This town is older than Louisville but it has only about 200 inhabitants, and it is going to ruin. There is no school, nor any of the trades carried on here. It is almost deserted—the rebel portion having left, and some of them have left houses, plantations, negroes and every thing else.
nights are becoming cold and heavy, frosts are usual. About sixty horses together with fifteen wagons, for the transportation of our effects, came a few days ago. A few circumstances of this character lead us to think that there is work ahead for us, and that we are soon to be sent forward to the scene of action. Hardly a day passes in which there are not some troops passing here by the road, where they go or how far is all mystery to us. It is said that Gen. Buckner intends to winter his troops in Louisville, and that he expects to clear western Kentucky of Lincoln troops before the winter sets in; but "The best laid plans of mice and men..." and experience may prove to the rebel Buckner, that he is in this instance much too far sighted. He seems to look entirely over the Wisconsin Tenth, which we think will be apt to prove a stumbling block in the way of his contemplated triumphal march. I am, as ever, yours.

From the 10th Regiment.

Shepherdsville, Ky., Nov. 29.

FRIEND COVER:—I suppose you are kept well posted in regard to matters and things in and about our camp by the boys from Lancaster.

The 9th of this month we left Millwood for Kentucky, at 10 a.m. On the 10th we arrived safe and sound in Jeffersonville, Indiana, just opposite Louisville. We were obliged to sleep in the cars the remainder of the night. Early in the morning we were drawn up in column, and took up our line of march for the ferry, it raining most of the time. At about 9 p.m. we marched through Louisville. This was, in a measure, a wind up for the 10th regiment. "Hurrah for the constitution!" "Hurrah for Lincoln!" "Hurrah for Wisconsin!" met us on every side. We were not expecting such a burst of patriotic demonstrations of joy from a people and in a land which we had almost come to consider as our own. When our regiment arrived at the depot we were treated to a grand abundance of tea and drinks, which, by the way, was not objected to. About 12 m on the 11th we got aboard the cars for this place—if cars they could be called. In fright, hog, cattle and dirt cars, sent on as best we could, we arrived here very tired, pitched our tents and went into camp.

Shepherdsville is the county seat of Bullitt county, situated on Salt River, a narrow, muddy stream, crossed at this place by a splendid railroad bridge. Population about five or six hundred; three stores, two hotels, lawyers, fifty families, three doctors, and a newspaper editor. The county seat, and no paper published in the place! How good natured people must be to get along without the assistance of an editor; or how peculiarly blessed the people of this county are. About every other house is surmounted by a spire, and everything looks as though it was about fifty or sixty years behind the age. In short, the town bears the appearance of a God-forsaken, sin-stricken place. Half a mile east of the town are the Paroquette Springs—Sulphur springs, used in by-gone days as a place of resort for invalids, gamblers and all manner of people of leisure.

At this place Col. Boone's regiment of Kentucky troops is now being made up from about this part of the country. The health of our regiment is tolerably good—about six or seven sick in the regiment. We expect to get most of them well on a hospital train. We are to hold ourselves in readiness to march whenever the snow will enable us to move our tents, and we are to proceed to the vicinity of the Ohio river.

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This being true, it plainly shows how base are the motives which make them loyal to the Union. Yours in haste.

OAK

Alex's Trimbile writes to a friend in this village from Shepherdsville Ky.:—The boys are all well and in good spirits—not one of the company being sick. I believe, and the health of the Regiment is generally good. Have not lost but one man since we left Milwaukee and he died of Typhoid fever a few days ago. This place is 10 miles south of Louisville on the Louisville & Nashville R. R. We are stopping here merely to drill and prepare to go into active service, and I presume we will be sent forward soon to join the main army which is about 70 miles south of here and near a large force of rebels under Gen. Buckner, but do not but a battle will take place soon, and in all probability will be a hard one. If the North is victorious in this battle, I do not doubt clear this State of Rebels. The weather is quite mild here at present, and but not little cold weather since we came here, the ground has frozen but one or two nights. I understand you have snow in Wisconsin—a contrast between the two States. I don't expect we will see any snow this winter, as we will probably go into winter quarters farther south where snow don't fly.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

December 16th, 1861.

DEAR CAPTAIN:—A copy of your paper of Nov. 27th, has come to hand, for which receive my thanks: I should have written sooner than this, but I supposed my correspond-
boys were filling their canteens at the creek, one of Company C's boys was accidentally shot, the ball entering his mouth, he survived until 3 A.M. next day.

We continued our march in silence, mourning for the loss of our comrades—we lost much more than if he had fallen by the hand of a foe. The road in some places was covered with snow, and in first rate sleighing order, in others it was drifted, and as it froze hard after nightfall, the road being pretty lumpy, which made us all more of less footsore. We were halted at 7 P.M. for about two hours to get supper, and it took but few minutes after we had stacked our arms, before we had some 40 fires raging, many taking the opportunity of drying their shoes and socks, they being saturated through. (I hear a loud hurrach, excuse me while I go to hear the news.) Hurrach, hurrah, our Brigade has just been assigned the right of the Division; I believe we are assigned the right of the Brigade, at an rate. Gen. Negley pronounced us to be the best drilled, and best-looking men (I do not refer to handsome, but we can safely compete for that) in his brigade he has taken Company K, of our regiment, as his guard, as authors say excess this digestion. We resumed our march at 9 1/2 and continued it, (with the exception of a few minutes halt) on to Elizabethtown, where we arrived at 3 A.M. next morning having done 25 miles in 14 hours including stoppages. Our Colonel highly complimented us on our endurance and soldierly bearing in an order, posted on his tent next day on the same day in the afternoon, we were freighted, that's much better than marching to Camp Negley, where we were drawn up in line, and the General introduced to us, (our Colonel was under him before) we were received in Brigade and took the palm; Dec. 11th. We left Camp Negley and arrived here. Our regiment has repaired the Bridge over Bacon creek, so the cars can run to Green river, whenever we start for A.M. to-morrow. There is another bridge to fix there for the scavengers have blown up the iron bridge that was there. Our forces are concentrating there, and I hope soon to have record an advance on Bowling Green, the stronghold of the rebels in this State. We have had a pretty good plan of their fortifications which are very numerous and strong, and they are well aware if they lose that, they lose Kentucky.

I will write on arriving at Green River.

Adieu,

H. F. S.

From the 10th Regiment.

GREEN CREEK, HART CO. Ky. 3rd of the 11th Regiment.

Mr. Editor:—A minute description of what has transpired since I last wrote to your ridge last evening, I was too late to pay the respect due, in the time, for some other bargements of the brigades in which we were in a general description of our movements an hour or two.

Boys, whereabouts may not be uninteresting to you and your readers.

On Sunday morning Dec. 8th about 8 o'clock, we struck our tents at Camp Abercrombie and started for Elizabethtown, the county seat of Hardin Co. We marched about 14 miles that day and encamped on the bank of a small river, called Rolling Fork. The bridge being gone at that place and the ferry boats being busy carrying passengers and freight across for the railroad Co., we were obliged to remain there one day. The next (Tuesday) morning, we got an early start and before noon, men and baggage were all safely across the river ready to march. That afternoon we made about nine miles, and at dark turned into the woods for the night, tired and hungry. The roads being very bad our teams made but slow progress and did not overtake us that night, to the great discontent of many of us who had left our coffee to be brought by them. Give the soldier health, hard bread and hot coffee and he is all right, but take away either of these and he is nowhere. Others had tired out in the course of the march and were obliged to leave their knapsacks with the wagons and when they were passed we brought along an either tent, overcoat or blanket; but few soldiers ever hesitated to share with their destitute comrades and the unfortunate soon found shelter under the blankets and overcoats of their more fortunate, and perhaps more wise, companions, and early in the evening our camp was quiet as tho' no living creature had been there; but this was for a short time only; for before the night was half spent its commenced raining, and our house being without roof we were not a little disturbed by the descending torrents—no more quiet that night. A march of about three miles, the next morning, finished our journey and before night we found ourselves pleasantly situated in Camp Washington, surrounded on every side by brother soldiers. This was the pleasure to us, but we hope not long.

Adieu.

U. F. S.
DANE COUNTY REGIMENT.—It is understood that the 11th regiment will be composed of companies from Dane county. Our county has already done well in sending volunteers to the war. She had two companies in the 1st regiment, and has now six companies in active service. Besides being represented in these, many residents of gallant Dane have helped to fill up other companies. When the 11th regiment is organized, over 2,000 good and true men will have been supplied by "Old Dane." The officers who are recruiting for the regiment are prompt and soldierly men, several of them having been prominent members of the Governor's and Madison Guards. We hear that 600 recruits are already enlisted, and the Dane County Zouaves and other well drilled companies go into this regiment. The following field officers were commissioned yesterday:
Colonel, Charles H. Harris; Lieut. Col., Charles A. Wood; Major, Arthur Platt.

Col. Harris is well known as a military man, having received a thorough education at West Point, which was well and profitably shown while he served as Lieut. Col. of the 1st regiment. The soldiers of the 1st speak in the warmest terms of Colonel Harris and his conduct of affairs. If anyone can do as well, it is he. His reputation precedes him, and he is sound as a man and as a soldier, and will make an acceptable officer to all the enemy.

Major Platt, who is a general favorite throughout this county and wherever known, was in the Governor's Guard in the 1st regiment and became so popular that he was elected 2d Lieut. by his brave comrades and presented with a sword. He has been spirited in action, and while having a thorough knowledge of company drill, he has extensively studied military tactics. All the returned soldiers of the 1st, without exception, say of him, "He is sound as a man and a soldier, and will make an acceptable officer to all the enemy."

Military officers are needed for the 11th regiment, and the citizens of Dane county are being supplied with the best men. We have heard of the splendid appearance of the men in uniform, and the great number of men who are being supplied with the best equipment. The camp is a constant scene of activity, and the men are being well trained for the duties of their position.

The 11th regiment is the pride of the citizens of Dane county, and we are confident that it will do its duty in a soldierly manner. It is to be hoped that the regiment will be well supplied with the necessary equipment, and that the men will be well cared for.

Yours truly,
OAK.

We are glad to see that Lieut. Sabin is recruiting a company for this regiment, and that other gallant and intelligent officers are earnestly engaged in the work.

Camp Randall and other Military matters.

The extension of the barracks at Camp Randall is still being pushed forward by Superintendent Tanney, and there will shortly be accommodations for 1500 men. The companies of the 12th who have occupied tents have been very eager to get into these wooden quarters. Banking up earth at the bottom so as to keep cold from coming up through the floor, is making them still warmer. With three tiers of berths they accommodate about one man to a foot of length. The greatest inconvenience about them is the sitting down of draft from the straw, which forms the beds, from the upper berths, on the faces of the sleepers below. To remedy this, application was made for some cheap paper to spread over the boards, but we believe the Quartermaster General could find no provision for anything of the kind in "the army regulations."

The "sanitary condition" of the 11th is good. The hospital cases are very few and not serious.

We hear that the boys of the 11th rather "sowed" some of the 12th a night or two ago. The 11th was relieved from guard duty, which was entirely performed by the 12th. The boys of the 11th wanted some fun and, knowing how to do it, got up a bogus guard and went round and relieved a part of the guard of the 12th, who were new hands at the business, possessed themselves of the countersign, and then over 200 of them "put out" up town, and having a little frolic returned to camp without doing any one any mischief.

The time of the departure of the 11th is again unsettled. The State, owing to failure of public functionaries at Washington, to reimburse expenditures, has been unable as yet to get the specie with which to discharge her pecuniary obligations to the Regiment. This morning the question was submitted to the men whether they would leave and trust to the State to send the paymaster after them. A considerable majority voted to go on Tues-day, all events, but it is not certain yet whether that decision will be carried into effect.

Our State authorities do not want to send any men off till they have done all that is possible.

The 10th Regiment left Milwaukee today, we suppose. It is said to be a very fine body of men. As illustrating the size of the men, we hear that some two or three dozen overcoats of extra size had to be made on purpose, as the regular size was too small. One man measured 52 inches around the chest. They go to
Camp Randall Matters—Items from the 11th and 12th.

At Camp Randall, matters remain without much change. The 11th are still waiting to be paid off before striking their tents, which, with the constant fire kept up in them, begin already to look like old campagners. Notwithstanding the dry and bright weather seems favorable to health, we regret to learn that the Regiment has some twenty men in hospital, of whom fire or sun are seriously ill, mostly with pneumonia and typhoid fevers.—The equipment of the 11th is now pretty thoroughly completed. It numbers now 1,068 men. A statistical friend has been looking over the description book, and extracted therefrom some figures of interest.

The average weight of the men of the 11th is 161 pounds; of each company, as follows: viz.: Co. A, 157 lbs.; B, 174 lbs.; C, 149 lbs.; D, 158 lbs.; E, 156 lbs.; F, 152 lbs.; G, 150 lbs.; H, 144 lbs.; I, 141 lbs.; J, 135 lbs.; K, 133 lbs.

The average height of the regiment is five feet nine inches: of Co. A, 5 ft. 9; B, 5 ft. 8½; C, 5 ft. 8; D, 5 ft. 9; E, 5 ft. 8½; F, 5 ft. 7½; G, 5 ft. 8½; H, 5 ft. 8; I, 5 ft. 9; J, 5 ft. 9. The tallest man in the regiment is 6 ft. 5 inches.

The occupation of 606 men before enlisting was farmers. About 30 members of the 1st Regiment are officers in the 11th, ranging from Colonel to Corporal, and including little Johnny Nichols, who manages to get more music out of a drum-head than any other man.

A gentleman who has been connected with the Quartermaster’s department at camp for some months, says he has found but one man yet who could not read, while on a visit to the camps at Cairo some weeks ago, he repeatedly encountered squints who could not read or write. This speaks well for the intelligence of our volunteers, as does also the fact that $100 of postage stamps were sold at the camp during the month past, and that part of the time there was but one regiment in camp, many of whose members were within a few miles of home. About 125 letters are now received daily.

Items from Camp Randall.

Editors State Journal:—As there is no regular correspondent in the camp of the Eleventh for any periodical, in the city, perhaps a few notes from camp might be interesting. The boys just now are all in fine spirits, having just received their new blue uniforms, which are to say the least decidedly nice. They are nice enough for any gentlemen, strong, durable and comfortable. Wisconsin has received unbounded praise and admiration from Maine to Minnesota for the bonnie manner in which our regiment has held the room for the past summer, and to say that she has not merited it is utterly useless. It is an established fact.

We all thought that the Eighth had a nice uniform, but I hardly think theirs would compare with the Eleventh. Our regiment came out in “true blue” at Dresset Parade this evening, and furnished a striking illustration between well drilled and well uniformed soldiers and raw recruits. The regiment is progressing rapidly in its Battalion Drill, considering that to-day was the third time we have drilled as a Battalion. I think that at no distant day you may hear of the Eleventh as a crack Regiment. Rumor says that we are to leave next week for Kentucky, and of course our officers wish us to make all possible progress, and the drill is rather tiresome to those who are “sogering” for the first time. To those of us who took lessons at Camp Scott, Milwaukee, last spring, and down on the Potomac this summer, “double-quick” seems only healthy exercise. I can see plainly the policy of waiting till cool weather before making an advance, for one hour’s drill last summer was more tiresome to us than two hours are now. We are forbidden to say anything either in praise or blame of our officers, but Col. Harris, Lieut. Col. Charley Wood, our Adjutant, and all the staff, are too well known to need comment. I don’t think that either of them has an enemy in camp. I had almost forgotten our Quartermaster, G. M. Sabin. I don’t believe in pulling, but when any one does a meritorious act no harm is done by a mention, and it is unnecessary to say that while Sabin holds the key to the Regimental Locker none need to fear but they will have铁路 dealt with better. The Regiment will look rather thin for a few days as a great many of the boys will be out on furlough, having got their uniforms. They are nearly crazy to see their wives, sweethearts and friends, perhaps for the last time. Col. Harris generously grants furloughs to one and all who desire to go; at least he has assured them that they shall all have a chance to go home before we leave. ’Tis a sad thought after all to think that one is leaving home for three years—or perhaps forever—leaving the home of his childhood, the spot where he was born and in which he has had the pleasantest recollections of his tender years and which he has mentored and twine their tendrils.—Recollections of by-gone scenes and happy hours, leaving father, mother, wife, children, or perhaps a sweethearts, bravely turning away from all the joys and comforts of a happy home and going forth manfully to conquer the last rebel or leave his body on the bloody field. As the time draws near to depart all these thoughts come well up in the bravest heart and the strongest turn away to shed a tear, and holy tears they are. Show me a brave man and I will show you that he has a heart and sometimes weeps the bitter tear. No one knows the sacrifice a volunteer makes unless he tries it. Having tried it in the “Old First” I think I can tell some of the feelings a man has at parting with his home and friends to go forth to battle. Many, very many, are the sad and lonely hours he must pass through. Many of the hardships he must endure. It is true there are some of the coarsest natures with whom it matters not where they are. Not with the refined and educated mind. It demands a something which the life of a soldier cannot furnish. But where the man that can stay at home when the greatest Government on earth, our own country is in such imminent peril—when our very homes are in danger, yes, our own homes. Often have I heard the remark of those who wished to exonerate themselves from going I’ll wait till they come up here before I do any fighting. Well my brave home guard you may have a chance to make an exhibition of your gallantry and valor right here at home, yet Wisconsin is not so far from Missouri that they cannot reach us, and what is to hinder any daring General, with fifty thousand men, from marching through Indiana and Illinois to Wisconsin. No, my dear little stay-at-home man, that won’t do.—Our country calls for men, and it is, the duty of every able-bodied man to leave business, home, friends, and everything and organize an army that shall crush them with its power; an army that shall not know how to retreat, and never have the cause. This war is a costly institution and the sooner it’s brought to a close the better is the interest of every honest man. Then why don’t you come forth, brave talking man, and show to the world young man can be found. He was 4th Sergeant, but with his characteristic willingness to make everybody satisfied, gave way and smilingly took the rank of 6th Corporal.

They deserve all more than is said in their favor in the above.

Mr. Spencer has been connected with the office department of the Journal for years, and no more honorable or steady
that you are willing to put into practice the doctrine you preach. There's no use talking peace in these days. In the grand old language of A. Ward, Jr., *Peace is played out.* And where's the man that would wish for a war of revenge? The days of revenge are gone. From what I hear I s'pose they are.

From what I hear I s'pose they are.

**Presentation.**—Mrs. Harvey Zouaves lately presented a Bible and Testament to each private of the Harvey Zouaves; a revolver to Capt. Chase, and the Lieutenants with knives and forks.

Secretary Harvey made the presentation appropriate remarks, and Rev. L. B. Mason, quite properly, and suitably responded on behalf of the company that from Alaboms Isle, from Ireland, from Switzerland, the surrounding towns at the first invitation, responded, and then the occasion you now voluntarily occupy.

The Watson Guards, numbering 102 came into Camp Randall on Monday, the 34th, at noon. This Company deserves something more than a passing notice. It is offered with Daniel E. Rough as Captain, and Philo W. Jones as Lieutenant. They commenced their enlistments just three weeks before the day they went into camp. The town of Mazomanie, which contributed more than half the company, while the surrounding towns at the first invitation, responded with their best and bravest young men, to be tested.

They went into quarters at Mazomanie about ten days ago. They have been assigned the post of honor in the 11th Regiment, which post they will fill without the quiver of a musket. No martial music, but the rattle of wheels on their quarters, and the reveille for the last time there, summoned them into line, preparatory to taking their leave. The whole surrounding country was there to bid them good-bye, and such a good-by, no tongue can tell.

They were assembled in the spacious dining hall lately occupied for that purpose by the Milwaukee & Prairie du Chien R. R. Co. and the whole depot buildings and platforms were crowded to the overflowing with friends, who were almost too full for utterance. The presentation of a sword, belt and sash to Lieut. Freeman, as a sort of parting good-by was reserved for the occasion. The presentation was made in behalf of the citizens of Mazomanie and Black Earth, by Alden S. Slade, both, of the former town, accompanied by the following remarks:

**Lieutenant William L. Freeman.**—To him has been committed the trust, to behalf of the citizens of Mazomanie and Black Earth, the slight token of their appreciation of yourself and the position you now voluntarily occupy.

Here now our minds recur to the past five years, during which we have been getting nearer and nearer each other, and in which we have been growing in appreciation of the rights of the worm, the stars and the sun, the gifts of well attested friendship, and laying up in the archives many mementos, the memories of which can be bounded only by the horizon of our lives.

When first we came upon this beautiful prairie and set about this unmeaning work upon the Goddess of Liberty, we thought it could never fail to gild our free windows with its golden rays, nor that our course would ever lead us to see such a scene as now presents itself before us. We little thought that from our midst, a hundred brave hearts, with hopes for time and eternity, would now stand here, destined to cross the Potomac, there to meet in deadly conflict vicious traitors, who should trample beneath their feet the stars and stripes.

Sir, take this saber—we trust it is confided to honor to the State. You have gathered from the plume of the glorious eagle have recorded their disorganizing edicts. Jove's imperial bird, frenzied against the treason and agitating our hearts, have been other than true, as Republican governments are true to the Union, do it no longer, for if need be, I will wield this sword till the restoration of the supremacy of the constitution, or until death.

I thank you for your kindness. This sword you shall with pride brandish in your patronage and if it shall fail to send the traitor to his doom, it shall be no fault of mine.

Then came three cheers again from the citizens, three cheers for Freeman, and three cheers for the Watson Guards. Then commenced the leave-taking. Strong men wept. No one attempted to disguise their tears; they ran of their own accord. But time tarried not, the cars came thundering along awares, and in five minutes more that brave company quitted Wassignamie—some of them forever.

They disembarked at the Madison depot and proceeded to the residence of W. H. Watson, who received them as a friend, but more particularly as a soldier.

**Officers and Soldiers of the Watson Guards.**—I cannot find words to express the gratification which I feel with the compliment which has been conferred upon me. The company which you have honored is one of the most efficient in the fine company. It was a surprise as well as a gratification, for I had no warning of the honor intended, but was first made acquainted with the fact on the reporting of your company at the Executive office with ranks nearly full. Your visit here now is also a pleasing surprise. I did not expect to meet you here, having intended to pay my respects to you at Camp this afternoon, and to state to you, as I now do, my intention of providing your company, in token of my appreciation of the compliment paid me, with a library, in which you may find what may be, by the brave soldier, most desired, because the post of danger is the post of honor.

Sir, take this saber, and as you do, bear the reflection, perchance there may be a pleasure therein, that so will we endow you with our truest appreciation of your character and your devotion, in token of my appreciation of the compliment paid me, with a library, in which you may find what may be, by the brave soldier, most desired, because the post of danger is the post of honor.

Sir, take this belt, and as you do, bear the reflection, perchance there may be a pleasure therein, that so will we endow you with our truest appreciation of your character and your devotion, in token of my appreciation of the compliment paid me, with a library, in which you may find what may be, by the brave soldier, most desired, because the post of danger is the post of honor.

Sir, take this sword—and as you do, bear the reflection, perchance there may be a pleasure therein, that so will we endow you with our truest appreciation of your character and your devotion, in token of my appreciation of the compliment paid me, with a library, in which you may find what may be, by the brave soldier, most desired, because the post of danger is the post of honor.

Wisconsin has reason to be proud of the brave men who have shown such devotion to their State. It is a source of great gratification to the State authorities to be told, as they frequently are by the officers of Government, that our State sends to this holy war, the best men of the host. You will do honor to the State. You have gathered about a rallying point, and while some of our brave hearts will not be on the battle-field, we shall watch your course with peculiar interest, and the brave hearts will not blest on the battle-field. We shall watch your course with peculiar interest, and the brave hearts will not blest on the battle-field. We shall watch your course with peculiar interest, and the brave hearts will not blest on the battle-field. We shall watch your course with peculiar interest, and the brave hearts will not blest on the battle-field.

And, when wild war's deadly blast shall be blown, and the remnant of the Watson Guards and the citizens of Mazomanie are enveloped in the mists of death, we shall seek the restoration of our rights, and the stars and stripes. And as you pass the masts of the great west salute with it in a sent melancholy the resting place of him, one greatness in death is more potent for freedom than any of his living compatriots.
After which they marched to Camp Randall, the regiment at the point of the bayonet. Captain Platt lay wounded on the field from about seven o'clock on Sunday night until eight o'clock next morning. The engagement was continued. Some idea of the nature of the contest may be gathered from the accurate location of our lines, which was obtained from an officer of the war office in Washington.

The infantry advanced in line, charging with the bayonet when our artillery ceased firing; the Sibbs guns at this time told fearful destruction, between 300 and 500 were killed or wounded, among whom was the noted sculptor, Mr. Hiram Powers.

The Men of Wisconsin in the War.

No community in the world has presented more varied elements and contained better material for any emergency than the population of the Northwestern states of America. Let any "old inhabitant" reflect for a moment on the men who might have been found in a miner's cabin in the early settlement of this state, and he will bear out the assertion that among those rough, ragged, red-shirted miners were men of extraordinary ability, a large proportion of them college graduates, and constituting a society which for literary talent and ability was second to none, and their subordinates were furnished with men of the most unpretending life, and whose stories are told in every community, skilled mechanics, mechanics of extraordinary ability, a large proportion of them college graduates, and constituting a society which for literary talent and ability was second to none, and whose stories are told in every community.

Among the enterprising emigrants to a new country, some are destined to become eminent men, of every profession or trade, should the world tend to swell the great tide which has transformed the Midland Forests and prairies into one of the finest agricultural districts in the world. We have never lacked good and able men for all the requirements of civilized life, and few communities in the world have been more favored. The country is suddenly transformed into one grand battlefield, and yet the men enjoy the most pleasant life, primarily devoted to their own pursuits, and carrying with them the most picturesque life stories.

The soldiers and sailors of Wisconsin have produced more efficient soldiers in proportion to their population, than any other state in the Union. or regiment, who have good officers, will ever produce the best of troops.

In fact, the whole discipline of the army was preserved as in a regiment of men in private life, the general officer, the regimental officer, the company officer, and the private soldier all contributing to a greater efficiency than could be expected.

Amongst them—without boasting—there are many of every profession, skilled mechanics, mechanics of extraordinary ability, men of extraordinary ability, a large proportion of them college graduates, and constituting a society which for literary talent and ability was second to none, and whose stories are told in every community.

We were led to these remarks by an hour's conversation with Major Platt, of the Eleventh. Who among us that have been in the habit of meeting him during the past year will say that he was not an old inhabitant? He has a peculiar talent for making friends, and was one of the first to receive the affection of the people. We were led to these remarks by an hour's conversation with Major Platt, of the Eleventh Regiment. Who among us that have been in the habit of meeting him during the past year will say that he was not an old inhabitant? He has a peculiar talent for making friends, and was one of the first to receive the affection of the people.

From the 11th Regiment.

Camp Randall, Oct. 11—9 P.M.

With many a good word to the citizens of Barin and the Zouaves were off for Camp Randall, with a hip, hip, hurrah, telling us that we must not be handled by a doctor. We had gone but a short distance when it was discovered that one of our boys was missing, and we supposed that he had given us the slip, but in a short time he made his appearance and was greeted with three tremendous cheers. At Ripon we took on two more Zouaves. At Burning well station we waited a few minutes for the train which was due; here we parted with our friend, the Postmaster. At Watertown we met Rev. J. J. Molitorre. At Milston Junction we waited some two hours for the train due from Milwaukee. Some of our boys indulged in a little of the overjoyful. As for myself, I was content eating apples. At length the train arrived with only one passenger car, it being a freight train. We crowded into the car as best we could, all managing to get seats. We arrived at Madison at 7:30; were marched from the depot some one hundred rods to the camp ground. The gate was forthwith opened, and we marched into camp; as we marched in we received cheer after cheer, which fairly deafened us. We were marched up and presented to the Colonel. "Come on, same other man," we couldn't tell, as we stood in the rear rank. We were then marched some little distance where each man was presented with a blanket. It was now about 8 o'clock. We then marched to supper; it consisted of cold boiled beef, bread and butter. Your humble servant did not eat very heartily, for fear he might overdo his stomach, but the boys generally were glad to get as good as this, as we had nothing to eat since we left Berlin, except a good luncheon, prepared for us by the friend Stevens of the Temperance House, and presented to us at the Minnesota junction—long live Stevens.

After supper we were marched to the barracks; here we found plenty of straw. Most of the boys bunked and were soon fast asleep, while I am writing this letter.

I write this upon a narrow shelf upon the side of the barracks. The 8th Regiment leaves here to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock for St. Louis, Missouri.

Saturday morn., day break, 12th.

We rose early this morning and started to the 8th Regiment. They had already taken down and packed up their tents, preparatory to starting. We pronounced them a set of good looking fellows. One company, the Eauclairo Eagles, are in possession of a fine young eagle, which they will take with them.
Our breakfast this morning consisted of a cup of coffee, stewed beef, potatoes, creamed bread and butter. The potatoes soon gave out and we finished the meal on beef, bread and butter. After breakfast we went to see the 8th off. As there was no guard at the gate we passed on and concluded to go down town. Here we found thirty or more of the Zouaves, all having escaped without a pass. How we shall get back in time only will tell.

October 13th

Today I have a better opportunity for writing. We managed to pass the guard yesterday and got back into camp all right. Found about half the boys at the Colonel's office being sworn into the United States' service. About twenty of the boys, myself among the number, concluded that we would wait till after dinner. After dinner a vote was taken to see whether the Captain or the members of the company should select the non-commissioned officers; it was decided that the Captain should select them. Again we were taken before the master officer. He politely informed us that those who should refuse to be sworn in should have no rations. All, except five, stepped forward and took the oath; their objection to being sworn in was, that Lieut. Bennett, or some other man, promised them that they should have a voice in the selection of officers, and that they would be armed with rifles. It is now said and the muskets which we expect to receive in a few days, will be used only to drill, and that we shall receive rifles in proper time. The boys say now that they didn't want to be in a hurry; they will probably be sworn in to-morrow morning.

After taking the oath each man was presented with a cap made of blue broadcloth, a pair of shoes, drawers, towel, woolen shirt, a woolen blanket, and an enamel cloth blanket, to be worn in wet or cold weather. We shall receive the remainder of our clothes in a few days.

There are now nine companies of the 11th in camp, to wit:

2. Harvey Zouaves, Madison.
3. Mendota Guards, or Farmers Guards.
4. Richland County Pio Boys, Richland Center.
5. Waterloo Rifles, Waterloo.
7. Randall Zouaves.
9. All of the companies, except Fox River Zouaves, are in tents and have also their muskets to drill with. We shall probably go into tents to-morrow.

As the 8th Regiment was leaving yesterday morning I took some notes, but in my eagerness to get down town I lost them. A particular thing which I noticed was a wreath of smoke which went from the mouth of the cannon as it was fired, full thirty rods, preserving its circular form the whole distance. A man who stood by said it was a good omen. I don't know whether it was or not. I also took particular notice of the eagle which stood upon a quiver of arrows on the end of a staff made especially for him. As the regiment started he was facing the rear; he flapped his wings and tumbled suddenly came to "about face," as much as to say, I understand it, too.

The 8th Regiment presented a very good appearance, yet they were not very proficient in their drill.

I have seen seven companies of the 11th on battalion drill. They looked well and will in time make, in my humble opinion, a crack regiment.

The Chip

Letter from the 11th Regiment.

CAMP RANDALL, Oct. 30, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—From the fact that you have no correspondent in the 11th Regiment, and believing that a few items of news from this locality would be acceptable, I take the liberty of addressing you.

The camp is very dull now, owing to two causes: There is to be a funeral today, a private in Company "F" having died in the hospital yesterday of typhoid fever. The flags are at half-mast. The other reason of the dulness is that three-fourths of the regiment are away on furlough to visit home and friends once more before departing for the "Sunny South." Consequently there is nothing doing, save lounging, smoking and reading. We have not enough men to drill.

The regiment is full and organized, have received their arms, clothing, &c. The arms, excepting those of the two right and left companies of the battalion, are muskets of the old pattern, formerly issued to the 5th and 6th regiments, but have been since altered; they are not very effective weapons. I think when men are willing to enlist to battle for their government, that that government should furnish them better arms. It is bad economy to send soldiers into the battle field with poor arms, because it costs twice as much. It would be better to stint us in something else; at all events we should be properly armed. The right and left companies have the Minnie muskets, the cost of which is but little more than that of the other, while their efficiency is two-fold greater. Our uniforms are blue, the coats and caps of a dark blue color and the trousers of a very light blue. The coats are cut in the style of the Wisconsin instead of the U. S. Infantry pattern, and formerly used on the coats of the Wisconsin volunteers. The clothes are made of good materials, and are called good-looking uniforms by competent judges.

It is now generally thought that we will be sent to Louisville, Ky. We do not know precisely when, but we shall be informed by a warrant from the U. S. Judge Advocate. Washington has refused to grant furloughs after the 29th inst, it cannot be long that we will remain here.

The health of the camp is good. There are only five patients in the hospital at present, and none of them dangerously ill. All are in good spirits, and seem anxious to leave here and take part in the great struggle for the existence of a nation. We are as comfortable as it is possible for soldiers in camp to be. We have the new patent tents. They are round in shape, commodious, and designed to contain twenty men each. They are all furnished with a stove apex. Our fare is abundant and of good quality, though there might be an improvement in the manner of cooking it. We drill about five hours per day, a good part of the time in battalion drill, in which we are progressing rapidly. It is thought here that the Eleventh is as well drilled as any regiment which has left the State.

There is one company of the Twelfth already in camp. This Regiment will encamp upon the same ground formerly occupied by the Eighth. On the 15th inst., I had the pleasure of meeting in Madison with Capt. Silver from" Algoma," who told me that he had 80 men enrolled in his company. I also had a few minutes conversation with Capt. Branco, who was on his way from Grant County to Milwaukee, to join the Ninth. He was accompanied by 40 stout, hardy Tonawas, who, no doubt will render good service in the present struggle. From Lieut. Lowry, who had been to Lancaster on a visit, and was on his journey back to Milwaukee, I obtained considerable information regarding the Tenth.

There are many little things constantly occurring in camp, which are familiar to all acquainted with camp life, therefore, having given you a very disconnected sketch of the more important items in Camp Randall, I will close.

Abner Powell.
A large proportion of the regiment, and the principal officers, are citizens of Dane County, so that a peculiar interest will be felt in it by the people of this section. We have secured two excellent correspondents in the Regiment, who will keep our readers posted concerning its condition and adventures.

Department of the Eleventh Regiment.

The Eleventh Regiment, so largely made up of citizens of Dane County, is at last off for the wars. The stormy skies of yesterday threatened a most disagreeable time for departure, but the rain ceased last evening, and the high wind of the night dried the tents so that they were in good condition for packing. The camp began to astir shortly after three o'clock, and the boys were "up and dressed" before the regular hour. Tents were struck, at the tap of the drum, promptly at six o'clock. The tents and the straw and rubbish about the places just occupied by the tent companies this morning, we were glad to notice the oil-cloth cap covers, the want of which was alluded to the other day.—

All things being in readiness, the regiment was formed into its predecessors, it is inferior in no other respect. Its field and line officers thoroughly understand their business, and many of them have the great advantage of campaign experience. The officers are popular with their men, and grant them favors and repose confidence in them as if they had not forgotten they were fellow-citizens.

The first company of the 11th came into camp on the 23rd of September, and the rest on the 17th of October. The men have devoted themselves to their work, and have made good proficiency in drill. Having been in camp over a month they have conceived of themselves with great propriety, having been engaged in no rows, and made no disturbances, and subjected themselves to no reproach up to the time of their departure. No regiment has in this respect deserved higher praise, and if they deport themselves as well abroad and prove as good soldiers in battle as in camp, they will reflect high honor on the State, and the county from which so many of them have gone.

Eight members of the Regiment were left in the Hospital. Though some of them have been very sick, all are convalescent, thanks to good doctoring and careful nurse. All the men, and women, are likely to recover soon, with possibly the exception of one severe case of pneumonia. Several who accompanied the Regiment were carried from the Hospital to the cars.

The Surgical Staff of the 11th seems to be well qualified for its work, all, including the Hospital Steward, being regularly educated physicians, young and up to the times. For some days past about 100 prescriptions have been given daily, and the surgeons have shown great skill and kindness in the treatment of their patients.— Only one of them is from this county. All needful Hospital stores are abundantly provided.

We learn that it took about $14,000 to pay off the Regiment for the time between enlistment and being mustered into the U. S. service.

We hear that Mr. Sidney Allen, of Allen's Grove, Walworth county, accompanies the Regiment as State Agent to look after the welfare of the men till after they are fairly issued to the U. S. service.

[From Another Correspondent.]

St. Louis, Nov. 22, 1861.

We arrived here last night at 11 o'clock having been twenty-four hours on the road from Chicago. The day was beautiful and all enjoyed the ride across the prairies of Illinois. It was dark before we were ready to leave Alton, on the steamer "City of Alton," which was to take us to St. Louis.

At ten o'clock all was quiet on board the boat, the men, having received their rations of ham, hard bread and coffee, had lain down in every place that they could find, so that it was impossible to move around on deck without disturbing some of them.

We were cheered at all the stations where we stopped and little children waved their bankerciiefs from the farm houses as we passed.

No accident has happened to any of us. The sick are doing well. We have not left the boat this morning. It is reported that we shall go to Cape Girardeau, one hundred miles below St. Louis. You shall hear from me as soon as we get settled.—

[From the Eleventh Regiment.]

The Trip to St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 23, 1861.

Wisconsin friends are always interested in anything that pertains to our noble soldiers, and the Journal being a valuable and much sought medium for such information, I make a few notes of the journey of the 11th Regiment—Dane County—to Missouri. Your correspondent joined it at Chicago, where it arrived last Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock—having been delayed on the way both by Chicago & Northwestern railroad. From the depot of this road it was escorted by the Chicago Light Guard band through Lake, Dearborn and Madison streets to the depot of the Chicago and St. Louis railroad. The intended escort of cavalry was given up on account of the lateness of the hour of
The men were furnished with coffee at the depot, and officers with a general entertainment at the Tremont House, by Mr. E. N. Pratt, of Chicago. The table was managed by Mr. Gage, proprietor of the Tremont House. The reception speech in behalf of the Railroad Company by Geo. C. Bates was neatly written, eloquent and happily delivered. Col. Harris, on behalf of the regiment, excused himself by saying "he had rather fight than make speeches," and did not intend making any more until he had done some fighting."—

After repeated and urgent calls for different ones in the room, Col. David Stuart, of Chicago, who played so prominent a part in the Birchen divorce case, was "betrayed into a speech"—and quite a lengthy and able one, though parts of it was unhappy and ill timed in sentiment. He was in his best Southern chivalry and strength. He pronounced our noble volunteers as "fit only for the guard house—young and cowardly slimy" with the words he had used to the soldiers "the flower and strength of the South—the chivalrous and the brave." He remarked that "Secretary Cameron and the Chaplain and I don't despise the system of enlisting, and by this means bring to the field the aristocratic and the wealthy—men like myself and my friends at this table and before me before the war, and all are happy to succeed." This was just such a speech as we should expect to hear from a thorough bred aristocratic Englishman. It is well that soldiers in the ranks did not hear it—and well might Chicago editors be ashamed to report and publish it. No mention was made of it by the press of the city. It was a slender upon our volunteers, for we find in the ranks men of all classes—the lawyer, editor, minister, merchant and merchant, each with the same respectability and talent as David Stuart. The disgraceful defeat of our arms, to which he made reference, were the results of having army too many such men as himself.

The cars moved for St. Louis at 10 o'clock in the evening—the soldiers having been furnished coffee and ration. Nine of the number were sick—they were well cared for by the Surgeons. The party as accompanying the regiment consisted of Mrs. Col. Harris, Rev. Mr. Clay and wife, of Beloit, Surgeon Strong's wife, Miss and Mrs. Freeman, (sister and wife of Lieut. Freeman of Watson Guards), Mrs. Capt. Chase from Springfield, Mr. Hewitt, the chaplain of the regiment, Mr. Spencer, agent of the M. & P. du C. Railroad, and two or three reporters. The train was under the management of Mr. Hewitt, the capital train-master of the road. Sleeping cars were provided for the officers, the patients, and the sick.

Arrived at St. Louis about day light—safe. Railways were built out to the men, and the officers breakfasted on the "lazoo" furnished with them. This town has about the same population as Madison. From here through to Alton it is the vast prairie—covered with immense fields of grain, principally corn. There are fields containing many hundred acres of corn each, and when of it is still in the field, the sparks that fly from the engine of the advanced train fired the dry prairie grass, and as the mere train moved along, it beheld the grand sight of "a prairie on fire." The farmers on the line were busy trying to save their fences. Eight miles out from Springfield we passed an encampment of cavalry—Col. Dickey's.

Arrived at Springfield about mid-day, and expected to find dinner waiting for officers, and coffee, but nothing of the kind could be had even for money. It was designed by the Railroad Company to get through to Alton before noon, and take dinner there. There seemed to be a screw loose somewhere, where, I created a great disturbance in the "operative machinery"—allowing us a Camp Randall expression. Whether the people of Springfield were to blame or not I can not say, but it is certain they were "dull and thoroughly coppered." Many in the many regiment not very favorably impressed with the liberality and enterprise of the people in the home of "Honest Old Abe." After Capt. Chase had amused the crowd for a time as "a man entitled" his belt two or three inches, and the tree soldiers concluded to "grin and bar it," "principal' ly 'bear' it, however—"there was no "grin." In the encampments at Springfield are about 000 soldiers belonging to the field.

The train was ready, and the regiment, in the afternoon, started, and reached Alton twenty-five to thirty men on the track. When we arrived at St. Louis twenty-five to thirty men were on the sick list.

While unloading stores at Alton, a drunken agent, for some cause, offense and came in contact with one of our Captains, and was knocked down unceremoniously by him.

Richard Evans, cook to the medical Staff, was accidentally left at Alton, and instead of deserting, he "fooled it" to St. Louis, and reached that place a short time after the arrival of the boat. This shows genuine "pluck."

The boat laid at the wharf until about noon, waiting orders. Col. Murphy—the brave Colonel of the 11th was ordered by Gen. Curtis to take charge of the removal of the 11th to White Sulphur Springs, to encamp—twenty-three miles down the river, on the bank in Missouri. The train was ready, and the regiment, late in the afternoon, started, and reached Sulphur Springs about 6 o'clock. The camping ground is a good one. Sulphur Springs is a small place, containing about one hundred inhabitants. After remaining here about an hour, Col. Murphy and your correspondent continued, leaving the regiment in the act of putting up their tents. The sutler, Mr. Wright, of Beloit—a whole armed fellow by the way—packed his goods aboard from St. Louis, in the car, and on the camping ground, after we arrived, and the attendant Hospital Steward (I have forgotten his name,) ordered tea and coffee for the sick. Mr. Allen, the State Agent, was prompt and active in helping to take care of the sick, and furnishing such necessaries as were needed. Common journeying is designated by the mild term, "travel," the journey of the 11th from St. Louis to its camping ground may properly be expressed by the term, "travel"—a painful journey, amidst rain, cold, and "oppressive delays." This part of the transportation was done by the U. S. and Missouri railroad.

The road below St. Louis is guarded closely, though Col. Murphy told me a man was in constant danger while traveling on it.

There is still a small section rebel elsewhere and there on the line. The camping ground is our boy's name from the well of secession, that those who have lived near such regions in this world—and there are such—say they can detect the "sulphur odor." I believe White Sulphur Springs took its name from this fact.

I may add that while the regiment were
drawn up in line on the street near the depot in St. Louis, waiting for the train, losing the little shops and homes on the street, threw out apples and cakes to the soldiers, but the character of the ladies and their motives being suspicious, the men examined the food well before eating it.

At several points on the river bank below St. Louis gun boats are in process of building, preparatory to going down the river in a few days to pay a visit to Memphis and New Orleans—in which expedition our Wisconsin regiments will join.

Tents and supplies are sent to the men as designed, in St. Louis, and some of the men were in passing through an enemy's country, though, luckily, nothing happened that required their use. They were furnished the next morning, and our brave boys will be ready to deal them out to the rebels if they trouble them.

I started to cross the river at St. Louis to take the train for home, and was brought to a halt by the guard on the ferry boat, who demanded my "pass." I had neither time to explain not knowing that it was required of citizens, and was marched back to the Provost Marshal's office, and required to take the "oath of allegiance," and in the afternoon of the same day, which was the oath I subscribed to, and a minute description of my person—height, color of eyes and hair, age, name, nativity, residence and other particulars.

Every one must take the oath and receive such a pass before he or she can get out of the city. I worked by the clock in the Marshal's office, an old editor, a friend, that many "young ladies," rather than have their age thus made public, would remain in St. Louis! This is applying the test too closely for them. I was delayed twenty-four hours by not knowing the regulation in regard to passes. I mention this that others coming here may know what is required of them before they can leave the city.

THE EIGHTH REGIMENT.

The Eighth Regiment, Col. Murphy, is on the boat, seven miles from St. Louis. They are to start for Sulphur Springs to join the Eleventh. They have done some heavy marching, as they were in the field. They helped to drive Price to Arkansas, and in the operation marched 150 miles in five days, without camps or a sufficient supply of food. They have distinguished themselves in Missouri. About 300 of their number are now sick with the measles.

They have been almost constantly moving. They are strongly attached to Col. Murphy, and will follow wherever he leads. He is an active and thorough officer. Gen. Curtis, second in command to Gen. Hallock, entrusts him with important responsibilities, thus showing great confidence in him as an officer.

WISCONSIN MEN GET CREDIT ABROAD.

I heard Wisconsin soldiers spoken of in the highest terms of commendation. The Speech of the Secretary of War in St. Louis, published in the papers of that city, contains this remark: "We have many officers and men in the field who compare, in every respect, favorably with Wisconsin men. They are thoroughly equipped and drilled, and whenever brought to bay, have proved brave, patriotic, and reliable. All honor to Wisconsin!" Col. Murphy told me that a Captain in Price's rebel army, who was taken in the recent engagement at Fredericktown, says that no men are feared by them so much as Wisconsin soldiers are. They look upon them as "monsters from the Northern pines." I heard a Wisconsin friend, who listened to this conversation, ask the significant question, "Why is it that our men get so much credit out of the State, and none at home? I hear men at home denouncing the State officers, and finding fault continually. Even some press men are guilty of the basest misrepresentations. Why is it?"

I have some comments to make on the condition of affairs in Missouri, as I saw them, which I will send you by next mail. Yours, N.C., P.

From the Eleventh Regiment.

Camp Utica, Sulphur Springs, Mo., November 23, 1861.

Dear Journal:—We have been so busy for two days past, that I have not had time to write before this morning. We were marched over to the depot of the Iron Mountain Railroad, on Friday noon, where we waited four hours for cars to take us to this station—twenty-two miles from St. Louis. Upon the 20th we must have another inspection of the Iron Mountain railroad, as he has his initials, large letters, on the cars.

Col. Murphy was in St. Louis when we arrived there, and came down on the train with us. He expected to come back here with his Regiment, to-day. It is reported that a large force will be concentrated here, to wait until the gun-boats at Carondelet, are completed, when they will move down the river, and we shall travel south.

Our tents were pitched in a hurry Friday evening, and Saturday we removed them to our present camping ground, which is acknowledged by all to be the best they ever saw. A small creek winds round to the East, and on this, at the end of every street, the cooks are busy preparing for dinner. All are blessed with a good appetite, and the rations of hard bread, bacon, beans, &c., are eaten with a relish. There is no mistake our coffee for a vile dejection of peas and beans. The woods furnish us with "nutts tocrack," and we find persimmons and sweet potatoes near camp. The potatoes do not grow spontaneously, as some of the boys seem to think.

A large wood pile a few rods north of us contains over 500 cords of dry wood as our friends need not fear that we shall freeze. Our boys have been making stone stoves in the center of the tents. We completed ours last night, and think we could give Mr. Tenney some new ideas about heating and ventilating canvas houses.

The railroad is between us and the river, which is but a few rods from camp. Sulphur Springs station has ten or twelve houses, two stores and a saloon. The saloon has a guard stationed at the door.

A flag staff was put up yesterday, and the Stars and Stripes run up, the Band playing the Star Spangled Banner.

Mrs. Harris and the other ladies who accompanied us from Madison are in camp to-day, making it seem more like home.

I hear the whistle, and must hurry if I send this.

From the 11th Regiment.

Camp Curtis, Sulphur Springs, Mo., Nov. 27th, '61.

I mailed my last letter at Chicago on the morning of the 20th. We were escorted by a band through the city to the depot of the Illinois Central R. R. where we found two trains in waiting for us.—We were soon on board and off for Alton.

At Bloomington we stopped a few minutes and reached Springfield on the 21st at 3 1/2 A.M. Here we had our breakfast of raw Ham and Sea Biscuit; we had good appetites I can assure you.

Between Bloomington and Springfield, it is decidedly a good county, mostly prairie, excepting near Springfield where there is considerable timber-land. Near Springfield we passed a regiment of Illinois Cavalry on their way to St. Louis. We arrived at Alton at sunset.

An incident occurred between Springfield and Alton worthy of note; as we passed a log cottage which stood in the midst of a heavy tract of timber, a young lady came out of the door, and waved a most beautiful American Flag, which called for our loudest cheers. At Alton we took a steam-boat for St. Louis, it took till nine o'clock to get everything on board the boat. Co. I had to "bunk" on the upper deck. It rained during the night and most of us got wet. We arrived at St. Louis at 12:1/2 P.M. but were not marched off the boat until 11 o'clock the next day; "large bodies move slowly" is true adage thought most of us. We stood in the streets at St. Louis till 3 o'clock P.M. when we were marshalled aboard the platform cars of the Iron Mountain R. R. We had a cold ride of 25 miles to this place, arriving at 6 o'clock. We immediately pitched our tents, but the next morning we were required to move them to a more convenient situation some 40 or 50 rods from the Mississippi river, where we are now encamped. There is a small stream of very good water on the north side of our encampment, there is also a spring near by, from which we get water. The surface....}
From the Eleventh Regiment.

Camp Curtis, Sulphur Springs, near St. Louis, Nov. 9, 1861.

Editors Patriotic—At the expiration of the two months' leave of absence allowed me, I returned to the military service. The Government has been kind enough to leave me with my Sanif, and I will do my part to make enough to pay for my services.

The weather here is cold and frosty, but I am not complaining. The town of Sulphur Springs consists of about a dozen dwelling houses, 2 stores, 2 saloons, and a post office.

There are stationed here, 56 men of the 3rd Missouri Regiment guarding a railroad bridge; guards are also stationed on all the bridges between here and St. Louis.

On the 28th the 5th Wis. Regiment came from Pilot Knob, and on the 29th the 6th Wis. Regiment encamped on the north side of the stream which separates us.

The weather has been considerably colder and we have had a few in the hospital. They still hold up by their Eagle, looking as brave as ever.

The weather here is cold and frosty.

Yours truly,

The Chip.

From the Eleventh Regiment.

Camp Curtis, Sulphur Springs, near St. Louis, Dec. 2, 1861.

Editors Patriotic—At the expiration of the two months' leave of absence allowed me, I returned to the military service. The Government has been kind enough to leave me with my Sanif, and I will do my part to make enough to pay for my services.

The weather here is cold and frosty, but I am not complaining. The town of Sulphur Springs consists of about a dozen dwelling houses, 2 stores, 2 saloons, and a post office.

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Yours truly,

The Chip.
from our street.

The arrival of the Eighth the first of last week caused quite a sensation in our camp, and they visited each other quite often. Two companies, B and F, were left to guard a bridge. Major Jefferson remained with them. They have seen some service, since they left Madison, and their marches and exposure have made many of them unfit for duty. The boys of the Eighth like their officers, who are deservedly popular. Col. Murphy has command of this post, and may have a brigade of Wisconsin men under his command, if all reports are true.

Adjt. Sprague is busy all of the time.—He is looking well and seems to enjoy the campaign in Missouri.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN CAMP.

The day was beautiful, such weather as we had at Camp Randall six weeks ago. We had dress parade at ten o'clock, when Adjutant General Randall reviewed the regiments. The hour of seven o'clock in the evening finds your correspondent seated on the ground, beside a box of the dimensions of 2 by 3 feet, which serves as a table for present use, in a wall tent 14 by 14 feet, warmed with a camp stove—other things being around generally loose. My comrades are talking about home—the women and babies, as "good old days of long ago," things past and prospective, and other things incident to camp life. The sunny side of life has been in evidence; roughness and romance, is not unpleasant, even to those who have enjoyed the luxuries or domestic comforts. The shady side we have not yet found.

The 11th Regiment left Madison on Wednesday, one week ago, and arrived in Chicago at 6 o'clock in the evening, where the men were put on board the cars at the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis depot. By invitation, the officers repaired to the Tremont House, where a most magnificent supper awaited them, furnished by A. & St. Louis Co.'s. Speeches were made by Hon. Mr. Bates, the Hon. and renowned David Stuart, and others.

It may be here remarked, that all that has been said about the reputation of Wisconsin regiments abroad is true. The fact that a Wisconsin regiment is in town, or on its way, is sure to draw an admiring and wondering crowd. Even down here, where there have been military movements on a large scale, people went to see Wisconsin men.

Chicago honored the 11th Regiment as she has all our troops that have passed through there.

We arrived at Alton, Thursday, at 5 P. M., and took boat for St. Louis. The boat arrived at St. Louis in the night, and the regiment remained on board until morning.

Much has been said about the loyalty of some portions of Illinois. We were greeted all the way with cheering and the waving of handkerchiefs by the fair sex; but the enthusiasm increased all the way from Chicago to Alton. As we approached Alton the people seemed almost wild with delight. At stations where the trains stopped, apples, cakes, &c., were showered upon the car platforms, and sometimes put on board in baskets.

As one instance of the desire to manifest their good feeling and patriotism: When the cars were running by a pretty farm house rather slowly, a little boy of seven or eight years came running out to the rear car with his arms full of "apples for you." The cars were running too fast for him, and your correspondent, sympathizing with such a spirit, proposed to take them, which he did, by jumping from the car and running back to meet him, at the risk of being left behind. Taking the apples hurriedly he said—"What regiment are you?" "11th Wisconsin," said I. When running for the cars with the greatest possible speed, I heard him say—"Good for you; give 'em fits." The cars passed and taking the exercise of severest exertion of many a day. At Brighton, a small station, the people turned out on the cars, men and maidens, bringing many good things, and displacing the national flag in many shapes, the most pretty being those worn by the girls and young ladies in the form of aprons—at least so thought Surgeon Jones, of the regiment, who jumped from the cars and began to indiscriminately hug kids, not stopping until he went the rounds, much to the amusement of all present.

At St. Louis we received orders for Sulphur Springs, where we arrived Friday evening, and pitched tents. This point is 25 miles south of St. Louis, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, and 35 miles north of Pilot Knob, situated on the same railroad. It is a little, one-horse town, renowned for many others for which the southern States are noted. We are on the bank of the Mississippi, on a bluff, it would not be an unpleasant place if it had the same appearance of shiftness and want of enterprise that characterizes the Slave States. It consists of a few hogs, two whiskey shops, one grocery store, one boarding house, nothing representing mechanical pursuits.

If time permits, you may hereafter get a rough description of our camps, Sulphur Springs, &c.

To-morrow is to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving according to Gov. Randall's Proclamation.

The 8th Wisconsin, Col. Murphy, came from Pilot Knob to this camp Monday night. They have been on the march ever since they came into the State until within a few days. They have been to the Arkansas line, and raised divers horses, and other movables property. Col. Murphy has command of this post, where a brigade is to be collected of Wisconsin men, preparatory to a trip down the river, it is supposed. Three gun-boats have gone down the river since we arrived, and there are eight or ten more nearly completed yet to get down. They carry over one hundred guns of large calibre, and are so constructed that there are no right angled, so that a ball striking one must glance off above or below. The machinery is all below the water line except the wheels and shaft, and are, withal, a formidable looking institution.

The men all say, "Forward to Columbus," when we get there you will be apprised.

From the 11th Regiment.

Camp Curtis, Mo., Dec. 4.

FRIEND COVER:—Having a few leisure moments, I thought I would spend them talking through the Herald to my friends in Old Grant. You will see by the date the entry is yet in Camp Curtis, but how long you will here remains unknown to us. However, the prospect looks to bring ten Cents a sight of the land of cotton—we are in the land of hamp now,
We had orders about 9 o'clock a.m. to pack knapsacks and hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Every man was to work with a will, none showing symptoms of fear, but all more or less anxious to know what was meant by the order. Some thought we were going to Springfield, Missouri, to meet Price, who is said to be marching on that place with a powerful army. Others thought that we were going to Cairo to form part of a powerful army to be organizing there to move down the Mississippi. I thought that we were off for Memphis. Thus you see we had a regular guessing school, for none of us knew any thing about where we were going or whether we were going at all or not. I looked into several tents to see how the boys were getting along. In their packing process, and it was a little amusing. I assure you,—21 men in a tent 18 feet in diameter, all trying to pack their packs as fast as possible, while the blankets, oil-cloths, overcoats, knapsacks, haversacks, and other articles belonging to the tardy members of the regiment, lay scattered in beautiful confusion. "Come, come on, boys," says one; "you're on my oil-cloth," says another; "where's my knapsack," I've lost my towel," "I can't find my overcoat," and so they had it, every body in every body's way. But we got all ready, so that we could be out any time; then we got dinner, but we had no more to eat than starting. We may leave to-day or to-morrow or not till next week, and may be not then. We are all in tolerably good health and will try to do our duty wherever we may be. We have not had a Herald since we left Cairo. Randall. The boys are all anxious to be going. Direct to Company H, 11th Wis. Vol. Cavalry, Sulphur Springs, Jefferson Co., Missouri. If we leave here they will follow we wherever we go.

Yours truly.

G. W. GRIMES.

From the Eleventh Regiment.

CAMP CURTIS, Sulphur Springs, Mo., Dec. 9th, 61.

Editors' Patent:—Sunday, that holy day that always is freighted with blessings to the heart of the Christian, and sheds a hallowed influence on all around; yes, that same Sabbath has passed again, and Monday is here, freighted with the many responsibilities that fall to the lot of the soldier. Though winter howls in all its fury in Wisconsin, making the poor and needy hove closer round their heart side and draw tight around them the tattered garments with which their limited means have clothed them; though old winter is there with all its hardships, sorrows and cares, as well as beauty, joys and comforts, nevertheless, to-day resembles Indian Summer in our camp. The sun shines down warm and pleasantly, the atmosphere is smoky round the horizon, no stormy winds blow, the snow is melting, the sun is shining on all around—everything betokening October in Wisconsin. How long this will last is more than we can tell, but it is a season of the year where every body will feel the presence of the Father of Waters, and all the dearest institutions. Where is the man who could basely turn away a cold, has settled down into lung fever and is just the weather to beget languor, and in fact our camp, completely obstructing various other diseases. Here I have to record laziness. To-day the sun shines down to warm the first death since we left Madison, that of a soldier from Evans Co., named Bender. He was a man of about 45 years. He died suddenly on Saturday morning, the 7th, in our hospital. The 12th Regiment, of which we have three, being lowered to half mast immediately after his death, and kept so till after his burial, which was near our hospital. He was hard bread and bacon, so here goes for a feast. Adieu for a time, but more anon.

From the Dixon Guards.

CAMP CURTIS, Sulphur Springs, Mo., Dec. 9th, 61.

Editor Republic:—The company to which I belong, now known as Co. H, of the Dixon Guards, of Portage City, has been lately surrounded by some miserable vagabond, who is unknown to me, to the great discomfort of the company. There is nothing in the line of news worth mentioning. But enough of my scribbling for this time—there is nothing of importance in the dispatches. I refer more particularly to the report that the Dixon Guards were all drunk when the regiment left Madison, which became current in localities where the wires and families of some of our men reside, causing much useless suffering and anxiety. I hope the boys will see these reports are, in character, beneath the devils in hell. I pronounce said report unfounded. It has not been to a shadow, even to the extent of saying that the Dixon Guards stood firm upon his pins, and carried his arms and accoutrements to the cars. I am authorized to say that our regiment, of which two are of the boys and their prayers that they may some time learn to tell the truth, or at least confine their history to the things that are true. But the report of a mercenary, that they have the benevolence of the boys and their prayers that they may some time learn to tell the truth, or at least confine their history to the things that are true. But the report of a mercenary, that they have the benevolence of their hearts, and the sure hope of the evil-minded circulators of that story, that they have not the least evidence that any thing of the kind has ever happened, and the sure hope of the evil-minded circulators of that story, that they have not the least evidence that any thing of the kind has ever happened, and the sure hope of the evil-minded circulators of that story, that they have not the least evidence that any thing of the kind has ever happened. The preparations now making seem to lead only to a squander down the river, either this winter or very early in the spring—we hope this winter. A German name—Michael Friedrich, of the First Cavalry, belonging to Co. E of the 11th, died two or three days ago, and was buried yesterday; cause of his death supposed to be consumption. He was buried in a neat coffin and a fence built around his grave. He was a brave soldier and a good companion. I hope all our protectors will report all their faithful men. The preparations now making seem to lead only to a squander down the river, either this winter or very early in the spring—no doubt this winter. A German name—Michael Friedrich, of the First Cavalry, belonging to Co. E of the 11th, died two or three days ago, and was buried yesterday; cause of his death supposed to be consumption. He was buried in a neat coffin and a fence built around his grave. He was a brave soldier and a good companion. I hope all our protectors will report all their faithful men.
from our view the river, excepting through a small ravine, over which there is the railroad road of the Iron Mountain River. This railroad road from St. Louis, follows the river along its bank for 30 miles to Pilot Knob, (20 miles from Frederic town) where the late battle was fought, then leaving the river it takes a southerly direction—the river running S. E. Where it follows the course of the river it is cut off by the railroad, making the high bank a road).

It is a road somewhat famed for bridges, having one for every 4 miles of the distance, all of which are to be guarded night and day; we have our Dutch company guarding the bridge at this point. It takes quite a little army to guard the road—some places requiring two companies.

It was at Big River bridge 20 miles below here that a company of the Illinois 3d, better known as the Normal Regiment, was overpowered and 40 taken prisoner.

There are trees interspersed through our camp, and to the South and West hills arise to the height of 150 feet, pleasantly sloped and well timbered. At the foot of one of these is a fine spring of water nearer like the New England Springs than any I have seen in the West. Above the Spring, about 15 feet, there is a fine cave with an entrance inconveniently small some of the boys have penetrated to the depth of 50 feet and there found the head of the spring, they concluded not to go further, not liking the "lookout ahead." Whirling around our camp forming a semicircle is Batalla Snake creek—the name as you will observe is somewhat ominous for warm weather.

The climate and soil are evidently adapted to fruit growing, and the production of those vegetables and cereals successfully cultivated in milder climates, we find growing wild in abundance, persimmons, butternuts, pecans and hickory nutts of all sizes known. When Slavery shall have been driven from the State and when still "Westward Empire takes its way," Missouri will be second to no State in the Union; but with its present institutions, present enterprise and present pay of raising things, it must be a marvel to all Yankees and other generations. Men, women and children have their houses in the hooch of their stockling, and go tip-toe generally. It matters but little how wealthy they are, only one stick of wood is provided at one time, cattle growing with all wings; living simply upon corn because their owners are too shiftless to eat it. Windows that are minus glass are full of hats, clothes, rags, etc. The post was conducted mess in our Regiment is not a circumstance to the culinary department of a Missouri household. In this extensive city there is a family of the "long dry grass" and the boys have not a door latch in the house, using bricks to keep their doors together. Under the head of Schools and Education, the exclusion of the old maid in Uncle Tom's Cabin, "Shiftless, O how shiftless," is quite appropriate.

I do not vouch for the truth of the statement, but it is said that there is a teacher a few miles out from camp that can neither read nor write. Not more than one in five can read or write in this vicinity, and it is said by those living here that 16 miles back from the river no one sees a paper. This accounts for the ignorance of the people of this State in regard to the object of this war.

The wood school house of this district is a log building about 12 feet square, with two windows of 6 lights of glass each, with a door hung upon wooden hinges, and a wooden bucket for a door latch. The chimney is built of stone upon the outside of the building. Inside is a fine place, and two rough stools capable of holding 8 or 9 children, no ceiling, and several rat holes through the roof. The negroes are few in number and mostly old and of little value.

"Old Phil" is a character; he is a comie and makes much fun for the soldiers; he is a peddler of apples, pies, krouth &c. Says he has a wife up to Boonville and 14 children and if "de white folks will only give me $90 dollars I de ole woman a present of old Phil bissel."

From the Eleventh Regiment—Correspondence of the State Journal.

Camp Curtis, Dec. 18, 1861.

A letter from camp is now new thing for your readers, and they must be well acquainted with the various phases of camp life, so that nothing but news of a battle will suit them. We can assure you that the preparations which are being made in this Department mean something. The gunboats and floating batteries, or mortar boats, have gone down to St. Louis, where we hope soon to join them. The correspondence in the St. Louis papers is read with much interest by our boys, who are anxious to move forward.

We have dress parades, drills, and guard duty enough to keep us busy. The sick are doing well. The surgeons have been very successful in their treatment, only one man, a private, in Co. E, has died since we left. He was bared one week ago last Sabbath.

We have had one alarm which called us all out. The picket-guard fired upon some men crossing the road, one evening last week, and we were immediately ordered to fall in with arms. Our Sutler was the most excited man that I saw during the evening. He had so much money that it troubled him. It is to be hoped that a few such alarms will make him "think on his ways," so that he will be more reasonable in his charges. I am inclined to think that Sutlers are not disinterested patriots, and might with propriety be left at home.

Co. C, Capt. Ferry, Co. K, Capt. Lewis, and Co. D, Capt. Miller, have been sent down the railroad to guard some bridges.

Two Companies of the Eighth, left behind with Major Jefferson, were relieved by Co. ——, from the same Regiment, on Sunday. They did not wish to come here, as they had erected barracks and occupied them one night.

We are not without amusements here in camp. The officers had a party, last week, at which sixteen ladies were present. The privates had a dance the next evening; and wishing to have a good time, they stationed a guard around the Quartermaster's warehouse, in which it was held, with orders not to let commissioned officers pass. The boys had a mock parade, last night, not omitting any part of it. The privates were armed with ralls, and they were perfectly at home in the manual of arms. General order 1001 was enthusiastically received.

Speaking of ralls reminds me of a late general order, forbidding the furnishing of ralls after our wood pile had been taken away. Before the order could be read, the fences had disappeared.

The blank pay-rolls have arrived, and we shall expect to be paid off the first of next month, when we shall receive pay for three months.

Eight Government teams have arrived here from St. Louis, for the use of this post. The wagons were built at Concord, N. H.

The Milwaukee Cavalry Company, and another from Illinois, are encamped near us. They will do the picket duty and scouting.

There goes a load of bread, for our Commissary. It is baked in St. Louis, and when they give us full weight, is preferred to Government pies.

You shall hear from me again, soon. Orts.

From the 11th Regiment.

Camp Curtis, Sulphur Springs Mo., Dec. 21st, 1861. I have been on the sick-list for some time past, and consequently I have not written as usual. The Zouaves are still here in camp, there are only seven companies of the regiment here now, the other three companies C, D, and K, having been sent down the river about two weeks ago, to guard a bridge which was burnt by the rebels not long since. The regiment has been under orders to march at a moments warning these three weeks. There has been one death in the regiment since my last; a private in Co. E, died with a fever, he was buried with due military honors, near the encampments; nearly the whole regiment attended the funeral. Sickness in my humble opinion is the greatest thing to be feared in the
army. People at home, living in their
comfortable houses, little know or rather
realize the privations, hardships, expos-
ure, neglect in sickness, which of a
necessity has to be endured more or less
by the soldiers in this war; or in fact—
any other. We venture to predict that
more will die in this war from sickness,
than on the battle field. The fact is,
northern soldiers cannot well sustain
the change of climate. The climate here is
very changeable, sometimes we have the
most beautiful weather, like Indian Sum-
er in Wisconsin, then there will be a
cold rain storm; and then perhaps it is
winter cold, so that, the old Mississippi
is filled with large cukes of floating ice,
moving along almost irresistibly with the
current of the seething muddy water, as
if nature was trying to assert her power
over the Father of Waters, but could not.
For sometime after we came here, we
were obliged to go without straw, and
consequently we had to sleep on the
ground; the result of which was that
many suffered more severely from colds,
than they otherwise would have done —
The health of the regiment now is very
good, there being but few sick—except
with colds and the mumps; there are but
thirty in the hospital from this Regiment.
There are but few who would not rather
stay in their tents than go to the hospital,
although those who go there, say that
they get the very best treatment. It is
said by the citizens here with whom I
have conversed, that many men who have
been absent from home in this county have
returned within the past two or three
months.

A correspondent from here writing to
the St Louis Democrat, states that many
in this county have returned from Price's
army; the truth is, it is not definitely
known, where they have been; till quite
lately there has been a company of Mil-
waukee Cavalry posted at Sulphur Springs
one and a half miles west of here. Our
boys complain considerably about stand-
ing guard; it takes some seven or eight
men from each company to guard our tents;
the boys seem to think that guarding
tents is a humbug, but Col Harris insists
on keeping guards, night and day. A
wise precaution I think. It makes it
more aggravating to the boys to see the
8th near by, without any guards. Be-
side these police guards, there has to be
furnished two or three men from each
miles of here. Some time last week our
company for "picket guards." Perhaps
pickets brought in word that they had
some of your readers may not understand
been fired upon; immediately the drums
what the duties of pickets are. In the beat, and all the companies at once fell in
first place a picket must be ready a little
with guns and cartridge boxes; this was
just after roll call at night—when we stood
in front of our tent some two hours, when
we were ordered to go to bed and sleep
on our arms, nothing turned up during
the night however. In the morning
there was the greatest decrease in the
sick list, ever known in the camp. It
was really amusing to see so many, who
had been on the sick list for days, seize
guns and fall in bound to go at all hazards.

O. C. Olson of our company, has been
sick for some time, he is nearly well now.

J. A. Hake of Princeton, and George
Decker from near Berlin, are down with
the mumps. Michael Campbell from near
Berlin, and P. Parker of Markesan, are
on the sick list, but are doing very well.

Capt. Whitier has been sick for
several days; he has removed to a private
house in town where he will receive bet-
ter care and attention than he can in his
tent, he is doing well and will probably
be all right in a few days. The rest of
Co. I, except Mr. Cook, who has not been
on duty since we left Camp Randall, are
able and ready at all times to be on duty,
but more especially at "meal-times;"
when they devour everything edible
which is set before them. I frequently
meet with Mr. and Mrs. Reid of Berlin.
He is looking after the interests of Wis-
con Volontiers; she has been appoint-
ed matron of this post. Yesterday there
was about two inches of snow fell; to-day
it is quite like winter and we are excused
dress parade and battalion drill.

I have received only one number of
the Spectator, since leaving Camp Ran-
dall, you may be assured it is a disap-
pointment not to get it. More anon.

Yours, &c.

THE CHIP

From the Eleventh Regiment.

(Our correspondent of the Journal & Centur)

CAMP CHIPS, SULPHUR SPRINGS, Wis.,

December 21st, 1861.

Winter is coming. To-day we have two
inches of snow, well packed by rain and
sleet. This is the first intimation we have
had that we are in a cold climate. A
Missouri winter consists of, first, snow,
then rain, followed by either cold or warm
weather for a few days; this is repeated.
and may not be for sometime; but that there will be any battle on a large scale is has been intentionally disobeyed, government select this as another battle—very much doubted, Wisconsin can do better extended campaign, is yet to be developed. shrewd and persevering officer; but whether ne— it was generally supposed in the adventure a few days ago. He is a, Mr. R. It, HarrLi^Haid, M. I),, Ii. C, is fortifying New Madrid to protect Mem—thing of a prestige. Judging from the looks of the General, he is a keen, marked success, and of course gives him something of a prestige. Judging from this stand-point, one can hardly help believing that spring will open upon this State virtually under Federal control, unless the Confederate government select this as another battlefield. Price is evidently on the wane; Callicott is looking out for Arkansas, and watching Jim Lare; Jeff. Thompson is fortifying New Madrid to protect Memphis. Outside of St. Louis and the German population, four-fifths of the people are rebels or rebel sympathizers. We have only one real Union man near our camp. They do not expect the rebellion to succeed in Missouri now. Few enlist in Price's army, while many return to their homes, "take on the whip," which attests for all sin, and are good, innocent citizens again. Bushwhacking is not ended, and may not be for sometime; but that there will be any battle on a large scale is very much doubted.

Capt. Miller, of our regiment, had a little adventure a few days ago. He is a very clever officer, and not easily intimidated. He was mounted on a wild colt, some twelve miles below here, near Victoria, and riding through a piece of woods, following a bridle path. As he was crossing a creek four men suddenly appeared, one of whom advanced and caught hold of the bridle. Not a word was spoken by any of them. The Captain preserves as a trophy of the rebellion a home paper here in camp. We bought St. Louis papers so long as our dines lasted, but we cannot prevail upon those sharp lads, the news boys, to take their checks for their dailies. Some of our men preferred the Republican to the Democrat, as they thought the name was indicative of its politics. They must have found out their mistake by this time.

We were notified Tuesday morning that an officer would be here to inspect the troops at this post. Gen. Van Rens—ear, of Gen. McClure's staff, who is inspecting the troops in this Department, arrived on the ten o'clock train. The Eighth Regiment was inspected first. We were marched out with our knapsacks on, feeling that we had not brushed and polished all the forenoon for nothing. He said, as he inspected our guns, that the Spring—field rifle, which our company is armed with, is a splendid arm. Our men are proud of their guns, and they take good care of them. Compilatory to our company, which the boys will be sure to write to their friends.

Christmas passed off quietly—so drunk—ening the troops was the case, as a short allowance of hard crackers in the morning to make us think of home. Our Company officers furnished us a better article for dinner, and our squad was the fortunate recipient of a pan of meat for supper. I must not forget to acknowledge the receipt of a parcel which was left in our cars in the afternoon. On a paper, pinned to it, we read—"A merry Christmas—from the women of Wisconsin, through Mr. Reel. A roll of tea and the thread which contained was soon disposed of, but we were at a loss to know what we should do with the roll of butter. One of the boys thought it would be better to give it to the officers, as they ate it, but another suggested that it should be put into our coffee. I tried some of it on the cracker, but gave it up as an unsuccessful experiment. One of the officers said it was better put in that way. Many thanks to the patriotic ladies of Wisconsin, whose thoughtful kindness has provided so many comforts for us.

We were told to pack up and be ready to march yesterday afternoon. Captain Perkins of the 8th, and Captain V— of the 11th, left with their Companies last evening. They were sent to reinforce our men at Big River bridge, as they were apprehensive of an attack from the rebels, who have returned home to spend the holidays.

We had another snow last night. Our pickets at Sulphur Spring fired six shots, and soon after Johnny beat the long roll to call us out. We waited in our streets, Captain Armstrong Lincoln told us that if the rebels might go to our tents. They had killed a valuable horse, which was running through the bushes.

We heard another gun at three o'clock. A picket shot on the hill, but not a man. Shot Robert A. Tallard, of Company C, who had left his station on the railroad to find out what was the cause of the alarm. He did not halt when challenged, and advanced, so that he was but a few feet
From the sentinel when he fired. The ball passed through his left arm and body, near his heart. He lived until one o'clock this afternoon. His friends live in Cottage Grove. Capt. Pelton says he was one of his best men—ever ready to do his duty.

A tent, belonging to Company I, was burned this morning. It was quite a loss for them. They now have to pack closer in their crowded tents.

We were pleased to see two Wisconsin ladies in our camp, this afternoon—Mrs. Sprague and Capt. Britton's wife, of the 8th. They will remain here until after New Year's.

The secession ladies here do not hesitate to tell our officers (though they do not speak to enlisted men) that they wish Price would come and take us. These ladies have been cordial to our band, and seem to like Federal officers.

We have a regimental church and a lodge of Good Templars in the 11th. The well attended prayer meeting of the 8th and a flourishing lodge show that they are not behind in that line, either.

We shall be paid next week and may soon leave. The prospect is that we shall have to remain here in Missouri guarding railroad bridges or keep up guerrilla warfare in that southern portion of the State.

Our men feel the effects of such guard duty and many of them are sick with cold. One case of measles in the hospital—more expected soon.

The river is open and boats are passing up and down. The City of Alton went down this evening. She will make regular trips between St. Louis and Cairo.

We have been hearing Lane's speech in the Senate and it suits us. Send us your speeches. The pay is not of much consequence to men who have shouldered their muskets and left comfortable homes that they may secure the blessings of a free government for themselves and their posterity. A long stay in camp will be demoralizing.

Mr. Nichols, who has been here to see Johnny, returns to Madison to-morrow.

From the 11th Regiment.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, Mo.,
CAMP CURTIS, December 30, 1861.

Mr. Exposition—I have been thinking that I would tip you a line or two, letting you know something of the condition of affairs in Missouri. Speculations as to the time of advance movement have been too frequent and too seldom verified to be entering, and though we are impatient at this delay, tired of the inactivity of the camp, yet, like good soldiers, we must calmly bide our time.

Few people comprehend the deplorably wasted condition of Missouri. To you in Wisconsin it is a foreign war. Here it is civil war in its fullest meaning, and much beyond other States. Missouri has suffered. At this time, in more than half the counties of the State ordinary taxes cannot be collected, and collectors are resigning in great numbers, rather than attempt the task. Its resources are daily and hourly decreasing. The waste of property and the ravages still continue. Towns on the Kansas border are burned, and indiscriminate plunder and raping is the order of the day. Scores and hundreds of farms once cultivated are now desolate, and their owners offer them for sale at ruinous prices, preferring a retreat to other and less troubled States than retention of property here at the hazard of life.

The value of real property all over the State has become nearly annihilated; and of money, there is but little, except among the wealthy people and among that class enriched by the contracts and expenditures of the war. So great has been the distress that some of the members of Congress from this State, last year, urged the exemption of Missouri from the Federal tax to be levied next year.

If you find it hard in Wisconsin, what will it be in other States? The condition and prospects of the States which are the theatres of the war is not a pleasing contemplation.

We are told by the paymaster that we shall be paid off the first week in January.

Your friend and well wisher,

ELEVENTH.

From the Eleventh Regiment.

(Contribution of the Journal's Correspondent.)

CAMP CURTIS, SULPHUR SPRINGS,
December 31st, 1861.

Christmas in camp is hardly Christmas at home. Our Christmas present was little to mark it in distinction from other days. A few ladies (for there are but very few in this vicinity) invited the officers of the 11th up to Kinnsick, two miles from camp, to a supper. A part went, while the remainder remained to partake of a fine supper with our Colonel—your correspondent among them. The boys ate an extra amount. At 8 o'clock in the evening a telegram came to send two companies down to Big River Bridge, where two of our companies were at work. We telegraphed to St. Louis, and got a train here about 10 o'clock. While the train was here a drunken man was smashed between the cars. This accident caused your correspondent to get just out of his cogitations by a camp store. The companies were well on their way, and when I was on my way to the order, you can safely calculate guns in the direction of the pickets, one that they will prove the above assertion, mile out, startled me. This was soon and fully sustained in the reputation of Wis., followed by the "one—two—three" guns conside.m en without favor, I believe it of the picket alarm. In ten minutes all can be stated that, taken altogether, there were men in camp were in line. Just as there were very, if any, our regiments in the south, this time a rocket was sent up at a distance that surpassed our own. Col. Harris, in a few miles, as near as we could make it, is a military man, of kind and affable nature. A squad of men were sent out to be a gentleman; educated at West Point, it is the cause of alarm, and a cool and steady temperament, he considered a horse, with or without a rider-brings to education and native adaptation which fact could not be ascertained.—had
approached the picket on a gallop, and
heard the imperious "halt! who comes there?"
was not heeded. The pickets fired in the
direction of the sound, for they could not
see any thing, and the horse wheeled
went a short distance, and fell dead. We
concluded this was "no cause for action,
and all hands "turned in." We were
hardly fairly to bed, bank or blanket, as
we were now made, and we were up early.

The men went to their tents and slept
freely behind a curtain. Capt. G. asked them
out. While awaiting to learn the to step outside, and he would talk with
case of this, a man came running to
the Surgeon, and said "a man
was shot!"—and sure enough there was.

It was now three o'clock. During the
excitement in camp one of the tents caught
fire, and came near burning up our whole
camp. It made a brilliant light, and one of
the pickets that was not on duty at this
time, came down toward camp to find out
what was going on to create such a hub-
bub. When he returned to his post he
passed near a picket duty, who ordered
him him. He did not obey, and when
ordered the third time the picket fired.
He said after a few moments that he
thought the guard knew him, but he did
not blame him, for it was his duty, which
was perfectly true. He was told that he
could not live long, and he called a com-
paion to him, and said all he wished to say
before he became unable to speak.

He lived only a few hours, and was buried
with military honors on a nice little plat
of ground, under the shade of a sturdy
oak. His name was Tolland, of Co. G,
and from Arcas, I believe. The ball passed
through the arm above the elbow—
through all the clothing, overcoat, cap
and all, into the chest, on the left side,
through all the clothing, overcoat, cap
and from Arena, I believe. The ball passed
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and all, into the chest, on the left side,
Andrew Sexton, Esq., is the Quartermaster of this Regiment, and, from a long, intimate acquaintance with him, we feel assured he will more than meet the expectation of his many friends in the important position assigned him. We do not know how that officer ranks, but Mr. S. has held a Captains’ commission in the Madison Guard, and for several years has been one of that excellent company. Mr. Sexton is an Irishman by birth, and enters into the defense of the American Union with all the warmth peculiar to his countrymen. He is a printer, and a favorite with the craft; and as he is a prominent merchant, he is eminently qualified as a business man. Mr. Sexton is one of the most popular and useful officers of the regiment.

We congratulate the brave men who compose the 12th on the character of the officers of the regiment. We shall sometime hear good accounts of the 12th from the battle field.

Rev. N. McLain, Captain of the Lyon Light Guard in the 12th Regiment, delivered an excellent sermon at the Congregational Church, Sabbath morning, from Zachariah 9th chapter and 10th verse: "And the Lord their God shall save them in that day as the flock of his people, for they shall be as the stones of a crown, lifted up as an ensign upon his land."—

The speaker showed how sincere, earnest Christians, those with none of the Pharisaic self-righteous spirit, but constantly seeking to do good in the world, were indeed as bright jewels in the crown of their Lord, and like a glorious ensign were as the symbols, the representatives, the outward manifestations of the principles of Christ’s kingdom. The figures of the text were well applied also to national affairs, and made the basis for utterances of the stern Christian patriotism.

Capt. McLain’s appearance would not indicate that since he began raising his company, a few weeks ago, he had met with an accident by which his left shoulder was dislocated and a rib broken. His speedy recovery guarantees that physically, as well as in other respects, he is of the right sort of stuff.

Chaplain Brishane, Rev. W. H. Brishane, who has been appointed Chaplain of the 2d Cavalry Regiment, (Washington’s), at the close of his morning sermon yesterday, bade farewell in a few appropriate remarks to the Baptist congregation, to whom he has ministered with great devotion for the last sixteen months. Dr. Brishane’s zeal and earnestness, his talents and warm heart, with his knowledge of the world, gained by the varied experiences of his eventful life, qualify him peculiarly well for his duties. If goes to Milwaukee to join his regiment this week. There would be a poetical taste about it, if Mr. Brishane should return with the United States forces to native South Carolina, from which his anti-slavery principles have made him unpopular.

A Name of Note Among the Volunteers.—Last Sunday, a bright, warm spring-like day, Chaplain Mason of the 12th Regiment held services at camp Randall in the open air. The soldiers occupied the seats on the side of the mound in the north-western part of the encampment, the chaplain using the speaker’s stand erected for the first State fair. His discourse was earnest, impressive and patriotic. At its close Holmes’ army hymn was sung with fine effect.

When the services were concluded, and the chaplain was going to his quarters, a good looking German, a member of the regiment, came up, and asked him if he would furnish him with a German testament to read.

Mr. Mason replied that he had a German Bible at home that he would bring with him.

"What is your name?" he inquired taking out his notebook.

The volunteer replied, but with such a strong German accent that he was not understood.

"Here," the soldier said, "I will it write.

He took the pencil and wrote—"Goehe.

"Ah," said the chaplain, "we have seen that name before.

He is the first German we have ever met having the name of the great poet.

Lewis Wayne and his Four Sons Enlisted.—Lewis Wayne, and his four sons, of Boyd Town, Crawford county, have joined Capt. Sylvester’s company. His experience last winter and spring, while down South in Mississippi with a cargo of provisions for the Southern market, cured him of all hope that traitors and rebels can be br. 3ht to terms, except by such terrible measures as were applied by his ancestors in conquering the Indians in the days of Washington and the revolution. These Waynes are descendants of the old stock of Waynes, of which "Mad Anthony" was the chief; the father is well known as possessing all the qualities of a brave man, as warm uprightness, kindness, generosity, friendship, benevolence and devotedness to family and friends.

The sons must have inherited in a great degree these family elements so necessary for soldiers to possess those good and brave qualities of their revolutionary ancestors. These Waynes will fight; and their inherited method of warfare is either civilization or savage; Wash-
It is generally known that he is one of our most honored and respected citizens. While his age excluded him from military service, he has the nerve and energy of youth, which he adds to the ripe experience of his years. He possesses a great amount of practical good sense, and a good executive talent. These fit him well to command a company of men, which had much to do in attracting them so rapidly to his standard. Such was the man who undertook to gather a company from our sand hills. He went into the school districts and made speeches. It is a common remark, and generally true, that "the time for talking has past and the time for action come." But his talk was a striking exception; it led to action, and to action of the right kind. Wherever he went he aroused the people, and volunteers followed him. In about four weeks he had sworn in over 120 men, but very few of whom will fail to "stand by." A very large proportion of these men are of the same class with the Captain; men of families, owning farms, and "well to do in the world." The young men are generally of the very best class. It may be proper to state that one sixth of the company have been students in the Dellton Academy.

During the time they were quartered here, the very best decorum was constantly observed. Not the slightest case of rowdiness occurred. Not an extra lock and key were used. The good conduct of the soldiers led to a most cordial coming between them and the citizens, and resulted in establishing between them a substantial and enduring friendship. No community will watch the progress more anxiously, or pray more earnestly for the well being of a company, than will the people of Dellton. Dellton pray that the Wisconsin River Volunteers may be as brave as the Old Guards; as invincible as Cromwell's Ironsides; as fatal to the law of the land as the ass; that they will bring home only honorable scars, and that they will fall, if fall they must, with their faces to the foe.

Mr. John Glessner is the First Lieutenant. He was in the company of the Governor's Guards, in the first regiment. He is a young man of excellent ability, and is probably one of the best drill officers in the State. I am mistaken if any other company in Wisconsin, in the same time, has acquired so much proficiency in drill.

Mr. Lewis Linnell, the Second Lieutenant, has been for the last four years a student, and was reading law. Nothing, but the highest patriotism, induced him to leave his books, to which he was devotedly attached. He is the right man in the right place. I could fill pages with the highest encomiums upon almost every man in the company. I beg not to be considered invincible for making the above notices of the officers.

Dellton takes some credit for the good conduct of the company, from the fact that not a drop of intoxicating liquors are kept in the place; and we suggest that it is a good place, or that account, in which to quarter volunteers.

Heaven protect the Wisconsin Volunteers, and return them safely home, otherwise, may they "return on their shields."
I could be dismissed. No regiment yet been shipped. They are the French Minie—the suits of men even to the same company.

More anon. PRIVATE Y.

A young officer of much merit, and esteemed will not be few or feeble. A wooden box, which admits the passage of air, and are on the ground. It is composed of fire that steam is constantly rising, which in individual and sacred rights to maintain, and will not be few or feeble. A day or two ago the regiment went on an expedition of two or three miles into the country west of the camp. Companies A. and B. were thrown out on the front and flank as skirmishers, marching over hills, along farms and through woods to the ascertainment of peaceful citizens and unarmed poultry. A servant formed in line of battle two or three times, and went thro' all the motions as if in an enemy's country. In the field the boys found and shouldered a lot of mullen stalks in place of arms, which were afterward, on command of the Colonel, daily ordered and ground and left on the road.

From the W. I. River Volunteers.

CAMP RANDALL, Dec. 7th, 1861.

Editor Republic:—We are still on the grounds which have already been described in our columns for the past two weeks. These stories are made by digging pits in the ground and using a pipe roof ten inches long attached to the stove as means of a wooden box, which admits the passage of air to the bottom of the pot opposite the hole, The ground being cold and sleet and snow is located by the stove, the flames being constantly rising, which in the course of a night will completely saturate a blanket and wet the straw, in which the men sleep, as much as if it would. A small box of good average, ten men from a company are disabled for duty. The hospital is filled to overflowing, and on an average, ten men from a company are disabled for duty. A small box of good average, ten men from a company are disabled for duty. The hospital is filled to overflowing, and on an average, ten men from a company are disabled for duty.

Justus Freer, Capt.

C. W. Fields, 1st Seraeant.

H. H. Remington, 2d Seraeant.

H. M. Harris, 3d Seraeant.

James Staker, 4th Seraeant.

A. J. Johnson, Privates.


A. T. Hitchenson, Privates.

J. M. Richards, Privates.

J. M. Shanahan, Privates.

W. C. Field, Privates.

H. H. Squire, Privates.

T. B. Squire, Privates.

A. J. Jameson, Privates.

M. A. McAuley, Privates.

W. L. Moshier, Privates.

A. B. Knapp, Privates.

H. H. Spicke, Privates.

W. R. Eglseh, Privates.

O. W. Eighnicv, Privates.

H. A. Tihs, Privates.

J. M. Goodman, Privates.

A. E. Royd, Privates.

C. G. Lloyd, Privates.

J. M. Carpenter, Privates.

C. E. Underwood, Privates.

J. E. Fair, Privates.

A. A. Fensel, Privates.

W. L. Watson, Privates.

W. A. Wheeler, Privates.

J. M. Waddell, Privates.

C. C. Vanderpoel, Privates.

H. W. Stuts, Privates.

J. M. Wadler, Privates.

A. J. Jameson, Privates.

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C. C. Vanderpoel, Privates.

H. W. Stuts, Privates.

J. M. Wadler, Privates.

A. J. Jameson, Privates.

M. A. McAuley, Privates.
and of ensuring you that when I shall command those last arrayed in the red, we will press with our brave men to meet the embattled enemy. It needs but everything but honor, to raise the loved old flag to the National Stars.

With sentiments of kind regard for yourself and children, and with expressions of hope that after the success which I have brought to a successful issue, the Colonel, with his brave and devoted officers and men, will be so restored, as to be fitted to the happy day, on which we are main, dear Madame, your obedient servants.

NOTE.

[Large.]

OREN S. MASON, First Lieut. Co. A.
FRANK HINT, Second Lieut. Co. A.
G. T. RICE, Captain Co. A.
B. F. RYAN, First Lieut. Co. B.
J. W. M. RICE, Second Lieut. Co. B.
CRAY G. LEE, Captain Co. B.
F. H. HINCHMAN, First Lieut. Co. C.
M. J. CANTWELL, Second Lieut. Co. C.
JOHN HEIR, First Lieut. Co. C.
THOMAS HARDY, Second Lieut. Co. C.
ABRAHAM YUNDELL, Captain Co. E.
JOHN GILLIPEE, First Lieut. Co. E.
E. H. CLARK, Second Lieut. Co. E.
G. C. NORTON, Captain Co. F.
LAW OAKS, First Lieut. Co. F.
J. H. TAYLOR, Second Lieut. Co. F.
J. H. RICE, Captain Co. F.
M. W. BELL, First Lieut. Co. G.
W. T. WARD, Second Lieut. Co. G.
M. T. PALMER, Captain Co. G.
H. P. TAYLOR, First Lieut. Co. H.
O. C. LAYETTE, Captain Co. H.
H. L. TUMBl, Captain Co. A.
A. P. HENRY, First Lieut. Co. A.
F. B. CHAPMAN, Captain Co. A.
A. N. CHAMBER, First Lieut. Co. K.

The presentation was made by Lieut. J. GILLYN of company E. After the band had played COl. BRYANT's Quickstep, a piece of their own composition, Lieut. G., presented the pitcher and goblet with the following remarks:

MRS. BRYANT:—In behalf of the Company Officers of the 12th regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, let me now present this goblet to you, as a mark of our respect for you and appreciation of your command. The intrinsic value of the goblet is of no consideration, as it affords an opportunity of conveying to you our love and respect for the Colonel, as well as our kind regards and tender sympathies for you in the trials you are called to pass through during these perilous times. Accompanying this token of regard is a letter containing our sentiments of all the officers in the 12th regiment. In accepting this gift, we wish to convey to you the sentiments of the officers and men toward their honored Colonel.

Col. Bryant in behalf of his wife responded as follows:

LADY BRYANT:—On behalf of the Company Officers of the 12th regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, let me express to you the sentiments of the officers and men toward your husband and appreciation of your command. The intrinsic value of the goblet is of no consideration, as it affords an opportunity of conveying to you our love and respect for the Colonel, as well as our kind regards and tender sympathies for you in the trials you are called to pass through during these perilous times. Accompanying this token of regard is a letter containing our sentiments of all the officers in the 12th regiment. In accepting this gift, we wish to convey to you the sentiments of the officers and men toward their honored Colonel.

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It has been understood that the 14th Regiment would be quartered at Fond de Lac, but we learn that some of its officers regard the low and wet location of a camp there as very unsuitable to the season, and are very desirous of being quartered on the superior grounds here. The officers of the 16th and 16th are also anxious to come into camp here.

We think this would be better and cheaper for the State if all three regiments were quartered at Camp Randall. The additional cost of barracks and some other things here would be more than covered by the saving of the reimbursement of military stores, and the telegraphing and sending of messages between head-quarters and scattered camps.

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Mr. Edmon:—The volunteers recently recruited at Hazel Green by Capt. Purman and who have been on board, pay here for several days past, left yesterday for Madison. Hazel Green has thus added forty men to those already in the Army, making in all, 112 men who have gone from this village and immediate vicinity, to do battle under the glorious old Stars and Stripes. Surely we have done well so far as furnishing men is concerned. Can any other town in the county boast of having sent more in proportion to its population?

This party was composed of good, able-bodied men gen rally, and no doubt they will make just such soldiers as will do honor to themselves, and country in the trying hour of battle should they ever be so highly favored as to meet the boasted sons of Chivalry in Dixie.

They will unite with Capt. Robison's company of Madison and will be attached to the 16th Regiment, Col. Allen. They got the 1st Lieutenant and half the non-commissioned officers of the company.—Purman will, without doubt, be elected Lieut. He will make a popular and efficient officer.

On Wednesday evening the party parted of a sumptuous Oyster supper at Crawford's Hall, prepared and served up by the ladies of the Soldier's Aid Society of this place in a manner that did honor to these patriotic ladies. It was a happy occasion and one long to be remembered. By the way, allow me observe that this society is doing a good work. I am informed that the receipts of the Society already amount to upwards of a hundred dollars, and yet it has been organized but a few weeks. They have a box well filled with articles for the hospital, ready for shipment. Yesterday a package containing a round sock and a needle book, the latter filled with articles to tedious too mention was presented to each of the volunteers by Prof. Miller in behalf of the society. Testaments were also presented to those not already supplied by Miss. AngieEmmons. And now the scene became a truly affecting one—we were parted with friends and relatives, our neighbors and old acquaintances, friends bade adieu to friends—the father to the son—the mother to her child and the husband to his wife and children. No wonder the scene was affecting for these whom we bade adieu were going forth to endure the hardships of the camp to meet the foe on the field of battle and perhaps to die. But such is war—such the scourge which unholy men have brought upon a once happy and peaceful land.

Please send these boys the Hearted—

They value it more than any other paper. I will see that some monop is sent you for postage.

M. Hazard Green, Dec., 9th

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Camp Randall, Madison, Dec. 18.

FRIEND Cover:—I wish to thank you, all for your kind remembrance of Hazel Green boys and me, in the matter of sending andWelcome of welcome cards. All such favors are welcomed the soldiers, I assure you. Our friends have done tolerably in the way of letters, not sufficiently well to prevent some embibing and charges of neglect.

To our coming, &c. We left Hazel Green on Friday, December 6th, arriving in Freepor, arrived in Madison Monday evening. We came here with Capt. Robison, intending to consolidate with him, having reported 66 men; arrived here we found he had落户 so we went back to consolidate with him. He, however, consolidated us as soon as we got into the State service.

On Tuesday evening we succeeded in forming a junction with the Darlington company, the three commissioned officers resigning and going into an election anew. I will write you soon again, when the non-commissioned officers are appointed, giving you the names, &c., of the company. At present the officers are as follows: Lieut. C. H. Albert, 1st Lieutenant; D. Gray, 21st Lieutenant; L. C. Johnson, 1st Sergeant. I have been well all the time since my arrival here, till to-day I have been quite unwell, really sick—not able for my daily routine in the old mess-room, although I perform my daily duties.

Having many things from which to select to write my letter, and feeling in poor condition for writing, my letter will likely be mixed. First, at Freepor on the way here, the forty-one of us were weighed, the average weight being one hundred and fifty pounds, the lightest man weighing one hundred and thirty pounds.

Last Saturday the 12th, 15th, and 16th regiments had a grand parade through the city. It was near the last, and when upon the hill, near 4th Lake, I could look down upon all to the right. The street was filled for about a quarter of a mile, the murch being by platoons, eight files in front. I gained then and there a slight idea of an army. I thought, if 2,500 men make such a show, what then of so many as a hundred thousand!!!

Today we had, instead of Battalion drill a Brigade drill, both forenoon and afternoon, each three hours in duration—Col. Bryant commanding as senior colonel.

Our regiment is full to one company; this will be in soon from Eau Claire—Some of the companies are not quite full, two not more than half companies. Our company is the finest in the regiment, except company E, which we are compelled to admit to be about equal. The field officers are: Colons, Allen, Lient. Col. Fairchild, Majors, Reynolds; Adjutants, Sabin, Surgeon, Dr. Eastman.

In speaking of the parade through the city, I omitted to say that we were drawn up in front of the Capitol House and addressed by the Governor in an eloquent and patriotic speech. He spoke of his interest in the volunteers—disclaimed against his being the purpose of the Republican party to make war upon slavery, but to restore the supremacy of the constitution and laws over all the land; but if, in the restoration of government, slavery was in the way, then slavery must stand aside.

The in-coming Governor followed in a few sensible remarks.

There is one more subject of importance, that is the mess-house. You should be at a meal, and see twenty-five hundred men at table. It is a sight worth seeing.

But I would drop this one remark with regard to the mess-room, viz: it is not quite equal to that at the Tyler House in the Green. This I have found out by trying both.

I had much more to write you, but I am too ill this evening. I find I cannot write to all that I have promised, so let me send you this as a letter to all of them, and let them write in reply.

Yours,

D. G. P.
but it is a common remark with them that
"How much better looking tho Haze

The Hazel Green girls and women, God bless them," is the
toost of all over our water at dinner and the
unslopes-coffee at breakfast and supper.
- After the cloths were drawn, the evening was
indcated by speeches from Dr.
Gray Purman on part of the soldiers, and
Mr. Aspinwall on part of the citizens, also
with charades, plays, &c. In all it was a
grand, good time—a good thing to remember.

On Friday we left at 2 p.m. Before
starting, the men were drawn up in line
in front of Mr. Jefferson Crawford’s house,
where, in the presence of a vast concourse
of people, citizens of the Green and of
the neighborhood, Prof. I. H. Miller, in a
few well-timed remarks, presented each of
the volunteers with a needle-book, pair of
socks, towel, &c, on the part of the Sol-
 slander’s Aid Society; at the same time Miss
Angel Emmons presented them severally with
a neat pocket Testament. Lt. D. Gray, in a
few insertions drawn up by O. W. Bennett, one
of the volunteers, expressive of our thanks
to the members of the Soldiers’ Aid Society,
responded in a few words, especially
thanking the ladies for the Testament, and
hoping that the men would read them for
their own worth, for the sake of the don-
ors.

The parting was a time of tears: there
were few who did not give such expres-
sion to their emotions. Amid the many
"God bless you!" and the waving of
handkerchiefs, we bid "good bye" to the
Green.

We all felt attached to our homes; but
now we have learned how much we loved
them and our friends about us.

We will some of us return and seclude
again—others of us will not visit them but
in memory, and thus live with them still.

For the kindnesses we received at your
hands, good friends, both while citizens
and while volunteers, we thank you, and
God bless you.

In behalf of the boys,
Yours,
D. G. P.
The 17th Regiment, or Irish Brigade.

HEAD QUARTERS 17TH REGT., WIS. VOL.44.
Irish Brigade, Milwaukee, Nov. 15.

The undersigned, having been appointed
Commander of Seventeenth Regiment Wis-
cion Volunteers, [Irish Brigade] requests that all
persons holding recruiting commissions for the
Brigade, will forthwith report themselves, by
letter or personally, to these Head quarters,
stating the number and proficiency of the
recruits enlisted, and the particulars in their sever-
ral localities. And also, that all persons desir-
ing such commissions may at once apply to
him thereof, and thus immediate interference
may be guarded against, and an oppor-
tunity afforded to all patriots desirous of Join
ing the Irish Brigade, that the Executive and
Adjutant General’s office, already overcrowded,
may not be encumbered with unnecessary or
improper applications or questions.

And the undersigned would state generally,
here a few days ago making preparations for proper quarters for his men, and I am satisfied by the manner in which he flew around while here, that he intends to have an eye open to their immediate wants and comfort. I find things here considerably improved since the time when the Citizen's Guard first came into quarters at this place last spring. The barracks and mess room are now waterproof while tents are freely supplied whenever needed. As for the victuals it is enough for me to say that they are it “sound and healthy condition” and of great variety; such as beef and potatoes, bread and butters, coffee and water, beans and peas, with a goodly sprinkling of pepper and salt, and occasional fruit, such as melons etc.

One evil exists however which did not when the encampment was first established, and which should be remedied, which is the sale of Lager Beer at the refreshment booths on the ground, resulting sometimes in the Volunteers imbibing a little too freely (some of them) which is apt to make them ugly and “don’t care a damnish.” The soldiers here at present are kept busy at work and are consequently being rapidly drilled, to use an expressive phrase, “up to the handle.” Everybody seems to enjoy good health, although the boys do not appear to me to be as lively as were those composing the already famous “Second.”

Peck, formerly Lieut. Col. of that Regt. arrived in town a few days ago, but whether he came to obtain a new commission, or merely to review the scene of his former labors, departs known not. Capt. Alexander’s men at present have kept busy at work and are consequently being rapidly drilled, to use an expressive phrase, “up to the handle.” Everybody seems to enjoy good health, although the boys do not appear to me to be as lively as were those composing the already famous “Second.”

As for the Captain, he can’t be beat not only at shooting, but in good nature or anything else “for any other man.”

CHARLEY OF NIMROD.

Sharp-shooting Letter No. 20.

Camp of Instruction.

Washington, Oct. 15th.

Ed. Gazette—Received a few days ago a copy of the Gazette containing Letter No. 4, of the S. E. S., and by it I find that No. 3 had not been to time. Whether reason is I cannot say, but I hope it will eventually turn up, as in the same I have a full account of a trip from the Badger State to Old Manhatan Shore. I was glad to learn that McDoelvett letter, that the Second Fox Lake Company had not
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From Berdan’s Regiment of Sharpshooters.

The Wisconsin Boys in Berdan’s Regiment—The Soldier Appetite—Lunch from the Quartermaster—The Camp Ground—The Sharpshooter Drill—Visit from Capt. Randolph, etc.

CAMP OF INSTRUCTION, Head-Quarters Berdan’s, U.S.S.S,
Washington, Oct. 19, ’61, 10 P. M.

Dear Journal:—In letters received today, my friends in Madison complain that I do not write often enough, and tell me of others that complain because I do not write at all. They have not been in De’s, playing soldier and consequently are not posted on the inconveniences of letter writing in camp, among a noisy set of unoccupied soldiers, so I forgive them, and set myself to thinking how I may satisfy them all. I can imagine no better way than to write a letter that they all can read—presuming of course that all my friends ought to, if they do not, read the Journal, and so while the camp is wrapped in the mantle of sleep and all is quiet (with the exception of a few who unwillingly resign themselves so soon to a soldier’s bed—which by the way is not very inviting—sit in groups discussing their pipes and discoursing on profound topics with the present and future) I take my pencil and paper on the table outside my tent, and by the light of the silver moon make a feeble attempt at my first newspaper essay.

We have been in Camp Burnside about three weeks and are just beginning to stagger ourselves that we know it all, but are convinced of the falsity of this idea every day as something turns up quite at variance with what we heretofore expected, but very little, what we are conscious we may expect in larger doses in future.

All your readers have heard of Berdan’s Sharpshooters, but all of them have never heard that Wisconsin has sent the sharppest company of them all. This fact has not been controverted yet, and is not likely to be—least till we get our guns! But it may be a relief to our Madison friends to know that we have not yet gained a reputation as crack shots—which I am sure is no fault of ours—we are acquiring very rapidly a reputation for unparalleled charges on provisons, every one in our Company trying to excel his comrades in the art of eating a day’s ration of bread at one meal. The consequence is there begins to be some murmuring among the men of a lack of the staff of life, and sometimes of the boys complain of not getting enough to eat. The fact is we have come to our appetites, and the rations which at first proved ample sufficient, now assume wonderfully small proportions, which is a good evidence of the good health of the company.

Those of these whose purses were of sufficient length on the start, do not go hungry long, judging from the onslaught made on the baskets of pedlars of pies and cakes for although we pay dear for them they are good, and proceed on so many highly touched subjects.

A few days ago, while engaged in baling dril under the supervision of our Lieut. Colonel, the order to change was given, and away with the Regiment at double-quick, yelling like demons—along our course in front was the ride pit, and ahead the Germans went, better schooled until the completely filled former ammunition instead of a shaky hand with live Dutchmen. They soon discovered it is rally on the centre, understood their mistake and retreated consider posts and other military commands. As the circumstances in good order. Of course for our health I may merely say as did camp is frequently visited by articles of our Lieut. Colonel not long since that of contraband, some of which occasion all things we wanted, and as we have been in Camp Burnside about three weeks and are just beginning to stagger ourselves that we know it all, but are convinced of the falsity of this idea every day as something turns up quite at variance with what we heretofore expected, but very little, what we are conscious we may expect in larger doses in future.

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the laughter of the bystanders, and even of the Nonplussed Provision dealer himself.

Of course we got a share of the spoils and thanked the nonauthority of our friend for one good meal. The question now is who will make the next change.

But perhaps a slight sketch of our camp ground may not be uninteresting. We are situated about a mile and a half north of the Capitol, on a hill overlooking the city, and on the pleasantest camp ground in the district, for anything we know to the contrary. Our streets are laid out neatly with twenty tents to each company. There are a few cedars interspersed here and there on the grounds, affording a grateful shade during the warm weather we have experienced. The eastern slope is covered with a heavy growth of peach trees, which thrive and flourish, the only trouble being that we are too late for the peaches, or rather they were too early for us. At the foot of the orchard are the springs, furnishing the best water that ever filled a canteen. The north overlooks a fine stretch of land, dotted by a few tall cedars and one or two houses. Scott's summer residence is discernable in the distance, at least so the "Doctor," says, and ought to know. At the west is our dwelling ground, where we take intervals forward near an encampment of cavalry—wading through ditches, scrambling through bushes, scaling the hill on our hands and knees, rallying by fours, sevens and plateaus, resist attacks and deploy again, lie down and get up, stand on our heads, turn somersets, climb trees, (for sheetmasts,) advance, retreat and assemble again, besides performing other innumerable feats, all by the sound of the bugle.

At the south west we see Georgetown, and beyond are Arlington Heights—the Arlington House just visible in the distance. A pleasing variety in our monotonous life was a visit this afternoon to our camp by Capt. Randolph, of the 2d Wisconsin, and another member of his company. Their appearance was unexpected, I'mo sooner.

We have been until lately, engaged in battalions drills, daily, weather permitting.

Thursday last (31st ult.) was general muster day, when our pay rolls were handed in and we were inspected with knapsacks packed and reviewed by a member of Gen. McClellan's Staff. While out in line of battle, the Swiss Co., were called upon to skirmish, but were soon after called in, and the Badger's soon after sent forward, to see if the latter couldn't improve upon the performance after "Switz".

The result was our being highly complimented by the field officers for going thro...
the whole skirmish drill without any mistakes, and all by the sound of the bugle. In fact, taking into consideration the short time we have been drilling here it reflects great credit on the military skill of our Captain. We are now practicing the skirmish drill, much more than we have been doing and as we wear on the afternoon drill packed knap sacks, with overcoats inside and blankets rolled up on top, it tries poorer well the stamina of the regiment—especially when on the double quick. We are sometimes charged on to a long paling fence 8 feet in height, over which we go in a hurry although many have to jump up pretty well to get a good hold on the top.

At evening parades, we go through a few battalion movements which generally gives us a good appetite for our supper, and coupled with our other daily work, causes us to bound and feel generally in good gymnastic condition.

We have been visited here by a number of the Citizen's Guard since my last. On the afternoon of the 25th ult. Tom Quinn made his appearance, being on his way home to Fox Lake, having with him John Bennett, Levi and Daniel Bennett of Fox Lake, Frank Higgins and another from near Kingston, who received his discharge from service. Tom as was to be expected, gave us a full account of the Bull Run affair (as he saw it) and spoke with praise of the Citizen's Guard since my last. On hearing the discharge on account of his lameness, he saw it as he saw it, and the lieut. Col. sent us a written compliment, and hoped we would do any worse, and be as we were. It was muster day, also, and we will, it is hoped, get some of Uncle Sam's gold in a day or two, which a great many of the boys like in their pockets. Bennett, Levi and Daniel Bennett of Fox Lake, Frank Higginson and another from near Kingston, who received his discharge from service.

Our sick list is not a very long one, there being but two from Co. S, in the hospital at present, although several are occasionally troubled with slight colds and such like. The Fox Lake representation are all well and send their best respects to all.

A large fire occurred in Washington last Sunday morning we were visited by a regular U. S. Brass Band, belonging to the 5th Infantry, and its many rodders in camp.

Our music here consists solely of the songs from the bugle, and although we march very far such time; and yet, were the two Majors, Handbury and Pinckney, here with us, and the slim and drum, we probably would be hard to beat in their marching line.

In conclusion I'll state that we can now boast of the largest company on the ground, being 107 strong, and if we ever get into a fight, I have reason to believe that the old 107 will do their part in the performances every time.

Charlie of iNgho

From the Sharp Shooters.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 12th, 1861.

Editors Patriot:

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We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter directed to a gentleman of this city, from a "Sharpshooter!"

The new recruit for our company arrived on Wednesday morning. They were all well and had not forgot to bring my box along with them. The contents of the box were disposed of in very short time, and many a prais did the boxes of the cakes of the week. The chuckles were all merrily and very appetizing, but still sufficient of them. I gave Captain a piece of cake; he seemed to be glad to get it, and said that it was the first piece of Wisconsin cake he had seen in a long time. He is getting to be quite a Wisconsin man.

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WASHINGTON, Nov. 7th, 1861.

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A large fire occurred in Washington last Sunday morning we were visited by a regular U. S. Brass Band, belonging to a Cavalry regiment, lately, I hear, from Utah. The way they played Dixie, put me in mind of the many times I have listened to the same tune played by the rival band of Fox Lake, during the past summer. Oh! Carney, Chamberlain and Yohn, where are you?

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Washington, Nov. 7th, 1861.
pleasant during the daytime, and at present we are enjoying fine moonlight nights, but the mornings are pretty cool. However, with five or six in a tent, the majority of us are not dissatisfied with the present arrangement, and we are enjoying the moonlight nights, but the mornings are pretty cool. However, with five or six in a tent, the majority of us are not dissatisfied with the present arrangement. The different companies of the regiment are allowed 20 tents each, and they are pitched on each side of their respective streets, and in line with each other across the tops of the hill, present a very handsome appearance within full view of the Capitol, and from the manner in which it is expected to be seen, the city and surrounding country are enjoying the same. Last evening a grand display of fireworks was held in town, in honor of our new Governor, Major General Geo. B. McClellan, in place of the aged and immortal hero, Winfield Scott, who, lately resigned the position of Chief of Staff in the army, held for so many years with credit to himself and to our country. As the night was fine, the members of the regiment turned out in large numbers to witness the rocket and roman candles as they rose heavenward, and loud to the exciting7 excitement, as balls of fire of red, white, and blue colors, were distributed throughout the sky, as fireflies to the spectators as to the cause of the apparent illumination. In the regiment, and it was generally conceded to be the result of some good party for the great American fleet. A rumor soon spread that the city was taken, and it was great was the rejoicing. In the most part, the real cause was soon made known, which, however, caused no grumbling to be heard, as one and all readily agreed that our gallant leader was entitled to all the honors that may be be sure. And although the report of the capture of Charleston is true, yet the confirmation of the occupation of Beaufort, and raising lines going to the "Secess-ion City," has brought tears to the eyes of the camp and patriotic "hooey's." For the fleet is on the way, and it is no wonder the boys are cheery generally. Pay day in camp is certainly an institution. The camp has a thorough "police" when it is in order, which the men, while waiting their turn to be called up by companies to receive their regular "spondulics," were seen practicing principally of Treasure notes, and a few small change and silver, amuse themselves in different ways, some are wrestling, others boxing, jumping and throwing weights, while many are sitting in their own, or on the ground, and all the while we are enjoying a regular holiday. The sky is blue as a peacock's tail, with pies, cakes, and sweet "trash" generally in fact all kinds of fancy things to take away a foolish soldier's money. A lawn of trees surrounds the world. We have been visited twice by the brass band from a neighboring cavalry regiment, and we are engaged in our our "spondulics," we are sure to be entertained by the "hooey." The only music that is of any note is that of the bugle, it is a bugle that is played by the "hooey." All the music in camp is taken with the "hooey," in fact all we hear is the sound of "hooey." We have been visited twice by the brass band from a neighboring cavalry regiment, and we are engaged in our "spondulics," we are sure to be entertained by the "hooey." The only music that is of any note is that of the bugle, it is a bugle that is played by the "hooey." All the music in camp is taken with the "hooey," in fact all we hear is the sound of "hooey." We have been visited twice by the brass band from a neighboring cavalry regiment, and we are engaged in our "spondulics," we are sure to be entertained by the "hooey." The only music that is of any note is that of the bugle, it is a bugle that is played by the "hooey." All the music in camp is taken with the "hooey," in fact all we hear is the sound of "hooey."
Wis., (Fox Lake Citizen's Guard) have been over here, among them the Captain, who however, remained but a short time, being as usual with him, too much business on hand to remain long in one place. Lt. Jones had a short spell of sickness, the first since he entered the service, some three weeks ago, and Corporal Gil-more of this company, went over the river to see him, and I've since understood that Tom's, but the former went over on a pass. Bill, however, is all right again I believe, which news, I believe, the readers of the Gazette will all be very glad to hear. Soon after Capt. S. arrived back to his company with some thirteen recruits, a change was made in the non-commissioned officers;—J. M. Chapman, 1st Sergeant, L. T. Robbins 2d Sergeant, H. H. Bay 3d Sergeant, F. F. Dexter 4th Sergeant (as before) and Alonzo (acting) Lieutenant Colonel Mears, red Lark 5th Sergeant, F. A. Nichols 1st Corporal, and Sills Bennett and A. J. Chapman promoted from privates to Corporals. Other changes were made, but not being fully posted, I cannot give the full particulars. The last visitor from the Citizens' Guard, was Corporal Nichols, who was here on the 11th inst, and who informed me that the 2d Wis. were to leave the next day for Picket Duty some eight or ten miles from their present encampment. They were to be gone three days. On the 30th ult., we were reviewed by Gen. McDowell, and had Monthly Inspection in the P. M, and at evening Parade, Gov. Randall, Major Larrable, of the "Fighting Fifth," and Capt. McIlvey, formerly an officer in Wisconsin, now of a Cavalry Regiment, paid us a visit, and all seemed well pleased with the Regiment, figuring conspicuously in which were the "Badger Boys." Another member of the 5th Wis. was also here at the same time, namely, Samuel Dexter, Esq., who took advantage of a pass to Washington, "on business," to come up and see his friends from Fox Lake, all of whom were glad enough to see him. Sam looked well, and with the exception of one or two days sickness of a slight nature, had been tough and rugged ever since he came "to the war." His great hobby is Picket Duty, at which I believe he is an apt hand and not disliking the business, he is therefore well fitted for a good scout. As a sharpshooter, his reputation is known around Fox Lake, and the stranger who crosses his path need not try the dodging game when the son of Old Dead draws a bead.

We have had two fires in camp since my last; the first being the Colonel's quarters, the right wing of which burned down one Sunday morning after breakfast call. The different members of the two regiments worked faithfully on the burning premises, among whom may be mentioned T. McCauley of Fox Lake. The other fire was that of a tent situated on Knickerbocker Avenue, (long Island company) belonging to the privates, and by which several of them lost their clothing, trapsacks &c. Fired from their place while out on Dress Parade.—We are surrounded here by many different Regiments, and several well built forts, one of which,—"Bunker Hill"—we've staked out nearby several times.

On the 27th ult., our regimental Inspector of the 1st & 2d Regiments, sought out by General McClellan, of New York to contest for by those having the best service of the Two Regiments. As the 2d Wis. were then at a place where General McClellan's tent was stationed, he being a Lieutenant in the Regular Service. Since then our new Lieut. Colonel, Wm. S. W. R. Key, of Vermont, has taken charge of the 1st Regiment, and we expect in a few days a new Colonel. Another Regimental services by the Chaplain, previous to which Col. Berdan discharged all the prisoners in the Guard House, none of which, however, were from company G. In fact, the Badgers have kept out of that place for some time, and I've hopes will continue to do so while in the service. To the observance of Thanksgiving Day. After the services were over, the Colonel offered a purse of five dollars to the best off hand shot on a string of two shots at 40 rods distance, to be contested for by those having guns which proscribed the Badger boys out. In the P. M. the shooting came off, the judges being Capt. Giroux, of company C (Michigan) and Orilley Sergeant Stevens, of company G (Badgers). The winner — A. Brown of the Vermont company (F) made a string of 84 inches on two shots. This, however, was beaten a week or two afterwards, at another shooting match, by a "Gander," who strung a line of over six inches on three shots—same terms. An oyster supper in the evening during a slight rain storm wound up the day by the Michigan and Wisconsin boys.

The New Hampshire men had a grand dinner early in the P. M., but how the other companies fared I did not learn. On the day after Thanksgiving a few of our men, among them Sergeant J. W. Staples, received by express a box of refreshments, from their friends at home, and not only did they appreciate the good things generally therein contained, but also did many other members of the company.

Sharp Shooting Letter, No. 8.

CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1861.

Ed. Gazette:

Thinking one more letter this year would not be out of place, I therefore set down to write pretty quick, as to finish it before another year sets in. Now many strange and eventful things happen in the course of a year. One year ago to-night, there were in Fox Lake and vicinity, many persons engaged in a peaceful life, that are now hundreds of miles away, busily engaged in the scenes and struggles of "war in changed war." As it is with Fox Lake, so the same may be said of probably every other village city, or even hamlet throughout the entire Badger State; and of the thousands that have left their homes and friends to march southward to defend their Government from the results of its rebellions enemies, there are some, and probably many, who will never return—whose whitened bosoms, on some bloodied field, will rattle for vengeance on the heads of those whose wicked ambition can fit to jeopardize the existence of the best and most honorable Government on the face of God's Earth. Those that do return, however,—and may it happen before another year rolls by—will, I hope, have victory perched upon their banners and that so truly that not again will future history record any attempt to humble down the True Flag or to undermine the foundations of our Government.

The last letter I sent to the Gazette was mailed on the 19th inst. On the 21st two days after, your correspondent in company with Lieut. Shepard crossed the Potomac and paid a visit to the 7th and 2d Wisconsin Regiments. As the 2d Wis. however, is the Regt. with which the good people of Fox Lake and vicinity are probably more acquainted, and therefore interested, than any other in the service, I will
In my last (No 7) I believe I stated that the 24 were about to go on Picket Duty. Well, they went! And after they had taken their respective posts, many members soon after started forward some two or three miles further on from the advance line, and commenced to forage. General King and Staff came along while they were absent, and finding them away started in pursuit. While busily engaged scanning the country from a prominent position, the General suddenly discovered something moving cautiously in the tall grass near by. It proved to be the wild reckless Pickets that had been missing from their posts. They supposing the General and Staff to be so incautious determined to surround them. On getting within gun-shot, however, they discovered their mistake and made as quiet a retreat back to their respective posts, some having with them seats chairs poultry, and in one instance a long cross cut saw (which by the way may now be seen at their regular encampment back of the Belle City tents, where it is used in cutting up wood.) The General on arriving back to the lines found the roving Pickets back to their posts and in reply to his enquiries stoutly denied having left their beats at all. (the spoils of their trip being hid nicely in the bushes near by.) Gen King left them fully convinced that the 2d Wisconsin were too tough a set for exploitation.

January 2d 1862.

The above was written towards the close of last year, but I'll add a few lines before closing. Yesterday being New Year's day, the entire 1st Regiment of Sharpshooters (a tale, but I'll allow excepted) went off from camp some three or four miles, on a tramp with knapsacks, canteens and one day's rations and arms—what nature gave them—to a place known as Meridian Hill. Here we remained some three hours or more, and amused ourselves by drinking cider, presented by Captain Drew of the Wisconsin company, stumpiing, visiting the 77th N. Y., many of whom were dressed up in all sorts of rags and tags of different colors and shapes, and a few stray rifle shots at 500 yards distant with a few New Hampshire rifles taken along by some of the members of that company. The regiment returned to the camp about 3 P.M. Here I found Lieut. Jones of the 2d, Jones of the 2d Wisconsin, and Mr. Mullan of the 2d Wisconsin, and we all agreed on seeing the 2d Wisconsin the next day. We all had a good time.

Respectfully, &c.,

CHARLEY OF NIMROD.

CARL SCHURZ'S CAVALRY REGIMENT.

The War Department has commissioned Carl Schurz, of Wisconsin, to raise a Regiment of Germans, to serve as cavalry during the war. He wants only those who have served in the cavalry service in Europe, and who will consequently need but little instruction. A company is being raised in Cincinnati.

Schurz gives the following particulars,
A letter to a friend in Milwaukee, with regard to the instructions he has received from the War Department, for the formation of his regiment:

I am instructed to only—principally such men as have heretofore served in the cavalry, and who will require much drilling before taking the field. The recruiting is to be authorized by the signed order of two companies, each company organized as follows: First Lieutenant, one; Second Lieutenant, one; First Sergeant, one; Second Sergeant, one; Corporal, two; Bugler, two; Farriers and Blacksmiths, one; Saddler, one; Wagner, and seventy-two privates; aggregate, ninety-five men, rank and file. Men will be required to furnish their own horses, arms, and equipment, for which they will be allowed fifty cents per day for use and risk.

The Volunteer Company shall elect their permanent officer, furnished by the Government, and the men will be supplied with a uniform of dark grey cloths, and the army hat. Anns will be furnished by the Government, and the men will be required to furnish their own lieutenants of cavalry from this State, as well as a Colonel by Gov. Randall, for the regiment, two lieutenants, two aides and an adjutant, each company or regiment on Several patriotic gentlemen have, however, taken the matter in hand, and a personal application will be made to General Fremont to accept, equip and provide for a Regiment of Cavalry from this State, as he has done by two regiments from Illinois and one from Iowa. The movement has been delayed that it might not interfere with the procuring of recruits by Col. Daniels. Application has been made to the War Department for permission to be given to Capt. McIntyre to accept the command of the regiment when raised, which has been tendered him by the Governor. All persons who are interested in this subject can obtain any additional information on application to E. A. Calcott, Esq., of this city.

An application to raise a company has been issued to John D. Wilson of this city, and those wishing to join can apply to him. Papers throughout the State will confer a favor by giving publicity to these facts.

Wisconsin Cavalry.

Having been authorized to raise a regiment of cavalry in Wisconsin, I desire to enlist immediate volunteers to form a battalion of four companies for the war. The men required must be of good general health, sound in body, temperate habits, and skilled in riding and taking care of horses. They will furnish their own horses, which should be of medium size, and noted for bottom rather than speed; without material blemish—mares preferred as having more endurance. The pay is made for at 50 cents per day, while in the U.S. service, and their full value if lost. No out-of-state men will be tendered for drill as soon as possible after harvest, as a common rendezvous. The company organization will not take place till some time is allowed for recruiting and acquiring the uniform. The companies will consist of 50 privates and the usual officers. They will be assembled for drill at once as soon as possible, and companies of untrained riders will be rejected.

Your petition has yet been made for cavalry by the State, but we can safely trust to the patriotism of our people, who, either as individuals or in townships and counties, will support and sustain the men while they are receiving instructions and drill. Good horsemen who can ride a horse will be found for this service. Some will be able to equip and maintain themselves. Those who need aid will no doubt be furnished by the towns and counties in which they reside.

Are there not two hundred towns that will equip and maintain two men each, if they are accepted by the United States? Are there not thousands who, in this hour of peril, will aid the liberties of the United States by the use of horses, arms, and grain for man and beast, for a few weeks? Will not the ladies of Wisconsin, already immortal for their generous devotion to liberty, send out their horses and men to aid the Union? Your hearts have kindled at the recital of these great sacrifices which won our freedom; will you not also think it the same spirit that must preserve it? It is not a sacrifice but a glorious privilege to spend our money, and lives for the great liberties, which the blood of heroes and martyrs purchased, and which is to bless all coming generations on this continent.

Newspapers and men of education are gathering squadrons into the field. Let us not be outdone by these sister States. Give us your aid, your horses, and women as well as men. We will try to renew again the old Ingenuity of Cromwell on the battle fields of constitutional liberty for this we are determined to do. We will welcome hardships, danger and death in this holy cause. Let such come with us, and whether they be few or many, the Lord God be with us, who made Israels 300 in one battle, and who has become our strength and safeguard. We will work and suffer and fight, and all the time work and suffer and fight, and all the time be successful in raising cavalry and protecting our State and country. Windsor will be the rendezvous for all who wish to enlist, or give aid in any way. We will gather at this point, and as many as wish to enlist, of both men and women, will be made welcome, and all who wish to aid in any way will have our hearty welcome.

Edward Daniels, Colonel of Cavalry.

A Regiment of Cavalry.

Col. Edward Daniels publishes in the Standard Advocate, a circular setting forth that he has been authorized to raise a regiment of Cavalry upon this State, and wishes to take as a nucleus a battalion of four companies consisting of 50 men each.

Colonel Daniels has been regularly commissioned as a Colonel by Gov. Randall, for the purpose of raising this regiment, and therefore acts under ample authority. Colonel Daniels, we have every reason to believe from our knowledge of him, will make an efficient officer, and one that it will be agreeable to serve under. Those who desire to enter this arm of the service, have a chance now under favorable auspices.

All communications should be addressed to Col. Daniels at Ripon, or Col. Calvert C. White, at Madison.

A Wisconsin Cavalry Regiment.

There have been a large number of cavalry companies enlisted and organized in this State, preparatory to going to the war. Some are nearly full, and ready to go at once into camp; others have been formed, but have become discouraged by the difficulty of getting into the field, and have partially disbanded, but are ready to take hold at once as soon as there is an opening for doing so. But the Legislature in its wisdom withheld from Gov. Rand-
The following morning Col. Daniels made a speech to his men, rather calculated to incite them to fresh outrages upon the people than to prevent another outbreak. We give the rumor as we hear it, not knowing what provocation there may have been for such conduct. We can hardly conceive of any condition of circumstances within this State, at the present time, that could justify a resort to these summary proceedings, or warrant an officer to them the slightest countenance.

An Extra of the Ripon Star gives an account of the recent mobbing of that office. It says it was entered on the evening of Thursday week, between the hours of 6 and 7 when all hands were absent, by a few of the cavalry, the types pieced and a good deal of damage done. They had not finished their work when the mass of the regiment came up and the rioters fled.

Lieut. Com. Saratoga Hewitt and private Crocker, all of company B, were first upon the scene in which we have given them the depositions filed upon the first initiation of the approach of boys from the Camp, for they knew that the first act of men cannot come to them. In the confusion but two of those engaged in the outrage were arrested, and here the gallant charge made through the crowd by Lieut. Com. was the work of but a few minutes that brought into line the great body of Cavanlry, and disposed of them as willing and anxious guards for us and the rest of the city.

The Star accuses all but a very few of the regiment of blame. As a general rule it says the men are well-behaved, but is severe upon Col. Daniels, whom it charges with having, the morning preceding the attack on the office, "made an angry and abusive speech to the regiment, in which he labored to incite a feeling among the men against the town and the press."

A letter received by us last evening, from the gentleman on whose authority we first published the fact of the attack on the office, writes us: "You misunderstood me the other day in my remarks in regard to the speech of Mr. Daniels. The speech was made on the morning of the same day that the Star office was mobbed—not the following one." We saw the gentleman but a moment, and it seems misunderstood him in regard to the date of Col. Daniels' speech.

From Camp Fremont:

Camp Fremont, Ripon, Wis. Nov 25th, 1861.

I promised you, at your request, when I left Debit, that I would furnish you an occasional line in regard to our Camp. I have not forgotten that promise, although a multitude of duties have prevented me from fulfilling it previous to the present time; indeed, I can hardly realize that more than a month has already passed away.

I like camp life; its daily duties although onerous are pleasant, and there is a satisfaction in knowing that the cause in which we are engaged is one not only worthy of the life of the highest and lowest in the land.

Perhaps a detail of our daily duties might be of interest to you. At half past five in the morning the trumpet sounds reveille, at which signal every member of the battalion immediately rises, having twenty-five minutes in which to wash and prepare for roll-call. The roll is then called by companies, and the remainder of the time until seven o'clock is spent in the salute exercise. Breakfast at seven o'clock in buildings which have been erected as dining halls, where the soldiers to the number of five or six hundred eat together, under the direction of the non-commissioned officers. At eight o'clock guard mounting. From nine until half-past ten the soldiers are drilled in the school of the trooper mounted, by platoons and companies. From half past ten until twelve non-commissioned officers drill, in which all the non-commissioned officers, under competent instructors, are thoroughly drilled in the lesson for the soldiers to be given the next day. At twelve dinner. At one, commissioned officers class, under the direction of the Colonel, at which time, all business matters are brought up, and anything pertaining to the well-being of the camp discussed. At two, company and squadron drill, under the direction of the Captains; this continues until half-past three. At four battalion drill under the direction of the Colonel and Adjutant; this continues until five. At five supper. At six, Dress Parade.

After parade the soldiers are allowed to be out of camp for one hour. The evenings when pleasant are spent by the soldiers in a variety of games, fencing, leap frog, boxing, "menagerie," and many other sports, in which, while engaging in, I will be "pink." Of the game called "menagerie," I can give you no adequate perception, only by having you imagine all the quadrupeds and bipeds of this mundane sphere let loose and each talking in its own peculiar language. Sufficient to say that all the zones are fully represented.

Nine o'clock comes, when the tattoo is sounded by a full concert of bugles and trumpets; in fifteen minutes every light in the barracks must be out and silence preserved until the next morning.

The two college buildings are occupied, the one by the soldiers as barracks, and the other as officers' quarters. The officers, a number of them having their wives with them, occupy the west building, eating at a common table in the dining hall below; and the evening reunions in the parlor, enlivened by the music of the violin, &c. (the and so forth comprehensible) have compelled us to mutually exclaim, "bless us, this is pleasant"—more pleasant than we have any right to expect when summoned to Secessiondom.

Our rations in both departments are generous and of excellent quality. Our men are in the best of spirits, although none of the order is allowed in camp. One battalion is full to over-flowing. Four companies of 100 men each are already mustered into the United States service, and three more companies are reported nearly full. We shall fill up to a regiment. This morning we were paraded by companies in close order, when a dispatch from the Quarter Master General was read by Col. Daniels, saying that we should be uniformed and equipped by the State immediately. After a short speech the companies dispersed with three rousing cheers for the Colonel and three more for the State of Wisconsin.

Visitors from abroad, who have seen the Wisconsin Regiments, give us the credit of being the best behaved and most vigorous and athletic body of troops yet enlisted in the State. We hope we have seen no reason to dispute them. More anon.

Very truly yours,

C. L. P.

Cavalry Correspondence.

Camp Fremont, Ripon, Oct. 4, '61.

That the readers of your excellent paper may know what advancement the members of the First Battalion of Wisconsin Cavalry are making towards preparing themselves for action, I will, at this time, note a few facts which may be of interest to some of your readers. Up to last Friday, the time was spent in squad drill, and the interest begun to abate.

Since then the men have been exercised in battalion, squadron and company drill. In these drills much more interest is taken, and company pride stimulates the boys to action. On last Friday evening the Colonel received a telegram that the State would equip us immediately. Parties who affirm that they overheard the dispatch, state that we are ordered to Washington in Gen. King's Brigade, as soon as we are ready to march. This may be so, but has not been officially announced.

This news, like a current of electricity, passed round the camp till each breath became well charged. The eyes glistened, faces were covered with smiles, hats were thrown in the air, and a general time of rejoicing followed. The boys are anxious to move forward and join the gallant sons of Wisconsin under Gen. King—"who have gone before."

Let Wisconsin make a united blow for
freedom. The contract for our uniforms was let on last Monday, to a firm in Madison. They will be finished in twenty days from the date of the contract; they will be a superior uniform; several of the officers have procured their uniforms.—The entire suit is blue, with a yellow seam in the pantaloons. One hundred and fifty pairs of blankets have arrived, which were sought for eagerly by the boys.

In this connection, I would say to the patriotic ladies of Berlin, who furnished us the thirty-two quilts and blankets, that they have the best wishes of the boys, and will long be remembered for this kind act.

Gen. Stevens, of this State, author of the Broad sword Exercise, is drilling us in the saber exercise. The General is an Englishman, a large, portly, but well developped, man; he can handle the sword with as much ease as a hungry soldier does his knife and fork. The class, before engagig with the saber, are put through a gymnastic exercise, which will develop the system and make good looking soldiers of us. We are still fed by contract; Mr. Young, of Madison, is the contractor, he gets 29 cts. per head each day, for furnishing the provision, which is cooked by the class, before eating, the officers of our camp, and the best men of our regiment. The class, before eating, the officers of our camp, and the best men of our regiment.

The boys are enjoying good health, all are well; the heat and humidity, and the heat of the sun, are put through a system of air exercise, which will develop the system and make good looking soldiers of us. We are still fed by contract; Mr. Young, of Madison, is the contractor, he gets 29 cts. per head each day, for furnishing the provision, which is cooked by the class.

The doctor comes in, and the boys are put through a system of air exercise, which will develop the system and make good looking soldiers of us. We are still fed by contract; Mr. Young, of Madison, is the contractor, he gets 29 cts. per head each day, for furnishing the provision, which is cooked by the class.

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By order of commandant,

E. Daniels,

November 14, 1861

CAPTAIN,

You will see that the accompanying order is delivered immediately to your orderly sergeant, and duly executed.

We will put this last effort of Ed. Daniels to put the troops in the state of comfort and disgrace that is surging about, and that will surely swallow him, against any similar article that this war has brought forth.

The moral of this great struggle, when written, will be replete with the most wonderful accounts of devoted patriotism and love of Country, struggling against the blackest treason—Truthful history must tell how brave men left home and all its endorsements, sacrificed position, influence, even business and all that is loved and cherished, suffered in camps, in the field, in barracks, and manfully stood in all places where it was necessary that a soldier should be a brave man, and face the evil.

Here we were received by the generous citizens, who furnished us with a good supper, though on short notice. They expected us on Thursday, and had been to a good deal of expense and trouble to provide as a dinner.

We arrived at Kenosha at six o'clock Sunday morning. After parading the principal streets we were assigned to our quarters. The first squadron occupied the City Hall, the second and third the Durkee House.

This is a four story brick building, capable of accommodating seven hundred men. Here we found every preparation for our comfort, and we were immediately run a squadron into a large dining room and into a hearty breakfast, which our rooms were assigned us, and in a few minutes stores were put up by noon, and we were well established.

We will have a beautiful camp and parade ground. It is three quarters of a mile from the city, and as far from the Lake. The tents have good high sides and will be as comfortable as a house. The citizens are doing all in their power to make us happy and comfortable. We shall remain where we are till our tents and mess stores are ready for our reception. The train containing our baggage and horses, in charge of the signal train, reached a Ripon station, and by 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Monday, November 14th

Considerable anxiety was felt by those who had horses to ride, but they were allowed to do so on consideration of the storm raging a Ripon station.

I am told that we have been assigned to Gen. Harvey's Brigade of Kentucky. Our officers have 'closed' the camp Harvey in honor of the General.

The Perugino informed me that it would take $40,000 to pay off the staff officers and seven companies. We had but little sickness while in camp at Ripon, only two were left on account of sickness, but since we came here the number has increased. Among those on the sick list are Ezra Forysth and Henry Bassett, but they are doing well.

Several of the Badger Battery boys have been taken sick, and invited us— Cincinnati boys—to take dinner with them on Thursday. Their regiment has purchased one thousand weight of turkeys for dinner. Four hundred suits of uniforms have arrived and will be distributed immediately. All persons writing to the Cincinnati boys here in camp should direct to Gen. Harvey, Kenosha, Wis.

The First Wisconsin Cavalry

The Kenosha Telegraph furnishes some particulars concerning the First Wisconsin Cavalry now at Camp Harvey, near that city. Below is a list of the regimental officers with the companies composing it:

Colonel

Ezra Forshay and Henry Bassett.

Major

G. M. " J. A. Owen.

Captain, " F. J. Decker, Haverly, Effond.

Quartermaster, " C. H. Chittenden, Ulpton.

Surgeon—H. H. Porter, Co. I, is also filling his company.

Orderly Sergeant, " C. A. Pettibone.

Decker, Haverly.

W. J. Buckler, Beaver Dam.

Capt. " W. T. Johnson, Battey Dam.

G. W. Frederick, Milwaukee.

Orderly Sergeant, " F. A. Keaton, Co. D.

Orderly Sergeant, " W. D. Thomas, Co. D.

Orderly Sergeant, " H. S. Curtis, Kenosha.

Orderly Sergeant, " C. A. Pettibone, Co. K.

Orderly Sergeant, " A. H. Jackson, Co. K.

Orderly Sergeant, " John Hyde, Kenosha.

Quartermaster, " J. A. Owen.

Decker, Haverly.

C. A. Pettibone, Co. K.

H. H. Porter, Co. I.

Joseph Meiner, Delavan.

J. A. Owen.

Capt. " A. S. Bateon, Co. K, has some fifty six men in camp, and is filling up his company.

The above are the only companies filled.

In addition to these, Capt. L. M. Smith, of Waukesha, Co. H, has some fifty men in camp, and is filling up as fast as possible.

Capt. Charles L. Porter, Co. I, is also filling his company.

We have at last made a strike and changed our quarters. The early part of last week, Col. Daniels issued orders for the regiment to strike tents at sunrise on Thursday morning. On Wednesday, a large quantity of baggage was prepared to ship, but the Col. was perfecting his plans, some individuals, by his representations, persuaded the Governor to countermand the order. This caused no little feeling in the camp, for we were all ready and anxious to move, but the citizens of Ripon were not anxious to have us leave, for they were looking for a rich harvest from the boys who were being paid off. The Col. determined to carry out his previous plans, and immediately proceeded to Madison to see the Governor.

Friday evening, we were again ordered to strike our tents at 5 A.M. on the following morning. During the night a severe snow storm set in, but we were comfortable in our tents. When we arose, the storm was still raging, but we did not stop on that account; and in a short time all the tents were struck, and we were on our way to the depot. At noon Passenger train, consisting of fourteen coaches, moved off, drawn by ten locomotives. The snow had filled the track and we were delayed thereby for several hours. Our way we were honored with the usual cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. We arrived at Port Atkinson at seven o'clock.

Here we were received by the generous citizens, who furnished us with a good supper, though on short notice. They expected us on Thursday, and had been to a good deal of expense and trouble to provide as a dinner.

We arrived at Kenosha at six o'clock Sunday morning. After parading the principal streets we were assigned to our quarters. The first squadron occupied the City Hall, the second and third the Durkee House.

This is a four story brick building, capable of accommodating seven hundred men. Here we found every preparation had been made for setting up and we were immediately run a squadron into a large dining room and into a hearty breakfast, which our rooms were assigned us, and in a few minutes stores were put up by noon, and we were well established. We will have a beautiful camp and parade ground. It is three quarters of a mile from the city, and as far from the Lake. The tents have good high sides and will be as comfortable as a house. The citizens are doing all in their power to make us happy and comfortable. We shall remain where we are till our tents and mess stores are ready for our reception. The train containing our baggage and horses, in charge of the signal train, reached a Ripon station, and by 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Considerable anxiety was felt by those who had horses to ride, but they were allowed to do so on consideration of the storm raging a Ripon station.

I am told that we have been assigned to Gen. Harvey's Brigade of Kentucky. Our officers have 'closed' the camp Harvey in honor of the General.

The Perugino informed me that it would take $40,000 to pay off the staff officers and seven companies. We had but little sickness while in camp at Ripon, only two were left on account of sickness, but since we came here the number has increased. Among those on the sick list are Ezra Forysth and Henry Bassett, but they are doing well.

Several of the Badger Battery boys have been taken sick, and invited us— Cincinnati boys—to take dinner with them on Thursday. Their regiment has purchased one thousand weight of turkeys for dinner. Four hundred suits of uniforms have arrived and will be distributed immediately. All persons writing to the Cincinnati boys here in camp should direct to Gen. Harvey, Kenosha, Wis.

The First Wisconsin Cavalry
School of this city, has been authorized to
raise a company of teachers and students
for this Regiment, and has commenced to
recruit his company, with his usual energy
and activity.

"Camp Harvey" has been located on the
"sand ridge", just south of the ceme-
tery grounds. It is a fine location for the
camp, with plenty of room for cavalry
drill and parade. The ground is such
that there will be no mud in the worst
weather, and yet the sand is sufficiently
compact to make a good surface. The
tent houses, are supplied with stoves,
and when fully completed will be quite
comfortable. The officers' quarters are at
the north side of the grounds.

The Telegraph says the men are well
beloved, and in physical rank number
one. Only about 100 horses are yet in
possession of the Regiment, but three or
four hundred more are expected in a few
days.

Cavalry for the War.—The commis-
sioners, acting by Capt. Palmer, to raise
a company of cavalry in this county, as
mentioned in our columns some days since.

The difficulty in the way of the success
of the movement is that the State under
the law of last winter can only raise and equip
infantry. It is easy enough to procure re-
cruits, with horses of their own, but not
those that are able to equip themselves.
The Governor, now at Washington,
was to make an effort to have the
government supply equipments to those
who will enlist with horses. It he is
successful in this fact will be announced
immediately on his return and the enlistment
for Capt. Palmer's company will proceed.

When the company is formed they can
either join such other companies as may
be raised to make a regiment or may tend
their services independently to the
Government. We understand that many of
the Danne Cavalry will enlist under
Capt. Palmer, who was formerly orderly
sergeant of that excellent company, and
to whom its good discipline is in a great
measure owing.

Rev. Capt. Wood's Cavalry Com-
pany.—Capt. Wood's Company met for
drill at Patch Grove, Saturday, as no
ticed. They are to meet again on com-
ming Saturday. We learn that, notwithstanding
the cold and snow, an addition of six
new recruits were received, which with two
since made in all 59, most of whom are
sworn in. On Saturday, A. H. Holloway,
M. L. Pratt, John Conner and John Tay-
lor; also, Tho. Ferris and John Hale of Fenimore,
visited. Since then Isaac M. Lander and one other
have given their names. Some twenty others
are promised from several parts of the
county. It is hoped that by next Sat-
urday the company will be filled to the min-
um number of seventy, when officers
may be elected. The Company meet daily
at Patch Grove for drill at 9 o'clock, a.m.
and 2 o'clock, p.m.

Rev. Capt. Wood's Company Or-
organized.

The meeting of Capt. Wood's Company
on Saturday was a success, there being an
accretion of nine, raising the company to
76 members. The men proceeded at once
to elect officers, the result being as follows:
For Captain, R. R. Wood; for First Lieu-
tenant, M. W. Wood; for Second Lieu-
tenant, David L. Riley, all elected by a ma-
nomous vote. The general drill day
was changed from Saturdays to Wednes-
days. The weather was unfavourable, otherwise
our informant thinks ten or fifteen more
would have been present to join. Twenty-
five more are wanted to fill the com-
pany to its maximum. This number must
be raised in ten days as by that time the company
expects to leave for camp. Re-
ports are circulated to begot doubts wheth-
er Col. Washburn's Regiment will be ac-
cepted. Government having announced that
no more Cavaliers are wanted. Col.
Washburn has full assurance that the Reg-
imont will be accepted, and the money is
ready for the purchase of horses and other
equipment.

Captain R. R. Wood's Cavalry.


Mr. Editor,—Our usually quiet town
was crowded today by the presence
of Capt. R. R. Wood's Cavalry Company.
They were paraded and drilled by Lieut.
Riley of Col. Daniel's Cavalry and M. W.
Wood. They are a fine looking body
of men. After the company was organized
by signing the mustering roll and being sworn
into State service, and consequently
received under pay and board, we had the
pleasure of listening to a patriotic speech from
our Captain, after which we adjoin-
ed to meet on Saturday next for drill and
to transact any other business that may
come before us, at which time we think our
company will be filled up at least to the
minimum number of seventy men. To-
day we had an addition of eight. Several
of the company have gone out to recruit,
and the balance remaining here to drill. By
the liberal and patriotice of Mr. G. Fosý
several of the volunteers partook
of a good free dinner.

Yours truly,
C. F. Chambers.

The Third Cavalry Regiment.

The recent decision of the war department is likely
to disband the cavalry regiments of Colo-
nels Barrow and Washburn from this
State.

This decision is likely to work great
hardship in adhered to. Men here and in
other States have been at work in good
faith, spending their time and energies in
disbanding companies, and are now threatened
with sustaining a loss of all that they
have done. We trust there may be some
modification of the order.

The Third Cavalry Regiment.

The following particulars in regard to Col.
Barston's Cavalry Regiment, which may be of
interest to our readers, we clip from the Janes-
ville Gazette:

"A full squadron—two companies—from
Minnesota, has been attached by the war de-
partment to Col. Barston's Cavalry Regiment.
They are now in the city, and will arrive here
on Wednesday.

The first battalion of this regiment is now
full, and the second is nearly so, requiring
about sixty men only to complete it.

The balance of the regiment is already re-
cruited, but have not yet been mustered into the
United States service.

The men mustered into service are in camp
upon the fair grounds in this city. They have
Sibley tents, warmed by stoves, and are very
comfortable, considering the inclemency of the
weather, and their recent change from home to
camp life.

The contract for subsistence was let on
Thursday, in Milwaukee, by Capt. Townbridge,
of the United States army. E. Young, of Madison,
obtained the contract for subsistence at
14 cents per ration. E. P. King, of Beloit, has
the contract for forage at 20 cents per bushel
for corn, 20 cents for oats, and—per ton for hay.
J. L. Coats, of Chicago, has the contract for
fuel, at $1 per cord, hard wood, which will
be used on the march, on the Line of the
railway.

The uniforms for this regiment, except pants,
have been received. They are good and sub-
stantial, and the men are well pleased with
them, especially the large and comfortable
overcoats, which are definitely a good thing in
thiscold weather.

The Madison Cavalry, Capt. Derry, ar-
ived on Wednesday, and were mustered into
the United States service by Capt.
Lamont, of the regular army, the muster-
ing officer. They were a fine looking body
of men. Capt. Derry is a former officer
in the Queen's Life Guard, the finest body
of cavalry in the world, is an accomplished
swordman, and makes a fine appearing
officer. Lieut. Welch, the orderly
officer, is an escorting officer of the region,
and makes a fine appearing officer of
himself. Lieut. Welch, the escorting
officer, is an escorting officer of the region.
tored 120 men, as good as ever straddled a horse. They were very comfortable, well supplied with blankets, comforters and bed clothes, and showed a good proficiency in drill. They are commanded by Capt. A. C. Brackett, an experienced officer. Col. Barstow, with desire of filling up with Wisconsin men only, liked the handsomely style, in which the Minnesota company was offered, and accepted them at once.

A fine company, fully uniformed, has been tendered from St. Paul. It is commanded by Capt. C. O. Brackett, an experienced officer. Col. Barstow, with desire of filling up with Wisconsin men only, liked the handsome style, in which the Minnesota company was offered, and accepted them at once.

The regiment was to have been commissioned as a cavalry regiment in this State. The group will go into camp next week at Janesville, a comfortable quarters being provided by the city. The companies as fast as they arrive will be inspected and formed up for the accommodation of the drill. The regiment will come in and be inspected. The board of inspectors consists of Wm. P. Barragany, a native of Milwaukee, and Andrew Bishop of Madison. The uniforms are ordered directly from the U. S. A. and have been shipped from Philadelphia. They will be here in a day or two.

The regimental officers thus far appointed are as follows:

Colonel, Wm. A. Barstow.

First Major, E. A. Oalkins.

Second Major, B. S. Henning.

Quarter Master, A. W. Farr. — Janesville Gazette.

Col. Barstow's Regiment.—Secrets.

Cameron has approved the act of Gen. Fremont judging that he had been drinking and had not been so sober as he was at the time of the commission.

The regiment is in camp at Janesville, and is in process of organization. The companies are fully equipped, and are ready for action. The regiment is full, and has since received its commission as a cavalry regiment.

The regiment is in camp at Janesville, and is in process of organization. The companies are fully equipped, and are ready for action. The regiment is full, and has since received its commission as a cavalry regiment.
clean our horses and exercise them for one hour; take them a mile to water; return to breakfast on foot, colored with something like oil and pork; the latter nearly raw sometimes; next clean our horses and wash ourselves, polish boots and buttons, then foot drill till nine, then saddle horses and drill till half-past eleven; then water horses and feed them, and dine on some bread and mast. Clean horses again, and drill on saddle, then drill on horseback till five, water and feed horses and supper by dark. So you see what time we have for writing, washing, &c.—At nine all lights must be extinguished, after that prayers and bed. Such is our every day work, except on Sundays, when we only drill afternoons to please the citizens, who furnish the lager to our Captain by the keg to compensate for show. Such was the practice under the old officers, but now it is different. We do not drill as much any day under the new officers and orders. Not long ago our captain made a bet with another officer that his men could rise, dress, saddle horses, and be out on drill ground inside of ten minutes. As the last man rode out he looked at his watch and found them all ready in just eight minutes and a half. After we get out he took us into St. Louis and treated us handsomely. We are surely the best drilled company in the State.

Last Saturday we had a general inspection in presence of General Siegel—that company drilling separately. After we got through, the General rode up in front and said he had seen much drilling in America and Europe, but never saw a company perform as well, considering the time we had practiced. So our Captain felt as proud as a dog with two tails. Still, he is very severe on his men and would be harder if he dared, but the Major makes him behave. To-day we went to the Arsenal for our arms but did not get them, Gen. Curtis having neglected to sign the order. We expect to go to Kentucky, if not we may send some elsewhere or go into winter quarters.

We are camped in the open field and it is very cold; there are no trees to break the winds. Our horses are no better off than we last stood out, night and day. Four of the great gun-boats were built here; two have gone to Cairo, the other two are almost finished and will follow. The Grant County men in this company you may be proud of; they behave magnificently, notwithstanding the miserable usage. We could do some hard fighting if we had a chance. We thank you for so many papers.

Old Grant Forever.

The War Department Aroused.—Important Telegram from Mr. Cameron.

The War Department is beginning to comprehend the crisis with which it has to deal. Cheering signs of activity and vigor are manifested from day to day. The following dispatch was received by Gov. Randall this morning:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30, 1861.

To Governor Randall:

You may organize and equip as rapidly as possible; five (5) regiments of Infantry and five Batteries of Artillery, and procure for them necessary clothing and equipments, according to U. S. regulations and prices, subject to the inspection of U. S. officers. Expenses incurred will be refunded by the Government. If you need the cannon at once, send as an order, and they shall be forwarded, and such other arms as may be necessary. Please answer this if it is under your hand and satisfactory.

Syonon Cameron, Sec'y of War.

In accordance with this dispatch, the Governor has issued an order for six more regiments.

The chief labor of harvest is nearly completed, and there will be no difficulty in filing the regiments promptly. There are thousands of Wisconsin boys ready to spend the winter in the South.

Artillery Regiment.—Preparations are being made at the camp grounds in this city for the reception of the five companies of Artillery recently called for by the General Government. Each company will consist of five officers, 16 men, and 170 horses, and will have six pieces of artillery.

The Base Camp is unqualified in the State for Artillery practice, and when the companies all get on the ground it will be a sight worth going to witness the field movements of nearly 2000 men and horses with thirty pieces of artillery.

The forces called out under Gov. Randall's proclamation of Aug. 29th will undoubtedly be attached to Fremont's army of the West.

Camp Matters.—The camp in this city begins to wear a lively look. Some companies have arrived which we name below:

1st Artillery—From Beloit.

John F. Valle, Capt.; George R. Easton, 1st Lieut.; Andrew M. Hunt, 2d Lieut.; Mark McDowell, 4th Lieut. One hundred and forty men.

WASHINGTON Artillery—of Milwaukee.

Henschel, Capt.; Von Schlen. Ninety men.

BADGER BATTERY—of Horicon.


Of the last company we may mention that 'the Captain and twenty-five of his gallant boys are printers, and they reckon on one baby they have, who stands six feet four in his stocking feet.'

Only two pieces of artillery as yet have arrived, more however, is expected daily.

The The Quarter Master's Department is in good hands, Mr. J. A. Douglas being chief clerical assistant, assisted by Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Hilliard has charge of the Ordnance Department.

The Correspondence between the War Department and Gov. Randall.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, Oct. 9, 61.

To His Excellency, Gov. Randall:

Sirs:—We consider yourself authorized to raise and organize three additional batteries of artillery; and five regiments of Infantry; also six companies of cavalry to be added to the six already authorized under Mr. Daniels, thus forming a full regiment of cavalry from Wisconsin.

These organizations to be perfected as rapidly as possible, and in accordance with the General Orders issued from time to time from the Adjutant General's Department.

Respectfully,

Geo. A. Scott,
Acting Sec'y of War.

Oct. 17.—Disbursing officer will soon have funds to pay just accounts.

J. W. Ruggles,
Asst Adj't Gen.

Oct. 16.—Send the 1st and 10th Regiments, if they are armed, to Gen. Sherman, Louisville. Also send two artillery companies to T. A. Scott.

Oct. 17.—Send two regiments and companies of artillery to Louisiana, without delay, whether armed or not.

Provide arms if possible, T. A. Scott.

Gov. Randall to Sec. Cameron:

Cannot send regiments out of the State until properly fitted out. Can send two or three regiments per week if the Governor will begin to reimburse.

ALEX. W. RANDALL.

Oct. 16.—We are in all sorts of trouble. Your mustering officers don't pay for feeding the troops. ALEX. W. RANDALL.

Camp Matters.—A new army of 20,000 men has marched to the field, armed and equipped as far as possible.

We expect to have the artillerists in the camp to-morrow.

There is much to be done by the officers. Camp life is something new to many of our men, and will improve their health, it will increase their efficiency when they are sent to the field of duty.

Two more companies have reported themselves at camp during the past week. The Monroe Artillery Company, Capt. [We were promised a list of the officers, but it has not come to hand.]

The "Buena Vista Flying Artillery" from Richland county, arrived last Monday, numbering 168 men. Their officers are as follows:

Captain—Henry Dillon.


Orderly Sergeant—J. G. S. Hayward.

Quartermaster Sergeant—J. G. Simpson.


Buggers—Alonzo Avery, Oliver Burnham.

Dear Sirs:—Having been absent on a call for the past three weeks, I have returned to find our camp much changed and improved. Where there was chaos there is now order, and drilling in earnest, six hours each day, is fast bringing our regiment to that degree of efficiency which will reflect credit upon ourselves and the State, and enable us to "make more rapid improvement when we shall receive our full regimental strength.

Yesterday one company was organized into platoons, under the charge of the several sergeants, and is not excited by any on the ground, for discipline. And, indeed, what else could be expected of a company in which there are nearly thirty "Knights of the Sich"—regular old types.

We now have a battalion drill every afternoon, Capt. Eberle, of La Crosse Battery, acting as Colonel, and Lieut. Clark, of Beef and Vina Battery, Adjutant. The regiment makes a very fine appearance on parade, and will look still better when we have a new uniform. There are many people present each day from the city to witness the drill of the regiment. On Sunday afternoon there were 1,500 or 2,000 people present from the city to hear divine service by Rev. Mr. Marion, of the Congregational Church. The sermon was excellent, and applicable to the occasion.

Yesterday the regiment was drawn up on parade to receive Gurrier, 1st Lt. Tredway, who arrived about 15 o'clock M., and was received with a salute of 18 guns from the La Crosse and Milwaukee Batteries. Tredway has made a short speech, commending the regiment on its fine appearance, and promising that we should be equipped forthwith. At the conclusion of the General's remarks three cheers were proposed, which were responded to with a wild shout.

From present appearances the batteries will leave one at a time, the Washington and La Crosse Batteries having received orders to march on short notice. Capt. Hertzberg's company will probably go this week and the La Crosse company next week. Their uniforms are on the way from New York city, and will be furnished them before they leave. Of course we "Studjers" are looking anxiously for like orders, with the mental ejaculation that they "can't come a minute too soon."

I have found many First Regiment boys in the camp here, about forty having enlisted in Capt. Griffin's Battery alone. There are probably more than a hundred here from the First, many of whom have bettered their positions. That they will be of much sered to their country in artillery as they would have been in infantry is without doubt.

We were informed by our Ospatia this afternoon that we would receive our unit next week, and be paid within ten days. This was welcome news to all, and we were received with three cheers.

In my last I hope to give you the information that our marching orders are also among the good things received. More anon.

Yours truly,

Editors.

The hospital used for the sick soldiers belonging to the artillery force now in camp here, is located on Pearl street, convenient to the camp grounds. At present there are twenty patients confined to the building, mostly down with fever of the bilious type, some however are dangerously ill, and several nearly convalescent. A member of the 4th Regiment, who has been under medical treatment ever since that regiment went here, is one of the patients. One man, a member of Capt. Grifflin's company, fell from the catwalk of the flagstaff on Sunday, and was picked up seriously if not dangerously injured.

An addition to the main building has been erected on the North side of the Hospital, in which there are some fifteen beds. Another addition was begun on the South side of the building, Monday, to give better accommodations.

Dr. Joel. L. Fran is the medical attendant in charge, assisted by a clerk. The rooms are clean and comfortable, the patients assuring us that through the kindness of citizens they are kept supplied with all the luxuries that it is possible for men to have.

All the clothing that is necessary at present is provided, but the Surgeon informs us that more will be needed as the weather grows colder. We presume this matter will have the attention of the Society just organized, and we are ready to provide necessary clothing for the sick.

The cooking department under the care of Mr. John Rogers, the tidy appearance of the kitchen, indicates that she is attentive to the duties that devolve upon her in this respect. The Hospital is, in all ways, perfect and carefully attended we think. If anything more is needed there is an assistant Surgeon, for besides the patients confined to the Hospital, there are twenty-five to fifty prescriptions per day to make up for the complaining.

From the Artillery Regiment—Col. Anspock at Camp Utley.

CAMP UTLEY, RACINE, Oct. 28th, 1861.

Messrs. Editors,—Our camp has, after a week or two of quiet, been stirred up by incidents which are sufficiently interesting to the public to justify me in resuming the pen of an occasional correspondent.

Saturday evening we were notified by Lieut. Col. Foster to be ready for parade on Monday, to salute the rejuvenated First Regiment on its passage through Racine. Gun detachments were detailed from the First, Second, Fourth and Fifth Companies to work the four guns now in camp. The management of the entire battery was entrusted to Capt. Dillon, of Bueno Vista memory. At ten o'clock to-day the seven companies marched to the Parade Ground, formed in line, wheeled into column of sections, and marched out of camp keeping step to the brilliant music of the Racine City and Racine Bage Bands.

The wind blew, the lake tossed to the sunlight, the beautiful national flag presented to the La Crosse Artillery by the ladies of that enterprising and patriotic city. At noon, the Regiment was formed in line on the west side of the Railroad station—the pieces of artillery on the right—and waited patiently for the appearance of the cars, whose departure from Milwaukee had been telegraphed. Music—instrumental and vocal, national and otherwise—closed the minutes away. Everybody was there, including the mystic man, with the mystic clock through which a ball was mystically sent without hitting any of his teeth. At one and one-half o'clock P. M., the cars drew all eyes eastward. The rolling cannon rolled out salvoes of welcome. The Bands filled up the emphatic pauses with winning tones of hospitable salutation. There was no time to debunk the First Regiment for parade. We waved par caps—tossed cheer after cheer to the two trains as they came and went—then closed ranks and filed out of the open field into the dusty street, and in column of platoons and now on sections retraced our steps, singing the west gat—the knowing ones recognized our new Colonel standing modestly at the entrance scrutinizing the regiment as it passed. At 5 p. m. Colonel Anspock appeared on dress parade, and after being introduced to the officers generally passed along the line and took each one by the hand. Then gathering around him he addressed them briefly, touching first upon those points of his personal history, which formed the basis of his military character and might serve as a passport to our confidence. For twelve years an officer of artillery in the Prussian service—a military leader in the Revolution of 1849—an emigrant to our shores when the popular movement failed—now entrusted with the responsible and peculiar duties incident to the organization of the First Artillery Regiment in this State. He confessed to a diffidence, arising from his foreign origin and shewing his mastery of our language as com-
pared with that of his native tongue. He had forgotten that 1849 is just twelve years ago and that the ardent lover of the Union Papers and newspaper west, the first librarian of the State of Wisconsin, the recognized correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel and other papers, he as a fame and familiarity with our language and people commune with the duties of his new office, and such is welcomed to Camp Ulysses. Patting from illustrious let me give your readers the substance of his interview with his subordinate officers. Companies 1 and 2 (the L'crose and Washington) are to proceed to Louisville, Ky., as soon as they can be clothed. The Colonel will accompany them. The remaining companies will be forwarded as fast as uniformed to the same point and report to General Sherman, though this is contrary to information, received indirectly from Gen. Treadway last Saturday, 1st, it gives as the latest conclusion of our military authorities.

ORDERED.

Camp Matters.—The orders handed to some of the Artillery Companies to hold themselves in readiness to leave here, has in the present, we understand, been recalled, to as to allow time for more complete equipment suitable for a winter campaign.

Quarter-Master Doughs informed us as he is expecting daily ammunition and equipments for two batteries. The equipment of twelve guns, and make in all, it is less than 250 boxes. The men are made proficient in artillery practice. We noticed a company the other day as through all the maneuver of manning the gun from the carriage, dismember every piece of it, and then put it in loading condition again, in a minute 30 sec. By those who are called judges it was considered quick work. Officers and men are also desirous to learn, and will learn all that pertains to this very important part of military practice.

Some of the companies have received their new uniforms, and make a very soldier-like appearance. The balance will be ready before.

Divine Service was performed in open air at the Camp on Sunday afternoon, by Rev. Dr. Park. Hundreds of our citizens, as well as the soldiers were in attendance. The Reverend gentleman gave a very timely and impressive discourse, which was listened to with marked attention by all.

We learn that John Holbrook, Esq., a thorough and practiced swordsman, has consented to give lessons in the exercise to some of the officers stationed here.

The soldiers Tuesday and Thursday evening prayer-meetings at the First Baptist Church, are well attended with all day. It is spoken well for the camp.

THE WISCONSIN ARTILLERY—Matters at Camp Ulysses.—From the Racine Advocate we learn that two complete batteries, with ammunition, arrived at Camp Ulysses last week. There are men and officers in camp for six batteries. A battery consists of two rifled six-pounders, and two twelve pound howitzers.

The guns are mounted, and practice with them will be commenced this week. The ground selected lies five miles S. W. of the Camp grounds. On Saturday, 150 men were engaged in throwing up an embankment 20 feet high, and 100 feet long, into which the shot and shell will be fired. The range for practice will be from one to two miles.

Capt. Foster has been promoted to Lieut. Col. of artillery, Lieut. H. Von Selan to be Adjutant, and Captains Dillon, Vallee and Penny to be Majors of artillery.

The tents have mostly been supplied with small stoves, with which they are made warm and dry. When the men get the balance of their uniforms, they will be comfortable, excepting in wetness, which the ladies of Racine have offered to make if the State provides the material.

Camp Matters.—The past week has been one of great activity at the Camp—The arrival of two complete batteries with ammunition, excite all in readiness for practice, has kept both men and officers busy. There are now men and officers here for seven batteries. A battery will consist of two 6 pounders, two 6 pounders rifled cannon and two 12 pounder howitzers. The Caissons, Forges, and carriages for two batteries have arrived, with guns of the material.

The guns are mounted, and practice with them will be commenced this week. The ground selected lies about five miles S. W. of the Camp grounds. On Saturday, 150 men were engaged in throwing up an embankment 20 feet high and 150 feet long, into which the shot and shell will be fired. The range for practice will be from one to two miles.

It is evident to uninitiated eyes that the men are making good proficiency in drill.—Their appearance when on march to salute the Governor and other guests, March 9th, was very fine, as there are but four pieces at our creditable. The officers are gentlemen, in whose hands the honor of the Badger State is safe.

We are happy to announce the following promotions: Capt. Foster to be Lieut. Col. of artillery, Lieut. H. Von Selan to be Adjutant, Captains Dillon, Vallee and Penny to be Majors.

Quarter-Master Doherty is uniting in his efforts to render the men comfortable. The tents have most of them, been supplied with small stoves, with which they are made warm and dry. When the men get the balance of their uniforms, they will be comfortable, excepting in wetness, upon which the Ladies of this city have offered to make, if the State provides the material.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Artillery Companies at Camp Ulysses.

CAMP ULYSSES, Racine, November 6th, '01.

Editors State Journal.—The excitement of the last two days, consequent upon the announcement by the Colonel on dress parade Saturday afternoon, that five batteries would leave next week, has almost subsided, and is succeeded by the utmost quiet. Yesterday clothing for two batteries arrived, and was distributed to the "Badger boys," and Capt. Vallee's company, all being in great glee at the prospect of having a chance to go home in their uniform. Last night our officers were busy until a late hour making out forlorned, procuring passes, giving out the new coats and pants, and getting the boys ready for an early start this morning.

About 100 forlorned were granted to men who left for home, from our company alone, this forenoon. Sixteen or seventeen more will go to-morrow. From the Monon company there were nearly as many more, and by to-morrow noon there will not probably be more than 500 men left in camp. All forlorned expire next Monday night, and every man of the first five batteries is to be here ready to strike tents and leave on Tuesday morning following. We probably will not leave, if at all, before the middle or latter part of the week, as we are to receive our pay, overcoats, &c., before we quit the State.

It is said there are two batteries of cannon awaiting us in Chicago, the Governor having given directions not to forward them to this camp as we would shortly take them from that point—the Governor's object being to save the cost of needless transportation.

Col. Ann Arbor has been superintending matters in camp for the past week or ten days, and has made some valuable regulations regarding drill. Each company is now exercised at the guns for an hour during the day. Though this is but a short time, still it is the best that can be done, as there are but four pieces at our creditable. The officers are gentlemen, in whose hands the honor of the Badger State is safe.

We are happy to announce the following promotions: Capt. Foster to be Lieut. Col. of artillery, Lieut. H. Von Selan to be Adjutant, Captains Dillon, Vallee and Penny to be Majors.

Quartermaster Doherty is uniting in his efforts to render the men comfortable. The tents have most of them, been supplied with small stoves, with which they are made warm and dry. When the men get the balance of their uniforms, they will be comfortable, excepting in wetness, upon which the Ladies of this city have offered to make, if the State provides the material.
Of Wisconsin made liberal provision for the blankets, but if the men had to wait months without pay, the men who had families to support and those who were without families, would not require near as much blanket. In the field and camp, men would have less cause to complain than they do now.

Camp Matters.—Full half of the soldiers have got leave of absence until the 2nd or 3rd of January, and have gone home to enjoy the Christmas holidays. It was a matter of serious regret and disappointment to them that their pay, which for weeks has been promised, did not come along before they left, as many needed it for the use of their families, and had not been able to provide for some gentleman in town who has advanced the means out of sheer kindness of heart, many of who are now enjoying their friends at home, who have been obliged to pass the holidays at the Camp.

We understand that Paymaster Wetmore received orders on Sunday to prepare the pay for the men here at the United States depot, but as so many are gone on leave, the pay will have to be deferred until the men return. The men are all very prevalent among the men, how to prevent a dangerous type of practice the men smashed their tents last week and pitched them on new and drier ground. On the firing of the signal gun the tents disappeared instantly, and a scene of joy and activity ensued most exciting. Out of all the confusion however, soon sprang up the long rows of white canvas tents, set out with a precision that marks military movements. The men have not received all of their clothes and equipage. We regret to learn that Quartermaster Douglas has been quite indisposed and uncomfortable. The men have not received all of their equipment.

Camp News.—Two companies are ordered to be in readiness to leave immediately; the German company, Capt. E. F. Hinze, will leave on Thursday, destined for Fortress Monroe. This battery is commanded by experienced officers, most of whom have see service. The La Crosse battery, Capt. J. T. Fisher, will be the other to leave, if it can be got ready in time.

Three more companies are ordered into camp and may be expected in a week. The uniforms are expected this week. The Hiss pansacks and harvester's packs have arrived. The companies are ordered to be divided into drivers, gunners, artificers, &c., and proportioned as 22 drivers, 70 cannonmen, 6 f. & j. artificers, and 2 buglers, &c.

The men are all well satisfied with the situation of the camp. The Commissary Department gives good satisfaction, being in the charge of S. D. Clough. The officers state that the men are suffering for want of blankets, the present one being of inferior material, and have been rejected by the Quartermaster. The citizens are requested to send in all the blankets they can spare; if unable to donate them, they will be paid for by sound.
The following glowing account of the contentment and efficiency of the artillerymen of the Badger Battery, from an esteemed and reliable correspondent.

**Badger Battery, Camp Utley**, Oct. 1st, 1861.

Dear Patron:—At last we are soldiers in the “grand army,” being sworn in at 12 o’clock this p.m. and a happy day, the orders for the purchase of horses will be received from the government.

The “battery” is full organized and officers as follows:

**Captain**—C. A. Chappell; A. C. Woodbury.

**1st Lieutenant**—Charles Foster; Foster has 160 men in his company. The La Crosse Battery is expected here to-morrow. The greatest trouble at present appears to those which our good old State has already acquired in the field. More anon.

Yours, etc.,

W. J. O.

Every man of the company is doing his duty, and determined to keep np in the service at all risks. The battery is full organized and officers as follows:

**Captain**—C. A. Chappell; A. C. Woodbury.

**1st Lieutenant**—Charles Foster; Foster has 160 men in his company. The La Crosse Battery is expected here to-morrow. The greatest trouble at present appears to be in procuring blankets. We have as yet received but one piece, that being insufficient these cold nights. More are expected next week, when we will receive another blanket.

The men composing the companies now in camp are, for the most part, strong and athletic, and determined to keep up in Artillery the credit which Wisconsin boys have won in Infantry; and I am greatly mistaken if they do not add fresh laurels to those which our good old State has already acquired in the field. More anon.

Yours, etc.,

W. J. O.

The Wisconsin Artillery—Letter from Racine.

Camp Utley, Harriet, Sept. 24, 1861.

Editors State Journal:—The first squad of “Badger Battery” boys arrived here from Racine last Wednesday night, and making our way from the depot to the Camp, found everything prepared by our thoughtful Quarter-Master and Commissary for our reception. We found sixteen men of Capt. Herrington’s company already here, having arrived about an hour before we did. Capt. Utley, with 180 men, came in on Friday; Capt. Drury, with 90 men, came in on Saturday; Capt. Utley, also brought 30 men on Milwaukee, yesterday. Capt. Herrington, also arrived 30 men from Racine yesterday. The remainder of our men will be here to-day. We expect tents and blankets for our company this forenoon, when things will begin to look more “like home.”

We are subsisted in the Mess House, which is conducted in the best manner possible. The food is well cooked, clean, and of the best quality; in fact, your correspondent will never murmur, in view of past experience, while we receive much more as we now do, at the hands of the Commanding.

We have the two pieces of cannon which were at Milwaukee, to practices with until we receive our outfit from the Government, which we expect soon.

The La Crosse Battery is expected here at the latter part of the week, and the 6th company will probably be here the first part of next week.

The greatest trouble at present appears to be in procuring blankets. We have as yet received but one piece, that being insufficient these cold nights. More are expected next week, when we will receive another blanket.

The men composing the companies now in camp are, for the most part, strong and athletic, and determined to keep up in Artillery the credit which Wisconsin boys have won in Infantry; and I am greatly mistaken if they do not add fresh laurels to those which our good old State has already acquired in the field. More anon.

Yours, etc.,

W. J. O.
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Artillery Practice at Racine.

CAMP UTLEY, Racine, Nov. 15, 1861.

There has been more than the usual amount of excitement in camp during the last ten days. The two batteries stopped in Chicago were sent forward, together with 400 cases of ammunition, and were brought into camp, and everything "cleared for action," the fore part of last week. There were two rifle cannon, two smooth bore and two howitzers, in each battery, the first four being six pounders, and the howitzers twelve pounders. In order to make our new requirements of service, an embankment was thrown up, five miles south-west of here, on the prairie, requiring the labor of 150 men, for two days, to complete the work. Thursday forenoon was chosen for the first trial, the first battery serving the four rifles, and the 3d and 2d batteries going along to witness the practice, and assist in the surveying. Upon arriving at the embankment, it was thought by our officers, after a careful examination of the embankment, that it was not of sufficient thickness to stop solid shot; accordingly, we went, by a circuitous route, to the target which had been set up, one mile west of the Milwaukee and Chicago Railroad depot. We arrived on the latter grounds at 1 o'clock, their communication, and on our regimental officers, clerks and officers servants, making the total number in the regiment more than 1100 men. Here is a specimen brick of what we eat each day, viz: 1200 lbs. of corn meal, 666 lbs. of beef, 738 lbs. of bread, 15 bushels of potatoes, 128 lbs. of sugar, 46 gallons of syrup, 44 quarts of milk, 70 lbs. of coffee, 80 lbs. of sugar.

The tents for the 8th and 9th batteries are here, and those companies are expected to come into camp this week. An addition is to be built to the mess house for their accommodation, and our regiment will then be able to show a still larger exhibit of provisions daily destroyed in the service of our beloved Uncle Sam.

I was informed by quartermaster Douglas, this evening, that the uniforms for the 5th Battery will be here to morrow, and those for the 6th and 7th Companies are expected the latter part of this week.

This clothing will prove very acceptable to the brave fellows who have so long expected it.

In my previous letters I have failed to mention our excellent Commissary and Quartermaster's Department. It is but justice to Commissary Clough and Quartermaster Douglas to say, that they have kept the affairs of their departments in excellent order, and have won the regard of both officers and men by their prompt attention to the wants of the Regiment.

These appointments could not have been bettered.

There is much uneasiness in camp about our pay, and the delay in sending us South. Money matters are decidedly stringent, and there is also much uneasiness among the officers who have left families, a report having been put in circulation that the $5 bounty to infantry volunteers from the State would not be paid to artillery and cavalry. It is to be hoped that this may prove merely a report, as there are some here who have large families in needy circumstances.

Yours, &c.

Wisconsin Artillery: 3d Battery.

CAMP UTLEY, Nov. 15, 1861.

Dear Patriot:—Since I wrote you last we have been playing real artillery soldiers, and moving about with all the air of a horde of "great guns bound to war." A few days since we received two complete batteries, consisting of four six pounder guns, four twenty pounder howitzers, and four six pounder rifles, besides solid shot, and the huge ammunition wagons, with all the accommodations of lead and wheel barrows, chalices, extra wheels, &c., &c., together with a complete outfit of solid shot, rifles, canister, musket balls, spherical case, &c., &c., for target practice, and preparations were immediately made for carrying it into execution. A selection of ground for the rifle practice was determined upon, a place called Mayes' Corners, about four miles from our camp, where we could get a clear range of three or four miles. An embankment was thrown up of 150 feet long, 20 feet high and 20 feet thick, with a target of twelve feet square, with a six inch ball's eye set before it.

A place for our practice with the six pounder guns and howitzers was selected about a mile and a half to the west of the Milwaukee & Chicago depot, giving us a range of a little more than a mile, though not quite as they are supposed to be.

We have not yet tried our rifles on the long range; only at the latter place. At a distance of 1,100 yards, eighteen balls hit the target, three being the best. One did not hit the target, struck a large stump in the range and shattered it all to splinters. Another one struck the ground before it reached the target, and bounded over it, burying itself on the top of the bluff, as much as forty feet above it. Our practice with the howitzers was very interesting, and very satisfactory to our officers. Our range was at the distance of from 500 to 500 yards, and out of our daily practice, but two or three shells would have been effective in an engagement.

We very much enjoy our target practice.—There is something particularly fine in the sight of the balls as they shoot through the air, and to see the dust fly by the embrasure when they strike. But the howitzer practice is far superior, for you have the double excitement of the shell striking the right spot, and exploding at the right instant, both of which are required to make it an amusing sport.

I have noticed the advice, to throw yourself flat on the ground when a bomb explodes, but some fragments of our shells were blown deep into the ground by the explosion. Our compa- nies are all well drilled, and they show very great proficiency in all the different branches of the service. A very great interest is taken by both officers and men, and all appear anxious to attain the highest degree of skill. We ought to be better

The guns were then moved two or three hundred yards farther off, and the firing continued until four o'clock. One shot pierced the center from the last point.—At the shots were excellent, and reflected credit upon the gunners. On Friday morning, Battery No. 1 took the smooth bore guns to the same place, and, though the firing was not as accurate as the day before, it was quite satisfactory. On Saturday, Battery No. 2 took the four howitzers and proceeded, with thirty-six rounds of shell, to the scene of previous action, planting the battery 700 yards from the target. The first shell burst about 150 yards short of the target, after striking the ground. Several more were fired, most of them bursting short of the bank,—the pieces flying in all directions, sometimes striking 100 or 300 yards from where the shell burst. One projectile, with a defective fuse, exploded when but 100 yards from the muzzle of the gun, several of the pieces flying very near the heads of some soldiers stationed with signals, though fortunately injuring no one. The firing, it was said by those who have had experience in military service, would have done good execution upon a body of well trained troops, and was very creditable to new beginners. Hereafter the target practice will probably be conducted on the grounds first selected, an additional embankment having been thrown up behind the target.

A long range may be obtained there.

There are now in camp here, seven batteries, fully officered, and numbering 1076 men, rank and file. There are exclusive of this number regimental officers, clerks and officers servants, making the total number in the regiment more than 1100 men. The ground for the battery serving the four rifles is 100 yards farther of, and the firing kept up, as usual. One hour after two o'clock, and two howitzers, in each battery, the first four being six pounders, and the howitzers twelve pounders. In order to make our new requirements of service, an embankment was thrown up, five miles south-west of here, on the prairie, requiring the labor of 150 men, for two days, to complete the work. Thursday forenoon was chosen for the first trial, the first battery serving the four rifles, and the 3d and 2d batteries going along to witness the practice, and assist in the surveying. Upon arriving at the embankment, it was thought by our officers, after a careful examination of the embankment, that it was not of sufficient thickness to stop solid shot; accordingly, we went, by a circuitous route, to the target which had been set up, one mile west of the Milwaukee and Chicago Railroad depot. We arrived on the latter grounds at 1 o'clock.

The target is ten feet wide by twelve or fourteen feet long, and is the "bull's eye" eight inches in diameter. The guns were planted at a distance of four hundred yards from the mark, and after some delay in arranging signals and clearing obstructions, the first gun was fired, the shot passing through the target about four feet to the left of the "bull's eye," entering the bank behind the target and throwing the dirt to the height of twenty or thirty feet, making an opening in the ground two or three feet in diameter. Several more shots were fired at that distance, two shots passing through the ring.
Letter from the Badger Battery
Camp Utley, Racine, Nov. 30. 61.

We have now been in camp about ten weeks, and are enjoying the toils, hardships and privations of soldier life; and all for our beloved country, and the legacy our fathers gave us. There are, as yet, but sixteen pieces of artillery in camp, upon which each company takes its turn at drill, making it quite easy for the boys.

We are becoming quite marksmen, as can be seen by the way the boys put 8 and 12 pounder balls into the "bull's eye." The boys are all enjoying themselves finely, and have better clothing than any other company on the ground. Blankets have been furnished us by the kind patriotic ladies of Waukesha, who have taken a lively interest in the welfare of the Badger Battery, probably owing to the fact that they have bravest and loyal lovers in this company, whom they wish to beclasp once more when the "bells woe," as the dear creatures call it, is over.

Some of the boys are getting homesick, and are longing for maternal milk, while others would like a discharge, their patriotic fever having run its course. It was making it quite comfortable for these there, but it is hard for the guard these cold nights, as but few are so fortunate as to have an overcoat, and they cannot get a single uniform, though we are told they are expected daily.

The weather has been very fine indeed for drill by day, what a day. We are having the worst storm I have known in many a month. The wind is heavy South-east, just making Lake Michigan bound again, sweeping over our camp, blowing down tents, and ending tonight in a cold, disagreeable rain storm, the kind that tells on us. But our tents are water tight, and all cleaned up with our fires all going, we lie here and discuss the sympathies of our friends at home and pity the poor unfortunate on guard duty.

We get no definite orders yet of what we are to do next, or where we are to go. May God be pleased to lead us to our distant home in safety, and to our dear parents as well. We are permitted to show our good will for our country by being placed right at work, and seems to us that we should follow up our successes with rapid steps, and that every available man should be put forward. Here we are a thousand men and more, all eager and anxious to work, charged under our almost insatiable wants, as though we were only holiday soldiers. Let them put us on the march to the front lines as soon as possible, so Wisconsin may watch her first regiment of artillery.

I shall hope to write you from "Old Kanawha," a place where the stock on this farm is much less the liking of the cattle than the hay and grass green by nature. But our tents are watertight, and all closed up with our fires all going, we lie here and discuss the sympathies of our friends at home and pity the poor unfortunate on guard duty.

The camp is the greatest place in the world to read human nature and indeed is a great place to find out "green eyes" and the "sager-meas." They are too cowardly to run the guard themselves, but we! to the one who does away with the guard and report, and for a pretext with open ears and mouth, they listen and "gawk" around.

Lieut. Otis Foster made some remarks, when Capt. Drury proposed nine cheers for the ladies of Racine, which were given with tumultuous applause; after which we were marched out and formed in a hollow square, to receive the resignation of Col. Anncalle, who is appointed to command the Artillery of Indiana. We all regret it, as he is a kind and good hearted man.

Of our officers, Lt. Drury is every inch a gentleman, and he is beloved by his company. He is no fault finder, only when it becomes absolutely necessary, and he could not, if he tried, bear enmity towards any man.

Lieut. Jim Purdy is the same jovial fellow he was in Berlin, and when Conductor on the rail road, nothing changed, but more familiar than ever. He is of the right stamp, and we wish all were like him.

Lieut. Hubbard and Le Brun are also very clever gentlemen, and go around with the boys, as if they wore a "blue coat." They are always talking, laughing and cracking jokes with the boys, and when they see one of them "a little the worse for wear," they generally make 'em navigate.

We expect to be paid off sometime this week, and, judging from appearances it will be very acceptable to the men who have families.

The rules of camp are very strict, only five passes being granted to each company per day, and I am sorry to say that some make poor use of them; for they go down town and buy candy, drink pop and spruce beer, when they know there is good old "Rye" kept at the Home Saloon.

INNOCENT DICK.
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From Camp Utley.

CAMP UTLEY, Dec. 19th, 1861.

Editors State Journal:—There have been several perceptible changes in and about our camp during the last three weeks. —Old Jack Frost has called upon us, and most thoroughly tested our conveniences for keeping comfortable in cold weather. We have had quite a number of snows, and have been quite satisfied with the trial, as we have left us with pleasant, sunny days. There was quite a change in the weather and our arms were cold for the first few days, and we were daily exercised at the guns, and making as much progress as possible without horses. But when we had had this, we could not claim to have made a great advance towards effectiveness, for we have thus far only drilled in the “school of the piece,” and by far the most difficult movements have yet to be learned, after we receive our horses. While this is the case, it seems as though the powers that be, should endeavor to place us where the expense of nearly $1000 per day could be attended with better results than can be attained without the proper equipment in this camp.

Our infantry regiments, which have been in the service a much shorter time than we have, and who can make just as much progress in drill in our State camps as they could anywhere else, are being equipped, and sent to the field, while we, who have been in the United States service nearly two and a half months, are almost entirely untrained. It is my wish to repeat it to you, my readers: rather than the “dough,” I wish they might all have heard it themselves. “This is no common Thanksgiving,” said he, “No Thanksgiving of other days—of days when men entered in their peaceful vocations, when the Earth teemed with her abundance for our comfort, when friends were circled about us all—beauty in the fields of pleasure; when peace rested over our land, and we all were gathered within the fold of our Republic, then and not from some far-dreading zone from without. Now the change. Our hills and valleys echo to the tramp of marching steps to the clash of arms—to the booming of cannon, and to the rattle of musketry. Now brother has raised his hand against his brother, and I against my friend. Now happy home circles are broken, and hearts are saddened that once were happy. And worse than all else, our Republic, that has been so long building; this pride of every true American, and the envy of every transatlantic nation; this refuge for the friendless and the forsaken of every land is in danger, and that too from those it has given both position and education, surely, we praise Thanksgiving. But I am letter writing, not reporting, and enough, though in justice to Mr. M., I must add, that during the time I was away from camp, not one but the left the church, a wiser man and a truer patriot than when he entered.

At the camp preparations were made for refreshing the inner man in true Thanksgiving style. Commissary Clough had procured about one hundred and seventy-five turkeys, as well as many other delicacies, for keeping comfortable in cold weather. They were sent to the various companies for the use of their men, and the ladies of Racine volunteered to show their skill in cooking, by preparing them for us. Enough to eat, and they were just exactly right.——And to add to the general effect, they brought us about twelve bushels of doughnuts and two hundred pies, finishing the thing up pretty nicely. All were pleased, and as they arose from the table, cheer after cheer was given for our dinner. Our Company, the ladies of Racine and for everybody.

WISCONSIN ARTILLERY: 3d Battery.

CAMP UTLEY, Dec. 20th, 1861.

Dear Patriot:—I promised you in my last to write you from Old Kate, that “some one has blundered,” for I am still at the same tent—No. 1, Wolcott street, Camp Utley—as then. I shall not say who has made this miscalculation, whether your correspondent or not; I only think the same tent—No. 1, Wolcott street. Camp Utley as then. I shall not say who has been equipped and sent to the same. I have been there last dept., that we were respecting to the same. I have been there last dept., that the mud has dried up, and we are daily exercised at the guns, and making as much progress as is possible without horses. But when we have had this, we cannot claim to have made a great advance towards effectiveness, for we have thus far only drilled in the “school of the piece,” and by far the most difficult movements have yet to be learned, after we receive our horses. While this is the case, it seems as though the “powers that be,” should endeavor to place us where the enormous expense of nearly $1000 per day could be attended with better results than can be attained without the proper equipment in this camp.

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From Camp Uley.

CAMP UTLEY, RACINE, Sept. 23, 1861.

Mrs. Editors—Take a few moments' time to inform your readers of our departure from Beloit and arrival in camp.

Friday morning, Sept. 20th, at 5 a.m. our train moved off leaving Beloit behind, and, although the road was torrential all the way, we were greeted by many citizens and their wives. We followed to the camp about six miles from town, by many citizens, who cheered us on our way. We arrived at camp about 11 p.m. Dinner was soon prepared and we were marched into the mess-houses, there we indulged in the 10 o'clock dinner that I was so glad to relish in the United States service. After dinner, the rain continued so, that the heat of our camp ground was preserved out and after a wet drill we pitched our tent for the Capt. and Lieutenants, I guard tent, and 24 for the company. Our Old Milwaukee Flag, which we have worshiped so often in times gone by, in the North and Southern States, still flies above our camp. Our camp is a very pleasant one indeed, on the fair ground near the lake. The men begin to realize that they are soldiers. We have not received our pieces of artillery and horses, it is reported that we are to remain here about two months for drills.

We are well cared for, and a more pleasant camp ground is hard to find. The lake lying to the east of the camp makes it nearly a novelty for some of the men to bathe, the sun rise and set are out of the water.

Secretary Police's Flying Artillery.

Our Company, under command of Captain John F. Vallee, who was formerly connected with the Rhode Island battery and lately orderly of Co. F, First Wisconsin Regiment, at this city in 9 o'clock Friday morning, set out for their rendezvous at Racine.

Before marching to the camp the Company met in Backer's Hall for roll call. A large number of citizens were present, although the heavy rain kept many away.

After roll call they marched down to the R. M. R. depot, fell into a large arched building. The rain poured down, but Daily and Morley, the two Privates who had made up their minds to keep out of the depot, insisted on making the occasion into the U. S. service as his influence would permit; and it afforded much consolation to the officers and privates of the Company to know that he influenced them in no farther with the love of country, and backing out of it. R. Colby, Capt. Townbridge said if they were any in the Company who did not wish to take the oath to step right out of the ranks; and I think the citizens of Beloit and vicinity will not be any better proof of the assertion that I have made in this article to the men that refused to enter into the U. S. service, than their names, and therefore I will give them to the public:

Honnore R. Colby, Chas. H. Myers.
J. C. McDowell, Philon P. Perry.
David M. Sanford, Lewis Wright.
J. C. Baggott, John W. Pomery.

Wm. Woodsend.

Of the last named individual, William Woodsend, of Allen's Grove, I desire to make a few remarks. At the time of his enlistment he expressed himself to be a perfectly sound man, and was anxious to fight for his country, I enlisted him in good faith, supposed at the time that he would stand up to the rank like a man; but alas my mistake in the gentleman. On the 18th of September the day previous to our going into camp, I received a letter from Mr. Woodsend, stating as Mr. Lincoln had concluded not-at-present to make this a war of emancipation, that he, Woodsend must be released. I answered his letter immediately, informing him that I had no power to release him, and that he must go into a camp with the Company. He did so, and finding as he did, nothing to write to Camp Uley that his bust of Emancipation was not to be true, he would not resign himself, for anything else, the first thing was to have some kind of a home, which he could not to allow this; for it is a great sacrifice of the soldiers to leave their families, and the thought that they may suffer, and indeed is suffering, causes them much anxiety.

If the people of Beloit would like to have their soldiers honor them, let them not forge their families, and besides, let them spare the troops, for too many little things that would be gladly accepted, to make the soldiers comfortable.

SOLDIERS.

CAMP UTLEY, Racine, Nov. 29th, 1861.

Messrs. Editors: You will confer a great favor on the Battery by making known to your readers the wants of Capt. Vallee's company.

I feel that the people of Beloit and vicinity would consider it a pleasure to afford comforts to the soldiers, especially to the soldiers from their own place.

Many of our boys have but one blanket, and that single, and have received no overcoats, and consequently suffer from the cold. We have received no pay, and the men have no way of making themselves comfortable. Now, if Beloit will not bless her representatives in a cause like this, what are they to do?

The news came to camp, not long since, that the families of some of the soldiers were suffering for the necessities of life. Beloit, surely, ought not to allow this; for it is a great sacrifice of the soldiers to leave their families, and the thought that they may suffer, and indeed is suffering, causes them much anxiety.

If the people of Beloit would like to have their soldiers honor them, let them not forge their families, and besides, let them spare the troops, for too many little things that would be gladly accepted, to make the soldiers comfortable.

SOLDIERS.

CAMP UTLEY, Racine, Oct. 2d, 1861.


From Capt. J. F. Vallee.

Letter from Camp Uley.

Messrs. Editors: The eventful day has at length arrived, and the members of Pinney's Battery are in "jacket and trowsers," trimmed with red tape and brass buttons; the transformation from a bundle of rats to a neat and tidy uniform, makes us feel our military responsibility, the men move with more promptness and decision in the discharge of our duty, and the pomp and circumstance of war in our camp is vastly increased. There is yet two orders to be received by the regiment, orders which are very necessary for the peace of mind, and bodily comfort of the soldiers, one is, an order on the paymaster, the other, an order from the
Editors Journal—The Buena Vista Flying Artillery.

LONE ROCK, Richland Co., Sept. 21st, 1861.

Editor Brown's Republic:

Dear Sir:—Presuming that the readers of the Republic will be interested in military items affecting the young men of this section of the State, I submit the following sketch of the progress made in the organization of the Buena Vista Artillery:

Lient. Henry Dillon, of this village, and Lient. Clark, of Prairie du Sac, were commissioned by Gov. Randall, during the last week in August, to raise an Artillery Company. On the 9th of Sept., forty-six men were sworn in here. On the 10th inst., Lient. Dillon reported forty-three members only sworn and enrolled, and received orders to fill up his company and place the men at board at the expense of the State. Since then new members have been sworn in daily. The number enrolled here is eighty-six. Lient. Clark reports forty-one sworn in and enrolled at Sank, making the whole number at this date, one hundred and twenty-seven. It will be seen that we have room for more. It is highly desirable that our ranks should be filled before we go into camp. No election of officers has been made.

It is expected that the recruits at Sank will meet us at Wilson's creek, on Monday, when an entertainment will be provided by the friends of Liberty and Union in that neighborhood. From thence they will be escorted through the village of Spring Green to Lone Rock.

It is our intention to hold a war meeting here on Monday evening, and Tuesday will be spent in getting acquainted and electing officers, provided the Company is prepared to go into an election.

We hope to greet all who have enlisted, on that day, and as many more as may be necessary to fill up the Company. We shall then be ready to go into camp on twenty-four hours' notice.

Come one, come all who are ready to share the post of honor and danger with us.

D. T. N.

The above Company has gone to Racine, where the seven batteries of artillery which have been raised in the State, are to encamp and drill.

Lient. Noyes, of this Company, is a Congregational Minister of considerable ability, who has preached at Mineral Point, Prairie du Sac and Spring Green.

Buena Vista Flying Artillery. This fine company, composed of men from Richland and Sauk counties, and numbering 160 men, passed through here today on its way to Racine, where the seven batteries of artillery which have been raised in this State are to encamp and drill. Of the officers of the company, all good men, are as follows: Captain, H. Dillon, of Lone Rock; First Lieutenants, S. P. Clark, of Prairie du Sac, and T. B. Hood, of Spring Green; Second Lieutenants, J. W. Faucher, of Prairie du Sac, and Rev. D. T. Noyes, of Spring Green.

Capt. Dillon has served three years in the regular army, and having been attached to Bragg's battery in the Mexican war, understands his business. Lient. Faucher was a worthy member of the Madison Guards in the First Regiment.

Lient. Noyes is a Congregational Minister of considerable ability, who has preached at Mineral Point, Prairie du Sac and Spring Green. He sought the position of Chaplain in the Second Regiment, but now goes to the wars in another capacity. We have made arrangements to hear from the artillery at Racine, and when they take the field.

The Buena Vista Flying Artillery. Camp Utica, Racine. October 2d, 1861.

LONE ROCK, Richland Co.,

October 2d, 1861.

Editors Journal—The Buena Vista Flying Artillery safely reached Racine Monday evening under cover of a slight drizzle and marched to camp at once. Supper had been provided, of which we were in no urgent need, having eaten nothing since we left Lone Rock. A bountiful supply of substantial food, well cooked, put the hungry ones in good humor, and we cheerfully turned our backs on the camp fire in search of quarters for the night. After a mile and a half of marching we were conduction to Union Hall, formed in a hollow square and were introduced to Quartermaster Geo. A. Douglass. In a business-like speech he told us what had been provided for us. The boys responded with three cheers and hunted round the big hall for their sleeping accommodations. A broad band of hay around the sides, tacked up with benches, offered very social bunks for sleeping purposes, leaving the centre for anything else that we might choose to do with it. At ten o'clock the boys quieted down to sleep. Up in the morning and away to camp for breakfast. Marching to the music of drum and fife. Panzer's battery received us with the usual salute and we felt at home.

In the afternoon we were drawn up in line, ready to be sworn into the United States service. But the time was consumed in mustering in two batteries which had reached camp before us. This
morning, immediately after breakfast, the interesting ceremony was performed—one hundred and thirty-eight taking the oath.

One of our number is in the hospital another, who enlisted, lost his courage at the last moment, and concluded that he could not stand the hardships of a soldier's life; another, who was peremptorily rejected by the mustering officer, died his death when the Captain told him that he might go as his secret.

Col. Annexed paid us a flying visit this afternoon. He went on to Washington and心智

when we arrived, we found the Lieut., George E. Scott, 2d Lieut., Edward Company G, Capt. Donald McVean, Ist Artillery, was raised at Lone Rock, but was not in camp enough to know whether I shall come or not. I never thought I should think of being a life of a soldier, but in a time of peace, when our country requires the service of every man, I have no desire to go back and consult inclination or convenience.

Please change my paper to this place here.

H. S. KERN.

Flying Artillery.

A Battery of Flying Artillery consisting of six rifled cannon, is being organized in Milwaukee, to be attached to the 1st Wisconsin Regiment. B. E. Griffith, the Captain, is an experienced Artillery Officer, and served through the Mexican War. Mean.

Persons wishing to enlist in this Battery can do so by applying to Lieut. Sam Brooks, Racine, or can address Capt. Griffith at Milwaukee.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST REGIMENT.—An order has been issued for the re-organization of the First Regiment under instructions to Col. Starkweather from the War Department, dated Aug. 15th, with the following officers:

James C. Starkweather, Colonel.

David L. Lair, Lt. Colonel.

Geo. B. Bingham, Major.

Harvey Bingham, Quarter Master.

Lucas J. Dixon, Surgeon.

Jas. Cruzer, Asst. Surgeon.

The following are appointed officers in the 1st Regiment:


Company D, Capt. H. A. Star.


This regiment is required to be ready in thirty days.

ERCE.

Cayey is in the jurisdiction of Cayey and Dorado, this river, the same incredible number of ravines, and one thousand, the greater for the use of life, besides a great mussel, &c., as a knowledge of an indigenous to the soil to be

The soil produces cotton and rice; beans, the planta, the platana, grape, and others unknown, and an incredible number of plants, however, are cattle, (beef,) sheep, and goats, the rabbit, dog, owl of Europe and the United besides, the parrot, of various pheasants, turtle-dove, and snipe, colors are the canary, linnet, the aquatic species inhabiting the

There is an abundance; among them species and dimensions, tortoise, various classes. On the coasts of the shell fish, the oyster and little is therefore known;

The latter, most

November, 1493, in his second

Captain Juan Ponce de Leon in 1513 inhabited the time of its discovery by the new colonies, and the castes known as the mulatto—

and little is therefore known;

bath. The latter, most

the white and Indian, and zambos, children

number of inhabitants at the time of the discovery of the island.
their full complements of artillery both heavy and light, and of cavalry, into this one Division, than to chance a defeat.

And allow me to express the hope, in this connection, that government will not only furnish the material forces with which to gain victories, but that Congress, before adjourning its present session, will declare what the unequivocal policy which the government intends to carry out in this war with regard to slaves, should they fall into the hands of our army. Some of us were led to take up arms in this contest on the ground that we were going to fight for the restoration and maintenance of \textit{republican institutions}, menaced by a slaveholding aristocracy in open rebellion.

We left our homes, sacrificed our business and social interests, and consented to risk our lives, supposing that we were to put down this rebellion, if possible, by force of arms, and so to punish the rebels that the like attempt would never be made again. It seems to be a question presented, however, whether this is the real object to be accomplished, unless it can be done without disturbing the system of slavery, which system is the manifest and acknowledged cause of the rebellion. If our soldiers are to save the Union only by saving slavery, if they are to retire into the hands of their masters all persons who have been held as slaves who come to them, claiming to be found as men, or are captured from the enemy's property, we had better disband at once, and go home. A great saving of life and property (on our side) would be effected thereby, which would otherwise be uselessly sacrificed. Congress should announce the issue, so that our citizen soldiers—those who are to do the fighting—and the people—who pay the expenses—may have a clear understanding of what they are doing so far. The latter, at least, may wish to have a voice in the decision.

The movement at Washington, with regard to outlaws, attracts considerable attention among us, and elicits general approval, I believe. Some steps should be taken to protect our soldiers from the impositions to which they are too frequently subject from this class of individuals. If Senator Wilson closes this door of abuse, he will merit and receive the thanks of the rank and file generally.

"New Year's Day," our regiment spent on picket, on the other side of the river, Lieutenant Colonel Lay commanding. Col. Starkweather, much to our regret, being at Louisville, sick, at present. The day passed without special incident. An occasional "Wish you a happy New Year," or, "A New Year's gift to you," as the people here have it, was all that occurred to remind one that it was the first day of the year 1862.

Towards evening, a party went out some three miles beyond the line, and brought in two citizens as prisoners. They were left with the reserve, (Companies F, G and H,) and on our return delivered to Gen. McCook. One of them was discharged, and the other detained, being identified as a person who had practised insulting the rebels on track of the Union men in the neighborhood, so that they might molest and levy upon the property of these loyal men. Rebel bands are constantly hovering about, despoiling Union men in this way. As I write, however, the order comes for the left wing of our regiment to be in readiness to go out, as soon as the present rains are over, on a scouting expedition for three or four days, for the purpose of taking, if possible, a party of two hundred or more of these "border ruffians," known to be in the vicinity. Should we discover them, a "lively time" may be expected.

Some of the "natives" in this portion of Kentucky are "specimens" of their kind, as the following instance will illustrate: One of our officers fell into conversation, a few days since, with an individual living "around here," in the course of which the latter inquired from what State our officers came. "From the Badger State," answered the officer. The Kentuckian "allowed" that he "hadn't never heard of the Badger State afore," and that "it must be a right-same piece from here." "From Wisconsin," added our friend in explanation. "Wisconsin, Wisconsin—dunno, I've er heard tell of that place either," the Kentuckian replied perplexed. "But you have heard of Illinois?" "Oh, yes; I've travelled in Illinois, a righ' smart." On being informed that Wisconsin was beyond "Illinois," the native "allowed" again that the officer had "done come" a "power of a way!"

Our officer now turned questioner, and asked "How far is Frankfort from here?" "Frankfort, did you say? Guess that place can't be in this State," answered Kentuckian. "What! you don't know where the Capitol of your own State is? How long have you lived here?" asked our astonished inquirer. "Native American; was born and raised here," he said, "but couldn't tell where Frankfort was at." Our officer gave him up as one whose day of grace was past beyond recovery!

Green River, on the right bank of which I remarked that we were located, is a narrow stream flowing between high wooded banks, its waters being of the color indicated by its name. The reality I find verifies BAYARD TAYLOR'S description,
given incidentally some years ago in an account of a visit to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. This famous cave, by the way, is situated some eight miles down the stream, (i. e. to the southwest,) and not far from it.

The high bridge of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at this point is being rapidly repaired, and from present indications will be completed this week. Wooden bents, twelve or sixteen feet apart and nearly one hundred feet in height, supply the place of the abutment blown down by the rebels. They attempted at the time of destroying this one—the one nearest the south bank—the destruction of the second one also, and it is apparent from the fact that two stones were removed by them from the wall for the purpose of planting kegs of powder under it, and the opening made thereby is still visible; but for some unknown reason they abandoned their plan without putting it into operation.

While Milwaukeans have been reveling in the delights of a Northern winter, we, here, in the latitude of Richmond, Va., have been having, up to New Years' day, what in Wisconsin would be called "open fall weather," with no snow, and frosts only at night. Ferns were abundant in the woods and fresh clover leaves in the fields, as far back as "Camp Nagley," at Nolin, Hardin Co. The face of the country is quite broken, much of it being covered with native forests. This is the case particularly with the limestone hills or "knobs" to be seen in every direction from our camp. The soil, for farming purposes, is but second rate.

"Since New Year's heavy rains have fallen almost without cessation. No drills being ordered, we kept close in our tents. Letter-writing and newspaper reading are the prevailing occupations. The KENTUCKY I observe, is well represented. Perhaps on some other "rainy day" you may be troubled again by a line from yours,

Yours,

Boone.

JANUARY 4th.—Our camp was suddenly thrown into the deepest gloom this morning by the report of a fatal accident to a member of our Regiment. Corporal CHAS. S. PALMER, of Co. K, Capt. GREENE's, with a companion named BAKES, while at the river after water, with some members of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania—one of the regiments of our brigade—and at their invitation ascended the opposite bank and started in a hand car for the line of the Seventy-eighth's pickets, about two miles out. This car was followed by another containing a Lieutenant of the same Regiment, which, coming up at a rapid rate, struck with unexpected force the forward car, and young PALMER was thrown off and instantly killed, the wheels of both cars passing over the back portion of his head.

PALMER resided at Fond du Lac, Wis., but has no parents. He was in the three months service—a member of Co. I—and Captain GREENE informs me has always sustained the character of an exemplary soldier, faithful in the performance of every duty. He will be buried with military honors to-morrow. He was particularly attached, I am informed, to the First Regiment, and the entire Regiment feel deeply his violent and untimely death.

Relative to the Kentucky Excursion.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 5th, 1862.

Bible Wisconsin—Having heard that there was an excursion party being gotten up in Milwaukee, for the purpose of visiting the 1st and 5th Regiments, and being told that Gen. Buell had invited any visitors to the camp, I wrote a note to him, asking if such were his orders. He replied that it would give him pleasure to grant the friends, but that he deemed it better for the public interest that no permits should be given. Therefore I thought it best to inform the friends of the regiments publicly, lest they might make the trip, and consequently be disappointed.

Yours truly,

John C. Starks, Esq.,

Col. 1st Wis. Vol.

Under cultivation by......

Wood Notes from the First Regiment.

[Special Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin.]

CAMPO WOOD, McHenryville, Ky., Jan. 17, 1862.—No troops have yet crossed Green river, and the state of affairs here remains about the same as when I last wrote you.

The Texan Rangers still roam the country south of Green river, and continue their work of despoliation unmolested. It has been customary with them to make weekly excursions to surrounding country, to view the progress and position of our forces, and to forage—especially the latter; but since Col. Willich's boys threated them, they have become quite shy, and now look at us from afar. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," of our "sawny camps and bristling guns," as well as safety to the beholder, and herein the Rangers are wise men.

On Sunday morning last, the Rangers destroyed the hotel and depot at Cave City, and the depot at Horse Cave; and in the evening they appeared near the picket lines in force and were the means of giving the boys a few more cartridges to carry. They made no demonstrations, however, probably owing to the heavy rains.

They have been engaged, ever since our arrival here, in cutting down Union men, burning their houses, barns and hay stacks, and it is even said with truth that they are shooting cattle and throwing them into the ponds and springs all along the line of march between Green river and Cave City, to destroy our supply of water in case we advance.

A gentleman employed on the Nashville R. R., informed me that there was not a tie or rail on the grading between Cave City and Bowling Green, and that all the culverts are blown up, and the railroad buildings burned; and with the exception of the depot at Bowlett Station, there is not one between this place and Bowling Green. This is the way Buckner protects Kentuckians and their interests, and fulfills his promise contained in his proclamation when he seized the road. The fire-brand seems to be a favorite rebel weapon, but, like a smooth bore musket, it will, in the end, do more damage to the handler, in recoiling, than good. A few more Charlestontian fires and the Southerners will find themselves suffering the afflictions that they are now enduring upon the loyalists of Kentucky.

AN ALARM.

I had written this much of my letter when I was interrupted by the arrival of the following telegraph from the Daily Wisconsin—a daily visitor and welcomed not only by myself, but by a goodly portion of the company—and I was poring over its columns of home news when the Colonel's "fall in, fall in!" started us all for our "traps." Away went inkstand, portfolio, and newspaper, and what a moment before was a group of lazy lads was now a band of armed and equipped warriors ready for the fight. To you who have never heard the long roll and seen nothing but street parades, it may seem but fun. Well, fun it is, but of rather a fighting kind.

The boys grasp their muskets with a determination to do their best, and for a moment a breeze of excitement passes over the camp, then all is quiet, and nought but the word of command and low whispers break the stillness. But I am digressing. Line was formed in short order and away we went—now "double-quick" and then "stepping" until the woods on the opposite shore, and fully a mile from the river were reached, when we halted, rested and turned back. It was a false alarm! It seems that Col. Hambringt on picket, made a reconnaissance as far as Horse Cave with two companies, and hearing firing in that direction continued that the enemy had been met and that a fight was going on between them and his boys, and alarmed Gen. McCook and the troops on this side. The whole division was up and ready. The roads were muddy and almost impassable. Nothing occurred save an accident to one of the staff. He rode upon a horse, and the horse went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head, caught hold of the oak, and he was about to be taken up between the heaven and the earth, when his leg gave way and fell to the ground. And one saw it, and told the other, and we all laughed. That's what a fighting kind.

Returning, the First Regiment only crossed the Green River R. R. Bridge. A compliment was paid to us by Gen. McCook for being the first regiment on the field, 18th...
the farthest off. The crossing was a fine night, and was worth the trouble of a three-mile march. You can gain a good inkling of the position by the picture of Green River Bridge, in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper of Jan. 13th, and imagining it covered with troops. In speaking of illustrations, Frank Leslie has thus far had the best finished and most accurate sketches of camps, &c., in Kentucky, and is a reliable pictorial. The pictures of the railroad bridge and the sky are wonderfully correct.

SICK LIST.

Lient. Messenger returned to camp to-day—quite recovered from his sickness, and Captain Hill is expected to-morrow. Adjutant Franklin still remains at Louisville. John McCullough, Hospital Steward, is slowly recovering from an attack of the bilious fever. He is missed from his post more than any officer in the regiment. Ever spry and active, he has alleviated more suffering and done more good than many a shoulder-strapped sentinel. He has had the most success in doing his duty. Everybody is glad to see him about. Everybody is glad to see him about once more. Lient. Col. Lane is also again off the sick list. Long may he remain so.

ARRIVED.

Cap'n McCue, at Company "E" has arrived and taken up the active duties of his post. He brought with him many a package from home, and fine recruits. In an issue of the Wisconsin, I saw it stated that he had seen some 60 or 80 recruits in the three months that he acted as Recruiting Officer. It was short of half that number. The Kenesaw boys were happy to see him, and so were the rest of his friends.

DETAILED.

Lient. Stone, of Company "K" has been detailed by Gen. Buell to report to the Adjutant General of the Department at Louisville, and has done so. I do not mean to praise indiscriminately, but tell the truth when I say, that Lient. Stone is worthy of the position. He is a commanding officer and a true soldier. "K" Co. is the favorite in camp at present and believe me, the favoritism is not misplaced.

RIFLES.

The regiment is now supplied with Minnie muskets in place of the old, smooth bore.

ACCIDENT.

A private in Co. "E" last night shot the thumb off his right hand. It was an accident.

RECONNAISSANCE.

To-morrow morning the First regiment, assisted by three or four others, is to make a reconnaissance as far as Cave City. Three days rations are now being cooked, and by early to-morrow we'll be off. As soon as I return I'll write you—that is, if I see anything. It is a vast, a very vast country. A man, it seems, is Easting himself on the Tennessee side of Big Buzzard River, on the road to Glasgow. By a peep at Colton's map, you can at once see the position of the railroad bridge. Geo. Nelson is at Campbellville, and will advance with us when the time comes forming a junction at Glasgow. But I am anticipating.

From the First Regiment,

For the State Journal.


Messrs. Editors—The Union army is lying here. The railroad bridge has been finished and tried by running a heavily laden train over it. No rebels have been seen about this vicinity lately. On Tuesday last the lst Wisconsin was called out as a reserve for the Louisville Legion, who were on an outpost duty, and fell upon us to guard the bridges. I was chosen as the officer to take charge of the guard, detailing three men from each company, to be relieved every three hours. I got out my guard, placing eight men on the great iron railroad bridge, four on the pontoon bridge, fifteen around the regiment, and three at a steam mill near the bridges. So you can form an idea of the guard duty and soldiering here. Our soldiers have to guard mills and in many places other private property. I visited each of my reliefs during the night, and for this purpose passed four times over the railroad bridge in the north side. The bridge is 126 feet above the water and in many places had nothing on either side of the rails, so that it gave only a line of six feet in width to walk upon, and in the dark it did not seem to be more than three feet wide. The first time I crossed it the wind was blowing quite fresh, and it made me somewhat dizzy headed, but afterwards it did not affect me. That night from the ground hard enough to bear up a man. As we went over the river in going out, the mud was over shoe tops, and the boys who had shoes got their feet wet. It poured down rain at the same time, and continued until about 9 o'clock at night, when the freezing commenced.

On Friday, the 17th, at 2 o'clock P. M., a report came over the river that the rebels were coming down as in large numbers. Horsemen were soon flying over the fields from one regiment to another. The long rolls were beaten, and the cary "will in" filled the air with intense excitement.

Col. Starkweather's men ran out like a portion of that, and the bridges of the lst Wisconsin flew to their company streets, and after forming, "double quicked," it into line of battle. On how one's heart was when such scenes were being enacted. The mustering of squad-
ons, and "the mounting in haste to the fiery steed." Look there! away goes the battery of flying artillery, 60 to a piece, under their best speed, rumbling over the pine with a shower of mud flying around them; then away we go at double quick, and the weddies are ahead and across the river in efficiency of the army. As we ascended the bluff on the south side we could see the dark lines of infantry with their glistering bayonets, and the sou" Ill be alone again, pouring over the hill and down the descent for a mile. It was the pride and pomp of glorious war. After marching back about the late, we were halted, when I saw Gen. McCook and staff appeared, and we learned that it was a mistake and that no rebels were in sight. It was a good thing for them that they were away, for I believe our army would have skinned them.

The order was given to march back, and the 1st Wisconsin, withullen, disappointed visage, returned again to camp, crossing however on the Iron Railroad bridge. It was a beautiful picture, and should appear in the Illustrated Paper. It caused many to swim giddily, but all passed over in safety. All the women that followed the army, and the wives of officers, were ordered away from Mammoth Cave last week, and about all went away on the 17th and 18th inst. I cannot divide the object. It rained about five days this month, and sometimes it pours down in torrents, with loud flashes of lightning and thunder. The wind blew very high.

On the 17th, a corporal in Co. K was instantly killed by a round shot from the gun of a small arms, fired by a hand car. The skull was crushed. I was most estimable young man.

Yesterday, young Marion died, in Co. K. He had been lingering a long time. This weather is very trying on the health of our soldiers. With no sunshine, almost constant rain, the mud all over the camps, fields and roads, from three to ten inches deep, how any one can continue in good health is a mystery. Thousands are having the same sores of various kinds in their systems, from which they never will recover. It makes one sad to walk through the company "street," at the hour of midnight, and hear the hollow cough in almost every tent. I only pass through the "street," on guard, the rain pouring down, and the only requiem with the patterning of the large drops on the tents being the hollow, sepulchral cough of the soldiers. Did I not know the contrary, I would think myself in the city of the dead, with mournful ghosts all around me.

A reconnaissance was made last week, to within a short distance of Cave City, by three companies of artillery, and they confirmed the reports that the rebels have destroyed by fire all the railroad station houses, all the dwellings of any size, all the store buildings, barns, and all others which they thought we could use for hospitals, on and near the lines of the railroad and turnpike between this place and Bowling Green, and we also burned all the hay, corn, oats, and wheat, and had shot all the cattle, hogs and sheep which they could not take care of by driving away. They have thrown the dead bodies into the streams, wells, ditches and potholes—the only places where we can get water. And yet, they are gentlemen and creatures of civilization." This is
that are daily circulating of late. Major Robinson just played "Star spangled Banner," etc.

Mr. Morgan has been visiting with us for the past two weeks during this period, which time we have been called out twice, to march to a supposed battle field, and the old gentleman "fell in" with us, the next time until hearing there was to be a fight on Sunday promised he himself no rest until he had procured himself a musket, he succeeded in doing so, and with his ration of raw bacon and hard bread, together with 40 rounds of cartridges, he stood out exclaiming, "Now, boys, I'm ready! Load arms!" — there was a type of patriotic devotion, for you. Could his friends have seen him, they would have agreed with us that he looked 20 years younger than before, such patriotism is worthy of notice.

One more death since my last letter, and we have sent 19 sick to the General Hospital, 10 more at the field hospital, and 51 in quarters. Weather is warm and pleasant. No indications of a forward movement; no money and no stamps. Yours, W. A. M.

Army Correspondence

Letter from the First Regiment

Correspondence of the Battlefield

CAMP WOOD, MONTEREY, KENTUCKY,

February 2, 1862.

EDR. SANTIVIAL—Time hangs heavily just at present on the hands of the First:
What with lying in camp and with waiting in vain for the paymaster to arrive, "hope deferred grows sick," and despondency seems setting down upon us! The weather, as if in sympathy with our feelings, is persistently lowering and rainy, the sum being allowed to show the light of his countenance only semi-occasionally, and then appearing with a sly and commiserating look. Someone must do something for us soon, "surely," or you may expect to hear diverse details of desperate and dishonorable deeds from "down in Dixie!"

One day in each week our regiment crosses Green River to do picket duty, being placed alternately on "outpost" and "reserve." Lately we have gone out on Fridays and returned Saturdays. Reconnaissances are frequently made into the country below, and on Sunday last, the 20th ultimo, our regiment was detailed for such an expedition. We left camp at seven in the morning, and took up our line of march through the woods and fields and over rocky hills along the Louisville and Nashville Turnpike, in a southerly direction. The Thirty-Second Indiana Regiment, Col. Willson, the one engaged in battle on the 17th December, left their camp early in the morning, and, taking a circuitous route, came up on the "pikes," necessitating our regiment at fire in the afternoo. The object of the maneuver was to entrap any rebel bands which might be scattering through the country, between the two regiments. Although unsuccessful in this respect, as no such bands were discovered, the expedition was by no means a fruitless one, as we gained a knowledge of the country over which we passed which may be useful in future.

Col. Willson's Regiment was accompanied by a company of cavalry and was supported by artillery.

I learn, by dispatch, from good authority, that whenever a forward movement is made, it is the intention of Gen. M'Cook to send our regiment and the Thirty-Second in advance as skirmishers. This is an honorable and responsible post, and one which speaks well for the estimation in which the regiments thus designated are held.

The repairs on the railroad bridge over Green river have been completed, and it has been in use for three weeks past. By laying a flooring on the ties and setting a railing at the sides, it has been fitted for the crossing of troops. It is also designed to take baggage wagons and artillery trains over it, to be drawn by hand or locomotive power. The feasibility of the plan has already been proved by experiments. Illustrations in a recent number of "Frank Leslie" convey a very good idea of the bridge before it was rebuilt, as well as of the country immediately adjoining on the opposite side. Our Regiment had the credit of being the first to cross the bridge, which it did on the 17th ult. Viewed from below, the line, while filling across in two ranks, suspended on the narrow and apparently fragile piles, with the new trestles—each with which, an apparatus, all the companies have been supplied—glistering in the sun, and the regimental flags waving defiantly above it, presented a most novel and animating scene. A type of interments, enclose several graves, is being constructed on the left side for the remains of the bridge. The history of Mill Spring, or Somerset, as it is called, although the battle was at neither of these places, caused great rejoicing among the forces here. The bodies of Gen. Zoli, Col. and Capt. Bailey, which had been encased in metal coffins by order of Gen.
IS beloved by his men of any man In this world two, I wish to write it to them. It is composed of cavalry artillery in the loudest, clearest voice, and is the with any of the regiment beside the above.

From the rebel lines and delivered to the friends of the deceased. The escort consisted of a body of cavalry under a flag of truce, and accompanied by several of our

Generals and their staffs. Gen. Nagley, commander of our Brigade, being among them, was on the rebel pickets near Cave City, eleven miles below, until their force some four miles further.

From the First Regiment.


Editors of the State Journal:—The movements of the flank have been made, and, as you can be informed by telegraph, have been as successful as the most sanguine could wish. But we like here yet. The rain slacked up since the 8th inst., and the ground dried up considerably, so that Gen. Mitchell's division moved forward yesterday from Bacon Creek, and crossed the river, to the south side. It is composed of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, and amounts to about 78,000 men. The 10th Wisconsin and the 3d Minnesota regiments are in this division. All the regiments in McCook's (our) division were actively engaged in the various fighting yesterday—the first day of a grand turn-out since last December, on account of the rain and mud. Our hopes were high for an onward march, and we saw the long line of Mitchell's division marching past us, and our hearts thrilled in imagining our army to be rushing over the heights of Bowling Green, with the dead and dying traitors beneath our feet, and the fugitives flying before us in the distance; but the snow-storm, last night and to-day, dashes all those fond hopes to the ground, and we must bide our time yet a little longer, in the mud of Dixie. Anything to go on, is better than to stop.

On the 6th Inst., I started on the L. & N. train for Louisville. At Bacon Creek the tents were spread over the low bottom land and along the hill sides as far as we could see. The ground through this region is much softer and the mud deeper than on Green river. After passing Elizabethtown, the road runs through a tunnel at least a mile in length, cut through the solid rock. It must have cost a "pile" of money. After passing the tunnel, the road runs along the side of a succession of steep, almost perpendicular bluffs, in many places overhanging the little stream that runs leaping and plunging over the jagged rocks in its bed hundreds of feet below us. The lateral creeks are bridged and added green to the wildness of the road. The road winds along this stream before reaching bottom land, and a mile from the railroad the road begins the ascent to the town, 15 miles. From Lebanon junction to Bardstown junction the country is fair and the people seem to be half civilized. The road is covered with mud, and the horseman has been forced to make long detours. It has been a continuous battle for a distance of 20 miles to guard the R. B's. bridges on Salt river, the Rolling Fork, and along the wild stream below the tunnel. There are many small creeks and oaks on the heights between Salt river and Frankfort, and Louisville. There are large numbers of army wagons in the rear of the city. Many officers and soldiers were strolling the streets. The Ohio river has been very high this winter, and is deep enough now to float a 74 mile gunboat.

Lieutenants W. J. Vincent, Co. F, W. Gibbons, Co. C, J. F. Brooks, Co. I, resigned last week, and G. Bingham, of Co. C, is on the sick list. Capt. Lient, Vincent of Co. F, has been afflicted for a long time with rheumatism, which prevented him from performing military duties. He is a popular young man and is one of the most popular officers in the regiment. Col. Starkweather has been quite ill, but was out on battalion drill yesterday, and everything went off with a zest. He is the best drill officer in this Department, has the loudest, clearest voice, and is the most beloved by his men of any man in this division at least. We still hope that we can move on and get at the rebels soon. No pay yet from Uncle Sam.

War Notes from Kentucky. (Special Correspondence of the Daily Wisconsin.)

Camp Wood, Louisville, Ky., Feb. 11th, 1863.—Fort Henry has fallen, and the Star Spangled Banner once more floats over the "sacred soil" of Tennessee. This Division of the Grand Army welcomed the glorious tidings with shouts of joy; for in them they saw something more than a victory—on advance. It would have done your heart good to have heard the six rousing cheers that welled up from the throats of the hearty boys of the "gallant First," as the news was imparted to them; and to have heard the various conjectures and questions about "What will McCook do?" From present appearances he will do something; and that something at a time when all interested in the movements of the army in Kentucky, will at once see the grand pitching of the great regiment against the fall of Fort Henry. It is situated on the east side of the Tennessee River, just on the border of the State of Tennessee, and cuts off the road to the railroad connection between Columbus and Bowling Green. Fort Donelson is but twelve miles south of Fort Henry, and its fall is deemed certain. That point will be next. The rebels and our forces are not advance from Columbus on our victorious forces, unless they intend to have been. Hallock "possess and hold" that im-regnable stronghold (?) and if they leave Bowling Green, Buell will certainly pounce on them. Their situation is indeed a hard one, and seems to have turned the rebel leaders at Richmond, or why should they send Beauregard from Manlius with a portion of their army on the omottus, for to strengthen the rebel lines with. Once in possession of the railroad passes across the Big Sandy and Tennessee rivers, our Generals can cut off either Columbus or Bowling Green in the room. We have an attack made by our forces now menacing the fronts of these two strongholds. Gen. Thomas has made a reconnaissance to East Kentucky, by his via-"eoy at Mill Spring, and turned the right rear of the rebel army, and now their left, has been counterfeited by Hallock. Our centre now only remains to be driven back, and rests on the line of the Louisa-

leaves & Nashville Railroad, at Bowling Green. This done, and the "dark and sandy ground" of Kentucky will be free in the "polluting foot" of the traitor rebels and their vandal hordes.

OR GEN. MITCHELL'S DIVISION ADVANCING.

This Division are moving the poor, weak, feeble soldier on the railroad towards the south of Green river, how a little, but don't know where. There are large numbers of troops in their haversacks, moved toward Green river. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, the head of the column of boys of his company, and his leaving us was much regretted. He goes home to a civilized people, a wife, and children, and more soldiery than can be found in the centre division in Green River. Capt. Samsel, or "our little captain," as the boys generally call him, tendered his resignation last night; it is one of the most popular officers in the regiment.

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pack up and start for “away down South in Dixie.” If you should hear of a skir-
merry thing do not take it as a sur-
prise! It remains with Gen. Hindman-
alone, and if his troops fight as well as
did the infantry that left the brave Gen.
Tight
in the quarters to the south or send
the day will be ours. I know that “Ooh-
Can’t hold a candlestick to the
pace of the rebels in Kentucky,” and Dame
Picks, “I believe you say boy. More
too;” and then drop the curtain and the
audience is dispersed.

AN ADVENTURE.

In my last I announced the arrival of a
party of Milwaukeeans at Camp Wood. The
party was a jolly crowd, and brought the
Northern sunshine with them; and a cold
snow storm, too. As they leave us this
morning, the snow will probably go with
them, but I hope that the sunshine will be
left behind.

Thus the elephant, the following “incidents of the day” will bear witness:

Saturday morning, Q. M. Harry
Bingham, who namesake to the Major,
started from camp with Capt. Good-
rich, Russ Wheeler, Geo. Church, “ye
conductor of the train,” and A. Abbott,
in low, Lieutenant Simon Babcock, bridging
up the rear, to see that none of the stran-
gers would be “taken in” and lost in the
winding roads that run through Camp Wood,
and turn toward all points on the
compass “o’er grass and through mines.”
The party was joined by Capt. Conkling,
the 2d Ohio Battery, and others. Pass-
ing to the south side of Green River they
were met by Brig. Gen. Rousseau, who
but an hour before had refused to grant
them a pass. He hailed them and com-
mencement them on their skill in passing
guards, which they did by means of the
passes to Munfordsville given them at Len-
sville.

After viewing the battle grounds at
Rowlett Station and fortifications and
picket points, the party returned to Camp
Wood and were shown around the vari-
ous camps by the obliging Gen. Rousseau,
who, in the absence of McCook, is diri-
ment in this division. Going through
the regiments of Rousseau’s and the ad-
joining brigades, the whole party brought
up at Gen. Rousseau’s headquarters where
“they dined like lords,” and the “merry
bowl went round.” The General here ex-
hanged terms on “business” and the par-
ty accepted Capt. Conkling’s invitation
to review his battery. He ought to have
said “his battery,” for little reviewing was
done, and he reallocated the party with the
Wants of life,” and spurring the cham-
pagne. On their way to Capt. Cotter’s
battery the party was overtaken by a
message from Gen. Rousseau, requesting
their presence as soon as possible to receive
a flag of truce now awaiting him outside
the picket line. It was agreed, and turning
their horses headed toward Green River,
were met by Gen. Rousseau. Reaching the
picket the escort was halted and the Gen-
eral and his orderlies went forward.
The despatches to hand, and the General returned
to his escort, while Gen. Russell
read from a sheet of paper and then
received him. Geo. Church and Capt.
Goodrich with a Major on picket, instead of
into the line as the General passed, turned in an opposite direction.
Church was sent on seeing the flag of truce, and started after the “retreating
band.” He gave the horse a spur, and
moved with “break-neck” speed. The
Major on picket wheeled his horse and
slowly told Capt. Goodrich to halt his friend.
Church hurried him, and Capt. Good-
rich started in pursuit. Before he over-
took him, Church had reached the rebels
who formed a line and came to a “present
arms.” Church stopped, and in about a
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night very comfortably, notwithstanding the rain, and on a road early start next morning. At eight o'clock we were off.

Again—but after a few minutes progress the order came to "about face" and we retook the gun to group around the fires and surprise as to the cause of delay.—

Soon the report came that Gen. Mitchell had entered Bowling Green without resistance, and we were needed to sustain him, which was confirmed by our orders to retractive steps to Munfordville shortly after noon. We camped that night between Bacon Creek and Green river, and the next day marched on the latter and pitched a tent on a plantation beyond Rowlins Station, intending to remain and rest a day or two. About bed-time, however, we were warned of the receipt of orders of some kind by the Colonel's voice pealing forth from his quarters: "Commandant of companies report here immediately,"—"shortly followed by orders to cook up three days' rations for a march at 7 o'clock next morning."

In pursuance we started, although it had rained all that night and continued through the morning, rendering the road muddy and almost impassable where the turningpike was discontinued—as it was the case for some twelve miles—keeping to the railroad track as far as practicable. We found throughout a confirmation of reports as to falling trees into the road, tearing up Railroad track, blowing up a tunnel and depositing dead animals in the water ponds, along the line of march, and passed many evidently fresh encampments of the rebels.

After marching eighteen miles we halted on some beautiful grounds and their clubs or some knapsack on the wagon within hearing or sight. Our remaining sick are reported as getting along very well.

We are now within a day's march of Bowling Green, and shall probably remain to get the Railroad repaired in and running order through to that place—thence on to Nashville—which will require but a short time. Four regiments of workmen can accomplish something in a day, and that's intended to be the detail. Gen. McCook is also compelling the citizens who are known as "assassins" to aid in the repairing of damages of their own creation, on the track; which seems to us an equitable plan.

The soldiers joke with us that we must hurry up the work in order to have the cars to transport us homeward, on conclusion of peace, instead of enduring the hot weather. We do not hurry up the work, but we are anxious to get a horse to go back to our homes. We have been ordered to be in a hotel or member to get underway on the earliest possible time, and have been instructed to leave all private property behind; our hospital alone, and our rations.

On arriving at Louisville, I visited the Hospital in search of our sick. Finding those I distributed to them a portion of the underwear and stockings furnished by the ladies of St. Matthew's Church in your city; the rest of them I gave to soldiers of Co. E, when I reached camp.

On leaving Louisville, I visited the Hospital in search of our sick. Finding those, I distributed to them a portion of the underwear and stockings furnished by the ladies of St. Matthew's Church in your city; the rest of them I gave to soldiers of Co. E, when I reached camp.

On arriving at Louisville, Wednesday, night, the 18th inst., we heard all the bands playing, and cheer after cheer going up from the different regiments of the troops on the public square. After a time the bugle was heard from Fort Henry, which had been heard from. Having gone to the Camp of the First W.T., we heard that Gen. Mitchell's Division had been moved up the way to Bowling Green. We had been kept in advance of them all winter, repairing roads, building bridges, doing the picketing, cutting out timber, throwing up the intrenchments and running across the river every second day, through mud and mire deeper, at times, than the soldiers praying that we might be permitted to take Bowling Green from the rebels; now the rebels having left, we were not permitted to remain on the deserted pavements, but the barricade victory is permitted to others who had not deserved. But what remained for us? Five days' rations!—ordered at the prompt, which were cooked under a shelter that came down the whole night long. Ayswer was given that the Division should be ready to march at six o'clock on Friday morning the 18th, March, when 7-15 miles, why, 70 to 85 miles, in an of cold and in an of cold camp at Woodford, March 24 miles below Louisville! Our tent piles were removed and taken, unt and our tents and bedding, in the cold and rain, with only a great many other stores, and officers supplies. We started towards the north! We marched about 14 miles that day and halted, bivouacking in a body of timber for the night, as we had so no hope whatever that our baggage could come up, such was the state of the roads—hot frozen and wetting the way. It was whispered that we were bound for Columbus, or at least Ft. Donelson. This moved us all to strive for the mastery of ourselves, for we were terribly receptive under the countermeasure. Next morning the regiments of the 7th Brigade, Gen. Negley's—were begun up in line of march, when down came an order with the order to fall back, to the place where we camped that night. The rumour spread that Mitchell had the enemy in his rear, and that we must proceed toward Bowling Green, after all. The center march under the dense forest was begun. We met during the afternoon our baggage trains with the teams, guards and horses, and without damage, except a little trouble in Flanders, remarked Uncle Toby, but such a wonderful to the 1st Regiment never liked to believe it. The order given us, we packed back to Munfordville—but the General is in command—graciously permitted the entire Division to come to Columbus, a march of two miles beyond it; one mile. This pleased us all. Any place but the same place for an army!
We camped on Sunday night, the 18th inst., in a wheat field that had been plowed and sowed in the fall. Snow was here—water there—and a soft mist in the air. Oh! what a night, my friends! Any one gifted with the Chadband style of oratory might describe it, but we must move quickly enough not to pitch my tent. I stumbled into the Quartermaster's bundle of wheat—not straw alone. I tried to sleep, but the entire night was consumed by the Q.M. and his aids getting ready to leave the morning; and such was the dim that sleep was out of the question, as it had been the two previous nights. On Monday morning we left for this point, in a most awful drenching rain, which continued until 2 o'clock P.M. The telegraph informed me General's that Port Donelson had surrendered with 15,000 rebels Johnson, Buckner, and others being prisoners. This news made a perfect march the next day. The communications to the troops as they passed along the checks of the Kentucky rebels blanched with terror as these cheers were repeated. They truly divined that reverses had befallen their arms.

As we passed along to this place we found areas felled across the road in many places. The tents and formed in line at 7 A.M., and Railroad 1—Donelson damaged. The iron has been turned, and taken across the track five—having been placed under the bars, timbers through rain and mud in the direction of having been burned under them—the bars are bent. Yesterday the railroad there was cut out to work on the railroad; but that Bowling Green was occupied by Gen. Mitchell's Division on the 12th; and the rains drove all back to camp—today all having gone again.

The boys now propose that the orders be sent to-stopped & reported, without opposition. The Rebels—Regiment in same as it has been thus far.

But we are not talking of home again. The back of the Rebellion has been broken, but it time be not given for its—depriving the patients will surely be righteous, if it does not.

I have just learned from the Commanding Officer of the 18th Inst., that the 1st Regiment—had it been in the line in which we received an order of 10 miles, and less than a day or two. We are probably bound for Nashville. I would like to congratulate the boys of Tennessee, while I stood beside a few rods from Dripping Spring, a tomb of Old Kentucky! What a glorious text for should take from this—"The Union must be preserved!" Some of the boys in my company on the teams, many of which did not have been quite all, but they are all recovering.

Day is still in the future, the people of Benton really once more to the white saplings of children of her soldiers! The agency will soon be over. Let her brave sons come home to me, and feel the heart fill me with a time to hear the men of every Company in the Regiment the citizens of Kentucky. Be prepared to stand for the hard work and not the vicious to fight. First Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, during the month of May June, this I have learned much. M. T. I—on the teams, 12 miles.

P.S. I have just heard from the Commanding Officer that the order which we received to march to West Point, and then to take the last down the Ohio, was meant for General Johnson's Division, while the order which I received to proceed to Bowling Green was meant for me! This took the rough edge off our feelings. Hurrah for Nashville!

Camp Correspondence.

Capt. Vincent, resigned. Frederick T. Starkweather has been commissioned 2d Lieut. in place of P. P. Wise, promoted.

Frederick T. Starkweather, and, thus far, has the reputation of a gentleman. He was the first choice of the company, in preference to any other man in the Regiment, and will—doubtless—prove himself a gallant and gentlemanly officer.

Sergeant S. W. Button has been appointed Quarter Master Sergeant, and will prove the "right man in the right place."

Since our arrival here, when it has not rained, we have been engaged repairing the Railroad up to this point. The rebels having destroyed the track a distance of about four miles, and "blown up" a part of the Tunnel at each extremity, so that it has been difficult to get supplies for our troops.

Yesterday this Brigade passed a General Review. Col. Starkweather having command of the same.

To-day it is raining, and every one is "cooped up" in quarters; but this is no uncommon occurrence. We have got used to this monotonous life of rain and mud, and were it not that the rebels destroyed the Railroad, thereby compelling us to exercise in order to get rations, we should do some of the heaviest laying still and accomplish some of the most masterly inactivity on record, and I do not know but we will be able to work with the straw and cornstalks in our tents. All are heartily tired of this doing nothing, and anxiously looking for fair weather and something to do.

It is the general opinion here that we shall advance to Nashville as soon as the roads and weather will permit. But we know not what a day will bring forth.—Perhaps be ordered to Louisville, and then down the Ohio. This latter would seem hardly probable at this time.

There are now at Munfordville twelve of our boys, and one at Louisville, sick; three of whom, W. H. Peabody, H. J. Bennett and Albert Jones, will be discharged. Aside from those the company is in good health, and could we have fine weather, would be in fine spirits.
and wetting my paper, rendering it disagreeable, to say the least, to write, and everything is so blurred with mud that I will close this hasty letter.

Yours truly,

BADGER

From the First Wis. Regiment.

BOWLING GREEN, Feb. 25, 1862.

FRIEND SMITH: Last Sunday morning we left our camping ground, and took up our march for this place, which has of late become somewhat noted as being the strongest fortificated place in the South. West held by the rebels. The country through which we passed was far superior to anything we have seen in Kentucky thus far. We found some real old Southern plantations. We encamped near Bowling Green, on the banks of Big Barren River, the city being about three-fourths of a mile distant on the opposite side of the River. The River here forms a regular horse shoe. I have been unable as yet to examine the works, but they are spoken of as being well erected and it would have been hard to have been taken by our forces. In the bow of this horse shoe on this side of the river directly opposite to which is Bowling Green is a fine earth work erected. On the other side of the river, down the stream our Artillery, and above the center fortification are two others. For three-fourths of a mile around, they have taken the trees to facilitate the working of their Artillery. Their old camping grounds are visible, and they may have had a large force here. From what I can learn, their largest force was there about Christmas, and at the lowest calculation they had 30,000 men. They could not have secured a stronger place naturally than this is, and if they had remained in their fortifications and fought us it would have cost us many lives to have taken it.

They have destroyed both the Rail Road and the Pike Bridges, and our men are now engaged in building a bridge on which our troops can pass. There is a small steamboat engaged in conveying troops across, but it is not adequate to convey all the troops and wagons.

It is rumored that Mitchell's Division is near Nashville. Our boys do not like their idea of following a smaller and inferior division and building bridges and repairing the Railroad, so that it can get supplies. But if we cannot go ahead now, we will as soon as we can get a chance, which we hope may very soon occur.

We left Charlie Benton, back at our camp, he being too unwell to march. I think he will soon be with us again. All right.

Yours, as ever.

BADGER

From the First Wis. Regiment.

BOWLING GREEN, Feb. 25, 1862.

I wrote you that I was not then able to state the movement of our division into Bowling Green—such is now the fact. It will proceed at once to Nashville; it is doubtless within 25 or 30 miles of that city at this time.

I am sent here to look after our sick. Tomorrow I will try to learn here, stopping, however, a day or two at Moundsville, to look after the sick of our regiment left behind there.

Even you, would be astonished at the rapid movements of troops in this neighborhood. Gen. Thomas' division, foot and horse, and hungry, are now going on board of boats, and will go down the Ohio and up the Cumberland towards Nashville. They are buying every loaf of bread that is within their reach, and eagerly devouring them. These are the boys that flaked out Zollicofter. I have locked with pride on the North Ohio, which made the; gallant boy's charge, and died for the day.

The 10th Indiana, which did the skirmishing, thus opening and maintaining the battle, will be here to-morrow.

There is not a particle of doubt but what we will be at the taking of Nashville, fight or no fight.

The Head-quarters of this Department has been removed from this city, Bowling Green will probably be the Head-quarters of Buell for the present.

We have lost about 20 of our regiment up to this time; mostly by camp or field fever. Many of them are still down with it—some slowly recovering.

All the inhabitants that we met with south of Green River, profess to be Union men now! "Times change, and we change with them."

First Wisconsin, General Negley's brigade, are in a good position until we return home. We all talk of 'Home again now!' I spent last evening with a most intimate friend of Simon Bolivar Buckner. This friend of Buckner's is an old friend of mine. He was permitted an interview with Buckner yesterday for three quarters of an hour. Buckner throws most of the blame of the disaster to him at Fort Donelson, upon Gen. Pillow. It was stipulated in a council of war, that Pillow should attempt to cut his way through our lines, while Buckner should cover the retreat.

Pillow attempted to do too much.

Hinc ille lacræmae! Hinc tristitia!

Buckner and his confreres, who have gone to Indianapolis, have vowed never to give their parole, and never to take the oath of allegiance. The old father of one of the staff officers went over yesterday to persuade his son to do neither of these things. This old man is a devout Presbyterian—reads his Bible in the counting room, and prays that the Lord may send destruction upon us at Nashville! I saw him yesterday.

From the First Wis. Regiment.

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They have destroyed both the Rail Road and the Pike Bridges, and our men are now engaged in building a bridge on which our troops can pass. There is a small steamboat engaged in conveying troops across, but it is not adequate to convey all the troops and wagons.

It is rumored that Mitchell's Division is
Our boys do not like the idea of following a smaller and inferior division and building bridges and repairing the Railroad, so that we can get supplies. But if we quit our advance now, we will not see as soon as we can get a chance, which we hope may be very soon over.

We left Charlie Benton, back at our old camping place, being too unwieldy to march here. I think he will soon be with us again all right.

Yours, as ever,
BADGER.

PRIVATE LETTER FROM THE FIRST REGIMENT.

We are permitted to publish the following interesting letter from our young friend and correspondent in the First Regiment, to his relatives here, detailing the recent movements of the Regiment. From present appearances our boys are destined to have a hand in a brush with the rebels yet, for which they are so anxious. They will give a good account of themselves, if they do.

NEAR NASHVILLE, March 4, '62.

Dear Folks at Home:—By the date line you will notice our present unexpected locality—Nashville! We were elated a little over a week since to find ourselves within sight of Bowling Green. But how much greater is our elation, so shortly following, to look over from our beautiful camp ground and noble southern park, upon the famous, noble city and capital of rebellious Tennessee. On the evening of the 20th ult., immediately after the sending of my last letter surmising our station for some time at Bowling Green, came the orders in hot haste from Gen. Buell, to prepare the able men of the Division with two days' rations, for a forced march at a moment's notice to join forces Gen. Mitchell. All was immediately excitement and confusion. The Surgeon made his appearance to pronounce the ailing fit or ills, for the duty, and several of company H. were doomed to stay behind and keep house. Accordingly, early on Thursday morning we were started off—minus knapsacks—our blankets rolled up in a loop and slung over our shoulders. The absence of a bridge over the Big Barren was supplied by placing three river steamers abreast along the centre of the stream, and a few leading to and from either shore—well enough for the passage of men but slow for baggage wagons, as the covers must all be taken off. Another great hindrance to our passage was the recent overflow of the bottom land bordering the stream, leaving a long stretch of mud to traverse that was very difficult. But in brief—we started—i.e. Negley's Brigade—beginning up the roar at 11 2 P.M. Off we started like a shot at much more than quick time, over the solid turnpike, and travelled south twenty long Kentucky miles by ten in the evening, when we halted for the night—after passing the other Brigades—17 strong rank and file (Co. H) and put up the three tents brought along with us. We were tired there's no denying that, but had a good rest for all that, and woke to resume march at 6 A.M., with 22 men, (some straggling in during night,) the Wisconsin First in advance of the Division. We crossed the Tennessee line at 10 1/2 A.M. with enthusiasm and cheers, made easier marching by far and passed about the same distance as the day before and halted for night. Were joined by a large number of the stragglers of preceding day, started next morning in rain storm intending to be that night—1st day of Spring—in Nashville, 25 miles; but it was fortunately ruled otherwise, and we halted in the P.M. at a junction ten miles south, and passed on to this spot next morning, where we awaited chance to cross—now all well and sound. For me to denote that I was nearly ''bushed'' would be absurd. Such continuous marching would delay me, but all that came through were as nearly used up. I am now as limber and well off as ever, all right. Stan. Rice was left, and Col. Horner; Ed. Edwards fell out first day, but has since come in all right.

We are here as we started (Co. H.) and put up the three tents brought along with us, being in advance of the Division, we are only a part of the troops and provender are pouring into this region incessantly, by land and water. The rebels are landing everything, are discouraged and desperate in the extreme. Stack upon stack of provender is being brought up by the railroad and land, and men and women and children are working hard to get everything into Nashville, as a supply base.

When we go into camp on Nashville side we can not stay—probably in a few days. Troops and provender are pouring into this region incessantly, by land and water. The rebels are landing everything, are discouraged and desperate in the extreme. Stack upon stack of provender is being brought up by the railroad and land, and men and women and children are working hard to get everything into Nashville, as a supply base.

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yesterday, when we crossed the river and
made our grand debut in the Capital of
Tennessee. Immediately upon our arri-
val at Edgefield Col. Sturkenweather was
appointed Provost Marshal of that place,
and yesterday was left behind with two
companies of this Regiment, A and D,
the other companies being now here.

Company B has 79 men in camp, only
one of whom is unfit for duty; several
were left behind who were not able to
endure the march. They are expected
tomorrow, except two or three who have
been sent to the General Hospital.

The rebels left this city in great haste
upon the approach of our army; de-
stroying an immense amount of property
in their flight. They burned the rail-
road bridge, which cost over $200,000,
and cut the suspension wire bridge, lett-
ing it fall into the water. The latter bridge
was owned by a stock company of this
city, Gen. Zollicoffer owning a large share
in it. The destruction of this beautiful
piece of architecture was strongly ob-
jected to by the citizens; but the skul-
king, traitorous Pillow said it was a mil-
tary necessity, and must be destroyed.—

They retreated to Murfreesboro, where
it was thought they would make a stand.
Murfreesboro is distant, from about 25
miles, and out of reach of the gun
boats. They dislike the looks of the gun
boats; they cannot stand under the fire
of these formidable engines of war.
They are too near in manner of
expressing their love for the Stars and
Stripes.

As there is much to do about Camp
today I will not teas your patience
further at this time. Should there be a
time when everything is not in such con-
fusion, I will write you something of Bow-
ing Green and other towns on our route.

From the First Regiment.

CAMP ANDY JOHNSON, Tenn.,
Marclh 10th, 1882.

Editors of State Journal: After a long
interval I again sit down to bring forward
the history of the 1st Wisconsin. On the
14th ult. tents were struck and everything
packed by sunrise, but as we were in the
rear we did not get in line until 12 M.—

The ground was covered with snow and
ice, but the wagons cut the earth up so
that it was almost impossible to get along
through it. Soon the sides of the road
were lined with stragglers who were unable
to proceed further. Teams were stuck in
the mud at intervals all along the route.
As it was a regrade march towards the
Ohio there was no enthusiasm, although
an effort was made to hurry. We made
fifteen miles and bivouacked at the timber
at the roadside. The night was very cold.

Our orders were coming up during the
night.

On the 15th orders were countermanded,
and at 13 M. we turned about and marched
back. All felt better. On the 16th we passed
our old encampment at Munfores-
ville; crossed on the iron railroad bridge,
and struck off for Bowling Green, and
here we heard that the stars and stripes
were floating over their impregnable for-
titations, and that the traitors had chiv-
ally fled without firing a gun.

On the 17th we passed over twelve miles
of muddy road, the general roads in this
country being tar-marked, or Macadamized
as we called it, where the rebels had
felled trees across on the sides of the road.
Mitchell's men had removed them,
as he continued to advance directly on the
enemy. Passed the village of Horse Cave
and there found that the traitors had
poisoned all the springs, and had filled all
the ponds, which are quite numerous, with
boiling pitch or tar; that the bodies of
the rebels and horses had been left in
the springs, and that the springs had
taken the last cow from a widow, driven her
into a pond and there shot her. The robber
Cap. Morgan had burned all the railroad
houses, and many stores, hotels, and dwellings.
Cave city is ruined. A short distance
beyond the mountains had torn up the rail-
road track, buried the ties and bent the
rails so as to ruin them. The tent had been
blown in. From the 18th to the 22d we
remained in camp, encamped opposite
Bat's Cave. The appearance of the
county is much better, the improvements
are also superior to any that we have seen.

Our boys lost one comrade named Genn,ry,
pierced by 8 balls; he was 19 years old, and
is cousin of Capt. Townsend of Milwau-
kie. Greenly was a good soldier, for Christ as
well as his country, and died the death of a Chri-
tian hero.

Corporal Smith was shot through the thigh,
and a private named Fitzgerald shot just be-
low the knee makes up the list of our inju-
ries.

We are in capital spirits and hope soon
to witness the last of our sufferings.

From the First Regiment.

CAMP ANDY JOHNSON, Tenn.

March 1st, started in the rain at eight
a.m. At three and half miles we passed
the deserted village of Tyn Springs, a
place of fashionable resort in the summer
season. A fine hotel stands in solemn
grandeur, a monument of the folly of troa-
son. A few miles further we overtook, and
were conducted into the house of
Pine Bluff, a steep hill, but a good road
down it, which brought us to a fine
valley, which we followed down to the junc-
tion of the L. & M., then passed through
Clarkeville, and Columbus R. F. Passed
through the village of Goodlettsville, a
pleasant place, but mostly abandoned. We
encamped near the railroad bridge, making
but thirteen miles and a half. The
country here is fine.

Sunday 2d, ten miles march over a good
road, through a well wooded and
pleasant residence, brought us to
Nashville, or Edgefield rather, as it is on the north bank of the Cumberland river. Mitchell's division is mostly over the river.

There are a great many steamboats here from the Ohio, some of them of the largest class they have below, and one above the city; they are black looking rascals, and strike more terror into the hearts of the rebels than Lucifer does into those of the superstitious. 

Co. F. was detailed on the 6th as provost guard. I placed them out on the right of the village of Edgefield. At Mr. Gorden's I saw some women on visit, and were very much excited because I wished to place a guard at his house. They acted very unkindly, using violent language in a bad temper. This is a preacher and is in the rebel army. They profess to be very aristocratic. Next day I caught her milking a cow — the cow seemed much more aristocratic.

On the 7th our brigade, save two companies from the regiment which were left as provost guard under command of Col. Starkweather, crossed the river on the steamers, and we marched through the dirty streets of Nashville, where no greetings were given us, except by the negroes. We were warmly received in the city, greatly exceeding the number of the whites.

The American flag was floating from the State House, but was waved only in a few places on the streets. The stores and public buildings, as also a great many of the dwellings, have been closed and their occupants fled into the far South. The majority of the people seem angry and petrified. Some women cried, probably thinking of the fate of their friends. We marched out about three miles and encamped in a beautiful language in a bad temper. This fine white gravel is well guarded and has the most beautiful lilac yards, all military, and I stationed the smallest and counted 400 graves. They all contain at least 8,000 victims to Jeff Davis' ambition, and want of medicine and care, probably caused this heavy mortality list. At 1 p.m. we started on our forced march of 70 miles, and at 8 p.m. camped 22 miles from our starting point. Next morning we resumed the trip and traveled 23 miles before we camped. Next day we traveled 55 miles, and halted within 10 miles of Nashville, having made 80 miles in 50 hours, or two days and two hours.

You can imagine how we felt; my feet were covered with blood blisters, and no worse than the others at that.

On March 9th we moved to within sight of Nashville, and pitched our tents at 1 p.m., just three days from the time we started, 70 miles, and I won't forget that trip very soon, I can assure you.

On the 7th of March we crossed the Cumberland river, and moved two miles south of Nashville, and camped in a fine old timber lot, where we now are. The country we have passed through is very fine, the farms large with fine old mansions, reminding one of New York along the R. Roads. Fine streams of cool spring water crossed the road every few rods, and it is almost a paradise here compared with Kentucky. The Cumberland river is about 10 rods wide and very deep. Two fine bridges were destroyed by the rebels, and we crossed by ferry. A gun boat anchored by the north bank, and looked very much like a mud-turtle, with a hump on his back. Nashville is larger than Milwaukee, and has many fine buildings, both public and private.

On the 9th our company, together with 4 others were suddenly ordered out on picket, and we hurried off so fast that not half of the men went along. At daylight next morning rapid firing commenced on the right, where Co. B. was, and when we hurried up, not a man of that company could be seen, consequently we moved carefully, and well it was, for, as soon as we got out of the woods the fields seemed alive with Texian Rangers, just out of gun shot; we halted, and they commenced yelling like Indians, and seemed to be surrounding us. Half way between lay two of Co. B., either dead or wounded, and for us to retreat without them would be too cowardly. Four men was sent to get them, while the rest of us waited for the rebels to attack us, but they slowly retreated, and we held our ground. The men were mortally wounded and have since died. The Co. was all together and attacked by the rangers just as day-light, and being outnumbered they fell back leaving the 20 men. The rebels meant to attack us, but our being so careful was what saved us. You have probably seen all of this in the papers, but did it think that your grandson came near to taking his heels. The rebels are under command of Capt. Jahn Morgan, and he is a perfect devil, always attacking our pickets, cutting off provision trains, 1 day before yesterday he crossed...
river above, and cut off a train the Louisville and Nashville R. h our mails and express &c. The visions here have moved south by the time this reaches you, I be in Alabama. Our Brigade is behind to guard the city, and as we say are Job Johnson’s body arid. I hope so. We have had no bills for a week, and dont known we will get any. Have had two fimithe pay and expect more soon. I send Grandmother a sprig from the grave of Gen. Zollicoffer. Write soon.

The weather is warm, rather uncomfortable about now. Spring crops the all in and doing finely.

Affectionately,

S E W

From the First Wisc. Regiment.

[The following letter from our volunteer correspondent, L. C. N., should have appeared last week, but happened to get mislaid. Its contents, however, still possess interest.]


Editors Motor:—On the morning of the 20th of February, we again broke our camp, and started for Bowling Green, where we arrived about 4 P. M., and went into camp about a mile from town, and within sight of the intrenchments of the abandoned rebels. Their fortifications were very strong, and must have cost many a valuable life to have taken them by force. Of the town and surroundings I will say nothing, as you will get accounts of them from different sources.

I noticed one of your issues, you had our regiment assigned to Gen. Mitchell’s division, which is a mistake. The Ist Wisconsin is in Gen. McCook’s division, and consequently somewhat in the rear of Mitchell, as he has the right of the whole division.

We remained in camp at Bowling Green four days, and on the morning of the 27th took up the line of march for Nashville. The regiment crossed about 10 A. M., left the town about noon, and marched twenty-two miles before camp for the night, which they did in the open air. The teams were from 5 A. M. till 3 P. M., in crossing the river, which they did on boats and scoops anchored in the river, forming a bridge. And here, let me say, was the most confusing scene I have seen since my enlistment. The river bottom, which had been overflown a few days before, was covered with teams passing on through the mud to get across the river, seemingly in the utmost confusion. Here an ambulance was settled in the deepest mud—there a team of six mules, stuck in the mud—then the pay crews—then the baggage train—generally ends by being unlatched and their load lightened. We kept passing

on, and finally got across about 3 P. M., and we were "lucky," as not one of our teams met with the least mishap. We loaded up, started on, and overtook our regiment about 19 in the evening. Just as they were lying down for their night’s rest.

In the morning we started on again at 7 A. M., and reached Nashville Sunday noon, the 24th of March, and went into camp about one mile from town. Of this place I have nothing to say, as the papers are filled with descriptions of it. The rebels destroyed both bridges before leaving, but the river is large enough to accommodate large boats, and the troops can cross here with less difficulty than at Bowling Green. The rebels also left large quantities of supplies, having first destroyed all that time would allow them. A week ago to day, Gen. Negley’s brigade crossed the river and went camp about 2½ miles from the river, with the exception of six companies which were detailed to act as Provost Guard on this side of the river, including Co. B and D of the Ist Wisconsin, Col. Starkweather being appointed Provost Marshall.

I hear of the strong Union feeling manifested by the people as our army advances. There may be some good Union people here, and I doubt not are; yet the great bulk are Secessionists, and openly avow it. Some of them declare that our army here will all get cut to pieces; but one thing is certain— we shall proceed as far as the Mon. and we shall probably come as much more.

Co’s A and D rejoined the regiment one week ago today, and are still in camp two miles from the city. Gen. Negley’s brigade has been detached from Gen. McCook’s division. A part of this division has moved towards the Alabama line, including Gen. N. C., McCook’s, Mitchell’s, and Johnston’s divisions; and a large force of cavalry and artillery. We are anxiously waiting to hear from them, as they have been gone nearly a week.

The weather has been very fine for two weeks past, but for a day or two it has been rather cool, freezing a little last night. Last evening, one of the Provost Guards in the city was shot by a citizen, who was hung to-day. The artillery were called out to prevent a mob from rising.

It is now reported that our brigade has marched orders, their destination being Franklin, some fifteen miles south, for guards for the railroad. The cars are now running from here to that place.

Yours,

L.C.N.

War Notes From Tennessee.


CAMP ANDY JOHNSON, Nashville, Tenn., March 17, '62.—The return of Andy Johnson will to Tennessee as Governor, is a bitter pill to the people of Nashville and vicinity—a large majority of whom are Secessionists. Of all men in Tennessee he would have been their last choice. They fear him, as they do every devoted Union man who has power, and well they may. He has also been driven from his desolated home in Eastern Tennessee. His sick
wife has had to flee for safety, and all his property has been taken from him. When visiting the camp of allied people expect the stern justice from a people whom they have thus wronged. They grumble, and feel sore that the Government did not prevent this. They do not see as their own rule—one of whom they could expect to exact respect, sympathy, and say that the appointment of Johnson is unconstitutional. What is the use of such a watchfulness? Instead of grumbling, they ought to feel thankful to Uncle Sam for being as lenient with them as he is, and permitting them to enjoy the self-same privileges that they enjoyed before the war. None of them are rebellion and for freeing them from the rule of men who would have led them.

The afternoon train on the Louisville R. R. Saturday, met with a serious accident when about 11 miles from Nashville. The freshest of the night previous had washed away the track at different points, and there being no signal, and the engine laboring under a heavy pressure of steam, the locomotive, tender and baggage cars were precipitated down an embankment on a high slope. The engine and baggage cars providentially became detached; thus saving the passengers' lives, but without giving them a general fright. The locomotive and baggage cars were turned over, and the engineer made a complete wreck. The engineer had both legs broken, and the fireman was badly bruised and scarred; further nobody was hurt. The passengers in the train were Mr. W. Babcock, brother of Lt. Simeon Babcock, A Co., and a member of the enterprise building and engineering firm.

Wednesday, March 21st.

Major W. G. Terrill, U. S. A., paid the first Regiment a visit last week, and disarmed among the boys quite an amount of U. S. funds. The payment was made to January last—two months and twenty-two days; but the Major will make another payment in a few days—settling accounts up to March 1st. Next to an armistice the boys wished to see the face of peace pay them—how they have been rationed—some with a sight of both. (Two-thirds of the amount received by the regiment will be sold home to purchase the supplies for the next campaign.)

The General's grave is not yet sodded, but the General's grave is marked by a plain marble stone and the Generals remains as the sexton left it. His wife's grave is covered with ivy vines that creep over the monuments and clasp their tendrils around the fencing, covering all with a beautiful foliage. We expect the General and the whole army will be removed to the Nashville Cemetery.

The monument erected by the State of Tennessee, to the memory of Abram V. Hulse, member of the Legislature in 1862, is a beautiful piece of workmanship, as also the tomb of the Johnson family, and the monument of Gen. Carroll, a hero of New Orleans. The graves are generally covered with the creep of the monuments and clasp their tendrils around the fencing, covering all with a beautiful green. The Seventh Brigade is with Gen. McCloud no more. The Seventh General and the whole army is gone. We remain in camp. We do not know what will be done with us.

Among the boys who have been captured are Gen. Buell, is to take command of the army and that the Seventh Brigade is the nucleus of such a division. Others say that the brigade will remain in Nashville and become a kid glove service. Let order supreme throughout our posts. Don't look for the honor of the Seventh Brigade. In my next I will say "up Nashville. Yours, &c.

Extract of a Letter from Col. Starkweather's Regiment.

CAMP ANDY JOHNSON, Nashville Tenn., March 18th, 1862.

Yesterday we buried Corp. Henry Smith, who was mortally wounded a week ago. He is buried in the Nashville Cemetery, among the ancestors of the grandees of the city.

The divisions of the army lately here, have advanced. This strongly intimates that the guarding of Nashville will fall upon our Brigade.

Some of our wagons have been taken. Our surgeons have been detailed for hospital duty. Col. Starkweather is Provost Marshal. Lieut. Col. Lane is detailed as a Commissioner to confiscate rebel property, &c. All these things look as if we were to be here for sometime. The post is an honourable one. We shall be saved many weary marches and our health will probably be better than if sent farther south.

In looking over the splendid monuments in the cemetery, I find many erected to distinguished Irishmen, who had come to this country in an early day. No disgrace to be an Irishman in Nashville.

There is hardly a family in the city that has not given rebels to the army of the south. Union soldiers are demanded to guard their houses, while they will not let them enter them.

Slaveholders are allowed to hunt their negroes in almost every camp.

Col. Starkweather, yesterday, ordered a slave-hunter out of camp. He is a Democrat too. Two contrabands have been taken out of our camp.

CAMP ANDY JOHNSON, March 23rd, 1862.

AT THE CHURCH IN NASHVILLE.

Mr. N. Bingham, the Q. M. Sergeant, of the First Wis, and your correspondent, made the good remonstrance on yesterday, that we should get passes and proceed to the city to attend church to-day. Our horses were got in readiness at 9 A. M., and we set out in search of an Episcopal church. On the same block with the St. Cloud Hotel, we were pointed out "Christ's Church." After having put our horses in stable, we returned and entered the church porch. I was attracted to the list of pew and pewholders' names, M.

For the Time, 

CAMP ANDY JOHNSON, March 23rd, 1862.
There is a deeply settled hatred of the Northern people in the breasts of those resident here. We bear with their insults often repeated, which no other soldier in the world would endure, but the common sense and self-confidence, and well informed soldiers of the free States. We feel, and we know, that, let the Government take whatever course it pleases, pro-slavery or anti-slavery, mild or severe, we can drive their chivalry like chaff before the wind. All the F. F. V.'s can do is to fortify, fizzle, and vacate!

We leave in a day or two on our unimpeded march through the cotton-fields of Dixie. Many contrabands come into our camp. Several masters have permitted us to hunt for them, against the remonstrance of our Democratic Colleague, who on this question is all right. I had the pleasure to-day, of reading the new Article of War to several of our officers, which forbids us to hunt up and return fugitives. Our only friends here are the slaves—day alone are glad to see us. Co. G, of the First Wis., was probably saved from destruction, while on picket two weeks ago, by a slave giving them notice that they were to be attacked early in the morning. When the enemies cavalry came down towards them, they found the company draws up in line of battle to receive them!

All the Divisions have moved on from here. Our Brigade is detailed from that of Gen. McCook's. We are now the nucleus of another Division—will probably be the first Brigade in it. Capt. Drury's Artillery are with us here.

The weather is quite cold for this latitude; it has threatened snow for two or three days past. The peach trees are in full bloom—grass in the fields, an inch or two high—around my little stove, about three inches!

CAMP CORRESPONDENCE.

DESCRIPTION OF NASHVILLE.

Correspondence of the Times.
Camp Andy Johnson, Nashville, Tenn.
March 29, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—I will give you a description of this city. I have traveled its length and breadth, and have seen all that there is to be seen within its limits. It is a beautiful place. The west bank of the Cumberland river on which it is situated, rises abruptly some one hundred feet. The buildings are built on the stone strata that form the bank, so close to the edge that a person cannot walk beside them. The streets are narrow and well secured—although at present they are in a bad condition owing to the stoppage of the city government.

The business houses are near the public square, which covers about four acres and on which is located the market and other city buildings. The private residences are palatial in style and finish, with the grounds surrounding them adorned with rich flower gardens, trees and vines. The streets are well shaded with shade trees, and well paved with limestone pavements. I have never seen a small city in which so many private residences are built on so grand a scale. The building materials used are stone and red brick. The population is about 28,000. The streets are well lighted with gas, and water is also furnished the city. The suburbs of Nashville are picturesque in scenery. The country is rolling and dotted with groves of cedar.

The State Capitol situated at Nashville is one of the grandest and costliest structures in America. It is situated on a high ridge a hundred and seventy-five feet above the waters of the Cumberland. It commands a most magnificent prospect.

The cost of the building was $1,000,000. It is built of marble like Columbia, and very black is their hair; their complexion, olive tint. They are full orphans, their mother and misguided father residing side by side in the Nashville cemetery.

The weather is quite cold for this latitude; it has threatened snow for two or three days past. The peach trees are in full bloom—grass in the fields, an inch or two high—around my little stove, about three inches!
inaugurated within a few years.

There are twenty-seven churches in the city, from the large Roman Catholic Cathedral to the small chapel. There are several hotels here, although but few good ones. There are two daily papers published here at present; four have been discontinued since the war began.

Six railroads center here affording communication with many prominent places. A good many manufacturing establishments are located here. Among them is the powder mill, the rolling mill, the Tennessee Iron Works and several machine shops.

There is a good many soldiers here. Where we shall move next is unknown. The boys are well, generally. We expect another payment soon.

Yours, M.

Honors well Bestowed.

Last week the President appointed William H. Urison, of this city, to a Cadetship in the Military Academy at West Point. William was one of the brave boys belonging to the Wisconsin 2d, who fell, desperately wounded, in the battle of Bull Run, and was taken to Richmond where he experienced the tender mercies bestowed upon our soldiers in the rebel Hospital. In January he was exchanged, and returned to Washington, and while there waiting for his pay and a furlough, was sent for by the President, and after a lengthy interview, upon rising to leave, was informed by Mr. Lincoln that he might hear from him again. This appointment is the most acceptable gift that could have been bestowed upon him.

This appointment will do much to encourage the efficiency of the army, as privates will see in it proof that gallant conduct on their part is as sure to meet its reward as well as our officers.

Mr. W. W. Sheman has kindly permitted us to make the following extracts from a letter written by his son, W. H. Sheman, in the First Wis. Regiment:

From the First Regiment


In regard to our destination we are in the usual darkness and suspense. One hour we are under marching orders for Franklin and onward, and the next, as bound for a "stay." Of the two, the latter would be the more acceptable, and from present appearances, the more probable. Our camp site is magnificent, not better could be imagined, especially for the reigning warm weather—being in a grove of beautiful trees, on high grounds, surrounded by palatial villas and well cultivated southern plantations, besides being within a pleasant distance of the city. Water, too, of good quality, runs within convenient distance. In fact, everything is favorable! And a healthier or more contented regiment, cannot be raked up than "Starkweather's Bloody First," which, however, bids fair to be bloodless and boyle its cognomen. Our "bringing up the rear" is the only drawback to content. But what's the odds! The advance fail to find any adversary to oppose them, and receive "double rations" of Picket duty. How agreeably are we disappointed in the character of our enemy. To look upon the specimens furnished us we are not surprised, however, at their poor show for fight. How can they be other than panic-stricken?

Camp near Franklin, Tenn. March 29, 1862.

P. S.—Writing the enclosed letter yesterday but not in time for mailing, I was by marching orders compelled to carry it in my pocket through a strong march to our present site, 21 miles south of Nashville. This is somewhat different from the anticipations of the first half of the letter, where Nashville was in all probability to be our abiding place. Befo the writing was in envelope the usual prelude of a march "two days' rations to be cooked" was issued, and at 6 o'clock this morning we moved off bearing the heaviest knapsacks that had yet graced (?) our shoulders. The road was extremely dusty and the weather warm, much to our disadvantage; but we came through with a nearly full company, and are now enjoying the luxury of rest in our tents, encamped on ground in no way inferior to those left this morning, except in drainage facilities. Within favorable distance is a spring of the purest water, yet found by us, and on the other hand a running brook for washing purposes.

I can institute no comparisons, nor find any words to do half justice to the magnificent country we traverse. Plantations and residences that I never conceived as existing in the sunny south, we witness on every side. It is a country well worth reconnoiting. I have nothing of importance to communicate, further than to say that McCook's has gone on to Murfreesboro, where General Buell is making his head-quarters, leaving the city of Nashville to be guarded by Neg- lo's Brigade. The Fourth Wisconsin are Provost Guard in Nashville.

The boys look well in their new clothes, and the citizens are really astonished that the government can clothe its army so neatly. They frakvly acknowledge that the entire regiment are dressed far better than a large majority of the southern officers.

We are occupying a deserted house for a Hospital, and a very elegant place for a Hospital it is—plenty of excellent water runs through every room, with bath rooms, warm and cold. In their hasty retreat, the old occupants left much valuable furniture, adding still more to the comfort of our sick, the owners Judge Humphry—acting judge of Tenn., during this rebellion, and is looked upon as one of the most rabid rebels in these parts.

Preparations are on foot for two more of the coming week.

We have but twelve on the sick list, and I am glad to say that not one of Co. E is in the Hospital. There has been less sickness in Co. E, than in any other in the regiment, in fact it is the company to stand the hardships of camp life and forced marches.

In all probability, we are to remain here for sometime. Our address will be First Wis. Regiment Negley's Brigade, Nashville, Tenn.

Yours truly,

W. A. M.

War Correspondence.

Nashville, Tenn., March 29, '62.

Mr. Editor—Spring with her weeping showers, her gay birds and blossoming flowers has these heralds announced herself, and comes at once in this naturally beautiful land.

The soil is good, the streams are clear and rapid, the surface is gently undulating, some places hilly, the air is pure and bracing. Nature has done her portion; but the back curse of slavery hangs like a pall over the land. We arrived here on the 2d inst., and have not been doing much since.

We are under marching orders, but we do not know when or where we shall go. Our Brigade, Gen. Neg-
ley's, has been detached from McCook's Division, and we know nothing of what the morrow may bring forth.

Judge W. H. Humphrey, the traitor Judge, had a fine residence, and a valuable library here, but he like a gally thit, "fleece where no man can no man pursue," leaving his books all in confusion like the rebel army. Captain Samuel took four picked men, and notwithstanding the mansion house was garrisoned by a squad of dusky "niggers" pushed boldy in and took possession of, and brought away as many books as could be carried, which were duly confiscated.

A few volumes were presented to the Captain for his services, which I understand he intends sending north to his friends. These trophies will be appreciated more considering the source from whence they came.

The men here, are mostly secesh, but are coming to their senses, and the scales are falling off their eyes.

The women are mostly secesh, too, and conduct themselves more like scorpions, or dasylline mouth Amazonians, than refined ladies in a civilized country.

Gov. Andy Johnson has been regularly inaugurated, and is going on in his regular business. He made a speech yesterday at 11 a.m., which was well received, and was published in this morning's Nashville papers, which all secesh and just like our northern rebel papers, go as far as they dare. How the people have been so humbugged is a mystery to me, and the only manner in which I can solve it, is owing to their ignorance.

The greater portion of the whites adopt and use the language of the "niggers." They have nigger on the brain, nigger in the heart, and nigger in the heel. Nigger is their God. But a better day is coming.—That day when the glorious Stars and Stripes shall not float over a slave, white or black, is not far distant, and then we shall not have to lie, when we say that America is the asylum of the oppressed.

Yours truly,

P. V. Wise.

Note.—We have omitted part of Lieut. Wise's letter, in which he gave a graphic description of the skirmish which our correspondent G. W. G. described in his last communication.

If a person would take the trouble, I verily believe that he could rebuild those planting "stars and bars" of the requisite colored flowers (and not of cabbage as was the name of George Washington), in these ladies' flower gardens. But enough of these pretty, but deformed creatures.

Business is getting to be quite brisk in all classes of merchandize.

The light spring shower that blessed us the previous evening, had given us a pleasant night, and brought the purling brooks a wake. The woods were filled with a hallowed sweetness of scent and sound. Slowly the Eastern sky changed from gray to purple, and from purple to gold. As the sun peeped over the horizon, the rays of golden light dispelled the shadows, and the many clouds that dropped the sky melted beneath their touch. Up, upon, and mounted the sun, now on a sled with the lowest branches of the wayside trees, and now one branch higher, and thus on until it peered over the towering tops, and sat within the zenith of the distant sun.

The soft breeze of the dawn grew with the day, and when the sun had reached its zenith blew quite gay and fresh. The barns were turned to ashes by the fire, and a cloud of dust hung in the air, because dry and clouded the pike. Thick heavy dust that soon colored the beard and hair to a gray that others might not see. They could not see with it, and filled up both nostrils and lungs until everybody breathed like high-pressure engines. Some who were also wore a coat of dust, as well as our uniforms that looked more like rebel gray than U. S. blue. Why not, when such a pleasant day to do things in, the most of the citizens did what they pleased.

Tennessee is well called the "Eden of America." Its short winters, early springs, genial summers, and golden autumns, and the beauty of its general scenery give it the title. The country is not flat, but rolls away in fllow waves of green, with groves of hardy trees and a meadow brook every mile or so.

Advancing along the pike with a brook to our left, and a series of our right, we were suddenly ushered into a wooded valley. The farther here is heavy and long in body, and composed chiefly of hard wood. The proprietors have cleared away the underbrush, and there is nothing left in these groves but the trees. The groves to farms and farms to groves our feet moved on for many a mile. The hills were low, the grazing land was fine, and, until they assumed the appearance of mountains, and to the left, also, hills sprang up, while the distance to the front hills sir the horizon.

Large peach orchards were severely wounded, and passed thus, looking as though they had been a pleasant sight. Winter wheat and
oats are about a foot high, and their green is so bright that the grass looks dark beside them. Besides peach trees, apple and plum groves, there are purple lilacs, pink, and other flowers are blossomed, and in the midst of this there stood the violet, buttercup, and its sister flower, the daisy. Spring is really here.

To know the lay and beauty of Tennessee, one has to traverse it. Nobody can do it justice in one or two letters, and descriptions, nor can it be done in the same spirit as the original. I thought thus as I walked along the pike and scanned the fields, lit up here and there with the little timbered orchards, or darkened by the yet leafless hazel copses, and watched the hills, now growing nearer and then retreating, as gradually the hills to the front grew larger and plainer, and I was quite relieved when we reached their base and rested.

We passed a railroad station called Brandworth, of a few houses, and crossed and re-crossed the track in this jaunt. We filled our canteens, rested, and again pushed on. Directly before us was a gap. We turned right and then down the other slope, and then over another roll. A small collection of houses, and a large wooden house, built in the base of the hills on the other side of the gap. From this point to Franklin, some three miles, the country was broken and arid, and we encamped on the left of the road, with a clear mountain brook coursing through it. To the right the mountains stood by until within a mile or so. Here they turned off abruptly to the west.

Franklin is a neat little country town, of about 2,000 inhabitants. Its streets are broad, and lined with quite respectable houses. The court house is a very pretty brick building, and puts Milwaukee to shame. The residences in the suburbs are magnificent.

As it was destroyed here the railroad bridge over the Big Harper river, which is now being replaced, but did not farther damage. We have found a few Union men in one two days stay here, but as a majority the people are bitter secessionists.

Our camp is at a timbered hill, about a mile south of Franklin, beside two meadow brooks. We will not suffer for the want of water in Tennessee. What we missed in Kentucky is found here everywhere. Near our camp is a small mill, which is doing good service in sawing out timber for the railroad. At Green river the rebels destroyed the railroad bridge but left the saw mill; at Bowling Green ditto, and the people were very kind, no doubt shortighted. For if they had thought twice, these saw mills would not now be standing.

Sunday another lovely day. Camp was righted and our "Sunday go-to-meetings" put on. If you had seen us you would not have suspected that we had marched twenty miles the day before. The dust was white, and faces and boots looked bright and clean.

The paymaster visited us during the day, and we paid the March pay on the 12th ult., which was the first in the company. I received this and was filled with admiration of the neatness of our Col. Starkweather's success, but I should be very sorry to lose him as Col. There is no man that can do as much for the regiment as he and his officers, who are so well beloved. Though Lt. Col. Lane and Major Bingham are fine officers, yet the decided preference among both men and officers is for our Col. Starkweather.

The day was dry and dusty and the traveling was very disagreeable. For a money line. The regiment will send home a few miles in a where the road was so choked up with teams that we could not get across, and we encamped near the house of a rank old 90 M., crossed the river over the temporary bridge that our soldiers erected over the roads of the one which the rebels in order to save themselves from capture. The Big Black is in a few hundred feet long, and at least forty feet above the water.

Columbia is pleasantly situated on the south side of Duck River, on a limestone hill. The streets are regular and wide, with a public square, and a fine courthouse. There are many good buildings and stores.

We marched through Franklin, a pleasant town of about 3,000 inhabitants, at four P. M. with banners flying and martial music. The place is cleaner and better laid out than Nashville, and the people seem to be more civilized and have much better manners. Many of the ladies, and there were some handsome ones too, waved their handkerchiefs and looked well pleased, probably thinking of the fate of their deluded traitor relatives in the rebel army. One entire company that was captured at Fort Donelson was sent to work for the government, on the banks of the smoothly flowing Harpeth. The traitors in their fright burned the railroad bridge across this river, but our army have put up a new one.

The weather was dry und dusty, and the road very dusty, the boys suffered severely. We marched through Spring Hill village, a place of some 1,000 inhabitants, in martial array. All the people turned out to see us. There were many pleasant places, as we arrived at and encamped on Rutherford's creek in a cotton field just above the ruins of the bridge which the fleeing rebels burned up, destroyed and stole, while our Assistant Adjutant General on General Negley's staff, procured, Capt. Green, of Company F, has been detached from the 7th brigade to be a division commander and Col. Starkweather a brigadier general. We are all anxious for Col. Starkweather's success, but I should be very sorry to lose him as Col. There is no man that can do as much for the regiment as he and his officers, who are so well beloved. Though Lt. Col. Lane and Major Bingham are fine officers, yet the decided preference among both men and officers is for our Col. Starkweather.

On Sunday the paymaster commenced paying off the regiment the second time, for a money line. The regiment will send home a few miles in a where the road was so choked up with teams that we could not get across, and we encamped near the house of a rank old 90 M., crossed the river over the temporary bridge that our soldiers erected over the roads of the one which the rebels in order to save themselves from capture. The Big Black is in a few hundred feet long, and at least forty feet above the water.

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Negley's command, which is greatly increased, would be obliged to let them pass us if we should retreat and at the same time fight every inch of ground with them. We have got two of the best batteries of light artillery in the West, and a splendid cavalry Regiment, the 7th Penn. We have five splendid Regiments—our own, the 7th Penn., the 13th Ind., the 35th Ind., and the 35th Ind., which is an Irish Regiment. We passed through Columbia to-day in grand style, the bands playing "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," and "St. Patrick's Day."

We are now about 40 miles from Alabama, and about 70 miles from Mississippi, and pass by cotton fields daily; we camped in one last night.

They say our army extends a line all of 40 miles; the enemy is concentrating a tremendous force at Corinth, Miss., and we are told by the little rascals, as we pass along, that we "are going to be whipped."—We have no fears whatever, and yet there is to be a great loss of life if the enemy makes half the stand they say they will.

Everything is going on usual, planting and sowing; there does not seem to be a particle of fear of us barbarians! This shows that the people have not really believed the awful stories that have been told them by their leaders.

This is a magnificent country—Every prospect pleasant, and only man is vile. Columbia is a beautiful town; the church is very strong in it, a splendid edifice, and also a very large Female Institution of Learning. The weather has been very warm to-day, but it is delightful this evening. The troops suffer terribly in marching, with their heavy knapsacks, guns, &c. Our Regiment is reduced number one, and many officers have been taken from it to fill important posts in the Generals' offices and on their respective staffs.

I shall not leave until we fight or are ordered home. This is a fixed fact, and thus speak the men and officers of the Regiment.

The army that has passed through this town have left 1500 sick. This is a large army in itself, but small for the number that have passed through it; it is not twenty-five out of each Regiment.

SEVENTH BRIGADE JOURNAL—Such is the name of a well filled four-column semi-weekly sheet, issued at Columbia, Tenn., by seven printers of Gen. Negley's Brigade, the 6th No. of which dated April 22d—we have received. At the head of the Printing Corps is Sergeant Thomas Bryant, of Co. K, 1st Regiment W. Y., formerly of Sheboygan Falls, and for a short time a compositor in the Times office; but later of the Fond du Lac Commonwealth, of which he was one of the editors and proprietors for two or three years previous to his enlistment.

From this number we perceive that Gen. Negley has been appointed by Gen. Butler, Post Commander at Columbia, and that the former has appointed Capt. Thomas H. Green, of Co. K, 1st Wisconsin, Capt. Thomas H. Green, of Co. K, 1st Wisconsin, (Fond du Lac Badgers,) as Provost Marshal of the city, and his company, with Co. A, 79th Pennsylvania, as Provost Guard.

The "Seventh Brigade Journal" is to be published during the occupation of Columbia by the Brigade.

CAMP MERRICK, COLUMBIA, April 7th, 1862.

Mr. Editor: A number of changes have taken place in our Regiment, since I wrote you last.

On the morning of the 16th, we left Nashville, and marched to Franklin; distance, 18 miles. Although the roads were very dusty, the troops stood it exceedingly well. Here we halted one night, and at an early hour in the morning, we were again on the way, but owing to bridges being burnt, our transportation was delayed and we were compelled to stop a second time. We then moved on to the City of Columbia, and here for the first time, we found a large portion of the inhabitants bitter Success. One instance I will relate, which I assure you, is no camp story, but the truth.

Capt. Green (Co. K) is Provost Marshal; his quarters are directly opposite the house of worship—denomination unknown. Minister approached Capt. Green, asking permission to have services after their usual custom; the Captain consents, and minister starts to his flock. The correspondents of The N. Y. World, N. Y. Times, and Phil. Press, stopping at the hotel, brushed up their hair and moustaches, and followed the minister to his church. The last performance, the minister fell down on his knees and prayed that God would prosper Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy. The 600 congregation responded with loud amens; reporters concluded that church was no place for them, and politely took their leave. Such is the impudence and audacity of these rebels.

The Regiment moved this morning to Mount Pleasant, distant 12 miles. Col. Starkweather is Lieut. Col. Lane is in command of the latter. Capt. Hill will be as soon as the duty he is detailed on is finished; Capt. Hill, Co. C is promoted to A. A. General; Surgeon Ditto is promoted to Brigade Surgeon. A number of the Regiment have been detailed to edit a paper to be called The Seventh Brigade Journal. The impending battle at Corinth you will probably hear from before this reaches you.}

War Notes from Tennessee

(Correspondence Daily Wisconsin.)


CAMP WALKER, MOUNT PLEASANT, TENN., April 8, 1862. —Columbia is the county seat of Maury county, and lies on the south bank of Duck river, which rises in the mountains of East Tennessee, and flows north-westerly, emptying into the Tennessee river in the county of Humphreys. Like all rivers in Tennessee, its rise and fall of water is very rapid. While at a high stage our gunboats ascended it to within a few miles of Columbia. The Central Southern R. R. bridge and the turnpike bridge crossed here, but were both destroyed by the rebels. Our forces have rebuilt the pike and bridge, and have also constructed a pontoon bridge, and are at work on the railroad bridge. There is a very strong power above the city, but it is not put to use—two dilapidated grist mills only taking water from the races.

Columbia is very pleasantly located, and is, withal, of good, external appearance. It was never populated by over three thousand souls and at present does not contain one-third that number. The buildings are old and clustered around the public square, which contains a market house and city hall. There are no more than a few straight, broad streets in the place, and these are paved. Small lanes wound from one to another, and give egress and ingress to those who reside back from the three pikes, that enter the city. The "Masonic Hall," is which is situated the post office, is a plain four-story brick building, and is the handsomest business building. The Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, and Methodist denominations each have houses of worship, the rather small in dimensions. The Episcopal church is Gothic in architecture, and is not quite finished.

The principal feature of the city is the "Columbia Female Seminary." The grounds cover fully ten acres. The main building is built of red brick, and is Gothic in style. Besides this building there are four others. In the rear of these buildings there is a row of negro cabins. The dwelling of the Principal is hidden by shrubbery, and is small and commodious. Swings and benches are placed in the lawn in the western part of the grounds. This is the largest and best in the State, and has students from all portions of the South.

The city is supplied with water from the river, by water-works.

The arsenal for the manufacture of muskets, with the repair apparatus, is situated near the railroad depot, and is a small rough building.
It was supposed that this arsenal would manufacture small arms enough for the rebel troops of Tennessee, but the supposition proved a fallacy. The guns, of which a number remain in an unfinished state, are from Columbia. They would bear no comparison with the work of our Northern arsenals.

A little, one story cottage, with a window on each side of a truculent doorway, was pointed out to me as the residence of the late Hon. James K. Polk. It is very prominent in outward show, a white picket fence encloses the small garden in its front, and roses and vines clamber up beside the windows and doorway. His sister resided in a spacious brick mansion directly opposite in the next street.

Quite satisfied with Columbia and the hospitality of Capt. Green, ("K" Co.) Provost Marshal, and the way in which the Sabbath was spent, I returned to our valley camp toward evening. The sympathies of the people of Columbia are unmistakable with the South. Since the arrival of our troops the place is as silent as though it had not contained more than one hundred inhabitants. Capt. Green is acting Provost Marshal, and is becoming quite a favorite. He is wide awake and has made a number of important seizures. There are a few Union men in the place, and they freely give the requisite information as to who are the prominent rebels, and where rebel stores can be found. A bridge burner has been arrested and confined. No disorderly soldiers are seen in the streets. By the way I forgot to mention that the people of Columbia are "true faith" and that the ministers of the various societies earnestly inquired after the welfare of those who sleep the slumber of death.

Some five miles from Columbia we passed a number of those palatial residences for which Nashville has been favored with visits. One of the most remarkable is the home of Gen. pillow. The prairie is a vast one, and struck the eye by the cloud of smoke, and the smell of burning which was the only indication of the presence of the rebel General. With a large green lawn swept its front. A mile or so further on we reached the view of the Mississippi river. It was a pleasant spell to dispel the unpleasant feelings the weather has created.

Our stay in the vicinity of Nashville will ever be remembered by us with pleasure. Our camping grounds were the pleasantest we had ever found—situated in a beautiful grove and surrounded by those palatial residences for which Nashville is noted. Nearly all of us were favored with visits to the objects of interest in the city. Many are the descriptions that have been communicated to friends at home, of the magnificent capital building, etc. Although there is a large Union Element in the city, we found men with evident Secesh propensities on every hand, but Andy Johnson is the man of all others who can keep them under subjection and bring them to their senses. He is working wonders in the Union cause, and will deserve the position conferred upon him by the President.

After a little over a week's encampment here, we were one Sunday morning rather astonished in finding the three other brigades of McCook's Division "minus"—having moved off during the night—thus confirming a rumor that Negley's Brigade was detached therefrom. This was highly pleasing to us, as we considered it justly due to our noble commander, for whom McCook had ever exhibited much loyal devotion, and we anticipated that the result would be a promotion to the command of a Division to which his ability entitled him.

The 29th ult., our Brigade bade adieu to "Camp Andy Johnson" and marched...
through to Franklin—about eighteen miles—and the 1st of April moved on to Columbia, where Gen. Negley is now organizing a Division. After a few days' encampment there, "acting Brig. Gen." Starkweather, in command of his own and Col. Walker's (35th Indiana) Regiment, a battery of artillery and two companies of cavalry, moved on to our present grounds, near the prettiest village in Tennessee.

Our Sheboygan companies are in their usual good health—counting very few on the sick list. Co. H. It has finally lost its 1st Lieutenant, Gilbert E. Bingham. 2d Lt. McMenan will be promoted to his position, and we hope orderly J. S. Richardson will soon receive his commission to the latter's place. Corporal J. H. Cady is appointed Sergeant, and Wm. H. Carr and Newell Upham Corporals.

Resply Yours, W.—

Army Correspondence.

CAMP WALDO, TENN., April 14, '62.

You have heard a great deal about the "Great Battle," which has just been fought in this neighborhood, and the smoke of which has not yet cleared away. We depend upon Acting Brig. Gen. Starkweather for news and unless the General chooses to be generous, we are worse off than we are although we may be within sound of the guns. Gen. Starkweather has a telegraph instrument at his headquarters and two companies of cavalry to do his bidding. Soon after the battle, indeed, while it was going on, we learned that the Stars and Stripes were waving at the front of victorious comrades, but we were all terribly excited and anxious for details. Last night the General's courier arrived from the battle field with despatches. Our army was, when they left, away beyond the late scene of strife—good! They saw three hundred d. h. rebels, and but good again! Our army was in pursuit of the rebels on Saturday morning, the 12th—the clearest good! From Savannah to this camp, the roads are full of our transportation and artillery—many of them sunk in the mud—very bad at such a time as this! The roads, however, are improving—encouraging. Our entire line will probably make another grand advance. We are anxious and ready to do so.

Had the day, or rather, the days been disastrous to us on the river, it would have been the fate of Generals Mitchell, Negley and Starkweather to have confronted a column of the enemy said to be 40,000 strong, which was ready to advance by the pikes and rail-road—here on Nashville! Our camp has been very strongly guarded night and day by infantry pickets, while the country is everywhere patrolled by the cavalry. The neighborhood swarms, they said, with mounted rebels, reconnoitering.

Deserters from the rebels, who were at the late battle, begin to come in. There is one at headquarters at this moment, undergoing examination.

Every hour of the day and night, too, might say, prisoners are brought into camp. There is more willingness evinced by them to take the oath than before. A missionary of Northern Alabama was brought in yesterday; he looked quite "hearted," as they say up there. The Adjutant read the oath to him with a grand flourish of trumpets, and was very emphatic on the words, the "penalty of violating this oath is understood to be death!"

This country is full of "poor widows and orphans." This is the plan made by those whose husbands are in the Southern army, I am often obliged to act the part of Mr. Weller and bid our officers to "Beware of Widows." Our transportation and artillery—many of them going to a different place to serve, and carry them to Cuba or Florida, away from the scenes of battle. Most of them, indeed, when they left, had been discarded when the warm weather came, and the orphans, this is the panic made by those poor widows and orphans. They have been put in the hospital at Nashville, but those who have managed to get through are now taking their comfort. Col. K. has been left as provost guard at Columbia.

Since I first wrote you, Negley's Brigade has been removed from McCook's Division. The boys were all glad of this change for the prosapron trials of McCook were so great that they have now to serve him as a general. Negley has received command of a division. Col. Starkweather has now command of the Brigade, Two companies of cavalry and two pieces of artillery have been attached to the brigade, so that we now constitute a small army of ourselves. Our business here seems to be to scatter any band which might be organized in the vicinity, and protect the trains of wagons which are constantly passing here for the advance army.

The long roll was sounded a few days since in our camp. We all hastened into lines in short order, vaded a creek which crosses the road a short distance beyond our camp and formed a line of battle a quarter of a mile further on. Being proved to be an alarm, they opened a musketry fire and after a short time we returned to our quarters colors flying and bands playing.

It was finally ascertained that the alarm was caused by a cavalryman, who was sent in after a few men to arrest a prisoner. This cavalry are constantly scouting the country, as we wait at Indian station and build a fire in the day and night, and of great service to scouting as with the enemy. At some other places. At the head, there isn't much danger of encounters to sit down as soon as possible. But I think cold weather is about an end, as is this letter.
Yesterday, about noon, a train of from thirty to forty wagons passed here under a guard of some 200 men. After they had been past about an hour, the alarm was given that they were attacked by the rebel cavalry.

The long roll was beaten, and the way we seized our arms and accoutrements and turned out was a mockery of rebellion. We marched down to the stream, and halted for the cavalry to pass us—which they did on the run. Major Bragg then rode along the line, and asked the men if they wanted to cross. Immediately hundreds of voices gave the assent, and we were brought to a right face, and plunged in and forded the river amidst the wildest enthusiasm, the stream being about sixty yards wide, and the water nearly up to the hips, with a very swift current. We were matched over and formed, the 1st Wisconsin on the right, the 36th on the left, and the artillery in the center, while the rebel cavalry could be seen in all directions—no one seemed to care and reported everything quiet. And thus ended surprise No. 4 or 5. It would surprise many civilians to see what electricity the boys turn out in a case of alarm, where they suspect their brothers are in danger. Many a man would be seen to shoulder his musket with a will, who considered himself fit for no other duty.

It rained most of last night, and is quite cool and chilly to day, with some rain; and coming since we have had such warm weather, it is quite uncomfortable.

The apple trees are just beginning to bloom, and the woods are quite green, being sprinkled with more blooming leaves. The trees are quite abundant, and little the worse for the fight.

In the morning, April 30th, we again struck tents and passed through the town, camping two miles to the south, where we rested the remaining part of that and the next two days. The rebels, in retreating, had destroyed the bridge over Duck Creek—a stream about the size of the Embarrass, running on the north side of the town, with high, rocky banks. Gen. McCook's division had built a sort of a bridge, over which infantry could pass, but not being safe, the artillery, it was obliged to cross at a fording place a short distance above. Gen. Negley's division had previously crossed, and taken up his quarters in a splendid location near the Columbia Athenaeum; where he is still located, having been appointed Provost Marshal from here to Nashville—a place he will not fit only with credit to himself, but with honor to his country. He is in every sense a gentleman, exhibiting a spirit worthy to be imitated, but finely gaining the confidence of his men and death to the traitor who dares to besmear his name; for his men will stand by him to the last.

Columbia is the county seat of Maury county, containing from 1,000 to 2,000 inhabitants. It is about 15 miles from Nashville and home of Judge. There is no demonstra-
who are known to be violent and outspoken secessionists; they however take the oath of allegiance rather than have their property confiscated. It is a bitter pill for them to take, and is the occasion of a great deal of internal nursing.

There are but five men in this whole county who have stuck by the Union clear through, and they have done it at their peril, for their lives have been threatened time and again by their rebel neighbors. But now they are all right again, they begin to breath freer, and express sentiments which had they uttered a month before would have subjected them to the halter. There has been truly a reign of terror through this country, causing men who were at heart good Union men to either express themselves openly in favor of the South or else to build their tongues entirely.

Last week a company of recruits for the Governors guard from Woynesborough, numbering 105 men passed through here on route for Nashville. They were recruited in 48 hours, and were composed of men who had either deserted from the rebel army, or who had been abused by them.

We have been encamped at this point just three weeks, and it is rightly named McClanahan's, for it is a perfect "Garden of Eden" and in more senses than one, for I believe that place was slightly tainted with rebellion also, as well as this. The partial residence of Gen. Pillow and Polk are but a few miles distant. They own over 1,400 negroes and land in proportion.

A deserter from the rebel army, who left after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, numbering 105 men passed through here on route for Nashville. They were recruited in 48 hours, and were composed of men who had either deserted from the rebel army, or who had been abused by them.

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The Loyal Army and Slaves

CAMP WALKER, TOPO, April 31.

To G. C. SHARLES, Esq., of Wisconsin:

Dear Sir:—I have a subject on which to write that will interest you.

The glorious deeds lately done on the field of battle by some of the Wisconsin regiments have been the chief topic of conversation among the soldiers. They have not been content with their own bravery, but have sought to prove their superiority in every way. They have been successful in all they have attempted, and have gained the admiration of their fellow soldiers.

The regiment of which I speak is the 2nd Illinois, known as the "Bullies," and is under the command of Col. W. H. Wilcox. This regiment has distinguished itself in every battle, and is considered one of the most faithful and brave of the Union army.

The officers of this regiment are men of high character, and are respected by all who know them. They are men of the finest qualities, and are worthy of the highest commendation.

The soldiers of this regiment are men of courage and determination, and are always ready to do their duty. They are men who will not shrink from the task of fighting for their country, and are ready to risk their lives in the cause of freedom.

The regiment of which I speak is composed of men of all ages, and from all parts of the country. They are a true representation of the American people, and are worthy of the highest praise.

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Respectfully,

[Signature]

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

CAMP WALKER, TENNESSEE.

April 30, 1863.

Permit me to send the Sentinel a fragment from Acting Brigadier General Starkweather's command.

I have a dashing young Adjutant connected with the Thirty-fifth Indiana, and from him I have received the following:

"The Adjutant has a keen eye for the beautiful, and it fell on a handsome face of our Brigade marched through the village. The Adjutant saw a pretty girl, and exclaimed, "That's a fair daughter of Tennessee, and retraced his steps to her."

The Adjutant was not denied admittance, although the mansion was occupied by the widow L. W. Ross, and her bewitching (beautifying) skill as she sold her wares."

The Adjutant pursued himself and only goes every evening.

Now, let us see how far matters have progressed between the loyal (1) Union officer and the beautiful accession—what titles for a romance! Secession (feminine) and the Adjutant he declares, and the fair owner a fearsome rider. The Yankee and the Southerner, Love and Matrimony, have been discussed pro and con in the parlor of widow L., and what do you think?"
in the vicinity of Nashville, and are generally in excellent health, and there is no danger of that place being taken by the rebels. They have a good many Union troops going through Kentucky, and four new regiments entered Louisville Thursday morning, when he came through.

All through middle Tennessee and middle and eastern Kentucky, guerrilla bands under Morgan, Jackson, Allen, Ferguson, Foster, and others, are roaming pretty much everywhere. They create a great deal of damage wherever they go, and are constantly adding to their numbers. They are generally well mounted, and have plenty of ammunition, &c., but are indifferently dressed. They help themselves to all they want wherever they are, but are careful to disturb none but Unionists. The rebels feel confident that they will regain possession of Nashville, and both Tennessee and Kentucky, and talk boastfully to that effect. The Unionists, however, are calmly certain that their happy visions will never be realized.

Mr. Ham will be here a week or ten days, when he will return to his regiment.

From the First Wisconsin.

Messen. Editors:—May day in all its beauty has come upon us and we yet remain inactive in this year. Why is it that one of the best drilled regiments in the service is held back and not allowed to participate in the conflict?
removed from the Capital of the Nation. It will never be returned to shroud it, for man does not travel backwards.

The intelligence of the death of Governor Harvey, the soldier's friend, filled us all with sorrow. The State has lost one of its most valuable men, and all her true sons mourn his untimely end. But in our affliction we hope Gov. Salmon may present himself a man suitable to the occasion, and that he may still lead the state onward, as becomes the stirring age in which such wonders are being enacted.

The Union here is that Jeff. Davis and the rebellion are played out: but still we have company, battalions, and brigade drill, whenever the weather permits.

May 1st.—Time passes on in this out-of-the-way camp. The post-masters north of the state and receive important news through that channel; but ever since it killed Beauregard, its reliability has fallen into disrepute. It took New Orleans and evacuate May 1st.

This portion of Tennessee is very quiet. All of the young men are away in the Tennessee rebel regiments, some at Corinth, and the remainder in prison camps "up north." Wounded and discharged soldiers are scattered through the country, but they keep very close, being afraid of the "Yankees." When come across, they are requested to take a (to them) better pill—the oath of allegiance. A few prominent Yankees are willingly subjected to the oath, having lost all faith in their country. The bitter secessionists are very quiet.

There is a great deal of truth in the above extract. Although the boys do not like to lose the Colonel, yet they with one voice wish him a speedy promotion to the position he now occupies.

Major Bingham is now in command of the regiment. Lt. Col. Lane is at Nashville, on duty, albeit the Kenosha papers have him Acting Colonel of the regiment. The Major is again on the right, and fills his position as well as he did the post he formerly occupied on the right of the old regiment. We hope to see his face in that quarter a "fixed fact." I do not know whether the Lieutenant Colonel will come up with the regiment. He now fills a very important post on a committee in Nashville.

Acting Brigadier General Starkweather is in very high favor with the citizens here. He does them with the oath of allegiance to bring them out "bright Union stars." The pill is very bitter.

The Brigadier drill Prestonians, and maneuvered on almost daily. The detachment of Pennsylvania Cavalry, that came out with us, has been relieved by the 2d Kentucky Ind. cavalry. This change has set back the progress in drill somewhat. The General is very particular to explain the meaning of movements to each officer and man. That such a course is the right one, is plain to all.

The following deaths in the regiment have taken place in hospitals and camp, in the month of April:

Alex. Gregg, Schiefflinville, Co. "A," Capt. Green, Provost Marshal, is wary and on his guard. The penalty of such an uprising ought to be death. One such execution and all will fall.

The "Seventh Brigade Journal" is a living and flourishing newspaper. Number seven has been issued. It contains a lengthy editoral headed "Colonel J. C. Starkweather, Acting Brigadier General," which reviews the military career of that gentleman.

The high position which the First Regiment occupies is mainly due to the great energy and ability displayed by the former commander, now at the right of the old regiment.

The following is an extract from the above:

"The high position which the First Regiment occupies is mainly due to the great energy and ability displayed by the former commander, now at the right of the old regiment."
From Our Own Correspondent.

CAMP WALKER, NEAR MT. PLEASANT,

MACSY CO., TEXAS, MAY 8, 1862.

Ed. Times:—Although we have experienced nothing of especial interest since writing my last, I undertake a few lines, as you aver that anything from the vicinity of Shelby County's Volunteers is greeted with more than passing attention. Connected as we are with the "army of occupation," or "reserve," there is a lack of those noteworthy incidents so prevalent with those in the advance, and the recital of a current day's programme in camp life answers for nearly all—and that may be found on any paper on your exchange table. Still, we are not entirely devoid of "excitement," "long-rolls," and false alarms. A few days after our arrival here the command was startled out of the lethargy of their "long-rolls," and false alarms. A few marching. Every move of the "First" receives its title to the sobriquet of "Eying Infantry." A march of twenty-five miles between meridian and 9 P. M., on a hot summer's day, and return at the same rate on the succeeding day, is not to be found on the records as a common circumstance.

But to return to "league with the devil" Morgan: He is now authentically reported as on the downward road, having found the turning point of success. He was surprised by a body of our cavalry at Lebanon, and after a fierce resistance, suffering a heavy loss, and many prisoners, was totally routed—to the infinite joy of citizens as well as ourselves. But the hero himself has probably escaped to organize and operate with other guerrillas bands, to hector us to the last line his own pockets!

The unparalleled and one-sided successes of our Union arms seem unmisting. Since the battle at Shiloh, New Orleans and Baton Rouge have fallen before the invincible volleys of Farragut and Porter, and they are extending their conquest rapidly up the river to meet Com. Foote and Yorktown, and perhaps Corinth have been made to feel that guerrilla marauder, who has been making himself so famous late by his daring personal exploits, and who had been reported for several days in the vicinity, thundering down upon us with his however as though they would be unable to sustain another mob of followers. But after an to concentrate a very formidable force on the position of breathless and unfruitful—again, but would disperse, and wherever we placed our affairs are for "practical collectible for guerrillas warfare alarm," and we retired, feeling the victor upon our forces. Their submission will last for a second "sell."

Heated imagination and madman rumor escape before our expensive and enormous forces have enthralled this Morgan with all the army can be mustered out, although its sagacious qualities of a Robin Hood, and will undoubtedly be much diminished. The services of the "enchanted horse"—I write in the usual mystery as to our one moment he is in Columbia sharing the future move or destination. Many in "bed and board" of Gen. Negley—the slave to the opinion that in consideration next is with his band harrowing the forge of the intensity of the succession of trains of Mitchell—then, in our camps in this district, we shall remain until selling pies, and again, between here and the close of the war in or near our present the Tennessee river commiting every im- locality. Others think we shall move to aginable outrage upon the citizens. But Florence ere long.

Later from the First.

CAMP NEAR FULASKI,

Monday, May 10.

A private letter from our correspondent "W. H. S." to his parents in this city, dated Camp Walker, May 10th, contains the following by way of Postscript, which we have kindly been permitted to copy. It will be seen from it that the First is again on the move:

CAMP CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE FIRST REGIMENT.

E. PULASKI, Gibbs Co., Tenn., May 12, 1862.

Dear Loti:—Many long days have passed since I grasped your honest hand and looked into your smiling face, but I have not forgotten you. On Friday, May 21, it was understood that a party of...
600 marauding cavalry was carrying off
union men and committing all manner of
thievish and murdering depredations,
such only as slaveholding chivalry can
do, and in the vicinity of Lawrence-
burg. Orders were issued to be ready
to march at once. Col. Starkweather
was acting Brig. General, and at 10 a.
A.M., the expedition was in line, consist-
ing of one piece of artillery, two compa-
nies of Kentucky cavalry, and the Ist
Wisconsin regiment. We followed down
the Corinth Road 9 miles and then turn-
ved to the left, and traveled through a
very poor, hilly country 16 miles, which
brought us out to Lawrenceburg, where
we arrived at 10 o'clock at night. But
the enemy had chivalrously flown, leaving
the town on Thursday morning, in the
direction of Pulaski. The inhabitants
being mostly traitors, on surrendering the
public square, extinguished lights and
barred their doors. Marching through
the town, which is a place of some 300
inhabitants and county seat of Law-
rence county, we bivouacked without fires
in the yard of a rebel captain who was
taken prisoner at Fort Donelson. The va-
lient sile-rebels fled in their night
clothes at the command "stack arms." On
the 3d, after a little scouting by the
cavalry; and the taking of six fine mules,
whose heads were taken, about a dozen con-
trabands," we were preparing to march
on Pulaski, when orders came from Gen.
Negley to return at once to our old camp,
as it was threatened. It was done, mak-
ing the trip by the military road by 12 o'clock at night. Many of the men's feet
were used up.

Since that time we have been constantly
on thequi vive for the rebek. Morgan
was surprised at Lebanon on the 5th
last, and his band of outhers either killed,
captured, or scattered into the hills. Wil-
liam Morgan was taken prisoner, and it
is believed that John Morgan, the chief
of devils, was killed. On Saturday, the
10th inst., orders came to strike tents,
pack everything up, and be ready to go
at once. Two Sibley tents and one to be carried, and knapsacks also,
on the wagons. The company mess
chests, the balance of the tents, and other
company baggage was left behind. The
1st Wisconsin, two pieces of artillery,
three companies of 35 Indiaman, 25 Ken-
tucky cavalry were in line, and started at
24 P.M. towards the east. This was all
that was known of our destination. Our
route lay through winding and muddy,
rudded lanes over innumerable brooks and
small rivers, which we had to wade. It
was through the hilliest part of the state,
among small farms and poor people.
We traveled until 3 o'clock at night, then
halted in the village of Campbellville.
Then we took a short nap on the ground,
ate a little, and went on again at 5 o'clock Sunday morning. Our route lay
down "Big Creek," which we had to
ford seven times in that many miles.
The valleys were a little wider and the
country looked better. "Negroes" were
plenty again, and their pretended owners
were all secessionists. In the hills, where the
people have no human chattels, they are
all unionists, but every man who claims
to hold slaves is secessionist. At 12 P.M. we
crossed the N. & H. R. R. track, but the
rebel destroyed the bridges. We forded
one more river and reached the pike,
which was very dusty. Five miles traveled
on the pike brought us to this place. It
is pleasantly located in a pretty country,
on the west side of a river. We marched
through the town with bayonets fixed,
in column by platoons, with colors fly-
ing and drums beating. We soon learn-
ed that Gen. Negley, with the 78th and
70th Pennsylvania, had preceded us.
We got here at 4 P.M. A large num-
ber of young men turned out on the streets to take a look at us Yankees, and
there were also swarms of blacks of all
ages, sexes, and shades, dressed in the
gaudiest manner. They all expressed
the highest satisfaction in seeing us, while
the greater portion of the whites looked
sullen or ferocious. Morgan's band of
marauders passed through here after
leaving Lawrenceburg, and captured 240
men who were in the hospitals here, burn-
ished some government wagons and took
26,000 from the U.S. Quarter Master.

Peaches, apples, and plums look finely.
Out of the hills, this is a beautiful coun-
try. Remove slavery, and this would
soon be a paradise. We go to the south
to Gen. Mitchell to night. Capt. San-
ut has been at Park Barracks hospital
since the 1st day of April, and Lieut.
Starkweather was detailed for extra duty
out of the company on the 28th of March,
so that I am alone in command of the
company assisted only by orderly sergt.
S. O. Marshall, who I had appointed act-
ing Lieutenant. Eleven men have been
discharged.

P. V. Wise.

War Notes From Tennessee.

(From our Special Reporter.)

IN CAMP AT PULASKI, TENN., Tuesday, May
12, 1862.—Contrary to our expectations we
have left Camp Walker "for good." Not
on a mere "guerrilla chase," but to enter in
to an active summer campaign, under Gen.
Mitchell, in the cane-brakes of Alabama—
we have been hoping for this movement
ever since we bade adieu to Gen. McCook.
I say we, because I do not believe there is a
soldier among us, who prefers a "post-
station" to a "camp in the field" before
the enemy. Above the ranks there may be
a few—in the ranks there are none.

On Friday evening Lt. Col. Lane arrived
in camp from Nashville, and assumed the
command of the regiment. He was relieved
from the committee of which he was a
member, at his own request. While he was
at Nashville "the committee" confiscated
$46,000 worth of personal property—
showing that they were not idle in their
important work.

Saturday morning brought with it "or-
ders to be ready." At noon "march" was
the order, with but two Sibley tents, one
wall tent, cooking utensils, and a few other
necessaries. We were notified that
when we moved from Williamsport, Ind.,
last summer, we were likewise cut down
in company property. This, although
inevitable, is very proper, as it allows
more transportation for rations, and light-
ens the "draw" on the teams, as well as
furnishes wagons for our knapsacks—the
latter item the most important to us. With
Bennett's battery, three companies of the
35th Ind., and a squadron of cavalry, we
left Mount Pleasant at 3 P.M. We took
such a by-road as the one that leads us
to Lawrenceburg, with this difference, that
in the latter case we ascended miles of
mountains, crossed miles of streams, and was more crooked than
a rail fence.

The sun was very brilliant, and conse-
quently hot to us, but being on the decline,
and in the wooded valleys, we soon got
rid of his heat, and light, and marched
"south the bright, steely moon." The
people "away down here" have "a	right smart way" of building roads. They
fence in their farms first, and then build the
road around the sides of it. The next man
does the same. If they can manage to build
the road on the bank, or bed of a stream,
they build it there, making it follow the
streamlets many turns, until dire necessity
compels them to cross over and "take a new
tack." This is undoubtedly done to give
them the full benefits of every inch of their
"scrappy" land, the best portions of which
lie down in the valleys. The overland route
to California cannot be more hilly than this
road to Pulaski. Some of the hills were
almost perpendicular, and the roads along
them were so narrow and deeply "rutted"
that the teams "tipped over" in not a few
instances, thereby causing great delay.
Lawrence county is a very poor county,
and but a small improvement is Giles coun-
try.
time that we set bounds nearer the after-noon, and I was thirty-nine miles, and we were not expected to reach Pulaski until Sunday, midnight. Gen. Neg- 

ogy knew the region, and judged accordingly. Negy is centering his Divisi- 

on at this place, and will move this after-noon down on the Tennessee south. 3 A day and we will be in Alabama. The enemy will be crushed. We are around to- wards its head and we hope soon to be where the regi- 

ment is in the river.

Yours, etc.,

MARBON

The First Wisconsin Regiment

HEADQUARTERS 1st Wis. Regt.,

PULASKI, Ala., 4 MILES FROM TULLahoma RIVER.

May 14th, 1862

Editors Mirror.—This is a most beautiful morning and the StuS and Stripes which have just been unfurled for the first time by the Ist Ws. on the soil of this Stag float gracefully in the breeze, building defiance to the cowards and traitors who seem to flee on its approach at almost every point.

For nearly two weeks past our life has been one of almost constant activity and fatigue incident to a soldier's life.

Friday morning the 2nd inst., we received orders to march for Lawrenceburg, where it was reported a squad of rebel cavalry were situated, committing depredations on the property of the inhabitants and watching for any small party of our cavalry that might chance to come in their way.

Accordingly, about 11 o'clock, the Ist Ws., two companies of cavalry, and two pieces of artillery left camp. Walker and started for that place, with one day's rations and our blankets. On our way we passed through what is termed the "barrens." It is de- 

siredly the poorest county we have seen in Tennessee and said to be the poorest in the State. We arrived within two miles of Lawrenceburg just at dark, when compa-

nies A and B were ordered to form and proceed to the right, covering the artillery and guarding the rear of the march. The march was made slowly.

We moved on very cautiously till within a little more than half a mile of town, when halted. Companies A, B, C and D were then thrown out on three different roads leading into town as pickets for the night, with orders to let no one pass out, but every one to pass in. You can easily imagine that this was no very pleasant task after marching all day in the hot sun, ford- 

ing creeks on the route, which, taken togeth- 

er with the heat, made our clothing almost ringet wet, we being allowed no fires, 

either to warm ourselves or cook our coffee, 

thus being obliged to make our supper of hard crackers alone, but still we managed to get along through the night very com- 

fortably, when we were relieved and march- 

ed into town, when we cooked our coffee and had our supper, (broiling the last on a stick over the fire), and had just got about a little pot when the drums beat, and we were ordered to fall in, and started on our way back, taking another rout as Col. Stark- 

weather had received notice of the rebels be- 

ing in that vicinity.
We marched somewhat more slowly than the day before, and, when about half way back countrymen A and B were deployed on the right and left of the road as skirmishers, as the scouts had discovered something which made us suspicious that they were in the immediate vicinity of the rebels. We advanced in this position, being supported by the artillery and the remainder of the regiment, a distance of about two miles, and not discovering anything, we resumed our former position in the column, quickened our pace and arrived in our old camp about 9 o'clock Saturday evening, tired, wet and hungry, having marched about 50 miles and forded no less than eight streams in thirty-four hours.

Sunday night we were again called out, the alarm being caused by the pickets firing upon and instantly killing a negro who refused to halt.

Friday night, the 9th inst, at 12 o'clock, we again received orders to have our sick immediately sent to Columbia and the regiment to hold themselves in readiness to march. Accordingly, about noon, Saturday, we had our things ready for this march, taking only three tents to the company, and at two o'clock we were on the line of march for Pulaski, Tennessee, which we reached on Sunday about 3 P. M., being on the march the whole night, over one of the worst of roads, following down a creek which wound its way among the hills, and which we were obliged to wade through and ford, no less than eight streams in thirty-four hours.

Monday noon when we again started for this place, we discovered nothing of the enemy till within about seven miles of Florence, when, on the road leading east, and to the Tennessee river and arrived there just at dark, where we could see cavalry on the opposite side watering their horses, and at a short distance a camp of about one hundred more. The guns were immediately brought to bear upon them, throwing six or eight shells into and beyond their camp.

After waiting a short time and perceiving no show of resistance, four of our men were sent across the river in a skiff, which was found on this side, who took and returned with two large ferry boats, capable of carrying from seventy five to one hundred men each, which were scuttled and sunk after reaching the shore this side: the object being to prevent reinforcements from joining the rebels in Florence.

Company A then returned to assist Company B in guarding the bridge at this place, across Shad Creek, some three miles from the river, the remaining part of the force being left at and near the junction of the roads leading to the river and into Florence, where they bivouacked for the night.

This morning, the 38th and a part of the 35th Indiana regiments passed here to join our forces ahead, and I should not be at a loss to explain if some of our men smell powder before night, as we are expecting Gen. Mitchell to co-operate by attacking them at some other point. However, I think our boys will give them a good fight, notwithstanding the heavy marching we have lately done, as they not only appear ready, but eager for the fray.

Florence, Saturday morning, May 15.—About 3 o'clock P. M. yesterday, Gen. Negley arrived and passed the bridge where we were lying on picket. We almost immediately received orders to pack up and forward to Florence, which we did and arrived just as the town clock was striking eight.

From the 1st Reg't W. V.

We have traveled 115 miles over terrible roads since Saturday last, and have had one or two brushes with the enemy. We were attacked in the rear by a body of cavalry between whom and us there was a thick undergrowth. We, as it seemed to us, were not on the road, so we went on the roads and shelled them, and they fled. The night before last, we were ordered to this point. We had to leave everything behind. The men were carried 20 miles in wagons; we chased another body of cavalry who went across the Tennessee at this point. Waiting until late at night when they had encamped, we went down to the river bank and shelled them; they ran. Four of our men went across the river in a skiff and brought
FROM THE FIRST REGIMENT.

Camp Banneker, near Florence, Alabama May 16, 1862.

* * *

When I last wrote we were in Camp Walker, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., and since then we have by continuous marching found a junction with Gen. Mitchell, and are actively engaged in "pushing the enemy to the wall." I am now writing upon a drum-head for a table, in a handsome piece of woods a little over six miles east of Florence, where Acton and Col. Lane discovered a body of rebels harried them badly in crossing. How many were killed we could not ascertain. Gen. Negley and our old associates of the 35th Ind. met the Southerners in full retreat.—The regiment was immediately brought into line of battle in the road, and the artillery brought to bear on their supposed direction. They fled as well as they could, but with what success cannot be told. One of the 35th Ind. boys, who was in the rear was slightly wounded by one of the exploding shells.

Our advance entered Rogersville, a village some five miles short of Tenn. river, where they came upon the rear of Price's cavalry upon full retreat.—They pursued them to the river and burned them badly in crossing. How many were killed we could not ascertain. Co. H is ordered out on picket duty to-night, which comes rather long.

Wednesday, 14th.

At noon to-day all the camps of the 1st Wis., excepting those on picket, and F, embarked upon baggage wagons to make a reconnoitering expedition towards Florence and take possession of a bridge over Shoal creek. They moved off in anticipation of some sport.

While we (Co. H.) were coming in from picket duty, we were overtaken by Gen. Mitchell, his staff and bodyguard, who responded to our "present" by a few words in salutation. He is an elderly, plain appearing man, but impresses all with confidence in his surpassing ability and promptness. He will undoubtedly keep us up to the mark we have formed ourselves to him.

Towards night we received orders to follow up those who went off at noon and join them as speedily as possible. So the 28th and 39th Indies, companies H and F, struck tents and commenced march at 8 p.m., continuing through all night and found them next morning near Shoal creek.
CAMP CORRESPONDENCE

FROM THE FIRST REGIMENT.

CAMP BUREN, Tenn., May 24, 1863.

Friend Zeno— I resume my pen to record a few incidents connected with the "Flying Infantry," or "Devil Chasers," which may be of interest to the readers of the Journal.

We had been encamped at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., for several weeks. Nothing of interest transpired, rendering it monotonous and wearisome in camp, the General thought he would give us a "rest," which was accepted and executed in the manner which I am about to describe.

On Saturday, the 10th, we received orders to pack up for a move in the direction of Florence, making a halt at Bainbridge for a party to proceed to the river and destroy the Bainbridge Ferry, and then proceed to Florence where it was thought we should meet with the rebels under Price whom it was reported had crossed the river with 10,000 men intending to cut off Gen. Mitchell's means of obtaining supplies. We were here and there on the 10th towards Pulaski, accompanied by one section of Capt. Standart's Ohio battery, with some of the 28th and 29th Penna. infantry, and companies of the 35th. We passed through Florence, making the distance of 35 miles of Kentucky bridge burners. We do in less than 20 hours. Here we met the staid few that bottomed boats at this neck, except the wading of Ala, and the terms of a branch stream and collection of a few horses, as we march more than one hundred miles in a accustomed land, knapsacks loaded upon a scattering gun, in hopes to have a chance at its wean under way, at 3 o'clock, but true to his native instinct of the 11th,making the distance of 35 miles of Kentucky bridge burners. We do in less than 20 hours. Here we met the staid few that bottomed boats at this neck, except the wading of Ala, and the terms of a branch stream and collection of a few horses, as we march more than one hundred miles in a accustomed land, knapsacks loaded upon a scattering gun, in hopes to have a chance at its wean under way, at 3 o'clock, but true to his native instinct of the 11th, making the distance of 35 miles of Kentucky bridge burners. We do in less than 20 hours. 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On the afternoon of the 12th two Brigades of Florence. This place is of but little incident; Col. Starkweather commanding portage, having to trade or business one, and Col. Hamblight commanding except a Cotton Factory on the true road, consisting of two guns from southern plan and characteristic of their Capt. Standart's Battery, two companies industrious (?) habits. We kept the old of cavalry, and the 78th and 79th Pa military road, which "Old Hickory" cut Company, new Provt. Guard. We understand Capt. Green's Company has been, not wholly but fatally disbanding; its original members, by the being made up of men too well fitted for more responsible stations than to merely to carry the market. The Capt. himself is Provost Marshal of an important city, Lieut. Somes is an Adjutant in Gen. Buck's Staff. Lieut. Sawyer is a Captain in Gen. Hamilton's Staff, the officers below have been "grind in" all around, or some of them with private John Orvis, put into the responsible position of Signal Corps; some have been made Brigade Wagon Masters; all the time since the Company arrived on Kentucky soil it has held the honorable post of Gen. Negley's Body Guard; having been chosen out of Ferry Companies for that purpose.

Our old partner Mr. Bryant, is still engineering the Printing Office and Capt. Green says he intends to have the "Seventh Brigade Journal" issued while he stays in Columbia. A few Press must accompany the Federal army in all places where it is practicable.

Charley Benton is installed as Telegraph Operator, a trade he learned at odd times in this city.

Truly the Captain's original command has scattered, some. The trouble is, he enlisted too smart a set of men to keep them, they were, many of them, well calculated for higher stations than the particular service they were sworn into. But while he loses much of the good material of his Company, he cannot but be gratified at the honorable promotions of the boys.
the most extensive cotton manufactories in Southern Tennessee, and is a place of considerable importance to the interior.

We arrived in Columbia, where one company of the 1st has been doing provost duty for the past eight weeks, on Tuesday the 29th, making the trip of two hundred miles in less than eleven days. But here we were not to rest, but were ordered eight miles from town to guard a railroad bridge which is building.

Correspondence of the Janesville I.

From the First Regt.

DEAR GAZETTE:—I have concluded to write you a short letter, and if you think it worthy you will please give it a place in your paper.

Our regiment is now about five miles from Columbia, Tenn. We have just arrived here after a march of 240 miles, having been scouring the country in search of some roving guerrilla bands that make it their business to intercept our provost trains. We started on the 9th of the month, at 2 o'clock, and marched that day and all night, and then we commenced to do some tall marching, for we were in hourly expectation of running afoul of some of the rebels; but we saw nothing of them until the fourth day, when we came, rather unexpectedly on our part, on about 200 rebel cavalry who took French leave; but we thereupon drove them to a ravine and burned their camp. We then proceeded north to the Ferry on the Tennessee and south to about 200 rebels in a field; and if I had known who they were, I could have given them a hot reception.

John Morgan. Three days later we were once again in camp at 10 o'clock P. M., and the next morning we started back to Columbia and arrived here two days later, after a march such as no other brigade has made since the commencement of the war, and what is more we lost not a man. One man had two fingers shot off and his horse killed; but it is time now for the lights to be put out and we must consider ourselves no longer on our scouting expedition.

Yours, etc.,
HAMILTON ANHESSON.

From the First Wisconsin Regiment.

Measrs. Editors.—The First Wisconsin has at last done something. On the second inst. orders came at ten o'clock to march in one hour in pursuit of the robber band of Col. Starkweather at Still Creek, eight miles from Columbia, where we found the 78th and 38th Indiana, with two pieces of artillery. We remained there until 3 o'clock P. M., then formed in line, marching on the road to Comba'erry, on the Tennessee, distant 35 miles. The road was very rough, but the command pushed on until 11 o'clock, when we bivouacked in a field and saw the Stars and Stripes flying.

The next day we spent part of the time in securing the country, and part of the time in scouts, doing our best; the next day we went into Florence, Ala., and stayed all day. We took possession of the telegraph office and court house for our quarters during the night, and the next morning we started back to Columbia and arrived here two days later, after a march such as no other brigade has made since the commencement of the war, and what is more we lost not a man. One man had two fingers shot off and his horse killed; but it is time now for the lights to be put out and we must consider ourselves no longer on our scouting expedition.

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The sun was very hot, and the air came in heavy, gravelly gusts. The road was through a red, clayey soil, and a narrow strip of woodland for a short distance, and then we were in the wild country. We were without water. Pools by the wayside, that were formed by the rain storm of the previous evening, were filled with the most delicious water, but it was not safe to drink the water of the brooks along the road was very thinly settled.

Sooner than one would have thought from their growing trouts, and grain fields under those emerald heads with the brightest breast of soil, were found chinking in the openings.

Four miles the land was so level, and then it would roll away again into hills and dales. The magnolia tree, with its large leaves and broad, white blossoms, and the white wood tree, with its brown, yellow-tinted cups, were pleasing sights to the eye. The woods were filled with wild flowers of all hues and scents. The air smelled as sweetly as does the air of June that blossoms, and the many wild flowers are in full bloom.

The Lauderdale Cotton Mills are situated on the Mobile Creek, some north of Florence. The buildings are large and substantial, and built of red brick. They are surrounded by quite a number of buildings, in which the employees reside. Owing to the heavy flood, we had to ford the Creek.

The road was sandy. The water was waist deep. The path was broken by drifts. It is a sight worth seeing—tours fording a deep stream. Everybody takes care of his own horse. There are not any, no regiment's, and no command, until the stream is crossed; then everybody assumes his own path.

Blue Water Creek, at the State Line, is but a brook of such small dimensions that it can be stepped over.

From the State Line to where the Pulaski road intersects the military road, the country is a very fair eel, with a small timber and thick underbrush. Water became more plenty as we advanced into Tennessee, although in a few instances we did not see any springs or streams for five miles on a stretch.

The road to Pulaski ran through a broken and desolate country. We passed but three inhabited dwellings to Pillow's Mills, and even those were but a small patch of cultivated ground around them.

From Pillow's Mills to Pulaski the road runs along a series of valleys, and over a few hills. The passage from the hills beyond the Mills to the valley is like slipping from night into mid-day. Around one hangs the darkness of solitude, and on the other lies the sunshine of civilization. The higher we drew to Pulaski, the richer became the land, and farm adjoining farm, laden with its products, boding forth, and almost ready for the reaper.

Leaving Pillow's Flouring Mills, we had to ascend a hill some two hundred feet. As we ascended, the air of Mr. Robinson struck upon "Jordan is a hard road to travel," little "Joe Grugum" keeping the beating on his drum, and sung with "Such a getting up." Nothing would have stopped us; although in the sun it was hot, and feverish gusts. The road was through thick bush and undergrowth. The earth was warm with but little air stirring.

On the 20th at 4 a.m., we moved toward Columbia, and at 2 p.m., were on the outskirts of that place. We then counter-marched five miles and camped Scrub. Distance 28 miles. A very heavy rain storm assailed us during the early part of the afternoon. During the remainder of the day it was quite wet, with rain in the evening.

This is the day's record as kept by your correspondent. He has very often spoken of the endurance of the regiment and its officers. In high terms to which some few persons, and not officers, were not accustomed. The men were not used to such work, and without even a moment's rest, went on through the heavy rain. The men were not accustomed to such work, and without even a moment's rest, went on through the heavy rain.

The record of the whole eleven days is as follows. It will be seen that but eight were marching days.

A citizen of Florence remarked to us as we left that place that it was too hot a day to march twenty miles and camp to coincide with him just then, but after we got under full headway, we thought that we was sound.

Yours, P. O. Wise.

Dated May 22d, 1863.
The weather was so warm that the people of the country through which we had passed in our journey were very content. The weather was so pleasant as to make the people of Wisconsin and the neighboring states very happy. The weather was so clear as to enable the people of the Illinois and Michigan to enjoy the fine weather. The weather was so fine as to make the people of the Michigan very happy. The weather was so fine as to make the people of the Wisconsin very happy. The weather was so fine as to make the people of the Illinois very happy.

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thumping around, counter-marching, and pursuing the shadows of imaginary "Morgensterns" so continuously that it must be impossible for you to keep track of us.

We broke up Camp Walker on the 11th ult., proceeded to Pulaski, and after a day's rest, thence to Rogersville and the Tennessee river, where we found and drew across, with considerable loss, a large body of rebels. Col. Starkweather's Brigade shortly moved down to and occupied Florence—first, however, shelling out and driving over the river, at Bainbridge, another band of the "Butternut skins," in the greatest confusion.

Florence is a handsome, finely located town, of about 2,000 inhabitants. All were anticipating the demonstration of much joy and good Union sentiment on our entree, judging from the reports of the first gunboat expedition that found its way up the river, and the citizens, "handsome majority" against Secession, at the martial, thus being compelled to remain bo-

The flag was nine feet long and four and one-half wide. As far as material is concerned it is cut from the fabric of which it was made being cotton, but it was the symbol of the bogus Confederacy, and as such valued. The effort at tearing had not materially injured it. It consisted of three "bars," one white between two red, and a blue Union in the center of which was a rossette of red, white and blue surrounded by seven stars, and the words "Going South."

Our female antagonists were still "spill-
ing the brand," and after a moment's pause resumed the conversation with a spirit which could be designated by no better term than that of economy.

Elder Female Rebel.—If you take this flag I'll make another one, and I hope it will wear over your head and under your capi-

Major R.—(Most pleasurably.) I hope, Madam, that if you do make another flag you will make it of silk instead of cotton.

Elder Female Rebel.—If I make one it will not be for such a heathen as you are!

Elder Captain's Wife.—That flag is mine. I made it with my own hands.

Major R.—But it represents, you know, the Southern Confederacy, your government as you call it, and has been publicly dis-

We were in hopes of remaining in Flor-

ersome time as it was a pleasant po-

sition and convenient for transportation

by the river, and only about fifty miles from Corinth. Company C was detailed as Provost guard on the 17th, our first morning there; but before fairly posted as the detestable orders came to return back

to Columbia with the entire command!—

So all we had to do was to grumble, pack up our "duds" and start off on one of the hottest days yet experienced in Dixie. We occupied four days and portions of

the night—reserving but scanty allowances of sleep—in the march, by an indirect

route, via Lawrenceburg and Pulaski

pikes, and pitched camp five miles south of Columbia-Camp Scribner.

After a few days rest the Brigade, now under the command of Col. Scribner, 38th Ind., in the absence of Col. Starkweather upon a forlorn, moved down to this place, where a long tryst is being built up the ruins of one destroyed by the dastardly "Bushwhackers" a short

sudden call. They carried twelve day-

rations in the train with them.

That important results are anticipated from this expedition I have no doubt—whether they will be realized is another thing. We have done too much of this chasing around for a number of days, and returned unrewarded and dis-appointed to be very sanguine. But a few days will settle all doubts and perhaps bring the news of a "brilliant victory."

Companies H and F yesterday were ordered southward to escort our artillery down to Pulaski, and are off—how soon to return we cannot learn. Company I is here in a little town doing provost duty.

Good people at home must not borrow concerns if letters are tardy at reaching them as the boys may have few opportuni-

ties of forwarding letters for some few days to come.

Capt. Cary is in Columbia upon a court martial, this being compelled to remain be-

hind. Ex-Orderly Richardson is now in receipt of his commission as our 2d Lieut. to the unanimous satisfaction of Company H. A more efficient or deserving officer could not have been found.

The events of the past few days are so mystifying and complex to the observer's eye that comments can hardly be vented. Corinth is already evacuated and rumors are rife of a like character regarding Richmond, but with what aim cannot be imagined. It is to be hoped that the smoke will soon raise and exhibit affairs in clear light.

Respl'y yours,

W. H. S.

P. S.—June 30. Our boys—Cos. H and F—have returned, meeting with no

adventures en route.

FROM KENTUCKY.

The Guerrilla Warfare—How it will Affect the Country—Cruelty of the Rebels, &c., &c.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Bowen's Gaen, Ky., June 16.

The outrageous determination of the rebel to make Kentucky the field for guerrilla operations, will cost the State dearly. Already some reprisals have been made upon those localities where this border warfare has been carried on in the teeth of citizen- resistance. There is no doubt that this is the most effectual mode of fighting that the rebels can engage in, as it consists in firing upon defenseless citizens, or dragging soldiers, and falling back. In some of the counties these organized bands of horsemen are committing depredations on the old banditti style. In Clinton county, a company of these guerrillas, over 200 strong, surrounded themselves in the woods, in a sort of rude fort, from which they sallied out to strike their unexpected blows upon friends and foes. Capt. Morewood, of the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, started out on
I viewed them. I have an Niagara, on Governor's sketch of that scene, and also of Sweden's, A love of the beautiful. Far down is the valley we so lately traversed, with its beauty. From the Cumberland to Chattanooga our way was lined as thickly as it was populated by joyous Union citizens. The defeat of Gen. Adams at Swede's Cave, (20 miles east of Winchester, and in the valley through which flows Battle Creek,) was hailed by them. From Winchester to Jasper, some forty miles, the sentiments of the people are equally divided. From the better place to Chattanooga Union sentiment is in the majority by two-thirds. The people in the mountains are a hardy race, and took more like Northerners than any people I have ever seen. They left hard stories of persecutions. In the latter district mentioned above, hundreds have escaped to Kentucky, and are soldiers in the Union Tennessee regiments, stationed at Cumberland Gap. One of the Colonels of these regiments is from this district. Beside the cauldron of 200 who visited Gen. Negley's quarters on Sunday, at least one hundred more on foot were visiting at the various camps. On the mountains, the ladies, old and young, fair, homely, and manly, were gathered in groups. I think the expedition has done more harm than good. It has called out the Unionists of that portion of Eastern Tennessee, and now they are at the rebels, mercy again. A few more of such expeditions and the Unionists will be “a race that were,” or, in the Union ranks.—Southern gazettes not only persecute the men, but act grossly towards the women.

promoted. — W. A. Matthews, one of our Union boys, wounded in the leg at the battle of Pulaski, under Colonel Weather, and more recently Hospital orderly of the 1st Wisconsin in Tennessee, gave us a call yesterday dressed in Captains uniform. We are glad to have that unsolicited by himself, and as a reward for bravery and good conduct, he has been promoted by Gen. A. H. Johnson, with a Captain's commission in the 1st Reg't Tennessee Volunteers, and is raising a company in Cincinnati to serve as body guard to the Governor.

From the 1st Wis. Infantry.

BATTLE CREEK, Tenn., June 30th.

This is a peculiar position. We are at the mouth of a creek on the Tennessee river. The Tennessee runs down between two ridges of Mountains, the Sand Mountains, in Georgia and Alabama, and the Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee. The river here is narrow, and the valley in which we are camped, is quite narrow—one camp is just under a spire of the Cumberland Mountains. Our pickets and those of the enemy are quite near each other. The enemy have a rail road across the river, and we have one within twelve miles of us on this side of the river. Gen. Mitchell destroyed the bridge which connected the roads on either side of the Tennessee. A force is to be concentrated here. We are new undoubtedly in advance—there are two Regiments here ahead of us—the 2nd Ohio, and the 24th Illinois. Col. Tarkin, with his Brigade, will be here to-day, and Major Gen. Mitchell, also. It is supposed by some that we were hurried here to stop this gap, and that when other troops arrive we shall be called back by Gen. Negley.

The rebels sent over a flag of truce, the day before yesterday, to give us the interesting information that McClellan has been routed at Richmond. If this be true, then, there is a long war ahead of us. I have just got up from sleeping on the ground without a tent. Our tents are 150 miles behind us.Hardly any of the men have tents. Fareage is scarce, and food of all kinds.

Let the families know where we are—but seven miles from Alligona, eight or ten from Georgia, near to Chattanooga. Gen. Negley did not occupy Chattanooga, when he was there—in fact, he was obliged to retire from it. We are at attempt to take it again.

from the First Regiment.

Moore, Editors:—In my last, I brought up the record to the 22d of May. On the 19th of May, Co. K was relieved on Provost Guard at Columbus, Tenn., by Co. C. The regiment then removed to Calhoun, and aided in rebuilding a long railroad bridge. On the 29th, Co's A, B, G and K were detailed to go with an expedition against Chattanooga. The month of June was mostly occupied by the other companies in rebuilding and guarding railroad bridges between Columbus and Pulaski. We had no fighting, but captured a fine rebel flag, many guns and Secees, who had become satisfied that they could not set up the "Yankee mudsel," and "Sour Krauts" as they would so many apples.

On the 23d day of June, tents were struck, and we started at one P. M. headed for the South. The day was very hot,
and many suffered from the effects of the heat. We passed through Pulaski, and bivouacked for the night just beyond.—Col. Mundy is very strict with the rebels here now.

On the 24th, we marched in an easterly course down Sugar Creek, some eight miles, thence through a tunnel cut in the solid rock, through a hill, over one thousand feet in length. It was pitch dark in the centre.

The country along the route was mostly broken and poor, but with water in plenty. We crossed Elk river in a flat boat, and forded the teams over. The stream is about 270 feet wide, but with little current. The rebels have burned all the bridges over the stream on this railroad.

One mile further carried us to Elksion Station, where we were loaded on a train of cars which Gen. Mitchell captured from the rebels, and ran through to Huntsville, Alabama, by assent. This city is pleasantly situated on a long strip of table land, and contains 3,000 inhabitants.

In the centre of the city there is a very large spring, which issues out of the earth, and makes the water sufficient to flake a batteau. It is said to be very healthy here. As the rebels have lately been driving into the trains on the railroad between this place and Stevenson, no engineer could be found who would run through that night; so we had to lie over.

We started on our way at 6 o'clock, A. M., passed over, at every railroad bridge we saw some of the 10th Wisconsin, guarding them. One bridge was riddled with bullets, fired by the rebels at one company of the 10th Wisconsin.

We found Col. Chaplin's head quarters at Belle Fonte. His regiment seems to be in good condition. We passed on to Stevenson, where the railroad bridge was blown up by companies E and M of the 1st Michigan. This is a small place, and formerly contained some 300 people. Here is the junction of the Nashville and Chattanooga with the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.

On the 26th, Col. Starkweather came up, with companies A, B, G, and K, which were out on the Chattanooga expedition, with the 1st Wisconsin and the 88th Indiana. They all look hard, and much worn down by hard marching.

On the 29th we moved on 15 miles to Battle Creek, and encamped in a wood near the Tennessee River, and in sight of the rebels, who are just on the other side of the river. There has been considerable skirmishing above us on the river of late. Co. F. was out on picket up the Tennessee on July 26, and my headquarters happened to be opposite the rebel on the south side. In the A. M. we had very heavy snow, but before 12 o'clock two of my sergents had crossed over, and S. Lillis obtained a copy of the Charleston Courier of the 26th ult., and a copy of the Atlanta Intelligencer of the 27th ult. They were treated kindly by the rebels. In the evening I had a conversation across the river, 100 rods wide, with one who gave his name as Col. L. C. Maxwell of the 2d Florida. He appeared very polite and gentlemanly. He asked my name, and if I was related to the Virginia family. Believing answers affirmative, he laughed and said there was a wide difference between us. He stated their grievances, and was very anxious to have us go home; was bitter on Butler; called us invaders, and said that they were fighting for their 'niggers'; applauded South Carolina; said that they would never yield until all was off. He stated that McClellan was cut to pieces and the entire army destroyed. This was by telegraph. I gave him my views on the war and on the 'nigger' question; on Butler and the course of the war; on the terrible loss of life by the doctrine of secession; on the despicable course of South Carolina; that we were at home here, or anywhere in the territories of the United States; that the rebels would soon be brought to obey the laws and respect the old flag; and of the duty of the government to protect its subjects and struggle for its life; and compared their course to that of Brutus and his conspirators against Caesar, whom I used to represent our country; that we should not yield until the rebellion is crushed out, and concluded with the hope that it might soon be done; that the glorious old flag might soon float in triumph over every rebel camp, and every vessel in the waters of the United States, and on old ocean, and that all would go home and return to their accustomed business avocations, and that I might meet him as a man and brother, and grasp his hand under the folds of the stars and stripes; but he quickly answered, No, No.

P. Y. Wisn.

CAMP SALOMON, July 3d, 1862.

CAMP SALOMON, Battle Creek, Tennessee River, July 8, 1862.

I have another opportunity to send a note by one of our Lieutenants, as far as Columbus, Tenn.

We are well, but lying on short rations. We are fortifying here—there is firing across the river every day and night. Yesterday we passed over, three rebel Surgeons, who had been prisoners at Chicago.

A rebel Colonel of Florida Regiment, came over by flag of truce, a day or two since, I went down and conversed with him. Nearly all of the officers of the 19th Illinois, and the 24th Illinois, had resigned on the negro question. They will not return the slaves of rebels—neither will we when they come to enforce it, we will resign too.

We have not received any mail for nearly a month.

I do not know how long we shall be here. Our camp equipage, for the most part, is in the rear. Gen. McCook is advancing this point; when he comes, we may go back to Gen. Negley, who is in Columbus. Col. Starkweather has orders to hold this point, at all hazards, until reinforcements come up.

We can get no reliable news from any quarter; we are kept very much excited. The rebels across the river, tell us that we are losing ground at Richmond—that McClellan has been ordered to surrender—we have half and half dispatches from government; rather more encouraging—but gold is rising in value, and Government paper depreciating, this must discourage. Uncle Sam must turn over a new leaf; the pro-slavery Generals, Hallock, McClellan, Buell, and Mitchell, will never put down this rebellion.

Direct to Battle Creek, Tenn., via Huntsville, Alabama.
From the 1st Regt. Wis. Vols.

I hope to hear from you soon, as we have had no mail since we have been here. We are expecting to be ordered to Columbus where I hope to find letters. There are plenty of rebels round here, and we can exchange newspapers every day with them—they say we are cleaned out of Richmond, and they will clean us out here, but it we get more men and good officers, we can soon clean all the rebels out. Our troops are to be employed protecting rebel property, and if so many of our boys are to be away from our commands smoking in their easy chairs, the war will never close. The only way to end the war, is for all such men to shoulder a musket, and say "come on boys, this war must be ended in double quick time," and this is what we want, so we can return home to our families. We volunteered to risk our lives and fight for the Union, and not to take care of rebel property; and the sooner the people of the North know this, and demand a change, the better it will be for the country. My paper is run out—write soon.

C. J. POST.

1st Regt. Wis. Vols.
The Temple Masonic.

[Letter continues with various updates and news items, including military movements, local events, and mentions of Col. Chapin of the 10th.]

Sunday, 21st, 5 P. M.—We are now under marching orders to join the regiment.

"To arms! 0 my countrymen, then follow me!""
I found that covers nigh half an acre. The country is rolling, and beautiful for the rest of the rolling stock that are now away from the railroad—was passed in 10th, like the Ohio '2d, are all garrisoned. The blackened ruins of the hotel and buildings are large and well finished, and consist of a round-house, machine-shop, and a depot. From Huntsville there were fifty men, and his company are garrisoning a picket fence. indignant qualified, and is getting up a novel musician.

We went into camp a short distance from the "head" of the regiment, and remained there until 12 m. on the 20th. Then resumed the march. The day was warm and pleasant, it having rained the previous evening, and we were quite rested, and in good walking trim.

At the first station beyond Huntsville, Adjutant Collins, of the 10th, showed us his smiling face. It gave signs of "sorrow," but not in a very serious manner. The news from Huntsville that Gen. Mitchell seized the locomotives and the rest of the rolling stock that are now used on the road. North of Huntsville the country is rolling, and beautiful. To look upon, but to the south high hills, or young mountains, look to the skies, shutting out all but the blue vault and the beeches.

At the station beyond Huntsville, railroad buildings are large and well finished, and consist of a round-house, machine-shop, and a depot. From Huntsville there were fifty men, and his company are garrisoning a picket fence. indignant qualified, and is getting up a novel musician. The day was warm and pleasant, it having rained the previous evening, and we were quite rested, and in good walking trim.

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Said one of them asking where my command was. "At Nashville, sir," I said. "None nearer?" asked the 2nd, and the 3rd directed the servant to bring the horses, drew his pistol and demanded my weapons, I saw I was caught, and said "Gentlemen I see you here are trapped me or rather I have trapped myself and trust that you will treat me as a prisoner of war and let me be my lot by and by to get into the same fix."

Innumerable questions were asked me, I tried to get them in the direction of men by saying I had a splendid horse and saddle at a certain house to take care of themselves. A large number of its men are from this county, and there is a large number of men and officers know to make a reference to the, that the Colonel has, not, and those who did not come, had been made a Brigadier.


Dear Sirs:

After a long silence, I again have the pleasure of corresponding with my friends. Perhaps an explanation of my unusual silence will be the most interesting topic.

On the 3d day of July, I was sent out recruiting with six picked men for guides, when we were acquainted with all the roads and people in the county. We succeeded well for the first week, and all passed off pleasantly. The second week I was warned to act cautiously, as the guerrillas were scouting about. However, I signed up the people by making a stump speech, and my little exertions were not a failure; they resolved to protect their homes at all hazards; a conveyance was sent to Nashville for arms, to force our way through, should we be attacked. On the 11th of July, I was warned that a band of Jackson's Cavalry were after us, and I was sure it was not true; I kept on my road, night lay upon the land. Through the whole of the people of the place were in full dress, and I wished to know the reason. "Why, it is Sunday," said the people. I was ashamed of my absent-mindedness of days. We are passing down, turning over, and so completely that it is a wonder if some of us do not forget our names, or the state.

At Larkinsville we met Adjt. Collins and Col. Chapin, and a number of the 10th boys with whom we are acquainted. They were dressed in their full dress and we wished to know the reason. "Why, it is Sunday," said the people. I was ashamed of my absent-mindedness of days. We are passing down, turning over, and so completely that it is a wonder if some of us do not forget our names, or the state.

Huntsville have in sight at noon, and here we awaited a relay of supplies. The regiment was about half-starved, at least, I was, and judged accordingly. My attempts to get anything to eat were futile. A number of my fellows did better—passing me with "heaps" of gingerbread. At last I dropped into a hotel as I sat down to appease my appetite and the locomotive screamed "Oh, cruel fate!" A moment thereafter and you might have seen somebody making splendid time towards the depot.

At 2 o'clock we unloaded ourselves and the baggage and camp equipment at Mooreville Station, seventeen miles west of Huntsville, and five miles from Decatur. A march of two and a half miles brought us to the village of Mooreville, and we pitched camp on a lovely site at the west end of the village. A stream and a large spring of cool water are in close proximity to our lines.

Mooreville is situated on a rise and is the village of a few acres of inhabitants. It is forty years old and do not number a large amount of wealth.

Gen. Thomas' Division passed through Mooreville on the 27th ult., on the road to Huntsville. The country is very rich. Large corn fields supply us with corn.
Peach and apple orchards satisfy our hunger for fruit. Water-melons, red and white, open their hearts to our merciless knives, and disappear—the smacking of our knives heard there to end all the botooning of all these delicacies, and hope you are.

Col. Starkweather is pursuing a war policy. No man in his command is placed on guard over Union (property) orders to men are strict—and as the regiment is in the best of discipline—very little need be said to them. He advises the citizens to feel at rest—and says that he will hold them responsible for any foray upon our troops.

Today is Saturday. Lovely, uneven feature and purer “Italian” as our dreams of that land pictures it to us. It is evening. We have just listened to a sermon by our Chaplain, from the text—“Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.” He thanked his hearers for turning out to return thanks to God for his manifold blessings and the discipline of the regiment was well shown in the strength of numbers before him. He said that during the past few months the regiment was in such a position that services could not be held, but he hoped that the future would be better in that respect. His remarks on the text were suitable to the occasion, mostly of advice and appeals. Some of the latter were pathetic and winning.

It was a good sight to witness. The whole square of soldiers in full uniform, and the chaplain in the middle; the quiet camp against the green wood; the sky above tinted with the dyes of the setting sun; the general quietude that reigned over all, unbroken save by the shepherd and his flock engaged in the worship of God. Our hearts have been lower !

We earnestly hope that our stay in Camp Blenheim may be a long one. We have travelled over Tennessee and Alabama to our heart’s content—and, like worn out horses—hope that the General in command will allow us to exist until we are recruited in energy and health. The land abounds with the best—and we will “thrive and be glad,” as we remain.

It will give the better and strength of the regiment, and notice a few changes that have taken place—promotions, etc. at a future day.

The First Wisconsin,
Camp Blenheim, Decatur, Ala., Aug. 8, '62.

Editors. We are now experiencing the scorching effects of a Southern sun. The present location of our camp is the most inconvenient and unhealthy of any we have yet had. On the south is the Tennessee River, the opposite bank of which is high, affording a pleasant sight for the town of Decatur; on the west, is the embankment of the Memphis & Charleston R. R. with its slopes of stagnant water, and on the north and east is an Alabama cane brake and swamp. Thus you see we are completely hemmed in from receiving the cooling breezes so soothing to the sunburnt brow of the weary soldier. For cooking purposes we are obliged to use the river water, and for drinking, the nearest spring is three-fourths of a mile distant. Still, under the energetic management of Col. Starkweather we shall, no doubt, enjoy our usual good health. The bridge of the C. & M. R. across the river was destroyed by Gen. Mitchell’s troops, and its piece alone stand as silent witnesses of the reality and desperate character of this gigantic and unholy rebellion. The bridge was some 2500 feet long supported by 12 piers, being raised on a level with the bank on the opposite side of the river.

The ferry at the present time consists of the gunboat Tennessee, built by Gen. Mitchell, and two scows; the ferry being the connecting link of the line of our army on the Tennessee. The forces at this point consist of the 1st Wisconsin, two pieces (6 and 12-pounders) of the 1st Ohio Artillery, and six companies of the 51st Ohio with a small force of cavalry across the river. The convalescent of Buell’s Division are daily arriving and going forward to join their several regiments. Yesterday, a train of some 200 convalescents when within a mile of town were attacked by about 300 rebel cavalry, killing two and wounding seven of our men and capturing 30 or 40 prisoners. Our cavalry was sent out, but returned as usual without overtaking them, thus allowing them to escape unpunished with their booty. While the fray was going on, Col. Starkweather ordered the pieces under his command into position, ready to receive them should they have proven too strong for our cavalry and shown themselves in town. Our boys were itching for such an occurrence, that they might have a hand in: the smell of blood borne across the Tennessee roared their slumbering feelings, and we to Southern chivalry if it had come within the reach of Wisconsin steel !

In spite of the tyrannical orders of the Southern leaders and the sleepless vigilance of guerrillas, King Cotton daily finds a way and bring this war to a close, as the means are in your hands.

We have received news that Gen. McCook was wounded by a party of bushwhackers lying in ambush, near Battle Creek. Another report says he was killed. The news causes a universal feeling of sadness among the citizens to feel at rest—and says that the negro is the main stay of the South, for producing supplies for their army, and in depriving the enemy of his slaves you strike his most vital part. And the sooner it is done the better.

We left camp at Decatur, Saturday at P. M., and arrived near our old camping grounds in this place about 9 o’clock the same evening. The reasons of our moving I am not acquainted with, but it is certainly a good move for the men, as we now have a most delightful, shady camp with good water in close proximity to our lines. Those of our Northern friends who have never visited a Southern climate hardly know how to appreciate the value of a shady grove or the cooling spring.

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Private Letter from the 1st Regiment

The following is an extract from a private letter from the 1st Wisconsin Regiment. It is dated, Edgefield, Tenn., Aug. 28th, 1862:

We are opposite Nashville once more, and from appearances will stay some time. We left Memphs, Ala., on the 18th inst., and proceeded to this place by rail. Indeed, our whole army is shifted around. Gen. Buell is giving up the Decatur & Nashville, which we are to move over to the Nashville & Chattanooga R. His headquarters are now at Decatur & Nashville, and in move over to the Nashville & Chattanooga. R. His headquarters are now at Decatur & Nashville, and in move over to the Nashville & Chattanooga. R. R. is yielded. Columbia, on t' Nashville & Decatur. R. R. is being evicted by Gen. Negley, in whose brigades we once were.

These movements are necessary, all withal very wise. It gives us a line of railroad, which can be well guarded, and brings together quite an arm that has garrisoned the cities and towns along the routes. There is only one fall that is, it gives us the coal and wheat crop in all that part of Tennessee south of Nashville between the Chattanooga R. & Nashville & Decatur. R. Gen. Buell and his army is operating in Eastern Tennessee.

There are rumors in Nashville that he has had a fight with Gen. Bragg, and whipped him—others have it that Buell was repulsed. We watched and waited. I don't like the looks of affairs. Morgan is raising the deuce around Nashville, and he is daily expected to attack Nashville itself. Our Regiment is on the north side of the city. The Railroad bridge has been fortified, and a battery, sweeping our camp, has been posted in Nashville. We carry 20 extra rounds of cartridges. Morgan intends to destroy the bridge, it is said, but will be well received, if he attempts the work.

It will be fully a week before the railroad bridges are rebuilt, and communications re-opened with Louisville. The Cush becomes a highway that can not be limited to the passage of steamers to this place and then back, Clarksville and Fort Donelson are in the hands of the rebels. The 5th Major Robinson and the rest of the Band are mustered out of the service. The non-commissioned officers have presented the Major with a solid silver life.

As soon as the railroad is repaired we expect to get paid off up to the 1st of September. Lieutenant Robert Nicklow is going home as Captain in the Twentieth. Our Orderly is going into Company C, and Second Lieutenant. The Colonel's Orderly is going into Company G, of which he is Sergeant, as Company Starman. and Tommy Galagher, formerly of Shopper's, Orderly of Company G, is to be Second Lieutenant of Co. B. Lieutenant Carl Lane has resigned.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the First Regiment.

Messrs. Enrtes:—Nothing of any moment occurred at Battle Creek since last, until the 28th of July, when order came to us to march at once to Mooresville, Alabama, 8 miles north-east of Decatur. At Bridgeport we took the cars, and on the evening of the 30th encamped near the village of Mooresville on Piny Creek.

The inhabitants are enviously secessionists, and every house has its shot guns and pistols heavily loaded. In one Kimball's house there were two shot guns and one Derringer pistol were found, all heavily loaded. One of the shot gun barrels was loaded with nine and the other with eleven round and conical balls of the size of Cot's six inch revolver, some of the balls having been cut so as to make them ragged and inflict a more terrible wound. In the house of Helfer were found two shot guns and a keg half filled with a very superior article of gunpowder. Both of these men have aided the rebellion all they could—black hearted traitors, and yet on the 19th inst. Gen. Buell telegraphed to our Col. ordering him to re-deliver the said guns and pistols to the place that has garrisoned the city, and tow. That our clothing became completely wet and covered with mud and mire billets of one of our sergeants, who, with one of the privates, got separated from the rest by a swamp, but joined us immediately after we halted, which we did in the edge of the woods as we emerged from the cornfield. We were then ordered back to the western side of the field, in the skirts of the adjoining timber, where we joined the rear and lay down for the remainder of the night, after partaking of our supply of hard bread and cold water, with nothing but the blue enuy over us for a covering. However, we enjoyed a very good night's rest, though it was rather cool for our wet clothing. But we were up in the morning at day-break, and after partaking of a breakfast of coffee, crackers, and roasted green corn which we drew from the field, we emulated a "right about" and started for camp, which we reached about noon yesterday.

On passing through the town of Trionna, on our way back, we had an hour's rest, which was improved by the boys generally in drawing and otherwise enjoying peaches, which they found here as well as all along the route. Taken altogether, the trip would have been well enjoyed by almost any pleasure seeker. As it was Sunday when we were going out, our eyes were feasted by the sight of cotton, which on those days may be seen by any one traveling in the South: but here, unless the dark skin, which repels while the former attracts, thus losing its usual power of attraction.

The country through which we have passed in Northern Alabama is not so rich as that which we have seen in Tennessee. There is but little cotton planted here this season, though what there is, looks well. A large cotton field is indeed a pleasant sight, and at a short distance looks very much like a field of beans. It grows about as high as a man's shoulders, branching out similar to mustard; the flowers resemble the morning glory in shape, the color being either a yellowish white or purple. It is not now in bloom. The corn crop is very poor and small in comparison with that raised in Ill. or Wis., but there is a large area planted. Yet there are many broad acres of improved land that lie uncultivated this year, covered with a rank growth of weeds, reminding one of the garden a certain man passed.

Our men are now engaged in fortifying our camp by filling timber on the rear and building breastworks of cotton bales on the front, in order to repel the attack of rebel cavalry to which we are almost daily exposed.

That the 1st Wisconsin may not be found wanting in such a case, is the prayer of Your humble friend,

L. C. N.
The earth is thirsting for rain, and the rivers and streams are very low. Thieves and murderers made a determined fight. Our army here has our enemy; though our hearts cease to beat, regiment than anything which has here. One day, wc went. Passed through to Franklin, Ky., 46 miles, and then by rail to Nashville, 24 miles. Men have been raised, and we have enough to man a regiment. Col. Starkweather, in his behalf, presented Maj. Robinson with a beautiful silver fife, which cost $65. Col. Starkweather, in his behalf, presented Maj. Robinson with a beautiful silver fife, which cost $65.

The non-commissioned officers of the 1st Wisconsin presented Maj. Robinson with a beautiful silver fife, which cost $65. Maj. Robinson, whose genial face, soldierly conduct, and gentlemanly bearing, are only enhanced by the stirring notes of his ever-ready fife. Long life and the best of wishes for the gallant Major.

The non-commissioned officers of the 1st Wisconsin presented Maj. Robinson with a beautiful silver fife, which cost $65.

We all feel sorry to have him leave us. We will return to the regiment again; by G-d, will we. R. V. Pratt, of the Band, is a fine fellow, and the pet of Capt. B. B. Ham, the 79th Pa., 17th Ky., 24th. We all feel sorry to have him leave us. We will return to the regiment again; by G-d, will we. R. V. Pratt, of the Band, is a fine fellow, and the pet of Capt. B. B. Ham, the 79th Pa., 17th Ky., 24th.

Though at present the sky is dark and him, we are going forward, received a commission as Brigadier-General of the Army. We all feel sorry to have him leave us. We will return to the regiment again; by G-d, will we. R. V. Pratt, of the Band, is a fine fellow, and the pet of Capt. B. B. Ham, the 79th Pa., 17th Ky., 24th.

Trains will be running through by the 3d of September, and our effective force was thinned the ranks our effective force was thinned the ranks our effective force was thinned the ranks.

The miserable, cowardly horse knives could not behold the places enriched by the precious and the patriotic State of Kentucky, and are to be behold the places enriched by the precious life-blood of her devoted sons, and shall any, murderers, to the cause of liberty? Sleep on, brothers, in this holy cause, but before your homes and firesides, your wives and children, shall be surrendered to the lurking foe, too, we will inhabit a Soldier's tomb and our blood shall flow and mingle with yours to nourish the tree of liberty, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Another regiment was raised, and we have enough to man a regiment. Col. Starkweather received a commission as Brigadier-General, and was immediately assigned a command, consisting of the 1st Wis., under Maj. Bragg, the 79th Pa., 17th Ky., 24th.

While in Nashville we visited Gov. Andy Johnson, in front of the State house, when he appeared upon the steps and delivered a
speech, giving us credit for the manner and effectiveness of our drill and discipline, at
pledging himself, if necessary, to mingle his
blood with ours, in the defense and support of
the country; and though he had owned
slaves, he was for the Union with slavery,
or the Union without slavery. He refuted
the charge against the North: that they
had infringed on southern rights, and denied
that slavery was the sole cause of the war,
and claimed that the ranks of the southern
army were filled with the poor deluded non-
slaveholders of the South; he was not afraid
to call such men as Jef. Davis and his hosts
rebels and traitors, who deserve a traitor's
death. Altogether, his speech was a telling
hit at all those disposed to aid rebellion in
any way, and must have made all such quail at his straight-forward hits and sides
outs.

Gen. Rosseau is now in command at Nash-
vilIe, and looks, as he is, a bold straight-
forward man, who dares to deal with ene-
 mies and traitors as they deserve.

The last evening we were on dress parade
in Nashville, or Edyfield rather, as our camp
was in the latter place, Col. Starkweather
told us we had been removed from the 7th
brigade, (Gen. Negley's), and assigned
to the 28th Brigade, 3d division. We had
been transferred from the rear to the front
—from inaction to active service;—guarding
Railroad bridges and towns was played out,
and we were going to the front where we
belonged. He did not tell us he was our
commander; but we soon learned that. We
all have confidence in him as a Colonel, and
think, as a General, he will not suffer his
credit to lessen or his honor to become tarn-
ished. We will venture an opinion you will
hear from him some of these days.
More anon.
Yours, &c.
L. C. N.
From the First Regiment.
Correspondence of the Times.
Head Quarters 1st Reg. Wis. Vols., Camp Union, Meeting Green, Ky.
September 12, 1862.

Ed. Times:—After a four-months de-
tachement from the regiment, I have again
the pleasure of dating from its camp, and
as I promised upon that event, improve an
early opportunity in writing you a few
lines.

Little did we imagine, on the 27th of
February last, when we were winding our
victorious march through her streets, on
route for Nashville and the Tennessee
river, that September would find us re-
turning upon the retreat, and bidden in
by a jubilant enemy, instead of homeward
bound with everything settled into peace
and tranquillity. But such is the hard
reality. Prior to the 20th August we
held Northern Alabama, and our base line
was extended from Battle Creek along the
Tennessee river to meet Grant's, and we
trusted would effectually bar the rebels
from crossing. But it failed. They eluded us, dashed through East Tennessee
and into Kentucky. Thus a change of
front was necessitated and the army
transferred to McMinnville and Decherd.

But by some means we were outwitted
and Buell retreated to Murfreesboro,
shortly afterwards to Nashville, and the
army is now located between here and
that place, augmented by a corps from
Grant's; Corinthian army. Both the
Southern Central and Chattanooga Rail-
roads, upon which so much labor and
money was bestowed in building bridges
and general repairing, have been left
behind, and with the Union people of those
sections resigned to their fate. We are
now away back upon Kentucky grounds
again and still contemplate retreat! —
What a damper upon our sanguine hopes
for this Fall!—Prospects of another
Winter in this muddy Eden of America!

We are greatly in need of an appropri-
tation of good Generals in this Depart-
ment. Don Carlos Buell might do while
"conciliation" was the move, but we
found him grievously wanting when action,
vigorous and decisive, was required.—
He is now probably under arrest and en
route for Washington to answer to charges
of treason and incompetency. "Good
riddance, &c." are the general expres-
sions at his expense. McCook, is, I be-
lieve, now senior in command. I only
wish that a man with the energy and
strategy of Mitchell or Pope could direct
us, and we should, with the army now, at
hand, soon have both Kirby Smith and
Bragg pinned to the wall. As it is they
rather hold us in that "uncomfortable"
situation and harass us on every side.—
They are both prime generals and must be
properly handled.

There is located here a very heavy—d
well organized force, consisting of
the division of Gen. Rousseau, Thomas
and Wood, beside a number of Regiments
and detachments from other Division, all
under command of Rousseau. The troops
are extraordinarily healthy, although
looking rather worn-out from the effects
of fatiguing marches.

Our regiment is the latest of them all,
by far, and equal to any of them in hardi-
ness. I feel proud whenever our boys are
seen, so universal are the comments in
their praise. Our Colonel, too, is the
pride of all his men: as they are his—

When I came into Nashville to join them,
the first mention was great admiration for
a parade before the Governor in which
they had more than equaled the most sän-
guine expectation. The Governor—
glorious old Andy Johnson—complimented
them beyond measure, and Gen. Rousseau
who was in command of the Post, selected
them for the parade in front of the cap-

tal from the regiment, I have again in
command of the 28th Brigade, that in-
cluded the 1st Wis., 19th Penn., 17th,
Kentucky and 24th Ill. But after the
labor of well organizing it he was relieved
by Gen. Smith, through a freak of Bu-
ell's, and is now, to the infinite satisfac-
tion of the regiment, again in its sole
command.

Lieut. Col Lane has resigned and gone
home, which will promote Major Bingham
into that place and Capt. H. A. Mitchell
(very well known in Sheboygan as the re-
venue service) as Major. There have also
been many changes among company offi-
cers, through promotions to new regi-
ments. Several of our Sergeants have
gone home with commissions in new regi-
ments.

While upon this subject, I will mention
as a noteworthy fact, that is evident upon
the books at Madison, that Col. Stark-
weather's old regiment has furnished 203
field, staff and line officers into the three-
year service, and none of those are Col-
nels.

Although we should much regret the
Colonel's loss from the regiment, we con-
sider it, as do all who know him, the
height of ingratitude in Wisconsin for
not obtaining him a "star." None of
his sons certainly more justly deserve it
and it is galling to see so many promoted
in preference. He is held in high esteem
throughout the Department, except among
some few whose reason is biased by envy
But I am spinning out to too great length
and must close.
Respectfully Yours,
W.

P. S.—Direct mail matter to the com-
pany, 1st Reg. Wis. Vols., 28th Brigade,
3d division, via Louisville, Ky.

No numbers of the Times have either
found me or any of the company for some
time. Probably miscarried. We miss
them much.

The recruits forwarded by Capt. Reg-
erg, under charge of R. G. Dennett, were
sent to Grafton, through mistakes, and yest-
day reported themselves in Louisville.

Will probably be here tomorrow, and
with a welcome, will they be received.
We sold them and more too.

We shall probably move soon.

**ARMY CORRESPONDENCE**

*From the First Regiment.*

Correspondence of the State Journal.

**BOWLING GREEN, Ky., Sept. 12, '82.**

**Messrs. Editors:**—Since writing my last we have moved North as far as Bowling Green. On the 8th inst. the 23d Brigade was created by order of Gen. Buell, they Gen. Roseau, and he composed of the 1st Wis. Vol., the 70th Pa., 17th Ky., 24th Ills., and Capt. Bush's 4th Ind. Battery. Col. J. C. Starkweather is assigned to the command. Lieut. Col. Lane's resignation this day accepted by Gen. Buell, and he leaves to-night for the free States.

We left Nashville at 1 o'clock at night of the 6th inst., marching through on foot 73 miles, via Goodville and Franklin, and here Sunday at 6 P.M. Though the evening with guerrillas bands, yet they kept out of sight. Since our arrival here Gen. Roseau's, Gen. Thomas' and Gen. McCook's divisions have some up and are all encamped on the plains of Barren River. From the summit of College Hill the army presents a beautiful scene, stretching from the plateau to the east of Rama's Hill, and fort on the east of Barren River, through the city to the distance of two miles below on this river. The immense number of covered wagons that have been used in these divisions, united with the tents, covers the vast plain and gives it the appearance of the low white houses of the city of the Great Salt Lake.

It is said that traitor Bragg is lying at Louisville, 6 miles from this place and 12 miles from Bowling Green, with 12,000 men. I think that we shall soon have warm times here, and if our generals are true to the country, then every traitor in this State must be killed or captured. The traitors are holding a Legislative session in Frankfort, and a traitor is representing this city there. This bogus Legislature has passed a confiscation law in this State by which every able-bodied man over 18 and under 45 years of age is to be forced into the traitor army. These traitors are in earnest. Every town that they visit they rob the Union men of all their horses and other property that they can, and seize upon all the guns and pistols that they can find in the hands of either Unionists or traitors.

There was a fight yesterday between companies of the 9th Mich. Infantry and some of Forrest's guerillas and some rebel infantry, in which the rebels were completely routed with a loss of 60 killed, over 100 wounded and many prisoners, among whom were four officers. Our loss was trifling. The big fight is to be fought between here and Louisville, and certainly in the near future. It will be settled if the traitors fight here as they lately fought in Virginia, for our men here will conquer or die. When you next hear from this army you will hear of victory for the stars and stripes. All that the soldiers ask is that they black the hearted, perjured, eleven-footed, triple-tongued traitors and they will whip them out.

F. V. Wiss.

**THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.**

**Great Dissatisfaction with Gen. Buell.**

*Louisville, Sept. 20th, 1862.*

**Messrs. Editors:**—On the 29th day of July last, the 1st Wisconsin marched from Battle Creek to Decatur, and after laying around Mooresville until the 8th of August, the regiment started for the North. On the 21st we arrived at Nashville, Tenn., where we rested until the 4th of September, when we started for Bowling Green, and were a fatiguing march arrived there on the 7th, and remained until the 15th, when the army consisting of several divisions started for Munfordville. The advance was skirmishing all the way up, killing a considerable number, besides wounding and capturing many others. When we arrived within eight miles, Roseau's Division was halted, formed in order of battle, and remained there until Sunday, the 21st, when the 23d Brigade, Col. Starkweather commanding, moved in a very circuitous route to Glasgow. It was reported that Gen. Breckinridge with 4,000 men was in the vicinity, but we saw nothing of him. Many of the ladies exhibited great joy at our appearance in the streets, while the traitors were scowling in the distance. We bivouacked on a hill south of the city, where we remained until 2 o'clock at night, when we started back and by a forced march reached Green River, forded it and bivouacked under the ruins of the railroad bridge on which the traitors again destroyed on Saturday last. Everything about Munfordville is in ruins, and the surrounding country looks like a desert. The pontoon bridge is burned, together with all the government stores that the traitors could not remove or eat up. In the skirmishing here Lient. Col. Brown of the rebel cavalry was killed. The advance of Buckner's army left here for Louisville Friday last. Our forces were within fighting distance on Thursday and all the reserves within supporting distance on Friday. All expected a battle and every officer and man, save General Buell, was anxious for it, and listened eagerly for the opening roar—but all were disappointed. Their spirits sank within them, and nothing was heard but the moanings of curses against Gen. Buell as a traitor was the answer that the soldiers asked if the traitors fight here as they lately fought in Virginia, for our men here will conquer or die.

We were in marching lines by one o'clock in the morning of the 29th, and hurried on as far as Nolan's Creek, 26 miles quite fatigued. Next day we passed through Elizabethtown at 11 A.M., and reached the old High Bridge for West Point, bivouacked in a fine meadow plain 13 miles from Elizabethtown. The soldiers being short of rations made smoke signals in every direction. On the 24th we passed through West Point at noon, crossing Salt River on a pontoon bridge. The fort on Modon- hagan's hill is still garrisoned.

The dust takes the place of the mud that was here last fall, and is quite deep. It looks cheering to behold the Free Soil of our good States to be left again. We marched up the bank of the Ohio about five miles, and then turned to the right and continued on all night, reaching Lavi- ville at 9 a.m. Friday, the 25th, and bivouacked near where thousands of other soldiers are bivouacking and encamped. The men are very much fatigued, and many are worn out by being night and day since leaving the Tennessee river. Co. F, my company, came through this country a very circuitous route to Glasgow. It is directly contrary to the regulations to place a captain on detached service, for any length of time without permission of the company.

All of Buell's army, and a large part of Grant's, are now lying in and around this place, in addition to about 75,000 new recruits. And yet, nothing. We have made the forced marches, abandoned the beautiful Tennessee Valley, lost the railroad between this place and Nashville, lost Green River Bridge, besides an immense number of smaller cases, and accomplished nothing! But, thank God, Gen. Buell has this day been removed from command in this department, and now something may be done besides forced marches, without tents, and protecting the property of traitors.

All the grand army of Buckner, Bragg, Hardee, Polk and Breckinridge are between Louisville and Bardstown, collecting supplies of hogs, beef cattle, flour, &c., for the full campaign, un molested by any standing Yankee.

In another turn, Gen. Nelson was probably temporarily in command in Buell's stead, about two hours, when he and Gen. J. C. Davis had some words, and Nelson slapped Davis' face, and Davis drew his pistol, and shot him in the breast, killing him instantly.

We are fast drawing to a crisis, here: and unless something is done soon, all will be lost, and we shall be ruined.

P. V. Wiss.

A private letter from a regimental officer in Buell's army, dated Louisville, 27th
The Perryville Fight—A Desperate and Sanguinary Conflict—Victory is Ours!

BATTLEFIELD OF PERRYVILLE, Ky. — October 9, 1862.

The great battle of Perryville transpired yesterday, on the 9th, although the enemy had provided us with insufficient ditches and skirmishers on both Monday and Tuesday, as we advanced from Louisville. The enemy were indolent. God help us! The soldiers are all right, but the Generals are wrong.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

The Perryville Fight—A Desperate and Sanguinary Conflict—Victory is Ours!

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DISPOSITION OF OUR TROOPS.

On Tuesday afternoon, Gen. Sheridan's division had the advance to Gen. Gilbert's corps, Rousseau's and Jackson's divisions, having previously advanced by way of Taylorsville, and formed in order of battle; Jackson's division somewhat to the rear of Rousseau's and forming the extreme left of our line. During the night the 35th Mississippi, commanded by Col. O'Brien's, took the 2d Ohio and 85th, 86th, and 120th Illinois. All are new troops, but General Buell is said to have expressed the greatest confidence in them—confidence which their subsequent conduct strongly justified.

At 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning Col. McCook began to move forward with his brigade, accompanied by Barret's battery from Illinois. It was nearly dawn when they arrived within sight of the position they were to occupy, but the moon was still shining brightly, and as they approached the bottom of the hill they could distinctly see the rebel pickets upon its crest.

The 85th Illinois, Col. Moore, was immediately deployed upon the right of the road, the 2d Ohio and 120th Illinois upon the left. The 120th Illinois Col. Harman, was posted as a reserve at the rear.

Our skirmishers had scarcely taken intervals before the enemy's pickets opened a sharp fire, especially upon the 85th Illinois. Although they had driven the rebels from the crest, inflicting upon them a loss so severe that in their irritation they determined at all hazards to recover the position they had lost.

The peaceful moonlight was still slumbering upon the hill when the rebels appeared both upon the right and left in great numbers, planting a battery in front, and commenced pouring a shower of shrapnel upon the 36th. For an hour the shot went whizzing overhead and crashed through the trees, but not a man flinched from his post.

As soon as the position of the rebel battery was ascertained, a section of Capt. Burnet's artillery, consisting of two 10-pounders Parrottts, opened upon the top of the hill, and a few well-directed shots the rebel battery was silenced. So the rebel artillerymen were again rounded around their guns, upon opened fire, and again were driven off by the 2d Arkansas Parrottts. A second time they returned to their pieces, only to meet with the same fate, and then they fled from the rebel battery ceased entirely.

Meanwhile the right wing of the 120th Illinois had been ordered up to support the battery, and performing their duty handsomely. The silence of the rebel battery seemed to check the ardor of the rebels, and they retired into a wood in front of the 2d Ohio, remaining in undisputed possession of the contested ground.

Brigadier-General Gay, inspector of cavalry upon General Buell's staff, came up after the enemy had ceased their efforts to dislodge the 36th and advancing with a cavalry force in the direction the enemy had retreated, soon furiously attacked. A battle of the 2d Michigan cavalry, Col. A. P. Campbell, was at once commenced, while the other were thrown unseated of the wood. The dismounted battalion advanced upon the enemy, assisted by the skirmishers of the 2d Ohio, and after a sharp skirmish, drove them from the woods. They soon rallied, however, and, receiving some reinforcements, they forced our skirmishers and cavalry to retire, contesting every inch of ground.

The fight now became deep and interesting. On came the enemy, pouring heavy volleys into the ranks of the 2d Michigan and other cavalry, driving them gradually back until they entered the position, from which they first advanced toward the woods. The situation was critical.

Just then the 2d Missouri, Capt. Hoff, came galloping up to the rescue, and with delirious cheers advanced upon the enemy. The 2d Michigan cavalry, reenforced by his men, charged upon them as they advanced, with the skirmishers before the 2d Missouri, and the 15th Missouri charged as a support against the enemy opened upon the advancing line of the men. The column of dust and smoke, as the rebels broke and ran like sheep. For more than a mile the conquerors pursued, only ceasing when they were ordered back to their reserve.

The 2d Minnesota battery, Capt. Hotchkiss, came up near the same time with the 7th Missouri infantry and, by delivering a heavy fire into the midst of the flank of the rebels, assisted materially in driving them from the woods.

There were 2,500 killed and wounded, mostly prisoners.

The 2d Missouri cavalry had also suffered considerably, and the batteries engaged had met with some slight loss.

But at least three hundred rebels had lost the bit, dust, and we remained masters of the field.

Our cavalry took no further part that day. As only one division had arrived on our side, we thought it best not to assault the enemy further. They could not wait, however, and about 11 A.M. they commenced artillery firing. Upon our left some of our batteries opened a volley to feel the enemy, eliciting no response. Soon, however, they began to plevel the ground with their shot below us.

ROUSEAU'S BATTLE—LYTLE'S BRIGADE.

At the foot of the hill, behind the batteries, was stationed Rousseau's division, the 17th brigade, Colonel Lytke, to the right of our whole line, being to the east of a narrow lane which ran north and south, and opened out into the field where Loomis was posted, just where stood the group of trees I have mentioned. The 9th battery, Colonel Harris, of the 2d Ohio commanding, was on the left of the lane on somewhat higher ground, partly in the open field and partly in a bank of woods, which extended into the cleared ground, and further to the left were the 23rd and 24th battalions, Colonels Starkweather, of the 1st Wisconsin, commanding.

This brigade was formed at Nashville about five weeks since, and taken the place of the 8th brigade, when the 28th Michigan was reorganized at that post.

The 28th Michigan supported Captain Harris' 19th Indiana battery. A few of our men belonging to these regiments were killed and wounded by the fire from the rebel cannon, but generally the shot passed harmlessly over their heads.

A shell burst very near Gen. Rousseau and his staff, to the imminent danger of the general himself, and it was this that probably gave rise to the report that he was wounded. I do not know that he was hurt at all, for the next morning the General was riding over the field in fine health and spirits, his appearance only exhibiting an expression of amazement. One came in view of those of his brave boys who were lying stiff and cold in death.

While I was watching with intense interest the effect of our fire upon the enemy, a shell burst through the breast of Mr. Stimson's battery, killing two of his horses, and wounding a corporal and a private. The next moment a case shell burst through the head of another horse, entered his foreleg, and charged through the entire length of the body. Not a man flinched, however, until the enemy's batteries opposite Loomis' and
The 12th Ohio was being so terribly cut up, another tremendous body of rebels filed off to the left, disappeared behind the woods facing Gen. Sheridan's division, and soon after commenced a desperate attempt to storm the right center. Both Mitchell and Sheridan were ready to receive them, and the high hill to the right of the road, occupied by the latter in the morning, instantly became a huge cauldron, blazing forth from every quarter volumes of fire and smoke, and dashing into the midst of the discomfited and staggering traitors, 10,000 projectiles, deadly as a volley of stones shot from the crater of Attila. After vainly endeavoring to storm the hill, the shattered masses of the enemy gave way, and were pursued by Gen. Mitchell beyond Perryville.

And now, while the 17th brigade was in the act of replenishing its strength, two gunboats converging on its flanks, the enemy retired from this portion of the field.

Just about sundown a last despairing effort of the baffled foe was made upon the right of Rousseau's division. A battery, which I believe was Capt. Loomis', repulsed this last assault. But the firing of the gunboat sent the enemy streaming into the night, forming a scene awfully sublime. At last its thunder ceased as by mutual consent, and the Union army lay down upon its sword, as the rebel hordes silently and rapidly resumed their retreat, leaving us in possession of the field of battle, and large numbers of their dead and wounded in its wake.

I estimate our loss at 500 killed and 1,200 wounded, although I am perhaps the only person that has yet made an estimate who puts the figures so low.

I do not believe the enemy's loss was greater, but I think it was equally severe. A few hundred prisoners were taken by each side, but lost seven pieces of cannon, and captured a number of wagons and ambulances.

A half dozen regiments rushed up along the crest of an eminence situated to the left, and with howling shouts bore down upon the line. At some distance to the left of the 17th brigade and in a woods in front of it (the same under cover of which the rebels had advanced in their charge upon Jackson), Gen. Sheridan's combat raged with unintermitted fury for more than half an hour. But when the enemy retired the last time, the line was in possession of the field.

AN UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.

They received no warning, and soon the enemy flanked the hapless regiment, and from the distance of 100 yards poured into it an annihilating fire, even while the men are still upon their faces! Overwhelmed and confounded, they leap to their feet, and vainly endeavor to charge front and rear. But it is impossible to do it beneath that withering m.terial fire; and for the first time in its history the 10th regiment turns its back upon the enemy. They will not run; they will walk away, and the scores do so.

The noble, gifted, generous Lytle, the Chevalier Bayard of the Ohio troops, was wounded, but the storm was fierce. Many other noble spirits also fell. Lytle I hope may live.

ATTACK ON SHERIDAN'S DIVISION.

While the 10th Ohio was being so terribly cut up, another tremendous body of rebels filed off to the left, disappeared behind the woods facing Gen. Sheridan's division, and soon after commenced a desperate attempt to storm the right center. Both Mitchell and Sheridan were ready to receive them, and the high hill to the right of the road, occupied by the latter in the morning, instantly became a huge cauldron, belching forth from every quarter volumes of fire and smoke, and dashing into the midst of the discomfited and staggering traitors, 10,000 projectiles, deadly as a volley of stones shot from the crater of Attila. After vainly endeavoring to storm the hill, the shattered masses of the enemy gave way, and were pursued by Gen. Mitchell beyond Perryville.

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it was well known to our friends that we were in pursuit of Bragg for the last week. On Saturday night we encamped at Max- 
ville, after driving the rear guard of 
Bragg's army from the place. Early on 
Monday morning our Brigade was or- 
dered to the right of column, and con- 
fronted to tell us that our advance had 
already engaged the enemy. We advanced 
without the move of the artillery which 
we did not mean to make a short space of 
time, and the enemy's advance was 
arrived forward to an eminence 
upon which the rebels were advancing. 
A column of regiments. The 21st Wis- 
consin was thrown directly in front of the 
battery, and ordered to lie down. The 
old First was ordered up to support the 
battery. The rebels advanced in 
solid columns—never wavering; though our 
field pieces brought death and destruction 
among their ranks at every discharge. 
The First was placed in the most trying 
position to test the endurance of soldiers 
to the thorny fire and not 
return it. At this critical mo- 
ment the 21st were ordered to fire. After 
discharging one volley—all their field 
officers were killed or wounded 
and broke and ran. Though the heart of eve- 
ry Wisconsin man who saw this scene 
fall him within from the honor to our 
State, it is much to be said in ex- 
temation of their crime—for we 
called it a crime. They are a new regiment 
—and but a few weeks in the service—and 
have been continually under fire and 
watch, and thus have found no time for 
needful drilling.

But the old First more than redeemed the 
name of its beloved State. Four 
rebels regiments advanced steadily for- 
ward. The cannoniers of the 4th Indiana 
battery had nearly all of them, fallen 
dead or wounded at their posts. The few 
remaining had gone to the rear. 
Our regiment at this period of the 
being in the heart of the 
fight. Col. 
Starkweather riding to the front 
and swinging his sword, said to us, "Boys, it is 
our duty to save the battery, shall we 
do it. Onward!" with a cheer the 1st Kentucky 
(rebel) regiment were within four rods of 
the pieces. Then followed a charge not 
surpassed in dash and daring, the 1st Kentucky 
and our right, unyielding and yet fought. The First, with 
three cheers, pressed forward at a 
double quick, and with ball and bayonet 
scattered the advancing rebels, and left the 
hill-side covered with their dead and 
wounded. With feelings of pride, I tell you, 
the company to which I have the 
honors of belonging was not 
left unmarked by the colors of the 
1st Tennessee, and that of the 
21st Illinois. The federal forces 
and our artillery from the 
ground.

And so the bloody field was 
lost of some of their worthiest and bravest sons. 

Our regiment entered the engagement 
with 390 men; out of that number, by 
the 1st Kentucky and by the 
21st Illinois, we lost 
360 killed and wounded. One 
company lost in killed and wounded, 
more than half the men we brought into 
action. The day was one 
memorably famous in history, which were the marv of our 
school-boy days. It became to me now 
shots of things past and present.

One cannot be in praise of 
Colonel Starkweather, commanding our 
brigade, and General Rousseau, commanding 
our division. They were always in 
the heart of the fight. Col. Stark-
weather felt a delicate pride for the honor 
of his old regiment. If any part of 
the line was seen to waver, he with 
his brave Lieu-tenant Col. Bingham, was there 
to cheer our boys by their example, 
as well as by their words of command. 
General Rousseau's name also will go into 
history, associated with the bravest of 
the brave men of this war. He was every- 
where present on the field; frequently 
stepping into the midst of a galling 
fire to point out some exposed position of the 
enemy.

In due time the names of the killed 
and wounded will be published. The 
names of the fallen, as well as the 
accounts of the general engagement, have 
already been published, but I 
thought you wanted to know how the 
old First behaved. You will remember that 
yesterday, the 8th, was the anniversary 
of my career. When we celebrate the 
overthrow of this rebellion, their names will not be 
gotten.

With the behavior of the officers and 
men of the First, our Generals were 
not more rejoiced. They gathered 
together at night, our shattered companies, 
all but about one hundred and fifteen 
men. General Rousseau rode up before us, 
and throwing his hat in the air, said to us: "By God, I knew the 1st Wis- 
consin would fight!"

Excuse this hastily written letter, as 
while I am writing, the distant 
commuting seems to be nearer, and we expect 
the renewal of the battle.

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The War in Kentucky.

In the battle of Chaplin Hills.

April 5th, 1862.

Our regiment was ordered to the right of 
the advance under General Buell, encompassed 
by the 21st Illinois regiment, and fired 
into lines of defense upon a series of 
ridges that rise along its banks. General 
Buell threw his forces into line during 
the day, and at 3 o'clock a.m. on the 8th, 
the battle was opened, by the 36th Illinois 
and gave some splendid artillery duel 
the Federal batteries, with skirsmishing, rapid-

and 2d Illinois battery, supported by 
36th Illinois and other regiments. 

The rebels reached the crest of the 
ridge, and were engaged in the 
opening fire. Our troops early in the 
night gained a splendid position on a 
wooded crest, which was held with 
heavy timber. To the left of the 
ridge terrest, with a comet-like有很大的三 
them. The farther ridge was heavy 
blooded, while the other is clear, and a 
residual bright line of smoke. The 
atillery did good work beside that 
domint. The ground before 
battery, on the right of the road, slop- 
into the hillside covered with their dead and 
shattered by some splendid artillery duel, 
the federal forces drew the 
first piece of their artillery from the 
ground.

The day on the right was ours. No 
perfect victory was ever won. At a 
paint our troops fell back to 
their position, and rested upon their 
arms. We can imagine the terrific fire of 
the three regiments, and when 
and 360 rebels lay dead in the cornfield 
ough which the charge was made, and 
all of this destruction was done in 
a quarter hour. The regiment 
posted Dan. McComb's Division of 
Buell's corps. Here the battle was ter-
ble, but less decisive. The 
turnpike runs from this 
right of the ridge, and on 
the right, was mostly 
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artillery. Our troops early in the 
night gained a splendid position on a 
wooded crest, which was held with 
heavy timber. To the left of the
corn-fields, in all of which the corn and other stooks stood, the ground between the opposing lines grew hot, and in began a musketry fire that was truly terrific. Our batteries played upon the saddles and officers, who slowly fell back under cover of their artillery, and into the creek bottom, where they were screened a long stone fence. On the hill beyond the corn-fields, large trees were shattered as with lightning, and branches were blown over the wood in every direction. The rebel dead were mopped up where to be seen, and I noted not less than two hundred in falling through this portion of the field. I then saw the firing of light arms kept up from the position I occu-}
The country for miles around is very broken and woodsy. It is not more than half a mile in width, and 10 or 12 miles in length, with steep and irregular hills, and the sides of the roads being very high and irregular, while those to the west are lower and more even and wave-like. Deep ravines and low valleys intersect them. The beauty of which the creek flows has steep, broken sides, and is wooded, but taken as a whole the hills and ravines of the battle field prove to be the finest cultivation, of timber.

The rebels' main position was on the hills west of the creek, and in a strip of timber which girt them, (with more then a break,) from the extreme right to the extreme left. From the foot of these hills the ground slowly ascends as you advance, and, save two strips of timber of a few acres each, is open. Do not think it level. It rolls like a rolling prairie. A strip of timber, somewhat like that in which the rebels were posted, runs along a road on the west side of the creek, and in them were posted our army, and over that open field was fought the battle. Our army gained its position early in the day, and for the brave Generals could not have chosen a better one. The rebels' main position was a splendid one. They had the creek posted, and handled their infantry superbly.

The creek bottom and the roads in their rear facilitated the movements of their troops, and the ravines concealed their columns, any of which take within close rifle distance before they appeared in view, but with one exception (the capture of a battery) the advantage of ground gave them no decided success. A defeat with such decided advantage makes our victory more brilliant.

The night of the battle.

It was a calm, moonlight night that closed the day of blood. A solemn stillness reigned over the field. Small dark bodies huddled together, and thither, engaged in the removal of the wounded and the burial of the dead. The next morning, it was told, fire upon its arms and awaited the morning, which it was prophecied would break over the fiercest battle of the war. On the right the rebels had placed their last and one of whose commanders—Louisianians, Alabamians, and Mississippians. On the left and in the center they were not as particular, and on their dead—some eight hundred—lie unburied, and there await some kindly hand to remove them from the face of the earth.

The morning of the 9th broke bright and beautiful, but the battle did not open with the day. Our troops were re-posted, and everything prepared for another contest. Scouts were sent out, the roads were well shelled, but no reply and no tidings were brought from the enemy—save “skedaddled!” Still, our army lay in its advanced position till the afternoon, when it advanced still further, and encamped on the creek side, where the day before the rebel army lay in fancied security.

The rebel loss.

I am informed by those who have traversed the field, that the rebel loss in killed is not less than 1,000. If anything it is over. This is not guess-work, for over eight hundred still lie unburied. Their wounded are over two thousand in number. Their loss of officers is proportionate. One Brigadier and several field officers are known to have been killed. Quite a number of the wounded were taken over the body of the Brigadier, which was recognized by the three stars and weight of bullion. The rebels tried to take it from the field, but failed in an artillery. The efforts of our men were equally vain. The rebels at last gained it, however, but without great slaughter.

Our loss.

The exact extent of our loss I cannot tell, but think it will not exceed my first estimate. Quite a number of the dead on the left are still unburied. Brig. Gen. Jackson, division commander, was killed on the field. Brig. Gen. Terrill was wounded and died. The general who was last winter chief of artillery of Gen. Buell’s army, and was promoted after the battle of Shiloh. Brig. Gen. Webster was badly wounded.

Beside the above named officers we had quite a number of field officers killed and wounded—more than the proportion.

I account for by their intrepid daring and the unmistakable signs of their uniform. The rebel officers dress themselves unassumingly, and are therefore not easily distinguished by the marksman.

ERATIA.

I was so hurried in my letter of yesterday that I forgot many things that I intended to mention, and made a few slight blunders, for which I have and will now make amends. The 10th Wisconsin I put down in Stills Division. It is in the 3rd. Gen. Grant men of Col. Lytle’s Brigade, who was wounded and taken prisoner, but returned on parole this morning. Gen. Jackson’s command fought and killed. The 11th Wisconsin is in “Bob” Mitchell’s Division (held as a reserve) and did not move until late in the evening, when besides capturing the ammunition wagons and two cannon, it also captured the guard of 150 men, and charged on Perryville taking 36 more prisoners. I also forgot to mention that the Twenty-Fourth Wisconsin lost one man killed, and had three men slightly wounded. The killed was a member of Capt. Philbrook’s company, and was killed as he was郝 posed at Lone Rock, Dane county. The wounded are but scratched, and feel as well as ever they did.

General says that the Twenty-Fourth regiment saved the battery in that bold and terrible charge by Walker’s and Adams’ brigades. The rebels came up through the cornfield in two solid lines, and as the grape and canister mowed through their ranks, closed up and steadied by advancing. We were in the rear of the battery as they first advanced, and were moved by the left flank around to its left, taking our position on the road. The hill top was before us and shielded us from the bullets that hummed like a horne’s nest over us, not over a foot above our heads. The 32d Ohio was over the bow of the hill, and slowly until they rested in our front. Then, at that most critical moment, Col. Landis gave the command to advance and the whole line of the regiment charged over a piece of woods and was not one hundred feet from the solid rebel lines, which halted at the fence that enclosed the field, and opened a cross and direct fire of the battery.
The 24th Wisconsin, the 36th Illinois, and the 52d Ohio, and the discomfiture of their almost demoralized cheers, broke ranks and streamed back. The hill, on which the battery was stationed, had an arched front. The 36th Illinois was on the right of the battery which was covered by the 24th Wisconsin on the left, and the 52d Ohio in front. I account for the small loss on the 24th in this way, it being almost parallel to the right of the advancing lines, and on their right the fire swept in front, and passed over the heads of the men, making long practice to fire across the hill.

The boys of the 24th stood their ground nobly, keeping their alignment and firing with the coolness of veterans. In fact, the battery boys thought them an old regiment and would not believe that but five weeks before they were encamped in Milwaukee. The boys felt a pride of their first work, and proud of the praise they reaped from the 36th Illinois, between whom and them stood a young man of quite an age, the 36th was at Pea Ridge and at Corinth and the other two, which had been辽ed and order in the manner in which they witnessed their behaviour. Mark the 24th will not disgrace the fair city. As to the battle, the hill upon which the battery had stood fire—passed through the trying ideal—and now is on a path for fighting, with the old troops. The officers—and they were all brave men—had a four-headedness and discipline, that could not in fact be expected from them. Col. Larrabee is a model and brave officer, and acted like one. Capt. Butts had bounded law and order in similar manner, he is a soldier. Major Hibbard was down on the left and the left was down on the right, he used his teeth, this turned him around, and as the piece fell, he turned his head and his features show a perfect courage—will he turn him through safely.

Sergeant Chas. Lyon, a printer, is wounded in the right arm, but is quite well. The Cor. Gen. Wm. Wilson, Jr., was wounded in the neck, the ball passing through the base from the front, and in the right arm. The Cor. Gen. Wm. Wilson, Jr., was hit by a bullet in the flank, and his features show a perfect courage—will he turn him through safely.

Sergeant H. C. Schuyler shot the man that wounded him. He was attending on the wounded and was unhurt. Marker Louis A. Treat, severely wounded in the left side, and was quite low. He appeared to be in much pain. The Colonel speaks highly of him. He is one of the many that the Wisconsin has sent to the front, and says, "He is a brave man, and Louis is expected to recover. There were many others whom I should like to mention.

The last passed through a hailstorm of bullets, and I could mention fifty who have their clothes cut, and are scratched with balls or bullets. Capt. Wm. Mitchell had his boot leg cut with a ball, Sergt. Major "Tom" Bryant had the whole half of his coat's left side torn away by a ball. And thank God I could keep on until I filled a column.

Liet. Chas. Serrell, aid Col. Starkweather, proved himself a hero. He bore orders through the heaviest fire and was unhurt. Chaplain McNamara did good service as aid to the Colonel. He is now faithfully engaged in his holy work in the General Field Hospital. Col. Ringham was, as ever, a "brick."

Liet. "Tom" Geiger, of Co. B, Sergt. Harry Martin, Drummers Andrew Wishart and Edward Ransome, Marker Jas. Garlick, and several privates who were taken prisoners, were returned to-day, paroled. The wounded were warmly welcomed by the inhabitants of Harrodsburg, who fed them, a thing the rebels did not do.

About forty ricks from where we are encamped beside a road that runs along the creek bottom, some 2,500 muskets, smooth-bore, of the Harpers Ferry pattern—lie against the rail fence in perfect order. A story in circulation in camp that three rebel regiments burnt their colors, laid down their arms, and deserted for home, heartily sick of the war. This I do not believe. The arms are, I suppose, those borne by the dead and wounded of their army, and that instead of burning them, they picked them up the day after, and placed them there. Smaller piles were found in other parts of the field. If rebel regiments desert their arms, their accoutrements also, but no accoutrements can be found. They undoubtedly intend to transport them, but owing to the fact that they are in the rear of their part of the field is filled with wounded. Maxville, Perryville and Harrodsburg, have their portions, while Danville has two churches filled with them. The whole of the rebel hospital, only in charge of the rebel hospital, says that they took six captured guns, and lost five inferior ones. They manufacture. Taking my surmises about the muskets to be correct, I think their loss will reach four thousand in killed, wounded and missing, but I do not know whether he is in the saddle yet or not. Gen. Bragg was present on the field—Gen. S. Buckner on the left, as wing commanders. Their brave Southerners fought desperately, but superior Generalship, and better gun and the day for us. Buell is slow but sure, and will come out of the slate into which he has fallen. Western McCollum, if he continues as well as he has commenced. The armies pitched against each other, aware of their qualities. Quite a portion of our army is a mass of dead and wounded. They were veterans. Our reserves were not in use at all, while their whole army, reserves and reinforcements were there, and saw a desperate fight. They were veterans. Their reserves were not in use at all, while their whole army, reserves and reinforcements were there. The weather is very dry and the ground is hard. They rided our dead, and the bodies of their late comrades, turning pocket insides out.

The weather.

To-day it is cold and very rainy. Yesterday and the day before it was cool. If the weather continues cold the wounded will get along finely. I will write again to-morrow of our late marches.

Yours, &c.

Manuscript.

The BATTLE OF CHAPLIN HILLS.

A WELL-WRITTEN ACCOUNT.

Gallantry of the Wisconsin Regiments. [Correspondence of the Louisville Journal.]

Battle-field, Oct. 9, 1862.

When time shall have furnished an opportunity for truth and justice to speak of the battle of yesterday in the hills where the glorious Third Division lies, the battle of Chaplin Hills will be recanted as one of the hardest contested and bloodiest conflicts of this war. In all its features and incidents desperate—its conflict reflecting honor, and glory on the gallant Brigadier who commanded and the brave men who fought it, this battle will be known for its terrible casualties on both sides, and for the fury with which thousands of desperate masses of determined men relied themselves against the little band of determined men who repulsed them so bloody.

The long files of killed and wounded will toll how bravely our men fought.

The battle-field this morning reveals hundreds of evidences of how the rebels fought.

The Preliminary Movements.

The Third Division of General Lovell, Ill., Rousseau and that of Gen. Jno. S. Jackson, left Louisville on the 1st of October, and on the night of the 7th evening the exulted citizens of this county. On the morning of the 8th, the
corps commander, Maj. Gen. Alex. McD. McCook, ordered the march to be resumed and ordered General Rousseau to take the
advantage of the time.

The route taken was southwest to Perryrviille, in Boyle county, where it was understood the two columns of Crittenden and Gilbert, Second and Third corps d'armée, were encamped with the rebel army of Bragg between them and Harrodsburg. The rebel left, it has since been discovered, rested at Perrymille, and the right at a point on Chaplin creek, two miles north-west of it. General Gilbert we found immediately on the right of our present position, the battle-field of yesterday, and two miles east of Perrymille.

THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE FIELD.

The road to Perrymille nearing the battle-field ascends a high ridge and crossing it again descends into the valley of a branch of Chaplin Fork of Salt river. This ridge is extensive and runs northwest from the road for half a mile, the left of the road overlooking a valley far to the north half a mile which runs down to Perrymille. This road crosses the Mackville road on the highest and the most southerly point of the ridge. This cross road was the southern or eastern corner of the battle-field. Due east from the north of the ridge was a point about a quarter of a mile distant the creek crosses the road to Perrymille. About the same distance due north the road to Benton makes a sharp angle to the left, and thence northeast through the valley before mentioned. From the creek on the road to Perrymille to the angle in the road to Benton our line was originally established, but this was forced on Gen. Rousseau by the disposition of Terrill's brigade too far to the front. It will be seen from this description that the line of battle was the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle, the road east to Perrymille being the base, and the road north to Benton the perpendicular.

At the same time, while his orders were being obeyed by Start weather, Gen. Ros- seau had ridden along the line, now exciting cheers for "Rousseau." Amidst a hail­of missiles, the Seventy-first Wisconsin and the Twenty-Eighth Illinois, Col. Sweet, and the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin, Col. Humphrey, being in the rear and on the second line, Col. Harris was amongst the last on the left of Col. Lytle's brigade, the Thirty-third Ohio, Lt. Col. Moore, being on the extreme right of the Thirty-third Ohio, the right of the Thirty-third was the Seventh Wisconsin, Col. Chapin, and then Capt. Harris Battery, (this battery belonged to Col. Webster's brigade, of Jackson's division, on its left Gen. Rous- seau stationed the Second Ohio, Lt. Col. Kell, and the Nineteen Ohio, Col. Fritzelle. This left only the Thirty-eighth Indiana, Col. Seaver, in reserve.

THE FIGHT OPENS.

Col. Starkweather's brigade was not yet engaged, and Capt. Simms, Gen. Roos- seau's staff, was sent to hurry him up to position on Col. Harris's left. But in the meantime Gen. McCook ordered Gen. Rousseau to form his division into position on Col. Harris's left, and the brigade advanced down the road to Benton, going beyond the angle. This was fast in advancing to the line advanced to the line, and in ordering the movement it is hardly to be supposed that Gen. McCook fully un- derstood the situation. The enemy was now approaching in splendid and extended line of battle, and Gen. Terrill advancing to meet them had hardy formed in line before he was struck by the column of the enemy, and almost completely overthrown in an instant. The rebel sharpshooters and skirmishers shot down the horses of Capt. Parsons' battery. The rebel line became engaged afterward, and after standing a few rounds, the brigade broke and retreated in confusion.

TERRILL'S BRIGADE DEFEATED.

But though of short duration, the fight of Terrill's brigade was one, and the rebel dead left on the field attest how well it fought. Gen. Jackson himself ac­companied the brigade and urged the men forward. While engaged in cheering on the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Illinois to a position on the right, Gen. Jackson was struck by a piece of an exploded shell and almost instantly killed. He fell trom his horse. The line immediately broke and fled to the left and rear, leaving the body on the field, and Capt. Parsons' bat­tary in the hands of Gen. Geary. Gen. Jackson's body was afterwards recovered, but it had been stripped and rifled by the enemy. Shortly after Gen. Terrill, while attempting to rally his column, was struck in the left shoulder by a shell and has since died of his wound. Many of the men of Terrill's brigade were left on the field, and the column suffered se­verely in wounded.

STARKWEATHER INTO LINE.

The brigade of Terrill, broken and scattered, fleeing to the rear, Gen. Ros- seau immediately ordered, to the extreme right of the line originally chosen by him,
The faith and spirit of the gallant General, upon whom they now felt so strong reliance, with renewed energy, sent their shell and shrapnel and grape into the ranks of the advancing solid columns of the enemy.

Along the field, under the glorious and brave Thirty-Eighth Indiana, men shed their tears and blood with the same freedom, and, with parceled lip and tongue that had not yet been broken by battle, they rushed across the terribly blooded and heavy, broke into loud and enthusiastic cheers for him who led them. Their gallant Colonel (Corbin), seated on his horse, on this occasion, addressed them in beautiful order and managed them magnificently.

In the front seat, and bravely they stood by the General whom this battle has so endeared to them, for he shared the danger and exposure to which the front line was exposed.

**THE BATTLE IN THE CENTER.**

The brigade of Gen. Harris, was in the center and met the shock simultaneously from the enemy. The enemy's line was a magnificent one, extensive and deep, the ground not being less than three columns advancing, and a heavy fire from the whole line. As the whole line came simultaneously into view it was a most magnificent sight.

The troops moved in magnificent style, and the line of skirmishers deployed as if on dress parade. They rushed forward from the line spreading as beautifully as a fan in the hand of a practiced esquire. As from the base of the column, the fire from the enemy's line of skirmishers and the infantry, destroyed the advance of the enemy's line of skirmishers.

The troops moved in magnificent style, and the enemy was three divisions strong: Frank Cheatham was in the center, and fought Starkweather; Buckner was in the center and fought Gen. Harris, Hardee fought Harris and Lytle, and the Tenth Wisconsin helped him.

Bragg was on the field and directed the battle. It will be consoling for Bragg to know that Rosseau—citizen and soldier—gave him his efficiency of grape.

**THE CONFLICT ON THE LEFT.**

The rapid firing of musketry and artillery here was never before exceeded, and a perfect hailstorm of shell and solid shot fell among them. It was a glorious sight, worth the danger and exposure to witness. At the left of Stone's battery stood Rosseau, his presence lending courage to the faintest, as he offered himself in their fire of the enemy's sharpshooters. The tall, slim figure of Starkweather was visible in every part of the field. On the left, holding his men gallantly to their work, Stoneman was gallantly doing the same, with calm anxiety the effect of his shots, kept his men at their glorious work. His battery was worked with fine effect, as was that of Capt. Harris's, with their supports of infantry, they retained their position until the very last. Bloody was their fight, and hundreds were left on the field in the firing of musketry and artillery. In Capt. Stone's front this morning saw the second line of their men, who had been killed by a single shot.

The entire body of the first was taken off, the entire body of the second was gone, the breast of the third was torn open, and the ball passed through the abdomen. All had fallen in a heap, killed instantly.

There was no manouevring of troops in Starkweather's brigade. The left of the line was never broken. This brigade was the only one posted on the line of battle originally chosen by Gen. Rosseau.

In the front of Lytle, and be had his battery, but the enemy were unable to hold them.

**THE BATTLE IN THE CENTER.**

The brigade of Gen. Harris, was in the center, and met the shock simultaneously with the left, and right. The whole brigade was in the open fields with the rebels in the woods before them. Long and gallantly sustained their exposed positions.

The 131st Ohio, falling through the line, ran through this brigade with terrible cries of defeat and disaster, but the gallant boys of the 2d Ohio and 35th Indiana only laughed at them, as lying down, they were literally driven over by the panic-stricken Illinoisans. Hardly had they disappeared in the woods in Harris's rear, when the rebels appeared in the woods in front of them. At the same time Rosseau came galloping along the line, and, they received him with cheers and the rebels with a terrible fire. Terrible was the shock on this part of the line, but gallant was the resistance. Up the hill came the rebels and made gallant a charge as ever was made by brave men. But oh! so terrible and bloody was the repulse. Along the line of the 2d Ohio and 35th Indiana and Capt. Harris's battery, I saw the last and the sorest of smoke arise. A moment I waited. The cloud arose and revealed the broken column of balls flying from the field, in the distance we saw the smoking cannon. The shot that arose from our own shelled the roar of cannon, and sent dizziness into the retreating and broken column.

Col. Harris, with deliberate and searching look, watched the rebel movements, and disposed his men accordingly to. The enemy en masse, with officers and men—dragoon and commandant—were covered with glory. Never did they desert, but turned to the right wing, when flanked, they had to retire, with all their ammunition shot away, and under galling fire. They fell back under orders, and formed in their rear, where Rosseau had originally located his lines. The retreating line was in good order, and formed in their second position with rapidity, and the rest of the day under a cross fire from the enemy who had flanked us. Capt. Harris was compelled to abandon three pieces of his battery, but the enemy were unable to take them from the field. The left and centre did glorious fighting.
Close work! exclaimed Rousseau.—The brave men who fought it, this morning revealed hundreds of evidences of how the rebels fought.

The Rebels and Battle—Battle Field, Oct. 9, 1862.

When time shall have furnished an opportunity for truth to dwell the incidents of the battle of yesterday in the hills where too now glories. Third Division lies the battle of Chaplin Hills will be recorded as one of the hardest contested and bloodiest conflicts of the war. In all its features and incidents desperates still exist, its ceases reflecting honor and glory on the gallant Brigadier who commanded and the brave men who fought it, this battle will be known for its terrible casualties on both sides, and for its fury with which immense masses of desperate rebels hurled themselves against the little hill. The rebel lines were repulsed and driven back by the steady fire of the rebels.

STARKWETHER INTO LINE.

The brigades of Terrill, broken and scattered, fleeing to the rear, Gen. Rousseau hastily got Starkweather into position on the line originally chosen by him. At the same time, while his orders were being obeyed by Starkweather, Gen. Rousseau endeavored, but only the next treating column of Terrill. He drew his sword and attempted to drive them back, but his efforts were fruitless. His sword was broken and his arm was disabled by the panzercrucken and raw troops. They fled in confusion many miles to the rear, and by night were said to have been in Springfield.

General Rousseau returned to the brigade of Captain Starkweather and pushed it forward to the west of the hill under which it lay. Captain Stone's First Kentucky, and Capt. Bush's Fourth Indiana Battery were placed on the summit overlooking the valley in the front. The First Wisconsin, Lieut. Col. Bingham, on the left, and the Seventeenth Pennsylvania, Col. Hambrugh, on the right, supported the batteries, while the Twenty-first Wisconsin, Col. Sweet, and the Twenty-fourth Indiana, Capt. Mauel commanding, were on the extreme left of the brigade. This line was then formed. Capt. Stone's battery was in play once more. The First Wisconsin was a noble support, and the Seventeenth Pennsylvania near a hundred noble fellows on the left, while supported by Bush's battery.

By this time the whole lines had become engaged, and the rebels found themselves confronted by a solid line, single, it was true, except upon the extreme right. The men were well determined.

General Rousseau had ridden along the line, loudly proclaiming that we were not whipped. Though Terrill's brigade had fled, and though the rebels will whip us yet. He rode along the whole line, killed. A Col. Lewis was killed on our right. I know of no other officers, except a captain and first lieutenant lying unburied on our left.

The Battle of Perryville—Starkweather's brigade.

From a splendid account in the Louisville Journal, of the victory at Perryville, we make such extracts as are of more special interest.

The Rebel Lines of Battle.

The enemy's line was a magnificent one, extensive and deep, there being not less than three columns advancing, and a fifth reserve in line. We saw the whole line come simultaneously into view, it was a magnificent sight. The troops moved in magnificent style, and when the center men were deployed as if on dress parade. They rushed forward from the line, spreading as beautifully as a fan in the hand of a prince, splendidly equipped. As from the most a galaxy of quails fired, spreading over the field, we saw the beautifully drilled troops of the rebels deploy from the line as skirmishers. With desperate force for the right, Terrill drove his troops from the field, and then the whole column fell upon the line of Rousseau, admirably disposed, but without success.

To-day it was known that the enemy was three divisions strong, composed of the divisions of Frank Cheatham, Buckner, and Humphreys Marshall. Cheatham was on their right and fought Starkweather; Buckner was in the center and fought Lytle. The first line of the rebels is known to have been composed of the divisions of Geo. Maney, their right, Donelson, (comin to the candidate for Vice President with Fillmore,) Stewart, Jones and Johnston's. These lines are not known at this time, but that they were brigades of the three divisions and Bragg was on the field and directed the action. It will be interesting for Bragg to know that Rousseau—issue and my what Pointer—gave him his efficiency of grape.

The Rebel Lines of Battle.

Starkweather's brigade held our left. I have before described the Terrill and Donelson's rebel brigades attacked, I saw and counted 311 dead. At the hospital, near the cross roads, there are two more who I saw dead and eight wounded. At General O'Neal's hospital there are fifty dead and wounded upon the field. In a pen front of where Harris fought, there are eighteen dead. I saw no more, but one of Gen. McCooy's killed. There are large numbers of rebels on our right covered with brush. A gentleman from Harrodsburg reports two thousand wounded at that place. The 1st Tennessee was brought into line and I never saw any more; the 6th, 18th, and 31st Tennessee regiments reported themselves cut up entirely.

The Confederate brigades were destroyed, if our own stories are to be believed. Brig. Gen. Geo. Maney was so destroyed. Gen. McCooy had ordered him to hold his fire for close work!— exclaimed Rousseau.

"Where?" asked Loomis. The General pointed down the ravine to the right. In an instant Loomis saw comprehended, the rebels movement against the little hill. He rushed to the right and rescued it. He found the column almost broken. Capt. Pope, wounded, was sitting near his regiment again forming near the house, weak with the heat of battle. A column of smoke was posted on the hill near the cross roads. Gen. Rousseau told him to open the enemy advancing up the ravine to the right of the road to Perryville. Capt. Loomis replied respectfully that Gen. McCooy had ordered him to hold his fire for close work!

"Look there!" exclaimed Rousseau.

I have been over a part of the battle-field, and with Capt. Williams have counted what rebels are dead on the field. On our left and in front of where Starkweather fought, and Maney and Donelson's rebel brigades attacked, I saw and counted 311 dead. At the hospital, near the cross roads, there are two more who I saw dead and eight wounded. At General O'Neal's hospital there are fifty dead and wounded upon the field. In a pen front of where Harris fought, there are eighteen dead. I saw no more, but one of Gen. McCooy's killed. There are large numbers of rebels on our right covered with brush. A gentleman from Harrodsburg reports two thousand wounded at that place. The 1st Tennessee was brought into line and I never saw any more; the 6th, 18th, and 31st Tennessee regiments reported themselves cut up entirely. The First Confederate brigade was destroyed, if our own stories are to be believed. Brig. Gen. Geo. Maney was so destroyed. Gen. McCooy had ordered him to hold his fire for close work!— exclaimed Rousseau.
I it, and I leave it to the imagination of those who were there. Skirmishing at once commenced, artillery firing at their guns, only to say that they did not move on. Our wounded need attention and assistance. Any one coming to Captain Hambrook, E Co., will find the regiment well. The loss in my brigade, the 28th Wisconsin, is in the mouth of every one, all holding the dead in their hands. All men will be permitted to fight the enemy. Kentucky was a glorious sight, worth the danger of my exposure to witness. The left of Stone’s battery was supported by the 3rd Ohio battery, his presence lending courage to the friends of the Union. The tall large figure was exposed to the fire of the 3rd Ohio battery. His staff—Jones, Willard, McDowell, and one rest—gallant and brave boys they are. The tall, slim figure of Starkweather was a target in every part of the field. On the left, seconding the efforts of Rousseau and holding his men gallantly to their work, Stone, with his battery, watched with wonder the effect of his shots, and kept his men at their glorious work. His battery was worked with fine effect, as was that of Capt. Bush, and with their support of infantry they retained their position and drove the enemy. Bloody was their fight, and hundreds were left on the field in their front. In Capt. Stone’s front line this morning four dead rebels were killed by a single shot. The top of the head of the first was taken off, the entire head of the second was gone, the breast of the third was cut open, and the tail of the fourth passed through the abdomen of the fourth. All fell in a heap, killed instantly. There was no manoeuvring of troops in Stone’s brigade. The left of the line was never entered by the enemy. The brigade was the only one posted on the line of battle originally chosen by Gen. Rousseau. Hardee’s right was to have been advanced from Rousseau’s line to sustain the attack of the rebel artillery, and they had eventually to fall back to the line which Rousseau had taken up. But Starkweather’s brigade never entered the attack, and upon him three times, and three times their fire was repulsed. Along the whole line of his brigade he kept up a terrible fire, weathering and destruction. In the woods and cornfields in his front the rebels held thick, and the graves tell that officers have fallen in plenty. The rebels buried most of the dead, and many of my men lie on the field to-day, and we are in possession of it. I cannot express in general terms the gallantry of the men and officers on our left. To say that Starkweather and Capt. Bush bright and Bingham and Mau were bravely at their posts in the heat of the fight is only to say what all know who were there. To say that Stone and Bush were at their guns is only to say that they dis- charged them without all admiring and thanking of their country.

Headquarters 28th Brigade, Battlefield, Chaffin’s Farm, Va., Oct. 10th, 1862.

Capt. Bentliff and Maj. Schumacher, the 21st are dead. Col. Smith, severely wounded, surgeon, says he will live. Major Mitchell, 1st, wounded in the leg, severely, may lose a leg. Capt. Green, company K, shot through the neck; is doing well. Lieut. Wise, company F, shot through the arm; Lt. Humble, company E, shot in the shoulder. Lieut. Gallagher, company B, a prisoner. I will send a list of the dead and the wounded as soon as possible. At 1:15 p.m., I drove the enemy from the field, piling the dead in heaps upon heaps. All did well. The fighting of the First is in the mouth of every one, all holding it the veteran regiment. Gen. McCook claims that the 28th Brigade saved the day and turned the tide of the battle against the enemy. Our loss is fearful, but all fell fairly and well. No blushing, no cowardice was shown by any of the Wisconsin troops. The 10th and 24th Wisconsin were in the fight. Both Colonels safe. The 10th suffered severely. The 24th left the field, and Talboys, killed wounded and missing 90, will number but 6 men as near as we can now ascertain.

I am making up my official reports and will send you a copy when finished. The battle was a terrible one. The enemy are defeated, and I hope the position occupied by them, and will undoubtedly move on. Our wounded need attention and assistance. Any one coming to Capt. John Maxwell, K Co., will find the regiment well. We buried the dead last night on the battle-field. The First fought for the same reason that they met at Falling Waters. All men are encouraged. All honor to the veteran First and Twenty-first.

Yours on the field,

Capt. Bentliff, 21st Wis., Commanding 28th Brigade.

Letter from the 1st Regiment, Battle-Field, Near Perryville.

October 10, 1862.

Friend Smith—One of the bloodiest battles of the war was fought yesterday afternoon near a small town called Perryville. The First army corps, Major Gen. McCook commanding, left Louisville a week ago to-day, for the attack, the object of which was to drive the enemy out of the ground in the rear of the guns. As the enemy seemed to be massing at a distance toward our left, and our Reg. was unsupported, the order was given to fall back; and as a large number of the battery horses were killed, we were forced to haul the battery off by hand. Our Reg. captured a stand of colors from the enemy. Our flag was pierced by more than fifty bullets, and the flag-staff cut into three pieces.

Our Reg. went into the fight with about 300 men and came out with but 18 effective men. It lost in killed 58; wounded, 124; missing, 24; prisoners, 6.

Co. "K," as did every other Co., stood firm and never flinched; until soon the enemy made a hasty and disorderly retreat.—As the enemy seemed to be massing at a distance toward our left, and our Reg. was unsupported, the order was given to fall back; and as a large number of the battery horses were killed, we were forced to haul the battery off by hand.

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In the ranks, and fought as became soldiers and patriots. Capt. Green was unwell previous to the battle, but still went into the fight. Sergt. Charlie Bean had on two previous occasions to the fight, been obliged to ride; and the Surgeon ordered him into the ambulance three times, but he was bound to go into the fight, and by his bravery proved he has the nerve to discharge the duties of a higher station.

And now the names of the fallen brave must be recorded.

The list we amend, according to the latest reports.


Missouri—Capt. E. J. Bollinger, Ed. McGlone, upon the left side, I am not wounded. I write in great haste, and with miserable materials.

您的, W. BRYANT.

Our friend and late partner, Mr. Rags, who sends us the above, was too modest to blow his own trumpet, but we hear from other sources that he was in the fight, and had horse shot under him, but fortunately came out without a scratch. Furthermore, it ought to be stated, that the reason he was not fired upon, is that he has lately been promoted to the rank of Major in the Regiment. Verily we can say with pride, that “Our Boys” have not flinched in representing the principles that reign where they received their “brought up,” and that they handle their “choc” “choc” “choc” in the face of the foe, with as much facility as they used to, the more harmless “choc” “choc” “choc” when they held forth in this office.

Colonel Starkweather's Report of the Twenty-Eighth Brigade.

HEADQUARTERS 28TH ILLINOIS, 3D DIV., ON BATTLEFIELD CHAPLAIN HILLS.


Six: I have the honor to report that the Twenty-eighth brigade, composed of the Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Twenty-fourth Illinois Volunteers, First and Twenty-first Wisconsin Volunteers, and the Seventy-first Wisconsin Volunteers, on the right of the division ammunition trains, the Seventeenth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, Col. J. A. Hendley, and the Eighteenth Indiana Artillery, Capt. J. A. Bush, left Maxville under orders on the 1st inst.—October 11, 1862.

Finding the troops already engaged well on the right, center, and left, and thinking the extreme left position most accessible, and, from appearance, one that should be held at all hazards, I placed my command in position, facing the enemy's right, on researching a portion of my brigade for such purpose, the 24th Illinois and 70th Pennsylvania forming the left wing, to be supported by the 1st and 21st Wisconsin, when the last mentioned regiment should arrive, and holding my two batteries to act as the disposition of the enemy might require.

Gen. [illegible] at this moment engaged the 24th Illinois and 70th Pennsylvanians on the right, but were driven from the field by the 3rd Illinois and 7th Wisconsin, by the 79th Wisconsin, and the 24th and 1st Wisconsin, on the extreme right, Stony's battery on the right, the 1st Wisconsin to the rear of Bush to support him, and the 21st Wisconsin, whose two regiments were ordered to advance two regiments to the ammunition train, to the front of the two batteries, in position on the right, in a cornfield at foot of the hill, and two batteries, and a timber line near where the 79th was placed, forming it at once in line of battle.

The disposition of my forces was hardly completed before Gen. Manig's brigade arrived in front, assisted by a battery; and Gen. Manig's brigade again attacked me on the extreme right of the enemy at the same time placing a battery on my extreme left, upon a well-chosen position to support the flank movement on the left was prevented by Stony's battery shelling the position chosen, and Donelson's brigade was again attacked me on the extreme right, the enemy at the same time placing a battery on my extreme left, upon a well-chosen position to support the flank movement on the left.

The retirement was made in a good condition, and the regiment remains in the line of battle, and the 1st Wisconsin, upon the left flank of the enemy, headed the retreat, supported by an oblique fire from the 79th and 1st Wisconsin, and seven men from my artillery, and held such position until many of the artillery horses were killed and the balance became unmanageable, creating such confusion that proper discharges could not be continued. The regiments on my right at this time were retiring, and being unable to obtain any support from them, I ordered the 79th, 24th and 1st to hold their position, while Stony's battery was used to charge the enemy, and Bush's battery of two (all that were manage- able) were retired to a new and safe position. The regiment was moved in good order, and the fire from the artillery again opened.

The regiment was then charged to the front, capturing the colors of the 1st Wisconsin, and the fire from the artillery again opened. The regiment was then charged to the front, capturing the colors of the 1st Wisconsin, and the fire from the artillery again opened. The regiment was then charged to the front, capturing the colors of the 1st Wisconsin, and the fire from the artillery again opened.

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The regiment was then charged to the front, capturing the colors of the 1st Wisconsin, and the fire from the artillery again opened.
Since Mir last issue, the Wisconsin has sent to the war, and was in the three months service. Louis is expected to return there were many others there whom I should like to mention but cannot or space.

The 1st passed through a hailstorm of bullets and I could mention over fifty who have their ears cut, and are scratched with back-shot or balls. Capt. Wm. Mitchell had his horse leg cut out with a bal. Sergt Maj. "Tom" Bryant had the whole half of his coat torn away by a piece of shell. And thus I could keep on until I filled a column.

Lawrence Collins, of Co. B, Sergt. Harvey Martin, D-ummers Andrew Wisbert and Edward Hammon, J. J. Garlick, and several privates who were taken prisoners, were returned today, paroled. They were well treated and were warmly welcomed by the inhabitants of Harrodsburg, who fed them, a thing the rebels did not do.

Since our last issue, the list of the casualties in the First Regiment at the battle near Perryville, has been received. Co. E, raised in Kenosha, lost five killed, twenty-two wounded, and three missing. Among the dead is William Harmon, a bright lad of seventeen years, appreciated wherever he was known as a quiet, obedient, and amiable boy, the light of his mother's life. Early in the war, he enlisted with his brother, Charles, in Col. Starkweather's Regiment, and with the gallant First he has marched, and guarded, and skirmished, and finally fallen on one of the hardest contested fields of the war.

Orlando Wicks is another whose life has been offered upon a sacrifice, and he, too, the only son of his mother, whose husband, two step-sons, and only son were all arrayed upon that fatal line that never wavered, though blood and steel, and voice were cut down by an enemy quadruple in numbers.

Sergt A. J. McKisson, son of Gen. McKisson, of Canada, heads the list of killed in Co. C. He had received from the Governor's commission as 2nd Lient. in the 35th Regiment, a reward for meritorious conduct, but had not been able to join his regiment.

Lt. Hambrock, of Co. E, was severely wounded, but latest advices say that he is recovering.

"The First has done splendidly. We know that it was done. Though the battle was a hard one on the part of the M. Gen. commanding, and the lives of our men were offered up needlessly, will it prove that the Fiance were ready for every emergency, and would do their duty, or attempt it.

Gen. Starkweather has won his stars, and we hope they will be promptly bestowed.

Wisconsin's Braves.

In another part of the paper we publish the Louisville Journal's account of the Perryville battle and the position occupied by our gallant Wisconsin volunteers.

What citizen among us can read the battle history of Antietam, Cedar Mountain, Williamsburg, Shiloh, or Corinth, without feeling proud of our noble soldiers? In nearly every encounter, where the armies of freedom and slavery met, Wisconsin volunteers were there. And amid the shocked and scattered forces—amid the fierce, rattling fire of musketry, and the booming cannon—none have shrank back from fear of cowardice. No Wisconsin regiment has ever shown its back to the enemy. Their motto is "onward."

Many have fallen, pouring out their life-blood on the altar of the nation. The young and old—the school boy and the grey-haired sire—have been swept away by the ravages of war.

Men die daily, but not in such a cause as this. Disease snatches away the citizen, and the people mourn, for something is lost—nothing gained.

We bow to the decree of Providence when a good man is taken from us, for Nature has demanded the sacrifice. But what shall we say when men go forth to battle, and voluntarily offer up their lives?

Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder for the "rebels" yet?

In there not something in this? Does it not mean that they are fighting for some grand object? To quell the rebellion? Yes! to crush the cause of the rebellion. If slavery lives, that which brought the country into trouble lives also. If slavery dies, the poisonous fang of the rebel serpent will be drawn. In times of peace, the President—or the government itself—has no power to destroy slavery, but now that the country is under martial law, his authority to do so is unquestionable.

And we rejoice that Abraham Lincoln has taken the initiative steps. His proclamation is right. It is just, and millions will yet praise him for it. With out the action which the President contemplates, our soldiers will have fought in vain, for after this war is over the nation cannot exist half free. Politicians may figure and talk of the "Union as it was;" may indulge in eloquent perorations on the "good old times;" but the country can never again be what it was. It is an impossibility.

HESTER.

On Friday last we reprinted the painful particulars of the late scenes at Perryville, Kentucky. Two of our brave boys—Charles Finn and Edward Holbrook—were killed in the battle, while in his midst of the fight, and both buried in the same grave by their comrades.

As Charles Fields was a son of Alexander Fields of this town, and was a young man of exceeding promise, greatly beloved and respected by all of his acquaintances at Richmond, and idolized by kind parents, the warm sympathies of our whole community go to the father, mother, brothers and sisters, in this their great calamity.

J. A. Black, son of G. Black, merchant of this town, was wounded in the foot. "Bob" writes to his mother that the wound is very painful, but he is all right and good for the "rebels" yet.

J. R. Schofield, of this town, was wounded in the head. He fell to the rear, had his wound dressed, which was quite serious, and then returned to the ranks, and fought bravely until the close of the engagement.

Rochester, Oct. 20, 1862.
The Delavan and Walworth boys who fell at Perryville.

Geo. W. Hunt, son of Henry Hunt of Delavan, was wounded in the back, and was carried off the field about a mile and laid upon a pile of straw, furnished with water and other necessaries to make him comfortable and then left. This was done under the direction of Dr. Devendorf. That night he was found dead, and was buried near by in a private burying ground.

Wm. G. Bell, son of William Bell Esq. of Walworth, was shot through the body. When the ball struck him it jumped and run about ten yards and fell dead. Mr. Jones was unable to find any trace of the body.

Charles Snell, of East Delavan, was struck in the face by a cannon ball, and died almost instantly, but no trace could be found of the body.

Thus four have perished three more brave young men—victims to this accursed rebellion. Three more firesides are left vacant, three more families called to mourn the solemn and lost.

This is the second son that Mr Bell has sacrificed upon the altar of his country. God help these afflicted families. The bravery, patriotism, and soldierly qualities of these young men, are spoken of in the highest terms by those surviving comrades of the battle. All honor their memories. Mr. Jones will be happy to impart to the friends of the deceased any information he may have, concerning their deaths, not already stated.

From the Thickest of the Fight—There hangs in the Governor's ante room at the capital, a rebel battle flag, some four feet long and two feet wide. It is a red cross, with eleven white stars on a blue ground, and is made of very cheap material. It has the following inscription attached to it:

BATTLE FLAG 1st Tennessee Volunteers, Captured by Private Rice, Co. H, 1st Wis. Volunteers. During a bayonet charge of the regiment at the battle of Chippewa, Dec. 4th, 1862.

Federal loss, 5 killed and 7 wounded at the point of capture. Confederate loss, 17 killed and 55 wounded. Both at the same point.

PERRYVILLE—Perryville, the scene of the battle in Kentucky on Wednesday, is situated some thirty miles south of Frankfort, and five hundred and sixty-three miles from Washington. There are but five stores and two churches in the place. The county contains two hundred and thirty square miles, and about one hundred and fifty-seven acres. The surface of the county is undulating, and the soil very fertile. The country is drained by the Salt river and branches of the Dick's river, and had a population in 1860 of less than ten thousand people. Danville is the county town.

DEAR SIR:—We are experiencing strange emotions—plunged into the deepest sorrow and raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and exaltation. Mourning for our dead and maimed youths, who left us but a year ago full of life and glorious and splendid hopes and expectations. Their heroism shall make their names immortal.

The First Wisconsin has been in battle, terrible battle. At Perryville, Kentucky, on the 8th inst. they met the rebel hordes, driven and held the extreme left, against which the rebel massed and fought a great superiority, but were driven again and again, leaving their dead in great heaps, holding the fiercely contested field after a battle of seven hours. The Private of Co. H, took the colors of the 1st Tennessee (rebel) regiment. Co. G, (our boys,) drew off by hand two guns and one ensign, after all the horses and many of the guns were killed.

I enclose you a list of the killed and wounded sent by Capt. H. A. Stouffer of Co. C, to his father, Oren Sheldon Esq. of this town. Captain Sheldon speaks in glowing terms of the conduct of his regiment, for his own conduct on the battle field, he refers to the merits that he had honored and admired. The reference is good but unnecessary; we, who know him well, will answer with our lives for his conduct while passing through the fiery ordeal. The foe who meets him and his gallant men will answer with their lives for their temerity.

Killed—Sergeant J. McIntosh, shot in action and on a horse. Corporal J. H. Ham, bowleg, Private, Chas. Field, head, Edward Sutton, head, Daniel Hill, head, Julian Leach, head and shoulder, John Wimbourn, four places.

Wounded—Sergeant James Conaway, head; Corporal, M. M. Troubridge, leg, Luther Crone, head and shoulder. Private Daniel Whalen, leg, Geo. Bradshaw, leg, Robert Black, foot, Henry Sabens, thigh and ankle, Clark Mee, arm. Corporal Wm. Wilson, both legs. Private, Conrad Sizer, back of neck, Fred Messers, ankle broken, Chas. Sutton, head, John Shoofield, head and shoulder, August Heinbreth, face.

When the regiment was at Louisville, but a short time before the battle, Co. C sent home, to the care of Oren Sheldon Esq. of this town, through their Captain, $1,000. This is a strong testimony in favor of their moral integrity.


FROM THE FIRST REGIMENT.

CAMP ON THE MARSH, Oct. 13, 1862.

Editor Times:—Permit me to give your subscribers a few particulars of the recent battle at Perryville in which many of their friends were engaged. Were your regular correspondent here I would not attempt the task.

We had been marching eight days previous to the battle and therefore were poorly prepared to enter into an engagement. The day was quite warm and the scarcity of water made the march very exhausting. We heard the roar of artillery all day, but paid little attention to it, for we had heard it the day previous during the skirmishing with the enemy.

At 2 P.M., we came up to the enemy, who was then engaged with Gen. Jackson's division. We took our position on the extreme left, stacked arms to await further orders. After waiting a short time we had orders to advance a few rods. The enemy were trying to flank Jackson, probably not aware of our (Gen. Rousseaun's division) presence. He occupied a position in the wood within musket range. Our officers not thinking it worth while to waste powder by firing into the trees, ordered us to "lie down." The bullets flew thickly around, but the boys lay joking as though there was no danger. The coolness and bravery of our officers tended to allay excitement and prepare the boys for desperate fighting. Frequently, during the engagement, General Rousseaun rode along the line waving his hat and cheering the soldiers on. Gen. Starkweather's well known voice was heard above the roar of musketry, calling on his boys and warning them to remember what he had taught them. Too much
Letter from Capt. H. Green.

PLEASANT RIDGE, Ky., Oct. 29th, 1862.

Editor of Commonwealth:—As it most naturally devolves on me to give something of an account of the part taken by Co. "K," 1st Wis. Reg., in the late battle at Perryville, Ky.,—I hereby submit the following.

You have already learned from previous accounts, that the most desperate fighting was done on the extreme left of the line. Here it was that Co. "K" was thrown into position. The 1st Wis., and 78th Penn. Regiments were drawn up in line about four rods behind Bush's 4th Ind., and Stone's 1st Ky. Batteries, under cover of a small hill. About 1 o'clock P.M., it was found that the enemy were attempting to turn our left with three divisions of their army. The 1st Wis., and 78th Penn. Regiments were turned, and the front of Co. "K," was thrown forward, and to lay down immediately at the rear of the guns.

Our Artillery was ordered to open on the enemy with the terrible effect which was done with terrible effect, dealing Grape, Shell, Cannon, and solid shot, most furiously into the solid columns of the enemy. But this did not impede their progress forward.

Steadily did they move forward, in their column by angles of echelon towards our left. Now it was that our gallant Col. Starkweather, gave the order to quietly fix bayonets. The skirmishers were slowly falling back under orders, thereby drawing on the enemy. At this time the two lines were not more than thirty feet apart and the firing told with terrible effect on both sides. At this time there came a party of the 21st Regiment along behind our line, enquiring for the regiment. I was able to tell the Captain not to look for his regiment, but to fall on my left, which he did in good order and fought nobly. This, I think must be mentioned as it passed in front of me. I was able to tell him, "Sir, I am a few feet from the position I occupied. I saw among them familiar faces, but can't call any names."

My men were all fast falling about me. Smith, Wilber, Coffin, and Norns had already fallen, and several wounded. L. B. Evereld, who stood near me was knocked down by a shell against the shoulder, whereupon he rose to see if I was safe. On examining I found no displacement of the shoulder joint, and asked him to move his arm, which he did without difficulty. I then ordered him to our right as he could and move, as he could and move, as he could and move. He had fired four or five rounds more, when he was shot across the breast, the ball passing through in front of both shoulders. About this time, a peculiar sound like a brick生物医药 sector 28, and the next moment, I found myself in the arms of two of my men, being carried from the field.

Sergeant Major Bryant hearing that my wound, (which had fallen from my grasp), would fall into the enemy's hands, rushed desperately forward, recovered it, and at the close of the engagement brought it from the field.

The command of the Company now fell upon Sergeant Francis G. Rice, who covered himself with honor and glory.

I have the honor to be, yours very truly,

THOS. H. GREEN,

TRIBUTE TO THE "GALLANT FIRST."

In Camp on Line of Louisville & Nashville Railroad, 3 miles south of Cave City, Ky., Oct. 29th, 1862.

The following tribute to the gallantry of the "Gallant First," is tendered by the officers and men of Captain Bush's 4th Indiana Battery. The battalion is in Starkweather's Brigade, and was supported by the 1st Wisconsin in the battle of Chaplin Hills. It speaks for itself, and does us full justice to the bravery of the men, and the valor and courage with which they fought against the enemy. The spirit of the men of the 1st Wisconsin in the battle of Chaplin Hills. It speaks for itself, and does us full justice to the bravery of the men, and the valor and courage with which they fought against the enemy.

To the Officers and Men of the 1st Wisconsin Volunteers:

The officers and men of Captain Bush's 4th Indiana Battery take this method to express their admiration of the undaunted courage and coolness displayed by you in the engagement of Oct. 9th, 1862, and to entreat your assistance, to express your appreciation of the safety of our guns which were so courageously defended and brought from the hands of a Brigade of the enemy.

Your superior courage and determination of your men would not have been lost.

In consideration of the above facts, we
PERRYVILLE, KY., Oct. 14, 1862.

Dear Editor:

In my last I stated that our batteries were placed in Taylor county, a dirty, dilapidated town of a few dozen inhabitants—records of the county seat. Fourteen and a half miles from New-market, were the counties of Taylor and Greene, the Division encamped. The county through which the Division marched was the whole of Kentucky—quickly it was found that more wood than the section it had passed through. The day was cool at early morn, but the weather was warmer as the day advanced, and never got as warm as summer.

On Tuesday morning the Division marched, crossed at 6 o'clock, still keeping a south-western course, and passing within eight miles north of Greensburg. At noon Green River was crossed on a graved road. The river is very low for the season. Gen. Woodruff's Division train delayed the Division over an hour at the crossing and kept checking its advance during the remainder of the afternoon. The Division encamped on the banks of Little Barren river. The distance between Camps was nearly twelve miles.

Gen. McCook, in the vicinity of the road that the Division marched over, is poorly settled, and is poor land. The day was warm and delightful, and the country picturesque.

At 8 A.M. on Wednesday, the command commenced to move. Grouse's Brigade, owing to the rugged, steep hill which was necessary to ascend on the other side of the river, and the consequent delay to the trains of the advance Brigade, lay on the road until 10 o'clock, and then moved at a rapid rate. The boys were excited, and until the sun was high the air was very cold, this with the delay and the knowledge that their bivouacs contained but three army crackers and no meat, made them very good natured.

At 12 o'clock the boys rested having in two hours marched seven miles without rest. At deep dusk camp was still ahead. It was necessary to ascend on the other side of the hill, and the consequent delay to the trains of the advance Brigade, lay on the road until 10 o'clock, and then moved at a rapid rate. The boys were excited, and until the sun was high the air was very cold, this with the delay and the knowledge that their bivouacs contained but three army crackers and no meat, made them very good natured.

The Gigantic Machinery it takes to carry on this war no one can comprehend unless he sees it and then of course but to a limited extent. When for miles the road is filled with soldiers as thick as they can stand, followed by 8,000 teams of 4 to 6 miles each, Cavalry constantly going and coming and when you stop to see them, constantly passing for 24 hours, a person can just begin to comprehend the moving of an army. I notice in your issue of the 22d an article dated Camp Randall the 10th inst., contrasting their situation with what they left at home.

Let them leave their camp and barracks and take 2 or 3 days rations, consisting of hard crackers, bacon (which is the breadside of Pork with the lean and bone taken off) salted and smoked, with a little coffee and sugar, with the tin plate knife and fork and a small cup holding about 1 pint and leaving behind all the old stoves he tells about, camp kettles and mess pans, taking besides the ration, one blanket, canteen, gun and accoutrements with 40 rounds of cartridges, out about 4 in the morning and get your breakfast as best you can with the con-
cannot be said in commendation of his conduct.

After remaining down a short time we were ordered to rise. The order was obeyed as promptly as though we had been on drill. The battery in front of us had been playing on a battery on our left, but soon after we rose the artillerymen saw the enemy within four rods of their pieces and left their guns. The deliberative and sure aim we took told too plainly on their ranks; they halted a moment, then retreated as fast as possible, though not till one of our company took the colors of the 1st Tennessee. They made the charge with the expectation of taking the battery. Capt. Cary saw this and asked, "Who will go with me to bring off one of those pieces?" which the whole company rushed forward and brought off a piece. As soon as this was done they returned for a second. Corporals Upham and Carter were mortally wounded while assisting. It's but a poor tribute to their memories to say their country has lost two brave, faithful soldiers, their company two comrades they had learned to love for their many amiable traits of character, their parents two affectionate sons.

The fighting ceased at dark. Then commenced the work of carrying off the wounded. May I never see another such night as that after the battle. "Water! water!" was the cry of all. The enemy had possession of nearly all the water in the vicinity. All the water we had was brought two or three miles.

The enemy occupied the battle ground during the night but fell back before day. Our color-bearer shot dead. So did twelve bullets in him; the flag staff was shot off twice and the flag pierced several times. Capt. Cary's conduct elicited universal praise; he was constantly at the head of his company leading them on by word and deed.

I've heard of being composed on the battle field, but I never supposed it possible for man who had never been in action before to have such perfect control of themselves if once the boys aimed on a man and saw him fall before they fired they selected another with equal precision. What is true of one is true of all.

Our Lieutenants fought with honor to themselves and honor to their Company. If you find anything of worth in these hurried lines you are at liberty to use it.

At present we are pursuing Bragg.

Yours, G.

Letter from Capt. T. H. GREEN.

PLEASANT RIDGE.

Fond du Lac, Oct. 20th, 1862.

EDITOR COMMONWEALTH:—As it naturally devolves upon me to give something of an account of the part taken by Co. "K," 1st Wis. Regt., in the battle of Perryville, Ky.,—I hereby submit the following.

You have already learned from previous accounts, that the most desperate fighting was done on the extreme left of the line. Here it was that "Co. K" was thrown into position. The 1st Wis. and 79th Penn. Regiments were drawn up in line about four rods behind Bush's 4th Ind. and Stone's 1st Ky. Batteries, under cover of a small hill. About 1 o'clock P.M., it was found that the enemy were attempting to turn our left with their 1st. Wis. Army. The 1st Wis. and 79th Penn. were now ordered forward and to lay down immediately at the rear of the guns.

Our Artillery was ordered to open on the enemy, which was done with terrible effect, dealing Grape, Shell, Cannon and solid shot, most furiously into the solid columns of the enemy, which did not impede their progress in the least. Steady did they move forward, in their column by angio of echelon towards our left. Now it was that our gallant old Col. Starkweather, gave the order to quietly fix bayonets. The skirmishers were slowly falling back under orders, thereby drawing on the enemy. The next moment we heard distinctly the enemy's order to change our batteries. Our skirmishers had by this time returned, when again came an order from our gallant Colonel to rise and fire. The enemy came to a halt and rather wavering, but soon made another bold stand. Our gunners had now left their posts, and infantry fighting became general along the line. At this time the lines were more than thirty feet apart and the firing told with terrible effect on both sides. At this time there came a party of the 21st Regiment along behind our line, enquiring for their friends. They came to the Captain not to look for his Regiment, but in a few moments the firing ceased and they found themselves in the enemy's lines. I found a few feet from the position of the occupation. I saw among them familiar faces, officers and men, but can't call any names.

My men were too fast falling about me. Starkweather Smith, Wiley, Collen & Dr. Narns had already perished by shot and several wounded. L. B. Everdell of Chaplin who stood near me was knocked down by a shell against the shoulder, whenupon he called the storm of bullets to see if he was badly hurt. On examination I found no displacement of the weather sheeting joint, and asked him to move his field. It was, which held out without difficulty. I then ordered him to fire the rest of the shells, until the troops could retire. He had fired four or five rounds when he was shot across the breast, the ball passing through in front of both shoulder blades. This, I think, must have been the bullet which had been seen falling about me. The next moment, I found myself in the courage of two of my men, being carried from the engagement field.

Sergeant Major Bryant fearing my safety of heart, (which had fallen from my grasp), solemnly declared it would fall into the enemy's hands, rushed hands of steel forward and laid me at the close of the engagement brought it from the courage field.

The command of the company now fell upon So...
The gigantic machinery it takes to carry on this war no one can comprehend until he sees it and then of course but to its limited extent. When for miles the road is filled with soldiers as thick as the grass, it is a hard stretch and many of the boys gave out, but the 24th took its proportion into its advance during the remainder of the day.

At 12 o'clock the boys rested having in two hours marched seven miles without rest. At deep dusk camp was still ahead, but was reached a little before "tattoo." The wounded were carried, followed by 8 to 5,000 ambulances. A very hard stretch and many of the boys gave out, but the 24th took its proportion into camp. Twenty-one miles was the distance, and the weather was warm and pleasant.

To-day the Division is "laying around" awaiting the return of the wounded who have nothing to eat but fresh meat. Now (night) rations are being drawn and tomorrow we will probably be off again.

U. S. Marshel Jackson just arrived from Milwaukee. Sheriff Larkin has been with the General since Sunday last. The election next Tuesday will probably explain the visit.

Yours, etc.,

Mason.

Army Letter.

Louisville, Oct. 31st, 1862.

General Hospital No. 4.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—Being in a sort of prison and having nothing to do, I thought I would write you a few lines to take up my time. You of course know the cause of my being here—having received a slight flesh wound in my left shoulder or the upper part of my arm, in the Battle of Chaplin Hills.

I am nearly or quite well and ready to go to my Regt., but they don't act as if they intended to let me go as long as they can see the scar. There are about 250 in this Hospital, mostly wounded men. It is a well conducted Hospital, every thing is kept clean and neat, and it is so confiding a person who is able to be around as I am, that its enough to make one sick if he is not when he comes here. We are not allowed to go out but 3 times a week and then only for about 5 hours at a time. There are 5 or 10 different Hospitals in the city besides several Barracks, where a great many who are not very sick and those having chronic complaints are placed; so you can imagine we have quite an army of cripples and invalids in town.

Why they are not allowed to go home when they will not be fit for service for several months; some with arms and legs off, of course can never be of any service again, and are anxious and willing to take their discharge and go to their friends where they can have better care, is certainly strange.

The removal of Gen. Buell if it proves to be correct (which I presume there is no doubt about, as I see by to-days Journal that Gen. Boener and staff are in town) causes great rejoicing among the soldiers.

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The removal of Gen. Buell if it proves to be correct (which I presume there is no doubt about, as I see by to-days Journal that Gen. Boener and staff are in town) causes great rejoicing among the soldiers.

The gigantic machinery it takes to carry on this war no one can comprehend until he sees it and then of course but to its limited extent. When for miles the road is filled with soldiers as thick as the grass, it is a hard stretch and many of the boys gave out, but the 24th took its proportion into camp. Twenty-one miles was the distance, and the weather was warm and pleasant.

To-day the Division is "laying around" awaiting the return of the wounded who have nothing to eat but fresh meat. Now (night) rations are being drawn and tomorrow we will probably be off again.

U. S. Marshel Jackson just arrived from Milwaukee. Sheriff Larkin has been with the General since Sunday last. The election next Tuesday will probably explain the visit.

Yours, etc.,

Mason.

Army Letter.

Louisville, Oct. 31st, 1862.

General Hospital No. 4.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—Being in a sort of prison and having nothing to do, I thought I would write you a few lines to take up my time. You of course know the cause of my being here—having received a slight flesh wound in my left shoulder or the upper part of my arm, in the Battle of Chaplin Hills.

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Yours, etc.,

Mason.
cannot be said in commendation of his
court.

After remaining down a short time we
were ordered to rise. The order was
obeyed as promptly as though we had
been on drill. The battery in front of us
had been playing on a battery on our left,
but soon after we rose the artillerymen
saw the enemy within four rods of their
pieces and left their guns. The deliber-
ate and sure aim we took told too plainly
on their ranks; they halted a moment, then
retracted as fast as possible, though not
until one of our company took the colors of
the 1st Tennessee. They made the charge
with the expectation of taking the bat-
tery. Capt. Cary saw this and asked,
"Who will go with me to bring off one
of those pieces?" When the whole company
rushed forward and brought off a piece.
As soon as this was done they returned
for a second. Corporals UPDAMP and Carver
were mortally wounded while assisting.
It's but a poor tribute to their
memories to say their country has lost
two brave, faithful soldiers, their company
two comrades they had learned to love for
their many amiable traits of character,
their parents two affectionate sons.

The fighting ceased at dark. Then
 commenced the work of caring off the
wounded. May I never see another such
night as that after the battle. "Water! water!
" was the cry of all. The enemy had
possession of nearly all the water in the
vicinity. All the water we had was
brought two or three miles.

The enemy occupied the battle ground
during the night but fell back before day.
Our color-bearer was shot dead; had
twelve bullets in him; the flag staff was
shot off twice and the flag was pierced
several times. Capt. Cary's conduct
elicited universal praise; he was con-
stantly at the head of his company lead-
ing them on by word and deed.

I've heard of being composed on the
battlefield, but I never supposed it pos-
sible for men who had never been in a
action before to have such perfect control
of themselves. If one of the boys aimed on
a man and saw him fall before they fired
they selected another with equal precision.

What is true of one is true of all.

Our Lieutenants fought with honor to
themselves and honor to their Company.
If you find anything of worth in these
hurried lines you are at liberty to use it.
respectfully ask a Roll of your regiment with the names of those who were killed and wounded, appropriately marked, that we may place them with the records of our battery.


REBEL POETRY.

The following piece of rebel poetry was picked up on the battle field of Chippa- nock, and a copy made in the author will never forget. He was left asleep on Ken- tucky's soil by a shell from a Parrott gun. Where he lay, a Florida regiment fought. The explosion smacks "right smart" of the glorious genius of the South:

THE VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL.

I was in a Southern town so dear
No sorrow there I knew
I feared that every hour grew dearer
That every hour grew few.
Crossed, I'm very sad to say for me
Why sit I ever here
And shall I never see you more?
I'll come back some day.

2—The South has nothing but the night
While I'm left alone
But take North, North, Yankees seek to invade
Our Southern quiet home.

3—We of Southern men are bound to fight
And guard our Southern shores
Appalachi'a, North our wanderers back
Upon their native shore.

Chorus.

4—The ladies show their spirit too
Blowing up their cloth
And using every effort to
Their cities, homes, unto
Chorus.

5—The God of Heaven miles and miles
Upheld the showers of rain
Our fields and gardens yield as not
They are in vain.
Chorus.

6—We play the life and beat the drum
We dance beneath the shade
While 'round us around we love to hear
The music that we made.

7—Then take me to that dear spot
No longer let me roam
And let me see where I was
If I ever come back home.

Castle Church, Florida, March 6th, 1862.

THE MOVEMENTS OF THE 24TH REGIMENT.

At 6 o'clock in the morning on the 25th, Sheri- dan's Division left camp on North Fork, and passed through the country by a rough road to Newmarket, almost direct- ly west. The Division encamped on Reis Fork two miles beyond the town, and where is the reminder of Gen. Mc Coo's corps. The weather in the morn- ing was very raw, and a rough wind blew all day long from the north. In the after- noon it commenced to rain and toward the depth of three inches. Camp was reached after twelve miles from the camp left at morn. The country passed through was very wooded, and the roads winding and rocky. The Division rested on Sunday, and was very disagreea- ble. The wind blew strong and cold from the morning until the night. The boys were sheltered in rail-sheds thatched with straw, and did not suffer as much as they might have suffered.

On Monday morning at 6 o'clock, the Division encamped on the 24th took its proportion into camp. Twenty-one miles was the distance marched. The Division equal to thirty miles without knapsacks. The line of march was through Bart county and to within three miles of Bell's Tavern in Bart county. The weather was pleasant.

Today the Division is "laying around loose" to await rations. The boys have had nothing to eat but flour and meat. Now that night is drawing, and in the morning we will probably be off again.

U. S. Marshel Jackson, just arrived from Milwaukee. Slewed a letter home with the General since Sunday last. The election next Tuesday will probably explain the visit.

Tours, etc., MARNOS.

Army Letter.

Louisville Oct. 31st, 1862,

General Hospital No. 4.

Dear Friend and Brother,—Being in a sort of a Prison and having nothing to do, I thought I would write you a few lines to take up my time. You of course know the cause of my being here, having received a slight flesh wound in my left shoulder or the upper part of my arm, in the Battle of Chapin Hills.
Dearest Sister,—We have been handed for publication the following letter from Sergt. Zebulon P. Clark, of Shiloh, Illinois:

"On the 9th of October, the enemy fell..."
back to near Danville, and halted at camp "Dick Robinson". On the 11th we started in pursuit and followed up to Crab Orchard, a town lying at the foot of a range of hills belonging to the Cumberland mountains. Beyond this, pursuit would be impracticable. We were destitute of forage for beasts, and subsistence for men, and the country through which our course lay afforded neither. So after resting one week at Crab Orchard, we started on our return to the Sunny South, and yesterday crossed the Tennessee line.

The 28th Brigade is at Mitchellville Station, doing guard duty. Here are stored large quantities of Commissary and Quartermaster stores, in being the termination of the R.R. transportation south. Here we expect to wait until the tunnel is opened, which will be nearly four weeks. Then on to Nashville! sweep the rebels from Tennessee and encamp on the banks of the Tennessee for the winter. This is laid out as the ground work of our Fall's campaign. How well we shall execute it, or, what the spring will bring forth, time alone can tell. At least we have a heart for anything, and await the orders of our commander in full confidence of his ability.

It is unpleasant for "our boys" to undertake railroad guarding after the existing campaign in Kentucky, in which they played so conspicuous a part.

But the rest will give them will be just, in consideration of the fact that they came the farthest, fought the hardest, and gained the most honor of any other regiment in the entire Kentucky corps.

But "its growing late, and the chills of my stoveless marques make it difficult to straighten my fingers. I will continue to write as our march goes south, and will not forget to give you details of interest.

I would like to hear of the condition and prosperity of the Lodge. It is useless to say to you that the influence the organization has exerted over those once connected with it, but now in the United States service, has been unboundedly good. And many who return to the van guard of the Temperance Reform will come back as purely temperate as when they bade you "good bye." Then as you assemble night after night to further the work of reformation, feel assured that you work and plead not in vain.

Truly, a brother.

To Alliance Lodge No. 50, Independent Order G. T.'s, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

KIRK M. P. CLARK.

From Louisville, Kentucky.

PAUL BARRACKS.

Louisville Ky., Nov. 13, 1862.

Mr. Editor: Through the request of a friend in your town I make an attempt to write a few lines for your paper. It being the first attempt from me, and my having been sick for three months past, you will not expect much from me. My education is too limited for public reading under the best of circumstances; therefore if you deem my scribbling worth publishing, you will correct all mistakes I may make. The lady that made the request for me to write belongs to the Female Aid Society, and she wished the society to be informed, through the press, of the best way to send things to the relief of the soldiers of this place, and who it was best to send them to, so that the needy would get the benefit of what was sent. She said she thought that Delavan would be liberal if they knew whom to direct to.

And I have the same good opinion of the ladies of Delavan from what little acquaintance I have with them. Now I have but little instruction to give them; I have not been around much only as I have been driven from place to place. We have been moved three times since we came here, and are now quartered in camp close by the barracks. I went yesterday to town to gain the requested information. Not being strong enough to go around when I got there, I learned of no one that I could recommend to do justice in such a matter, except Mrs. Lee, a lady living near or at Elkhorn, who is here, as I learn, as an agent of the society, to administer to the wants of the sick and wounded; and I learn that she is very active in filling her mission, and is said to be as good a woman as could be sent for that purpose. I gained my information from some of my comrades that are acquainted with her, and that have seen her works since she came here; they tell me there is an average six to eight days in a day, and some days she has seen her eight times a day. But I am sorry that I could not have seen her taken to the grave yard. There has been her self before writing, and spoke of a considerable comment made in her upon this subject. But I am confident that she would receive whatever less was sent to her, and distribute it according to the wishes and directions of the donors. I shall see her as soon as possible and inform her of the request made by my correspondent, and also of the information that I am giving here. I would heartily advise if anything be sent, that it should be expressed to her, with such directions as the society wish her to follow, and I think you may rest assured that she will do justice in the matter. She is the only one that I could recommend to them. If they were sent to any officer that I have seen here, I think that the soldier would get a small share of any thing that the officers could appropriate to their use. I have seen too much of such things that were sent to the soldiers in hospitals, used by the doctors, nurses, waiters, &c., to ever recommend anything to be entrusted to their charge; and I have learned long ere this time that there is but few officers in the army that have any feeling for the soldiers under their charge, any further than their own personal interest calls forth. Although there are a few exceptions to this rule they are scarce. Now the idea of sending things to the sick and wounded of this place is a good one. There are a great many here, and a great many that are needy, both in clothing and good, nourishing, palatable food,—berries and dried fruit for the sick once, &c., &c.—to have some kind friend to admit later to them, it would do them more good by far than if it come through those cross gruff, surly nurses that are generally found in those military hospitals. It is hard to see how the most of these hospitals are conducted,—though some of them are kept in good order, every thing kept clean and neat, while others are left dirty; beds dirty, clothes dirty, and in many cases the poor soldier dies for the want of care and medicine. I think that the hospitals here is the greatest nuisance that could be got up. As clear as I can, there works in a hospital in town, and have had eight days in a day, and some days I am sorry that I could not have seen her taken to the grave yard. There has been a considerable comment made in her upon this subject. But I am confident that she would receive whatever less was sent to her, and distribute it according to the wishes and directions of the donors. I shall see her as soon as possible and inform her of the request made by my correspondent, and also of the information that I am giving here. I would heartily advise if anything be sent, that it should be expressed to her, with such directions as the society wish her to follow, and I think you may rest assured that she will do justice in the matter. She is the only one that I could recommend to them. If they were sent to any officer that I have seen here, I think that the soldier would get a small share of any thing that the officers could appropriate to their use. 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Louisville Journal, stating that there had but thirty-five died in his hospital since the 6th of Oct. to the 11th of Nov., making one less than one a day, which is known by nearly every man here to be a base falsehood, got up to hide the real condition of the establishment, and prevent the authorities from investigating the matter. I contradict the old doctor in his assertions, for I have seen more than thirty-five taken away in their coffins since I came here,—I think I came here on the 22d of October. But in this case, as in most all others, money is the main thing. It is understood that the Government allows the surgeons in charge of those hospitals a certain sum for every soldier buried under their supervision,—and the coroner has his regular price for every inquest held. It is said that this day there has been eleven buried from here,—I now appeal to heaven and to civilization, to know if such physicians as those shall be left in places where they can carry on this human slaughter much longer. I cannot call it anything else. There is one doctor that has been prescribing in this establishment, that has been heard to say that he would rather see five soldiers die than to discharge one. To get a discharge here is almost impossible, under any case or circumstance. There are thousands in and about this city that will never be able to do the government another days service, which is very plain to be seen by an interested physician; but think you they can get discharged, or a furlough? No; nor even get medicine. I have been here now since the 22d of last month, and have not had but one prescription during the whole time. I go to the doctor nearly every morning for medicine, but am put off with some such excuse as "we have not got the right kind for you now, or come this afternoon, we cannot attend to you now,"—but go in the afternoon, and no doctor is there to be found. There is a great many men here sick, which if they could get a furlough, or leave of absence for a month or two, and go home, where they could be doctored and nursed, they would get well and be able to return to their duty again when, if they have to stay here, they will pine away and die. It has been my daily wish that the Governor of Wisconsin might see and know just the condition of things here as they really are, I think that he would devise some plan to take the men of his state home to be recruited there, he would save many lives by doing so and I have wished, too, that some of our influential citizens might know the true condition of the sick soldiers,—some that would try and induce the Governor to make some arrangements to have the sick allowed to go home to their families for a while, till they are fit for service again. There is none but that would be willing to pay their own expenses and their own doctors bill, rather than lay here with the prospect they have of improving,—We were left here to recruit our health—what earthly sight is there for us.—Every man that can possibly be urged out is kept on duty all the time, such as standing guard and doing fatigue duty, which in many cases, after a twenty-four hours trip, comes back to his tent overdone, and worse than ever; and no redress or even medicine for his relief; and there he must lay and suffer, and in some cases die without the least attention of the doctor. There has been cases, one to my knowledge, and others I have heard reported, where men have been found dead in the lots near by, who should have been taken to the hospital, and there nursed. We read nearly every day of some brutal treatment of the enemy to our men that happen to fall into their hands; but we would refer such correspondents to many cases of ill treatment that men receive from our own officers, both in the field, in hospitals, in barracks, and in all places. Do not understand me that all officers and doctors are of this disposition, for I have seen some possessed of the most kind dispositions, doing all in their power for the benefit of the men under their charge,—But I am writing too much, far more than I intended to when I commenced, but my feelings have called it forth, and I can confidently say that I have not written anything but what I know or believe to be true, and if need be, I could get hundreds to concur with me in what I have said. A few words to the Society and I am done. I would say if they conclude to send things to Mrs. Lee, it would be best to send as soon as possible. She may not want to stay many weeks longer; but I understand she is not going home for some time yet, and will stay to receive what may be sent, if it is not delayed too long. Now, after what I have written, I advise them to act their own judgment about sending; I would here promise, if anything be sent to her, and should arrive too late, that is, after she has gone home, I will receive it, at the request of the committee, and do the best I can with whatever may be sent, according to instructions. I think that I might distribute a box of things amongst so many sick as there are here, so that the most of it would do some good. It would give me pleasure, even in my present condition to do something for the benefit of my sick fellow soldiers. I have learned during the past two months to pity those confined to general hospitals, therefore with this promise I leave the subject, hoping that the Delavan Aid Society will ever be blessed, and crowned with success for the benefits they are doing to the poor, suffering soldier.

Yours very respectfully,

Convalescent Soldier.

P. S.—I have just seen Mrs. Lee, and she says that she will receive anything that may be sent to her, and do the best that she can with them. The things that she recommends are cotton flannel drawers and under shirts, bed quilts, hen feather pillows, dried apples, butter, &c. She also says that she is not an agent as I had understood, but has come on her own expense, and fetched her own things, together with others sent by neighbors; but expects to receive things from the Elk Horn society soon. She said if you sent to her to direct to Mrs. Nelson Lee, Louisville, Ky., Sanitary Rooms. You may hear from me again some future day. I still remain yours &c.,

Convalescent Soldier.

Mitchelsville, Tex., Nov. 18, 1862.

To the Delavan Patriot:—I thought
I would drop you a few lines to let you know how our regiment (the old first) is getting along. After the battle of Perryville, which you all have had full accounts of, we were marched on after old Bragg, the rebel, for a few days in an easterly direction, and then the chase ended, and we were turned in a southerly direction, toward Bowling Green, where we were met by our good Gen. Rosencrans, and reviewed by him, and he gave us a nice compliment for our soldierly appearance, and gallant conduct in the late battle. Our good old Col. J. C. Starkweather, has got his promotion to brigadier, and has gone home on a short furlough. The boys all felt proud of their Col., and feel proud still of him as their General. Our division, which is commanded by Maj. Gen. Rossca, and in the rear of the grand army, and Starkweather's brigade is in the rear of all, guarding the railroad at this place, where the rebels blew up the tunnel, but the road is now being repaired, and when it is done we expect to advance and take our place in the grand army again.

I thought I would try and give you a short sketch of the way that we make our marches. We march from twenty to thirty miles a day, according to circumstances. Water is the main thing for a camp.

Proctor Marshall's Office,
Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 27th, 1862.

FRIENDSVILLE STATION.
Tenn., Nov. 27th, 1862.

PROCTOR MARSHALL'S OFFICE,

FRIENDSVILLE STATION.
Tenn., Nov. 27th, 1862.

J. M. KIMBALL.

PETERS GAZETTE:
The tunnel is at last finished and this morning the first regi-
ment train from Louisville arrived here.

You can imagine the joy of the army at the

The party under the command of Lieut. Clark will in a day
or two be sent on duty with Gen. McCook's

The different detachments of the signal

corps have been nearly all collected here,

and partly reorganized. The party under

the command of Lieut. Clark will in a day
or two be sent on duty with Gen. McCook's

as is he on the advance and is

division. As he is on the advance and is

a real fighter we will not be inactive much

anger. Other parties are to be sent with

other generals when they move.

I was on duty last Saturday on the capi-

tol, and while there a squad of Forrest's

brigade, which had been captured by General

Ortenden, was brought in. The men were

bad in all kinds of clothes and look as if

a little aid from the government which they

are trying to overthrow, would improve

their looks. A member of one of the com-

panies of the 31st Tennessee found his broth-

er in the captured squad.

Gen. Rosencrans seems to be a wag at

times. The other day a fair rebel called

me to obtain a pass to visit her uncle.

The pass was politely refused, when the

boy said, "My uncle is very sick," and the

squad stood in her eyes. Gen. Rosencrans

replied, "My uncle is very unwell also, and

as soon as Uncle Sam recovers you may

have the pass to visit your uncle." It

I need not add that the lady left without

the required pass.

The firm course of Gen. Rosencrans in

correcting the various abuses in the com-

mission department in this city and his

prompt removal of Lieut. Johnson, of the

17th Kentucky, for treasonable language,

increases the confidence which the army had

in him.

The poor people here already begin to

suffer greatly for the common necessities

of life. The extreme high prices of all the

articles for sale here, and the complete

stagnation of business, renders the case of

these people very hard indeed. I should

think some of the able-bodied men, who

now want employment and food, would hire

out to Uncle Sam. Notice that many of

the inhabitants here begin to see the folly

of the rebellion and now are repenting in re-

ality for their sins.

I thank you for the Gazete you sent me

last week. It is the first one I have seen

in many weeks.

The weather has been fine for several

days, but rain or snow is near at hand.

J. M. KIMBALL.

PROCTOR MARSHALL'S OFFICE,

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 27th, 1862.

FRIENDSVILLE STATION.

The rebels burned the bridge across the

river, but a new one will be completed to-

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You can imagine the joy of the army at

the finish of this train, which is the

harbinger of paymasters, better rations,

more clothes, and better than all, an

upward movement.

For the last four or five days the army has

been quite short of rations. The engineer

corps has been living for several days

on coffee and crackers, and yesterday

even though failed them and their officers

bought rations for them. The cause of this

scarcity, of late, is a large number of our

wagon teams are laid up for repairs, the cor-

nels are full of horses and mules which are

in unfit for service, while at the repair-

ing shop, over a thousand wagons have

been set for repairs in the last two weeks. We

ought not to complain if we are put on

short allowance while the train is being

repaired because we have that train the

very day we move from here.

Gen. A. McD. McCook, who now holds

the advance of our army, had a skirmish

with the 'cornfields,' day before yesterday, and

defeated them, driving them across Story
fortifying the town, and for this purpose impressed every negro he could find. The result of his labor was that a very strong fort was nearly completed on St. Cloud Hill, an eminence in the suburbs of the town, and the beautiful capitol building was also turned into a fort, having heavy siege guns mounted on it. He also caused all the roads leading into town to be blocked up, and trenches and rifle pits dug in every direction. Many of our men thought he was over careful, but the events that followed proved he was right, for after the rebels heard of the defeat of Bragg, and the approach of General Rosecrans' army they concluded to make an attack, and did so one morning before day, thinking to find us napping; but Negley had us all under arms every morning from three till daylight, so they were disappointed in their expectations. They attacked us on different sides of the town at the same time, but could only succeed in driving in our pickets as far as the range of the siege guns. They made a desperate attempt to burn the bridge over the Cumberland but were finally repulsed on all sides with loss. The lighting lasted nearly all day for the siege guns mounted on it. The Provoct Marshal sent fifty of them up to Nashville to-day and our prisons are filling up again rapidly. As railroad communication is once more completed to Nashville, we expect to leave here in a few days as our only duty here is to guard the immense amount of army stores accumulated here, in consequence of the cars not being able to go further south than this place. As the road has been in operation for some days now to Nashville, the piles are rapidly diminishing, and on the arrival of Gen. Starkweather, who is expected to-day, we will likely move on. It is rumored about camp that our Capt. Samuel is to be appointed Brigade Quartermaster, which will place him in the Generals' staff. I should not at all wonder, as the Captain has made so many friends since he has been in the army, and has filled every post given to him with such credit to himself and satisfaction to those in command over him; that if there is any good place vacant he is sure to get it. I found here on my arrival from Nashville, some letters from my friends in Polk County, asking me to use my influence in our company with regard to getting votes for certain candidates, but unfortunately the election day had passed, and no one felt interest enough in the matter to even upon the polls. Yours, G. W. A.

From Gen. Rosecrans’ Army.


Editors Gazette—Well, here we are, still in this city of refuge—er. I expected when I wrote you last that this date we would have been off after “old secesh,” but on account of certain causes which I am not able to tell, except to say that Gen. Rosecrans is not ready to move. I do not wish you to think for one moment that the men or officers here are idle, for such is not the case. A more active set of men are not to be found in our country than the great mass of the military men hereabouts. The general in-chief is busy all the time in getting this army ready to move. He has brought up the stragglers and absent soldiers and officers with a “round turn,” and order and discipline now take the place of disorder and confusion. The jealousies and ill-feelings which a few months since existed in this army between the officers high in rank, have all disappeared, and at the present time of it, though if grasped their own business. Col. Hobart, commanding the 1st in the absence of Colonel Swain, who was dangerously wounded at Chaplin Hills and is still in hospital, exerted the influence of his position to prevent an election in the regiment. Consequently few votes were polled.

We have been told that Col. Larabee at first declared his intention to prevent the vote being taken in his regiment, but subsequently changed his mind and allowed the election to be held. Col. Bousc is charged with an attempt to prevent a vote in the 18th regiment. Those officers are all “democrats.”

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are at least 500 loyal families within this city and its suburbs, who have been driven here from their homes by the rule of traitors. I have seen many here who have not seen their homes or loved ones for months, having fled here to avoid the conscription, and not daring to return till our army advanced to where they lived. Were your city filled with armed legion, the largest and best buildings converted into hospitals, the streets torn up to form earthenworks, the hills covered with fortifications and bristling with cannon, the sidewalks converted into sentries' boats, not a court of justice in the place, the schools broken up, churches vacant and congregations scattered like sheep without a shepherd, wan beggary staking in the streets by day and foul murder abroad by night, society completely desolated and green-eyed jealousy in full sway among fathers and sons, brothers and sisters, friends and acquaintances; then and not till then could you get an idea of the suffering of the loyal people here. The great mass of the refugees here are farmers who have left all they possessed in this world for their country. They suffer indeed, for their crops have been destroyed where they grew, been trodden down by the ruthless foe, or have been left to rot where they were produced. I hope the wealthy rebels who are living at their ease here, will be taxed to support these sufferers. I suppose you have seen by the papers that the loyal men in Eastern Tennessee are taking courage again by the movements of our armies, and armed resistance to the rebel conscription takes the place of fleeing to the mountains and forests to hide from the oppressor. A terrible day of retribution of these wrongs will come, and if our government would show the least signs of encouragement these hills would run with blood.

The Union sentiment grows stronger here the longer we stay, and the rebel citizens as well as the rebel soldiers admit the hopelessness of their cause, and the return of some very dear child to the "dear old flag" and his uncle's home is a daily occurrence.

We are having fine weather now, the rainy weather which promised fair to come some days ago has not arrived. We sent large foraging trains day after day, and gather all the corn, fodder, hay and rebel we can find.

Now, do not get uneasy because the army here does not move, but rest assured that we will move when all things are ready, and when we do start on this winter's campaign it will be like moving of an irresistible avalanche, which will overwhelm all in its course.

I hope the next time I write you to have good news of a forward move.

J. M. KIMBALL.
polished artillery, and were sent back to the observer in twinkling jets as the column slowly moved over the distant hill or through some slaty valley towards the capital city of Tennessee.

The marching of the steed under his gay trappings, the lofty carriage of the powerful war-horse before his heavy cannon, the springing step of the patriot soldiers, and the shrill blast of the fife and drum, blended with the more melodious notes of cornet and cymbal, all reflected the buoyancy and spirit of the heroes of the Kentucky campaign.

The first day's weary march brought the 28th Brigade to "Tyree Spring," the Saratoga of the south west. Here in the gathering shades of a December night, we built our fires, on the brink of a bottles sylvie, drawn which run the waters that give to the place its "name and reputation," and made it a summer resort for Southern Chivalry. The immense buildings are sadly dilapidated; a door or mantelpiece remains about them, and the beautiful shade trees that once adorned the grounds are fast going to warn the tocs of the straggling soldier.

On the evening of the 9th, we pitched our "moving" tents in the suburbs of Edgefield, almost under the shadow of the capital's dome.

Camp was laid out — huts made — forage drawn for the horses and mules, and preparations made for a week's sustenance. But how uncertain are a soldier's calculations! At dead of night, when naught but the sentinel's tramp on his lonely beat gave signs of life, those peculiar post-horns in the army — "night orders" — came. At two o'clock, the train was over, and a quick gallop brought us to our new encampment about four miles south of the city. The location is a beautiful one — a shady slope in front of one of Tennessee's wealthy but disloyal sons.

Here, in Nashville, the red light of this melancholy civil war seems to invest every thing with a dreariness. All things are attuned to its own mournful song — the clergyman complains of unholy restrictions imposed upon him by the Lincoln authorities in not allowing him to pray publicly for the Southern Confederacy! The dealer rails at the unnatural
duties he obliges himself to pay upon imports from the United States. All hum the same ditty. Every man, woman and child, seems but part and parcel of the great military pageant, that now appeals the country with its unrelenting presence. The shining brass of the soldier and gloomy sabre of the monitor come and go on every corner. The glister of the one like the star of a vague, but beautiful hope; the gloom of the other like the pall of night resting upon the hollow grave of one most beloved of all on earth.

This terrible monotony is sometimes distracting; and we sigh "for a lodge in some vast wilderness,"

"Any where, any where
On of the world."

I learn with pride of the success and unprecedented prosperity of the Temperance cause in my own native village. It gives us new heart to think that while we, with the sword are endeavoring to uphold the institutions, civil and domestic, for which so much blood is being sacrificed, that they are not perishing for want of sustenance at home.

I had a rule designed for your hall, but before the opportunity for sending it to you came, it was lost. It consisted of the charter of a Lodge of the I. O. G. T. at Pulaski, Tennessee. It was discovered in the basement of the M. E. Church of that place, in connection with some of the books; hall furniture, &c. The organization had been successful until the outbreak of the rebellion. It was then discontinued and the property concealed there from the "yankies."

I will write upon the transmigration of anything important.

A battle is supposed to be imminent With many happy remembrances.

Yours, &c.,
Z. P. C.
To Alliance Lodge No. 50, I. O. G. T.
What a Sick Soldier Thinks.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

HOSPITAL No. 1, FERRYVILLE, Ky., December 30, 1865.

E. S. SERVIUS: — Just as usual, grunting with the backache, and I don't know but I always shall be. But be that as it may, there is some consolation mixed with all my trouble. I have nothing to do but eat when the eating is ready, and lounge around and have nothing to read and no paper to write, and so many things, and if I am not independent, who is? Some, as in the case of the condition of our beloved country, when we see our highest Generals misdirect every execution under their command, instead of crushing the rebels, my head grows giddy, my heart sickens, and I sometimes exclaim, "when will the end of things, be answered, "When? You will ask how they cripple our army? Well, it is a very fair question, and I can answer it without further in four questions are the one thing that gives soldiers discomfort. It causes many deaths, and disables many a good soldier. Hard marching uses up many more, and the march from driven through at the rate of twenty to thirty-five miles per day, when water was very scarce and the dust unbearable. Guards were placed over the wells to keep soldiers from them, and when the day was gone and aching me fed into a feverish state which the buoyancy and spirit of the heroes of the Confederate campaign.

So we are robbed of rations, water, rest and sleep. If I had no more complaints to make I would be very glad, but there are charges of a more murderous nature that must be made, because they do exist and are seen by every soldier. When we came up with Bragg's pickets eight miles beyond Green River, instead of pressing on and fighting him there where we had him in a bad fix, we were halted for two days to give the army time to cross the river, and then, instead of giving him chase, our brigade was sent six miles around for delay — nothing very just. When we got to the point where we were put through night and day to catch him, until we arrived in Louisville, Bragg got on another route, plundered two thousand whicha much blood is being sacrificed, that they are not perishing for want of sustenance at home. I had a rule designed for your hall, but before the opportunity for sending it to you came, it was lost. It consisted of the charter of a Lodge of the I. O. G. T., that place, in connection with some of the books; hall furniture, &c. The organization had been successful until the outbreak of the rebellion. It was then discontinued and the property concealed there from the "yankies."

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Yours, &c.,
Z. P. C.
To Alliance Lodge No. 50, I. O. G. T.
I'm whole soul, the war is being waged against our men. So long as we have men, we can still fight. We must win this war against rebellion.

But the grand hoax is with females and societies. The dear creatures are robbing women of their noble deeds of charity. But a few, very few private girls have the will to do something. And I wish the laws of our country could be made to reward them for their noble deeds of charity.

But once we have what we must have, we can go on and do it. We have the support of the people, and we are determined to win this war.

We are permitted to publish the following letters from 'Our Correspondent,' Wm. H. Shum, of Co. II, 1st Regiment, now stationed in Ghent, the Department of the 28th Brigade, 3rd Division of Gen. Rosencrans' Army. - to his parents detailing the experiences of the baggage and supply trains in connection with the battle before Murfreesboro, and the trials and incidents which we have not been able to get in other places.

From these it will be seen that the 1st Regiment, now commanded by Lieut. Col. Hill, and the 21st, under command of Col. Horst, constituting a portion of the reserve corps, and acting as a guard to the supply and baggage trains. By the way, we hope our favorite representative of the Times Office in the Army of the Union, has not forgotten the associations of the past, that he has been so long silent in the columns.

**Headquarters 28th Brigade, Camps Jefferson, near L. & M. Pike, Tenn.**

December 31, 1862.

**DEAR PARENTS AND FRIENDS AT HOME:**

As I have events of more stirring interest than usual to narrate, I write this evening under rather unfavorable circumstances, although there may be no opportunity for forwarding in some days.

Christmas day I believe I sent you a letter. The following morning we struck tents, and the disconsolate of a cold, beating rain storm and moved forward ahead of the train, and reported. After with the rest of the army, our 3d Division received the Colonel's orders for its division took the "Petersburg" branch-pike, position, I rode back as customary, to a distance of some twelve miles from Nashville, and encamped, as we feared, received a great commotion down the road—remain to the train—scattering discharges and Rosecrans was for pushing forward of musketry attended by rapid pistol-vigorously—not awaiting a "rise" in the shots. Instantly comprehending the state ton! on to a conflict was the word, and I gave the alarm and dashed down the next morning. The rain continuing, we again moved out, our progress being enlivened by the stirring music of bivouac and heavy cannonading, be-speaking an early battle apparently. Our course was through woods and swamps, over rocks and hills, across the country to the eastward into the "Nolin" pike. The road in fact, no road at all—was impassable for our heavy wagon trains, making their advance exceedingly slow and toilome, and requiring two days to get them over its ten miles of mud, etc. We encamped near the little village of Nolinville, no light yet occurring.

But the 28th (Sunday) order came for our Division to move over the "Murfreesboro" pike to co-operate with the main body of the army, wagon trains following the next day, and sick remaining there with John McCollough in charge. (I will mention here that y. rebs paid them a visit yesterday, making them prisoners. John among the rest. They were paroled and sent to Nashville.)

The night of the 28th, as we brought up the train, the 28th Brigade were ordered off to an important position (this place) in the Lebanon and Murfreesboro pike, five miles further eastward, trains to follow next morning.

Consequently as troops and trains moved forward to Murfreesboro, we branched off with our brigade train of seventy wagons, under the promise of a cavalry guard, which was not furnished. However, soon after reaching the L. & M. Pike (I riding at my place at the head of the train with the quartermaster and several others) we were accosted by a negro who gave information of the presence of a heavy force of cavalry (rebels) within a mile or two of the road, who were looking out for a dash upon the train. But we have been so often "foiled" by these negroes that we gave the story little credit, and jogged on, quite unconcerned, into the camp, a half mile or so...
including several officers, and the mules were captured. It was indeed a dear affair for us. The 21st Wisconsin thus lost half of their train and baggage, including tents, trunks, knapsacks, blankets and camp equipage, and the 24th Ill. and Battery all of theirs. They took over an hundred prisoners. It is not certain what was the number of killed and wounded, but seven or eight are known. Of the 1st, Co. I lost two and Co. H, one, wounded severely all of them.

The rebel force is variously stated at from four to eight thousand cavalry under the command of a Gun Wheeler—a West Pointer by the way—who had two small howitzers along. The right thigh probably includes Wheeler's entire command; only a small proportion of that number were actively engaged with us, and handbooks were undoubtedly not assisting in similar depredations that were being committed in other quarters. Their loss has been since stated as seventy, which our well directed artillery might account for, and so end our battle.

I was upon this occasion for the first time directly "under fire," and the bullets did whizz about my ears right merrily for a time. After getting the rescued portion of our train in, I rode over the field to the different points of engagement and had a fair view of the whole affair. Sensations indescribable!

After saving all that we could from the burning wagons we returned to camp to prepare for a move, and just before dark started off to return to the "Murfreeboro" pike, but received orders en route to return to camp, as we would be compelled to run the gauntlet of a really superior rebel force to attain it, so we encamped for the night. This morning we struck out early Murfreeboro way, that is, forward on the same pike we occupied, but were met by a host of cowardly runaways from the battle field before that place, who gave a terrible, and I think highly exaggerated, report of a disastrous defeat of Rosserans and the loss of much of our artillery and nearly all of the army wagons. These renegades came up hatless, coatless, hair-on-end, and mounted on every species of mules and horses evidently cut from the wagons in their haste—and still they were spinning their disgraceful yarns. Wagon masters without their trains, and soldiers without their muskets! But we had an example of those disgraceful "stampedes" after the battle of Chaplin Hills, and made our deductions therefrom, although we did not see fit to move forward rashly. We are now about to move back, as attempted last night, on to the other pike. This is the only order issued out.

Please excuse the haste in which I have written this; the circumstances are anything but favorable.

Affly yours, W. H. S.

Good for a Racine Boy.—The Milwaukee Sentinel contains the following notice of A. J. Sexton of this city.

"ANDREW J. SEXTON, of Racine, who enlisted in Capt. Strong's company, the Belle City Rifles, in the Second Regiment, as a private, is an instance of what intelligence, added to a proper self-respect and ambition, will do for one in the army. He shortly afterward became Sergeant and then Lieutenant, and afterwards acting Captain of the Company. He has now see that Gen. McDowell has formed a Construction Corps of two hundred men, of which corps Sexton has been appointed. He has built the railroad bridge—700 feet long and 38 feet high—which was destroyed by the rebels at Fredericksburg, and has been doing excellent service in building railroads and fortifications of sallies. Sexton is now a corporal."—Waukesha Chronicle.

WISCONSIN SOLDIERS IN THE HANDS OF THE REBELS.—The Philadelphia Inquirer of Monday gives a list of Union officers and soldiers who have been confined at Salisbury, N. C., for the past four months and are still held there. The following names of Wisconsin soldiers are given, all from the 2d regiment:


J. Langdon, of Co. I, and Solomon Wise, of Co. K, of the Wisconsin 1st are also there.

We received a call this morning from Charles L. Hubbs, formerly a resident of this city, in the family of D. D. Wilson, who arrived with the Minnesota soldiers last evening. Mr. Hubbs enlisted in the 1st Minnesota regiment, and was taken a prisoner at the Bull Run battle. He, with others, was taken to Richmond, then transferred to New Orleans, where he remained in a parish prison about four months. The Union prisoners were guarded by criminals, some of the criminals being imprisoned on a charge of murder and other high crimes. From New Orleans he and his companions were taken to Salisbury, N. C., and confined in any military prison until he was released to be sent home.

The prisoners at Salisbury were released in squads of 200, in alphabetical order, and each crowd carried to Tarboro, N. C., until 100 had been collected, when they were sent down the river to Washington in open flat boats and placed in charge of Union officers. On a occasion, while making the passage down the river, the prisoners were kept over night in a fair factory, and some of them brought away conclusive evidence of the difficulty of getting out in the quantity of tar adhering to their scanty clothing. At Washington they were shipped by steamer to New York, and from that city they were sent on their way to their respective homes.

Mr. Hubbs states that the last squad sent from Salisbury took in a portion of the prisoners whose names commenced with M. This will account for the retention of Ora- nel Wilcox, of Capt. Ely's company, and others lower in the alphabet than M.—Brooks, Bell, Donovan, and others, above M, mentioned in the list of the Philadelphia Inquirers, have been released. No officers had been released at the time Mr. Hubbs left Richmond.

The prisoners who arrived here last night were Chas. W. Merrill, J. W. Iveson, J. B. Murkia, J. Mosher, C. S. King, C. L. Hubbs of the 1st Minnesota, and L. P. Jackson and —— Graham (supposed to be George) of the 2d Wisconsin.

How Many Times a Man Can Stand it to be Shot, and Still Live.

A statement of John E. Donovan, private in Co. B, 2d Regiment, Wis. Volunteers:

Went into an engagement at Bull's Run, Sunday, July 21, 1861, at 1 o'clock A. M., or therewith. Marched up the hill after getting over a fence, and on reaching nearly to the brow, I was struck by a rifle ball in the calf of my right leg, outside, passing through to the skin on the other side. In the ears on the way to Richmond the next evening, a young man looking among the wounded prisoners, wanted me to let him take it out and keep the ball, to which I consented, and he cut it out.

After being hit as above, I stepped back to the fence, sat down and bound up my leg to keep it from bleeding. I then got up and loaded and fired from where I stood. After firing three times, another ball hit me in the left heel, glancing up along near my ankle joint. This ball remained in about eight weeks, when my leg being badly festered, the Prison Hospital surgeon landed it one evening, and in the night the ball worked down so I got it out the
After being hit the second time, I still kept loading and firing as fast as I could. In about ten minutes, as near as I can judge, a third ball struck me in the right side, which still remains somewhere within me. This disabled me somewhat for a short time, but I again loaded and fired two or three times as well as I could, when I was struck in the right arm (while in the act of firing) about midway between my elbow and shoulder joints, the ball running up towards the neck. This ball was taken out about nine weeks afterwards by the hospital surgeon at Richmond, about half way from my shoulder joint to my neck bone. I fired my musket but once after this, as the recoil of it hurt my shoulder so I was unable to bear it.

I then left the fence to get behind a tree standing some 250 yards off, and picked up a revolver which lay on the ground; just after I left the fence at which time a bullet struck me in the right wrist glancing off from the bone. I went a little further toward the tree, when some 12 or 15 Confederate soldiers came out of the woods directly toward me.

I fired the revolver at them three times, and just as I fired the third barrel, a bullet fired by one of this company struck me just below my left eye, and going into my head, I knew nothing more until about noon the next day (Monday.) When I came to I found myself lying right where I fell the day before. I tried to get up, but could not. After this I made several attempts to crawl away to the shade of a tree, the sun shining very hot. About 4 P. M. a couple of soldiers came along, picked me up, and carried me to the cars, and I was sent to Richmond, afterwards sent to Alabama, and finally released on parole. The bullet still remains in my head; the hospital surgeon says it lies somewhere near my right ear (the sense of hearing being entirely lost in that ear,) the drum, or tympanum having been injured by it. The slightest touch on my chin or near it causes a severe pain in my right temple and over the ear. I cannot see at all with my left eye. I cannot bear to be out in the sun; it makes me dizzy, and my head pains me severely—so also does more than ordinary exercise. Ordinarily, when sitting quiet, my head only occasionally troubles me—a little dizziness and heaviness is about all—except when out in the sun or heat, as before stated; and also when I attempt to lift anything, it puts me in severe pain in my head and my eyes pain me exceedingly as well as when heated or out in the sun. I am obliged to keep out of the sun as much as possible, on account of this exasperating pain in my head and eyes, and when I read, my eyes fill with water, and I have to rest. I cannot write a letter of ordinary length, I have to stop several times for this, and from dizziness. There is occasionally a dimness comes over my right eye even when quiet, but not very often. The surgeon said the bone around my left temple was shattered, and that pieces thereof would work out—none has to my knowledge. The bullet which entered my right side, has not as yet given me any great trouble.

Congressman Ely's Imprisonment.

FROM HIS PUBLISHED NARRATIVE.

FIRST NIGHT A PRISONER.

About the time of our arrival at Manasses it commenced raining, and in that place, without a shelter, we were to remain the entire night, exposed (to all appearance) to a pelting storm. Fortunately, however, for me, as I was about looking for a place to lie down, on the bare ground, as my only alternative, an officer came inside the guards and called out for "Representative Ely," to which I at once responded. He addressed me by saying that "General Beauregard requested me to proceed to the officers' quarters," and I immediately followed the officer. On my way to the place, I passed by the head-quarters of General Beauregard, where several officers upon the piazza of the small house, apparently busy in conversation, surrounding a table, upon which, in the dim light, I perceived some papers. I could not, of course, distinguish any of the faces, but to my utter astonishment I caught the voice of Hon. W. Porcher Miles, late Representative in the United States Congress from South Carolina. On approaching the house I spoke to Mr. Miles in a respectful and courteous manner, and both extending our hands, I saw that he did not recognize me; whereupon I said to him, "Do you not know me?" He replied, "I do not recollect you." I then told him to look again, and remarked that I had served with him in the last Congress, and gave him my name. The honorable gentleman seemed to manifest, upon this announcement, a sudden coolness and indignation, and remarked that he did not feel that warm cordiality (which I seemed to exhibit) toward one who was engaged in an attempt to subjugate the South or his government. He then left me, stepped a few paces off, and whispered to a military officer, communicating the fact, as I presume, that they had captured a member of Congress. I have since learned that among the persons on the piazza was Jefferson Davis, (who had arrived at Manasses at four o'clock,) General Beauregard, and Hon. William Smith. I then proceeded, with my guard, to the "officers' quarters," which consisted of a miserable old barn, which was already crowded with officers stretched out upon the floor, and so numerous were they that there was scarcely space enough for me to assume a like position. It was all dark, excepting the light shed from a common tin lantern in the hands of the guard, and I could not distinguish one person from another. Here upon the filthy floor, without blanket or covering, and no other than a light linen coat upon my back, I passed the night, and such a night! I was visited by distinguished men.

At four o'clock this afternoon, I was called upon by Hon. L. M. Keitt and Hon. W. W. Boyce, of South Carolina, and Hon. Roger M. Pryor and Hon. Thomas S. Boswick, of Virginia, all members with myself of the Thirty-sixth Congress, and all now members of the so-called Confederate Congress, now sitting in Richmond. They informed me that they had but just learned that I was in Richmond, a prisoner, and had called to say that they would go back and see that I was released; Mr. Boyce remarked that I should go into quarters with them. I felt much pleased with the visit paid me by these gentlemen, and the courtesy and kindness they
...exhibited toward me. They were apparently in earnest when they assured me of their efforts to secure my release. They assured other gentlemen, who informed me of this fact, that they intended to get me a parole, which would give me the liberty of the city, at least. I have reason to believe they made that effort, and that the question was considered in Cabinet Council on their return to head-quarters. Not having heard from either of these gentlemen since their visit, I infer of course, that they were unsuccessful.

THE DEBATING CLUB.

Although outside accounts of what took place within the walls of the prison were almost invariably full of falsehoods, some of them were amusing. Here in one, for example, which was communicated to the Charleston Courier, under date of August nineteenth, 1861— Among their amusements are those of card-playing, psalm-singing, cursing, and debating. The latter is almost nightly the occupation of the officers. Ely acts as moderator of the meeting, or occasionally takes a hand himself. Huson, his congressional competitor—a jolly, good-natured soul, by the way, fat, funny, interesting—is the leading speaker, and the smaller guns predominate in the intellectual battery according to their various calibres. The subjects are anything and everything you can imagine, ranging on the gamut from the solemn to the ridiculous. Their subject last evening was derived from the following simple incident: A newsboy who had been in the habit of selling his papers, at three, suddenly ran his price up to five cents, and on making his accustomed sale in the morning to one of the prisoners, the latter first refused to 'come down.' The young vendor was equally inexorable, and finally carried his point, and received the amount of his demand. This rise in stocks was reported to the Yankee esclavos whereupon the question was raised whether it was right for the man to jaw the boy, or the boy to jaw the man. The discussion thus commenced in the social circle was carried to the debating society, and after the usual pros and cons, it was finally decided by the Hon. Speaker Ely, that the boy being the sole undisputed owner of the property, and the said property not being contraband of war, and not concatenation of circumstances having arisen to obstruct the right thereby vested in the original possessor of the aforesaid...
this afternoon opposite our quarters in a splendid coach. She was, as before, elegantly attired, and accompanied by a military officer. It was evident that she had come to see one of the prisoners, and it was quickly discovered that Captain Roswell A. Fish, who arrived only a day or two since, was the fortunate object of this compliment. He manifested a frenzy to get by the sentinels at the door to reach her carriage, but it was of no avail; he could not pass, even though she beckoned most daintily for him. He seized a piece of paper, and hastily scratched a few words and sent it to the carriage by the guard. It was amusing to watch the countenances of the military assemblage at the windows and doors, as they beheld with utter silence the avidity with which she opened the note; quick as thought she seized a pencil from the officer by her side and began to write. By this time the corporal of the guard arrived and relieved the agony of the captain by allowing him to pass from the sentinel to the carriage, when the parties very gracefully saluted each other. It was an interview so very polite and attractive, that it was a relief to the dull and sombre thoughts engendered by the monotony of an imprisonment, and carried back the heart of many a spectator to the blissful period of his own early attachments. But, to the point? the dear captain, surrounded by an impudent guard, was compelled to close the interview, so intently watched by his associates, and he did this by a kiss of her hand, so bewitchingly bestowed that the young officer was grieved by one universal shout on returning to his quarters. The young lady, as the officers say, responded by an instant application of the smitten hand to her heart. I was amazed to learn in conversation with the gallant captain this evening, that on this very day he was to have been married, and on the day of his capture the colonel of his regiment had gone to Washington to obtain a furlough for him for that purpose. In view of the scene just witnessed, I refrained very naturally that the lady in question was the bride-to-be, but in reply to my inquiry he said, "No, oh, no, no!" She is merely a watering-place acquaintance formerly at Saratoga, which had been continued by accidental meetings in Washington, and various acts of mutual good understanding and politeness ever since.

Deserted.

While at Madison last week, we met an ancient fellow-soldier, Serg’t Allen, but if he ever gets home, and many of the boys of the old Portage Light Guard shall meet him in the great good time of peace which is coming, when one man has the same rights that another has, all we have to say is, that we pity Capt. Mansﬁeld; and we should not be the least surprised to hear any day that he has been found murdered. We wouldn’t be in his boots and have as many good men swearing deadly vengeance on us as there are on him, for all the Treasury notes Uncle Sam ever issued.

We don’t believe there is one of those deserters who would have done so, had they been in any other company in the regiment.

Recollections of the Bull Run Battle.

Corporal Merril, a returned Bull Run prisoner, recently returned from Richmond, is relating his experiences, in the Rochester Express. From some pretty good stories the corporal tells, we select the following:

ALEX. STEVENS.

Speaking of visitors, among them was the dapper Vice President of the bogus Confederate, Mr. Alexander Stevens—There were a number of Georgians conﬁned in the hospital, and Mr. Stevens called to inquire after their welfare. He is a soppish little fellow with long black hair and a beardless face; wears his hat at an acute angle, sports a witch cane and a Byron collar, and might be mistaken, at a glance, for a broken down theatre actor. I think he would probably turn the scale at 125 pounds, if he bore down very hard. He is of a reserved demeanor, but agreeable in conversation, and while talking with the prisoners he seemed to studiously avoid any remark that could be supposed to injure their feelings. He visited us quite often.

A TREASURED EDITOR.

We were also "honored" with a call from the editor of the Richmond Dispatch, who came in disguise, and preceded the prisoners with a plug tobacco and cigars, professed the deepest sympathy and was exceedingly inquisitive. The day following he spread before his readers an account of his observations at the hospital, wherein he took occasion to denounce us in the most unparling terms. Tryst, Blanca and Sweetheart joined in the denunciations, and for a season little else was advocated by the Richmond press, than a proposition to remove the "yorkers" from the coal mines as soon as their wounds were healed, and compel them to work for their living. The editor of the Dispatch subsequently renewed his visit, and was recognized. The boys, however, professed to regard him as a stranger, but took occasion to introduce this editor as a topic of discussion and denounced him to their satisfaction. Believing himself unknown, he bore it without remonstrance, but did not remain long, and we never looked upon his like again.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

We had visitors of every class. I was leaning upon the balcony one day, when an elderly lady approached me, saying that she desired to pass into the war
where the Confederate patients were confined, but she did not want to see any of the “horrid Yankees.” I had understood that the popular superstition respecting the Federals was that they had horns and claws; but not calculating the effect of a sudden disclosure, I remarked in winning accents and with the pleasantest demeanor of which my frail muscles were susceptible, that I was a “beast of Ephesus” myself! The disclosure seemed to take effect in the pit of the lad’s stomach, for after a momentary collapse, he wildly exclaimed: “O-yah-ugh!” and vanished.

**A SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.**

On every Sunday the outposts of the prison were thronged with visitors, who had come upon a staring expedition, and seemed amply repaid if they obtained a glimpse of the Yankees. Baraun’s Museum would have passed for a side show in comparison with hospital attraction. Upon one occasion I was standing at the window with a companion, when we were accosted by a savage-looking fellow in a planter’s hat, and very gentry dressed, who asked me if I had had enough of the Yankee. I replied by inquiring if he was the one who—o-o-o—supposed me for any one who could insult a prisoner is too cowardly to go where there is any danger.”

I regretted this observation, for it was no sooner uttered than the prancing fire-eater emitted the most sulphurous volley of oaths that I had heard on the “sacred soil.” Fuming and morting with wrath he paced backward and forward, his glittering eye till having collected himself for a second attack, he exclaimed, “Well, you belong to the Confederates now—you are in our power!”

My companion asked him if he belonged to the Confederates. Yes, he rejoined with emphasis, “I do, one of the sporty Yankees.”

“Well, what does your master ask for you?” said the former.

This was a sad blow to the “chivalric” Southerner, who had been sent from the hospitals at Manassas. No pains were taken to separate this class of patients from the Federal wounded, and it is not a little strange that such diseases, known to be infectious, were not communicated to other inmates.

This new fellowship was not particularly inviting, and the wounded generally reserved their sympathies for mutual interchange—assisting one another so far as practicable, and enjoying their little luxuries in common. By degrees, however, the new companionship ripened into a feeling of confidence in the Confederates, and the debates frequently terminated in the most amicable and warlike discussions. At such times the excitement was so strong that the oaths and other threatening gestures, but upon one occasion, a prisoner gravely proposed that an equal number should be chosen from each side, if all whom were able to walk, and had been determined to resort to Yankee tricks, and he was highly successful.

He was named “Seven Bullets,” and is known by no other title among his prison associates to this day.

**FATHER AND SON.**

Several of Elizabeth’s First Zouaves were among the wounded, and I observed that they were regarded by the Confederate soldiers with a feeling of aversion, which they were at no pains to conceal. One of their number (the Zouaves) was a young Virginian named Brown, who had long resided in New York. Shortly after his arrival at the hospital he was visited by his father, who is a resident of Richmond. The interview was not characterized by any display of tenderness on either side, but was one of those scenes, rather, which are calculated to illustrate the implacable hatred with which the rebels regard all who have not proved faithful to the Government. The father was a stubborn rebel and the son a patriot soldier. This class must be better imagined as described. After exhausting every argument and expostulation upon the unrelenting boy, the old man disowned, and declared he would disinherit him. To this the young rogue replied that his only hope was that he might recover from his wounds, get back into the Union army and fight again for the Stars and Stripes.

**DISTASTEFUL AUSCULTATION.**

I had been three weeks in the Richmond hospital when a large number of the patients were transferred to one of the tobacco warehouses, and their places re-filled by Confederate soldiers who were suffering from smallpox, typhoid fever and other diseases. They had been sent from the hospitals at Manassas. No pains were taken to separate this class of patients from the Federal wounded, and it is not a little strange that such diseases, known to be infectious, were not communicated to other inmates.

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**LET US ALONE.**

The fact of the matter was, (and I say it not in a boisterous spirit,) that the rebels only desired to be let alone. It was the head and tail of every argument. Why do you come here to suggest? Let us alone. We want peace—let us alone! We have done with war! One of their number approached me—and he is the type of a very numerous class—and asked me with all candor if I knew what the Southerners were fighting for? I told him what every soldier in the army of the Union knows. He was of the opinion that they were acting solely in self-defense; that the North, or Lincoln, had deliberately commenced the war, with a view to subjugate the South, desolate their homes, liberate their slaves, insult their women—and all this chiefly that we might enrich ourselves, and gratify a feeling of wanton malice against our “Southern brethren.” And these opinions, religiously cherished, the assured me were as perfectly shared by the Confederate army. Yet with all their glibbility, there is a latent suspicion of the open-eyed conspicuity of which they were the victims.

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Fort Monroe, Jan. 3.

The following are the names of the religions Union prisoners:

C. Anderson, Co. K, 1st Minn.
Andrew Curtis, Co. C, 4th Ohio.
W. P. H. Dooley, Co. A, 1st Minn.
J. Keifer, Co. A, 1st Minn.
E. Miller, Co. I, 2nd Ohio.
G. G. Nellis, Co. D, 2nd Minn.
R. Owen, Co. F, 2d Wis.
C. White, Co. I, 2d Ohio.

J. H. Willis, Co. I, 2d Artillery.
A. Bean, Co. D, 2d Wis.
F. Brene, Co. C, 2d Wis.
G. W. Dilley, Co. I, 2d Wis.
G. G. Everson, Co. K, 2d Wis.
J. Gregory, Co. K, 2d Wis.
A. Grant, Co. H, 2d Wis.
N. Gifford, Co. B, 2d Wis.
A. Henry, Co. C, 2d Wis.
J. H. Haggard, Co. F, 2d Wis.
I. Jones, Co. E, 2d Wis.
J. D. O'Brien, Co. G, 2d Wis.
S. D. Pitcher, Co. E, 2d Wis.
N. F. Palmer, 8th Penn.
J. Reynolds, Co. E, 2d Wis.
W. D. Robertson, Co. I, 2d Wis.
W. Taylor, Co. E, 2d Wis.
J. Tapp, 8th Penn.
G. Gray, Co. I, 1st Artillery.
R. Welch, Co. A, 2d Wis.
G. Maddox, Co. D, 1st Minn.
S. G. Duffey, 1st Ky.
J. Greanor, Co. H, 2d Ohio.
J. Griffin, Co. G, 2d Ohio.
M. Serbert, Co. I, 6th Ohio.
J. Smith, Co. E, 1st Minn.
E. Wilmer, Co. C, 1st Minn.
N. Heath, Co. A, 2d Wis.
H. Williams, Co. G, 1st Infantery.
M. White, 2d Infantry.
J. Hollihod, 2d Wis.
C. L. Chapman, 7th Ohio.
W. S. Noyes, O. Sears, W. Smithers, W. Holdredge, C. W. Miles, of 1st Minn.

Return of the Federal Prisoners from Richmond.

Four Monoir, Jan. 3.

The steamship George Washington left Old Point at 11 o'clock this morning and proceeded up James River about nine miles above Newport News, when the rebel steamboat put out and fired on the George. Washington was met with Union prisoners from Richmond; they stepped on board under the protection of the National flag.

As their names were called, such happy look was seldom seen. Cheer after cheer arose from each boat as they approached, and the band of the Fourth Artillery played "Home, Sweet Home," which added to the enthusiasm. As the boat passed Newport News, the crews of the U. S. S. Merganser and Congress manned the rigging, and the troops at Camp Butler crowded the beach and the wharves, and sent over the water their shouts of welcome.

The George Washington arrived on her return about half past five o'clock, and the Baltimore boat, which was detained for the purpose, took the released prisoners to Baltimore. The prisoners left Richmond about seven o'clock this of the three-cent loaf, with a half pint of morning. The number released is 240—such a matter of soup from the beef to be nearly all of us were taken at the battle of Bull Run. On arriving here, all who needed clothing were immediately supplied by the Quartermaster's Department.

The following are the names of the exchanged prisoners of the 2d Wisconsin:

Andrew Curtis, Co. C.
R. Owen, Co. I.
A. Bean, Co. D.
P. Brene, Co. I.

G. W. Dilley, Co. I.
O. G. Everson, Co. K.
T. Graham, Co. B.
J. Gregory.
A. Grant, Co. H.
N. Gifford, Co. B.
E. Grunell, Co. K.
J. M. Haggard, Co. F.
E. Gress, Co. H.
D. Hollihod, Co. II.
J. Jones, Co. H.
D. O'Brien Co. G.
S. D. Pitcher.
J. Reynolds, Co. E.
W. D. Robertson, Co. I.
W. Taylor, Co. A.
R. Welch, Co. A.
E. Wilmer, Co. C.
N. Heath, Co. A.
J. Hollihod.
I feared we should not have a battle. With the
sight, a remark subsequently made
by a member of the Cabinet, that he
feared we should not have a battle with
the rebels very speedily, is thought by
some to throw light on the character of
the deliberation. It seems rather dim
light.

I still adhere to the opinion expressed
by some in the Cabinet, that the
threats of war are without foundation.

A few days since, that we shall have
active operations before long. The
opinion seems universal that Donald
Forney is not to leave Chesapeake bay,
but to turn the flank of the enemy by pass-
ing up the Rappahannock.

Dear "Tribune;"

The Judge, for once, is really
sublime for something of interest to jot down for
the benefit of the reader. The army on the
Potomac furnishes nothing worthy of
notice—quietly occupying the same line
that for months past they have held; the
same routine of duty being theirs,
disturbed by the murrum of Secesh.

The weather, for a week past, has been
rather disagreeable. Monday it rained,
Tuesday it snowed, Wednesday it rained,
and on Thursday we were blessed with a
regular southern blow, which for a time
seemed doubtful whether the tents
would stand the pressure or not: in fact,
we should not have been disappointed
had we broke in the morning and found
the camp of the enemy our only cover, and
the poor soldiers lying around loose.

The Rev. Mr. Richmond, the Chaplain
of the Second, preached in Camp to-day.
The attendance at his meeting is rather
small; why I know not, but so it is.
The only wonder is that the man really under-
takes to address the Second at all, for I
am sure that his labors are of but little
account; not because the men are not
willing to rally around his standard,
simply because they know not the good
of a Chaplain, as he generally suits his own
convenience in visiting the Camp. Other
Regiments have the full benefit of their
Chaplains, but he it is of the Second
that it is one of the wonders, to see the
Rev. POWEN with his flag in Camp. In most
of the companies prayer meeting are held
nightly, and an occasional access to
the ranks is evident by the persevering
endeavors of the few steady, ever ready
men that yet hold fast to the honored path
chosen in days past. If there are any
deserving the promised reward, it is those
few men that never falter. Our company
has samples, and the merciless hand will
assuredly be stayed, and a just and happy
verdicts their reward.

On Friday our boys, that for so long
have been "here and not here," at Richmond,
returned to Washington, and last evening
they joined the company. Some sixty
men returned to the Regiment, all of
whom were taken at the battle of Bull
Run. They received a hearty welcome
by their comrade. The band played
"Home Again," and cheer after cheer
rent the air, over their return. As soon
as they are paid off, they will return to
their homes on a furlough for thirty days.
The boys all look well, considering the
poor soldiers hanging around loose.

This John Ball is one of those princes
certs held in custody to meet the fate of
the pirates taken by our Government—
Sergeant Gano, also, has a flag given him
by a Union lady at Richmond. The boys
decide that there are equally as many
Union people in Richmond as there are
in Baltimore, and that Richmond will
never be taken by our forces, for the rea-
son that it will have been seized by her
loyal citizens ere our army could possibly
reach it.

There had been a detail of Captains
and Sergeants made, to return to the State
to recruit for the Regiment, but Gen.
McDowell has recalled them, and it is
presumed that this useless expedition
will not be made. I should think there
were enough interested persons left in Wis-
consin, that could take hold of the recruiting
department, without interfering with the
Regiments in the field. We have no more
officers than is necessary, to man the gal-
lants Second, and consider it entirely com-
plimentary to our regiment to be higher
than a private be allowed to go on the recruiting
service.

I notice your issue of the 8th, that
Right Bower, correspondent of the Intel-
ligencer, is brought to account for his
essay on the mistaken question. But this
whole matter arose simply by some errant
friend at the Point writing here what the
condition of affairs were, and that the
chances of the company receiving any
favors from the Societies were slim indeed.

But we are glad that the matter thus turned
out—that Right Bower and Jorson were
really wrong; and that the ladies are the
dearest of angels. They will pardon us,
and await reinforcements. We feel con-
fident that we have a number of steadfast
friends in the Point, and trust our labors
will repay them for their pains.

The Philadelphia Inquirer contains the
intelligence that Gen. Joe L. Ave has been
granted the privilege of selecting what
favors from the Societies were slim indeed.

Our regiment may be one, for LAVE we
permilted to out—thant Zorons and Jorson were
cond condition of affairs wore, and that the
is brought to account for his
sane length of time since we have been
here. A few days ago we had a real
Virginia snow storm, which covered the
ground as far as it could. There was
hardly enough to go around in all the
enemies, but King's Brigade was well
looked out for, receiving as its share about
one bushel; nevertheless, it was enough
to swear by.

The most interesting feature of the past
work has been the return of the Bull Run
prisoners of the Second. Out of the sev-
ety-six taken, twenty-three were returned.
They commenced coming into camp on
Saturday evening, and you may believe
the reunion was a happy one. Each
company, as it received back its friends,
sent up cheer after cheer. The band
played "Sweat Home," and "Home
Again," and the poor fellows were made
as happy as circumstances would allow.

That they were "right down glad" to
to get out of Dixie, you may well believe—
Your correspondent "S." saw them, and
will tell you all about them generally, so
what I have to say will be to particula-
rly where he could not reach. The boys,
although they complain of the hard usage
they have not at the hands of the rebels,
look much better than could be expected.

Some of them look even better than when
they went South.

Your Milwaukee company, (Captain
Jack LANOWTHT,.) formerly Company
K, of the Second, now First Wisconsin
Independent Artillery, lost in killed
and missing at Bull Run fourteen men, as fol-
low: Sergeant Abram E. Gasbills, Corp.
S. H. Hagadors, Privates T. F. Baldwin,
C. C. Evanson, Joseph Grace, John He-
beck, Wm. H. Hyde, Wm. H. Mardin, R.
W. McKinnon, J. A. Mc Lotus, J. F.
Otam, John Ross, James Taylor, Thos.
E. Tenker. Of these five, Hagadors,
Everson, Hobbeck, McKinnon, and McLo-
took have returned, and those returned
can account for Gasbills, Mardin, Ross,
and Taylor, so that there are now missing
and supposed to have been killed, four,
as follows: Baldwin, Hyde, Otam, and
Tucker. Grace is supposed to have desis-
ted before the battle.

The fatality in Company K was greater
than in any other company of the regi-
ment, I think there is no doubt but the
returned prisoners will be allowed fur-
loughs to visit their friends, as they
should. Many of them are too weak to
return to duty, and many have received
wounds which, although apparently healt-
ed, will require careful attention for some
time to come.

Most of the boys wore the same clothing
that was furnished them by the State,
and it now can hardly be kept together.

Such as needed them most were furnish-
garments by the Relief Committee in
Baltimore. As soon as they arrived in
camp, they were clothed with the new U.
S. harnes.

For two days now the prisoners have
been engaged in relating to their com-
nations the scenes of their imprisonment.
Some are affecting, some rich, and some
racy. From time to time, I will try and
give you some of the most interesting.—
When they reached Richmond, those of the
Wisconsin boys who were in one
building held a meeting, and determined,
as they considered it best for their own
good, to treat all the insults of the rebels
with silent contempt; but this they found
would not answer, as the more silent they
were the more they had to suffer. Then
they changed their tactics, and every time,
y where they were insulted retorted back as
well as they knew how, and anybody who
knows the Second Boys knows they enjoy
their share of the gift of gab. When the
rebels understood that their insults were
no longer tolerated, they gradually
closed their persecutions.

The boys complained to the conduct of
Tomp, the brother of Mrs. Lincoln, who
had charge of them, and also of the Sa-
gers under him. They are anxious to
have either of these either when they
will have a settlement to make. Of Capt.
Grave, their new commander, all speak in
high terms. He used every exertion his
position would allow to make them con-
fortable, and when the boys left he wished
them kindly a speedy voyage to
"ABRAHAM'S bosom." They, however, assent,
would come into the prison with his sword
in his hand, and revolve in the other,
stick up and down the rooms, threateoing
somebody, and on one occasion he
ran his sword through the leg of a poor
prisoner, who, unfortunately not seeing,
stood in the follow's way as he came in.

It was a happy day when Tomp was tol-
died.

While the boys were suffering from per-
suasions most, when the citizens would
halt before their windows and shout di-
rectly at them, they organized a glee
club, and the old prison walls would shake
with strains of "Hail Columbia," "The
Star Spangled Banner," and "John
Brown's Soul is a Marching On." The
ohalley, eracis with rage, would fairly
dance under the windows, and the boys
highly delighted would keep on. Occa-
sionally they were asked, "Why in —don't
you sing Dixie?" So they wrote a Dixie
to suit themselves, which served to enurge
people still more.

They organized a theatre, and many of
the Southerners officers preferred attending
it to the Richmond Temple of Music. On
any occasion when they held forth numbers
of these individual were present, and
during the plays scenes received many hard hits. On Christmas Eve they gave a
grand theatrical entertainment. Many of the
Southerners officers, and many of the
Federal officers, (prisoners) were present.
After the entertainment was over, two of
the prisoners, private Marshall, of the
La Crosse Co. and a New York Sergeant,
followed them out and made their escape from
the building. Unless they have been
retaken, (which is doubted) or have suc-
ceeded in escaping from Richmond, they
are now quartered in the house of a Union
man, who will take good care of them.

Much as the prisoners suffered, and
such as they desired to get away, they
were true patriots. After they had been in
prison a short time, and when the U. S.
government persisted in refusing to ex-
change prisoners, hints were thrown out to
them that they had better petition their
Government for an exchange, and they
were informed that any document they
wished to send would be forwarded
unopened. A meeting was held and it
was decided almost unanimously that the
policy of the Government was not to
exchange, but to treat the Confederates
rebells. They were willing to suffer for
the preservation of this object. Neverthe-
less, a few drew up a petition praying for
an exchange, and it was signed by only
fifteen out of all those in the building.
Those secretly added the names of many
of the Wisconsin men, and the latter dis-
covering it held an indignation meeting,
denounced the petitioners, and obtaining
possession of the petition destroyed it.

There were more petitions gotten up,

I found but little variance in the reports
of the prisoners as to the loss of the rebels
at Bull Run. With Yankee ingenuity they
used every means to find out their loss, and
so an official report of the battle was
made, the method taken was to carefully
note down the reports from each regiment
published, and figure the result. It
was several months before this was ac-
complished, and their figures show a list
of fifty-seven regiments engaged, sustain-
ing a loss of 12,067 (twelve thousand six-
hundred and sixty-seven) of these 5,000
were killed, the balance wounded. The
history of Bull Run has yet to be written.

I noticed all the buttons off the coats
of the boys, and inquiring where they went,
received the answer: "Oh! that's the
way we got our papers!") The newboys
burnished two copies of the morning pa-
pers for one of the metal buttons of the
soldiers, and as the Second had not been
paid off, and many of these were con-
sequently out of money, this currency came
in very opportunely.

Out of all the prisoners sent to Rich-
mond, only 400 remained there, the rest
having being sent South. Many of the Wis-
cason boys sent off had been wounded, for
instance, Gaskill, of Co. K, had a
ball through both lungs. Donavan, of
Co. E, had five balls in him. Jackson,
of Co. B, had his arm broken. They were
doing well, however, when sent to New
Orleans.

When it was announced that a number
of the prisoners were to be exchanged, it
was supposed that the most feasible would
be sent off first, and there was consider-
able "passing playing" to get on the sick
list. These boys are in Richmond.
Before the choice was made there was con-
iderable bargaining, and as high as $50
was offered to lucky individuals for their
chances. Market brisk but no sales to
note.

I have not seen one of the Second boys
who is not anxious to have another turn
at the rebels. They insist that the rebel
cause is in a hard way, and say that rebels
told them their cause hopeless, without
foreign intervention, and that they were
disheartened. There are few troops in
Richmond, and nearly all whose time
is up are returning home.

The Union feeling is strong in Rich-
mond, but is, of course, kept down.
A secret organization, of which many of
the boys were cognizant, existed, and from
it they received most valuable aid. Before
they left some of the guards around the
prison had got so as to treat them kindly, and a member of the association
referred to above told one of the boys
that it had 2,000 men ready to join the
Federal army when it reached Richmond.
Present appearances indicate they will
not have long to wait.

The Southern mode of expression of
things gave the boys no little amusement.
When they first arrived they were exhib-
ted to the surprised crowd, and the ques-
tion was, "What are you doing down here
for?" Where you wounded at?" The
curious way of asking it always made the
boys smile, and no little obfuscation was the
result. The reply was just as the Second
boys would be supposed to give it. "Oh,
nothing but a few pound rifs cannon ball
through the head," or, "a twenty-four
pound shot through the heart," etc. This
would be believed for a time, but at length
it came to be a common expression, "Then
the Yanks are the d—est liars in the
world."

Among the returned prisoners is the
Little Corporal Burns, of La Crosse.
Everybody was pleased to see Bob, as his
name has become so familiar as the
author of Gen. Tyler's madness.

When we went on to the field at Bull Run,
Tyler rode at the head of the Connecti-
ticut troops, and coming in at an angle,every
step his horse took he was urging the
regiment to a hopeless task, that of pass-
ing the Second, by the order "For—w—r
Connecticut!" Little Burns would rep-
pet the order, "Forward Wisconsin!
until the General got so exasperated that
a good thing was made out of it, by
"For—w—r Connecticut!" is heard
often as "John Waddles, my horse!"
"wre was at the expense of Major Lan-
in the First.

Another of the boys is Evans, of K. He
was wounded in the head, the ball
going in front and lodging in the brain.
A few days after he was in the Richmond
hospital. Dr. Lewis was examining the
wound, when a rebel spy came along and
watching him a moment I said innoc-
cently, how he was going to extract
the ball. "Oh!" replied the Dr. very wisely.
"I shall take out the brain, run it through
an old fashioned cullender, strain it, then
put it back." The Dr. and secesh were
never friends after that, but still Evan-
non is doing well. Those that will do for the prisoners
this time. Next will tell you how they
their tobacco, and everything else I
can pick up.

Rumor has it that Jim Lane has laid
forcible hands on the Second Wisconsin,
and is determined to take them off to Kan-
sas with him. The boys are pleased at
the partiality shown the Second.

A new effort is about being made to
recruit the regular army, by calling for
twenty-five volunteers from each State
regiment. The inducements offered are a
month's furlough to go home, and three
months' pay to spend it in. The move-
ment will win, and the regular regiments,
which are fully effective and without any
privileges, will be filled at once.

C. P. S. — The Richmond prisoners are be-
ing paid off. Their pay amounts to $86,
and they are allowed nothing for rations.
Each man was notified to attend the de-
partment and he would receive a furlough
for thirty days.

Army Correspondence.

Letter from the Second Regiment.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.


Dear Sentinel:—We on the Potomac
are expecting great things to transpire du-
ing the remainder of the month of Jan-
uary. The steps taken by the Government
to kill off rebellion certainly indicate that
our expectations are not on too grand a
scale.

Every hour now we are looking for a
good report from Gen. Burnside's expedi-
tion, and unless we are all sadly disap-
pointed it will come up the James or Rap-
pahannock River, and at the same time it landed a division of the Potomac army would start off in a south-westerly direction, and meet them. Cut off from their base of the Potomac, and from railroad communication with Richmond, as they surely will be, we may surely look for something doing on the Potomac and its vicinity. If you are anxious out West, we are as much so here. We have made up our minds as to the result, and hope not to be disappointed.

Our prisoners returned from Richmond say that the difficulties between Davis and Beauregard grew out of the urgent desire of the latter to advance on Washington after the Bull Run fight. The General used every exertion in his power to be allowed to do so, but Davis prevented it. Beauregard counted it a golden opportunity lost, and most certainly it was so.

While the Second prisoners were confined in the tobacco factory at Richmond, all the stock, consisting of about two thousand dollars' worth, was carried up into the fifth story or dock loft, and the trap door of this department was nailed down securely. (1)

More than this, the boys were warned if they troubled it they would be shot. For about two weeks the boys got along very well, but at the end of that time, there came a hankering for the weed, and they had no funds in bank, they must draw on the Southern stock. By some means a board was lifted up in the floor, then the trap door was forced open, and the way tobacco was distributed around was a system. Each man laid in a good supply, and he was put on guard. The whole question was now settled for a time at least. Some time after the owner of the factory came in, and a discovery was made. He was exceedingly wrath; there can be no doubt. He raved, sternly, and even threatened to shoot, etc. Then, more sensibly, went to work and removed all the pressed tobacco from the building, and removing the fine cut to an apartment, nailed it up. When the boys ran short again, they sharpened some bits of iron and bored through the floor and from this hole dug out all they wanted. It was a god-send.

Shortly after being confined, two barrels of whisky were found in the building. No sooner was the discovery made than a number got exceedingly intoxicated, making much noise, and fighting. To prevent a repetition of the scene, the more sensible emptied their slop baskets into the barrels, thus destroying the liquor. The drunken ones were placed in iron and kept for a week, but Yankee ingenuity invented a machine which unsealed the barrels, and when the officers were absent they were taken off, to be put on again when the officers came.

A large number were in irons at different times, but it was not great inconvenience. As to the shooting of prisoners, which has been spoken of frequently, one of the prisoners reports that, in his building, four were shot. Another report in his five. Nearly all the shots were fired through the windows, missing those who were aimed at and going through the floor, killing those above. It was always done in a spirit of mischievous depravity, and probably by drunken sons of chivalry, who were passing the prisons, and desired to do some daring deed of chivalry.

The prisoners complained of having had their clothing taken from them, and many had their money taken also. This was not so much the case with the Bull Run prisoners, for they came in a body, and amid much excitement. Most of them, too, were not extravagantly clothed, and at that time the rebels were better off than now. Those taken at later dates, picked up from picket and scouting parties, suffered most, for when their clothing was good it was invariably taken, and worn out and vermin-infested clothes substituted in their place. A favorite method was to take the shoes and outer garments of those in the hospitals, leaving worn out articles in their place. It seems too barbarous for belief, but as the sufferers asserted it to be true there can be no doubt of it.

The boys are ready at all times to do justice where it is deserved. Whenever a friendly act was performed towards them they not only freely acknowledged it, but were extravagant in their praise towards the individuals who have befriended them. When the contrary was the case they speak just as freely.

The secret Union Association of Richmond befriended them in many ways. Known by signs delineations were sent to the prisoners, and when the money was sent down to the apparent peddler, it came back in the bottom of the basket containing the articles. Life was not all a desert, and the prisoners are all longing to go back to Richmond, although not exactly as they went there before.

We are just getting on a gale of wind from the Northard and Westard. It has blown furiously, and as it took the place of a balmy Southern breath is not very welcome. The winter quarters of the troops along the line protect them from the blast, however.
they could make changes for the drink, so

the brand at once went out of market, there
taking its place two brands called
respectively "Slow Torture" and "Death
Bed Confession." These are now the
staple articles in market, with a firm de-
mand But little for sale, at prices rang-
ing high. Our latest quotations are
$1.50a2.50 per pint, the margin varying
in accordance with the arrival of smug-
glers. Is it not an interesting state of
affairs?

I can scarcely touch upon any subject
doing that does not give me a chance to illus-
trate the shrewdness of our Badger boys.
The whisky question is no exception.—

The day before New Years some half
dozens of the Second boys were congregated
near the lines of a regiment from the
same State. The same regiment were not
on the best terms, and about the equal
number of representatives from the other
regiment were near at hand. Between
the two there had been some "chafing," and
the Second boys thought on general
principles they had got considerably ahead
—that is to say they had beaten their
opponents at blackguarding, when one of
the latter spoke up, saying:—"You
Second follows can't celebrate New
Year's day! A good joke on you. "Why,"
very innocently asked one of the Second,
supposing that an order had been issued,
"You can't get any whiskey across the
river." "By — they got us," exclaimed
one of the Second as they moved off.

Now, when you take so temperate a regi-
ment as the Second, and intimate that
whisky is necessary to aid them in
celebrating a New Years or any other
day, it is assuming a great deal, and
if their opponents moved off chuckling
that they were ahead, the Second mov-
ed off feeling that such was the case
actually and be, on dispute, and no't
that they were ahead, the Second mov-
ed off feeling that such was the case
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actually and be, on dispute, and no't
that they were ahead, the Second

The whisky question is no exception,—
dozen of the Second boys were congregated
the day before New Years. Home half
Thousands of the Second, and intimate tbat

In the exhuberance of their
joy, they had to tell how and why the
thing was accomplished, and for a day it
was a standing joke in camp. The uni-
form of the Second, being precisely like
that of the Regulars, the boys were easily
enabled to carry the thing out.

Letter from Gen. King's Brigade.
Concordance of the Sentinel.


Editors Sentinel:—Sunday was a

A magnificent specimen of a winter day. In
the evening the snow shone bright and the
air was soft and balmy as midsummer.
He who ruleth all things forget not the
thousands congregated in various parts of
our distracted country in defense of the
proclamations—blustering weather—no one
of them are better houses—more comfort
Basic articles in market, with a firm de-
mand. But little for sale, at prices rang-
ing high. Our latest quotations are
$1.50a2.50 per pint, the margin varying
in accordance with the arrival of smug-
glers. Is it not an interesting state of
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day, it is assuming a great deal, and
if their opponents moved off chuckling
that they were ahead, the Second mov-
ed off feeling that such was the case
actually and be, on dispute, and no't
that they were ahead, the Second

so great that the weather be as it may, tbat

the men on the "tented
field." Your readers must not infer from
this that should our hopes not be gratified,
any great amount of suffering and depriva-
tion will be the consequence with the
armed hosts. Such an inference would be
unnecessary and positively wrong. It is
with us in camp as it is at home. Pleasant
weather is hailed with thankful hearts in
both instances. We have become so used
to get along without the home comforts,
and, as a general thing, fitted the "camp
houses" up in a manner as to be comfort-
able, let the weather be as it may, that
fears entertained by friends at home con-
cerning the men here, in point of suffer-
ing, are uncalled for. Drive a nail there.
For the past month, and even longer, the
men have been busily engaged in prepar-
ing for wintering near the famous
Potomac, and, as you have been informed,
from the "big folks," now, in almost
every direction about here can be seen
snug little villages, and even cities, which
have grown up in about the same length
of time it takes to make a city in Wiscon-

sion. They appear—well, you have been
told all about the manner the winter
quarters have been constructed, and how
they look, and we will only say that many of
them are better houses—more comfort-
able—than many of us have lived in at
home in civil life.

Without much doubt, a large force of
the army of the Potomac will remain unmoved—will be kept to guard the city, so that in case of a Bull Run disaster, a greater disaster may not follow—the capture of Washington. To one who has watched closely the actions of our gallant young chief, it seems to us, it can seem only that the war is being conducted in the most economical manner. He at tempts nothing that he is not competent to fulfill, and, above all, is careful of his brave men. If the men in the field are willing to await his movements, why should not those at home, who have only to look on, and bear expenses, be so? Reuse me for pen- ning this paragraph. Opinions of this sort, continual praise of certain regiments or men, harping on slavery or tariff questions, and in fact anything that does not interest the general reader, should be out of the line of all correspondents in the army.

The man CORBETT, of whom you spoke some time since in the Sentinel as having been arrested in Virginia on suspicion of furnishing important information to the enemy, was one of President LINCOLN'S warmest supporters, and last spring was compelled to leave his home in Virginia on account of his known abolition proclivities. So far is he from being an adherent of the rebels, that a stranger supporter of the Union cause cannot well be found. It is generally known about Washington that his arrest was caused on account of having been a believer in the principles of Treasury Serrs. If it were for that he was arrested, we are glad of it, and sorry that the Government did not commence its operations in this way a long time ago. You can draw your own inferences. We will not pass an opinion upon the effect it might have had, and which we believe would have moved Mr. Corbett in his old acquaintance of ours, formerly from New York.

Mr. Editor, cannot there be some means devised by which a greater supply of reading can be supplied to the men in the army? There would be a vast deal less of drinking and swearing among the men if a sufficiency of reading, such as newspapers, historical works, and magazines, could be had. Allow us to make a few suggestions in regard to this matter. It is but a trifling task to wrap up a paper after you have perused it, and send it to some friend in the army. There are young ladies enough, who, I presume, would willingly devote two or three hours each day in gathering up, from house to house, newspapers, books, magazines, &c., if they only knew how much it would please their soldier friends. Now, that the young men are all gone to the war, it leaves the ladies a good deal lonely, and a portion of that cannot be more comfortably passed than engaged in furnishing reading matter for the army. If the young men are not all gone, it should make no difference, they ought to leave, and all such as have remained at home, while old-
of ones have left their names and taken their chances of war, deserve to be ousted by the gentler sex, or in more common terms, "muttered their own ruin. We hope that in every city and town in Wisconsin, a society, the object of which shall be to furnish reading for our soldiers, will be organized, and the young cause commence at once. Who will make the first move?

Have you ever attended a funeral in camp? Of all the solemn ceremonies ever witnessed, the burial of a brother soldier is the most solemn. As we gaze upon the cold face of the departed hero, and think of the dear friends he has left to serve his country, of the loving wife, perhaps the darling little children, who so willingly gave up their dear friend but a short time since, the tears cannot be hid, and low weeping is heard in the mournful gathering. Poor fellows, they die in a noble cause, but the loss is none the less great. May a just God have mercy on the widows and orphans of our departed heroes, and speedily terminate this wicked rebellion.

It is gratifying to note the improvements in health of the soldiers in the army of the Potomac. Most of us are getting used to the climate, consequently less sickness is prevalent.

General King, from your city, is gaining the confidence of his men every day, and is among the most popular Generals on this side of the river. He is a kind father to his men. Well may Wisconsin be proud of him.

W. J. A.  

Letter from the Second Regiment.


Dear Sentinel:—If you imagine that out here, situated as we are, I can send you anything in the way of news, you are woefully mistaken. We are dependant on the outer world for articles in this line; and so separate and distinct are the brigades, that frequently we get the particulars of a foraging expedition or the result of a meeting party, through the New York Herald before we are aware that such an expedition or meeting was dreamed of. The Washington papers are remarkable for their eagerness in a news way, and even for local matters we depend upon the Baltimore Clipper and New York Herald. Even our Western papers bring us news connected with our own locality that we never hear of before. I notice that Capt. Jack on roosting the Sentinel, always turns and reads through the telegraphic column, and chancing him about one day, he commenced reading and gave me the particulars of a foraging expedition from Gen. Smith's division, that I had not heard of before. As the telegraph does all the news work, I must confine myself to the personnel which the wire does not reach, and which is perhaps beneath their notice. So much for so much! As pay day is drawing near once more, we find our worthy Chaplain, Richmond, at his post again. To say the least, the person is a very eccentric genius, and I cannot see that he does much good in the Second. Whether it is on account of the stubbornness of his hearers, or for other causes, I am unable to say; but he has such a way of doing things that is difficult to understand. You will see him pacing around camp of a Sunday morning, his hands full of original songs, and as he will be here, there and everywhere, apparently full of business. About noon he will begin to settle down, get the band out and hard at work. After they are tired out, and perhaps twenty soldiers are gathered about him, he will give out and have sung a hymn, and as it is then time for noon roll call, will announce afternoon services at three o'clock, and then will disappear, and go off to some other camp, forgetting all about his appointments. Frequently, say two or three Sabbath a month, he will not come at all; but once in a while he manages to get started off and gives us a sermon. Its results are small, for neither officers or men entertain any great respect for him, and think he is either out of his province or out of his head. The person is the subject of some jokes at the hands of the men, which is, of course, all wrong. When he steps off he carries a small cloth, hung like a shant, on which is painted a cross. Some time since he was talking to a little crowd, when one of the boys came along, and observing him, very irreverently sang out "Tell what the —— is the matter with that fellow—can't he sell his maps?" The thing was so ludicrous, notwithstanding the serious subject, that it created no little amusement.

In other regiments the Chaplain is thought considerable of; as he gives them a sharp sermon, telling many practical truths. He is on intimate terms with the President, Gen. Scott, McCollum, Seward, and all the notables. Not long since he gave them a sermon, in which he set off his regiment in no very flattering terms; and among other things said they were great swimmers. "Indeed," he said, "he never saw anything like it. They will swim terribly, and I believe they would wear the steers off a meeting house." The ladies of Secretary Seward's and Secretary Cameron's families were present, and as they are firm friends of the Second, the affair made considerable amusement in the higher circles. Say what you please about the Chaplain's设施 in other regiments, he is
always prompt for his pay at the end of the two months. Last pay day he went to the General Paymaster's office, and, as it happened, several of the officers of the Second were there. He told the Paymaster in a very business-like manner what he came for, and that he was Chaplain of the Second. "Your name is not on the roster roll," replied the clerk, and at that time he had not been mustered. He still insisted that he was Chaplain of the Second, when the clerk said, "These gentlemen here belong to the Second." "Oh," said the parson, "they will identify me." You know me," he said to one of them. "Never saw you before in my life; who is your name?" "Captain O'Connel, you know me," he continued, as he turned to another. "Never saw you before." The parson said nothing more, but stalked out of the office, had the muster roll corrected and drew his pay.

Adjutant Haskell, of the Sixth, is interesting rapidly from the effects of the fall from his horse, which happened some days since. I hope to see him in the saddle again shortly, for the Regiment must miss him sadly.

Col. O'Connor, of the Second, is on a short visit to New York, to receive medical aid. The Colonel has the kindest sympathies of every man of the Second in his office, and all trust that he will soon recover to a full command of his voice. The successful management of the Second is owing in no slight degree to the efforts of the Colonel, and all feel this. In his directions and orders he has labored that the Regiment might enjoy all the liberality of the regular army, while at the same time it should not be a whit behind that in discipline. That he has succeeded, the regiment to-day speaks for itself, while the fact that in brigades or division drills under Gen. McDowell and Washburn and nearly every movement in the tactics was gone through, with the Regiment never committed a blunder, not even was corrected, speaks volumes for the military knowledge of Col. O'Connor.

One of the hardest working regiments near us is the Seventh. Every effort is put forth that the men may become soldiers, and their rapid improvement can be easily noticed. The Seventh has been particularly unfortunate in its head, but no regiment in the service, excepting perhaps, the New York Seventy-Ninth, has passed through the dangers and vicissitudes of the Second. There are few regiments that could have done so, without a complete disorganization. Of the four Wisconsin regiments in this vicinity, the Sixth has been most fortunate in its head. There has been but one change, and the field officers have worked together to create harmony and perfect the regiment. The line officers are also such men as should command companies, and the regiment-to-day shows the efforts thereof. Of the Fifth, we know but little. Yet there are rumors of jealous feelings among the field officers, which, I trust, are without foundation. No regiment can prosper or become what it should without the utmost good feeling among the directing heads.

The Wisconsin Regiments are all enjoying excellent health. Notwithstanding the changeable weather, I think that sick lists are smaller than ever before. Since they came into service the Second has lost by disease only three men, the Sixth and the Seventh, I think, thirteen. Those who have died in camp have been buried near us, excepting those whose bodies were sent home, and in some cases wooden tablets have been placed at the foot and head of the graves. Three of these graves are within sight of my quarters, on a hill side below the Sixth, where every passer-by stops to take a look at the resting place of the poor fellows. It is a melancholy sight.

The Seventh is jubilant over the idea that Jim Lane has selected them to go and help Old John Brown's soul in its rolling on. They like Jim's style of philtre. The two regiments which are understood to be already selected are the Second Wisconsin and the First Ohio. All the General wants is provisions sufficient to take him to Leavenworth, after which he will take care of himself. It is said here that Barlow's Cavalry will also go with Lane. Just now we want a General who can infuse into their troops the spirit that Jim Lane can, and the men will be ready and willing to go anywhere.

The vexed question in Washington is, what to do for money. The troops and everybody else are being paid off in Treasury notes, and the Government having stopped stoppage payment, it takes four per cent to get these exchanged into gold. The Washington merchants, who, of course, take the notes at par, are picking up all the bankable small bills they can reach to make change with, as they do not like to give change back in gold or silver. It is expected that the Government will make these treasury notes like those of the Bank of England, legal tender, when the difficulty will be obviated. It was of little use for the Government to issue these notes, as they nearly all fell into the hands of brokers, who drew gold for them, thus making it necessary to keep a large amount on deposit at those places where the notes were renderable. The brokers will now make a handsome thing out of it in the way of four to five per cent premium for gold, unless the Government makes them legal tender, which as they pay them out as such, it should do at once.

The new K company in the Second is working along gradually. It will take some time to get them fully equipped, and armed. They will have the new Minnie musket, an order for them having been issued, and they are expected along every day.

The Company is composed mostly of Swedes, there being also some Germans in the ranks. It was designed as a Swiss company, however, but the difficulty in filling rendered it necessary to recruit some Germans. The men are mostly well advanced in years, there being several cases where both father and son are in the ranks, and many of them have seen service in the old country. After they have been equipped and drilled, and acquire a suficiency of English to correctly and easily distinguish the orders, they will no doubt make a valuable acquisition to the Second.

There is in the ranks of the Sixth Regiment, a German, who may well lay claim to being an old soldier. He has been in ten battles in this country, and bears on his person eleven wounds, all of which have left scars which he will carry to the grave, and of which he is exceedingly proud. He was at the siege of Fort Sumter, and received a wound there, and is now anxious to try his hand again.

In the way of re-enforcement, the Government has made a drill at the brass bands, or regimental orchestras as they are called. No new ones are allowed, and efforts are being made to disband those already in existence. These bands are a pleasant thing to have in the family, and on moonlight evenings their music is most soothing; yet, as it would make so great a saving to the Government, there is no doubt they should be broken up, and but very few would feel the loss.

Under the present order they labor under a disadvantage, for any member of them can easily get discharged, and have, and the other kinds of sickness have dwindled many of them down to a half dozen performers. No new ones can be recruited, so that every day you hear bands so reduced in numbers that instead of music they send forth only discordant grunts. This is intolerable, and the Government should either order the bands to fill up, or disband them altogether. The latter would be the better course. A well drilled martial band is all
doing that kind of business. Don't for a moment imagine that on account of the climate in the South, can stand it at all, and spend their time in wishing they could be "let to go" anywhere else.

We have just been having an important occasion, and I think most of us are all right, but not slightly cold. The boys keep to their tents. The inside is perfectly comfortable, and if it isn't a little damp, we have firewood enough to keep us warm, and good supplies of all kind of provisions. Our tents are all up, and we have plenty of room for the men to sleep in. It is a very good thing to have tents, as it makes us independent of the weather.

There is a good deal of snow about, and we have been out collecting it, and it is all right. We have plenty of wood to make a good fire, and we shall not be cold. We have also a good supply of food, and we shall not want for anything.

The regiment is well-fed, and we have plenty of good butter. The boys keep to their tents, and they do not seem to be in any want of provisions. We have plenty of food, and we shall not want for anything.

When we first came into this vicinity, we were told that we should have a good time, but we did not expect it to be so pleasant. We have plenty of food, and we shall not want for anything.

We have been moving about a good deal, and we have been looking around. We have seen a good deal, and we have been looking around. We have seen a good deal, and we have been looking around.

The paymaster has not yet made his report, but we expect it to be made soon. We have been promised a good time, and we shall have it.

We have been busy collecting wood, and we have been looking around. We have seen a good deal, and we have been looking around.

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insert the plunger. The grenade is thrown with the right hand, and the dart assists the direction of it. Upon striking any object it explodes like a shell, bursting into many pieces, and these pieces doing great damage.

I have seen pieces of the hand grenade thrown an eighth of a mile. They are used and designed to throw into a fort on approaching to storm it, and from a fort to protect it when the enemy is approaching too near it. Thrown from a fort into the ditches full of men, the slaughter would be terrible. The grenade now in use is like a patent of last August and differ materially from the old grenade of which we read. The single pound ones are but little larger than an egg, the five pounders as large as a man can throw easily even a short distance. When loaded, with the plunger in, they must be handled carefully, as it takes only a slight jar to make them do damage when they want to build shanties to cover them. Within a circuit of a mile of Arlington I should say that a dozen houses have mysteriously disappeared within the past six months, and this may be one of the reasons why they are now so scarce. Only one of these, the Hunter Mansion was of any account. I know this; there are no saw mills around here, and still every cable and every tent is the sufficiency of boards to make them a good floor and comfortable bunks to sleep in. Many of these have a strong resemblance to parts of doors, partition walls, flooring, etc., and I have no doubt that many a soldier sleeps comfortably every night on boards that once bore the pressure of No. 3's as they were whirled gracefully through the many walks. However, it seems not to have hurt the boards any, for the soldiers sleep as soundly on these boards as though there were no such association connected with them.

The Government is in a great degree relieving the soldiers from the hard work of cutting his own fire wood. A large number of contrabands have been put to work on the fallen timber, and are cutting it up into cord wood. This is piled up, and the regiment leaves it off as wanted. The contrabands receive $1 per cord for the chopping, which, as the trees are all down is considered a very good price. The Wisconsin Regiments have no, to any extent, availed themselves of this generosity on the part of Uncle Sam, the men preferring to chop their own wood, on the principle that the exercise is beneficial to them.

Another death has taken place in the ranks of the Second, the victim being a Swiss, whose name I cannot learn, in the Twenty-Eighth Company K. He died of pneumonia, and was buried about a mile from camp near the Nineteenth Indiana, where the brigade has a burial ground. The poor fellow was followed to his last resting place by his own company and detachment from other companies in the regiment.

In the camp of the Second are two barracks of two companies of the Twelfth New York, who are stationed at Fort Tillinghast, which fronts the encampment. During the week three of the privates of these companies have died very suddenly from a disease which the Surgeons have never before known. They were taken sick in the morning and died before night. The disease commenced by a cold numbness in the feet, gradually extending upwards, when the victims commenced to turn black and died. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that the liver and lungs were one bloated mass, and clotched with blood. Two more of the company were attacked with the same disease, but they were cured by an application to the feet of breast heaped so hot as to blister the feet, and by drinking pepper tea. It is probably the result of an intemperate habit and neglect.

Paymaster Morgan has made his appearance, and before this reaches you the troops of King’s brigade will probably have been paid off, and what is more probable, have spent a greater portion of their money. The pay of the troops mounting to $25, they receive $25 in Treasury notes and $1 in gold. Strong efforts have been made to make a discount of 40% per cent. on these notes, but I believe it has been unsuccessful. At all events there are enough to take the notes at par, and these get the trade.

The Second has just been supplied with new muskets all through. For eight months the boys have carried the old smooth bore gun pipe, and now comes the new Austrian muskets, just arrived from Hamburg. They are shorter than the old ones, the bayonet being 1-1/2 inches longer, and weigh about the same. Like the Redfield rifles, they have been built for service rather than show, and look as if they would do good execution. They carry a ball like that of the Minnie, and are very pretty things to handle. If any regiment in the service deserved new arms the Second did, and now that they have them the boys are pleased. I believe it is a generally acknowledged fact that printers, as a class, never lose their identification, place them where you will. On the seventeenth, I was agreeably surprised by an invitation to attend a festival to be given by the printers in the Second Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, in commemoration of the anniversary of the birthday of HENRY FRANKLIN. There are at least thirty printers in the Second, one half of whom are commissioned officers. On the morning of the 17th they held a meeting and determined to conduct the day. Captain Duff Morgan was chosen President of the Day, and resolutions to the point were adopted. In
the evening, a grand supper was sat down to, and amidst speeches, toasts, songs, fact, fun and fancy, the evening passed away.

The Second band resumed the music, and no better was ever listened to. It was an impromptu affair, but for good taste it is not often equalled.

We are reaping our harvest of mud, and there is an abundance of mud everywhere.

You never saw the ill.

I have recently learned that Gov. Randall is to be a Brigadier General. If it is so you probably have heard of it before this, but I put it in the item to fill up the space and not in the way of news.

Letter from the Second Regiment.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

ARLINGTON, Jan. 17, '62.

Incidents connected with the prisoners of the Second at Richmond continue to pile in upon us. A member of the Oshkosh company picked up a Lieutenant and bade good-bye to his brother officers, and started off. Arriving in Washington and applying at Headquarters, he found that the order was all wrong, and that he was asked to come to the other, for when K was called, all he cared to see was the exchange of names, and the E man went off, answering to the other's name. It was an unfortunate change for him and a fortunate one for the other, for when K was called I wish I could give you the figures in short order, and then again I am glad South, while K was sent North. Several such instances are reported.

 Shortly before the release there were two prisoners in one of the hospitals, one from E and one from K Co., when an order came for one of them to be sent to the prison. It was the K man, and he, preferring his present quarters to the hospital, exchanged names, and the E man went off, answering to the other's name. It was an unfortunate change for him and a fortunate one for the other, for when K was called I wish I could give you the figures in short order, and then again I am glad South, while K was sent North. Several such instances are reported.

From the specimens brought home, the boys must have spent a large portion of their time in making pipes and rings, the E man wanting to leave the hospital, they exchanged names, and the E man went off, answering to the other's name. It was an unfortunate change for him and a fortunate one for the other, for when K was called I wish I could give you the figures in short order, and then again I am glad South, while K was sent North. Several such instances are reported.

It would be a matter of surprise to you, in Wisconsin to know the number of pies devoured every day by the "grand army," and the next time you are in the state of affairs in Wisconsin, the when two Philadelphia regiments fired recruiting business, etc. The Captain turned from his visit to New York, and I

The signal corps of the army is approaching daily towards a degree of perfection. The system is excellent, and so accurate that different divisions of the army approaching each other, even in the darkest night, will be perfectly and easily able to recognize each other, and do so with every shadow of cause for such disgraceful affairs as that which occurred some months since at Chalm Bridge, when two Philadelphia regiments fired into each other.

The present is Gen. Kline's week for a reply to all questions. A dispatch to him. This Sunday morning the Sixth Dapt. Randolph to join his company at Regiment started out in the midst of a shower of rain; and with the mud knee deep, and ten miles of the roughest road you ever saw to travel. The boys made virtue of necessity, and went off singing as happily as though the weather was perfectly splendid. As it has been raining for the past week, and there is no present indication of its holding up for a week to come, there is anything but a pleasant prospect before the Sixth. Nevertheless, they will bear it with the resignation of philosophers.

A distemper, apparently severe cold, prevailing to a great extent among the officers on the Potomac. It is probably from the exposure to the weather which many of them have had to meet, there not being stable accommodations for them.

C. Letter from the Second Regiment during a Printers' Festival in Camp.

Correspondence of the Sentinel.

CAMP STEWART, OAKLAND BOYS.,

January 16th, 1803.

Dear Setting:—I send you the proceedings of a Printers' Festival, which was held at the camp of the Second, by
the printers of the Regiment, of which there are some twenty-eight, among whom are the following gentlemen: Major Allen, Capt. La Flesche, Capt. McKee, Lieut. Otis, Lieut. Wood, Sergeant Barty and Woodward.

McKee was chosen President, and Capt. La Flesche Secretary. Lieut. Otis was the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. We had the brass band of the Second, and I must say it did some pretty good "blowing."

Lieut. Col. Fairchild was present, and also Dr. Ward. The Dr. said he was no printer, but a very good eater, of which he gave ample proof during the evening.

When Lieut. Col. Fairchild rose to make a speech, he commenced in this way: "Gentlemen and fellow-soldiers, and I wish to God I could say fellow-craftsmen."

The evening passed off very pleasantly.

The following is the bill of fare.

**BILL OF FARE.**

**SOUP.**

Oyster.

**ROASTS.**

Chicken, Loins of Beef, Mutton.

**ENTREES.**

Oysters stewed, Oysters Fried, Sardines, Head Cheese, Bread and Butter.

**RELISHES.**

Pickles, Celery, French Mustard, Desert.

**DESSERT.**

Crab Apple, Mince Pie, Apple Pie, Fruit Cakes, Leaf Cakes, Jellies, Ginger Snaps, Nuts, Rhubarb Apples, Tea and Coffee.

**WINES.**

Catawba, Champagne.

**QUARTERS KI.VO'S BROADW.**

Fairchild.

**CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.**

Lieut. Col. F. M. BART.

The following letters were received in the evening:

**BRIGADE HEAD QUARTERS.**

**ARLINGTON, JAN. 17, 1862.**

**SIR:**—An imperative business engagement in Washington, much to my regret, precludes the acceptance of your kind invitation to meet the printers of your Regiment this evening. It would be a gratification to meet under the shadow of your fraternal emblem with which my lot was cast for so many years,—whose associations were so pleasant,—and whose memories are yet so fresh, and so cherished, that the festivity will be one of uninterrupted enjoyment.

Let me offer as a sentiment:

"The history of Warren M. Graham,—a gallant soldier, a true gentleman, and a great friend."

Very respectfully,

Your ob't serv't,

RUFUS KING.

Lieut. GEO. H. OTIS.

Chairman Comm. &c., 2d Regt., W. V.

**HEAD QUARTERS KINGS BRIGADE.**

ARLINGTON, JAN. 17, 1862.

**SIR:**—A severe accident, which confines me to my quarters, prevents me from being with the printers of the Second Wisconsin to-night, and I regret it much, for there is no class of men whom I could meet with so much pleasure in this gloomy time as the printers of the Second regiment, with whom I have spent the best year of my life within its grateful, intelligent, patriotic and true-hearted circle, and for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, for health, for absence, or health, I feel that they are by far the best and steadiest to me as my first love.

When this war is over, I hope that you all may answer as the roll call of returned volunteers, and I know that the soldier printers of Wisconsin will do their share in the work of crushing out this wicked rebellion.

I propose as a sentiment:

"The memory of Warren M. Graham,—a gallant soldier, a true gentleman, and a great friend."

**Very respectfully,**

Your ob't serv't,

CHAS. D. ROBINSON.

Lieut. GEO. H. OTIS.

Chairman Comm., 2d Regt., W. V.

**We seek a sentiment to correspond with the compliments of the Soldiers of the North.**

**C. M.**

The correspondents of the North and South were not to be present. I got these documents "of W. S. R. S." from the correspondents of the North and South. We tried to see which would correspond with the appearance of the poor fellows on drink the most Catawba. I went down Monday, at the Soldiers' Retreat, was one very little and then I took those from him of the most shocking ever looked on. —

These long promised guns have at last got here; they arrived direct from Austria and we got them early in January. They are called the Austrian Rifle, and I think will shoot a great distance and do duty, they are rather rough outside, and look clumsy enough, but we don't care a centennial for looks, if they will kill.

From the Second Regiment.

_P. S._

Fort TILLINGHAST, Arlington, Va., Jan. 20, 1862.

We are now having, rather the most disolute and disgraceful time that I ever experienced in camp. For the last two weeks it has rained, hailed, and snowed, by turns, nearly all the time; the sun but seldom showing his smiling face "between the parted clouds and brightening the soldiers' dewy locks."

We managed to keep ourselves dry and comfortable, for we have nothing else to do and give our whole attention to the art of "roughing it."

It is so very muddy in the streets and on the parade ground, that we have, for some time past, dispensed with. I never saw mud in greater abundance than I have now even in Illinois, though noted for being of all the muddy countries the middiest.

We have all been sound of a cloudy sky and inactivity. Time, "like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

When one cannot write a letter, then he can always think in the storm. The rain had ceased to fall, but a thick mist still hung over the earth like a shroud.

Now it is raining again upon the roof of my canvas mansion, but true to its trust the canvas roof keeps all beneath it dry.

Many of our brave houses of logs and covered them in a variety of ways, but my tentmates and myself stick to our dear old tent, and if we have no colder weather than we have had so far, we will go through the winter comfortably enough. I dislike log huts for the reason that they are too dark, damp and lonely. Light, as well as heat, is necessary to promote health and vigor, and all of things in the line of health producing, pure air, though cold, is the most important, the greatest, and the best.

A few days since the Second Regiment gave up their old muskets with much regret. For nearly seven months they had been our constant companions, going with us, standing by us around at the bivouac fire, and deserting us not in the peril of battle. Is it any wonder, then, that we keep them for joy rather than for sorrow,—when we exchanged them for true and treaty rifles that will bite as well as kick and lick like the best guns in the Brigade, and I think they are in the hands of men who know how to use them.

The health of our Regiment is good. There is probably no other regiment in the service that has less sickness, and fewer deaths than the Second.

There will probably be no advance of the army until the roads get better, notwithstanding the impatience of the people and newspaper imputations. In general, if the soldiers can stand the present muddy weather and inactivity confined, the people ought to put up with the inactivity, and not clog the wheels of the car of war because it moves but slowly.
Gen. JIA. LANX bas gone off to Kansas
Letter
...

The Second Artillery is becoming most
proficient in light and siege artillery
drills, and at the late muster received
any number of compliments from the Ar-
tillery Department. In their battery they
have two rifled 20-pounders that will carry
four and one-half miles.

It is now almost a month since we have
seen the face of old Sol, and have almost
forgotten how the sun looks. During that
time it has rained, snowed and hailed
alternately, and you can form no idea of
the state of the roads, which are bad
enough in the most favorable weather.

Drill in the regiments has been almost
entirely suspended, as the drill grounds
are in a very little better condition than
the roads.

Letter from the Second Regiment.

ARLINGTON, Jan. 27.

DEAR SENTINEL: Speaking of the new
muskets, the Austrian rifle, the Second
had a trial of them on Wednesday, and
the result proved highly satisfactory.

They are a splendid piece, rough as they
look; and in the hands of the Second,
will do good execution, when the opportu-
nity for their use occurs.

Gen. JIM. LANE has gone off to Kansas
to make himself heard again. Do you
know how near we came to having Gen.
JIM. a Wisconsin institution? I will
tell you. Just after Bull Run, when the
Second was in trouble over the officers,
GOV. RANDALL came to Washington, and
after a look at the state of affairs, deter-
rmined to appoint LANE Col. of the Second
Regiment. Gen. SHERMAN, then in com-
mmand of the brigade, the same who ear-
lier went to Kentucky, hearing of it,
waited upon RANDALL, and advised against
the measure. "Gov. RANDALL," he said,
"you can go to the Insane Asylum and
pick out any number of men who are more
capable of taking command of the regi-
ment than LANE is." So LANE was not
appointed Col. of the Second.

Among the marked "characters" of the
war, are the newsboys. Rain or shine,
mud or dry, the camp is full of them at
all hours of the day, and they are a well
patronized class. As many papers as
they can carry are soon disposed of, and
the profits resulting therefrom, certainly
larger than are made by the newsboys
of the largest cities, are at once invested. As
early as four o’clock in the morning you
hear the sonorous voices, "Here’s your
morning papers; another great battle in
Kentucky; Gen. McCOLLAN arrested for
selling clams without a license; Gen.
BEAUREGARD reduced to the ranks;
another great Union victory." "Did the
Union troops retreat in good order?" ask
one of the Second boys, taking up the
phraseology of the newspaper reports of
olden times. "No, sir," replies the
newboy, "they didn’t retreat at all, as
you did at Bull Run; they stayed and
fought it out, and now—another great
Union victory in Kentucky, only three
cents." So they go on every day. Ragged,
fat and sandy, they have a sharp reply for
every attempt at wit at their expense.

The number of papers sold every day
surprises you, for the troops are a
reading people, and like to know what is
going on in the world.

Yankees don’t like an innovation upon
old established principles, unless there is
a show of good sense in the new angle.

One of the things they kick against most
is, that of driving four horses with a single
rein, and a horses “yep.” Foreign team-
sters have so abused their horses that
Government is working in all it can of a
better class of men, and when teams are
furnished to a regiment, the teamsters
must be detailed from the ranks. As
they are paid $25 per month, and en-
joy more liberty than the soldier, it is no
difficult matter to get a plenty of good,
trustworthy men. It is amusing to see
new men take hold of a team and under-
take to manage it with one rein. The
horses evidently seem to understand that
there is a green one behind, and they are
provokingly stupid. Driver yells Yes,
all the “English,” the horses know, and
pull and jerk on that line, and the result
is they get mixed up with other teams
strangely. It requires outside assistance, and
a number of starts before they get

Partly under weigh. After the teamsters
get used to it, (which takes some time,) they
rather like the single line business,
and can Yes it with any of the old
Government teamsters.

I have seen it stated that the govern-
ment does not furnish gloves or mittens to
the troops. It is a mistake, for any offi-
cer can draw enough woolen mittens to
supply his command, and furnish them at
$10 per pair, by simply making a requisition
for them. They are not as good as those
which are being furnished the troops by their friends, for, like all goods
sold to the government, the grand
and single idea is to palm off something that
looks like a commodity, and will hold to-
gether long enough to be inspected. There
cannot be no greater swindle than that per-
petrated upon the government and the
troops in the article of clothing. A box of
it, drawn from the government, will con-
tain a dozen different kinds of cloth—from
the meanest shoddy down, and when put
upon the troops lasts them but a very
short time. Of course the men are rough
on clothing, ramming as about as they are
strait it no little; still, it is not altogether
their fault, for the cloth is unfit to make up
into garments. There are few men in
the Second who have not drawn nearly up
to their year’s clothing account, not in-
cluding the two, and in many instances,
three suits, furnished by the State. See it
is in contemplation to establish a clothing
bureau in Washington, and such an in-
stitution is needed, for the inspection, as it
now is, is nothing less than a mere farce.
Furnished with suitable clothing, the
soldier might save something on his allow-
ance, $42 per year, while as it now stands,
he will overdraw it every year, if he
resses so as to pass inspection.

Dr. IRVING, of the Second, had a nar-
row escape the other day. He was riding
over Chain Bridge, when his horse took
fright and leaped down the high embank-
ment on the Virginia side. The horse’s
neck was broken, but the doctor most pre-
videntially escaped with only a slight
scratch.

The Second came in off picket to-day.
They had a sorry time of it in the
rain and sleet, but in a few moments were
laughing over their adventures, as though
all had been pleasant.

We have now a cold north wind, which
is fast drying up the roads. During the
day the sun looks out, and at night the
clouds have disappeared so the stars can
peep through.
At 8 o'clock yesterday morning, I started for the city in company with T. S. Peck. The morning was clear and cold, and the frost of the night having made the roads quite passable, we walked as rapidly as possible, not only the purpose of being out of bed in active circulation, but also the thought that we might have a longer period in which to visit places of interest in the Capital of America. We entered a bus and rode for the distance of two miles or thereabouts.

Soon after entering the bus a question arose between some soldiers of the Pennsylvania 9th and the Buckhill regiment, as to which regiment did the best fighting at Drasburg. It seemed that both regiments were there, and took an active part in the fighting, and if they fought as well and bravely as they talked both regiments did their duty.

When we disembarked from the bus we found ourselves on Pennsylvania avenue in the very center of Washington, or rather, of the overgrown village of Washington, for, aside from the Government buildings and the Smithsonian Institute, there is nothing to make it a city. The houses were low and very many of them built of wood. The city is scattered over a large extent of space, but yet, there is but one street that can be called a street in the city, in the sense of that term and that is Pennsylvania avenue. The Government buildings are splendid but entirely out of proportion with the remainder of the city. The Capitol, like a castle among pigmy warriors, stands alone, a huge pile; not without beauty and symmetry, but beautiful, stately, and grand; a monarch born to rule the lesser objects that surrounded it.

The Smithsonian Institute is the best looking building in the city, to my notion. It is built of red sandstone, or near the Gothic style of architecture, and contains many beautiful and wonderful things to the way of fossils, paintings, and rare specimens of beasts, birds, fishes, and insects. I could, with pleasure and with profit pass away the time for a month in such a place, but we only had a short time to spare, we could only glance at the common curiosities and pass them by, while the more curious we examined closely. Among the most attractive fossils are, a skeleton of some ancient animal with four joints in the legs, one joint of the leg being another more than a foot in diameter, and an egg of some huge, ancient bird, nearly as large as a man's head. Of the paintings and the sculpture, the most attractive are an ancient Roman sarcophagus, the Indian paintings and the dying Gladiator, the last named, a work of art, being probably a pretty correct representation of the proportion of Roman warriors, was carefully surveyed and even measured by the two soldiers of the Second Wisconsin Volunteers in the year of our Lord 1801.

From the Smithsonian we went to the Capitol, our principle object being to see Congress in session. We did not stay to look at the paintings, the statues, nor any of the many things that at other times would draw us to them, but jumped up the steps and through the long corridors until we reached the gallery of the Senate Chamber. Mr. Wade had the floor, and was speaking on some matter introducing a bill pertaining to secret sessions. Of all the Senators present, he would have been the one I would have liked to hear the best, and not knowing much about the merits of the case in question. Mr. Sumner offered to the bill, though I could not distinguish the orator in the bent form and premature grey head before me, when I knew they yet written rules I could easily recognize Charles Sumner. Then came John D. Hale, then Trumbull, of Illinois, and when we left, they were still debating the question with as much gravity as we conduct a country debating club in the unprogressive west.

We then directed our steps to the Assembly Chamber. When we entered the gallery a member from Ohio was speaking, and seemed to be straining every nerve and muscle to the top of their bent, in order, I suppose that every one present could hear him—had his voice reached as high as the gallery, but for my part I could not make out half he said. His voice sounded like the sharp sound of the blacksmith's hammer as it falls upon the anvil.

While in the Assembly gallery, I found that I had lost my pass, which gave me some uneasiness. I could not find it however, and after taking a look at a few of the most interesting things in the Capitol, we started again for Old Virginia. It was too late in the day to get a pass from the Procter Marshall, and had I not been with a friend who had a pass, I would in all probability have passed the night in the guard-house. As it was, we arrived home in safety.

David Strong. At this place, late a prisoner at Richmond, has related to us some incidents connected with his captivity which may be of interest to the public.

The prisoners were not entirely released, but signed a parole of honor not to keep up arms against the Southern Confederacy until exchanged or otherwise freed from their obligation.

Immediately after the retreat of our forces at the battle of Bull Run the rebels were drawn up in lines and addressed by Davis, who thanked them for the courage they displayed in firing from under cover of the woods. He exhorted them to redouble efforts, and concluded his harangue by explaining, "Now for Washington?" They then moved forward about a half mile and encamped, concluding not to take Washington just then. In a few days the prisoners were taken by rail road to Richmond, where the wounded were sent to the hospital, and the others to the tobacco warehouse prisons. Here they were confined together in close confinement, and subjected to all manner of insults and indignities,—At first they did not receive a kind word or act, but by degrees the Union spirit developed itself, and they were frequently cheered by the presence of books, magazines, &c., and assured that they would soon be released. They were frequently shot at through the windows by the guards.

On one occasion when two of the prisoners were washing themselves in a back room after dark, the outside guard watched until they came between him and the light, took deliberate aim and fired at them, wounding one so that he died in a short time, and breaking the other's arm. The next day this assassin was promoted to the rank of sergeant for his brave conduct in shooting two worse than defenceless men! Such is Southern chivalry! Capt. Todd, Mrs. President Lincoln's brother, who was captain of the post at Richmond, exercised unusual cruelty towards the prisoners.

We give two instances. There was an order requiring the lights in the prison to be extinguished by nine o'clock at a given signal. One evening a prisoner was sitting on the floor by a lighted candle rubbing his feet. When the signal was given to put out the lights he did not instantly comply. Todd saw the faint light, rushed up stairs, broke into the room and with an oath thrust his sword through the calf of the prisoner's leg, turning it as he drew it out, cutting a horrible gash. At another time this villain was calling the roll, as was the custom every morning; one of the prisoners was trending on the floor when his name was called and did not get up. Todd went to him and broke out with, "You d—d Yankee son of a— why don't you fall into the ranks?" This soldier answered, "I can't: I'm sick." At this Todd drew his sword and struck him across the side of the head, cutting a hole in his skull. He then compelled him to stand in the ranks until they were through, and left him, not even calling the surgeon.

The prisoners had various ways for passing away the time, such as theatres, lectures, courts of justice, &c. When one of their number stole or committed any other offence against his fellows, he was arrested, taken before His Honor, a young lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., tried, and, if convicted, sentenced to mop the floor, or something of that kind. They carved a great many rings, water halls, &c., out of boxes, which they sold to the rebel officers and citizens, taking their pay in shingles, with which they procured what they wanted. They could get, seven dollars in shingles for a five dollar U. S. Treasury Note! They rebel soldiers, when asked whether they were going to re-enlist at the expiration of their time or not, almost invariably answered, "No; we are going home or going to die!" They were mostly enlisted for one year. The rebels made great sport of the blockade when it was first established, and were quite confident
The reign of terror began as an ears from the official return.* The hockiki, as it appears, as shown in the new official return.

There was a major general among the prisoners whose brutality was confirmed by five batteries of artillery and twelve cannon sent to Richmond, and 550 wounded were counted on the rebel hospitals. Our losses in men and ordnance supplies, which have the picture.

It is peculiarly gratifying to the citizen of this State to know of all Northern States none has shown more devotion to the good old Union than herself. At the first call from the President, the men sprang to acclivity into the ranks. The second call from the President, which he says was imparted to President Andrew Jackson, late prisoners at Richmond, and 550 wounded were counted on the rebel hospitals. Our losses in men and ordnance supplies, which have the picture.

It is drawing to a close. The only exitable they have established a peace as permanent and as eternally.

Bull Run Scenes.—Documents from the provost guard, some ruffian is the street fired in the deserted camps at Manassas toward him; the ball passed through his head and light upon the disaster at Bull Run killing him instantly. Dr. Riggsbotham, mentioned, happened to be in the audience at the battle, as appears from the official return.

There was a Swiss sergeant in the rebel force who had been called upon the rebel leaders to stop. Point as to who commanded the rebels. The plan of the battle was drawn with a musket. His language and tone were always respectful, and which shall stand forever.

Wisconsin Patriotism.

It is peculiarly gratifying to the citizen of this State to know of all Northern States none has shown more devotion to the good old Union than herself. At the first call from the President, men sprang with alacrity into the ranks. The second call from the President, which he says was imparted to President Andrew Jackson, late prisoners at Richmond, and 550 wounded were counted on the rebel hospitals. Our losses in men and ordnance supplies, which have the picture.

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Dark and Bright Sides.

A Baltimore correspondent gives the following, which he says was imparted to him by one of the Union prisoners who recently came from Richmond, having been exchanged:

The prisoners, according to these accounts, were crowded together in tobacco warehouses, with nothing to sleep on but the floor, and with but scanty covering. They had no conveniences for washing or for personal cleanliness. Their food was scanty and was of the worst possible description, except the bread, which was always good and sweet. The din of their capture, July 12, until December 15, they were liable to be shot if seen at the windows. At the latter date, according to
Prison Life in Virginia.

Robert Burnet, of the La Crosse Light Guard, eldest son of the late Lieut. Gov. Burnet, of Wisconsin, has returned to his company at Camp Tatterson, on the Potomac, after a month in his friends in this city. He did his duty as a soldier, and behaved like a man amid scenes that would have tried the nerve of the bravest of the brave. While he was here we prevailed upon him to give a description of his capture and imprisonment in Virginia. The following memoranda will be interesting to all.

ROBERT BURNET’S STATEMENT.

Editors Republican.—For the benefit of those who may be interested (and I suppose all are) I will give a few notes of the last scene of the great battle at Manassas, and prison life in the South.

The majority of prisoners taken at the Battle of Manassas (as it is called South) were taken by cavalry, the most of whom were armed with double-barreled shot guns. They fought, or rather chased and shot our men, on their own hook seldom moving in a larger body than a company, when they charged as a mass of retreating worn out Federals, they would ride up within a few yards of them and without calling for a surrender, would shoot them down like sheep. When they did take a man they either made him mount behind them, or trot along by the side of the horses just as the humor of their captors might be. Most of the prisoners taken on the 21st were taken direct to Manassas, distance of four miles, when they were taken before Beaufort, searched, and then sent to the guard house, but as that would hold but a small part of the number taken, the remainder were obliged to stand out in the rain and mud, covered neither with blanket, nor an overcoat to shoulder, for fear that some poor fellow that had life enough left in him to stand, might charge the crew of cowardly brutes on the out side with his bare fists. And it is but justice to say of the men who bore without any reply the low vulgar taunts and insults that were heaped upon them that they never showed the least signs of discouragement under the hard fate that was theirs. The leading enquirers made by the Secret were, “What did you come down here for? to ravish our wives, destroy our homes and murder our children.” “Where are you wounded? Did it hurt you?” “Poor fellow.” The reply to the second question the Zee Zoon would answer $11 a month, and the next in the head by a $23 pound, which would elicit the condoling reply “Poor fellow.”

Very few had anything to eat or drink from Saturday night till 11 o’clock on Monday, when there was served out to every ten men one small salt ham and twenty crackers, but no water, and the men might have been seen holding up their old cloth blankets to catch a drop of rain water to quench their burning thirst. About 10 o’clock we were put into the cars for Richmond; thirty men and five guards being put into one cattle car. It took us till Tuesday night about 10 o’clock to get into Richmond, during which time we had nothing to eat or drink. From the cars we were conveyed, with great difficulty, on account of the dense crowd within. A strong desire to tear as many as possible, to a large four story tobacco warehouse on Main street where we stood, about 800 on a floor. Near morning we had a little meat and bread served out to us with some coffee, but the men were so near famished that they acted like demons and it took a strong man to get and keep a bite. The coffee was all split over the floor, and many lay down exhausted without a morsel. Thus commenced our prison life. In about a week the wounded were put in the hospital, and a part of the men taken to another building, which made it much more comfortable, and thus they were kept for six or seven months, the record of one day suffering for all varied perhaps by the removal of some 1,500 further south, which was done at six different times, in this order: 1st 250 to New Orleans, then 250 more to the same place, 250 to Charleston, 250 to Columbus, S. C. 250 to Charleston, 250 to Tuscaloosa Louisiana. The first were sent about the last of August, the last on the 3rd of December. Those sent to New Orleans were confined in the forts near the city, those to Charleston in Castle Pinckney, those to Columbus in a building prepared for the purpose, those to Tuscaloosa in an insane asylum. Most of the men had but one shirt and a pair of pants to wear and sleep in during the whole time. No one had as much as a pair of shoes, and two or three were shot in the same room in which your correspondent was confined. One of them was shot dead, the other a Mr. Wood of the 5th Wis. fell wounded in the arm by the same ball, there was as many as a dozen balls shot into the same building but fortunately “nobody else but.” There were six men shot in the different buildings.

I suppose by order of the Doctor we were kept on very low diet, so low, in fact, that it had the effect upon some who had to use it of reducing them so low that they never got up. It consisted of about ten ounces of oaten bread, and six ounces of meat that had frequently to be confined in a bucket to keep it from getting away, soon had the germ of locomotion been developed by the climate, which is excellent in this respect. The afterdinner diet was divided into two meals, one about nine in the morning, and the other about four in the afternoon, both washed down with water, of which we had an abundant supply.

The reason why these were released who came first was because all the other prisoners had been taken south, and those remaining, 240 in all, were sent home. There are at present in the South about 2,500 prisoners of war and political prisoners.

But I fear I am stilling you with more than you can find room for. If this should be of any service to you I will endeavor at some future time to give you some incidents in detail of the mode of disposing of our superabundance of leisure time, which may be interesting; till then I remain as ever yours,

A RELEASED PRISONER OF WAR.

P. S.—One thing which may go to show the high hand with which the country is being governed, and which does not appear to be known, is, that after the fire in Charleston, two negroes, one a woman, the other a man, were burned at the stake, either a man, or five white men hung. This I had from a man who saw it.

The Wisconsin Second.

The Washington, D. C., National Republican speaks of the Wisconsin Second Regiment as follows:

AN EXCELLENT REGIMENT.—A friend who has been visiting the regiment over the river, calls our attention to the Second Wisconsin, a corps which came into Washington in June last, and entered at once into active service. The Second participated in Bull Run, and was particularly noticed by Gen. Sherman for its bravery in that affair. Since that time, its name has been to excel. Col. Edgar O’Conor, its colonel, is a graduate of the West Point Academy, an excellent officer and thorough disciplinarian, and served for some time as an officer in the regular army. Since he took command of the Second, he has labored devotedly to bring it up to a high point of excellence, and his labors have not been in vain. In brigade or division drills it is never at fault, and Gen. McDowell has more than once complimented it in the strongest terms. Col. O’Conor’s chief has been to drill the regiment strictly in accordance with the regulations, and to day it enjoys all the liberties, while it is not behind the regular army in discipline. To those who think us inclined to flattery, we may go over and see the Second Wisconsin in drill, and you will be fully of the opinion of those who have seen it; that is, that it is an excellent corps, and will be found on hand when wanted. It is in General McDowell’s division, and stationed at Arlington.

WISCONSIN PRISONERS RELEASE.—The steamer Gute arrived at New York on the 9th, from Newbern, N. C., with 450 released federal soldiers from Salisbury, N. C. Among the number are the following Wisconsin soldiers, all taken at Manassas, and,
The undersigned, members of the Second Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, and for more than five months prisoners at Richmond, Va., render our most grateful thanks to Hon. John F. Potter, M. C., for his zealous and successful efforts in our behalf on our arrival in Washington. Through his labors we promptly obtained our full pay, and also pay for rations not furnished us by the magnanimous rebels. This was nothing that could have been done for us that Mr. Potter left undone; no man or set of men could have shown us greater kindness and attention.

To Mr. Simon Whaley, of Racine, Wisconsin, we also express our great obligations for his many and devoted kindness and attentions.

And to the Union Relief Association of the City of Baltimore, we express our gratitude for the magnanimous reception given us, with the whole 250 released Federal prisoners. We were ragged and they clothed us; hungry, and they fed us; most bountifully; we were in prison, and they ministered unto us with the utmost affection and patriotic brotherly kindness.

And to the Union Relief Association of the City of Baltimore, we express our gratitude for the magnanimous reception given us, with the whole 250 released Federal prisoners.

We have not done anything except guard duty for a long time, and all on account of the mud. Drills have been entirely out of the question, and as for Dress Parades they are getting to be among the things that were. The last one we had was Jan. 14th.

We could not go on picket when it was our turn, consequently the advance regiments had to do our duty for us. Reason why—our home is in the Old Burglar State: with dear friends that yet long may my coming await.

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From the Second Regiment.

From the Second Regiment.

Feb. 1st, 1862.

Letter from Charlie Dow.
boys undoubtedly, but in hard luck. That's what the matter.

Since writing the above I have had a talk with private Marshall, of Company "B," who was one of the prisoners taken at Bull Run, and soon after confined in one of the Hotels de Tobacco, in Richmond, and from him I learned the following:

He made good his escape from the prison which he was confined in, on Christmas evening, in company with another prisoner, and after loitering round the city for several days, taking notes, he took "Westward, Ho!" for a motto, and shaped his course accordingly.

The result was he traveled several days under different disguises—sometimes a "cattle buyer," sometimes a "wood buyer," then an "agent" for some Southern firm, and at all times a Yankee, and bound to win. After perambulating about rebeldom to his hearts content, and had gathered all the information he could of the "goings," he took another motto, which was "Northward, Girl!" and after considerable engineering and hard labor, he brought up in the position of a soldier before Gen. Rosecrans, all o. k. The General detained him three or four days as a "Tartar," but when he found out he was a Yankee, he provided him with a pass to Washington, and given him some of Uncle Sam's filthy lucre for the "Southern Scrip"—which Marshall had, exchanging "even sp." Marshall has been under the questioning process of Gen. McClellan for the past three days, but has now returned to camp.

He says there are no fortifications about Richmond whatever—not a cannon mounted there, but at Centerville they have two hundred and sixty Seige guns mounted, and the fortifications in every position are very strong.

Home Again.—Last week we announced the release of Rev. H. U. unpublished at Richmond; this week we have a more pleasing notice, that of his return to Racine. He arrived on Monday, and looks hearty as ever. From him we learn what befell him after the time he was last sighted on the battlefield, when carried wounded by his comrades to the temporary hospital.

In about half an hour the rebels took possession of the building and placing a guard over the wounded, they were left, with their wounds undressed, until Wednesday, three days after the battle! then a company of surgeons came down from Manassas, dressed their wounds and then were carted to Manassas Junction, shipped in cattle cars to Richmond, being thirty-six hours on the way, crowded and almost suffocating. On their arrival at Richmond they were placed in a Tobacco factory, from which until released to return home, he and his fellow prisoners were never permitted to leave.

Mr. James Anderson, of this city, who was also one of the wounded was in a building across the street, yet during the whole six months they never saw each other but twice. Of course, watched so closely, they had no means of ascertaining the feelings of the people.

As to rumors, they won't of a kind to make them plausible. Breakfast, a slice of bread and a cup of coffee. Dinner, a slice of bread, plate of rice and water. Supper, a slice of bread and a cup of coffee. Beyond a slight stiffness he has recovered from his wound entirely, and will return to a post of duty, when his furlough expires, being very desirous to renew some acquaintances he made in Richmond.

Young Lucy, who was among the wounded prisoners, will doubtless get a discharge. Her wound was quite severe; it leaves her lame from which, however, we trust she will recover.

Anderson is quite recovered, he was shot through the leg. Antis Henry, it will be seen by a Burlington correspondent has got home once more.

As to the "Gallant Rifles," they are dead, dead, dead! the boys say, and from mere stripings, without wounds, pale faces have become sun-burnt, hairy, well disciplined veterans, equal to any emergency, and longing for a dash at Secesh. Georos Bar man has come home to get volunteers to fill up the ranks. We doubt not he will be able to find all he wants.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

"Camp Tillinghast, Va.

Feb. 8, 1863.

The times upon which the nation has fallen, are constantly bringing to light new and important issues requiring on the part of Congress a degree of wisdom and national policy, never before attained. This, and the prospect of an end of the war so far in the future, that England and France, already exhibiting unsettled states, and aspiring to the position of Continental Congress. The latest, and one of the most important questions brought before Congress for consideration, is what political status the land of secession shall occupy when recovered from the domination of the rebel government.

A portion of Congress, lastly, a minority, contend that the act of secession destroys the constitutional rights of the states thus revolting, and that when conquered by our advancing armies, they will have to be put back to the position of Territories, with territorial government, thus debarring for a length of time, the citizens of those districts from the rights and privileges guaranteed to them by their state government.

On the other hand, the President and his constitutional supporters and advisers, claim that when the rebellion is put down, as this is a war for the restoration of the old Union and for subjugation, the insurgent states will stand precisely as they did before the rebellion broke out, and that those returning to loyalty and allegiance to the Union, will be entitled to all the rights and immunities held by the citizens of those states before they were put in abeyance by the act of secession, and their restoration.

This question, like the impracticable emancipation theory, is raised by that body of factionists who seem determined to lose no opportunity to cripple and retard the efforts of the Administration in its labor to restore peace and harmony between the contending parties, and like that, is a direct effort to violate the Constitution, and in fact secure the dissolution of the Union beyond a question.—The anti-administration party have boldly unmasked, themselves, and declare (see recent abolition speeches in the House) that rather than a restoration of the Union, with the rights recognized by the Constitution, an eternal dissolution should be allowed.

That the adoption of this and the participation line of policy by the Administration, would, at once ring the death knell of the Union, cannot be doubted for a moment by those who understand the feelings of the army and the citizens of the loyal states. It would at once crush the Union sentiment known to exist in the rebel states. It would fall alike upon the loyal and the disloyal, and would at once close this war from a war for the restoration of the Union, to that of a war for the extermination of the South. Issuing these unconstitutional and unjust edicts, and the South would be united as one man in the determination to die rather than be conquered.—It would place the prospect of an end of the war so far in the future, that England and France, already exhibiting unsettled states, and aspiring to the position of Continental Congress, would hesitate longer, but by armed intervention in favor of the South, close the unholy and fratricidal strife. Thus the dissolution of the Union would be secured, and all the treasure, the precious blood, the thousands of broken families, destroyed—all, all would be sacrificed, to satisfy the unholy ambition of those who, for the sake of the negro, stand ready to break down the great bulwark of our safety, the Constitution. Both would seem to be as distant as the stars. The rebels have violated the law. They must be punished by that law, or else, like us, we become law breakers.

I will close this by giving an extract of a letter from Gen. Sprague, of Rhode Island, in reply to an invitation of the late New England Dinner at the Astor House in New York. "If trust," says he, "we shall not forget that this rebellion is based upon a mistake; that the men of the South have been deceived by weak men and ambitious men, touching our sentiments; and purposes. It should be our object, while vigorously.
January. By the way, I will tell how he fared while there. He stopped at a Union house—told me the name of the man, but did not wish me to write it (one of the first families of the city)—and fared sumptuously every day. He says there are many Union people in the city who are yet cautious about saying much, but not so much as they were in the summer.

When Marshall left, a passport was given him by a trader, who advised him to strike for Western Virginia. He took the Virginia Central Railroad and came to Jackson river, the terminus of the road, and took the stage to White Sulphur Springs, forty-five miles, and then came the tug of war—he had to foot it one hundred and twenty miles. It rained and snowed all the time till he got through to our line. He had to wade creeks and swim the larger streams, traveling nights and sleeping days. He had to come some fine dodges, and was shot at three times by pickets, but fortunately escaped all harm except that he came near dying from fatigue. I should like to give you his story verbatim; but it is too long; so you must be content with what I write.

The country through which Marshall passed after leaving the railroad was desolate, the wilderness had passed over and spread desolation all around. He reached our lines the 21st ult., and was received into the bosom of those brave who have fought the battles of Western Virginia. Rosencranz took him under his care for four days at Charleston, on the Kanawha river, ninety miles from its junction with the Ohio. He took the boat then and arrived in Wheeling on the 29th, stopped over night, and come to Pittsburgh, and by rail to Washington. He brought dispatches from McClellan to a correspondent, with whom he stopped two days and related his story, which was of no small importance to the General.

Mr. Marshall arrived in camp on Sunday, at noon, and was greeted with cheers such as the Light Guard know how to give. He is the true hero of the company. The narrow escapes, privations and fatigues he has endured, with the important information he brings, place him high on the roll of fame gained in this war.

I will state here that Mr. Marshall was among the first settlers of La Crosse, was clerk in the New England House one year, and then went up Black river as a lumber clerk, where he has been most of the time since. He is about five feet six inches tall, well built, hair a shade or two darker than mine, and black whiskers; gray eyes; broad, high forehead; sharp nose and smart enough to get away from almost any sneak—a first rate judge of human nature.

The weather still continues bad—snow, rain, sleet, they, and mud without end.

Mr. Marshall requests me to state the current prices in Richmond: Salt is 50 cents per pound, and families are not allowed to have more than two pounds at any one time; four is $14 per barrel; loaves, 25 to 30 cents per pound; sugar, 45 to 50 cents per pound; coffee, bacon, and woolen goods are not to be had for any price; butter is 80 cents per pound; medicines there are not by the pound, &c. No money in circulation but shin-plasters, and they are in great abundance, in denominations from five cents to twenty dollars.

DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER: I should have written this letter last night, but I felt too tiredEMI ion. in the story of Mr. Marshall, of our company, who has just returned from Richmond. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run. He escaped from the prison the 23d of December—three days before Bob Burns and his companions were released. He had heard so much about being released that he thought of it as an idle dream, and seized upon the first opportunity to escape. He managed to gain the confidence of the sentinel, whom he had been told to work at some time. The sentinel said that he had heard so much about being released from its junction with the Ohio. He took the boat then and arrived in Wheeling on the 29th, stopped over night, and came to Pittsburgh, and by rail to Washington. He brought dispatches from McClellan to a correspondent, with whom he stopped two days and related his story, which was of no small importance to the General.

Mr. Marshall arrived in camp on Sunday, at noon, and was greeted with cheers such as the Light Guard know how to give. He is the true hero of the company. The narrow escapes, privations and fatigues he has endured, with the important information he brings, place him high on the roll of fame gained in this war.

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One of the ablest men of the currency question is in a fair way of being divided public sentiment in the North. ‘

And herein, now that the situation is not pursued, ‘(that is present Congress, chairman of the committee of the present Congress, chairman of the committee of ways and means, in a speech the other day in favor of emancipation, used the following language: “If an effe- cial course is not pursued,” (that is to say, if emancipation is not immediately pro- claimed) “for fear of offending the border state friends, better submit at once, and, if we cannot save our honor, save, at least, the lives and treasure of the nation. If those in authority will not awoke to their responsibility, and use the stern energy for the public safety, it is the people speak, and teach them that this is a responsible government, in which the rulers are but the servants of the people.”

Just imagine the jay with which Jeff. Davis and his minions stood in. They see in it the hope for division in the public sentiment of the North. They see in it the alienation of the border states, and not without strong ground for such a hope either, as the following remarks of Mr. Dunlap of Ky., of the House, in a recent day to the committee of the emancipation policy, will show. After stating that slavery was not the immediate or the approximate object that caused this rebellion, but rather the unholy spirit of ambition—the insatiable thirst for power possessed by the rebels, which led them to seek power elsewhere than in the convention of the Government, and as the balance of power was in favor of the North, he went on to speak against the issue of an edict of emancipation. Said he:

“The language used by members in their speeches tended to place the President and his acts in a fals, if not a ‘childish’ position. Efforts had been made—‘he hoped without evil intent—to interfere with the relations of Kentucky to the Federal Government. If they made this a war of emancipation, a great portion of the army would lay down its arms. He spoke with kindness. He did not appeal to the sympathies of any man. He appealed to that immutable, in that eternal principle of justice, that sought to stimulate the human heart.” He said—

“Let us remain quietly with our institutions. They do not disturb you, so don’t you disturb them. He had been taught that the Constitution was a holy thing, because it constituted the basis upon which the country could be saved. Then he would say, don’t destroy the basis, be- cause, if you do, down goes the whole fabric. He who would have them violate the Constitution would as if he were a traitor, a man who were the whole of it to pieces. Traitorous sentiments might be felt in the heart, but till they were deve- loped there was no treason. Kentucky pleads for peace and quiet; and when her borders were assailed, then it was Ken- tucky showed its Union heart. He opposed the emancipation of slaves on the one hand, and emancipation of slaves and arming of the same on the other.

An emancipation war would bring about a second war in the country; for such a law could only be executed by military force. He appealed to them to stand by the law, the Constitution and justice.”

The above extracts show the rock upon which the politicians of the Abolition school are driving the Government. There is but one course to be pursued to ward off this danger, and secure the restoration of the Union. The mighty Union element of the country must rally around the Administration of Mr. Lin- coln, presenting in the future, that mighty bulwark of strength, which has thus far given dignity and existence to it. To save the Union the overwhelming conserva- tive strength of the North must be exhib- ited. The emancipationists must be forced to take a back seat. Emancipation means separation in the future.

Nothing can result from it but a bloody and lengthy war, with a final recognition of the southern confederacy. The theory on which this war is prosecuted, is a theory assuming the existence of an usurped tyranny in certain portions of the Union; which keeps in subjection a large portion of our loyal people, and declares the purpose of the war to be the termination of this tyranny by uttering toning and exterminating those who maintain it. Wherever slavery interferes with this, slavery must be got out of the way, just as we dispose of the rebels’ right to property, citizenship, life and liberty; but, as an existing constitu-

tional right, how disagreeable it may be, we are bound to recognize it when in the possession of loyal people. Emancipation affects the loyal and the disloyal alike, and will, besides dividing the public sentiment of the North, paralyzing our strength by sowing the seeds of discord in the army now rallied to the defense of the Union, and driving from our support the worst and mostosaic of the border states now enlisted for the maintenance of the Union, will effec- tually crush and obliterate the large Union sentiment, claimed still to exist in the very heart of the revolted states. The only salvation for the country now is the Constitution. Let the Administration adhere to the requirements of that instrument, and we are safe. Violate that, and the Union is forever gone."

BADGER,

Correspondence of the Daily Gazette.

From the Second Regiment.

Correspondence of the Daily Gazette.

CAMP TULLINGAHT, Virginia, February 8th, 1862.

Editors Gazette:—The past five weeks have been very disagreeable for camp life—nothing but rain and mud. The roads have been in a very bad condition, and they are not much better now. I do not know in what way things will shape if this state of affairs continues much longer; but than it cannot last long. If it does, it will be necessary for us to purchase a scow to cross the road to visit our friends in the 7th. They are a noble body of men, and will do good service in the field when once they have the opportunity. If the roads were smooth, I do not think that the army would remain here many days. The troops are healthy in good spirits and eager for an opportunity to meet the rebels on soil of their own choosing. The story would soon be told. The army of the Potomac has been encamped on and near its banks for six months, with nothing to arouse them except now and then the announce- ment of a victory over the rebels by some other division of the army or the navy. Late there has nothing of any importance transpired at this point worthy of notice, except the capture of a few rebels. Sunday last, the 2d, Col. Harris of the 2d Virginia cavalry, and his escort, came to our lines under a flag of truce, bearing dispatches sent to headquar- ters. What the nature of them was I am unable to say; as it has not been made public. The ans- wer in all probability has been sent back, though nothing is known respecting it.

The news from Tennessee and the west is very encouraging, and has created a lively feeling in the different camps on the Po-
tomac. Friday last a detachment of Cameron dragoons, on a scouting expedition, proceeded out beyond Fairfax Court House, surprising and taking prisoners 13 rebel cavalrymen. During the exchange of shots a captain and sergeant of the dragoons were wounded.

Georgetown is a famous place, being a hot-bed of rattle-headed, rabid secessionists. The city of Washington also contains many disloyal inhabitants. The state of Maryland needs only a defeat of the federal army to show her sentiment. But the time to defend has passed by. It is now our turn for victories. The farmers residing here are very scattering, and those that are here the most awkward, ignorant and superstitious class of human beings that ever inhabited any civilized country. It is a mystery how they can live here. White beans would not grow in the part of Virginia that I have seen. I should prefer a few feet of land on Magnolia Bluffs, a section of land here.

The health of our regiment is very good, but few are in the hospital. There has been much said through the volume of the newspapers about the public health of the 1st regiment. If those correspondents would attend to their own affairs and let the 23 alone, there would not be such a bitter animosity between us as there is at present—Our officers, I think, are equally as good in military knowledge as any in the brigades, if they do not excite them, which I think they do.

To our friends I would say that we should be happy to hear from them as often as convenient. To-day is rather chilly and

B.E. W.

Soldiers' Shoes.

A few minutes before the Assembly met this morning, an interested crowd were examining a pair of shoes, which were presented to the State Historical Society by Captain David McKee, of the Second Regiment. The shoes were purchased for the Second Regiment by a certain "Agent," whose name is very prudently erased from the label. By an incision in the sole of the shoe it is shown that the center of the soles is composed of pine wood; the leather around the heel is of the poorest and thinnest possible quality. Between the leather of the heel is placed a piece of brown paper. The initials of the name of the condition alluded to in the foregoing is "Napoleon Bonaparte Van Slyke"—the man who sold the Madison city bonds. That interesting individual don't seem to appreciate the importance of the Assembly, judging from the following communication which he sent to it:

To the Hon. Speaker of the Assembly:

Sir:—The body over which you preside having occupied so much time upon the subject of the manufacture of shoes, it has been suggested to me by the "State Agent," who made the purchase deems it his duty to perform by making to your house assembled a statement of facts, before a hundred times the cost of the shoes is incurred by the Legislature upon the subject. They are briefly as follows:

A short time after Capt. McKee "advanced upon Washington," Col. O'Connor, of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, and "the Agent," tried to procure a few cases of good shoes for his regiment. So great has been the demand, immediately after the flight from Manassas, that but one dealer in Washington and any shoes for sale by the case.

The Colonel and "the Agent" accordingly selected two cases of, what appeared to be a tolerable good article—the best in the store—and were to pay, I think, seven shillings per pair for 120 pairs.

The Colonel was to get the shoes next day and pay for them, reserving the privilege of choosing any that did not suit. My opinion is that the shoes afterwards delivered was not the article purchased, if they were, when compared with two dollars, (the cost of army shoes in Wisconsin,) the price would not warrant a good shoe even in appearance. The article proved a cheat, but answered a temporary purpose for which they were bought.

Under similar circumstances, with a knowledge of the quality, I would make a like purchase again, rather than see the sore-footed men go barefoot. If nothing more serious than the expenditure of about so hundred dollars for wooden shoes demands the attention of our representatives, Wisconsin may well be congratulated. Unpaid shoe-makers at home are looking to the Legislature for something with a better bottom. Leave the skeptic and stop the bung, else go through with the usual farce of an investigating committee, by which means those who talk most and pay least taxes, if any, can increase their winter's fund.

Thousands of dollars are being lost to the State by this trifling with small matters that cannot now be bettered, while the greater interests are neglected.

Respectfully,

N.B. VAN SLYKE,

The Agent who purchased the shoes.

Army Correspondence.

Camp Tillinghast, Va.

Feb. 11, 1862.

To the Hon. Speaker of the Assembly:

Sir:—The body over which you preside, having occupied so much time upon the shoe question, the "State Agent," who made the purchase deems it his duty to relieve the anxiety of the gentlemen—who seem to have more nonsense to perform—by making to your house assembled a statement of facts, before a hundred times the cost of the shoes is incurred by the Legislature upon the subject. They are briefly as follows:

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Letter from Mr. Van Slyke.

Publishers, State Journal.—As a matter of justice, I request the publication of the following communication, it having been refused a place of record beside the resolutions of the Legislature pertaining to the same subject.

N.B. V.

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by the fair creatures. While some of the boys grew desperate when they see such revolving proofs of the old saying, of little ones that had taken its flight from earth to Heaven, and that Mrs. Colville was very low in society, and nearly insane. While we are gathering to himself, the right hand of the battle of Roanoke Island, the Angel of Death could find time to be long and pluck, from the family circle, the little one whose sunny innocence it seemed to us should be able to protect it from harm. There is a heavy weight upon the hearts of the Light Guard to-night, and many prayers will ascend to the Throne of Grace, that the sacrifice already taken from our beloved Captain’s household, may be as much of the cup of sorrow, as he shall be called upon to drink of at this time, and that his remaining child, and his gentle and affable lady, may be restored to that enjoyment of health and happiness. God speed them who have ventured out of great sorrow their. our brave, brave soldiers.

From the Second Regiment.

[Extract from a private letter from Tom Dolan to his friend in this city.]

CAMP TILTINGHAST, Va., Feb. 16th, 1862.

I have just returned from three days of picket duty and I feel somewhat weary. A march of 10 miles through mud a foot deep is, I can assure you, enough to make me weary, especially to march through the “Soured Soil.” It sticks as bad as the seven-year itch. Did you ever spend a winter in Virginia? If not, for God’s sake never do. If the soil is sacred, as boys ought to be, this, for occasionally we are literally masked with it. The weather though, I wish you could tell you how many changes we have in a day. Get up in the morning it will be raining; get breakfast and it will be snowing; about one o’clock mix in a little hail, then a little frost—out comes the sun, and oh! such a puddle. Grand place for young ducks, this is. Here is our whole division I might truly say mixed, for to move even a ten pound field piece is out of the question. Well, this has got to dry up soon, and when it does, I can assure you there will be a lively time in the vicinity of Centerville and Manassas.

It must be hard on the farmers to live. Factory is worth 15 cents a yard. Hold on now, boys down here will soon jerk a supply of the raw material from old Secesh in a style which will amaze you folks up in Wis., it took some time for “Little Mac” to get ready, and now treason has to take just such cuffs as he chooses to give and is just such spots as his masterly bend accentuates.

Having just come in I have not heard the news, but the news hereafter will all be good far as battles are concerned. I wonder how old Jeff appreciates such taps as Footes, Thomas and Burnside treat him to? The boys are screaming out, “Fort Donelson is taken, and old Ford, with 15,000 troops!”

If it is so you have heard of it before this; but look for Savannah next, or Norfolk. They will have a merry time of it at Columbus. My eyes were quite sore for a short spell but I am as well as ever now.

Yours truly,

Tom H. DOLAN.

ABEY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP TILTINGHAST, Va., Feb. 17, 1862.

Picket duty is truly said to be one of the most important and dangerous duties connected with a soldier’s life. It has its dangers, and also its pleasures; but the amount of enjoyment—real genuine—such duties give rise to, is only known to old stagers like the 2nd.

They have become accustomed to its dangers and its hardships, and now, while on such service, they labor how they shall, while properly performing their duty, extract the most fun from the circumstances surrounding them. Rain or shine, it’s all the same to them. If the elements combine to make it disagreeable, they get up a “counter irritation,” by combining to make it pleasant, and they generally succeed.

The morning of the 14th was ushered in by a rain storm. An order from Headquarters informed the commandant of the 2nd that his regiment was to do picket duty for 48 hours, commencing at 12 M. of that day. The prospect was gloomy, but the boys fell into the ranks without a murmur, and soon the march of eight miles through the deep mud and soaking rain had commenced. Hours of steady plodding brought us in sight of the picket line. To the front of the advanced line of the army of the Potomac. Before we lies the object of our march—the picket line. To the front of the right of us to the left of us, can be seen the blue smoke of the picket’s fire, as it rises toward the clouds. Now we are close to our journey’s end. The picket upon the nearest post can be seen upon their lonely watch. Now we halt, having reached our reserve. The reserve presents quite a cheerful look, notwithstanding the rain. Not less than a dozen bough huts are here built after the old aboriginal style, with their narrow entrance way, pine bough floors, and huge roasting fire in the centre, snugly eneased in among the broad-topped pine trees; composing what is known here as the “Big Pine Woods.”

Relief is detailed and sent out to relieve the old picket; the remainder being held in reserve, are ordered to “break ranks!”
This is done with a will, and now commences the preparation for passing the time pleasantly. Huge chunks of wood, and now and then a stray rail, are brought in, to replenish the fire. Haversacks are inspected, chunks of meat and bread are brought forth, and the inner man bountifully supplied by these substantialities in the eating line. Then there comes the general filling of pipes, getting into comfortable positions, etc. Then comes the trial of wit, the lively and patriotic songs.

Well, Brick, there is no use in trying. I had thought of writing you a description of picket duty in general, and that of the 2nd on the 14th and 16th in particular. But the attempt is a failure. The news has just reached camp of the glorious successes achieved by the Union forces at Fort Donelson, in Tennessee, by Curtis at Springfield, Mo., and by Sherman at and Dupont at Savannah, and we are in a state of excitement not to be described. My thoughts are on anything but picket duty. I have a severe attack of Fort Donelson on the brain, and just took some medicine from a black bottle, said to be by those who have tried it, to be good for such diseases, but it has not helped me a bit. Another prescription of the contents of the black bottle has convinced me that picketing is not for me. As for things; that the American Eagle is a confounded big bird, and that its recent shrieches will give the British Lion an idea that it isn't the biggest load in the paddle after all. Just engage me a part for a 4th of July Ball in La Crosse. Hip hurray for the Union—McClellan—Buell—Lincoln, the 2nd, the Light Guard, and everybody. Fort Donald-al-al-al-on is a big thing.

**How it Looks to the Suech.**

Our correspondent in the 2nd Wis. Regiment sends us the following letter which he found in deserted houses beyond Manassas. The letter was written by Rebel Brigadier General to his wife just after the fall of Fort Donelson:

**RICHMOND, Va., Feb. 18, 1862.**

*My Dear Wife,*

It seems there is no end yet to the disasters attending our arms. It is known here that Fort Donelson is taken and a portion of our forces but the papers of tomorrow will give better information than I have now. It is really very sad and we shall dearly press to hold our other positions. Indeed it may be that we shall have to abandon all our strongholds that we now hold, to concentrate our army. I think we can hold Manassas but may be forced to fall back even there to do some manœuvres. This is all by way of speculation, written under the influence of very depressing news; and in a few days we may have gained victories that will restore our status. But I feel bound to express my sentiments freely to you. I do not want you at Centreville if our army has to fall back from Centreville. I want you to go to Lynchburg and stay there. I think that is a safe place. But I will talk over this matter more in detail when I see you, and I only write now that you might hold yourselves in readiness and not be taken by surprise. I have no sort of information about the subject through which we may learn if only space might be obtained on the bad report our affairs have assumed.

I saw Congress organized to-day; all seemed resolved to conquer our independence at any hazard. Many persons are arriving in the city to witness the inauguration of Lincoln, but for the sad news it would be a grand day; but we must keep our courage up; times are not half so gloomy as they were many times during the revolution.

Mrs. Goode is here, and enquired particularly after you. The Hotel is so crowded that there is not much comfort here. I much prefer being in camp.

*Your affectionate husband,*

**EPPE HUNTER.**

**From the Second Wis. Regiment.**

**CAMP TILLINGHAST, Virginia, February 21st, 1862.**

*Editors TaThe:—Yours truly,*

At the request of your faithful correspondent, the Jennie, I have been induced to try my hand at "writing for the press," and hereewith submit a few sentences, which you are at liberty to print or burn, as you please. I do not expect to entertain your readers as pleasantly as the Jennie has done, but will endeavor to keep them posted of our whereabouts and matters and things generally in camp.

The successive Union victories of the past week, has made the army of the Potomac quite jubilant. This grand catalogue of victories for the Union cause, most effectually dampen the ardor of the rebellious States. Everywhere the Union armies are closing around this unholy rebellion, and it seems as if but a little while longer, the war is at an end. Our flag flies over the waves at Fort Royal, Danville, Prestburg, Somerset, Roonkee Island, on Forts Henry and Donelson, while Savannah is destined to receive it as a herald of peace, and it would not surprise us, if in less than a month Charleston paid its homage to the old flag, which soared a year since it dared to triumph in the dust. Yrly, the work goes bravely on. One or two more bold strokes, and Jeff Davis and his legions will lay aside the sword, and prepare to receive a merited punishment. Everywhere the Union troops are in motion, except on the Potomac, where rests an impatient army, hourly expecting the word to march on Centreville—a place claimed to be well fortified, and capable of resisting a force of a hundred thousand men, but like Forts Henry and Donelson, can be overpowered by the well equipped, drilled and disciplined troops of the army of the Potomac. It is predicted that the rebels will evacuate both Centreville and Manassas, and fall back to the protection of Richmond, but I am inclined to the opinion that they will never give up these points until forced by overpowering numbers. They are now driven almost to desperation, and will fight with a determination to make the best of a bad scrape. That the rebels will evacuate the Potomac, is apparent, and that desertions from its ranks are numerous, is evident from the number arriving almost daily within our lines. They are poorly dressed, and from all accounts, ration are running short, and the laying idle for so long a time, with the reckless care of themselves, so becoming the southern chivalry, that a contracted disease has thinned their ranks to a great extent.

If the present good weather continues, the roads will soon be passable for artillery, and the hopes of this may be fully realized. This grand army of a hundred and fifty thousand has an account to settle with these rebels, and the account can only be settled by the use of projectiles and the brandishing of their 150,000 bayonets near the centre of gravity. The hopes of this army will be fully realized when they can follow the news from Petersburg, fall into the heart of the city of Richmond, the present hell-hole of rebellion. The burial of a private soldier, belonging to the 7th Regiment, has caused considerable comment, from the fact that it was so slowly done. The box (a thing not worthy the name of coffin) was made of half-inch basswood boards, and in the handling of it from the wagon to the grave, it burst, and the head being lowered into the grave, large sized rocks were allowed to roll down upon it, smashing in the lid, and in this condition it was covered, the mound built, and the comrades of the departed one left, having paid a careless tribute to the memory of one of the defenders of the Stars and Stripes. But there were those, who witnessed of this disgraceful scene, that thought it fit to do more. A young lady, belonging to the Head Quarters, whose generosity and noble heart prompted her to pluck some green bushes and set them around the grave, while a couple of young men from the Second, at her command, placed a head and foot-board at the grave, thus marking the spot where our sons of the Second, Badger State sleeps his last sleep.

*Stevens McElroy, of Co. G, of this Regiment, died a week ago to-day, and was buried on Sunday.* He was a printer by trade, and a brother of Wm. McElroy, who died in your place a couple weeks since. He was sick for some time, and the attendance at his funeral was very large. He was much respected by all who knew him.

*Company 1* took up a collection of $15 and presented it to the Postmaster of the Regiment, for the purpose of buying him a horse. He is always faithful in the delivery of the mail, and very accommodating to the boys. The mail that goes from this Regiment is a large one, and for a man to carry it to Washington, and receive the mail matter, daily, is no slight job, to say the least.

So many changes have taken place in Co. G, that I here present the names of those composing the non-commissioned staff of the
Correspondence of the Daily Gazette.  
From the Second Regiment.  

Fort Tillinghast, Va., Feb. 20.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As I have leisure, I thought I would write a few lines for your columns, to let you know the whereabouts of the "bloody" second, as it is styled by some. We have been at this camp four months and a half, being longer than we have stayed at any one place before. We used to complain about moving camps so much; but since we have been here we have not had that to complain of. After we came here, as long as the good weather lasted, we were put through a routine of regimental, brigade and division drills. Reviews and inspections came in, of course, as a change from a regular order of business. And, lest there should be too much of a monotony in our military life, we used to take a tour at picketing occasionally, "just to keep our hands in." And thus it was drill, review, inspection, etc., day after day. But January comes in, and drilling ceases. Why? Because when officers and long-legs both sunk into Virginia clay about a foot, they found it rather difficult to extricate themselves, and, therefore, concluded they would give us rest until the foundation underneath got a little better.

During the month of January I think it raised here about two-thirds of the time; and as our tents are not entirely water proof, we had rather a disagreeable time. In consequence of the immense quantities of rain which have fallen here this winter, the roads have been almost impassable. During this long spell of rainy, muddy weather, we had no news of victories by our forces to cheer our hearts. We heard a great deal about what was going to be done, but nothing about what had been done; and thus we are plodding around in the mud and rain, hearing nothing, and seeing nothing new. And it will not be wondered at if some of us will get a little homesick, and had a longing for something to take place which would revive our almost drooping hearts. And at last it comes.

The taking of Fort Henry gives us much gratification, and Com. Foote is pronounced a hero by the boys here, at once; and we are almost overwhelmed with joy when we hear of the victories of Roanoke and Fort Donelson. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed in this regiment, on the receipt of the surrender of Fort Donelson to our forces. The colonel got the news the night previous to its appearance in the National Republican, a Washington paper which we get in camp daily of the newspapers. The news was, of course, too good to keep, and consequently we were summoned to the colonel's quarters to hear the latest from the war. When it was announced to us that Fort Donelson had been taken, Buckner, Johnson, and 15,000 prisoners, a cheer went up from the second which made the woods and hills fairly ring. The band was upon the grounds and played several tunes, and for a while all was wild excitement and joy. Short speeches were made by several of the officers.

Capt. McKee being called upon, came forward and mounted a table which stood there, and said, "Soldiers, my heart is overjoyed at the news of the great victories which have lately been achieved by our army and navy. I believe the war is near to a close. But, boys, we all remember the 21st of July, and we all wait a chance to fight that battle again. I am satisfied from what I saw of you that day, that we have no cowards in our ranks, and know when we have another chance every man will prove himself a hero."

Col. Fairchild next came forward, and said, "Boys, I am overjoyed at the receipt of the late news. I feel so rejoiced that I cannot speak. I feel more like shouting. Let us give three cheers for the brave boys of the west, who have so lately distinguished themselves." And as he gave the cautionary command, hip, hip, hip, the woods were made to ring with the sound of Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

By this time the boys got to feeling pretty well and concluded that they would have a little fun; and, accordingly, Capt. Randolph, when being called upon to make a speech and refused to come out, was instantly caught up by some of the boys and borne to the stand. "Boys," said he, "I suppose I have been put up here to be cheered, as all who have spoken before me have been. I am no speaker. I used to think I could fight some; I tried my hand once and you all know how I came out then. Now, boys, I want you to make a louder cheer for me than you have yet made." The boys cheered, and I guess I was satisfied, for they gave him a "rouser."

Dr. Ward was now invited to take the stand; he came forward but he seemed to lack inspiration and could not speak. He told the boys he did not feel like speaking, and attempted to get down from the stand; but the boys had made up their minds to have a speech, from the Doctor, and would not let him off. His tried to get down, but in vain. The Lieutenant-Colonel observing the precarious circumstances of the Doctor, considered it quite sporting, and said, "Boys, I can assure you the Doctor is a good speaker; and don't you let him off until he makes you a speech." The Doctor excused himself now from speaking, by saying he could sing better. Well, "give us a song," said the boys. So the Doctor, after getting the Major to help him, sang a piece, and the boys were then willing to let him off for that time.

Now came forward O'Conner, who is our noble Colonel. He said: "Soldiers! I am
very glad this opportunity has presented it- self. I have wanted a chance to speak to you for some time. I feel proud of you, I am prouder to command so gallant a regiment. You have been in one battle, and though you suffered defeat, you did not suffer disgrace. Upon the hearth-stones at home in Wisconsin the merits of your noble deeds are discussed; and wherever you are known you are high in the hearts of the people. You know when I came on here last summer to take charge of this regiment, that I was accused of being a secessionist; and boys I want to lead you into one battle, to prove to the people of Wisconsin that I am a true man, and capable of holding the position which I occupy. My heart beats as true to the Union, to-day, as any man’s in the nation; and I want to have a chance to lead you on, even if I fall, that I may thereby prove myself. In these late victories we see the successful result of weeks and months of preparation. The achievements of our army within the last two or three weeks, has fired anew the heart of every Union soldier to press forward in the noble deeds of their common country. They claim that he who has been segregated from the Union army of the Potomac are being revived by the boys, the opinion being general that this portion of the mighty army will soon be allowed an opportunity to display its power. We can move in Richmond, the so-called capitol of the Confederacy, and hold that government for which Washington, and the other noble souls of his day labored so faithfully to establish.

After the address was read, Gen. King made us a short speech, the first I have heard him make. He is not a talking man, but when he does speak he speaks to the point. His address was very short, but stirring, and he closed by saying: “We have been left to be described by your correspondent. According to orders from Headquarters, the regiment feels under obligation to return to its encampment. The weather in Virginia still continues disagreeable; it rains every day and the roads are almost impassable. Some were literally torn to pieces; tent poles were broken; wagons were upset; trees were blown down; in short it always means delay. We have been the finest to-day of the last two months. The weather has been the finest to-day of the last two months. From before it at a most unexampled rate, and to-day we have been able to resume pedestrianism without danger to life or limb. In the weather has been the finest to-day of the last two months. Very glad this opportunity has presented itself. I have wanted a chance to speak to you for some time. I feel proud of you, I am prouder to command so gallant a regiment. You have been in one battle, and although you suffered defeat, you did not suffer disgrace. Upon the hearth-stones at home in Wisconsin the merits of your noble deeds are discussed; and wherever you are known you are high in the hearts of the people. You know when I came on here last summer to take charge of this regiment, that I was accused of being a secessionist; and boys I want to lead you into one battle, to prove to the people of Wisconsin that I am a true man, and capable of holding the position which I occupy. My heart beats as true to the Union, to-day, as any man’s in the nation; and I want to have a chance to lead you on, even if I fall, that I may thereby prove myself. In these late victories we see the successful result of weeks and months of preparation. The achievements of our army within the last two or three weeks, has fired anew the heart of every Union soldier to press forward in the noble deeds of their common country. They claim that he who has been segregated from the Union army of the Potomac are being revived by the boys, the opinion being general that this portion of the mighty army will soon be allowed an opportunity to display its power. We can move in Richmond, the so-called capitol of the Confederacy, and hold that government for which Washington, and the other noble souls of his day labored so faithfully to establish.

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From the Second Regiment.

DEAR SIR:—Having observed through the newspapers that an unfavorable impression exists at home in relation to your purchase of shoes for this regiment last summer, we voluntarily take this occasion to state, that under the circumstances then existing, your a. m. was met with our decided approval. Our necessities were pressing, and there was no time for delay. The shoes, though many of them were defective, were the best that could be obtained in Washington, and although costing much less than those afterwards supplied by the Government, did equal if not better service. Instead of blaming you for this transaction, the regiment feels under obligation to you not for this service alone, but for other marks of kindness and consideration shown by you in your official and private capacity. Very respectfully Yours,

From the Second Regiment.

E. O'Conner, Col. 2d Wis. Vols.

I. F'AIRCILD, Lt. Col. 2d Wis. Vols.

From the Second Regiment.

T. S. Allen, Maj. 2d Wis. Vols.

From the Second Regiment.

J. B. WATSON, Esq.

E. O’Conner, Col. 2d Wis. Vols.

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T. S. ALLEN, Maj. 2d Wis. Vols.
The Brigade was formed into a hollow square on a side hill, with a pitch of one foot in three, and there we had to stand for one hour, exercising every now and then, to keep from sliding suddenly to the bottom, while the address was being made, one word of which we could not hear. After the reading, Gen. King made a speech, and as he has strong lungs, we could occasionally hear a word. You can better judge than I describe the feelings of the boys as they returned to camp.

To-day the Light Guard had the pleasure of taking a La Crosse, J. C. Coombs, by the hand. His reception was a cordial one, and the guests with which the boys asked and he answered questions about matters and things in La Crosse and its inhabitants, both fair and contrary, was a scene worth seeing.

Capt. Colwell is still in Washington with his family. I am pleased to be able to write that his lady is in a fair way of a speedy recovery. The boys are all well.

**February 27.**—Hip, hip hurrah, for the Star Spangled Banner; the American Eagle, anything and everybody! The Light Guard are victorious! Merit and right have triumphed! The fact is, Brick, your correspondent feels so exalted that he can hardly contain himself long enough to pen the good news! At dress parade this morning an order was read placing the Light Guard upon the right of the Regiment. After being euchured out of that position by some little technicality, Col. C. McKee has been obliged to give it to us on account of fitness. This is a compliment to the Guard of which they may well feel proud, and I know that our friends in far-off La Crosse will joy with us.

This order tells the whole story of the nine months the Guard has spent in camp. It speaks volumes for the members of the Guard. The boys said, when they were put upon the left at Camp Randall, Madison, that when they returned from the war, it would be on the right of the Regiment. The 2d is a bully Regiment, and the La Cross Light Guard is the bully company of a bully Regiment.

There was another order issued at the same time with the above, of a cheering nature, which was to be prepared to move in ten minutes notice with two days rations. This last order sounds more like business than anything that has happened lately. When we move, but four baggage wagons accompany the Regiment. Each officer is required to reduce his baggage, so that it can be contained in a common satchel or valise. The men are to carry their all on their back, in addition to which each man carries the half of his tent, or shelter as they are called. They are a kind of French concern, about the size of a common dog kennel, and about as comfortable, I should judge. However, I guess they are better than no cover at all. We tried the canopy of Heaven for a cover at one time for about three weeks, and my word for it, it's a leaky concern. At present in a storm, I will presume, hold good in the tent business. Where we are going, I have not the remotest idea. As soon as I know, your readers shall be informed of it. If fighting is contemplated, the 1st company, the La Cross Light Guard, will do its duty, as it ever has. You can bet on them every time, and run no risk. It's raining! Wonderful, ain't it?

**BADGER.**

**Printers' Screen.**—The printers of the 2d regiment celebrated Franklin's birthday by a supper, toasts, and other proceedings in camp on the Potomac. Twenty-five "practicals" were present; and addresses were made by Maj. Allen, Capt. McKee, Capt. La Flesche, Lieut. Wood, Capt. F. B. Barry, and Lieut. Col. Fairchild.

Letters were read from Brig. Gen. King and Chas. D. Robinson, editor of the Green Bay Advocate and a member of General King's staff.

**From the Light Guard.**

**Head-Quarters 2d Regt., Wis. Vol., Camp Tillinghast, Va., Feb. 27th 1862.**

Messrs. Correspondents:—Some weeks have elapsed since writing you; but a few incidents worthy of note have transpired.

The weather has greatly improved. The roads are becoming hard again; and (Buck don't imagine I am about to express any of McCollum's plans,) not a doubt now exists, but there will be something done in this quarter! King's brigade were ordered this afternoon to head-quarters—the banner of the 2d is again to be seen in camp. Its joyous welcome was had by the former succorded in obtaining, and held over since, was to-day, by order of Gen. McDowell, given to the L. C. L. G., therefore, we now hold the position of honor in the Regiment, and proudly are we, if you may well imagine. (Ask Serg't P. C. Dunn.)

We were honored yesterday and to-day, with a visit from your worthy townsmen, J. G. Coomans, Esq., and right glad were all to see him. He will be remembered by the Light Guard! He starts East for his spring stock to-night. Success to him we echo.

Capt. Colwell returned to camp to-day. He has been absent to the city for near two weeks. No doubt you are aware of the death of one of his children. Mrs. Coomans has been quite ill, but has greatly improved of late. The Captains has also been sick, probably from the incessant watching duty that is necessary of him. He returns to Washington to-night. Limits, Hughes and Wool, with the remainder of the company, (except Dr. Bunnell, who has had the small pex, but is now free from danger,) are well and hearty, and prospering finely.

Respectfully yours,

C. C. B.

**P. S.** We are now armed with Austrian rifles.

**AN EXCELLENT REGIMENT.**—A friend who has been visiting the regiments over the river, calls our attention to it. Second Wisconsin, a corps which came into Washington in June last, and entered at once into active service. The Second participated at Bull Run, and was particularly noticed by General Sherman for its bravery in that affair. Since that time, its aim has been to excel. Col. Edgar O'Connor, its commander, is a graduate of the West Point Academy, and thorough disciplinarian, and served for some time as an officer in the regular army. Since then he has been absent to the city for near two weeks. No doubt you are aware of the sickness of his family. He returns to Washington to-night. Limits, Hughes and Wool, with the remainder of the company, (except Dr. Bunnell, who has had the small pex, but is now free from danger,) are well and hearty, and prospering finely.

Respectfully yours,

Capt. Colwell.
The Wisconsin Regiments that have gone forward to the seat of war now number thirteen, besides the Artillery Batteries, all of which leave this week. These regiments are scattered from Washington to Kansas, and have always been credited to themselves and their State. The 1st and 10th are in Kentucky; the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 9th are in the Potomac; the 8th is at Cairo; the 11th and 12th are in Missouri; the 13th started for Leavenworth, Kansas, last Saturday, an account of which will be found in to-day's paper; the 9th is off for St. Louis.

We have collected a few items of news and anecdote from correspondence, &c., concerning these regiments, which we give below.

THE SECOND.

This regiment, which has passed through more hardships and suffered greater demoralization than any other, is now thoroughly re-organized and in good condition. The men composing it seem gifted with a peculiar faculty of “getting along” and supplying the larder. One of the Generals, McDowell we believe, said of them, that “go to the farthest federal picket, climb the tallest tree, and look abroad to the most distant hills, and the sight of some of the 2d stealing corn would greet the eye.”

“Bring in,” in the LaCrossite Republican gives the following incidents illustrative of their talents in foraging provisions for Thanksgiving day: “As I looked around upon their well-filled table, groaning under the weight of turkeys, goose, chickens, pigs, lamb, beef, &c., &c., I wondered how they obtained them, situated as they were in an enemy’s country, and remote from any market. But the mystery was all solved by a remark of Colwell’s (in confidence of course,) that ‘we go to market here after dark.’ Do the 2d steal? Who said they would steal? I have not—no, sir! that’s an insinuation of your own, Mr. Editor. I don’t think they would exactly steal, but I do think that if it were not for Blenker’s brigade, (that Gen. McClellan keeps close by to prevent the exercise of their appropriating propensities) they would appropriate and bring into Maryland the whole rebel army in two weeks, for they have already taken everything of a movable character between Washington and Fairfax Court House, notwithstanding the constant vigilance of Blenker.”

William H. Upland, of Racine, Wis., who has been nominated by the President a cadet at West Point. At the battle of Bull Run young Upland was a private in the 2d Wisconsin Regiment, was shot through the breast and dangerously wounded. After lying two or three days on the battle-field, he was thrown on a rebel cattle car and conveyed to Richmond, where he lay for months in a tobacco house, suffering intensely, part of the time, from the wound.”

In February last he was exchanged. While at Washington the President heard of him and sent for him. He went to the White House, and the President asked him in regard to all the particulars of his capture and imprisonment. At the conclusion of the interview, Mr. Lincoln asked for his full name, and on parts with him said—“Young man, you may hear from me again.” Young Upland thought no more of it and returned to Wisconsin, looking for and seeking nothing from the favor of the President. His appointment will be a pleasant surprise to him.

THE THIRD.

—The La Crosse Light Guard, (Co. B), Second Wisconsin Regiment, is in the greatest kind of luck, having been honored lately as but few companies ever were. At dress parade a few days since, the Regiment was drawn up in line before the Arlington House, Gen. McDowell’s Headquarters, near Washington, and changed from the left to the right of the Regiment, as a reward for being the best drilled and most picturesque company in the Division. It was a proud day for the La Crosse Boys, and our pen runs faster than usual as we write this, for we too are proud of this well merited promotion of an entire company, most of whom are glad to know as our personal friends.

And there are many in La Crosse who are proud of them as such. When there’s work to do, the Light Guard never have murmured—never shrunk from danger—never have forsaken their duty—and never have been other than gentlemen. If the company should show themselves in La Crosse, we would just like to give birth to a hundred echoes and make these grand old bluffs wonder who was cheering and what for. Capt. Colwell has endeared himself to his men and proven that he means business. Very much of the extraordinary promotion of the entire company is due to the skill and energy of Lieut. J. D. Wood, the favorite of all, who has been recruiting in his labor and who has drilled the company into its present state of discipline and perfection. Two hundred and seven heers for the Guard, Gen. McClellan, Capt. Colwell, Lieut. Wood, and all the boys of the Light Guard! This western timber is pretty good stuff after all.
the announcement among the troops. The effort was considered a notice to quit playing soldier, and endure heavy losses, death, and personal injury. As the order was read, cheers arose, and our brave chiefs encouraged our troops. On this occasion, our troops were not allowed to be left alone upon "cocktail" as on this occasion. The new regiment was peculiarly alive in the desire for victory and for the good reason. This is one of the oldest regiments in the service, having entered Washington and crossed into the battle of Bull Run last June, and took an active part in the battle of Second Manassas, and Bull Run. In the former losing their losses, being about one hundred and sixty men, killed and wounded, and twelve wounded and wounded, Col. Edgar C. O'Connor and Lt. Col. Eschbacher are both regular army officers, and the regiment they command in drill and discipline approaches the army regulations as any volunteer corps in the field, and has received many compliments from our best officers. We shall expect to hear a good report from the Wisconsin brigade, and particularly from Col. O'Connor's Second regiment when the war shows takes place.—Washington D. C. Chronicle.

For the Gazette.


Intemperance and Crime.

Sufficient has been said and written on this subject to convince the people that intemperance is productive of crime. We are all aware that many evil influences arise from the evil habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. Young man, beware of the danger which is there to beset your path of life if you partake of a little liquor. The habit of intemperance has a tendency to destroy both the body and soul. Men of great intellect and learning have become drunkards; because they could not resist the vicious temptation of strong drink.

Men possessing wealth and honorable positions in occupation, have disgraced and ruined themselves by being persuaded to believe, that a drop of rum, would not harm them. Even a drop of that poisonous drug will create a desire for a little more. By taking a little the body comes inflamed, the mind becomes weak, and the brain is hardened, in fact, the common sense of humanity will soon abandon the man, and leave what was once a man of great intellectual power, a raving maniac. Behold the crimes resulting from the habit of intemperance.

Wives are left without husband, children become fatherless, lovers and confiding husbands have been led to the gutter, and there to engage in intoxication while their anxious wives are waiting for them, with grief and pity stamped upon their countenances. In a miserable state of intoxication the husbands return to their homes with murder impressed upon their hearts. As the husband enters his house he meets his wife with tears of sorrow and sympathy in her lovely eyes,—she who will not drown him. But how is it with him? He has been made mad by the influence of rum. See him as he seizes his once cherished wife by the hair of the head, and with his clenched fists beats her until her sufferings are relieved by death. He then rushes to the cradle of the sleeping infant, he seizes it and while a smile of innocence is on the features of the tender being, and dashes its brains out. That father and husband knows not, cares not, for the deed he has done. He is mad! Oh! what a horrible scene of bloodshed is presented to the eyes of that wretched man. As he sees the corpses of his wife and child, he darts forth from that desolate home in rage,—he is arrested, tried, and convicted of murder; he is imprisoned for life, or executed, or taken to an Insane Asylum, a maniac, and dies.

Crimes of that nature are apt to occur frequently. Fathers in a state of intoxication murder their sons. Sons in a state of intoxication murder their fathers. Husbands with self-respect, and honorable character, lose their self-respect, disgrace their characters, and murder their faithful wives, by being persuaded to believe that rum was a pleasant beverage.

Thus we see the evil consequences resulting from intemperance. Dear reader, I entreat you to avoid intemperance for the sake of your friends, your honor, your reputation and your happiness. Do not fill a drunkard's grave, but live and die temperate men. Die with a Christian integrity, and may your reward in Heaven be great.

EDWIN COLE.

BULL RUN.

A correspondent of the Evening Star at Yorktown fell in, among the rebel officers captured in the pursuit, with Capt. W. G. Conner, of Natchez, Miss. (Jeff. Davis' Legion of Cavalry,) in whom he recognized an old classmate at Yale, and whose hospitality he had enjoyed in previous years. In the correspondence which ensued followed an interesting exhibition of certain hitherto unexplained circumstances, connected with the battle of Bull Run on September 10th.

CORRESPONDENT.—Why was the official report of the battle of Manassas so long withheld from the public by your generals?

CAPT. CONNER.—Principally because it was thought, and Beauregard did not consider it expedient to disclose the strength of our force at that battle. Your official and newspaper reports had greatly exaggerated the strength of our army at that battle. It was not the policy of our command to magnify the strength of our force, as our arms in the Potomac were so small and not of attack. The design of our President was to attack Washington, but to so continually threaten that it could not be allowed to help a large army in the vicinity to protect the city, thus obliging the President to send out our troops from other points of attack, so long as we were not preventing you from reinforcing those points. Again, the battle was so fiercely conducted that the official report of it an early day would have given our troops more encouragement than ours.

CON.—Why did Mr. Davis reject the policy of Gen. Beauregard in regard to the attempt to take possession of Washington?

CAPT. CONNER.—Because we could not hold the capital, so long as you held possession of the Potomac. It was the policy of General Beauregard and other officers of our army to capture that city and liberate Maryland.

CON.—What regiment of our army fought the most gallantly at Manassas?

CAPT. CONNER.—The 14th of Brooklyn, and Griffin's and Reckitt's batteries fought by far the most gallantly. This is the opinion of all our officers.

CON.—What errors do you think we committed at this battle that caused us to lose the day?

CAPT. CONNER.—If you fought the battle on Thursday or Friday you would have won it. The delay a week, or a week after, was fatal to you. You made a great military error in allowing Johnston to reinforce Beauregard. You fought the battle by regiments, while we fought by brigades and divisions. We had many times before one o'clock in the afternoon of that day in which you might have won the battle if you had vigorously attacked our center, since the center of our line became very weak by reason of the continual reinforcements Gen. Johnston was obliged to send to the left which was so fiercely pressed by your right. It was a severely contested battle on your side. Your soldiers fought gallantly, but they were not commanded.

CON.—Why did you not follow up our retreat?

CAPT. CONNER.—We had no idea of the completeness of our victory at the time, and besides, we were in no condition to follow up the retreat.

ARMS CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP TILTINGHAM, VA.

March 2, 1862.

Since the recent decisive victories achieved by the Union forces, there has been a marked difference in the tone of the political press, as well as a number of the political leaders. Occasionally an editor speaks "out in meeting," telling some plain truths, without mixing the words either. Jeff Davis and his manner of conducting the governmental affairs of the so-called government, is hailed over the coast, his remarks indulged in not very complimentary to him, or his administrative ability. One of the most important admissions you chose to light is made by an "officer" writing to the Richmond Examiner, who gives the Southern chivalry,
as displayed in the battles of Roanoke Island and Fort Henry, a terrible rebuke. He says:

"At Fort Henry, a Brigadier General unmounted, having a garrison arm's intact, lowers the flag over a dozen guns of the largest calibre, and, with a back negroy's compliment, yields up his bloodless sword. How withering and humiliating to our southern manhood, was the sorrowful reply of the Yankee command-er."

On these engaged in the battle of Roanoke Island, he was particularly seve-re, using the following plain language:

"The Roanoke affair is perfectly incomprehensible. The newspapers are filled with extravagant laudations of our valor; the annals of Greece and Rome offer no parallel; whole regiments were defeated by companies, and we yielded only to death. Our men finally surrendered 'with no blood on their bayonets,' and what is the loss? Richmond Blues, two killed, and five wounded; McCulloch killed and two wounded; the other four companies lost in all two killed and eleven wounded. Comment: The whole army had better surrender at once, for it will eventually come to it."

I set the last sentence down as sound, and the writer of the article shows that the Great Mogul of the bogus confedera-cy have not "fired his heart" to the extent sought. Straws thrown up into the air will show which way the wind blows, and the publications of plain truths like the above, shows that reason is returning to some of the Southern people. All that is wanted now, is a continuance of the same line of policy herefore adopted by the Administration of Mr. Lin-colen. The conservative policy is winning bloodless victories in every part of the South, where the presence of our armies makes it known, and I must mis-take the Southern character, if a large majority of those now in arms against the United States, if not themselves, give the final death blow to rebellion, by bringing the leading spirits to the punishment they so richly deserve.

BADGER.

For the Democrat.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP TELLINGHAUF, VA. March 6, 1862.

One of the most important features connected with the present war, is the new position in which it is causing the Northwestern States to appear to the people of the other sections of the same section of the country has been looked upon by the politicians of the Northern and Middle States, as very well for raising grain, &c.; but when her representatives asked that a portion of the public monies should be appropriated for the improvement of their Lake and River Harbors, it was a bird of a different color. The lamented Douglas, with his great wisdom and forethought years ago, saw the true position the Northwest held to the balance of the country, and exerted his mighty intellect and oratorical pow-er. The impress upon the nation at large, he was founded in this principally through the jealousy of the Empire and Keystone States; and had it not been for this war, the Northwest would have remained in that background for years to come. Now it is acknowledged by all that the pub-lic service demands that some fortifica-tions and depots of arms and munitions, with harbor and navigation improve-ments, at well selected points upon the great rivers and lakes, should at once be made, and that it is necessary to foster these States if they would reap all the benefits their wealth and glory will bring to the Union hereafter. To carry out this fostering principle the Representatives of Northern and middle States who have heretofore ignored the rights and importance of the great North-west, signify their willingness to vote appro-priations for the establishment of a National Point, for the enlargement and extension of the Illinois and Michigan canal, by which the great lakes would be connect-ed with the Mississippi; the erection of a Fort on Lake Superior commanding the Haut St. Marie Canal: a military road on Lake Superior from Green Bay to Marquette, and divers other internal im-provements necessary to place that sec-tion in position for a successful defence.

The importance of the above measures have been long known, the North-west through their Representatives have labored with uniting zeal to bring about the proper legislation to secure them. But it was reserved for time when the West was in a fever, to have the blood of our sons freely shedding their blood to put down an internal war and the prospect of a conflict with England and France appeared to be imminent, for the Middle and Northern States to vote "to give to the Southern States that protection they deserve."

John W. Forney in his Philadelphia-Press, thus speaks of the report of the "Select Committee on the Defence of Great Lakes and Rivers," and the claim of the great Northwest, which he says: "are presented to the country as the never have been presented before." It is astounding to the resources of this rich and fertile region the Press says:

"As we look upon the pyramid of figures representing his arguments, and see calculation after calculation, showing the population, the wealth, the tonnage, the commerce, the real estate and personal property, and the political power of the Northwestern States, we feel humbled. And when we remember that these things have come together, almost in the span of a single generation, that the first white man born in the State of Illinois is hardly old enough to be a grandfather, we stand against the power and strength, still to come, and see the glory of the Empire and Keystone State pass away to the shores of the great lakes and Upper Mississippi. The Western States have been neglected for the Union. They were turned out into the prairies and forests to bow timber and dig soil, to navigate broad streams in rude boats and fight the Indians, and they attain the years of manhood strongly, firmly, uncomely, honest, and affectionate; during the general peace, their petted Southern brethren conspired to destroy the Union, they have added to mean the lives of a hundred million of people."

There is something imposing in the gross of this great empire. There are immense inland seas, covering eighty thousand square miles of surface, and surrounded by five thousand miles of coast. On these coasts a vast population has come together.

From the Second Wis. Regiment.

CAMP TELLINGHAUF, VIRGINIA. March 6th, 1862.

Eugene Patrice:

On the morning of the 22nd ult., Washington's birthday, the Second were notified that their presence was wanted at Gen. McDowell's Head Quarters, to hear Washington's Farewell Address, and fire a salute of ten rounds of blank cartridge. As usual, the Second turned out in masse, prepared to do their might in paying a due respect to the Father of his Country. The drill was splendid, and eclipsed all other regiments in the brigade. Captains HAYAWAY read the Farewell Address, and cheered upon cheer rent the air at the conclusion, and the brave troops evinced the true spirit of the noble chieftain.

On the 23rd we were again ordered to appear at head-quarters, to drill in Brigade. On this day, too, we made a grand appearance, and won laurels. A number of regular officers and men were present, and quite a congregation of ladies. At the conclusion of the drill, and at the request of Gen. KING, the Second remained, and had a dress parade. Adjutant DEAN formed the battalion, and the troops being ordered to be placed—(the regiment stand at parade rest, every eye to the front, hands in proper place, not one moving, every officer and man actually appearing more like statues than mortals)—the band passed up and down the front of the battalion, dispensing sweet music to an admiring assembly. Lieut.-Col. FAIRCILD, then put the regiment through the manual of arms, and the efficiency they displayed in this particular is worthy of the men. At the hands of an unbiased public they have more than once been the recipients of applauses, as the enclosed slips will show.

The Wisconsin Bulletin—Our Wednesday afternoon, Gen. King's Wisconsin Brigade was told to be in readiness for an advance; and it was really gratifying to witness the earnestness with which followed the command among the troops. The brave boys considered it quite a notice to quit playing soldier, and
I not be paid before April or May, as our movement will be made within a week or two. As the order was read, cheer after cheer was given, and our reporter says that he never saw anything so strong a desire to be let loose upon "secesha" as on this occasion. The Second regiment was peculiarly alive in the dress parade, and good reason. This is one of the oldest regiments in the field, having entered Washington and crossed into Virginia nearly last June, and took an active part in the battles of Centreville and Bull Run, in the former losing three, in the latter about 16 killed, 150 wounded, and prisoners. Col. Edgar O'Connor and Lt. Col. Fairchild are regular army officers, and the regiment they command is formed in drill and discipline as near the army regulations as any volunteer corps in service, and has received many compliments from our best officers. We shall expect to hear a good report from the Wisconsin brigade, and particularly from Col. O'Con nor's Second regiment, when the advance takes place.—Sunday Chronicle.

The other extract from the Washington Republican was published in the Tribune last week.

Our Band, under the tutelage of Prof. Ver, is a fixed institution in the brigade and it has become so that even other regiments wish to make a grand show of their skill, and give a fancy parade, our band is called on to attend and do the agreeable, while there is left at home. Some will aver that the second is wearing laurels never won; but let me refer the gentlemen to the facts. It is in black and white. On this parade an order was issued to prepare for a forward movement, that all unnecessary articles be packed, preparatory to being left in some secure place. In accordance with this order, all hands are busy making due preparations, and you may calculate to hear within a short time, of the triumphant march of the Army of the Potomac over the Plains of Manassas, to the gates of Richmond, to form another link in the chain of victories, and panicularly from Col. O'Connor's Second regiment, when the advance takes place.

On the 28th we were mustered, according to law. It is presumed that we will not be paid before April or May, as our movement will be made within a week or two, at the farthest. Of course we are not anxious for money, so long as we can be allowed to move, which you know we feel quite delighted over, as well as the whole country.

The monotony of camp life was some what enlivened by a fall of snow this morning. In the afternoon one of Co. "H", received an impression on the left cheek from a snow-ball thrown by a member of Co. "C" (this Company is from Platteville, Wisconsin). It is the general supposition of friends at home that the "Miner's Guards" can turn out a force of at least eighty men for a battle. In this they are mistaken. Since we left home fourteen have been discharged on surgeon's certificates, one is missing since the 21st of July, and sixteen are on daily extra duty, thus leaving us in force only seventy men, and upon a march, we could not possibly turn out over sixty-five men, besides the three commissioned officers. These seventy are good men, are a willing, good-hearted, ever-ready set of beings, prepared to go through almost any hardship imaginable.

That they will do their duty in the coming strife no one can doubt, and they will come out of an engagement with honor to themselves and the place they hail from. The reliance placed upon this Regiment, coupled with the extraordinary good name they bear, naturally enough, inspires every man to do his might. There will be no flatting, but each man will be prepared to meet the worst of circumstances.

Yours truly,

[Handwritten note]

Letter from the President.

Camp Tillinghast, Va., March 10, 1862.

FRIEND COVEN—I reached this place on the 1st inst., and found my soldier friends in fine health and exuberant spirits, except Gilligan and Fletcher Kidd, of the 2d Regiment, and B. P. Kinney, Jonathan Booth, and young Black of Capt. McKee's company, the latter three slightly, those of the 7th dangerously sick. That portion of the "grand army" located hereabouts was under marching orders, which will serve to explain the multiplied and distressing calls of the "dags" that rendered up the worse days and made the nights hideous.

I passed the time until Thursday the 6th inst., in calling upon my old friends in the 2d, 6th, and 7th regiments of Wisconsin, and many of the smiling camps composed of volunteers from other States, everywhere receiving a soldiers hospitality and welcome.

I have no reason to be ashamed of the Grant county delegation here. Captains McKee, Collins, Emmons and Ensmih with their officers and men, are justly regarded by disinterested judges of military matters, as the most popular and efficient in the service.

But to return. On the 6th batters in the morning. (for soldiers are early risers)
the second was detailed to go on pickets, and receive a amusing call from Offic- 
ers and men to accompany them. I at once accepted, merely stipulating that I should be furnished with rials and other traps becoming the new character I was to assume. A keener observer than myself might doubt have detected a lurking waggon, for the boys who turned out had a sort of importance about them, and the way they were the boy's face as large as his expression. I might have been mistaken, but I did not think I was. The war had come to be known as the War for Secession, but it was still a war of plunder, surrounded by cavalry and captured, with a sign of discomfiture, came on, they say, that I had made haste beyond our limits, which was opening into another throw over my shoulder a lever.

Our course was about due west seven miles, through the most villainous red mud you ever saw. Passing near camp Peck where the 2d were stationed previous to Bell Run, Balls Cross Roads, Upton hilly from those places, and around the Ridge, Fairfax Court House, Bailey's Cross Roads, and other points of interest, are before you.

The first night Capt. McKee's company of the regiment was stationed in thick-peopled box and cedar boughs, nearly a mile inside the extreme outposts. Next day, however, we were ordered to the front, and the picketing commenced in earnest. I kept a keen lookout into the dense forests of oak, hickory and evergreen with the balance.

A raw recruit's first night on very confined lines of law and order, and one might of his civilization, is well calculated to sharpen all his senses. Heark! there goes a musket two more, and the long roll is between, and the sharp, nervous orders of the officers at the head of the column, promptly repeated by their subordinates, far down the line, and the desponding cheers of the soldiers, could be feebly heard when they were nearly a mile away. It is the way, and those who have relatives or dear friends in that noble host await almost breathlessly the tidings that must full soon manly a chest.

This important movement, which will no doubt decide the great controversy, possessed in itself intrinsically all the elements of the sublime. The effect was heightened by the darkness of the hour, and it was not only by the bonfires kindled at the different camps we passed and the camps placed at the rendezvous of streams that induced the student forms of gallant men dimly visible. The smoke and noise, the sharp, nervous orders of the officers at the head of the column, promptly repeated by their subordinates, far down the line, and the desponding cheers of the soldiers, could be feebly heard when they were nearly a mile away. It is the way, and those who have relatives or dear friends in that noble host await almost breathlessly the tidings that must full soon manly a chest.

From the Second Regiment.

FAIRFAX COUNTY HOUSE, Va., May 15th, 1862.

I left Alexandria yesterday at 9 a.m. on the steamer North America. I had a very pleasant trip down the Potomac, with the exception that I had not been allowed to purchase dinner, and consequently had to fast, which was not only disagreeable but likely to bring on sickness. When I reached the village at Alexandria I did not get anything to eat till I reached my regiment, and that was till long after dark.

I had not been permitted to bathe, and it would have been rather a serious matter. I wonder if some plan could not be devised to feed the men when they are returning from hospitals to their regiments.

From Alexandria to Aquia Creek, a distance of 32 miles, the Potomac is indeed a majestic river. The water is not as clear as that of the upper Mississippi, but it is far from being as muddy as the water of the lower Mississippi, while it is as wide as the "Father of waters" at New Orleans. The scenery too, in some places is very beautiful, and in one or two places approaches the grand, though the bluffs of Potomac's shore cannot be compared with the Mississippi, nor are the Northern lakes and rivers. There are but few fine estates to be seen from the river, the country on either side being very poor. The Potomac is in a clover sold on the banks of the Rapids, as it is a river which has been much enjoyed in the potomac and sold on the banks of the Rapidan.

At Aquia Creek I exchanged the North American for a steamer of much smaller dimensions, and proceeded to Bell Plains. From there I undertook to perform the rest of my journey on foot, being tired I rested by the way side until one of Uncle's wagons came along, when I got aboard and rode within a stone's throw of our regiment. It was a long ride, and I could not reach all the things of Nature. I had been so long shut up in the dirty little town of Alexandria that I was delighted to be out in the country. The cante are in full leaf and the wild flowers cover the hills. I passed through forests and fields of snowy, white, and the snow covered the uplands over the dark blue sea. We are encamped in the edge of a piece of woods, on the summit of a gentle hill from
We may now freely say that "the world does move" and all is not quiet on the Potomac, nor is the onward movement of the army after seven weeks inactive campaign plainly indicated. Our army is a powerful one and I hope it is in motion for some purpose. As yet there has been no addressing or rather skirmishing, and I think when the rebels make a stand they will need all the advantage of their strong holds to withstand us. Our arms are of the most improved kind and our artillery is fearful.

Rebellion must fall or triumph soon and we look for its fall. Th. 


We may now truly say that "the world does move" and all is not quiet on the Potomac, as the onward movement of the army after seven weeks inactive campaign plainly indicated. In order to issue ration for two days and "strike tents" preparatory to taking up our line of march for the enemy's stronghold (Manassas) rejoined the hearts of our brave soldiers, who, for seven months, had been leading a life of monotony in the camp. For this change in the program of military affairs the army is undoubtedly under obligations to "Undo Abo" and Seward, who declared that the order for the army on the Potomac was "March and Fight." The opposition to this policy was raised and submitted to a grand march to Richmon from Manassas.

FIRST DAY'S MARCH.

Monday morning, 3 a. m., the main body of the center of our army took up its line of march for Centerville and Manassas, where it was expected an opportunity would be afforded to our soldiers to give the rebels a receipt in full for their part of Bull Run on the memorable 1st of July, '61. Shortly after bidding adieu to the tents the soldiers this man from the drum, which was answered along the lines of the gallant sons of the North and West and to use a common phrase, "fell their hats." When the Queen of Moon appeared in the east and shed her rays of light upon the earth, we beheld the grand and imposing spectacle of some fifty thousand men, a part of the garrison of Centreville, marching over the ground of the battle. Through them, as they marched, a distance of twenty miles, which was reached by 2 p. m. We found the mail publicly relaid in the village, where the inhabitants, by a number of troops who had just arrived from the advance of the center column of the Army of the Potomac, and the Field Force which advanced on Sunday morning. The city of Manassas, which is the most important of the country. The country lying between the Potomac and Fairfax Court House presented the eye strong evidences of the evils arising from civil war; Horses burst down, others unencumbered, their inhabitants having fled to the rebel kingdom of King Davis with the hope that once under the protecting arm of Jeff, they would be safe from the "tyranny of the Yankees." It was impossible to behold the sad destruction of property, all of which was the work of the rebels, who appear to be influenced by demonizing spirits, and led them to destroy everything that the enemy convert to their own use. During the entire march we met with but two white residents, the balance of them having gone to the war to fight for the overthrow of the government which affords them protection.

EVACUATION OF FAIRFAX TOWN.

Upon our arrival at Fairfax we learned of the cowardly evacuation of Centerville by the rebels. This was a great disappointment to our troops, especially the gallant Wisconsin Second, which had been anticipating a "good time" in getting satisfaction for their Bull Run disaster. The same night we received the astounding intelligence of the abandonment of Manassas by the rebels and its occupation by a detachment of regular cavalry and a regiment of regular infantry. "No fight for us" was the general discussion of the boys on the receipt of this news. Had our forces been rested about two hours and then pushed forward, we might have been the rising of the next day's sun have attacked the rear of the retreating column; but, for reasons best known to the generals in command, our soldiers were quietly allowed to revel in a state of blissful quiet around their camp fires while the enemy were retreating with all their stores and ammunition. Your correspondent does not pretend to charge the General-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac with a want of military skill; but when we contrast the inactive policy in this case with that which would have been practiced by a Napoleon or other modern warrior under similar circumstances, it does appear that there was a lack of military skill and energy of character.

RETREAT OF THE ENEMY.

From the reports which continue to reach our camp, we learn that the rebels are burning men and women, blowing up bridges, killing cattle, capturing prisoners, and desecrating the country in which they are passing through.

THEIR DESTINATION.

Fairfax Court House, where the mail reached by 2 p. m. As we found the mail publicly relaid in the village, where the inhabitants, by a number of troops who had just arrived from the advance of the center column of the Army of the Potomac, and the Field Force which advanced on Sunday morning. The city of Manassas, which is the most important of the country. The country lying between the Potomac and Fairfax Court House presented the eye strong evidences of the evils arising from civil war; Horses burst down, others unencumbered, their inhabitants having fled to the rebel kingdom of King Davis with the hope that once under the protecting arm of Jeff, they would be safe from the "tyranny of the Yankees." It was impossible to behold the sad destruction of property, all of which was the work of the rebels, who appear to be influenced by demonizing spirits, and led them to destroy everything that the enemy convert to their own use. During the entire march we met with but two white residents, the balance of them having gone to the war to fight for the overthrow of the government which affords them protection.
I also went over the Bull Run field, and had Major (now General) Barry to point out the different positions of the contesting forces, during the day. We had them detected, and why we did not keep them so I confess myself at a loss to understand. I can only account for it by the failure of field officers to properly lead their regiments. I pray God that I may do better some time. I have heard that for some hours I was in the saddle.

The splendid cavalry of McClellan has in my opinion, a claim deserving of the best advance of the Army of the Potomac, ere Congress shall consider that all the Union forces are in motion. You will undoubtedly find it difficult to make out this scribble, as I am minus both pen and ink. Yet I trust you will bear with me, considering that my back is leaned against a pile of rubbish known only to those who are afoot to camp life, or a soldier in the defence of his country, while one lower arm is thrown across the other in the shape of a letter X, and the other both thrown at an angle of forty-five degrees, while it rests there confidentially, holding up the material on which I write—upon the whole ludicrous in the extreme.

Undoubtedly you have been apprised of the advance of the Army of the Potomac, ere this, and have become well posted on its advent into the recesses of Dixie. So far it has met with no impediments, and it is likely to march well on to Richmond ere it meets with the "chivalry."

We left Camp Tillinghast at four o'clock on Monday morning last, knowing not our destination. By day-light we had neared the old picket line. From all directions there came a perfect mass of infantry. It seemed as if the Northern Army was here too. By eleven o'clock we had arrived at Fairfax Court House, where we found a New Jersey Regiment. We marched through this deserted place, once so thriving a village, heading "Hail Columbia," to the grove just in sight of Germantown, now entirely in ruins, where we are at present encamped, and will remain until tomorrow, when we shall advance on Manassas.

Twelve thousand troops had passed through Fairfax early in the morning, and quartered at Centerville, which was deserted by the rebels the day previous. One battalion of cavalry had gone on to Manassas, which place they found in ruins and burning. The rebels had retreated on the Warrington road, and from all accounts gathered from the contrabands constantly arriving, it is inferred that Secession is badly "dane up," being poorly clad and ill-prepared to meet our forces, and are short of ammunition, &c. Their artillery is poor, and but little on hand. Their means of transportation are slim indeed; for their destroying of their scanty commissary stores at Manassas proves their inability to move those needful articles.

The fortifications around Fairfax are nothing but rude log entrenchments with a single front. It is proven that the rebel forces never exceeded sixty thousand at Centerville and Manassas, and at the time of their evacuation of these two places probably not more than thirty thousand, if that number. Centerville is very well fortified, though it would never stand the heavy siege guns of our Army. The bridges between Centerville and Manassas were either blown up or burnt, but are now being rapidly rebuilt by a large force of Union laborers.

Numerous relics, such as old swords, broken muskets, rusty Bowie knives, musket and cannon balls, from the battle-field at Bull Run and Manassas, were brought on by our troops. Many of our boys have visited Centerville, each bringing away with him some relic of the famous place, where, in July last, our troops made good the old adage, "He that fights and runs away will live to fight another day."

On Tuesday evening Gen. McClellan and staff visited Manassas, and returned the next morning. The General's headquarters are at Fairfax.

Rebels are being brought in every day, many of them taken on the other side of Manassas. Our cavalry are continually scouring the country, and the Fairfax jail presents the fruits of their labors in the shape of over one hundred and fifty prisoners.

Considering that all the Union forces are in motion, you may expect but that a few weeks will elapse ere the end of the rebellion will be heralded forth to the loyal North. God grant that the Army of the Potomac may meet with no reverses.

On Sunday last we buried Private Richard Chapelle, formerly of Dodgeville, on Arlington Heights, near the burial place of the Custer family.

Our boys are all well and happy. They are well clothed and fed, and prepared to do their might for the Union and the Constitution.

The Captain is with us, having recovered from his sickness. In short, the Miners Guards are a determined set of fellows, with just enough Cornish in them to make them grind their teeth and "go in on their nerves," as representatives of Old Town, and you will hear a good report of every one of them.

I close, hoping in my next to record the defeat of the rebels, and that I may date it at Richmond, the capital of the so-called Southern Confederacy, which to-day is tottering and soon to be destroyed by the invincible arms of the North.
The Wisconsin Regiments in the Potomac.

A private letter from an officer of the Second Wisconsin, dated Washington 14th, says:—

"We still remain in camp, but are ordered to be ready at 4 A.M. to move. All expect to move to-morrow. Gen. King is placed in command of McDowell’s division. Col. O’Burr commands Gen. King’s brigade. Gen. A. Haskill is his Assistant Adjutant General. Lieut. Rolling, of the Randall Guard, Second Regiment, is one of Col. O’Burr’s aids." The same writer, in a subsequent letter, written on the 16th, says that O’Burr’s brigade had orders to embark on the following Tuesday at Washington. Destination unknown.

**AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE GRAND ARMY.**

**Rebel Fortifications—Orders to March**

**The General’s Address.—Another Onward Movement—Return to Old Quarters.—A Confidential Letter, &c.**

Fairfax Co., Va., March 15.

The fortifications at Centerville and Manassas have not been overrated; they were undoubtedly well designed, strongly built, and admirably located on the most commanding and strategic points along the road leading from Fort Corcoran on the Potomac to Manassas. The fortifications at Centerville were well manned with cotton of the right calibers and guarded by a force of thirty thousand full-blooded Yankee soldiers could have held their position against an army of a hundred thousand. Had the rebels been able to have mounted heavy artillery upon their extensive earthworks, Centerville would never have been abandoned without a fight, and a pretty hard one at that. Seeing the impossibility of their being able to dispute the right of way with the overwhelming force of the Grand Union Army of the Potomac, they very wisely showed their Yankee brains and left all best to Manassas, which place they also left in a hurry. The fortifications at Manassas do not appear as formidable as those at Centerville, neither is there as great a display of military skill and science in their arrangement. After taking a careful survey of these two strategic points, and then calling to mind the fact that one of these imaginary Gibraltars never was mounted with any other kind of gun or machinery for destruction than log guns, and the other with not half the artillery necessary for its protection, it is no wonder our Grand Army on the Potomac has been badly sold by the rebels for the last five months. Had we done less at playing soldier on the romantic lanks of the Potomac and examined more closely in the bluff game of the enemy, we might by this time have seen the "Flotsam and Jetsam" wearing over the capital of the Old Dominion. This morning the Grand Army, with the exception of a portion of Gen. Summer’s division, received orders to strike tents and prepare for a backward movement to Alexandria. As much as the soldiers disliked the idea of falling back, they were heartily glad of a change, as they had become tired of the quiet and inactive life they were living within such close proximity to the enemy. As is usual in the breaking up of a camp, everything was bustling—packing tents, kindling fires, filing haversacks with rations, loading wagons, &c., occupied the attention of officers and men for nearly an hour, while the different regiments were called together by their respective adjutants to hear the address of Gen. McClellan read.

The Second Wisconsin Regiment, as your readers may suppose, felt mortified and alarmed at the sudden termination of the "Onward Movement," as they had an old Bull Run debt to settle with the rebels with whom they had crossed bayonets but a few months since. When those gallant sons of the far west heard Adjutant Dean read in a clear and distinct voice the address, which promised great and glorious times, they gave three rousing cheers at the prospect of something turning up, after the downward movement of Richmond and Manassas have already published.—Eds]

Whether our soldiers will experience all that the address promises is more than four correspondents is willing to say; but that it instilled a new spirit into our soldiers none can doubt. Especially these words were present and heard the response of the brave defenders of the Union.

Half an hour after the reading of the address our vast army was marching back to Alexandria, through the rain and mud. For nine hours we traveled through the heaviest storm of rain ever witnessed in this country by the oldest inhabitant. The front of our column camped in and around Alexandria, while the rear camped, or rather stood up, all night in the rain some four miles from the city. Notwithstanding the hardships of that day's march of over twenty miles, and a morning of continued rain, not a word of complaint was uttered among the armed host of freemen. The idea that this retrograde movement was preparatory to another "Onward to Richmond" by a different route, or done up for the disappointment experienced in not following up the retreating foe from Manassas.

**Sunday, March 9.—Eleven o'clock, a.m., the Wisconsin regiments left their dismal camp ground and returned to their winter quarters near the Arlington House, after an absence of seven days, during which time we accomplished about as much as the army that marched up the hill and then marched down again. We have to it by time and the result of the military operations on the Potomac to pass judgment upon what is considered as the greatest thing in our history,—the capture of our old homes.**

**Monday, March 10.—The Wisconsin Regiments again pulled stakes and started for Alexandria, fully expecting that they were about to make a final move, never again to see their old homesteads at Arlington Heights, where they had been quartered for over seven months in a blissful state of peace. In this they were disappointed, as Arlington is in sight of their present camp. The march from Fort Tillinghast would have put Faltstaff's ragamuffin crew of soldiers to the blush. Acting Brigadier General Butler, by some mysterious movement, got the brigades into the rear of the right wing of the Confederates.**...
The letter was written by one of Company C's boys as Festus dictated. This same darkly, in giving a description of the South Carolina soldiers, said, "Dee, the lanky setters are so thin two of them can be put into one coffin." Mrs. Tyler, his former mistress, has lost property in eleven towns to the amount of seventeen thousand dollars since last Sunday. The last heard of her she and her children were accompanying the rebels on to Richmond.

The reb's have ruthlessly. Such is the fate of thousands in this State who but a few months since were in rolling fields and back of fences, waiting anxiously for the order to "march," for the cheering sound of "onward march," to burst in upon the horrors of slavery that has so callously destroyed a great amount of their property, spiking some of their largest guns and threw them into Bull Run, and fled in haste and confusion, leaving the railroad from Manassas to Harper's Ferry unburned and even cars and a locomotive in running order on the track. The Southerners may boast of the Bull Run of July 21st, 1861, but they cannot boast of the Bull Run of March 12th, 1862; unless it is of the good speed which they made... We were greatly surprised when we expected but were marched back to our old camp at Fort Tillinghast, but when you hear from the tents of Dixie than from any other part of the States, I reckon. We have had a fine day to-day; though the roads were pretty heavy we reached our old camp about 3 o'clock p.m., having marched about 10 miles, and we are now snugly housed for the night in our old quarters that have sheltered us so often from the rain and the sun, that they seem like the old houses in which we passed our boyhood. They are dilapidated and faded now, but they have served their country well and long shall they live in the memory of those they have been so good to, and have been such friends to in all old soldiers. They are meeting with them, and we can't stay with them now but a few days, and the fewer the better. The time has come for action. Tyra must yield. When war surrendered freedom meets him in the field. R. K. B.

-- Correspondence of the Daily Gazette.

FORT TILLINGHAST, ARLINGTON, Va., March 17th, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—When I wrote you in February we were still idle and waiting for the cheering sound of "onward march," and at last the sweet sound greets our ears. Sunday night, the 9th inst., we rolled into our bunks and wrapped our blankets around us as unconscious of making a march the next day as we were of going to Cuba—

The next morning reveille beat at 3 o'clock A. M., and we fell out to roll call. After roll call our captain tells us to pack up our knapsacks and get ready to march at 4 o'clock. Now all was excitement and joy. We did not know of a certainty where we were going, but as all the camps around us were illuminated, we concluded that the time for the advance of the grand army of the Potomac had come, and expected of course that we were going to visit the strong hold of the rebels. At the appointed time we fell into ranks, bid good bye to old Camp Tillinghast and moved off in the direction of Centerville and Manassas.

When we started such expressions as, "Forward to Richmond! hurrah, boys for Manassas!" could be heard from many of the Second. We felt that the time had now come when it was for us to settle the question of secession, or the destruction of the Southern cause, and as we marched along, we found the roads crowded with cavalry and artillery, as well as infantry. Officers rode furiously over the roads, cavalry went dashing along as though they were just going to make a charge; and all was action as well as motion. Early in the forepart of the day it rained a little, which made it rather slippery walking; but notwithstanding this we made good time, considering that we had heavy knapsacks on our backs. On the march we used to halt once in three or four miles and rest for a few minutes. We marched through Fairfax to a hill about two miles beyond, where we stopped and camped, after having marched a distance of 20 miles. We found that the campaign tents come in play now. These tents are six feet square and three feet high. They are fixed so they can be taken apart and each man carries half a tent strapped on his knapsack.—

When we got here it was rumored that the rebels had left Centerville, but we could hardly credit any such report as this because we were informed they were strongly fortified at this place, and we could not believe they would fall back without first giving battle.

In the morning we received reliable information that the rebels had not only left Centerville, but had evacuated Manassas also. We were greatly surprised when we learned this fact, for we were quite sure they would make a desperate struggle upon the field where they were once flashed with victory.

We had expected to meet the rebels face to face at Manassas and whip them badly, but they are getting so expert in their new tactics, introduced by Floyd and Pillow, that it is a matter yet to be tried whether we get a chance to come at them with cold steel or not. They do not seem to like the way our troops fight lately; for, of late, the Union troops have fought to kill.

We staid at the camp near Fairfax until the morning of the 15th. The rebel pickets, until the advance, extended out from their front as far as Fairfax; but no rebel pickets were to be seen now. There were several families that had lived here un molested by secession, and at the same time rebel soldiers all around them; but, of course, the families are strong for the Union now. The surrounding circumstances are such that they could not well be otherwise.
Bear in mind, the surrounding circumstances are. (Union troops.) While here our boys got out of rations, in consequence of the provision wagons not arriving in time, and the result was several fowls were brought into camp, bought without money or price. There are strict orders against foraging or taking anything from peaceable citizens, but it was tolerated at this time because we were out of rations. I learned while at this camp that the guns at which the secession had at Centerville were only wooden logs. I get this information from those who were in Centerville after the rebels left it, and saw the fortifications. Whether these wooden guns have been there all the time, or only placed in the parapet while their cannons were removed, is something yet to be known.

On the 12th. Lieut. Rolliins, of company H, went out to Bull Run and rode over the ground which was strewn with dead bodies on the 21st of July. He could now ride over the ground without having shot and shell thrown around him; but what must have been his sensations when he saw the graves where many of his comrades in battle now slept to wake no more until the resurrection morn.

The night previous to the 15th, we received orders to march the next day. The report was that we were going to Alexandria, and aboard of boats, down the Potomac, and land somewhere on the Rappahannock, to attack the rebels wherever they may make a stand.

One more word, and I close. Gen. McClellan's address to the army is received with the greatest enthusiasm by the soldiers. They put the utmost confidence in him and believe him to be a true man, and one whom they are willing to follow forever. He says "The time for inaction has passed." This pleases us. He promises to lead us on to meet the enemy, and only prays that God may defend the right. This is the kind of talk that suits a soldier of the army of the Potomac.

Mar. 20. 1862.

ALEXANDRIA, Va.

DEPARTMENT OF TROOPS.

The recent triumph of the Union forces at Winchester and the terrible slaughter of the rebels, has not only stricken terror in the hearts of the secessionists of this region of the "land of gloom," but it has aroused the slumbering union feeling in the Old Dominion. Those who but a few days since feared to avow their devotion to the government, now speak openly and above board, in plain terms of what Parson Brownlow significantly terms the "abolished Southern Confederacy." They declare it as an "infallible heresy," and pray for the speedy arrival of that day when deliverance will come to the State which claims the honor of being the birthplace and burial ground of Washington, the Father of the American Republic. Loyalist and rebel all agree that it is folly to attempt to resist the power of the strong arm of the government. Verily, the coalition of the chivalrous cock of secession is cut and the b corks of this once game land are fast retiring from the rebel ring. They have solved the problem as to whether one of the F. F. V.'s can whip five of our handy sons of Yankeedom, to their entire satisfaction. The bloody experience of the past few days has thoroughly convinced them that they cannot commit an egregious error in making their vain boasts of their superiority over the stalwart men of the North. The battle of Winchester may be set down as the last battle that will be fought upon the "sacred soil." The rebellion in this Section is winding up with guerrilla skirmishes. The confederates will not make another decided stand in Virginia, as they begin to see that they cannot maintain their cause against the heavy prestige of so many victories. Their late misfortunes have already spread dismay in their ranks, which, if reports are true as they come to us from deserters, I have created great dissatisfaction among their troops. Those of our troops engage in the struggle have crowned themselves with glory. The old war horse of Mexico, Gen. Shields, has shown to his country that he is equal to any emergency that may arise during this struggle.

DEAR SIR:

The Benedict Arnold of the nineteenth century, who disgraces this once happy "land of the free and home of the brave" are now wailing most piteously over the successive defeats which have befallen the rebel arms. Here in this laten den of secession they say the game is up with them. The scales have dropped from their eyes, and they now begin to see the utter hopelessness of their cause, and to express the wish that peace may soon be restored. Radical secessionists have pronounced the Southern Confederacy a failure. An old secessionist in the rebel army said to us the other day, "I would to God my two boys would throw down their guns, take the oath of allegiance, and return to their old love, as I am convinced that the people of Virginia have been slyly deceived by Jeff. Davis." This idea is becoming general in this region of poor, desolated old Virginia. Well it may, as the State has been nearly ruined by the vandalism of Southern conspirators and their hiring cut-throat crew. She justly deserves the terrible retribution which has fallen upon her. From observation and intercourse your correspondent can truthfully say that the union sentiment in Virginia is daily gaining ground. The time is not far distant when those who once affiliated with the monstrous treason will be glad to wear "protection under what they term Abe Lincoln's government."

Departure of Troops.

As we correspondents are not permitted to all we know about the future movements of the grand army of the Potomac, we must content ourselves by informing our readers that the embarkation of troops from this post is still progressing. Already three large fleets of sailing vessels and steamboats loaded down with in-
fancy and artillery have left this place.— Where they are destined we are not at liberty to tell just at this particular time, unless by authority from head quarters. It is presumed that the chivalry of Dixie will soon be able to tell when and where the "Northern muskets" will turn up. From the present signs of the times it is evident that something is "going to be done," and "something is going to be hurt" in rice and cotton. Nearly a hundred vessels are now loading with troops, the most of which will sail before the rising of to-morrow's sun.

**BUSINESS AT ALEXANDRIA.**

The war has made this a place of considerable importance. The streets are crowded with strangers from all parts of the eastern and northern states. Most of them are here on a visit to their friends and relatives in the army. The ferry boats plying between this city and Washington are making, as the Yankees say, an "eternal fortune." The merchants and business men are doing a better retail business than has been done here for a number of years. As much as the faddish chivalry of Dixie prize their Yankees, they will be very sorry to see the last of the race depart from Alexandria, as they keep an immense amount of small change in circulation. I find these Southern chaps about as keen after the "almighty dollar" as their Yankee brethren.

**PRODUCTION OF CAPTAIN MCKEE.**

It will be gratifying to the friends of Capt. McKee to learn that he has been promoted to the post of Lieutenant Colonel of the 16th Wisconsin regiment. The officers and soldiers of Co. C, 2nd Wis. Vol., regretted to lose their gallant captain under whom they fought at Bull Run. He carries with him the best wishes of the gallant Wisconsin Second for his future success.

**MILITARY REVIEW.**

Yesterday we were present at a splendid review of Generals Franklin and Key's division on the parade ground at Fort Wood, some three miles from this city.—It being known that the review was to be conducted under the superintendence of Gen. McDowell, a large number of citizens were in attendance. This military display was gotten up for the purpose of affording some foreign military notables an opportunity to witness the beauty and proficiency of the American volunteer system. The military precision with which our troops performed the most difficult evolutions called forth the highest praise from their distinguished visitors. On the Potomac, as well as elsewhere, our War Department troops are the recipients of merited commendations. Without intending to make any vindictive distinctions, I would here state that the gallant Wisconsin Second was complimented by competent judges as being the most perfect and best of all the regiments of the Potomac Army. They have justly earned their reputation through the untiring energy and discipline of the officers in command of the regiment. Gen. McClellan, who was present, waved his cap as the citizen soldiers of the Second passed in review before him. I don't think Napoleon "ever felt prouder of his "Old Guard" than did the General of our boys. Yesterday was a day that will long be remembered by Lieutenant Colonel Fairchild, who was in command of the regiment. Col. Fairchild thus prevented from being present by sickness.

**OF THE FUTURE.**

As your readers may naturally suppose, all kinds of rumors are in circulation as to the future operations of the army of the Potomac. Some say the army is bound for Richmond, others that it will move by land to Frederickburg or some other rebel point of the compass. The "knowing ones" may speculate until they are gray, but they cannot find the secret of Gen. McClellan's plans. It is but a privileged few that are in any way posted as to the future of the restless army of the Potomac. Let those who are over anxious to hear of a "big thing" keep cool. Large bodies move slowly.

**News from Two Wisconsin Prisons.**

**Missouri.**

_Missouri.** Editors:—Please publish the following letter received by S. E. Reed, of this city. The letter was written by a prisoner taken at the battle of Bull Run and will be read with extreme interest by the many friends and relatives of the writer, and of Mr. Wilcox, who has not been heard of for a long time.

_SALISBURY, N.C., March 21st, 1862._

_Cousin Sally:—I cannot conceive what kind of ideas you have of me for not writing to you before. But paper is too scarce to write a long excuse. Wait, if you please, till I come to the lines._

_Captain John Manfield._

_Gen. Tredway here asserts that the furnishing of the medical library was in accordance with the "army regulations." We don't traverse the General's statement, for perhaps he is better posted than another, equally as high officer, who posted us quite to the contrary. We have experience in neither military affairs, surgery, or physic, and of course must rely on what others, professing to be posted, tell us. But why is it that other regiments have not been furnished with the medical libraries, or if they have, why are the books not in uniform with army regulations, and altogether proper._

Very respectfully yours,

W. W. _____, Q. M. G.

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Very respectfully yours,

W. W. _____, Q. M. G.

**MILITARY GOVERNOR OF FREDERICKSBURG.**

_Through the politeness of C. Dow, Esq., we have received a copy of the Christian Banner, published at Fredericksburg, Va. We extract from it the following notice of Capt. Mansfield, formerly of this city._

_Capt. John Mansfield, our present Provost Marshall and Military Governor, has made a very considerable beginning in clearing the town of some of the causes of remaining in the place—having already captured six cases and a barrel of liquors, which he has handed over to the proper authority._

We confidently believe, from what we have seen, that Gov. Mansfield will spare no labor in his endeavor to maintain good order in town, and sincerely hope that all our citizens will cooperate with him in his efforts to do so._

—We'll bet our belt of tons that Capt. John Mansfield "made a very considerable beginning," in clearing the quality of those captured liquors.—Which he has handed over, we suppose, to the proper authorities._—"We suppose," is good! We know old "Proper Authority," saw him confounded drunk one day. Yes, there's no doubt that "all our citizens" who have any good-looking daughters will cooperate with "old Proper Authority" in his efforts to do so._

_SAM FRANCIS._—The Kenosha Times thinks Sam Francis, who was with the Second regiment, has "perished unnoticed and unknown," as he has not been heard.
from for several weeks. It says:  

"The last heard from him he was in a train of two coaches with the sick and wounded that were sent from Warren to Alexandria. They were on the road a week without a surgeon or doctor. They were wounded by the heat of the day and bound for Newport, R. I. Upon a consultation, three of them were able to help themselves. They had left behind them. But what became of Sam is a secret for a mystery."

Sam Francis was a man of infinite honor and unqualified as a narrator of good stories, in which respect he had almost a national reputation. But that cannot be proved. He was a man of infinite sympathy and kindness of heart, and unequalled in his capacity to minimize the sick—a service he was always ready to perform. There are a vast many men in the service who could be better spared than Sam Francis, and we shall hope to hear of him again alive and well.

MORE ABOUT CAPT. MANSFIELD—TENDERNESS TO KINZLA.—We have been shown a private letter from McDowell's corps to a gentleman of another part of the State. He adds confirmation to the extract published in our paper yesterday with regard to Capt. Mansfield. Writing from Fredericksburg he says:

"The rebels of this vicinity can have no reason to complain of Yankee rule. Capt. John Mansfield of Portage City, of the 2d regiment, is provost marshal of the division. I have learned some particulars in respect to the advance, and took possession of Fairfax Seminary, and four from Alexandria, on one of the highest of the numerous hills that overlook Washington from the south. From the summits of our encampment, we have a fine view of the surrounding country. Directly in front, the capitol and the city of Washington are distinctly visible, while to the right, left and rear, the intervening space is one large semi-circle of camps, admitting of a beautiful panorama. On a dark, cloudy night, the scene is very picturesque. The camps, the divisions, the brigades, the line, the glittering, fire, the shouting and rumble of thousands of voices, rumbling of wagons, and the gladness of thousands of camp fires, one thinks he is standing on the outskirt of some vast mass.

On the 25th of March there was a review of the 1st Corps de armes by Maj. Gen. McDowell. I was not present at this review, but understand that General McCallan, Lord Lyons, and Mr. Russell, of the London Times, were present. The troops were stationed in the field of review, with Lord Lyons's style of 'bumping the saddle.'—One expressed his criticisms by saying he could 'shoot cartridges under him as he rode. Major Russell, as he is called, was hosed and hissed by some of the New York Regiments.

On the 27th, the second division of McDowell's corps, King and Franklin's, were again reviewed by McDowell. It was an intensely hot day, but it was a fine day for a review—a warm, sunny, spring-like day. At half-past one the various roads leading to the review ground were lined with the public, and the scene was unusually brilliant. The different bands pouring forth melodious and inspiring strains of martial air, the glistening bayonets of the infantry, the bright sabres of the cavalry, the glittering of the horses, and the black, workman-like appearance of the rifle cannon, the galloping to and fro of the guidon and staff officers, mingled with the hot, white and blue of the glorious Star Spangled Banner and handsomely caparisoned horses, made it a spectacle of great splendor—a gala day of soldiers, and hundreds of people and spectators. Lord Lyons, W. H. Russell, and some of the English Guards, now stationed in Canada, were present, and rode among the general during the inspection before marching in review. Gen. McCallan was not with them when our division was inspected, or, if he was, it was not known."

When Gen. McDowell came by at a hard gallop, he turned round to the English officers and said, pointing to us, "The Second Wisconsin a gallant regiment," pointing us out and calling attention to us, was indeed a compliment, even had he said nothing. When Gen. McDowell was passing down the second line of Division, a cheer was heard on the right of the line, when,—"yes there's Ole Abe," roaring from thousands of lips—and the President was a common man. The corporal was evidently pleased and impressed with the formality and dignity of his reception. I believe, from what I have heard this afternoon, we shall have to hear here this week. Our brigade is on drill, but I have remained "at home." Our company has not changed its letter—only number. Direct as before, Company A."

LIEUTENANT TOLD HIS MAN TO SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO SHOVED THE "WHITE FEATHER." They charged right into them, killing several and wounding two, and killing three or four, and taking thirteen prisoners. One of the killed "greyhairs" was completely demacolitated. The President was in the cavalry. General Carney is an old, one-armed veteran of the Mexican War, a thorough soldier and good general.

I was in conversation the other night, with Culper, who was there as guard of a regiment of our brigade, who gave me an account of an interview he had with Mrs. Lincoln. The corporal was in town, and determined to call upon the President, for the purpose of finding out as he expressed it, "whether Old Abe was a common man or not." I suppose he meant whether a "live President" was like any other man. I cannot give you a detailed account of his reception and exit; it would occupy too much time; but suffice it, the corporal was cordially received by the President, took his seat in the famous East Room, and became so familiar as to call him "Old Abe," "Old Rail Splitter," &c. He was introduced to Mrs. Lincoln, and Mrs. L. of about two hours, came away, fully satisfied, that the President was a common man. The corporal was evidently pleased and impressed with the formality and dignity of his reception. I believe, from what I have heard this afternoon, we shall have to hear here this week. Our brigade is on drill, but I have remained "at home." Our company has not changed its letter—only number. Direct as before, Company A."

DEAR CHEN: From the Second Wis. Regiment.

On Broad Run, near Manassas Junction, J. Augusta, April 8, 1861.

DEAR FRIEND:

Some time has passed since I made my last scribble for the TIMES, and now at leisure, let me indite a short letter, noting the events of a three weeks' campaign, spent amid difficulties, on the shore of the Potomac, and in the recesses of secessionism.

On the 10th of March we left Fairfax Court House, for Alexandria, under the impression that we were to go on board of ships, down the Potomac. Arriving at Alexandria, after a fatiguing march thro' the rain, drenched, and the considerably "worse for wear," we encamped for the night. Here we found the 5th Wisconsin. Paid a short visit to Col. Con, who, by the way, looks hearty and well. Saw Dr. Wilber, who looks fat and hearty, besides numerous other friends. Lieutenant Walker, of Co. A, 5th Wis., declared me his bed-fellow, so after partaking of a little stimulnus, the soldiers were rolled into one of those roomy shelter-tents, and snoozed till the small hours of morn. At noon on the 16th, we were ordered to return to the old camp, which we reached at nightfall. We were glad to once more set eyes on Fort Tillinghast, and occupy again the old log cabins, considering the "rough time" we had experienced in a six days' cruise to Fairfax Court House and vicinity.
On the 19th we were ordered to Alexandria. At 2 o'clock, P. M., we started and arrived on Seminary Hills, about 4 miles east of Alexandria, where we encamped until the 4th of April, when we were ordered to Warrington Station. Until this time we were under orders to go on board of ships. We knew not where we were to go, but supposed that we were bound for some point below Aquicki. However, all our ideas of a sail on the water, were suddenly vanished by orders to march to Warrington. On the 4th inst., we marched to Annandale, a distance of ten miles from Alexandria, where we camped till the morning of the 5th, when we marched to Blackburn's Ford, and there camped for the night. The next morning we resumed the line of march, passing through Manassas Junction, and crossing Milford Creek, about eight miles from the Junction, where we are at present encamped. Here we remain until further orders.

Blackburn's Ford, is near the battle filed of the 18th of July last. We passed through Fairfax and Centerville, but had no opportunity of going over the Bull Run battle field. We were disappointed in this, as we had high hopes of once more reviewing the ground, on which a mighty contest raged for nearly nine hours. We are within a mile of Bristol station. The railroad is now completed to Warrington station.

Of Centerville but little need be said. It has the appearance of once having been quite a soldierly city. The fortification around the town are not what I expected to see. The whole does not compare with Fort Smith, near Chain Bridge. The forts could be easily scaled, and though erected on high eminences, commanding a large scope of country, could have been taken at any time. These fortifications are roughly built, and appear to have been erected more for a scare than for standing a siege. I believe they have had a hard time, and have been used for a short time.

Manassas Junction is pretty well destroyed. The rebels seem to have delighted in burning and destroying all that was possible. It is a hard looking place, but I learn it has been laid off in lots, and is destined to be under the rule of Northern enterprise. Carpenters and Blacksmiths are "going in" on repairing, and the loose rubbish is to be gathered up. In a few weeks it will be quite a town. It is destined to be a large place. A great many contrabands are here, and are employed on repairing the railroad, and in arranging Quartermaster Stores.—So much for Yankee enterprise.

At the crossing of Milford Creek, we found a family of the colored population, who appeared quite happy over the arrival of the Union forces. Also, an Irish family was here, quite delighted over the advance. It is a general thing, on the advance of our army, to find all families to be Union, if only for the protection of their property, but it is seldom we meet with the head of the family, as his "best bolt," is to keep in the advance of us.

It is supposed that several guerilla bands are about, as a Lieutenant of a New York Regiment and a Colonel's orderly were taken and shot right before last. This is a report, the truth of the affair I know not.

Several of the regiments have been out foraging, and returned with a quantity of mutton, chickens, &c., consequently we are bound to have a good dinner. When at camp near the Seminary, Capt. W. W. Laplache resigned, and I presume he is home happy and contented. Since then Lieut. George H. Otis has been made Captain, Lieut. A. Bell made First Lieutenant, and First Sergeant O. W. Sanford Second Lieutenant. On the accession of Capt. Otis, Sergt. Wm. Noble was appointed Orderly Sergeant, and Wm. Meuser promoted to a Sergeant. Our Company is in good condition, well provided for, enjoying good health. At Fairfax we had to leave one of our men, Mr. Kentner, who gave out he had returned from the hospital only the day previous to our marching. Dinner is just announced and the boys are piling in to the pork and beans, and the mutton and chicken is fast disappearing.

The mail is about to leave for Washington, and I must close, hoping the next time to chronicle at least a skirmish, if not a battle with secession. Bidding a kind adieu to friends, and asking a kind remembrance for a short missive.

I am yours,

L. B.

From the Second Wig in n. t.

April 7th—Camped on Milford Creek.

April 8th—Slept on the ground, while it rained and snowed. Shelter tents leak badly. Awake refreshed, but had to look out upon a gloomy prospect—the ground covered with snow, and it raining quite hard. A good deal complaining among the soldiers—many wet and chilly, but few sick. It continues to snow, rain and hail all day.

April 9th—The storm has abated somewhat; yet the clouds hover over. Everything bears gloomy aspect. The men look wan and weather-beaten. Clothes and blankets wet and rusty. It continues to snow during the day.

April 10th—Awoke this morning to see the sun shining once more. The men cheer to the bivoucing soldiers. All went to work drying clothes and blankets. Considerable sickness in the Regiment.

April 11th—Roll call every two hours. Regiment assembled to receive orders. Car loads of troops passing to Cold Point Station. P. M.—Franklin's Division returning to Alexandria preparatory to reinforce McClellan.

April 12th—Ordered to move. Detailed to guard the Orange and Alexander Railroad, between Bristol and Carlisle Station, a distance of seven miles. The left wing made the detail, and the right wing went into camp on the banks of Cedar Run. Have a beautiful camp ground. Weather pleasant.

April 13th—In camp, and roll call every two hours. Writing letters, &c., is chief business. Inspection of arms at 11 A. M. P. M.—A slight quantity of old type comes into camp. A deserter from Fessed's 1st company in camp. Details of guard and fatigue duty men.

April 14th—Bridge across Cedar Run finished.

April 15th—Rain until about 10 A. M. when it clears off and became quite pleasant. Angers and Kirkpatrick's Brigade ordered to Fredericksburg, with the Harris Cavalry.

April 16th—The day warm and pleasant. Col. O'Connor wishing to do a little scouting, details Company F as an escort. Go in direction of Warrington. About 4 miles out stop for dinner. Receive Virginia hospitality in the shape of hoe cake, beans and boiled ham for dinner. Over the plantation refuses to receive pay for dinner. He feeds the whole Company organically of country and no quantity of live stock. Return, delighted over the trip.

April 17th—Warm and pleasant. Company and Battalion drills. Cracker and boiled pork for dinner.

April 18th—Heavy cannonading in direction of Warrington. The day warm and
April 29th—Regiment relieved from guard-riding. The day warm and pleasant.

April 29th—Rain, and is a dreary unpleasant day. Bread, hard crackers, &c., for dinner.

April 21st—it continues to rain. Ordered to march to Fredericksburg at 8 o'clock. Arrived at Elk Run, a distance of three miles. Lost the way, and travelled several miles out of the way. Storms all day and night. Soldiers receive a thorough dressing.

April 22d—Strike tents at eight o'clock and march to within three miles of Falmouth. Rain all day. Men about worn out.

April 23d—Strike tents and march to Falmouth, on the Rappahannock river, where we found Angle's and Kirkpatrick's brigades, and the Harris Cavalry. Camp about a mile to the town. Has been a warm and pleasant day.

Ten gunboats lie a little below this place, ready for service, should they be required. Falmouth is a small town of about two thousand inhabitants. Fredericksburg is directly opposite, and the main landing for the boats, that ply between it and the mouth of the Rappahannock. A majority of the citizens on both places are strong Secessionists. Fredericksburg is a place of about five thousand inhabitants, and was surrendered to Gen. Angle on Friday last, with some resistance on the part of many of its citizens, over whom the Mayor and lie had no control. The General gave the citizens their choice, either pull down the Rebel flag, and surrender, or receive a thorough beating from the Wisconsin battery. They conceded the last policy to "give in," and therefore the Mayor appeared and done the "as usual" to Gen. Angle. Our pockets are almost on this side of the river. The Secessionists are said to be about a mile back of Fredericksburg. When the Rebel took their sudden departure they burnt the Railroad bridge, and two other bridges below the town of Fredericksburg. On the capture of these two points, our forces sustained a loss of eleven men of the Harris Cavalry. As the Secessionists retreated, they mounted to make a stand and thus repel our advance. They arranged several cradles across the road, about six feet in breadth and four feet high, behind which they retreated and awaited the approach of the Harris Cavalry. It was just at dusk when the Cavalry arrived in sight of the wooden structures, and mistook them for a column of infantry. They immediately formed in line and made a grand charge on the rails and Secessionists, receiving both the blant of the compact cribs and a shower of musketry. Era they had time to form another charge, Secession was in full retreat. Our cavalry followed, and with Angle's Brigade obliged them to clear both towns, capturing six of the Secession Cavalry, who are now prisoners in Falmouth. The Wisconsin battery was arranged on a high eminence and commenced shelling the retreating civilians. But a few shots were necessary to clear both sides of the river. A negro came over the next morning from Fredericksburg and informed the Captain of the battery, that Yankee boys was good for nothing, as they all burst. He considered the Secession balls superior to ours. We can't blame the men for his opinion, considering that he knew not the difference between shells and balls.

Our boys have done well in the way of trading to day. The Secession, refused to take the U. S. Treasury notes, preferring to take the Fredericksburg scrip. They also refused the Richmond scrip, except in denominations of five and ten dollars. Our boys were well supplied with a quantity of the fac-simile notes printed at Philadelphia, which cost them a cent on the dollar. This proved to be better money than Uncle Sam's notes, and was payable at any place in town. One man could boast of having taken over two hundred dollars in exchange for his goods, and an old lady, who continued to lend up the powers of the South, received at least a hundred dollars in each of her prostories. There were several others served in the same way, and all seemed delighted in receiving them. By noon the confederate scrip was "played out," and those "taken in" had discovered that they had been badly deceived, and must now be like the possessor of a quantity of counterfeited scrip.

The inhabitants of this place are loud in their expressions in favor of Jeff Davis. The women in particular are terrible, if not riotous. For the first time in my life I have stood at the door of a woman that feared and hated, but I trust I may rejoice in hearing anything of the kind. The lady in question had the impudence to uphold me in the strongest terms, saying she had watched my young and devoted head from the worst of sins. She believed I was used by the mob, and determined to defend the innocents women and children of the South. Then they invaded their land to murder their husbands and sons. I pitted the poor thing, yet I feared her even more much. I have seen in several houses, and conversed with a number of the Secession ladies, but one good soul soiled at Northern gal is worth a dozen of these greedy, scroungy, put-up pieces of catering. The negroes are considered as the 2nd class, and the poor white folks are third class, and the aristocracy are the 1st class. Thus we find them, the colored population 2nd best in the ring.

A little excitement was created in the streets to-day, by the chair meeting of a massacre and their slave. The slave had been "absent without leave," and the master had come in pursuit of him, but Coffy refused to return with his master, whereupon on the subscriber undertook the task of arresting him. Coffy took leg bail, with the master in pursuit; was caught, and again escaped, leaving his master in the midst of a squad of Union soldiers, who felt slightly elated over the disposition of the slaveholder, without interfering. The slave escaped, and the master returned home, ranting and raving over the loss of poor Coffy, I was thankful the man did not interfere in the matter, although they were called on to do so, but made the reply, "that they did not consider it their business to catch runaway negroes." They considered themselves in better business.

Our brigade is ordered to guard the Manassas railroad. We move to-morrow morning at half past eight o'clock.

The health of the 2nd Regiment is good, considering what they have passed through in the last three weeks. Company I has one in the hospital. The Company is in good condition, well and happy, with a plenty to eat and drink and wear.

The Drum beats "lights out," therefore I draw my scribble to an end, bidding you all a happy good night.

From the Second V. R. M. C.

April 30th, 1863.

Dear Thorne,—I had written a short letter for you when stationed at Cathlett on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, but being suddenly required to pick up an i rancho, I threw it, and shall now replace it by a rather lengthy scribble to matters and things pertaining to this region of the State of Virginia.

Let me present a few passages from the Diary, which I hope will serve to give you an idea of our experience as soldiers, since the 7th inst.

April 5th—Camped on Milford Creek. Rains, snow, and hail; anticipate a dreary time. Ordered to move camp ten miles distance, in a pine thicket.

April 6th—Slept on the ground, while it rained and snowed. Hail shelters tents leaked badly. We awoke refreshed, but to find upon a gloomy prospect—the ground covered with snow, and it raining quite hard,
April 8th—Rainy and sultry. Everything looks gloomy. The men look more cheerful and sunny. Weather warm and comfortable. We continue on our way.

April 9th—Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant. Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant.

April 10th—Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant. Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant.

April 11th—Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant. Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant.

April 12th—Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant. Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant.

April 13th—Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant. Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant.

April 14th—Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant. Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant.

April 15th—Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant. Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant.

April 16th—Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant. Rainy and cold. Our Regiment is relieved from guard duty. The day warm and pleasant.
of the river, but the enemy very suddently remembered a pressing engagement; over in Fredericksburg, and rapidly left. The 14th Brooklyn, (New York,) should be remembered when ever this affair is spoken of, as our success was in a great measure owing to their indomitable courage and daring bravery. They, like the "Second," considering their chance of an engagement at a growing smaller by degrees and beautifully. "As soon as a bridge can be built, the "stars and stripes" will fly again as they did once before I draw my saber to an end," building, and the "Second," especially as they wish to redeem the character they consider they lost at Bull Run last July.

Our brigades had arrived at the Aquia Creek railroad. We moved to-morrow morning at half past eight o'clock. The health of the 2nd Regiment is good, considering what they have passed through within the last three weeks. Company A has one in the hospital. The company is in good condition, well, and happy, with a plenty to eat, drink, and wear.

The Drum Beat for "lights out" therefore I draw my scribble town end, bidding you all a happy good night.

J. B. ------------
From the 2nd Regiment, Wis.
Division of the Rappahannock.
April 26th, 1862.

EDITOR WITNESS.---After a somewhat protracted silence, I again attempt a word of warning.

Since my last this division has occupied several positions, and our camps have been numerous. After the "foot ride" had evaporated, and we had become reconciled on the slavery question, we undertook the task of arresting him. Cally took "high bail," with the master in pursuit; was caught, and again escaped, leaving his master in the midst of a squad of Union soldiers, who felt highly elated over the discomfiture of the slaveholder, without interfering. The slave escaped, and the master returned home, goutting and railing over the loss of property. I was thankful that our men did not interfere in the matter, although they were called on to do so, but made the reply, that "they didn't come here to catch runaway negroes." They considered themselves in better business.

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to rebuild them it we would spare the city. Yesterday 2 gun boats came up the river bringing a pontoon bridge which is thrown across the river, upon which 5 combs of sharp shooters went over this forenoon, and I presume we shall all go over in a few hours.

A few of the farms in this vicinity look as if there were a few farmers in Virginia worth something.

Farmers have not generally commenced their spring work for the reason that their negroes have nearly all run away; every thing is in the way of provisions is fetched into camp by the boys, who go out foraging with the teams. Boys all in good spirits.

Yours, in haste, A. N. K.

Letter from the Second Regiment.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, RICH’S DIV., April 24th, 1862.

Of course the papers will have informed you of our advance to Fredericksburg. A week ago we were 65 miles from Richmond, and today we are 30 miles from it. Our advance was entirely for the purpose of getting into the rear of the enemy’s country, and to that end we crossed the Rappahannock across a railroad bridge here, as all the other bridges had been destroyed. The enemy’s country is more thickly settled and evincing more signs of life than any other part of the country that we have passed through in the last five weeks.

To get rid of the negroes from the country, the more numerous the colored population. The latter occasion many lively times amongst the boys by the boldness of some of themalue for the possession of their voices. The music of our bands appears to be the great treat to them, as on the march, the Sassafras, the “light fantastio toe,” and their “heels a rockin’,” go great glees.

We arrived at Fredericksburg on the evening of the 22d, and our camp was formed on the little hill 2 miles from the town, the road was good and we had a fine view of the town.

The rest of the Division was now in front of Fredericksburg a distance of thirty miles. On the 23rd, it having fairly set in to rain, we moved forward and left the camp we had bid farewell to Captain Bouck of Co. E, who was en route for Wisconsin having been appointed Colonel of the 7th Wisconsin. The boys of the 111th Illinois were posted at Camp Rapidan, a short distance from our camp.

The Second, the Seventeenth, and the Second Brigade were engaged building a bridge on the Acquia, 2 miles from Fredericksburg. The rest of the brigade were also bridge building about two miles below. We do not anticipate moving forward until those bridges are completed.

On the 27th we were marched about six miles from Fredericksburg and engaged building a bridge on the Accotunk & Fredericksburg R. The rest of the brigade are also bridge building about two miles below. We do not anticipate moving forward until those bridges are completed. Then, “On to Richmond.”

On the 30th, Chaplain Jas. C. Richmond, made his appearance the other day, he stood by the track, waving a white handkerchief. We were pretty sure this was the occasion of numerous remarks, some of which are too classic to repeat. We introduced to our friends the Paymaster and Provost Marshal, with kind intentions.

Time will not permit of my writing more. I am writing now at midnight, about a large fire—“Serpent of the Guard”—have tried to sleep—but seldom even when on duty—so fast that the hours by finishing this, commenced a day or two since.

You shall hear from me again, when I hope we shall be nearer, if not safely, encamped within the Confederate Capital.
Description of an Army Hospital.

FRANCE 25, HOSPITAL, ALEXANDRIA, VA., April 30, '62.

When I last wrote I did not expect my next letter would be from the hospital, but here I am and here I have been for nearly a month conversing and comparing notes with those who, like myself, have been fighting and suffering. I am in a great hospital. We have over 800 of his disabled nephews. This building, to- of smoke that the gathering winds sweep away the same time, comprise what is known as bods, which is a luxury after living a year on street, about the same size, and evacuated about six months ago. We have good but as he evacuated anpl moved South in his house, formerly owned by one of tho F. F.'s. the rebellion in half the time that our generals can, to take a stranger position Uncle Samue that he was put at the head of the first military ecoounters, he has dug up the hatchet and con-.i der to take a stranger position Uncle Samue that he was put at the head of the first military economic war machine may movo slowly, any one &c., but that he rose like a cloud of smoke that the gathering winds sweep away in a moment.

But to return to the hospital. We have good beds, which is a luxury after being a year without any. We, the enemy I hated like a beast of the laud, but still we have no reason to complain. Full diet consists in a cup of coffee and a slice of bread for breakfast; a piece of meat, with or without a slice of bread for dinner; a cup of tea, or coffee, as the case may be, with a slice of bread for supper. The dawg, who wants other things can have them. Oysters, broiled beef, toast, milk, ham, and bacon, with now and then a potato, are given to those who have not full diet. They do not take into consideration the facts that he was put at the head of the first military economic war machine may move slowly, any one &c., but that he rose like a cloud of smoke that the gathering winds sweep away in a moment.

The present occupants are men from every state in the North, and from almost every nation of the earth. In the 1st ward, where the French, French and German are very kind and attentive to the sick. One of them is a friend of one of the attendants, and comes into our columns the individual

In short to display his John Ballism in few weeks will be full of stirring events. The doctors that have this hospital in charge are very kind and attentive to the sick. One of them is a friend of one of the attendants, and comes into our columns the individual

Among those who first rushed to the defense of our glorious old flag were the young men from Racine County that formed the "Belle City Rifles." Their patriotism carried them on to glory and the glory of the Union. Never yet has it been said of one of them that he was a coward or a traitor. It has been our pleasure from time to time to notice through our columns the individual sets of bravery and heroism of our boys, and we add to-day the sublime statement concerning the son of our old friend Thomas Graham of Yorkville in this County.

Lient. A. G. Cole says: "I have pleasure in stating a few facts in relation to a praise-worthy deed performed by Thomas Graham, Co. F, 2d Wis. Regt., as they were told by Lieut. Ruggles, Quartermaster of the Regiment. At the time the rebels made an attack on our wagon trains in the vicinity of Catlett's Station, Graham was detached as a teamster with the train. The attack came quite unexpectedly, and some of the teamsters fled. Not so young Graham, but like a true soldier he stood by the team placed in his charge. His position was partially sheltered by the Quartermaster's horse, but this did not make any difference, for the man caught sight of him and fired three shots at him, killing the horse that sheltered him. GRA
About a dozen privates form the 1st Minnesota and 2d Wisconsin regiments, ta
peers at Bull Run, and lately released on parole, passed through here last night
They give an interesting account of the
first month of prison life. Moved from point to point, from Richmond to New O
leans in cattle cars, too—fifty to decent travel space in, and packed so close that
they could not sit; exposed along the
route, to every insult from the heathen
habitants those localities; sleeping for
months in the common prison in New O
leans, confined in the cells with not even
straw to sleep on; the dungeon, equal to
the Black Hole of Calcutta, at times fil
ded; receiving only three ounces of mou
tain and six ounces of bread a day. Sleep
ning on the bare floor in rooms 9x13
with little or no ventilation, and sixteen
persons in a room; forms a scene of su
perfluous suffering rarely equaled. Still the boys say that they never complained, but rather rejoiced
in suffering in so holy a cause.

They say that no one can imagine the feelings on seeing the old flag again, when
they arrived at Washington, N. C. From
the prison, when the prisoners were taken
about, equal only by that of the Israelites when they escaped from bondage.
From many a hand, suddenly, and, to their captors, unexpectedly, waved the stars and
stripes—small flags, which they had made
while in New Orleans, and concealed among
their persons.

They say that about two weeks before
they were released, their treatment was all
most entirely changed, having but little to
complain of, and during that time only 10
out of their whole number died at New O
leans, and six at Salisbury, N. C; while their
guard lost a greater number. The
rebels are giving up all hope of success,
and have lost all faith in Beuregard.

The gratification of seeing the men who
have suffered so much for their country
return to their homes, is lessened by the
knowledge of the manner in which they
have been treated by their government,
and the fact that they have now received the money they could be barely excused.
In prison they earned what money they could by the labor of their hands in the manufac
of trinkets. Mr. Habb, to whom we
have elsewhere particularly referred, ex
hibited to us a chased finger ring made by
him from a bone free. After being receiv
ed by the United States officers, they
were sent to New York without a cent of pay.
At Buffalo, the money was divided, good
and too proud to beg, they made the
trip from that city to Chicago without food.
Pennsylvania alone had an agent in New York, and all her sons were generously pro
vided for, until they should reach home.

**THE SUCCOURING UNION PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.**

**SHOCKING REVELATIONS.**

The *Harford Evening Press* makes the following extracts from a private letter written by an offi
cer now confined in Richmond. It touches for the gnus

*From a Duchonier.*

The situation of the men is most dark and dreary. There are only three windows to the room, and those on one end. The floor is always in a filthy condition. It has been about a month (immediately before we were removed to it) however for a space, the floor is perfectly saturated with the filth of the cell. This makes it equally unclean, and makes it difficult to be clothed with any comfort of you. The window is at the level of the street, and the police have been able to throw their food through, and we were able to throw our scraps through it. This door was locked and keyof it was given to the prisoners.

Almost 400 men are on the two floors above us, and about 400 in the lower kitchen, and bring in meat and bread. There are only three windows to the room, and one on each of the other two floors. Two of these are water-closets over and discharge their arrows onto us. This comes down sometimes in the water-closets, and is most unpleasant. The room is about 30 feet square by 20 feet. The ceiling was lying with a broken leg. He had to be

They are taken up and sent to the kitchen, and fed on bread and water for several days. Hence our only source of food, and the only food that we have. We are not able to say how many of us have been able to do this, nor do we know how many of us have been able to do so for three days. Therefore we have had no sugar, no coffee, and no potatoes, no meat. These are not furnished by any of the Union men, and we have not been able to have any. This will only happen when we have the money, as we have not been able to get any of it. The meat has been supplied by the prisoners, and we have not been able to get any of it for three days. Therefore we have had no sugar, no coffee, and no potatoes, no meat.

All these articles are rations, costing immensely. We have made out to supply ourselves comfortably well by the blessing of a kind Providence.

May 1.—It is May day, but what a dreary one! Dark and lowly without, and the floods within which have continued all night, and still pour down upon us from the sinks and privy-holes above. We are the

The door was left open for 400 men. There is not a foot in the cool-room, excepting under the stove, which is not covered with water. The men are packed out in the ceiling, which loses most of the water down in one place, instead of stitching it to the walls. Several

The men have been broken down on us

On the whole we are in a most deplorable con

We have made out to supply ourselves comfortably well by the blessing of a kind Providence.

May 2.—It is May day, but what a dreary one! Dark and lowly without, and the floods within which have continued all night, and still pour down upon us from the sinks and privy-holes above. We are the

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We have made out to supply ourselves comfortably well by the blessing of a kind Providence.
Occasionally he has had another "experience," and we may add, that between Col. O'Connor and Lieut. Col. Fairchild the most friendly and cordial relations exist, and the latter can be trusted in the most important matters.

Henry Ginty has proved himself a brave boy, and his narrow escapes by no means cool his ardor. If he gets well enough to return, he desires to see the end of the rebellion in active duty, preferring to fight for his country than to remain at home. "God bless our brave volunteers!"

He gives some graphic accounts of events on the Mississippi, having been in every naval engagement in the West, save the bombardment of Forts Henry and Donaldson.

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The second Regiment—Colonel O'Connor.

Return.—D. D. Dodge, who left this city with Capt. Ely's company as guard, returned from a reconnaissance of the enemy, and has been charged from the service on account of ill health. When Mr. Dodge resigned, he held the command of the 24th regiment, and has been vaccinated throughout the regiment. The 24th regiment is in McDowell's division, and under command of Lieut. Col. Fairchild, and much respected throughout the regiment. Col. O'Connor, Lieut. Dodge states, has not been in active service since his appointment. He is engaged on the pay, $225 per month, while he is discharging some of his duties. It is not known whether he resigned or what work he was selected to perform? The health of Capt. Ely's company is gone when Dodge left. (Jouneuse Gazette, April 27.)

Our information in regard to the Colonel of the 24th regiment is of an entirely different character, and we do not hesitate to say that either the editors of the Gazette misunderstood Lieut. Dodge, or Lieut. Dodge told them a story which the facts in the case will not substantiate. We published two months ago an extract from the Washington National Republican, highly commendatory of Col. O'Connor, and we think that, when he is sufficiently recovered, his appointment will be renewed. He is engaged on the pay, $225 per month, while he is discharging some of his duties. It is not known whether he resigned or what work he was selected to perform? The health of Capt. Ely's company is gone when Dodge left. (Jouneuse Gazette, April 27.)

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with his ponderous pack of silly goods, fol-

low in the wake of the Grand Army, squinting about for the first opportunity that offers to squat and dicker with their traps with the natives. The "Shylocks" and "Roman noses" like the Hawkeye Yankee, never miss a chance for a spree.

Here, in this city, they may be seen hopping some tipped "scoochers" inquiring where they can rent a store house, shop or shanty to put their "nolions" in. Many of the citizens will politely answer their questions, while others will look daggers and give a grunt similar to that of a hog, or as much as to say, "We Hall with you and your notions."

**BUSINESS PROSPECTS**

in this city at the present are quite flattering, as there is a great demand throughout the country hereabout, for goods of every description. The majority of the Fredericksburg merchants have "camoosed" their "Ranches," some for the purpose of joining the rebel army and others for fear, the "Yanks" would kill them, cook them and eat them. So long as the army continues in this vicinity there will be a brisk retail trade, as soldiers, like sailors, will spend their "small change" for "nick-nacks" whether they want it or not.

**AN ADVANCE**

of the entire corps de armes of Gen. Mc-

Dowell, it is thought will take place with-
in a few days for Fredericksburg and sur-

roundings; this will please our troops who are anxious to reach Richmond and then effectually bruise the head of the "sceesh serpents," so that it will never raise it in "Old Virginia" again.

**THE FLAG OF OUR UNION**

will be unfurled to the breeze to morrow or the next day, over this rampant city of Trenson. The ceremony will be performed notwithstanding the threats of the Rebel Commanders to shell the city, and they will have to pay due respect to that proud emblem of our nation's glory, if they continue to remain in their "trenches" in the woods lack of the city.

**REBEL PICKETS**

are posted within three quarters of a mile of the town enabling our forces with their spy-glasses. The longer they look at us, the less they like what they see, the audacious appearance of our corps de armes. These fellows, before we entered the city, had been in the habit of making a dash into the "Dury" and carrying off suspected Union men and occasionally nabbimg a straggling yankee soldier, who had "stole a march" upon his Bragg's guard and crossed the river. They "played out" and the snarling rebel thieves have wisely come to the conclusion that "discretion is the better part of valor," especially while "Abraham's Days" are in possession of the "olden time."** REBEL FORCES.**

Reports come to us through the medium of contrabands, that the rebels are entrenching themselves at Guano Station on the Fredericksburg & Richmond railroad, a distance of about sixteen miles from this city, where they intend to dispute our right of way on to the Peninsula. A few days ago we first heard they numbered at that point between twenty and thirty thousand, and that others were daily arriving from Richmond. Our informants cannot be considered competent judges as to numbers, as hundreds appear like the ants to them, as they hastily "log it through the vicinity of their encampments to what they call the "Promised Land;" the "home of de nort men." Nobody believes t hat they will make a stand at Guano Station, as that is not the game they have been playing on our line of march from the Peninsula.

If they can bluff us off by ordering to play a "strong hand," they will do it; this, however, they will not be allowed to do, as Gen. McDowell is too wide-awake to "be held at bay" ala Manassas Dodge.

**DESERTERS.**

Yesterday four deserters presented themselves at the camp of the 21st New York Regiment, one of them was a Pennsylvanian; he stated they were residents of that section of the country, and had under the Militia Law, been forced into the ranks of the rebel army and compelled to do service.

Not liking the idea of fighting against the Old Flag, they had deserted for the purpose of joining the Federal Army, which they did. From these men we learned that there were two encampments at Guano Station, one of four and the other of six thousand men; this they assert is the full strength of their forces. They are fortified with all the "smells," that they will "drive the d---d Yanks back to the Potomac." Before they do this, they will have, as a 21st Boy said, "Smell H---ll." If they will but stand up to their game of brag, they will learn how Uncle Abraham's Boys deal out sharp and play four-in-hand with Verey's of their traitorous kidney's.

**OUR FORTUNES**

upon the Rappahannock, that is in this vicinity, are in excellent tune for fighting and extremely anxious to push onward to Richmond. We are strong enough to hold the Valley of the Rappahannock and frame the Peninsula through to Richmond, but troops are enjoying fine health, notwithstanding the miserable weather which has prevailed during the past month. The morning reports of the various Regiments show but very few cases of sickness, and those are not of a very serious character.

**Distinguished Visitors.**

May 4.—To-day the citizens of this city had the pleasure (in a horn) of seeing Gen. McDowell, Secretary Stanton and Chase, who were accompanied by an escort of cavalry; after remaining a short time, they recrossed the river and returned to Belle Plain, on the Potomac Creek, where they took the steamer for Washington.
The counties of Fairfax, Fauquier, Stafford, Spottsylvania, King George and Caroline must by this time be nearly depopulated, as far as the negroes are concerned. Many of them say that their owners were getting ready to take them down South, but they started in a hurry and had to go further North to go South. The great exodus of these people from the land of gloom into the free States, is truly remarkable. The time must come when the proper disposal of this race will become a question of vital interest to our whole legislative body.

A justly professed desire of colonization must have to be adopted by our government, as provisions must be made for this peculiar race, to save them from pauperism and starvation. This, however, is a question that cannot be considered in this paper. 

While in conversation with a friend of mine on the subject of colonization, I asked him what he thought about it. He said that it was the only way to save the people from pauperism and starvation. He said that it was the only way to save the people from pauperism and starvation. He said that it was the only way to save the people from pauperism and starvation.

DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY

by the rebels through this country has been upon a par with other sections of the State, which has been cursed with their presence. Railroad and River Bridges in this vicinity have all been burned, besides, sailing and steam vessels, loaded with grain and other property, have been detained by the robbers. Through this country has been cursed with their presence. Railroad and River Bridges in this vicinity have all been burned, besides, sailing and steam vessels, loaded with grain and other property, have been detained by the robbers. 

A GRAND STAMPEDE

From an eye witness we learned that the flight of the rebels forever from Falmouth across the bridge to Fredericksburg, on the morning of the 19th of April, before the advance guard of Gen. Mccurtain’s Brigade, was a scene terrific to behold. 

Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry, in wild confusion dashed through the narrow streets of the God-forsaken town of Falmouth, to the long bridges, which crossed the Rappahannock. Just below the fall of the river, the main column of the fleeing rebel army fired the bridge, as soon as they marched to the opposite shore; so rapid was the destruction of the bridge that large parties of the rear of the panic-stricken army had to leap from the embankment over the river, and get across the best way possible. Before they had time to evacuate the low grounds, our artillery unloaded their guns upon the heights above Falmouth, and disabled away. The falling of our shells among them started the remainder off at double quick for the city of Fredericksburg, through which they scanned the mall-mast for the woods, back of the city. Had not the advance guard of the corps de armes been detained by skirmishers on the road between Collett Station and the Rappahannock, they would have “tagged” the rebel forces, numbering some twenty-five hundred, their stores and ammunition, and most probably have prevented the burning of the three bridges, vessels and other property. The corps was not the fault of our Generals, as the advance guard had to fight its way through the country lying some ten miles back from the river.

During these skirmishes the rebels lost some forty killed and wounded, our loss being seven killed and a few wounded. A number of scrouffy cavalry were taken prisoners, and carried to Falmouth, from which place they have been removed to Washington.

It is to be hoped that the next time they will be close upon their heels, we shall have the best of them. 

In a letter to the right of a speed that would arrow the flight of Tami O’Shanter, before the witches into the shade. There’s no denying the fact that the “ehwhty” are “some” on a foot-pace, the Yankees are nowhere when it comes to a “get up and git” with the F. F. V’s.

WE MAY FIGHT

Provided our rebel opponents, stick to their promise to dispute our right of way to Richmond, should they do this we may have a fight. The chances, I take it, for a little “b'ull” between this point and Richmond are rather slim. Just like from the policy heretofore pursued by the enemy of “falling back.” Should our boys cross bayonets, “somebody will be hurt” and the wool will have to fly.

ALL RIGHT

The friends of our Wisconsin Regiment will be gratified on hearing that the general health of the Wisconsin troops is very good. The boys feel “Right side up with care,” ready “cooked and primed” for a “seat” to “Old Scobys.”

Letter from the Second Regiment.

Camp Second Wis., Vol. 1.

Near Falmouth, Va., May 31, 1862.

J. C. Cowan.--Dear Sir:—I find, while consulting the company returns of the regiment for April, to-day—that Frank Noble and John M. Vanserel of Company "G", who were enlisted in Grant county, by Lieut. Hill of said company, are reported missing, under the following circumstances:

While the regiment was under march for this place, starting from Collett’s Station on the 21st of April, we were stopped late in the afternoon of that day, by the overflow of Elk Run, about five miles from Collett’s, and camped for the night (for it was full day). Noble and Vanserel started out of camp about sundown, leaving their arms and accoutrements behind, to procure straw for bedding. Finding none, where others had obtained some, they went further across the fields and have not been seen or heard of since.

As at that section of the country, is known to be and to have been at that time infested with prowling bands of rebel cavalry, who hide in the pine thickets by day and venture out at night, it is highly probable that the boys were picked up by some of them, and are now prisoners in the hands of the enemy. 

I had no acquaintance with the missing boys, and do not know where their friends at home reside, so I address this communication to you, for publication in the Herald, hoping that it will reach them best by this means. I believe the boys were taken prisoner by their company officers, and I am assured that there is not the least probability of their having deserted. The circumstances of the case all unite against that supposition, and it is not entertained.

Neither is it likely that they were killed. I trust therefore that their friends may be satisfied that they are safe, and that they will hear of their safety soon.

If they are prisoners they will soon be exchanged and liberated.

The other Grant county boys are generally well and in good spirits.

Yours Truly,

C. K. DEAN.
Of the whole Brigade were anxious looking across the river, in the direction of the rebel rendezvous, while every ear was pricked up, to hear the order “Forward March, double quick,” given by the officers in command. Their expectations of a “Bully Brush,” before sunset, evaporated shortly after falling into line, after seeing the advance guard returning to their camps. Had old General Wisconsin’s boys got into a fight that afternoon they would have made Southern chivalry show its heels.

A DEMONSTRATION.

Sunday night, our gallant troops made the “welkin ring” with their long, loud and soft repeated huzzas over the glorious news of the capture of Norfolk, and the blowing up of the Monitor. It was music to the soul of every loyal citizen, but death to the wool begone, chop-fallen “seceshers” of Fredericksburg whose ears were assailed with the loyal shouts of twenty thousand freemen.

While over at Fredericksburg last Monday, we were very much amused at some of the feminine secessionists, who endeavor to make the “mud-sill Yanks,” feel “riley” by turning up their delicate noses and showing their under lips to them. If the little creatures only chewed tobacco they would sport their lips as the “mud-sill Yanks,” into the faces of our soldiers. If one of them happen to be on the street with her veil thrown over her “kiss me quick” bonnet, and she sees a “Yank” approaching, down goes the veil and away she scurries across the street for fear her precious might be assailed with the odoriferous smell of the Yankee’s breath. One of these Yankee-haters on hearing the booming of our cannon over the capture of Norfolk, stopped us as we passed her house, and inquired in a trembling voice whether the Federals were shelling the city. We replied in the negative, and informed her that “our boys” were merely celebrating the capture of Norfolk, by way of getting their hand in for gratifying over the surrender of Richmond, which would take place within forty-eight hours. She looked at us with astonishment, gathered her calico close around her person, gave a faint scream and rushed into the house— In her fright she took us for an “alleged secessionists,” and to her horror she had stopped a “Yank.” These poor frightened souls really believe that feminine virtue is in a dangerous “spot,” where “Uncle Ale’s” boys are running at large. The report of our big guns, threw the “natives” of the “Burg,” into great commotion, until they ascertained the true cause of the firing.

DR. GARLAND.

of Fredericksburg was one of two who refused to vote for the ordinance of secession. For this unpardonable offense he became the subject of infernal persecution at the hands of the secessionists. Being a man of nerve and moral courage bravely battled with his oppressors and defied them to their
teeth. To use his own language; "For ten months the city has been under a reign of terror. Man who were loyal at heart were felled at the muzzle of the pistol and point of the bowie knife, to pay homage to the tyrants who ruled with a rod of iron. Through the agency of this foul treason, the peace and harmony of the community has been destroyed. Families that were once upon intimate terms not now at daggers point—Nearly every family with whom the Doctor had been upon the most intimate terms spurned him from their presence. His practice which was extensive, is all lost to him. The only crime of which they could accuse him, was that of being loyal to the government. We found the doctor to be a true Virginian gentleman of sterling worth and intelligence. But few men of his caliber can now be found in this country.

MRS. DAVIS, who is a widow lady in poor circumstances with three interesting daughters to support, has been the subject of persecution even since the Federal forces have occupied Fredericksburg, merely, because, she has three or four Yankee boarders into her house. She informed me that her neighbors have called upon her and declared that they will have nothing to do with her or her family. She replied she must do something herself and children. And so long as I will see this feeling of hatred eradicated. It is deep rooted and bitter to the core.

BRIDGE BUILDING. Between three and four hundred soldiers under the direction of civil engineers are now engaged in building a Trestle Bridge across the river immediately over the ruins of the old Railroad Bridge which the rebels in their madness destroyed. This bridge is seventy-five feet in height, and six hundred in length. The work progresses finely, and will, if nothing happens be completed by the last of the week or the first of next. This bridge will connect the Acquia Creek Road with the Richmond and Fredericksburg. When completed communications by rail from the Creek to Fredericksburg will be opened. We look for an advance of the forces now encamped upon the east side of the river. If the work of repairing roads and building bridges belongs to this division of the army, it will be sometime before we enter Richmond, as the work of destruction along the road we are informed, has been quite extensive.

OUR TREATMENT.

The assassinationists in the ports who were educated by their designing leaders to the belief that the mission of the Union army was to lay waste the country, murder the men, and ravish the women, have discovered since we have occupied Fredericksburg and the surrounding country, that their military valor and editors have lied in their teeth, and barely deceive them as to the true character and intentions of the Federal forces. The conduct of our soldiers and the rule of the military officials have been of such an unconscionable character that the most rabid of the people cannot complain. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, many of them would have rejoiced or they would then have something of a serious character to moan over, as it is, they have to sit down and reflect on the manner in which they have suffered themselves to be duped by their cut-throat leaders who have led them out of their senses, robbed them of their property, and made fools and pack-mules of themselves to serve their damnable purposes.

THE NEW GENERAL.

Since I last wrote you, the command of our Brigade has passed from the hands of officiating general Cutter, to those of Captain Gibbons, who is now the legitimate acting Brigadier General, of the Western Brigade of Gen. McDowell's corps de armie. The General is a young man of considerable military promise and a strict disciplinarian. Those who are personally acquainted with him, speak of him as both a gentleman and a scholar. His command is one which he has ample reason to be proud of, as the grand army of the Potomac cannot boast of a finer and more efficient body of men, than this Brigade which is composed of Wisconsin's and Indiana's.

THE REVIEW.

Monday last General Gibbons reviewed the 2d Wisconsin Regiment, and paid the officers in command a high and well merited compliment for the able manner in which they had instructed the soldiers under their command. Col. O'Conner and his junior officers have beyond a doubt a set of boys as ever stepped into shoe leather and who in distributing the "anvil chorus" never fails to elicit the applause of the "lookers on in benches." When they return to their "old homesteads" they will give their friends and fellow citizens a rich musical feast.

REBEL SCRIP.

Since our arrival on the Rappahannock counterfeit Rebel scrip has been circulating pretty freely among the dumb headed "peasants" merchants, who refuse to take T. a true note -impeachment for their merchandise. That Confederates notes printed in Philadelphia, have been passed without detection. In the little one horse towns of Falmouth over a thousand dollars has been in circulation by our boys who purchased these notes from the news-boys who sell them at the rate of four for a dime. The denominations of these notes range from five to ten. This class of paper is really worth as much as the genuine Confederate scrip to the holder who will never realize a penny on the dollar.
Col. O'Connor Again.

The following letter from Captain Alex. Gordon, Jr., who is well known in this community as a young man of honor and veracity, is a sufficient answer to the chapter which I wrote of Colonel Dodge through the Janesville Gazette, and tells in plain terms the reason of Dodge's enmity to Col. J. O'Connor:—

CAMP 7TH WISCONSIN REGIMENT,

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 5TH, 1861.

EDITORS JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENT.

I notice in your paper of the 5th inst., an article from the Janesville Gazette, attacking and most unjustly attacking my colleague, Col. O'Connor, of the Wisconsin 2nd Regiment, upon authority of ex-Lient. Dodge, of the Janesville Company.

Four remarks in regard to the matter were truthfully just; and with one exception, in regard to his lying in command of the Brigade, entirely correct. I am personally acquainted with the Colonel, both as an officer and a gentleman, and would not justice to him, to say, as a thorough disciplinarian, a man more educated and prompt military man, and much loved and respected by his regiment.

The four remarks were:—1. Colonel Dodge is a good soldier and a brave man.
2. He has been on the battle field many times.
3. He neither4. He is a thoroughly trained man and is thoroughly educated.

As for ex-Lient. Dodge, it is plain to be seen that he is an enemy of the Colonel. The reason of this is not that he has the same political opinions with the Colonel, but because he had always opposed his political views. He was an ardent politician, and was against the war.

Next, he had heard of the taking of New Orleans, and was much comforted by it, as he had always been an advocate of secession. He had also heard of the capture of Bull Run, and was much pleased with it, as he had always been an advocate of war.

Again, he had heard of the capture of Fort Sumter, and was much pleased with it, as he had always been an advocate of war.

Finally, he had heard of the capture of Bull Run, and was much pleased with it, as he had always been an advocate of war.

Washington, May 20, 1862.

I have just returned from a visit to some prisoners who arrived here a few days since from Richmond, and who are now quartered in a large low building constructed for the use of the soldiers near the railroad depot, and thinking that a short account of what I saw and learned may interest your readers, I hereby write it. There are about nine hundred, in all, of whom were captured in the battle of Bull Run, some at Leesburg and other places, and many in the late battle of Williamsburg. Some of them have an acquaintance with Southern prisoners of ten months duration. Some have been confined in Charleston, some in Tuscaloosa, and some in Cudde Pinecraft, and it is needless to say that they all appreciate the blessings of liberty.

Among the number are ninety six month prisoners, who were captured at the battle of Williamsburg, and who refuse to go back into the Southern army, and have taken the oath of allegiance. I conversed with some from the 14th Louisiana, the 17th Virginia, and others from the Carolina and Mississippi regiments. Most of them, and I know not but all, have six months pay due them, and I infer that the army has not been paid off in that length of time. Their dress is a coarse gray or drab home-made "shoddy," and some of their shoes, which cost $5 a pair, would be a curiosity in a Chinese museum.

They had heard of the taking of New Orleans, though the rebel leaders denied the fact, and tried to keep the information from them. This intelligence had a most disheartening effect upon the army. The late Conscription Act of the Confederate Congress, they say, meets with a determined opposition. All of the Virginia troops, and many from other States, were enlisted for one year only, and their time of service expired in April and May. In some of the regiments a third were willing to re-enlist, while the other two thirds have been forced to remain in the service against their wishes. The feeling against the act is so general and strong that they think it will ultimately break up the army. On no condition can the Virginians be made to leave their State. Any attempt to send them elsewhere will be the occasion for mutiny. Three companies in Roger A. Pryor's command, on learning that they would be required to continue in the service, laid down their arms and declared that they would go no further. A serious revolt was anticipated, but the officers imposed such merciless and inhuman punishment upon them that they were compelled to yield, and others were deterred from making any attempt at resistance; but murmurings loud and deep are heard all along the line of the Southern army, and some day, like the fires of the volcano, it may burst forth and overwhelm their leaders with ruin.

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They agree that their furs, since cap-
tured, is much better than they received in

the Confederate service. There they
were allowed no coffee nor sugar, though definitely settled; yet we suppose that while they had money they could buy coffee at $1.50 a pound, and sugar at 40 or 50 cents a pound.

The federal prisoners, who spent three or four days in Richmond, say that the people there were anxious to exchange Confederate scrip for U.S. Treasury notes, offering seven dollars for five, but the Yankee boys didn’t feel in a trading humor, and so saved their funds.

There is considerable speculation here in regard to the rumored intervention of England and France. There seems to be abundant evidence at this time to lead us to believe that such a step is contemplated by our friends over the water, though the proper time, if there could be any proper time for such an act, it would seem has passed months ago. Doubtless when they learn of the taking of New Orleans and Norfolk, and the opening of the Southern ports to commerce, they will regret that they delayed intervention so long.

The apprehension that foreign powers might take some step in this direction without doubt prompted the President last winter, to order an advance of the army at once. Had our army continued idle much longer, England and France might have stepped in with some show of propriety, and demanded the opening of our Southern ports and recognized the independence of the Southern Confederacy, but our successive victories over the rebels will, I trust, save us from that humiliation. We now only need to get possession of Richmond to end all apprehensions of forign intervention; and this, it seems, will be accomplished by Gen. McDowell’s army, according to the programme laid down in a former letter.

The order of Gen. Hunter, which the President has so summarily vetoed, freeing the slaves in the States of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, caused quite a commotion here among the advocates and worshippers of the ‘peculiar institution.’ Though the President declares the proclamation of Gen. Hunter void and says that he has ‘not authorized him nor any other General to issue proclamations declaring the slaves of any State free,’ yet we suppose that the decision cannot affect the rights of any who have availed themselves of Gen. Hunter’s act. The powers of a military commander are not limited to controlling the troops, but extend to all the duties of a successor in command. The President, as Commander-in-chief, is the only authority from the War Department to command; and his orders must be obeyed. The effect of the President’s proclamation is to make the army the instrument of his will, including the emancipation of the slaves.

The commissioners for the appraisal of slaves freed by the late act of Congress, are engaged in the daily performance of their duties. Up to this time claims have been filed for something over 900 slaves, and they seem to come in yet without any diminution. The newspapers have stated the number of slaves liberated by the act at about a thousand, while some have estimated it at less than that. The indications now are that it will be much over that number.

The Journal concludes that you misunderstood me, or that I told you a story which the facts will not substantiate. Now, sir, you neither mis- understood me, nor did I state anything untrue. The only defect in my statements was an omission to make other statements notoriously known by every man in the 2d regiment.

I re-affirm that Col. O’Connor had not been in active command of the regiment from the date of his appointment to the time I left the regiment, about the middle of March last, and I know, of my own personal knowledge, that a week or ten days before that time his voice was such that he could not take the active command of the regiment. During all the time I attended the drill and dress parades of the regiment, I never saw him attempt to take command but once, and then his attempt, by giving his orders through Lieut. Col. Fairchild, was such a failure that it was not repeated. He has been present at some general reviews, when his absence would have attracted the notice of the commanding officer, but so far as discharging the active duties of a colonel is concerned, he has almost universally neglected them, at least in the manner which would bring him before his men. He has the reputation of being in camp about one day in the week, and then he confines himself to his tent.

The compliments bestowed upon the drill and discipline of the regiment are all true and well merited, but Col. O’Connor is not entitled to them.

In making my statements to you, and permitting you to make use of my name as your authority, I had no expectation or desire of being drawn into a newspaper controversy, but it is evident that the assertions have been publicly contradicted, I deem it proper to re-affirm them. In doing so, I have confined myself exclusively to the matters then introduced, but the scope of a controversy might be enlarged if I felt disposed to continue a discussion.

DANA D. DODGE.

Janesville, May 21, 1862.

From the Second Regiment.
Our brigade had the railroad bridge to build and part of each regiment was detailed for that purpose, we drilled, and the rest of their time they amused themselves by pitching quoits, (a favorite sport of the Greek soldiers at the siege of Troy,) playing cards, besides reading all the papers and books they could get, and manufacturing papers for ourselves to finish a sufficient supply. Yesterday it was reported that Halleck had possession of Corinth, and had taken 10,000 rebels prisoners again, that Banks was driven back, and Winchester recaptured by the rebels. All these stories have been corroborated by some guards of the Christian Banner, and it was not necessary that we should longer remain in that vicinity, with our cannon pointed upon the half deserted city, and at 1 o’clock p.m., or thereabouts, of this beautiful Sabbath day, we took up our line of march for a position nearer Richmond. We crossed the Rappahannock on a long bridge of boats, an ancient, but an excellent way of bridging a river. I took the opportunity offered to measure the width of the river as near as I could, and I think the distance of the river is so deep, and it is so completely overshadowed by the hills and forest trees, that I found it at 60 yards when first looking upon it from the hill where we encamped, but I found by pacing that it was full 140 yards.—more than double the distance I had calculated. I had not a chance to see much of the city, as we passed through the outer edge only. We took a road leading nearly South, and through the loveliest part of Virginia that I have yet seen. True, it bears the marks of war,—the fences are either burned or destroyed, but few white persons are to be seen, but a more beautiful country than the valley of the Rappahannock could hardly be seen, and either in the East or the West. The road is a good substantial turnpike, lined on either side by cedar trees, that grow so close together in some places as to form a complete fence, and stretching away as far as the eye can reach are large prairie-like fields, covered with luxuriant growth of clover in blossom, wheat and rye in head, or corn that looks yellow and sickly, seeming entirely behind the season. These fields are interspersed with woody hills that look like the Lofoten islands, in Norway. Alas! that such a fair country should need be overrun by devastating armies; but Virginia has been blessed above her, and she must suffer the penalty.

After marching about two miles we passed our outposts, and soon came to the deserted paws of the old settlement. We were at the advance brigade of the army, but it seems that the rebels were informed of our advance in season to escape our cannon. We occupied their posts last night, for their fires were still smoldering, and the ashes had not been rained upon, though we had a heavy shower yesterday. The negroes came out in droves to see us pass, giving the lie to the reports that they are afraid to show themselves, but their ambition is to kill an abolitionist. When asked if there were any scents about, the reply would be, “Yes, none above the pepper.” “And yester- day?” “All about yesterday, yes sah.” Both sexes, all sizes, and all shades of the African race were on every gate, at every house we passed, on every porch, woman, or child, save one, and as he gave us information that was afterwards found to be false, he left with us, and I do not know where he is now. He was a negro, his name was John, and he was conducted superbly, and when we rested it was always in the shade of the oaks, until we turned the corner. The trees form a good shelter for the negroes, and a narrow wagon road. We did not get sight of the “Stars and Bars,” and about stopped to eat dinner in the grove of broad-headed oaks, in full leaf, on ground once occupied by rebels, for the remains of their camps are still to be seen, and they could not have left more than twenty-four hours since. In the probability that they occupied this ground last night. I do not know where we are any more than this—we are about seven miles from Fredericksburg, in nearly a southern direction, in one of the grandest old forests in the state of Virginia. There goes the drum, lights out in the camp, and the night passed away without alarm, and morning’s return found us ready, eye eager, for action; but we rest still awhile, for not yet has the order been given to move.

Shine on bright sun, for ray rays are soul-cheering. In his golden light make your green garments, ye oaks of a century’s growth; there is not a sight so grateful to eye and soul free as the winds of the woods; your notes are pleasing to the ear. There is not a scene so full of joy as the wind-shaken branches of trees, louder sounds than the music of birds, and rays of sunlight more glorious than the light of the sun; they are awaiting the brave who go forth to the field of battle. Soon may the sun that shines so bright above us, watch from his throne in the sky the coming contest, when foe shall be rolled upon foe, and army on army; when death shall claim himself among contending hosts, that this high-handed rebellion may perish forever.

R. K. B.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

From the 2d Regiment.

[We are indebted to Charles Hall, Esq., for the opportunity to publish the following letter.]

CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VA., May 26, 1863.

Richard Lester and I were fortunate enough to obtain a pass to the city today, where we passed a few hours very pleasantly. In our rambles we came to the office of the Christian Banner, and procured two copies which I will send to you, presuming that you have before saw a brown paper newspaper, and because it purports to be a Union one. You will please hand one of them to the Northwestern and oblige me.

We visited the factory at which this paper was manufactured: the proprietor informed us that the size of papers he sold at $3 per ream, and that for lack of rags, &c., and scarcity of fuel, the establishment could only be put in operation two days in the week. Wood (when it can be obtained) sells for $12 to $18 per cord. He was compelled to use drift wood, picked up in the river. He turns out about 1,800 lbs. paper a day.

We also visited the large Foundry and Machine Shop owned by J. F. Scott, to whom Gen. McDowell applied to get up some casting, and do some blacksmithing for him, for which he would be paid. Mr. Scott utterly refused to strike a hammer for him, upon which the Gen. went to the ranks of the Budaer, Hoosier, and Key Stone boys, and soon found volunteer mechanics enough to run all the Machine Shops in Virginia. Blacksmiths, moulders, pattern makers, carpenters and painters were at once set to work and now the hum and buzz of the whole machinery in full operation, can be heard all over the little city. And Mr. Scott has the extreme satisfaction when he steps inside, to witness any number of the Northern "hordes of vandals", "lur- barians" and "mud sills" with cheerful countenances, and an air of "Don’t care a d—n ativeness", making free with everything, perfectly at home, and understanding their regular biz. Dress’d in Uncle Sam’s blue pants,—in shirt sleeves, with aprons on, they look quite gay, engaged in all kinds of work, from the Foundry to the paint-shop, in the garret. Six forges are in full blast under the management of the sturdy sons of old Pennsylvania, wielding the heavy sledge hammer with a brawny arm, and making the anvils ring to the tune of "Ten pound ten"—(You see when I was a boy, in British America,) I used to fancy the hammer of the blacksmith said "Ten pound ten." They were getting out braces, and other heavy iron work for the bridge. They belong to the 8th Pennsylvania Volunteers. Carpenters from the 2nd, 6th and 7th Ws. were at work at every bench. Some of the 19th Indiana, and 2d Wisconsin were employed in the machine room turning iron in a lathe for repairs to an engine. In the garret a painter was lettering a sign—"Look out for the cars," and getting up a transparency for an arch over the bridge. On a splendid Threshing Machine in the ware room, one of the boys wrote, with chalk—"This machine will be run by the Yankees the ensuing fall. Farmers will do well to give them a call. Wheat 4c., oats 2c., barley 3c. Term small: can’t trust a rebel!"—and on the wall—"The devil can beat the rebels, and the Yankees can beat the devil." The ware room was stored with all kinds of machines—Threshing...
of the river, and the beautiful valley through which the Rappahannock winds its course to the sea. During the day we observed the most perfect calm, and not leave our grounds however, for the brigade that was stationed on this side of the river did all the work of capturing thirteen privates and one Lieutenant of the dirty grays. Since then they have not given us any trouble.

Our brigade had the railroad bridge to build, and part of each regiment was detailed for that purpose, while the remainder drilled some, did some guard duty and the rest went to the railroad seven miles from Fredericksburg, in nearly a southern direction, in one of the grandest old forests in the state of Virginia. There goes the drum, lights out in the command, and I must close, and

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth, A youth to fortune and fame unknown," will soon be applicable to me.

May 26.—It is morning—a lovely morning; not a cloud can be seen in the heavens; the bright sun looks through the wide-spreading green branches above us, brightening the dewy leaves of the trees, and shedding joy on the hearts of the soldiers beneath them. This is the month of war and the early spring. This is the month that ripens the grain, and the first sunbeams

The night passed away without alarm, and morning's return was ready, ay, eager, for the battle; but we rest still, for yet has not the order been given to move.

Shine on bright sun, for thy rays are soul-stirring news when the papers failed to furnish a sufficient supply. Yesterday it was reported that Halleck possessed of Corinith, and had taken 60,000 rebels prisoners. Then again, that Banks was driven back, and Winchester recaptured by the rebels. All these stories have their effect in camp. It seems that only one Regiment from this State entered here. 93 graves were in one row, reaching the whole width of the graveyard. They all died between the 12th March and 20th April, 1862. A darkey said "Lord, the sun was full 140 yards—more than this—what. But the bridge was finished some days ago, and the cars cross the river upon it now, bringing supplies from the Potomac, therefore it was not necessary for us to longer remain there, without being cannon pointed upon the deserted city, and at 11 o'clock p.m., all the troops of the beautiful Sabbath. We took up our line of march for a position nearer Richmond. We crossed the Rappahannock on a bridge of boats, an ancient, but an excellent way of bridging a river. I took the opportunity offered to measure the width of the river as nearly as I could by pacing. The bed of the river is so complete, that the biggest birds of the white heron and the black vulture, pass without notice. While we were camped, but I found by pacing that it was full 140 yards—more than double the distance I first set it at. I did not have a chance to see much of the city, as we passed through the outer edge only. We took a road leading nearly South, and through the loveliest part of Virginia that I have yet seen. True, it bears the marks of war. The fences in many places are destoyed, and where there were once twenty men, but a few white persons are to be seen, but a more

The sun that shines so bright above us, watch from his throne in the sky the coming contest, when foe shall be rolling on, and army on army; when death shall close itself among contending hosts, that this high-handed rebellion may perish forever. B. K. B.

From the Second Wis.Regiment

Camp Ginnee's Station Va., May 26, 1862.

Dear Friends,—Your correspondent has remained silent thus long from the fact that this department failed to furnish anything worthy of note. Since I last wrote you our time has mainly been occupied in giving "fancy drills" and "parades," for the especial benefit of our new Brigadier General. But, within the last few days, the white glove style has ceased, and we now find ourselves the personal occupants of a former secessionist, nine miles south of Fredericksburg, and within four miles of Ginnee's Station, on the Fredericksburg & Richmond Railroad. How long we will remain here I know not, but it is presumed that our forward movement will again commence to-morrow. To rebuild the railroad bridges, a detail of six hundred men, was made from this Corps, fifty-one of which are from this Brigade. The three bridges between Aquin Creek and Fredericksburg were built inside of three weeks,—the one
A detail of Lifty Incu were put to work, building cars, repairing locomotives, &c. of Mr. STOVE, U. S. Bridge Builder, Philadelphia. The whole work is under the supervision of Western men Wisconsin and Indiana. They have material plenty to work with, and are capable of turning out anything man may desire—either of wood, iron, brass or copper. As a matter of compliment, let me tell you that Mineral Point is represented in this establishment, in the person of Nicholas Gum-Büding is acting Commissary, and General Orderly for the Commander of the force. He attends to the seizing of secession lumber, whenever their representatives of the Davis' (sic) refuse remuneration for their property.

The rebels, when occupying Fredericksburg, appear to have delighted in burning the house. The monument of Mrs. WASHINGTON, the mother of Gen. Washington, bears the marks of seventy-five bullets, besides its being chimed off at the four corners. The monument is on a high eminence, and from the mound you can see the city and surrounding country. The citizens assert that this piece of architecture was used as a target during last winter. I understand an effort will be made through the soldiers to repair the monument. Hundreds would willingly contribute to so humane an object.

From the monument of Mrs. Washington you have a full view of the two rebel burying-grounds. In one there are three hundred graves, and in the other a hundred and eighty. No regard appears to have been paid to color. The citizens say that the white soldier often became the occupant of the grave of the same vault. These are mostly North Carolina and Georgia troops, and nearly all died within three months.

On Sunday the rebel magazine at Fredericksburg exploded, killing a private soldier who was guarding it, throwing his right leg over thirty feet from the spot. The brother of this young soldier was an eye witness, and but a little way from him, but strange to say, was unharmed. In the magazine there were seventy boxes of cartridges, and two torpedoes, which but a few days since were taken from under the platform at the Depot, and placed in the magazine for safe keeping. The cause of the explosion is unknown. A number of arrests have been made, but whether any of the unruly secesh are implicated in the transaction, is as yet unknown.

Soon after the explosion, and while the affair was being investigated, a secessionist, standing by, remarked to one of our soldiers, "that the private killed, was served right, and had received his reward for being among the invaders." This man had no sooner finished his sentences than he measured his length on the mother earth. He was soundly thrashed in the presence of his fellow citizens, and raised on his feet, and told to "hunt his hole," and not dare to ever again offer an insult to the Union soldiers. It will teach him, as well as hundreds of others of sympathizing rebels, that their lips must be sealed when in the presence of the Union boys, that our soldiers know how to resent an insult, notwithstanding their feelings.

This part of Virginia is thoroughly secession, and they have been bold in their remarks. The women in particular have a general abhorrence for the Union soldiers. To show their contempt, rather than walk under the Stars and Stripes, which hung out in front of the City Hall, they will walk in the middle of the street, draw their veils closely over their pretty shaped faces, turn up their noses, and travel as gay as you please. If you look at one, she becomes desperately sly, and almost frantic with rage, and if you speak to her, oh, my, she scours around almost beside herself, and gives you to distinctly understand that her cap is set for a "hold-southerner."--Perhaps they don't understand that we Northerners are inclined to furnish them with existence,—that but for the ready hand of ARKHAM they would starve in less than a week. As for good looks, you cannot flatter them,—in fact, they have become so used to turning up their noses in contempt for things to their disliking, that it spoils their good looks, if they ever possessed so necessary an article.

Last evening we received the news of the falling back of Gen. Banks, but the stories are so mixed up that we fear to say anything on the matter. In fact, we are watching McClellan, and expect every hour of hearing of his taking the Southern Metropolis.

May 23, 1862.

During the afternoon of yesterday we were under orders to be in readiness to march at a moments notice, but up to the present time see no signs of a forward movement. The railroad bridge at this point was completed last evening, and the cars have reached the station with army supplies.

The 10th Indiana band having received new silver instruments, were out last evening until a late hour serenading—This band is considered one of the best in the service.

Geo. Sanders, one of the best men living, a true soldier, has been promoted to First Lieutenancy of Co. D. Georck is one of the politest of fellows, and might be considered a regular "lady catcher." I see by the Janesville Gazette that a rather important article is published on Col. O'Conner, purporting to be the doings of ex-Lieut. Donegan, formerly of this Regiment. Such items are uncalled for, and especially when such men as Mr. Donegan, the author of the paragraph, are virtually indebted to the Colonel for many favors, which will cost him a life time to repay. Our Colonel is attentive to the interests of his men, and a thorough disciplinarian, worthy of leading a brave and gallant regiment into action. But, we that know the Colonel, are willing to leave his actions to speak for themselves, not desiring the reckless fault-finders to pick flaws for us. We confide in our Colonel's ability of judging the merits of our leader, without the aid of pultry pamphlets. So much for Donegan, the ex-Lieutenant.

Our boys are not hard up for amusements. To while away time is one of the hardest duties known to the soldier; therefore you will not be surprised at the excitements on their part to kill the weary hours of camp life. Were you present now, you would see here and there a squad of four and six enjoying a social game at cards, some playing for a stake, while around them are grouped numbers of the soldiery, intent on reviewing the exciting game. Occasionally you hear of one having been so lucky as to win, and then again you will perceive another, sorrowfully heaving the loan of a V until next pay day. It is no uncommon thing to hear of this and that one absorbing the coming two months pay at the gaming table. In fact "poker" has become one of the regular games throughout the camps. I learn that the Colonel intends issuing an order forbidding gambling among officers and men within the line. It would be a glorious thing to check this pest, and I hope it will be an order so rigid that it is one of the greatest evils on record.

Religious documents are circulated among the soldiers pretty freely, by the American Tract Society, but whether they tend to better the condition of the
McDowell's Corps,
Company "I,"
Second Regiment Wis. Vol. Order have just come to prepare for
marching. I close, hoping to chronicle
something of interest in my next.

Yours,
L. B. 7

DOCTOR TUCKER

Surgeon S. Tucker, of the 2nd Wis. Regt. returned to this place on
Monday, having been summoned home
on account of the sickness of his son
Theodore, but who was dead and in
the grave before the stricken father
reached home; but he and the family
have the hearty sympathies of all.

They wish to express through this
medium their heartfelt thanks to this
community, and to the Good Templars,
for their attention during Theodore's
illness.

The Doctor tells some amusing as
well as some shameful stories of the
manner in which McDowell has been
for months using our army to protect
rebel property, in Virginia, even to
the oppression of our volunteers, and
in which our northern freemen were
made to suffer indignities from traitor-
ous, haughty slave masters and misti-
tresses, of the districts in which they
happened to be stationed; but those
infamous proceedings are now pretty
much broken up; and McDowell is
despised and by all the officers and
soldiers who know him.

He ought to be driven from the field
and the Army; since his cowardly,
trucking course at Bull Run, he ought
to have been again allowed in the
Army, at all.

THE SECOND WISCONSIN.-General Roberts,
one of the members of General Pope's staff,
and an inspector of the army, declared at
La Crosse that "the 2d Wisconsin regiment
before it was so badly cut up, was justly ranked
as the best regiment in the army of the Po-
tomies!"

FROM THE 2d WISCONSIN.—We hardly
think the rumors of the return home of the
remaining members of the Belle City Rifles
are true. We should be glad they
got furloughs to recruit, yet when men
are so much needed, and especially trained
men in the army, we have little faith that they
will be permitted to leave just when offi-
cers' operations of such magnitude are being
made against the rebels. Lieut. Hummel
at home, discharged for physical disability.
Capt. Parsons is still very sick. He has
been removed to a private house and under
the care of Dr. Tullapaxm is doing as well
as could be expected. Three pieces of his
coat, as well as a piece of his shoulder strap
 driven downward by the piece of shell that
wounded him, have recently been taken
away by the Doctor. Junes, we are glad
to state, is on the gain, and will, beyond
a doubt; retain his leg, which is doing finely.

CIVILIAN CASUALTIES IN COMPANY A 2d
Regt.—This company raised in this immi-
unate vicinity, has in the recent battles
become almost extinct—only a few re-
aining of the one hundred men who
left the State full of strength and vigor.
This blow falls heavily upon the relatives
and intimate friends of the fallen brave
ones; but not them alone, Every heart
beats in lively sympathy with those more
immediately affected.

We console ourselves with the thought
that they fell fighting for their country—
their face to the foe. But, however, con-
soling this may be to the afflicted heart,
nevertheless we can but think how unjust
wicked and damnable this rebellion is, and
how many more of our friends and rela-
tives are to be sacrificed before peace
shines upon the land; and how many mil-
ions of dollars are yet to be expended be-
fore the "Stars and Stripes" float triumph-
ant and majestically throughout the
length and breadth of this once fair and
happy America. May the blessings of
peace soon illuminate the sky and bring
joy and tranquility to every living soul.

SAM FRANCIS.—The family of our old
friend Sam Francis received advices from an
officer of the 2nd Regiment, saying that Sam
had been cut off from his regiment during a
scouting expedition, that it was reported that
he had received a bullet through the face, and
was probably prisoner in the hands of the
enemy—not very consolatory, though there
is but little doubt that Sam could make him-
self as comfortable in adversity as any man,
provided he has the use of his tongue.

Fortunately, after a three days' absence,
Sam returned alive and well, and intercepting
the letter, appended a postscript setting
matters all right again.

JOHN ANDERSON, a member of the
Belle City Rifles" and taken prisoner at
Bull Run, got home last week having been
released on parole. He was detained at
Richmond several months and then sent to
Columbus, S. C., where he remained until
two months ago, when he was again sent to
Richmond until released.

He says the prisoners were better treated
in South Carolina than at Richmond. Their
food was cleaner and water better, they also
had a yard to walk in, which at Richmond
was denied them. In Columbus the fare was
two hard biscuits per day and a small piece
of fresh beef, with good water. They em-
ployed themselves making ornaments of
bone, from which enough was reallized to
purchase many little articles of comfort.
At Richmond their food was dirty and they closely confined, while the guards, as a general thing, were unfeeling and brutal; in some cases shooting the boys, and often stabbing them with the bayonets.

He says they have given up any hopes of establishing their Confederacy during Lincoln’s administration, but they say they are going to be a Democratic President next time, then they can accomplish their designs.

Some of the 2d Wisconsin Prisoners.—

A communication from Adjutant Dean, of the 2d Wisconsin regiment, to the Adjutant General, gives the following.

The following enlisted men of the 2d regiment, were captured by a detachment of rebel cavalry, on the 6th inst., near Mason’s creeks, about six miles from Fredericksburg.

The regiment was engaged at the time in a reconnaissance with a view to destroy a portion of the Virginia Central Railroad. They were under the command of Capt. D. B. Davis, and those not (with others) had fallen on the march, and had been sent back on camp at The River, seventeen miles out from Fredericksburg, by returning train, and were thus interred and left.

NAME OF MEN TAKEN PRISONERS AS ABOVE.

Corps A. O. I, Captain, L. W. Brindley.


Corps M. O. I, Private, W. W. Brindley.


Corps P. O. I, Private, W. W. Brindley.

CAMP FIVE MILES SOUTH OF CUSTISVILLE.

STATION, June 9th, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—While McClellan was driving the rebels from the Peninsula, and Halleck was weaving a web around Corinth, a stranger would have supposed from the quietude that reigned on the banks of the Rappahannock, the drills and parades, the reviews and inspections, that McClellan was forming a camp of instruction. The instructions of the deputies, deserts, and flags of truce relived us of theBonus and montane of care. We were not afraid that the noble God of War still ruled the fair valley beneath us. All were impatient for the word to advance and begin the end of the long battle which had also orders to march; these were Too many.

The song:—

Our flag shall wave to the Rio Grande, And treason shall go down.

—was sung with such enthusiasm on our march as heard no more. We hear that Gen. McClellan has crossed the Chickahominy, but still no signs of moving; vague rumors are floating about of our being reinforced. It is said we are waiting until the Conestoga train, and meanwhile our new Brig. General, Gibbons, a North Carolinian, and an experienced officer of the regular Army, late of the General Staff, has been detailed to the orders, and is furnishing up old ones. He reviews each regiment of the brigade separately. Of the factories he never speaks of marching, and never wishes to the future are so slight that I have already forgotten them. He paid a compliment to our gallant Lieut. Col. Fairchild, and praised the line officers for the efficiency displayed in the active company.

Pay-day comes, and our bills are due. Our epics Baccanalian and grumblers are once more in high spirits. On Friday, the 23rd day of May, Gen. King's division was reviewed by the President. Sec. Chase was also there.

The Western Brigade, the phrase of the men, their soldierly bearing, excited the admiration of all the persons present. Each detail is to build block-houses, &c.

We had heard that Gen. Shields was to reinforce us, but still the brave Irishman, his arm still in a sling. The bridge is completed, but still no indications of moving. Such was the report of the last three weeks in camp opposite Fredericksburg for nearly three weeks.

On Sunday, the 25th of May, rumors were reported of a large re-enforcement of the Western Brigade, the physical appearance of which excited the curiosity of the officers and men. We had heard that Gen. Shields' headquarters, the brigade was engaged at the time in a reconnaissance with their food was dirty and they closely confined, while the guards, as a general thing, were unfeeling and brutal; in some cases shooting the boys, and often stabbing them with the bayonets.

The correspondence of the Sentinel.

Camp Opposite Fredericksburg, June 11th, 1862.

I expected to post this at Catlett's, but the mail had closed. We arrived here today, having made a circuit of 102 miles. Three times we have marched over the road between Catlett and Fredericksburg, and in about an hour we saw regiments filing on the court house: struck four. We have heard that Gen. Shields was to be, and to act as our President, and we have been informed that Gen. Shields' headquarters, the brigade was engaged at the time in a reconnaissance with the hills south of Fredericksburg. After marching about eight miles, they encamped, Catlett and our regiment having picked out the three days of their stay.

At Fredericksburg I had opportunities of seeing the garrison of the town. For I cannotcall them ladies—were especially delighted in displaying their sentiments, though not so bitter as on our first arrival—till thirty days. 'They were in great glee when it was made that this division has not a fair chance and not a few consorts of McClellan for our continued inactivity, but I think this is hardly fair. According to the agreement between the President, Secretary of State and McClellan, this portion of the army was to be, and to act as a reserve, to be used when necessary. I could possibly advise you. As this division of the army of the Potomac has, as yet, been in no engagement, (the Second once visited Manassas), my letters, I fear, have been of no interest to you.

Since that last letter this division has been on a continued march, and have traveled over two hundred miles. Had the weather and roads been good it would have been all right, but they have been all that one could have expected. The rain has destroyed the freshets, and between Catlett and Fredericksburg, and to-morrow we have skillful officers, not

FROM THE EASTERN ARMY.

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6^^
know tbeir duty, and knowing; it daro do
it.
Tbo Second nnd tbe Fifth Wisconsin
rogiincnts aro cu the best of terms, yet
there is a feding of jealou.sy now pervading tbe .Second that is quite natural, and
)f which I am proud. The Fifth miulc
tsmiirk at Willmmsburg, and nobly earned the ooin|)liniciit so giillaiitly paid tliom
oy McClellan—nnd that's the rub—not
thnt we love the Fifth less, bul because
we love tbo Second more is this the case.
Tbougli this regiinent " fought, bled and
died " Inst July at Bull Uun, tboy got no
distinguished compliment—Bull Hun was
never inscribed on their banner.
But,
candi.lly, the Fifth miiy boast of their .iction at Wiliiainsbui-ir. and Wisconsin will

vte starved together, or grew fat over a ncn .v the former crew of the ' Poncbarlrsiin.' —
repast of skimmed milk (half water) and sour. I'he lower battery, compo.sod of tive l2-|K)iind
molasses. And then again we had for a room ield pieces;, was about llircc bondied \aiilti
male a nice young gentleman from Pbiladel-^lurlher down thc .slreuin, wbcie \\i^ ridge w;i
phia, just away from Als mo<A«r, who could liirlher from the river, ^jjr.d tlie ^M»K; plarc
neither sew up his garment
garments or make a wood- \«as in c-.mimand of Cuptlil'n i'rf, the former
eu s poon, and Ed., as well as myself, was very, L'iiplaiu of the I'oncbiriiiiin, !\ii
!\ii(l who was
muc:& inclined to laugh at rather than lo pity, once a Lieutenant i u ^_t ^^ Utiilecd States >»ahim in bis troubles. So you see, that, know- vy.
^^*'*^
ing your brother as I do, I feel that 1 know all
At about half-pii.-;t eight, w4»tn the Mound
his friends.
City .Tpproacliod within le<s lliiui a mile, tlic
We have a fair prospect of efifecling our-lir.st or lower batfHyy opened fire upon her;
mission, nnd if successful you wiil soon have ibi.s wa-; the Jir.>it inWiralion of the u.xaetlocathe pleasure of seeing Ed.
lion ofthe l^itterie.';, a.s they h.id been conI nave a lillle family that is very dear lo cealed by the' heavy tiinhcr ii| tlio inlerveiime.
They were in doubt as lo my fate; no ing hottoin land,which was oii» cleared aioiiline or word was passed betweon us, and now the river'.s edge. aifTTal one of two olher |iiii

only drink. But Ed. will tell you all r.bou i|,g j„id hfcomo general on bolli side
NVisoon.sin has another rogiment hero, this, when be gets back.
the lower battery oftield jiieocs was nearly sior near.
I'he d'.Hli is in Washington, und
Robert Porter, of your town, (I believo) i. Icnced, when a lO-ixmnd shot fiom tbe iippiT
I iini not advised to what coiiiin.iiid tbey also with tho General, and no belter man ox battery struck the .Mound City on the poil
have boon assigned.
Pooplo generally ists. He has been of great assistance to us side, near the .second gnn from t!ie bow, \v.\<tliink Wisconsin turns out u good iniiny and when the order for the parole of our mei siii" tbioiigh the casemate, killing live or .>.i.\
" badgers."
was made, both Robert and Ed. could havi mtn, and knocking a largo hole in the steam
'Should tho rebels stand nt llichmond, I gone home, but lo their honor be il said tha -;<lrutn. Instantly the hot steam burst out ir,
look for tbe hardest battle of tbo war, and neither of them would leave the General, am largo volnines, lilling the engine room, j;tiii
wbo would think otberwiso ? A people he, "the noblest Roman of them all," hat-i<,„ni, and pilot bouse, and .scalding over OIKwho will
not light
fur their
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maintainwd the proud position of an Ameri'humlred and twenty-fivo persons. Tin
grace the name of men, and cast a sba.low ^^^ General, and bore him.sclf proudly dofiaiit shrieks of tlie poor lellow.s coiiiiiied l.ctw.cn
upon the fair oscutcbeon of humanity, before the litllo hosts of rebeldom. His irionds .K.ks in tbo .s/alding vapor were said to b>
11.0.piost.on naturally arises among us, everywhere owe it to him never to rest until l.eart.ending heyoiurde.se.iplion. Many wir.
iti.-.Jun'';,
VrHnicK.
he is released from his bondage and restored ip.stantly sullo<,.ile,l. but all who were ablo
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^to his proper place.
-v ,, groped their wav to the ports and jumped in
I^MUnent of General P r e n t i s s nnd Ml >.
Very kindly your friend^
. »J to the river, and a minute alter tbe e.NploMo;;
Companions.
riic I t c c c n t Uatilc o n t l l i l t c Itlvcfy^Ar-fif,^ „r sixty of them were struggling in lik
niisHH.
water. Tho Conestoga initnediately caiiic up
Our readers are aware t' at three officers of
rCoriMpoixlence of ti.o'Mi>Kouri D,-i..ocr«t]
and .sent out two boats to pick llieni up.
our volunteer army, wbo were taken prisoners
MKMPHIS, June 19, 1802. J>"" «<" llie .Mound City's l.oats was also
with Gen. Prentiss at th^ battle of Shiloh,
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. T laiinclied by .Masters .Mate Siiiiine.s r.roiiiii',
have recently arrived at Washington from •.The gunboal Conostoga •!"«'/7"'^P'?',.\;f»; one of tbo tl-w oflicers -.vl.o wa. not seno,,>lv
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gunboats a.ul
Selma, Ala., at which place all the officers ta>er,.ind brings the news of ^'^ '^"l' >'« ' ,ho small l.oaTs were drifting .lown tl.e rivcr.
ken in that battle'are confined. These jal- ^^rl St. Charles, on that river, b\ tl.o gun- , ^ ^^^^ ^,^^^^^^^,
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ter just received by Miss Annie Jonas, from „,^^,^,, „,- whiic river, and on Moi,';iay. the ' ' l ^ V ^ , , , 1 i r \ ' i ' '
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« v u n c e , Captain Kelly began s l i e l m g
I'c^^^.^.,,^ ^^^.,^.,, o u l of t h e Mound City's crew
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then c o n t r a s t s u c h t r e a t m e n t with that r e c e i v e d ,1,^ fort, on tl.c .southwest b a n k of t h o river,
by t h e r e b e l p r i s o n e r s i n c u r m i d s t . B u t r e a d
T h e fort, sitiiatc.l on a r i d g e of a b o u t .sev- \ h e Mound C i t y ' s s t a r b o a r d broadside giin.'^
ha.^•,vIl loaded j u s t before the shot struck I
the l e t t e r , t h e s i g n a t u r e t o w h i c h we o m i t i n o n t y - f i v e feet in lieiglit, w h i c h r u n s nearly
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from t h e s o u t h w e s t b a n k of t h e river, was " b u t iieai^ half a n h o u r afterward o n e of thi |
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Gen. P r e n t i s s a n d y o u r d e o r b r o t h e r E d . , a u d i o o b s t r u c t t h e c h a n n e l of t b o river imme-1"'*^'•'V.'""!S''?'"^\^,!'^ ^^l" ^'^ V"V'''\'''"V" '"'",
we h a v e s h a r e d e a c h o t h e r ' s b r e a d , d r a u k o u t d i a i c l y a b r e a s t of t h e b a t t e r y . T w o Iruiis- l""'>'-'''»t^'ly d i s a b l m g licr a n d slightly scaM
of t h e s a m e c u p a n d e a t with t h e s a m e w o o d - p o r t s h a d also b o e n s u n k close to h e r , o n e of " ' 7 , ' , ' ^,^'.';'^1"^ engineer,
en s p o o n , a n d s e w e d u p t h e r e n t s in o u r s a d l y „.,,u.i, ,,,,,1 «„ hor pilot hou.so ' Kli/.u ( I . ' T h e .^ ^'^ ,,fJ'^.'',' ^y*'" • ' / ' l " ° " ; f "*''^, * '«= '="7
1 d i l a p i d a t e d clothing with t h e s a m e needle, a n d ,^,,,^,„ „ „ t,,,.
/..^ of the r i d g e was m a n n e d ^'" ''^'he i idgo a .short di.stance below tl,.
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lower battery, tearing that one .if the otht;

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gunboats might meet with an accident similar to the Mound City's, signaled the gunboats to cease to engine, and the current would store the batteries. The gunboats accordingly ceased firing, and, after making consider- able of a detour, the 46th attacked the batteries in their line of fire, as they came up, charging over the gunboat and killing the gunners at their posts. The rebel's fought desperately, asking no quarter, and receiving none from the men of the 46th, who were enraged at the failure of a detour upon the helpless men in the river; only two of those who were in the battery were taken prisoners, the rest were killed. The Indiana troops then came up and down into the wooded bottom land next to the river, in pursuit of those who had been firing on the Mound City's crew, the rebels retreating rapidly up the bank of the river, the 46th firing on them as they fled, killing the greater portion of them. In the flight Capt. Fry, their commander, was wounded by a ball in the back, was captured, and is now a prisoner on board the Conestoga. The rebellion killed in it is not known, but must have included the greater portion of their force, as we believe not only a few are known to have escaped. Opinions differ as to the number of rebels, some setting it as high as five hundred, and saying that Cole's command was defeated and fled; others reply only to the gunboat's crew who manned the upper battery.

Col. Fitzhugh in his report states that the 46th arrived in his camps about half past five o'clock, when the only fire or six slightly wounded. At the one shot when the Mound City's steam drum, there would not be much, and a single shot, that could be heard anywhere that struck the gunboats did any damage whatever except that. There was not one hurt on either of the gunboats, and none of the vessels were struck except the New National, by the accidental shot from the Mound City.

Col. Fitzhugh was so exasperated at the murderous fire that had been poured upon the helpless men who were struggling in the water, that when he came on board the Cones- toga, where Col. Fry was a prisoner, he re- approached him bitterly for his inhuman and merciful, and he compared his own conduct with our course toward them only ten days before, at Mem- phis, when all of the small boats belonging to the 46th, if not to some of the troops, were drenched and fell into the water, and we were willing to save the crew of their gunboat Gen. Lovell. He told him that being a pris- oner was now his protection, but if justice were done him, he was willing to return and lay out one of the nearest trees for the purpose of saving him.

Fry at first denied that he had given the order, but on being confronted with some of his men, who persisted in saying that he had given the order, he be- came silent.

I am indebted for many particulars of the battle to Simms E. Browne, master of the Mound City, and to the writer, who accompanied the body of his brother. Mr. Browne was one of the few who were not too badly scalded to launch one of the Mound City's boats, to save those who were drowning. He soon had the boat full of disabled men, who paddled and drifted her as well as they could toward the Conestoga, the balls patterning in the water. They were driven away, and occasionally striking some poor fellow, who would instantly sink to rise no more. A large shell burst within twenty feet of them, but fortunately did not hurt the boat nor any, but they were able to pass the Mound City's, whose name is Jones, is mentioned as having shown extraordinary endu- rance. He was partially seared by the steam on the Mound City, and was considered a prisoner of war, and was brought here, for we are back here again, and the fruitless

...
DEAN AT HOME.—We learn from Capt. Byland who has just returned from the east, that he traveled part of the way returning with Adjutant C. K. Dean of the 2nd Wisconsin, on his way to visit his family and home at Boscobel. Dean was a prisoner for some weeks, at Richmond among the sufferers, is reported as amusing and highly interesting. We hope Adjutant Dean will call down this way among his hosts of friends before leaving, and read us a volume of his experiences.

FROM THE 2D REGIMENT.—Our ancient "Bantie," Jones, alias "Scotch," now doing duty honor in the 2d Wis. Regiment, near Fredericksburg, writes us a letter detailing the situation of affairs thereaway. He says most of the boys have secured to themselves a contraband to tide their knapsacks and do their cooking. The one thing he dislikes them by prevaricating in carrying his knapsack on his head instead of strapping it on his shoulders. The boys are greatly pleased with their new possessions and hope that government will permit them to keep them.—Forbes Register.

A letter from Adjutant Dean to the Grant County Herald, states that Frank Noble and John M. Vantassel, of Co. G., who were enlisted by Lt. Hill in Grant Co., have been missing since the 1st of April. The regiment had stopped for the night, while on the march, in C. Hett’s Station, at Elk Run, and Noble and Vantassel “deployed” for some straw to sleep on, and probably pitched up in the jaws of some rebel scouts, as they have not been heard of since. They were good boys, we knew them well, and there is no probability that they deserted. Bad joke on the 2d.

The Wisconsin 2d, 5th and 6th.

A correspondent of the Milwaukee Wisconsin, writing from “Headquarters Third Brigade, King’s Division, McDowell’s Corps, Catlett’s Station, Va.,” speaks as follows of the condition of our regiments:

As many of your readers are especially interested in these last remarks, I will give them a very small fragment to them. The 24th, 6th and 7th went on no expedition down the river, as was announced frequently in your columns. It was a very wet time in the Peninsula, but it was subsequently changed, and they were sent to the front. The 5th Wisconsin is the only one of your regiments before the battlefords of Yorktown, and they have already been in the advance during several severe skirmishes, conducting themselves bravely, of course.

The condition of the Wisconsin Regiments is very good. They are free from any severe sickness, and in good spirits at the prospect of making a steady and safe advance into the enemy’s country.

The Third Brigade is now commanded by Capt. Gardner, Catlett’s Station, Wisconsin, who is acting Brigadier General. His staff is as follows:—

Assistant Adjutant General.—Lient. Frank A. Haskell, Adjutant 6th Wisconsin regiment.
Brigade Commander.—Lient. John Dorm, 19th Indiana.
Brigade Quartermaster.—Lient. J. N. Mason, Quartermaster 6th Wisconsin.
Brigade Surgeon.—Dr. J. McNulty, late of the 37th New York.

Lient. McMen has just been appointed to his present position, which entitles him to the rank of Captain. A prompt, energetic business man, he is just the man for Quartermaster, and has earned his present position. The staff officers perform their duties promptly and accurately, and the headquarters of Col. Carter’s Brigade is as pleasant a place to live in as I have found in any camp on the line of my travels. The superior of drill and capacity for endurance exhibited by our troops heretofore, is still maintained by the Third Brigade. I have recently had occasion to pass through the shoes of our troops at the front of the Potomac, and it is only a just and impartial opinion, when I say that they are most consummate in appearance or drill, to the solid out Second
From the 2nd Wisconsin Regiment
Camp Opposite Fredericksburg, Va., July 4th, 1862.

Editors Witness.—The eighty-sixth anniversary of our nation's independence was ushered in this morning. The day is magnificent, the sky is clear, the breeze balmy, and the dark clouds that have lowered over us for the past week have entirely disappeared,—and, altogether, it is a beautiful day. Yet, with all its splendor, with all its grandeur, one is liable to have a feeling of dissatisfaction, of loneliness, of melancholy. For, when the anniversary of our nation's independence is observed, the mind is led to think on the many thousands of our brave soldiers who are away from home,-men who have forsaken their homes, their families, their dear ones,—the mothers, fathers, and sweethearts of Wisconsin, and who are sleeping soundly, perhaps, in the dark, abyss that is yawning before us. Any danger, is a dishonor to the American flag, and to all the brave men on the field of battle. And now, with the approach of the closing hours of the first day's fighting before Fredericksburg. In a hotly contested struggle for ten hours, against an army that numbered over 80,000, we have held our own and not only that, but by his wisdom and military sagacity, gave an impregnable position, and there, at last accounts, he was still at bay. With the arrival of his fresh reinforcements, Richmond's fate is
The entire reliability of the writer is severely questioned. You will not be pleased with this view before this reaches you.

Gen. Rufus King, at this division of the army, has been put into command of Gen. Fremont's corps, but I am happy to say that he very respectfully declined, preferring to remain in command of his own division. This division would not be satisfied were they taken from us, and hail his return with pleasure. Gen. Sigel, I understand, is selected in his stead for that important command.

Conciliating Traitors—The Amenities—

The following is an extract from a letter published by the New York Times. It is written from McDowell's corps, July 6th.

The entire reliability of the writer is vouched for:

A certain Capt. Mansfield is acting as Provost Marshal and Military Governor of Fredericksburg. He is a member of one of the Wisconsin regiments, and a protege of Gen. Rufus King. Within the last ten days he has been advised that a rebel meet was on the point of starting for Richmond from this bitty, rebellious city, and yet he said let it go. The Thirty-seventh Regiment Virginia Volunteers and First Virginia Battery, (160 strong,) was in Longstreet's Division, and which suffered severely in the recent actions, are both from Fredericksburg, and there are but two families in that ancient city which can now claim any sort of connection, or residents, and not recent returns in the wake of our army. Within ten days, and since being advised of the battles against them, they have taken their lives in their hands and gone forth to fight the battles of their country and themselves oppressed, while rebels are protected and succored by us, their property guarded by our soldiers, while their owners are in arms fighting against us. It puts me out of patience to think about it.

The Capt. Mansfield referred to is Capt. McKee, of Portage City, commandant of the Second Regiment. His conduct is a disgrace to the State, which has fortunately sent but few such men into the service.
could be reinforced. Such heroic bravery continued for an entire week, and the 2d Army corps also joined in the fight.

We understand that in all the movements made by McClellan, there was a coolness of action displayed by all the troops, which looks almost impossible to believe; but it is nevertheless true. The change of position had the appearance of a retreat; no doubt it will be termed as a defeat by all, but such in the reality is not the case. Secesh no doubt feel not only in the loss they have sustained (so much greater than was suffered by our army) but also the great advantage of Gen. McClellan's new base of operations. In obtaining that base, the rebels, I learn, followed in this day by day by every encounter, until it reached the James River, our troops turned upon them, and beat them back. As they approached the river we heard the guns there were ready to take part in the battle, and commenced to fire on the enemy. and as we went we saw the troops who could recruit their exhausted energies, and secure the position which they had thus gained.

The Richmond papers, I understand, admits that the battle exceeds any yet fought; and that in the movements made by our army, they turned on the rebel forces and were cheered as they reached the rebel front. (Bully for the Yanks.) It appears that in every direction the most hearty applause, is awarded to our gallant Gen. From not a single source do we hear anything but praise; he is evidently more than any other to his soldiers, who have been thus enabled to test the estimation in which he was held by them as his general.

The result of seven days fighting may possibly require some delay in regaining the columns and brigades of McClellan's army, with some of which terrible havoc was made. But there is no doubt that our reinforcements sent on will have reached McClellan, and he will most likely be ready to make a forward movement earlier than secession will be prepared to receive him. The immense numbers of wounded which are now to be added to the vast hospital at Richmond (we learn has already been full) will itself be one of the most terrible afflictions which secession will have to suffer; whilst our brave boys except those who may have fallen on the field, or in the hands of the enemy, are being sent off in vessels fitted up for the occasion, and placed in the vicinity of their friends, in every quarter of the country from which they hail.

I am your friend,
O. W. Gibbon.

Conciliating Traitors.

"The Insults of the Present War."" The following is an extract from a letter published by the New York Times.

It is written from McDowell's corps, July 9th. The entire reliability of the writer is tested for:

A certain Captain Mansfield is acting as Provost Marshal and Major Governor of Fredericksburg. He is a member of one of the Wisconsin regiments, and protege of Gen. Rufus King. Within the last ten days he has been advised that a rebel mad was on the point of starting for Richmond, from a bitterly rebellious city and yet he said let it go. The Thirtieth Regiment Virginians and First Virginia Battery (160 strong) was in Longstreet's Division, and which suffered severely in the recent actions, are both from Fredericksburg, and there are but few families that an honest man can now claim to be loyal. (I refer, of course, to old residents, as young men coming traveling in the wake of our army.)

Within ten days, and since being advised of the battle before Richmond, a wagon gathering up stores, bundles, par- tems, &c., belonging to house clothing, l denom., oranges, sugar, medical stores, and other comforts, was suffered by him to collect these articles, and then leave unmolested for Richmond.

[Then follows accounts of the discharge of armed rebels, of placing guards over prisoners of rebel citizens, of guarding wells so that wounded soldiers cannot get a draught of cool water, with orders to shoot sick men if they cannot otherwise be kept out of rebel enclosures.]

That these things ought to be known cannot be doubted; and yet it would be worth my commission to make it public and assume its responsibility myself.

The Capt. Mansfield referred to, is Capt. John Mansfield of Portage City, commanding a Company of the 2d Reg. and formerly Postmaster of this City.

He has since been placed under arrest, for tapping with the rebels, and the above account is correct. He is a disgrace to the State, and should be drummed out of the ranks, but we are induced to believe that a portion of the blame, should be placed upon the General commanding. It seems to us that no provo t marshall would dare to commit such outrages, unless he was carrying out the general orders of his superiors.

If Gen. King's head quarters are at Fredericksburg, as we understand them to be, he is equally to blame with Capt. Mansfield for allowing such scandalous and traitorous conduct to continue, until outside pressure effects a reform.

Capt. John Mansfield who was appointed Provost Marshal of Fredericksburg, by Gen. Rufus King is under arrest in Washington charged with aiding and comforting the rebels to the injury, and inconvenience of loyal men in that vicinity. Capt. Mansfield is from Portage City, and was formerly from Kenosha, his predictions were of the old Whig party, and he was postmaster there in Tyler times. What John has done to require his arrest we cannot imagine. Probably it will end in smoke.

From King's Division—Rebel Sayings.

—We have been shown a private letter from King's Division, still opposite Fredericksburg, dated July 9th. The writer says it is the impression there that they would not move any great distance this summer. The boys say "a place in McDowell's corps is nearly equal to a life insurance.

The writer gives a description of a horrid specimen of rebel's fiendish mutilation of the dead. He says:

"One evening I saw a sight which I shall remember as I live—it was the dried skeleton of a soldier quartered by some southern devil. The left arm had been sawed off just above the elbow, and the ribcage cut with a knife close to the heart. The ribs on the left side still remained. The body had been cut in two below the ribs. A quarter of the skull on the right side of the head had been sawed out, probably for an ornament. An attempt had been made to split the body by sawing it up to the back bone, but it was too much to do, so they cut off the ribs on the right side close to the back bone. A string had been inserted through a small hole in the skull, by which the poor fellow had been hung. The arm had been cut off and some of the teeth knocked out. The flesh had dried on the bones, except on the skull, and so their work was done. I may be served in the same way some time, but I think a few of the traitors will have to drop first."

From the 2nd Wisconsin Regiment:

CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VA., July 10, 1862.

DEAR WITNESS:—The excessive hot weather which we have been blessed since the 4th, still continues, and its effects upon all is plainly discernable. The clouds are as brass, and although all nature, both animal and vegetable, beseechingly call for rain, the fall of Elisha, I fear, is wanting, and our prayers thus far, have amounted to—nothing.

There is much sickness in camp, though I think the number at the hospital is somewhat the decrease. Yet all seem contented, and save inactivity and the weather, few murmur. The patience of Job would have been severely taxed in the circumstances. We lay all day in the hot camp, not being permitted to leave it without a pass from the Brigadier, and nothing to do—the games in camp having become stale—patience has ceased to be a
virtue.

On the evening of the 4th the soldiers of this brigade had quite a gala time. Most of them were in their best clothes, and all seemed willing to make it a day of general festivity and hilarity. The ceremonies of the day closed with a grand musical fête, and the men of the Second, Sixth, and Seventh Wisconsin, and Nineteenth Indiana, were present. The circle was formed, the judges took their stations, and the band played several national airs, and the preparations for the sport began.

The riders mounted, the mules were brought to the stand from which they were to start. The officers of the different regiments were present, and had contributed a purse of money to be given to the lucky winner of the race. The drum taps, the signal for starting, and then the fun begins. All start—and such a start!—some running, others trotting, and not a few of the same stupid animals walking, and the clatter of their chainlike riders could induce them to increased speed. Others with shouts, yells, kicks, and thumps, were hurraying on. Every mule at the start was made, not so when the "home stretch" was reached. Many were riders, and came jogging along in an approved style of their own. Discouraged riders were to be seen picking themselves up in different parts of the ring, and came savagely walking around, giving vent to their feelings by the most abominable language. When all reached the stand, the mules were stationed, the riders mounted, and the drum signalled all to start. Amid the "noise and confusion" away they go, (except those that didn't,) some few away.

Other broke through the wall of human beings around the circle, others became tired and lagged down, some threw themselves, and others came around at break neck speck. A third trial was to be made, and after the necessary preliminaries, the mules were again given, and again they go (with the same exceptions) with about the same results. Not a few of the boys got wounded in this contest. The exercises of the day were to conclude with a foot race, and the judge gave notice that this performance came next in the programme, and soon the contestants for this purse were off—not like "arrows shot from the bow," but at "right smart" gait. The purses were given to the lucky winners, and all returned to camp well satisfied with the novel entertainment.

On the day of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, John Adams, one of the illustrious "signers," and subsequently President of the United States, wrote to a friend: "The deed is done. America is free. Future generations will remember you. And I may not live to see much of this good work produce, yet, sir, the 4th of July will be celebrated as long as time exists; not as an annual scene of national dances, the thunders of artillery, games of sport, &c.; it will be a general holiday—America's gala day. Unborn millions with patriotic and pride will suitably celebrate the nation's birthday."

He wrote with the foresight of a prophet, and though the country is now strug-gling with a mighty rebellion, still the 4th of July is remembered and appropriately celebrated. All along the lines of the Union army the Fourth was truly welcomed. May this always last.

There has been no news of an exciting nature received here from Richmond for several days. Both armies seem to be resting. McClellan has advanced his army towards the city, and though the rebels may desperately contest his entrance into Richmond, he will sooner or later visit them.

Yours again.

LARRICK

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD ARMY CORPS,
MARIAN, VA., July 13, 1862.

HEADQUARTERS—"Tis 4 o'clock, P. M.,
and a telegram, originating from the headquarters of General Pope has just reached us, which reads as follows:

"All the hospital stores, extra tents, extra baggage, &c., will immediately be forwarded to Alexandria; and 'rations sufficient for the Army of Virginia will be prepared by dawn to-morrow!' No excuse will be accepted from Division and Brigade commanders for any delay in the prompt execution of this order. Any one must be in readiness to move at a moment's notice!"

May I suggest that this 'order' comes with good grace from our new commander? It is received unexpectedly. All feel jubilant! for where can we be going to-morrow?" We are sanguine that "over to-morrow's sun shall set."

We will be traversing the turnpike head-wards from this place to Gordonsville—on to ultimate to the doomed capital, and after the necessary preliminaries, the mules were again given, and again they go (with the same exceptions) with about the same results. Not a few of the boys got wounded in this contest. The exercises of the day were to conclude with a foot race, and the judge gave notice that this performance came next in the programme, and soon the contestants for this purse were off—not like "arrows shot from the bow," but at "right smart" gait. The purses were given to the lucky winners, and all returned to camp well satisfied with the novel entertainment.

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MARIAN, VA., July 13, 1862.
I was stirring at an early hour, 4½ A. M., and during the succeeding three hours I left that locality, and passing along the banks of Seneca Lake and through the very garden of New York, at ten P. M. I arrived at Rochester. It is useless for me to attempt to describe the beauty of the country between Elmira and Rochester. All have heard of its wonderful fertility.

On the morning of the 8th I was again en route for Albany, where we arrived at 3½ P. M., 229 miles in eight hours. Of course our route lay through a succession of thriving towns, villages and cities, through the very garden of New York, the great commercial centre of the Western Hemisphere. In many places along the Hudson the scenery did not equal the Mississippi, but in the vicinity of West Point, it was truly magnificent. Considerable of the distance along this road is graded in the road liable to overflow during high water. The bold nature of the shore compels the road to run thus or else back in the country.

I was again in motion down the bank of the Hudson river, and at 10 P. M. were suddenly ensonced at Lovejoy’s Hotel in New York. I was then called to inspect its workshops, its marts of commerce and its shipping. It is 13 years since I had seen it before. In many respects it had changed, and in many it seemed as familiar to me as though my visit was of a more recent date.

But I must leave New York. For near three days I roamed amongst its marble and brown-stone palaces, its workshops, its marts of commerce and its shipping. It is 13 years since I had seen it before. In many respects it had changed, and in many it seemed as familiar to me as though my visit was of a more recent date.

Sunday morning found me in Baltimore. There I was at the home of the slaveholder, the slaves of rebels are to be free if they can run away. Slavery is to be worn out by friction, abrasion and confession. Our armies are to subside off from the enemy. It is to be hoped that we have got most through playing war, and that we are to have war in good earnest. Let it come. The aching of my bones tells me that the next few days are pregnant with important events.

The Contrabands are to be free—the slaves of rebels are to be free if they can run away. Slavery is to be worn out by friction, abrasion and complexion. Our armies are to subside off from the enemy. It is to be hoped that we have got most through playing war, and that we are to have war in good earnest. Let it come. The aching of my bones tells me that the next few days are pregnant with important events.
here this evening, in order that the
soldiers of the Second Wisconsin Regi-
ment may look upon you, and thank
you for the kindness you displayed to
us, their comrades in arms, during our
imprisonment in Richmond. We have
felt that this happy occasion must not
pass without an attempt on our part,
to express those grateful emotions with
which your conduct inspired us, during
our captivity, and which we now most
gladly acknowledge.

We recognize you, Sir, as one of
the foremost of that patriotic band,
and we take the liberty to express the
hope, that the Government will recog-
nize a suitable way, the great sacri-
fice you have made in its behalf. But
we would not speak of this. You re-
ceived our hopes, cheered us with your
sympathy, did every thing that lay in
the power of man, to add to our com-
fort—and for all of this, in the pres-
ence of our Regiment, we come to
thank you from our hearts, and con-
gratulate you on your escape from the
traitors.

When ended, Mr. Humphries occu-
pied the stand and made a most elo-
quent speech. The deep interest man-
ifested, was only interrupted by the
applause of the crowd. He portrayed
the trials, miseries and afflictions of
the Union men of Richmond,—confessed
himself not the foremost of "that pa-
triotic band," and mentioned John Min-
or Botts and others whom I forget just
who was worthy of that name, and
would never be forced to yield an
 iota of their patriotism; and who are
now in imprisonment at Salisbury,
North Carolina, where one of his broth-
ers, also, is imprisoned;—of the in-
creased barbarous treatment of Union
prisoners in Richmond, since secession
has been approved;—of their blood
thirsty hate, manifested by all
classes for the Yankees,—the "Hess-
ians," the "Mudsills," &c.—and re-
presented some of their favorite expres-
sions, which caused a good deal of merri-
ment for the boys; for instance, in
their secession of their sacred
soil, they say it was "by those Lincoln
hirelings, to murder our gentlemen." Why,
said Mr. Humphries, "I have
seen more real gentlemen, in this very
brigade of Wisconsin and Indiana
troops, than can be mustered in all the
Southern army. He said it was
flattery to assert that they were all
gentlemen, for he had mixed with all in
the brigade, and had been treated with
courtesy and kindness by officers
and privates, and regarding "hirelings" he
said, "I have known as much as $1,500
being offered for a substitute, in Rich-
mond. Now, sir, who are the hire-
lings?" He complimented Harris's light
Cavalry, the 14th Brooklyn, and the
2d Wisconsin, saying, that with those
bodies of gentlemen, he would almost
defy all creation.

I need not here mention the grand
exploit of yesterday, near Gordonsville,
by a detachment of Harris's Cavalry under the guidance of Mr.
Humphries. You have heard, or will hear
most probably ere this reaches you
full particulars. But, Sir, I find
I am extending my remarks too far, it
is impossible for me to give you an
idea of this master piece of all patriotic
speeches, or of its effect upon the boys,
who are all loud in their praises of him
and who trust that he may be amply
rewarded for his efforts in behalf of our
country. They knew three and a "ti-
ger" greeted him, when he had ended
his speech. Hoping to be pardoned
for all that is amiss in this communi-
cation both by your Sir, and your readers,
I remain, Respectfully Yours,

"One of the Boys,"

War Correspondence.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., July 25th.

Dear Grecian: Having nothing in par-
ticular to occupy our time to-day the thought
occurred to us that your readers might be
glad to hear from this portion of the army
of Virginia. Our regiment is now on the
"war path" in search of whom they may
devour. I am sorry to say that our return
from Washington was just too late to
join them in their grand march. They left
Camp yesterday morning at 6 o'clock and
crossed the river. The two o'clock train
brought us back to the time to find our camp
destroyed, except by those that were unable
due to sickness to join the expedition.

The appointment of Gen'l Pope to the
command of the army of Virginia is hailed
with joy by every man in this department.
It has given new life to the troops, and the
vigor of the army, which was almost extinct
under the old arrangements, has been kind-
led anew and every man feels that he has
a duty to perform and that this time has
come for him to wake up and shake off the
dust, and go out to the aid of our brave
brothers who have been forced by squad-
during the last two months. This is
the spirit that should have been kept up in
times gone by, but why has it not been
done! We leave others to whisper the
answer out of the hearing of "starry eupa-
teus!"

Every man feels that in Gen'l Pope
we have a General, and a fighting General
that is not afraid of bringing on a "general
engagement," but would glory in such a
result. His orders are explicit and to the
point. Traitors to our Government cannot
live where they are, carried into effect!
Every man caught disobeying these orders
will be severely dealt with, a home in the
federal forts or worse punishment awaits
them. We see no more societies piling
their lonely best around "secession" property
—no, this is a trait that is now numbered
among the things that were in times of
yore. A loyal man's protection is the
"starry banner" hung out; the traitor's is
where we are to get our provisions and
forage. The crops in Virginia are good
and ripe and there is but very little, doubt
that the stubbornness of many of the Vir-
ginians in their secession proclivities will
cause a great many thousands of bushels
of grain, thousands of head of cattle, horses
mules, sheep, swine, etc., to fall into the
hands of the advancing Union army, for
the sustenance and maintenance while
serving on the war upon fair Virginia's
soil.

A large amount of crops have been har-
vested within our lines by Contrabands un-
der military authority, and still there is a
great chance for reaping a good harvest.
In this vicinity the fields were well filled,
perhaps with the calculation that the rebel
army would harvest it. Where are their
harvest bands? The Northern harvesters
drove them out of the field and took the job
themselves just for exercise.

I am informed that a thorough renova-
tion is going on in Fredericksburg just at
the present time in the way of adminis-
tering the oath of allegiance to all who wish
to take it and give security for keeping it,
while all who refuse to take it are to be
sent outside of the lines or to prison and be
treated as enemies to the Government.
Many of the most prominent traitors have
been arrested within the last few days and
imprisoned. This is what it should be: our
authorities have been altogether too linient
with the rebels in this city—allowing them
to insult and abuse our men at their plea-
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS 2D ARMY CORPS, ARMY OF VA., JULY 28, 1862.

FRIEND "BRICK" :- We are now at Warrenton—the most beautiful village it has ever been my fortune to gaze upon. Here dwell the élite of Fauquier county; 2,500 inhabitants were happily resting here, when the anticipated ery, "40 arms," aroused the erring anderry farmer, and caused in the more refined a languor for the absences—the mothers, wives, daugh-
ters and sweet ones are now apparently harrassed indescribably, as regiment afer regiment of blue-uniforms—each with the "old flag" unfurled to greet the balmy breeze—pass, marching to the various aims that thrill the souls of our country's volunteers, as well as the loyal denizens. The ladies, notwithstanding they rank with the fiery Southerners, are courteous in the extreme, and very social, agree-
ble in conversation—all having unbiased confidence, however, in the ultimate success of their "arms!"

The streets of Warrenton are all Moadamized, and extensive stone side-
walls (they have an excellent City council, or had) greet the pedestrian. All the streets are densely shaded with different species of forest trees. Four magnificent churches, a stately Court House, two enormous hotels, with two printing offices, are sufficient evidence to an unabridged, in particular in the South—that Warrenton is at the top-most round of the ladder of renown. On all sides, and adjacent town, are extensive plantations, where waves the golden harvest—a sea of promise and plenty. Many of the crops are being saved by us and forwarded to the advance forces now in front of Jackson's army, who are still at Gordonsville. Would that I could send you some pears, apples, and apples that are now ripe, and other delicious luxuries. Vegetables of all kinds are abundant, and since the new orders, promulgated by Gen. Pope, all the troops ge abundantly supplied with scruvy preventatives.

By the energetic exertions of Hallack, Pope and McClellan, the hosts of moti-
ations of our country's good, now within in our very midst, will soon be otherwise than rice. The orders requiring all males to take the oath of allegiance or go beyond the outposts, will be administered to-morrow. It has caused quite an excitement among the business men.—Some openly avow their intention not to take the oath. The best offer—not to allow the troops to guard rebel property— we reject: but the enemy—oh, how it is met by them! Upon my word, "brick" it is provoking. McDowell has guards from the 9th N. Y. M. stationed at a number of the residences of aroused secessionists; but, thank fortune, Pope will be here to-morrow, and I am in hopes McDowell will rule his course.

A large Female Seminary, conducted by the Baptist Society, has been fitted up for Gen. Pope's Headquarters. A portion of his staff arrived to-day.

Gen. King's Division is still at Frederickburg, doing good service, as you may know by the papers. Capt. Man-
field, of Co. G, of the 24th Wisconsin Regiment, lately acting as Provost Marshal at Frederickburg and vicinity, was arrested for treason, and is now in du-
rance vile at Washington. From what I rumoured hereabout, it will certainly go hard with him.

No day passes without the arrival of troops, fresh from foreign scenes; and they are not privileged to remain here, as the push them forward to strengthen the forces of Banks, Siegel and Hatch, who are endeavoring to entrap Jackson, the most brilliant General in the Southern cause, and who is, at this early day, held up by the citizens of this place, as their favorite for the next Presi-
dent of the Confederacy!

While speaking of Presidents, it might not be amiss to remark that no other man in this country could be brought forward for the next Presidency of the United States, than Gen. H. McClellan, if it was destined to receive the unanimous vote of the Northern army. He is (if there ever was such a thing) worshipped by the entire army—save McDowell. Hon. Mr. Chandler, of Mich., should be visited by some military authority, and be request-
ed to either take the oath of allegiance, or driven from within our lines, as he is considered by the troops one of the most foul-mouthed enemies of our country.

He dislikes McClellan because the latter declines, or is in favor of "armsg blacks."

The White Sulphur Springs, of which all are conversant, is but 7 miles distant from here. I have not visited them, as yet, but, unless a move is made soon, I shall do so, and then acquaint you of them and their surroundings.

As ever, HAWKETT.

"Letters from Soldiers—What these think who have seen."

Some days the letters we receive from soldiers are so numerous that we can't afford time to read them, except hastily, yet many such letters are designed for publication. We have not the space for a tenth part of all received for print. We only wish they could appear, in order to let our home readers know the views of the soldiers upon some of the issues discussed in bar-rooms and on street corners by idlers. We own to having much curiosity to learn what the soldiers think of matters down in Dixie; for after this time home theories and political vagaries and blind prejudices are not to rule the country as in times gone by. Stern facts and foundation principles are to form public opinion, while the lights and shades seen and felt in the South are to furnish the arguments. Most anxious have we been to know whether or not slavery teachings will stand every test from all the stand points upon which the human mind can dwell. We have claimed they would, and cited the history of ages beside, as well as the laws of nature governing human conduct. The letters received from soldiers, with one acc-
ord, represent slavery as "the sum of all villianies," and that the poor whites in slave-holding regions are all we ever represented them, being the mere refuse of God's cre-
ation, while the northern born citizens of the South have fallen to a level with the negroes and slabbered abroad our idea so as to scarcely merit notice.

Were our letters thus representing things, written entirely by men of our radical stamp, we might still doubt, but many of
them come from democrats—men who left Grant county for the war in the firm belief that the country may be restored as it was and stand half slave, half free; men who held that the war was a joint stock job of abolitionists and pro-slavery and that even who, at giving a parting farewell, well on the road for the war, said, "Cover you will hear from me just opinions of the domestic institutions of the South." Well, they have often written to us, never varying in spirit and experience. One says, "I have caught the soul of old John Brown and fear I shall have trouble if God permits my return, for the highest station I shall seek will be that of conductor upon the underground railroad." Another, "I have got to be an abolitionist; anything less would be treason, contradicting all the light and elevation in this infernal slavery stricken region beneath the shadows of Mount Vernon." Another, "I suppose you want to know my present slaves of slavery; I am still of opinion there was no cause for war, and that by mutual forbearance the day of dissolution might have been put off; still, slavery is a tyranny and incompatible with a democratic form of government; it cannot and ought not survive this war, nor can the country ever stand again with slavery."

Slavery is rebellion against human nature, and you need never fear, that you and I will quarrel about it again as in time past, for I am prepared to go with you, or even beyond. I suppose the army is a unit in this view, though my knowledge extends but to a small circle." Another, "I came to this natural Paradise but now slavery claimed to be called with all my prejudices against freeing these blacks, thinking to use the Herald as my medium to study the principles of yourself and Jo. Mill—but this is impossible, for I have been unable to find any argument in favor of keeping these people in slavery, the effect of which is to place the poorer classes of whites in a state of dangerous ignorance, which has at last led them into physical as well as mental bondage, in which condition they are married into any wars that their masters see fit, just as the potter molds his clay. Slavery must be death to all things about it, except what God causes to grow from the earth, for there has never been any life hereto the highest, and the reason of people have been long been dead to all that is human. Nor can I see any means of injuring these people, considering their prejudices against freedom, against education and against such acts of civil life as make a people industrious and happy. The only remedy is a terrible one, and I do not believe in doing any other. We can avail nother. I do not suppose any process of the union army will amount to this, but such is the state of feeling between the highly intelligent few and the ignorant many, with the condition ofźnier and the prejudices of opinion, so prejudiced towards these the numerous haters, and that irreconcilable, between the brawny and intellectual factions, that the work of humanity must go on until such class suffers, degradation and becomes indigent to life, change, increase, and so on, as a long, dreary waste, as in Egypt, Greece, Rome and other slavery destroyed governments of old. The upper classes of the South must lose their influence, and the meanest, and then what is to hinder all the consequences I have briefly told? Already there are people.came rescued by reason, kindness or mercy; so blinded are they, and so prejudiced that only bullets and bayonets can govern them. And when relieved of these they will fall upon and favour their respective enemies—each of the five or a dozen enemies being against the other and all bali worthy of examination."

And such eloquent, philosophical language comes to us every often, written from the soil where lie the ruins of a power which has ruled this country for an age, and has punished the South but which has brought the South down quicker than it has bid come upon itself. And too, written to man with whom we have so often reasoned against hope that they would believe and join us in framing the humane principles of which we are a part. The Rebel soldiers soldiers as well as the idle mob. Many confined in prisons were shot at from the streets for no other reason than looking at the windows or talking to the rebel soldiers. Such is their barbarous warfare. While it could such things have been seen twenty years ago, what rivers of blood and billions of treasure might have been spared.

TREATMENT OF OUR WOUNDED, 

We do not give credence to the statement of every prisoner in the hands of the rebels as to their treatment of our wounded prisoners but there is a class of evidence which we cannot but deem conclusive. Col. Wilcox, of the 1st Michigan regiment, who was prisoner at Bull Run, is a gentleman of known character. His predilections were originally with the South—as he was a democrat of the most decided school. His manner, his position, his rank, his connections were all of a cast to constrain the rebels to treat him better than they meted out to ordinary prisoners. Yet at his reception in Detroit, Colonel Wilcox gave a narrative of his experience as a prisoner in rebellion, which more than confirms all the barbarities alleged to have been practiced. The inhumanity of forbidding, or rather preventing our Surgeons attending upon our wounded, is more like the war policy of an Algerine corsair. We fear that before this war is over it must become one of extermination. The bitterness hourly increases. Pope's severe orders since he has been at the head of the Army of Virginia, are cordially approved by the army and the people. The rebels are by still more severe orders, and thus it proceeds to the last extremity. The savage treatment of our wounded has gradually educated the public mind of the North to the necessity of waging such a war as no one can contemplate without a shudder. On this point Colonel (now General) Wilcox thus spoke. Every word should be carefully read:

"Still, the rebels have in this war violated every rule of civilized war. In the first place, the surgeons, who were captured, were deprived of their boxes of instruments, with the exception of those who had been given the parole. That is a mad act. It is true they were reduced to the position of stewards and dressers in the hospitals. In many instances our wounded had fallen in their hands, were grossly neglected. Our surgeons were refused permission to attend to their sufferings, and the brave men forced to lie without the least assistance from rebel surgeons. As a proof of this I give you the case of Lieut. W. H. Sturm. March of the First, whose leg was not dressed for two weeks. Every operation was performed by Confederate Surgeons and students. In the next place prisoners of war were treated like animals. Out of thirteen months confined—most of which were days of close confinement—this confinement was of the most aggravating nature. I was subject while passing through the streets to insults and looking the rebel soldiers as well as the idle mob. Many confined in prisons were shot at from the streets for no other reason than looking at the windows or talking to the rebels. Such is their barbarous warfare. While it could such things have been seen twenty years ago, what rivers of blood and billions of treasure might have been spared."

From Castle Pinkney they were removed back to Charleston jail, and were put in prison as hostages for the privates. I ask you if this was right. Held there as hostages, they had no right to treat us as criminals. Let any man who has the least sympathy for the Southern Confederacy ask himself how he would like it. We were sent to Charleston jail with 150 prisoners, and found 150 already there. The government answered that it was the only place they had, and there we remained—some time after, we were sent back to Castle Pinkney. But when was not then effected; it was put off. I can only denote it as a mean transaction. Simply in the suspicion of Howell Cobb, the negotiations for arms were broken off. We very well know what the trouble was. The Southern Confederacy knew the people of Michigan valued us, and they had schemes to effect. They desired
to inaugurate the guerrilla system of warfare. This more than anything else probably has led to our long detention. When we travelled, we travelled on the railways under orders not to be allowed to leave by any circumstance whatever, and this in a Southern climate where we subject to intense heat.

**War Correspondence.**

**Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 1st.**

Editors Crescent:—The recent expeditions from Gen. King’s Division toward Gordonsville, Culpepper and Orange Court Housess, it is evident from prisoners captured, and general information obtained have been of no small advantage to the Government. The Cavalry went out in the direction of Beaver Dam Station, the 19th succeeded in destroying quite a number of cars, a large amount of flour and ammunition, and capturing a Confederate Captain and four men. On the 22d, another expedition from the same regiment was sent out toward Culpepper Court House. Within a few miles of the place they surprised a body of the enemy, a hundred strong, killed seven, took four prisoners, and forty of their horses, without the loss of a man on our side. On the afternoon of the 24th ult., three regiments of Infantry, parts of two regiments of Cavalry, and Gen. Gibbon’s old battery, started out toward Orange Court House. The 2d Wis., was one of the three, having taken the place of the 6th Wis., in consequence of the delicate health of the Col. for some days past. The 6th was to move early the next morning to act as a reserve corps, and to guard the Gordonsville road about 15 miles, so that the force that had gone ahead might not suffer from hav- ing their retreat cut off.

Through the kindness of Capt. Mason, Brigade Quartermaster, your correspondent gained permission to join the Co., of which he was once a member, and go for a “Soldier.” After stopping at the place designated, pickets were sent out in several directions. About 4 o’clock a squad of men brought in four Confederate deserters, who had been trying to get to our lines for the past two weeks. They were well dressed and intelligent. They told Col. Cutter where there was one of Jackson’s spies, supposed to be an officer in the Confederate army. Maj. Dawes, of the 6th, with some forty men proceeded to the house, after dark; and caught the bird in his nest—The spy was as firm as the rock of ages. When Col. Cutter said he would let him go if he would take the oath of allegiance, he replied promptly that he might lead a horse to water but couldn’t make him drink—Saturday morning, one of the deserters went as a guide to a detachment of Cavalry, for the purpose of capturing a small body of rebel pickets. At noon, they returned with three soldiers and a citizen who belonged to the Engineers corps of Rich-

**Our Washington Correspondence.**

Recent Operations of the Second Regiment.—A successful Reconnaissance and a Safe Return—Eighty miles in Seventy-two Hours. The Second Regiment have no Field Appointments been made from the Second.

Washington, Aug. 2d, 1862.

A reconnaissance in which the Second Regiment participated, was made a few days since, which in the absence of more important news will be of interest. The party consisted of the 33d and 50th New York, Campbell’s battery of Regulars, sixty of Berdan’s Sharpshooters, two companies of cavalry, and the Second Wisconsin; in all, about 1500 men, under command of Brigadier Gen. Gibbon. The object was to ascertain the strength of the rebel forces at Gordonsville and vicinity, which has been stated for sometime at 35 to 40,000. They left camp at Fredericksburg Thursday July 24th, at 4 o’clock P. M., with two days rations and a supply of warm clothes for each, 15 miles that afternoon, when they encamped for the night. The Second Wisconsin led the advance. At 4 P. M. Friday, they had arrived within five miles of Orange Court House, making prisoners of all they saw on the road. Here they halted for the New York regiments to come up, intending to make a descent upon the town and take it by surprise.

Thus far their march had been entirely unexpected. No intimations of their approach had preceded them. The rebels, they had already learned, had three regiments of Infantry and one of cavalry at Orange. On the arrival of the 33d New York, the General was much chagrined to learn that they had come up with only 250 men and the 30th still behind. All intentions of operating on the offensive must be abandoned. Any further advance that night was also deemed unsafe. The cavalry, which was now in the advance, returned, bringing with them a rebel mail and carrier which they had captured, when the mail was properly distributed among the soldiers, who enjoyed a sight of Southern news wonderfully. Here they bivouacked for the night, setting a picket guard to prevent being surprised. In about two hours the rebel cavalry, who somehow had got knowledge of their presence, made them a visit and were driven back by our cavalry. They were not again molested during the night. Next morning at four o’clock, previous to commencing their return march, they found it necessary to drive the rebel cavalry back once more, and this time pursued them nearly into Orange, and breakfasted in full sight of the Court-House and a large force of rebel cavalry. They were now more than forty miles from camp, the men were tired and foot sore from
two days marching, and they were in the
power of an enemy who greatly outnumbered
them. From prisoners whom they had captured they learned that the rebels
had 4,000 or 5,000 at Louisa Court House, and
20,000 at Liberty Mills, all within a
few hours' march. Had the rebel cavalry
got a good chance to meet our troops
during the night, they could have
in sufficient numbers to capture or annih-
iliate the whole party.

To make a successful retreat under such
circumstances required the most consum-
mate skill and coolness. After breakfast,
which consisted of coffee, bread and fresh
mutton, the remains of forty sheep slaug-
tered the night before, they commenced
their homeward march. The retreat was
covered by Campbell's battery of regulars,
supported by two companies of infantry
under command of Major Allen, and a
small squad of cavalrymen. On arriving
at their camp ground of the morning, the
tool guard overtook the sharpshooters, with
Gen. Gibbons and staff, the rear being in the
advance. Permission was now given
to the men to get water, but no sooner had
they broken ranks than the rebel cavalry
rushed upon them, driving
before them the small squad of Union cav-
alty which formed the extreme rear.

This movement was so sudden that the
rebels were within five rods, when the
fire, bringing down several horses and
men, displayed that character of which
the daughters of this generation.

I was made merely for the purpose of get-
ing information, and was entirely satisfac-
tory.

The people of Fredericksburg were
much surprised to see the Yankees return-
headed by their band, which had gone
out to meet them, playing Yankee Doodle,
they descending and hoping that Stonewall
Jackson would "gobble" them all up.

The Second Regiment had something
over five hundred able men—or twice as
many as the Twenty-third New York
who went through this expedition. This
speaks well for the discipline of the regi-
ment, considering that they have seen fifteen
months' service, and suffered so se-
verely in the battle of Bull Run.

Now I wish to ask why it is that no
field appointments have been made from
this regiment in making up the new ones.
It is needless to repeat what has so often
been said, that there is no better regiment
in the field from any State than the Sec-
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some personal adventures, but it would, I fear, tear up too much of your columns. I will add, however, that your correspondent and another came very near taking a trip to Richmond, but thinking of the principle his second host said the chivalry followed better to make a poor stand, we noted upon it—so repeating another axiom of the said host in speaking of his negroes, viz. "If ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise." The mail leaves in a few days.

AN IMPORTANT EXPEDITION FROM GEN. KING'S DIVISION.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.

FREDERICKSBURG, Aug. 8.

The enemy has been concentrating large forces at and near Gordonsville, it is said under Stonewall Jackson and Lee. Their story is well told, but so far as we have learned, it is indicated for the masquerading army which I devoted to the desperate work of a march over the line of the Free States. Gordonsville has direct communication with Richmond by the Virginia Central, over which their troops and supplies have been pouring for some time past. The ignorance of this fact is too apparent need demonstration, and Gen. King's Division have made the two attempts which have so lately been communicated upon the public. The brilliant reconnaissance of the light cavalry, under Lieut. Col. Kilpatrick, to Benson Dam and that neighborhood, had this object in view. Another was determined upon, and the force left here on the 6th under command of Gen. Gibbon and Hatch, and Col. Cutler, for Hanover Junction.

The force was divided into two columns, the first under Gen. Gibbon, and the other under Acting Brigadier Gen. Col. Quimby. Gibbon's force consisted of the Second and Seventh Wisconsin, Nineteenth Indiana, Capt. Monroe's battery, and the Third Illinois Cavalry. Taking the telegraph road, they Marched without opposition as far as Mat River, a distance of fourteen miles from camp, but hence they were very much beleaguered by Virginia cavalry and two pieces of light artillery, which opened upon them at long range. The column halted, and the Indiana cavalry, which was in the advance, retiring beyond range, were charged upon by the rebel cavalry. They repulsed them, however, without any casualty except the wounding of one man, and the rebels not choosing to follow us up. Gen. Gibbon then went forward, and at this point ordered a company of the 2d New York Cavalry to be detached upon the flank to Moore's mill, about two miles distant, and start a rapid march down the plank road, by way of Spottsylvania Court House, and thence to Hanover Junction, with the intention of destroying the railroad road near Hanover Junction. We started at 2 o'clock in the morning. The 6th Was.
Regiment and two companies of Indiana Cavalry and two pieces of 1st New Hampshire Battery took the road via Spotsylvania Court House. Col. Cutler commanding while the rest of the expedition took the road via Hamburgh Post Office, Gen. Gibbon commanding. The weather was excessively hot. We reached Hamburgh Post Office at 12 o'clock and were expecting to rest there till evening having marched seventeen miles. But before we had quite reached this place the booming of cannon was heard in the advance and in a moment after the Cavalry came in pell mell closely pursued by the cavalry of the enemy. Our regiment had the advance. Guns were at once loaded, the artillery unlimbered and placed in position and their fire opened. They were 12 pounder Napoleon guns and made vigorous music. B and E companies were deployed as skirmishers to the right and left of the road and my company advanced in line down the road to support them. Thus we advanced slowly for half a mile when my company was also deployed as skirmishers forming the right of the line and the advance continued for some distance till finally we were halted in a corn field and staid there for an hour or so. Here the heat was terrible as not a breath of air could be felt while the corn furnished no protection from the vertical rays of the sun. After staying in this corn till 3 or 4 o'clock we returned to the Post Office the enemy having fled. During the skirmish six of my men fell out from exhaustion and were sent to the rear. They were Corporal Andrew Douglas, privates Herman J. Langhoff, Hugh Murray, George Bachelder, Charles W. Atherton and John J. Little. They were among the most hardy men of the regiment and of undoubted courage. We staid at Hamburgh Post Office that night and in the morning advanced slowly with skirmishers deployed some seven miles towards the rail road when the booming of cannon in our rear told us the enemy were engaging General Hatch, who with two regiments had come out to Hamburgh to support us. We started back to his aid and pursued the enemy back to Massaponax creek, that day marching twenty-one miles with the thermometer at near 100, shelling them with artillery and annoying them with cavalry as they retreated and killing some seven or ten of them. The enemy's forces were exclusively cavalry and artillery.

Gen. Hatch had, on the morning of the 6th, sent all the men who had given out in our command and which Gen. Gibbon had left at Hamburgh back to Fredericksburgh. But when they reached Massaponax creek the trains bringing us provisions and the with their respective staffs and escorts, wagons taking back the sick were attacked and assembled on the lawn in front of and all the sick of the three regiments un-the residence of Mayor Wallach of Wash-
The troops were again to meet the enemy.—Brick, Jackson has oat-generated us, thus far, in this affair, for he has everything his own way. We have been sending flags of truce continually since yesterday’s engagement; that we might be able to gather our dead for burial, and bring within our lines the wounded—many of whom have been lying without assistance for 24 hours. One Captain O’Brien, of Co. I, 3d Wis. Reg., was brought in today at one o’clock on a litter, by his men, as he was unable to ride in an ambulance, having been wounded in the leg, back, and breast most severely. The enemy held the field and some of the 2d. Wis. that were on the field say that a rebel General met them, and in fact stood over them while they were gathering their friends together; and one of our boys picked up a sabre, when the General told him to “drop it!” Our dead were all stripped of clothing by the rebels.

This morning an armistice was agreed to by the opposing Generals, that hostilities should cease until 2 o’clock today. At the hour, many of our troops were ordered back to Culpepper, and everything prepared for another battle. Our wholesale murder; but another agreement, to extend the armistice until tomorrow morning was entered into.

CULPEPER, Aug. 12, 1862.

As the trains were ordered back to this place yesterday and we had nothing to subsist on, or sleep on, we followed the train. When about mid-way to Culpepper, we met Lieut. Geo. Burnham, of Harris Light Cavalry, (Geo. Burnham used to clerk for Johnson, of Yankee Notion notoriety, in your place) who belongs to King’s Division, and Burnham told us that King’s troops would be on the field that night, as they had been marching two days from Fredericksburg, in this direction. (Good). An Orderly has just arrived from the field and tells us that King is there, and we have orders to pack up.

Tis now 7 o’clock, but no firing has been heard; we are going to the field soon, and will endeavor to give you more particulars.

We have visited and revisited the hospitals here, and are positive that at least 1,200 are wounded. The deaths are up to 500. Many prisoners we have taken, we know not—probably 200. We have captured four cannon and lost two, but the enemy have certainly 1,000 of our small arms.

The wounded officers at the Virginia Hotel, of this place, are as follows:

Gen. C. C. Augur, Commanding Division—shot through right side.
Col. D. Donnelly, 28th N. Y. V.—shot through abdomen, and reported dead this morning.
Lieut. Col. E. Brown, 28th N. Y.—shot through right arm—amputated.
Maj. Matthews, do.
Maj. Armstrong, 6th Ohio.
Capt. J. A. Kinley, do.
Capt. Judd, 28th N. Y. Vol.
Lt. W. V. Fessley, 6th Ohio.
Lt. A. S. Spier, do.
Lt. R. Kerrison, do.
Lt. T. B. Robinson, 2d Mass.
Lt. J. L. Griffin, do.
Capt. F. P. Trotter, 102d N. Y.
Capt. L. B. Spierman, do.
Wm. M. Quintley, 12th Reg.' U. S. Vol.

Sergt. T. B. Connor, 8th Reg.’ U. S. A.
Gen. Geary, wounded in right arm, paralyzing the hospitality of Mrs. Ward.
O’clock, and no firing; but it isn’t possible all will be quiet the remainder of the day. Yours, HAWKES.

From the Light Guard.

The whereabouts of the Second Wisconsin and their readiness for a fight will be learned from the following extracts we are permitted to publish from a private letter:

Camp in after Battle Field, Virginia, August 12, 1862.

DEAR FATHER: I take a few moments to let you know how King’s Division is getting along, as I promised mother I would write as quick as we reached Pope.

After two days’ marching we reached here in the night about 8 o’clock, went into camp and slept well all night, excepting to get up in the morning and have a big battle with Jackson, who was in front of us last night. But Jackson left last night. I guess he thought that we had a larger force than he could cope with.

Before we got here we heard that Gen. Pope’s command had been fighting all day and was fighting yet. We could hear heavy firing and our Division was pushed through as fast as we could go, so as to be in time for a little fight before it was all over. But we did not get through in time. The fight commenced Saturday and ended Sunday night. Coming thro’ where we are now camped, we had to pass the Third Wisconsin Regiment, which had been in the fight. The boys looked well and felt as if they had just come from a dance. I happened to be by when one of the boys told all the particulars of the engagement. It was Banks’ corps that did all the fighting. He sent out a large force to reconnoitre in front of the rebels and find out their position. While out, a large force of rebels came on and chased them back. Banks saw that he could not get back without a fight with them, and it would not do to run, so he faced about and formed a line of battle and sent after the rest of his corps. They came up in time to have a chance to try their pluck. The rebels had four or five men to our one; but that made no difference with our brave boys. They pitched in and fought all day, until obliged to fall back on account of the superior force of the rebels. At this critical moment Sigel came on with his whole corps. The rebels, seeing this, stopped firing and retreated back on the battle field, which was strewn with the dead and dying of both sides.

Pope has some sixty thousand troops here. It is a grand sight. One cannot see them all, but can see enough to make his eyes open. We expect to have a fight in less than a week. Jackson was re-treated and we are after him like bees.

You must watch the papers every day, because we will have a fight sooner than you expect and a big one too. If I fall, it will be with a musket in my hand and at my post. I will never allow my name to be disgraced or dishonored by turning my back on the enemy, only when ordered; and I hope when we do get at them we will give them such a hazing that they will think and dream of us in their sleep. Good night, and no ball.

J. P. B.

FROM THE SECOND REGIMENT.

MANHATTAN HOSPITAL, AXANDRIA, VA., Aug. 12, 1862.

Editors Patriot:—The battle of Culpepper Court House was fought on Saturday, the 9th of August, but it was not until yesterday morning at 2 o’clock a.m., that the wounded began to arrive at this place. They must have had a hard time of it, for they came by the railroad, riding in common box cars, and the road is one of the roughest in the known world.

When I came here from Fredericksburg, nearly four weeks ago, I found it bad enough, although I was only sick and nearly most of the way on a steamer, which is much easier than travelling by rail. We suffered some, but our wounded must have had a much harder time than they were jolted along over the roughly laid track, all the way from Culpepper to this place. The first train brought in 500; the next, which arrived about noon brought in 300 more, and another is expected to-day with an additional 500.

We have busy times now. The hospitals have been cleared of all, or nearly all the sick. Those able for duty, attendants, with the rest, have been sent to their places. Conscripts and conscripts from Washington except those who are able to wait upon the wounded, and take proper care of them. I am of the last named class and for the last
DEAR PATRIOT:—The 20th inst. found our brigade encamped along the lines of the Orang and Alexandria Railroad, on the east side; deadly missiles would come whirling into the camp from almost every direction, and every now and then one of these immense buildings and blazing furnaces, in which the enemy was destined to destroy our arms, was put out of action by a single shot from one of our batteries. The smoke was caused by the burning of the enemy's supplies, and the noise by the shelling of our batteries. The smoke was so thick and heavy that it could be seen from the camp, and the noise of the guns was so loud that it could be heard for miles around. The enemy was not able to do any damage, and the regiment was in a position to defend itself against any attack. The regiment was in a position to defend itself against any attack.
WISCONSIN KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE RECENT BATTLES NEAR MANASSAS, AS FAR AS KNOWN.

We give the names of the killed and wounded in the recent battles in front of Washington, as far as can be ascertained. They are gathered from unofficial sources as published in the N. Y. Herald:

KILLED.

Colonel O'Connor, 2d Wisconsin.
Captain Bratton, Co. B, 7th Wisconsin.
Captain Buck, Co. D, 11th Wisconsin.
F. Everetts, Co. D, 11th Wisconsin.
J. Bullen, Co. A, 7th Wisconsin.
W. Emory, Co. D, 7th Wisconsin.
R. Kunkel, Co. A, 7th Wisconsin.
A. D. Coomes, Co. D, 7th Wisconsin.
F. J. Cuddy, Co. B, 7th Wisconsin.
H. T. Haines, Co. A, 7th Wisconsin.
J. Blumberger, Co. D, 7th Wisconsin.
F. Schmidt, 3d Wisconsin.
Major Scott, 2d Wisconsin.
R. McGee, 2d Wisconsin.
Lieutenant Egoff, Co. D, 2d Wisconsin.
J. Resch, Co. D, 11th Wisconsin.
Major F. A. Lancester, 2d Wisconsin (mistake).
F. Jenkins, Co. A, 7th Wisconsin.
J. B. Haver, Co. A, 7th Wisconsin.
E. Ray, Co. F, 7th Wisconsin.
J. H. May, Co. D, 7th Wisconsin.
J. Larrimore, Co. B, 2d Wisconsin.
C. Cole, Co. D, 7th Wisconsin.
F. Eady, 2d Wisconsin.
N. E. Smith, Co. F, 7th Wisconsin.
J. F. Schmidt, 5th Wisconsin (mistake).
J. Dean, Co. B, 5th Wisconsin.

WOUNDED.

General Schenck, in the g-4h wrist, severely.
General Hatch, King's Division.
Colonel Cutler, 6th Wisconsin.
Colonel Robinson, 7th Wisconsin.
Leut. Comstock, Co. C, 7th Wisconsin, shot in leg.
Major Bill, 7th Wisconsin.
Captain Water, 6th Wisconsin.
Captain Marsh, Co. B, 6th Wisconsin.
Corporal Foster, Co. B, 6th Wisconsin.
Sergt. Martin, wounded in the 7th Wisconsin.
J. Forck, Co. C, 6th Wisconsin.
S. Forck, Co. D, 6th Wisconsin.
J. Tompkins, Co. D, 6th Wisconsin.
J. Over, Co. C, 6th Wisconsin.
J. Riley, Co. D, 6th Wisconsin.
J. Forck, Co. D, 6th Wisconsin.
W. Foster, Co. C, 6th Wisconsin.
J. Shehdon, Co. C, 6th Wisconsin.
C. Kelley, Co. D, 7th Wisconsin.
J. Marsh, Co. B, 7th Wisconsin.
J. W. Fields, Co. C, 7th Wisconsin.
J. W. Lesko, Co. I, 7th Wisconsin.
J. Ellis, Co. B, 7th Wisconsin.
J. Egler, Co. D, 21 Wisconsin.

Some Account of Our Boys.

Again has it become our duty to record an engagement in which the "Belle City Rifles" have been active participants. With hearts filled with anguish, we write of some whose lives have been given to the cause of their country. What can we say? What words of sympathy can we offer to their friends, except to speak of the noble heroism, the unassuming courage, and the unflinching bravery of the fallen? Their deeds of valor and devotion to their country, sealed with their blood on the battle field, can never be forgotten, but will live in the hearts and history of the nation forever.

Without any official notice at hand, we have gathered from private letters as much of the history of the bloody struggle in which our boys were engaged as we could and lay it before our readers, knowing how awful the suspense and anxiety have been; reminding our readers, however, that some reported as "probably dead," and others as prisoners, may be found alive, or exchanged and safe among friends.

The best account we have seen of the fight is a letter from Captain Jewett to his friends, written Sept. 2d, in which he says—

"Last Thursday, Aug. 28th, McDowell's corps was marching on the road towards Centreville from Warrenton. It was generally rumored among the "boys" that Gen. Stonewall Jackson was at or near the old Bull Run battle field, and that we were going to give him battle. King's Division moved the Manassas Gap Railroad near Gainesville at noon, and marched forward nearly a mile and a half. Here they learned that McCally's Division had had a slight engagement with the enemy during the forenoon, and that the Bucktails had captured some cannon.

"We remained quiet till about 5 o'clock, McDowell and King meanwhile having examed the enemy's position. We being in King's Division were then ordered forward to attack the rebels. Hatch's brigade were on the advance in the distance as skirmishers; Gibb's brigade followed supporting the batteries. We marched about a mile and a half, and the artillery on both sides began firing; this was about quarter to six. We succeeded in driving the rebels along the road for a mile, and it was now just dusk, when Gen. Gibbons came out of a small piece of woods in front of our Regiment and ordered it forward, as it was toward the left flank of our position.

"As soon as we had passed through the woods and up a rise of ground we moved in line of battle. We could just discover the rebels coming out of the woods, regiment after regiment, on the opposite side of the road. We immediately both sides began firing; the rebels yelling their loudest. The battle was now terrific and terribly desparate. I cannot attempt a description now. A short time after the firing began, Venison said to me, "Oh, I'm wounded!" I asked him where, and he showed me a hole through his pants half way between his knee and his ankle. I told him to crawl back and have it dressed. He started off, but I have since learned that he of Co. "G" I helped him into an ambulance, and this man stated he was wounded again in the side."

"In less time than it takes me to write it, saw Rodman and Franz limp back from the line in which the Regiment lay. There was an instant no man in our Company in the front rank to the right of me. Just at this instant I felt a ball graze my hip, and shortly after I thought another went through the flesh near the same place. I kept on firing, however, and spoke to Warner Gregory, who was the only man near me in the front rank, telling him I had been hit, but could not keep at work."

"We were now ordered to close up to the right. Some of Co. "G" kept on firing, so I had to pass them and thus got separated from the Company. The ground was literally covered with the dead and wounded. In moving we had to be careful where we placed our feet to prevent stepping on them. Just as after we closed up on the head, the blood streamed down my face, that I could not see, and I made my way to the rear in hopes of getting my wounds dressed, telling the man nearest me my name and where I was hit. I succeeded in gaining the news of the hill and reaching the woods, but could find no surgeon. I soon reached a house but it was uninhabited, but a piece further on I came to another where I found water to bathe my head, and was enabled to ascertain the extent of my other injuries. I found the second time I thought I was struck in the hip, that the ball hit the corner of my cartridge box, that had worked round in front of me, and after tearing a slit in it four inches long and carrying away the brass button it glanced off."

"Had not my cartridge box been there, the ball would have passed through my bowels. Our regiment lost 279 killed."

"Dear Boy: When you receive this I wish you to say to the information of friends, that they were well.

="The following is a list of the killed and wounded of our Company, as accurate as I can now make it, and which I give to Dr. Tallman:"
St. George, mouth and head, seriously, if alive a prisoner—probably dead.

Capt. Webber, both legs.


Mr. L. B. S. Miller in a letter gives the following items:

Company "F" went into the fight with 38 men, and, on Sunday, only 12 were fit for duty.

Capt. Parsons got off a sick bed and led the boys through the ordeal, and in a manner that elicits the warmest praise.

Tell our mutual friend M. B. Mead, that his son is all right, and that the evidence of his comrades is, that a better fighting boy never shouldered a musket.

Cole says that he was beside young Stickney during the fight, and the first intimation he had that he was wounded was Stickney's remark: "There, my little finger is gone, but I can shoot yet." In a few minutes he remarked: "I am shot through the arm, but from my foot yet." In, perhaps, five minutes more he (Cole) looked around and saw Stickney's head fall over on his shoulder, and he jumped and caught him, and found he was dead; just shot through the head.

The news here this morning is, that the rebels have skedaddled. I don't believe it. But one thing is sure, they will be whipped, and had too.

Col. O'Connor, of the 2d, is dead—killed on Thursday. After being wounded, he talked to his men that crowded around him, and advised them to fight to the death for the "good old flag." He was shot while gallantly leading his men.

I also hear that Col. Cutler, of the 7th, is also killed. Whether true or not, I can't say.

We place the following communication from our faithful Burlington correspondent under this head, as it relates to our brave boys that have fallen:

EXILES ADVOCATE:—Another name is added to the roll of honor from among the noble youths that have gone forth from our town to fight our battles. Frank D. Cole, son of A. G. Cole, Esq., and a member of Company F, 2d Regt. Wis. Vol. was killed in battle in the terrible struggle at or near Bull Run, on Thursday, the 28th of August. Around him were found seven or eight guns, which he had used, all of them too foul for further use, showing plainly how dearly he sold his life. He was a noble youth, and among the bravest of the brave. He was but 18 years of age, and yet a veteran soldier, having been in the battle of Bull Run, of July 21, 1861.

The stricken parents are consoled by the knowledge of his devotion to the cause he had espoused, and that he fell with his face to the foe, bravely during all. They mourn not alone, he was one of our much loved boys whose ringing laugh still sounds in our ears, who greeted us always with smiles, and was ever ready to lend a hand to the needy. But his young life has gone out for our good. God help us to bear with patience those great sacrifices and fully appreciate them.

Another of our boys, Francis L. Graham, was wounded while falling back, he was in a stooping position, a Minnie ball entered just below the shoulder blade and came out by the side of the neck. His wound is serious, but not considered fatal. We hope he may live to pay off the rascals, which he will do if he ever has the opportunity.

The above facts we gather from Lieut. A. S. Cole, late of Co. F, 2d Regt., who reached home last Saturday. He was through the worst of the battles from Orange Court House to Centreville. He bears the marks of long and fast marches, and the fatigue incident to hard fought battles. He saw his brother dead upon the battle field, and performed the "last sad office" of composing his limits and covering his face. He says he is the last and of our Brigade always advanced at the word and never retired without orders. He speaks in glowing terms of the officers and men composing the 2d Regt., and that the closing scene of Col. O'Connor's life was the most affecting that he ever witnessed. Mortally wounded, he called the fragments of his glorious Regiment around him and briefly addressed them, charging them to do their utmost and fight to the last. He was greatly beloved by his officers and men.

Walter Grassey, named among the killed, has been a resident of Racine six years. He was born at Batavia, Genesee county, New York, in November, 1841. He was a brave boy, esteemed by his comrades, and fell with his face to the foe. He has been a member of the Belle City Rifles since their organization, being among the number who at the very beginning of this unholy rebellion rushed to the defense of the national honor. His father has espoused, and that he fell with his face to the foe, bravely during all. They mourn not alone, he was one of our much loved boys whose ringing laugh still sounds in our ears, who greeted us always with smiles, and was ever ready to lend a hand to the needy. But his young life has gone out for our good. God help us to bear with patience those great sacrifices and fully appreciate them.

ELRICH BAILEY STICKNEY, whose name is in the list of the slain, was born in Alabama, 1840, but of northern parents. When 7 years of age, his parents removed to Montgomery, Ala., but having a most intense hatred of the institution of slavery, they subsequently moved to Chicago. Becoming a widow, Mrs. Stickney came to this city a few years ago. Here her children have grown up, and among them Elric. When the first call was made for troops, he pleaded with his mother to be allowed to volunteer, being from a strictly slave-hating family, and unable to resist his earnest entreaties, she consented and he became a member of the "Belle City Rifles." We can offer no better tribute to his memory than the following written to his sorrowing mother: "In the fearful conflict of Thursday night poor dear Elric fell fighting for his country. He was universally beloved—a more unsullied character I never knew. Elric suffered no pain, his death was almost instantaneous; he was absent from the body and present with Christ."
Deceased and the community will deeply mourn the loss, and sympathize most sincerely with those who were connected with the deceased by ties stronger than those of mere friendship.

"Green grow the grass over the grave of the gallant and brave!"

News from the Country—from Private Letters.

Several letters were received by persons in this city this morning, from which we are kindly permitted to make a few extracts. In one, from an officer in the Second Regiment, from this city, dated at Warrenton, Va., Aug. 25th, we find the following paragraphs:

"Our Adjutant, C. K. Dean, is missing since last Thursday, the 21st inst. We are very sure he was taken prisoner, as he was sent with an order to the front, where a body of rebel cavalry was afterwards known to have been at the very point he started to go."

"The following letter from a friend of Lt. Col. Fairchild of the 24th regiment, we copy entire."

"WASHINGTON, Aug. 30th, 1862.

Dear Sir— I have just returned from the battle field. Your brother Lucius has escaped unhurt. Col. O'Connor was killed. Maj. Allen is wounded in the neck and arm. The regiment is all cut to pieces. The whole brigade is badly cut up. The following are the names of some of the officers of the 24th killed and wounded:

Capt. Randolph, shot.
Lt. Baldwin, wounded.
Maj. Allen, wounded.
Maj. Ellings, wounded.
Sergeant-Maj. Wineg, wounded, bad.

And a few others slightly.

Nearly all of the corporals and sergeants are killed and wounded. Privates and officers killed, or wounded, or missing, number in all over 200. You may not hear from your brother in a number of days, as they are not allowed to send any mail for the present.

From a friend of your brother, G."

"From a private letter to N. W. Dean—"I am a gentleman of this city, now in Washington, dated in that city Sept. 1st, we copy the following paragraphs."

"The star of the great McClellan seems to be waning fast. It is said at the hotels and upon the street, with how much truth..."
Incidents of the Recent Battles—Behavior of Officers and Men.

The papers of the State are full of interesting incidents of the recent battles, relative to our Wisconsin regiments, contained in letters from those who bore a part in them. They furnish evidence how steadily, coolly and bravely they fought.

A writer in the Grant County Witness, speaking of the battle of Gainesville, says:

"The Second was the first ordered on the hill, and through the dense woods that hid the fields, our regiment was taken. At double charge beyond any headway, headed by our gallant Colonel, the Second advanced. I thought we should be ordered to silence a battery, but if that was the intention, it was given over. The field was reached, and into the leaden hail the advanced moved forward without a scratch up to that time. Major Allen was struck twice with balls, causing simply flesh wounds not at all serious."

Another writer, in the same paper, from J. B. Meade of the 17th regiment says the battle of the 17th was the hardest of all the many desperate struggles which the writer had witnessed since he entered the army. "One boys as they fell would say, 'Never mind me, fight! hold your position! I will get off if I can, if not never mind! Fight boys, don't give up the ground.' Such men never can be made to yield, and there never was more undaunted bravery than our men showed.

Another writer to the same paper, from the 6th, says: "During the struggle on the 17th one of the batteries attached to our brigade suffered severely. The captain and eight men belonging to one piece had been shot by the rebels, who were pressing slowly towards us. The men were about to retire, when Gen. Gibbon—whom the battery used to belong—sprang from his horse, ordered the men to double about themselves and reload, and gave the rebels a dose that turned them back with terrible havoc.

"Our brigade captured six stands of rebel colors during the contest. Capt. Fairchild got on a sick bed, to go into the battle. The General told him he ought not to be on the field, but he proceeded. He would not leave it; it was won. I hope he will soon again be his health, for he is a splendid officer and beloved by his men."

Col. Edgar O'Connor.

Beloit has to mourn the loss of another brave officer and honored citizen. Col. Edgar O'Connor, son of Hon. B. O'Connor of this city, has fallen a victim to this accursed rebellion. The news was received in this city on Saturday last, which caused deep sorrow to pervade the whole community. No news as to the recovery of the body has been received.

Col. Edgar O'Connor was born in Cleveland, Ohio, August 29, 1833. In his ninth year his parents removed to Milwaukee, in this State. He graduated at West Point Military Academy in June, 1853. He then served as Lieutenant in the 7th regiment regular army, until 1859, when he resigned. In 1856 he went with the expedition that crossed the plains to Santa Fe and Pike's Peak, and suffered the greatest hardships, of which Col. Morrison made special mention. Lieut. O'Connor was highly of Col. Fairchild the Second's splendid officer and beloved by his men."

In September, 1857, he was united in marriage with Miss Whitefield, daughter of the Hon. Wm. Whitefield, of Arkansas. The young, heart-stirring widow, a sufferer indeed from this horrid civil war, is now in this place with her father-in-law, Judge O'Connor.

After his resignation in 1859, he studied law in this city with Rockwell & Converse, and was admitted to the bar of Rock County in March, 1861.

But his desire to lead the quiet life of a civilian could not be attained. This civil war called him from his chosen retreat. It will be remembered that in the battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861, the 2nd Wisconsin regiment fought most bravely and desperately and suffered most terribly. The gallant boys came out of that memorable conflict disorganized for want of competent officers. After that shameful rout, shameful to the officers but not to the men, military talent was in demand. Col. Coon resigned, for reasons not necessary to state here. In looking about for a man of the proper qualifications to reorganize and save the brave and suffering 24th regiment, the past services and acknowledged military ability of Edgar O'Connor were brought to the notice of Gov. Randall. Fortunately for the honor of the State, the Colonel of the regiment was tendered to him and accepted.

Col. O'Connor, although in very poor health, immediately repaired to Washing-
enjoyed front rank among the most skilled and brave of his time. Sigel's life was filled with moments of courage and sacrifice, and his name continues to be remembered for his contributions to the Union army.

The narrative concludes with a reflection on the impact of Sigel's leadership and the sacrifices made by his men. It serves as a reminder of the sacrifices made during the Civil War and the enduring legacy of those who fought and served.
There was not ten minutes' cessation at any one time for the next three hours. We advanced not a step; we retired not a step. Theenginercy of war, gazes, and musketry was maintained on each side to the other. At 5 o'clock Scheutte was ordered back from the left, and the artillery of that wing fell back to the next embrasure.

During the day there was a regiment of the three corps on the field that had not been in the thickest. Promptly and skillfully, as a command would be conducted, it would be received another, but only for a brief rest, then to up and at it. These splendid four passes of lines, as such movements are technically called, seem to me a feature that ought not to pass unemphasized. Gaine's Mill would have been a victory if such movements been made promptly and orderly.

The withdrawal of the left was not a giving up of the battle. Troops were rushed to the right, and a redoubled onset made there. Again the enemy was forced back. Sigel was kept under his center—we took him endways, in flank. While the infantry fought those, our artillery, eleven batteries in line, played against the enemy's right. Promptly but few troops were engaged, and I surmised that we were fighting merely to learn where lay the enemy's main force. The enemy seemed to have long back, and I thought Gen. Pope had been outgeneraled when he moved men at an earlier part of the day from right to left. As we drew near he had moved a still greater proportion to the left. I have heard the musketry of the best contested battles fought in Virginia. I have heard others. The fire which broke out on the left and up to the center, was by far the heaviest of any. Talk of volleys, and rolls, and crashes! I was all these continually accumulating until upon each other in mighty swelling volume—the wrench of rushing tornadoe such as chaos may have known. From my position it seemed that artillery played from the right, and to the devoted center where I knew men were struggling. I could not see them struggling. The smoke of gunpowder prevented it. I was in the center, and I trembled for the result. A few minutes later Schurz, who was in reserve, was ordered to the left. Before he could get fairly into position McDowell and Porter were irretrievably broken. Their soldiers fought like brave men; if moments be reckoned by their intensity, they fought long as they surely did fight long. I doubt not they piled the ground with Rebel slain, as Halleck sings of Moslem slain by Bozzer's band. I believe there cannot be a man who heard or participated in that combat to deny the hour between 4 and 5 o'clock the severest fighting he ever knew. It was all at once point. Along the right half of the line the dead seemed to be strewn with amazement at the struggle there. By half past 5, it was apparent that we were beaten—outflanked by a concentration of overpowering numbers upon one point. The troops there were several thousands hurrying pell mell in advance of them toward Centreville, crowding the stone bridge and wading the stream. A new battle was scattered there, but there was little confusion among them, no desertion of wagons, but simply a jum, where each desired and pushed to be first. A few small cannon-shot in a few shell burst among them. All this time the right was firm, and only at the calm discretion of its generals. Unaccountable to me at the time, as soon as we fell back from the left the musketry almost entirely ceased. We were pursued by shells only. It is probable that the enemy dared not advance lest Halleck and Sigel should fall upon his flank as he should pass by them. Sigel had not given his right, nor had Halleck, and it was hardly in condition for another battle immediately. It is possible, also, that Banks's corps was near the field—he knew to be at Manassas evidently in the day may have known his advance and been afraid. It was all done in two hours.

Another correspondent writes:

Gen. Reno said that the real cause of our defeat was our supplies. The horses had barely anything to eat for from three to five days, and the men had fared little better. His words were borne out by the very scarcity with which staff officers in all parts of the army were made to desist from seeking the small supplies that were available. Gen. Reno and all the officers with whom my informant talked, agreed that a column of ten thousand fresh troops would have changed the fortune of the day. "Where is Franklin?" "Where is Summer?" was the question. The answer I have given you in a previous letter. Franklin's officers said they were ready to march on Tuesday, and were expecting the order.—On Wednesday they were allowed a day's leave. On Thursday and Friday they were kept in constant expectation of an order. That it came and kept coming from Gen. Halleck, and was countermanded by Gen. McGilvery, you already know.

The Battle of Bells City Boys.

We are indebted to Mr. Nunn for valuable information of the Battle of Bells City Rifle boys. He has returned from the battle grounds of the Potomac, and has seen and knows all about them. He tells us that John Yates, son of James Yates of this city, fell at the battle of Sharpsburg on the 7th inst., while leading what was left of Co. F in the battle.
Sergiun Yates was in command, as the highest officer on the ground. John Yates was as brave and kind-hearted a soldier as ever was mustered. He enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his commanders, and fell covered with glory at the age of 27.

Captain Parsons was wounded a few days previous in the Bull Run battle by a fragment of shell, which made a long and jagged wound by striking him upon the top of the shoulder and following down over the shoulder-blade eight or ten inches, where it was found and taken out. Mr. North conveyed him from Middlesex to Washington, about 150 miles, and left him in the hospital under the care of Mr. Fellows, one of the company. He will recover, though it will take a considerable length of time.

Charles Ivie, Charles Patrick, John Wright, Charles Jewett, Arthur Ranney and Erastus Packard, were all that answered to their names after the battle was over at Sharpsburg. Charles Jewett had been wounded half a dozen times or more, but was then well and ready for duty.

The company is now under the charge of Lt. Sexton, with Graham, Hill, Neinar, Sanford and John Wilson, engaged on detached service. Kelly is at Middleton. John Lyda, Workington, North, Stone, Mead and Hinton were at Kedaisville, sick or wounded.

The Belle City boys are widely scattered since they left this city. Twelve or fifteen of them are all that have died. The rest of them may be found in other companies and regiments where they have been promoted, or serving at home, or on sick furlough, or with the boys above named with the army on the Potomac, or in sick in the hospitals. Shucks are to be found in every company, and the Belle City Rifles had as few of them as ever disregarded any command.

They have had their share of fighting service and have now a full share of glory. -three cheers and a tiger for the Belle City boys.

POPE’S CAMPAIGN.

The Campaign and its Policy. By a Member of Gen. Pope’s Staff.

The following is an abstract of the campaign of Major General Pope, furnished by a distinguished officer upon his staff. It is written evidently with a view to defend Gen. Pope from any of the imputations cast upon him for the retreat of his army from the Rapidan. The strictures upon other generals contained in it may be referred to this partiality for the general in command. We give it as we received it:

POPE’S CAMPAIGN - ITS POLICY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE J. N. HERALD.

Gen. Pope, on the 27th of July, and visiting the camp of McDowell, in and about Warrenton; of Banks, in and about Little Washington; and of Sigel in and about Sperryville, put these corps in march for the Rapidan, and reached Culpepper on the 6th of August, where McDowell’s corps had already concentrated. The fact that the cavalry from McDowell’s and Sigel’s corps had already alarmed Richmond, and the raid of Hatch, Crawford and King, on the 21st of July, had brought Jackson’s entire army, 35,000 strong, to the Rapidan. Constantly informed by the people of the country of all the positions, strength, condition of Pope’s army, the enterprise of Stonewall Jackson was stimulated with the conviction that he could cross the Rapidan, fall upon McDowell at Culpepper and ascertain at what rate that corps and the corps of Banks and Sigel before they could be united. His intentions were perceived by Pope, and hurrying Banks and Sigel forward by rapid night marches, Pope threw the troops of Banks over Cedar Run on the morning of the 9th, and moved to their support Ricket’s division of McDowell’s corps. But Jackson, perceiving the value of time, gave Banks and Sigel time to take position before opening upon him from commanding positions seven batteries strongly posted. Pope’s advance guard was repulsed, and it was clear to Banks that they had no possibility of being driven from their positions or that his lines had to fall back. He accordingly fell upon his main position on the side of Cedar Mountain, on the 9th of August, a conflict of arms of audacity and severity that has few parallels in any war, resulting in a drawn battle was the first of the series of bloody conflicts of the Army of Virginia. The effect of this battle is well known in the country. It completely silenced the doubters to retreat before the Rapidan, and started all Richmond with the conviction that nothing but overwhelming forces could drive Pope’s invincible troops from the lines of communication of that city. Eight thousand of Banks’ corps had met Jackson’s entire army, and held them in check until the reinforcements of Rickett’s division, as sundown, enabled our exhausted troops to hold the field. Sigel’s army arrived with relieving force of 12,000 men. In supporting the fight, and the two armies laid each other as an entire day, meeting on the field, and, by mutual consent, removed their wounded and buried their dead on the field. Pope put his entire army in motion to the rear of the Rapidan, and fell back with his forces under the cover of night, crossing the river.

Gen. Pope immediately moved forward, taking a position in front of the field of battle. He was joined by Reno’s corps of Burnside’s army.

The capture of a confidential letter from Gen. Roht. E. Lee to Gen. Stuart, revealed to Pope the intentions of the enemy; they were to throw overwhelming forces upon him, cut off his rear, and in fact, make an immediate attack upon his army.

Without delay Gen. Pope put his entire army in motion to the rear, intending to hold a position behind the protecting waters of the Rappahannock. In this he succeeded without loss.

Gen. Lee, having by this time assumed command, and brought forward the main forces of the Army of Northern Virginia upon Pope. Pope in three columns of immense strength on the three main fords of the Rappahannock, before which, in such strength, he had labored for four days fruitlessly attempting to force the passage of this river.

Hearing news of his advance at the Rappahannock Bridge and the fords below, it was discovered that he was posting his columns to the left, in the direction of Prelude Bridge and the appeal to the people of the country of all the positions, strength, condition of Pope’s army, the enterprise of Stonewall Jackson was stimulated with the conviction that he could cross the Rapidan, fall upon McDowell at Culpepper and ascertain at what rate that corps and the corps of Banks and Sigel before they could be united. His intentions were perceived by Pope, and hurrying Banks and Sigel forward by rapid night marches, Pope threw the troops of Banks over Cedar Run on the morning of the 9th, and moved to their support Ricket’s division of McDowell’s corps. But Jackson, perceiving the value of time, gave Banks and Sigel time to take position before opening upon him from commanding positions seven batteries strongly posted. Pope’s advance guard was repulsed, and it was clear to Banks that they had no possibility of being driven from their positions or that his lines had to fall back. He accordingly fell upon his main position on the side of Cedar Mountain, on the 9th of August, a conflict of arms of audacity and severity that has few parallels in any war, resulting in a drawn battle was the first of the series of bloody conflicts of the Army of Virginia. The effect of this battle is well known in the country. It completely silenced the doubters to retreat before the Rapidan, and started all Richmond with the conviction that nothing but overwhelming forces could drive Pope’s invincible troops from the lines of communication of that city. Eight thousand of Banks’ corps had met Jackson’s entire army, and held them in check until the reinforcements of Rickett’s division, as sundown, enabled our exhausted troops to hold the field. Sigel’s army arrived with relieving force of 12,000 men. In supporting the fight, and the two armies laid each other as an entire day, meeting on the field, and, by mutual consent, removed their wounded and buried their dead on the field. Pope put his entire army in motion to the rear of the Rapidan, and fell back with his forces under the cover of night, crossing the river.

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J. P. H.
killed and wounded in our hands. Porter, already in advance at Manassas, received orders here to fall upon the right flank of the enemy, and to commence the attack on that flank, and the order was given to the center; but, for reasons unsatisfactory to General Pope, and which are a mystery to the enemy, and to commence the attack i
sucving day, Saturday.

Combined army of two hundred thousand
men that engaged in the battle of the en
nies of Virginia, commanded by Lee and
Johnson, arrived and ordered a junction
with Jackson's, Longstreet's Hill's and Ewell's divisions, making a combined army of two hundred thousand
men that engaged in the battle of the en
nies. This contest was terrific, and finally re
sulted in our holding the field till far in
the night, when our forces—out of ammu-
nation and to cut our rear in the direc
tion of Fairview Court House, on the Lit
ter River road.

Pope promptly put in motion Heintzel
man and Reno's corps in the direc
tion of the enemy, with orders to inter
cept them. These forces came upon the enemy near Chantilly, and the small force that were engaged in the battle of the en
nies. The cost of this decisive victory was
great, as two of our gallant and dis
tinguished officers perished in it with their
blood—Generals Kearney and Stevens.

This success enabled Pope again to fall
back, and to reach without loss or disas
ter Fairview Court House, with his troops,
trains, and supplies.

Here he had resolved to establish his
lines, and make a final stand, convinced
that he could secure and hold lines of
communication between Washington and Alexandria. But in the course of the day he was instructed from Washington to fall back in front of the lines of defense
for that city.

This was accomplished in the course of
the day and following night, with a suc
cess unparalleled in the movements of
modern armies.

It has enabled the entire army of the
Peninsula to withdraw from its position of
difficulty and danger there. The ar
mies of the Potomac and Virginia have
been united in front of the lines near
Washington, making the capital not only
secure from any attempt at its capture
but enabling us to reorganize in a position
to fall upon the enemy's rear and flank in
whatever direction his forces may move.

It is more justice to Gen. Pope that the
public should know that all of his move
ments have been made dependent upon
reinforcements and support at fixed times
and places from others. Relying upon the
impartiality of his own good sense, he has
failed to do anything except to strengthen
his immediate command, he has succeeded,
without disaster or defeat, in falling back,
pursued by overwhelming forces, holding
them in check and giving them battle at
different points on sixteen separate days.

Col. Edgar O'Connor.

This gallant officer fell at the head of his
regiment in the bloody fight between Manas
sas and Warrington on Thursday, the 29th
ult. The 3d Wisconsin suffered terribly in
the loss of both officers and men, but nobly
did they sustain their reputations as one of
the best fighting regiments in the service.

Col. Edgar O'Connor was born in Cleve
land, Ohio, August 29, 1833. In his ninth
year his parents removed to Milwaukee, in
this state, and graduated at West
Military Academy, in Union, 1852. He then
served as Lieutenant in the 3rd regiment
regular army, until 1850, when he resigned.
In 1858 he went with the expedition that
reached the plains near Santa Fe and Pike's
Peak, and was afterwards stationed three
years at Fort Gibson, in the Indian country,
where he enjoyed peculiar advantages of
perfecting himself in the military art and
becoming acquainted with frontier life. In
1857 he married a Miss Whitfield, of Arkans
as. In 1859 he studied law in Janesville,
and was admitted to the bar in 1861. After
the battle of Bull Run, Col. O'Connor was
appointed to the command of the regiment,
and by unwearying efforts completely restored
it to its efficiency and discipline. He
was honored and esteemed by his man, and
in his dying moments cheered them on in
fighting for the flag waving over him.
out growing, for as yet they have not got me frightened, and if I have to fight another battle I will "go in game, and fight like a butcher boy from the wild West." I have not changed one bit since I left home for I am the same wild, gassy little devil as ever.

Maybe you think a year's soldiership has made an old man of the boy, but I am as ever a "bolly boy with a glass eye," and I am bound to blow my horn if I don't sell a fish.

That is me, while I go. I'll jump in if I don't say a minute.

Are they getting many recruits around Racine, and has George Williamson filled up his company yet.

I saw George Elmore last summer in Frederickburg, he told me if ever I wrote to any of you to send his respects. He is the same old chip that he was when in Racine. He says he shall come out to Racine and see you boys when he leaves the Government road.

The last I heard of the boys they were all right. If you see a Wisconsin paper with the names of the killed and wounded in it I wish you would send it to me, as I don't know who is gone or who is not; but I suppose a good many of our poor fellows were laid low as they have been in several battles since I saw them. I heard that Capt. Parsons was wounded, but how true it is I don't know. I wish they would send us home until we get well, as I don't like being kept in a strange place. I hear the Governor is trying to get us home, and I hope he will succeed. Give my regards to all of the boys, and tell them I am getting along finely. I have written a quite long letter and must now close, hoping to hear from you soon.

I remain, ever your friend,

LYMAN ACY.

Death of Col. O'Connor, of the 2d Regiment.

In the special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune, under date of the 29th, we find the following:

"Col. McConnell, of the 2d Wisconsin, was killed during the fight yesterday."

This doubtless refers to Edgar O'Connor, of Beloit, in this State, who commanded the 2d Regiment. Col. O'Connor received his commission as Colonel of this regiment, soon after the battle of Bull Run, and, although a partial loss of the use of his voice, has prevented him from taking active command a portion of the time, the regiment has made excellent progress in the science of military since he took charge of it. He was a graduate of West Point, and had had considerable experience in the U. S. Army, so that his counsel was of vast importance to the discipline of the regiment, even though he could not take entire command. His regiment is understood to rank among the very best in the service. His fall in battle will be deeply lamented by a large circle of friends in this State. He was a son of Hon. L. O'Connor of Beloit.

Crude Treatment of Col. O'Connor by Military Academy in June, 1858. He then served as Lieutenant in the 7th regiment regular army, until 1859, when he resigned. In 1856 he went with the expedition that crossed the plains, and suffered the greatest hardships of which Col. Morrison made special mention. Colonel O'Connor made a profile and survey of the route, of remarkable accuracy, which is now on the books of the War Department.

In September, 1857, he was united in marriage with Miss Whitfield, daughter of the Hon. Wm. Whitfield, of Arkansas. The young heart-stricken widow, a sufferer in this horrid civil war, is now in this place with her father-in-law, Judge O'Connor.

After his resignation in 1859, he studied law in this city with Rockwell & Converse, and was admitted to the bar of Rock County in March, 1861.

From the 2d Regiment.

From a private letter written by an officer of the Second Regiment to his friends in this city, we are permitted to make the following extracts:

CENTREVILLE, Sept. 1, 1862.

Dear Friends:—You will have heard before this of the battle fought day before yesterday, and the battle of the night before. The night before was fought by our brigade, and two regiments of Double-day's brigade, alone. We bad against us the famous Stonewall division of the rebel army. The loss on that night in this brigade was 730 killed, wounded and missing. The Second went into the fight with about 430 men, and lost in killed, wounded and missing 239. Col. O'Connor fell wounded in the groin and arm and died soon after being carried off the field. He fought bravely, and was dearly beloved by the regiment. Major Allen was wounded in the neck and arm, but did not leave the field until the fighting was over.

Lt. Col. Fairchild will send a full return, by name, to the Governor of our loss in the several actions. It is being made out now. The Second, and the whole brigade, are in good heart and ready for another fight.

Day before yesterday, the Second and Seventh were consolidated, under the command of Lt. Col. F., and we fought together all that day, mounted as the extreme rear guard during the retreat to this place. Lt. Col. F. applied last night to have them separated again, as each have been receiving reinforcements of men, who had been detached as wagon guards, and numbers of sick have returned, so that the Second now has over 800 men for fighting duty, and the Seventh about 450.
Lt. Col. F. is in pretty good health, only worn down to almost complete exhaustion. Major Allen ought to go to the city as he is not well, but he will not leave the regiment. He is a very brave man.

You never saw a braver set of men than this brigade. They stood right up against a much larger force, in very close range, over an hour, and not a man that I have heard of showed the white feather; and they are ready to go in again and do the same thing over.

Gave Ely wrote recently among other things to his wife, the following about Wisconsin troops. Of the 2d he says:

The regiment behaved gloriously. It has never been broken before the enemy, or failed to hold a position assigned to it till relieved or ordered off. Glorious old 2d! its banners are torn by bullets, but the tattered colors are dear to the heroic men who defended them. Wisconsin has an ease to be ashamed of the 6th and 7th; their ranks are thinned almost as badly as the 21's. They are heroes who remain, as were those who have fallen before the foe, wounded always in the front. Thank God, Sunday and Wednesday were days of victory.

Another Letter from Capt. Ely.

CENTREVILLE, Sept. 1st, 1862.

I have but one moment to write. I am well and unharmed, I sent you a list of the wounded in my company on the 28th.

Since then only one man has been wounded, viz.: Corporal Isaac R. Hoggins, on Aug. 30th. Enclosed is a list giving particulars:

Sergt. William Warren, wounded very seriously in the side; and prisoner: Corporal James Peace, killed; Corporal Isaac R. Hoggins, wounded in left hand; Corporal John McLochin, wounded seriously in the abdomen; prisoner: privates Alvin Z. Eagen, wounded badly in the face; Lucas L. Turner, prisoner; Samuel Creek, prisoner: Frederick Kraster, prisoner; Marion Alexander, wounded in thigh; Joseph Tramble, in shoulder; prisoner: David Trumble, in hip; John McIntire, in leg: prisoner; Andrew Bean, slightly in hand; John A. Jones, in arm; Albert B. Heath, in leg and arm; Edward Killen in wrist; Miles D. Bresler, killed; Chauncey Callender, wounded in arm; Aed Peterson, in face; Thomas H. Krull, in hand.

This man of Samuel Elliot among the killed in Capt. Ely's first letter, is not mentioned in this list. Our regimental losses are as follows:

Enlisted 44

Killed 1

Wounded 19

Missing 21

One man of Samuel Elliot among the killed in Capt. Ely's first letter, is not mentioned in this list.

Our Sacrifices. The terrible sacrifices of this war may be realized by reading Capt. Ely's letter. He has only 17 men with him of the one hundred noble fellows who left us some fourteen months ago, in all the pride of vigorous manhood; and in the Second Wisconsin there were, on the day on which the letter was written, Friday last, only 200 effective men, out of the 1000 of which it was originally composed. We mourn the loss of those brave places.

Many of these lives, precious to their friends and country, we verily believe might have been saved, by a different military policy. And yet, the sacrifice brings no results. The rebellion is stronger, today, than it was one year ago, while our army is back at its old position defending the fortifications of Washington. How long shall bare-eyed conservatism grope in the dark, while the noble men, we so delight to add one more laurel wreath of fame, who have been added to the noble men, we so delight to call friends:

Bull Run, Sep. 1.

Among the troops who have been engaged in the recent contests near the field of the struggle of July, 1861, is one brigade, the bravery of whose movements we shall endeavor to depict in the following remarks.

GIBBON'S BRIGADE LEAVE CENTREVILLE.

Gibbon's brigade, of King's division, on Thursday afternoon left their temporary camp, and marched from Centreville along the main road leading to Manassas Junction. It had not marched more than three miles from the former place, when the advance guard of the brigade were suddenly attacked, or rather attacked by a superior force of rebels.

The advance guard, suddenly retired until the brigade came up, and enemy still advancing upon them. Brisk skirmishing ensued, which was continued some time.

A Sharp Engagement commenced at half past five, p. m., between the brigade of our men and the enemy, who were in greatly superior force. The rebels advanced from the woods with terrific yell upon Gibbons Wisconsin boys, who were stationed at the edge of the field, which was skirted by another wood opposite, from which the rebels came. The rebels poured a fearful fire into us as the same, yelling and threatening to overwhelm us.
of the contest of July, 1861, is one brigade,
the bravery of whose movements: I shall
endeavor to depict in the following few
remarks: Gibbons' brigade, of King's di-
cision, on Thursday left their temporary
camp and marched to Centreville along
the main line of the Confederates; it
had not marched more than three miles
from the former place when the advance
guard of the brigade were suddenly
attacked by a superior force of rebels.
The advance guard steadily retired until
the brigade came up, the enemy still ad-
vanishing upon them. Break skirmishing
ensued, with an engagement between the
brigade of Gibbons and the enemy.

An engagement began at 5 P.M. between
the two forces, the 2d Wisconsin
in regiment, conveying officially to Judge
O'Connor the intelligence of the death of
his son, Col. Edgar O'Connor:

FAIRFAX, Va., Sept. 2d, 1862.

My DEAR FRIEND:—I am under the
most painful duty of informing you that
Edgar died on the night of Thursday last,
August 25th, killed while in action with
his regiment.

He was wounded in the arm and groin,
carried off the field to the surgeon, and
died within an hour. He fought bravely,
and was dearly beloved by all of us of his
old regiment.

Dr. Ward of the 2d remained when we
retired to take care of the wounded, and
overwhelmed in the fire proved too
heavy, though it was not destructive,
and did not respond until they had ad-
vanced some distance into the clearing.

And at point of musketry and very much
artillery. Then, and then only, did the
larger force, firing one hour and ten
minutes of command, come to commence
repulsed the enemy, and then re-
firing. Hatch and Doubleday's batteries
were with the bri- day.

I have on one belonging to Edgar,
his wallet and his little baggage. I do
not know the amount of money in his wallet,
but it is badly matted with his blood.

Nobly did the Wisconsin sustain
their reputation. A perfect sheet of flame
issued from the camp and the field, as Edgar
was buried and marked his grave. We left over 50 dead
on the field, and nearly 200 wounded near
them, from the 2d regiment alone.

Our brigade is in condition to give the
enemy a very much
artillery. Then, and then only, did the
larger force, firing one hour and ten
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minutes of command, come to commence
repulsed the enemy, and then re-
firing. Hatch and Doubleday's batteries
were with the bri- day.

The 2d went into the fight with 430 men,
who were killed, 205 wounded and 305 missing.
The brigade lost over 700,
they stood right up and fought until the
men ceased firing—not a man giving

I have no time to write more, but
little heart to do it. Write me soon.

Truly Yours,

LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Sept. 2, 1862.

FRIEND BRICK:—I hastily write you
that friends may know of the fate of the
members of the La Crosses L. G.

I am easily seated at the head-quarters
of 1st Lieut. Hounes—46, Royal
street Alexandria. He has been quite
sick; but in consequence of the late bat-
tles, has urged himself to the belief that
he is well, and is now preparing to join
his company.

The army since my last to you, (the
troops of Virginia) have been incessantly
on the move—principally retreating.
At Rappahannock Station our forces
were concentrated—the east bank being our
front. Jackson's advance and we prepar-
ed for a general engagement; but to our
surprise, he would not approach us square
ly as was our wish, but sent to the rear
of our forces a raising band, which, as you
must have learned, amount to the forces
of Major Gen. Pope, and the Wisconsin
Brigade; Gen. McDowell's train were drawn
up between the above train, about mid-
way—the two forces lying 600 yards
apart. Gen. Pope had eight wagons
burned; ten tents burned; his private
property with maps of the country, cap-
utured; also some $20,000 taken; all the
larger cut pieces that was left, and
10 horses taken. Gen. McDowell, although
hospitably entertained, had nothing touched—save
the capture of one of the clerks and hospital
ward—Black Jake is non est. Gibbons
could have lost all, save for the noble
ward.

After the above raid, our forces were
billed to fall back to Warrentown. At
Rappahannock Station, three men
were wounded in the 2d.) On arriving
at White Sulphur Springs another en-
gagement ensued, and three others were
wounded. The army of Virginia then fell
back toward Bealeton Station, where we
were joined by a portion of Gen. B. M.
McCullum's army, and an engagement took
place near the latter station, causing
Jackson, to "skedaddle" towards Manasas
and Washington. At Manassas the
rebels destroyed some 200,000 worth of
commissary stores—likewise seventy R.
cars—tore up the R. R. track, and
took some seventy-five prisoners. The
next day, the 29th inst., our forces
overtook Jackson and a terrible contest
ensued. The Wisconsin Brigade opened
the ball, and suffered severely. It is un-
necessary for me to give minute details;
suffice to say that one day have
they been engaged, and the following are
among the casualties of Company "B":

Edwin Brewer, killed.

Oscar M. Bradford, severely wounded
in right breast.

Wm. Williams, flesh wound in the leg.

Jas. O. Leach, wounded in ankle, and
light scalp scratch.

Jas. Slocum, painful, but not dangerous
wound in face.

F. J. Phelps, flesh wound in arm.

L. Lockman, missing, and supposed to
be found in head.

R. E. Ashby, slight flesh wound in the
breast.

Jas. P. Blakeslee, missing.

Robt. Scott, missing, and supposed to
be wounded.

E. Potter, missing.

Ed B. Moore, missing.

C. Knoll, right fore finger shot off.

Thos Rand, missing and supposed
prisoner.

Frank Champman, missing and repor-

real than any other regiment in the brig-
ade, lost fourteen killed and sixty-four

%
The fearful streets are filled continually coming and looking into our windows, and the welkin rang, it was said, this afternoon, creating a panic among our men. Our secessionists—the latter causing some disturbance, and more particularly strict. On Saturday, we could hear the artillery going off the wounded, I think they were mostly from the James River. In the evening, besides as many ambulances and coaches going in and out, there were also in the town at the same time, were injured in, but within two miles of Alexandria, with a large number of wounded soldiers. He left early this morning, to do, as he says, what he can for our country; the same brave men, whose blood has flowed for it, it makes our hearts sad, for the fate of the Bella City Rifles. Here I stay with those friends who are so deeply afflicted. Indeed, I feel to mourn. Doctor seemed much affected because of the death of our boys, said they were so noble and brave. You can form no conception of the appearance of Washington since last Thursday and more particularly since last Saturday afternoon. The streets are filled continually with ambulances, carriages and coaches going in and out, and bringing off the wounded, I think they were mostly from the James River.

On Saturday we could hear the artillery very plainly, and see the smoke rise in clouds. At one time the report came that the rebels were within two miles of Alexandria, and that the Alexandrians were fleeing to this city by thousands. These stories were gotten up by rebel sympathizers, to create a panic among our men. Our secessionist neighbors were in the highest spirits—ladies coming and looking into our windows, and laughing, saying Lee and Jackson would soon be in the city, &c. Gen. Wadsworth paid them all a visit in the evening, and have neither heard or seen any more of them since, they keeping their doors and windows tightly closed.

Secessionists are bold in declaring that Jackson would be in Washington within thirty days. He said the army was coming on, and could easily get into Maryland, where 75,000 true men were waiting to help them gloriously. All these secessionists said they had armed, and these they would obtain on their way back. Washington was theirs which they would destroy immediately, and then the bone of contention would be broken, and they could demand peace on their own terms, in view of all this, and of which people in general have no doubt, they assumed the offensive so desperately.

When the reports of Alexandria were in danger, I felt, "I have lived long enough if my country is lost, I wish to fall with it." But I believe they have almost sold my life for that of one rebel! I wish you would say to Messrs. Sanford & Tapley in the Advocate, of any of the ladies of Racine would like to contribute some little delicacies, or furnish means for me to do so. I would gladly see that they are properly given to our brave men of Wisconsin, who are in the several hospitals in this city. Many have already arrived, and more are expected this evening. In regard to clothing, I have made enquiries, and all seem to be well supplied thus far, by our friends in the several counties. I have been in Washington, and have often heard the sick remark they would like some.

This morning, accompanied by Capt. Scott, I went up to the headquarters of the forces. I was very glad I had not been there, as some seven hundred came in last Friday and Saturday, in the most destitute condition. I saw one woman, who had asked thirty dollars, and brought her baby, nine months old, also a child, four years old, the whole distance. Some of the small children were wrapped up, not having any clothing. One gentlewoman said I would find a day for the truck which Mrs. Burnham sent by Doctor, and to-morrow I am going off to attend to the distribution.

Sept. 2, A. M.

There is great excitement here in regard to McDowell. Many think him a traitor—and this last to bow to another Bull Run affair.

Sept. 4, 4. M.

The order came this afternoon, that Gen. McClellan is appointed Commander-in-chief of the army in the vicinity of Washington. It is said, that never since the war commenced has there been such a man.

Sergeant L. Plumbsted, Portage.

Prom the Portage State Register.

LETTER FROM LIEUT. HILL.


From the Portage State Register.

CAMP NEAR MUNSON HILL, VA., Sept. 3d, 1862.

W. E. F'Connor found his final resting place, and he could demand peace on their own terms, in view of all this, and of which people in general have no doubt, they assumed the offensive so desperately.

When the reports of Alexandria were in danger, I felt, "I have lived long enough if my country is lost, I wish to fall with it." But I believe they have almost sold my life for that of one rebel! I wish you would say to Messrs. Sanford & Tapley in the Advocate, of any of the ladies of Racine would like to contribute some little delicacies, or furnish means for me to do so. I would gladly see that they are properly given to our brave men of Wisconsin, who are in the several hospitals in this city. Many have already arrived, and more are expected this evening. In regard to clothing, I have made enquiries, and all seem to be well supplied thus far, by our friends in the several counties. I have been in Washington, and have often heard the sick remark they would like some.

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LETTER FROM LIEUT. HILL.


From the Portage State Register.

CAMP NEAR MUNSON HILL, VA., Sept. 3d, 1862.

FRIEND SAW—I feel to be my duty to write a few lines that the citizens of Portage, may know the fate of the Portage Guard, as it is promised by giving the casual ties as near as I am able. The number killed, wounded and missing is forty-two. Killed, 2; wounded, 27; missing, 2.

LIST OF KILLED.

John G. Kent, Portage.

Gunnar Luchs, Portage.

John Leeter, Lowville.

Owen W. Davis, Kingston.

Charles P. Bingham, Wyoming.

Wm. Dace, Portage.

After Loomis, Portage.

Walter Pietsch, Portage.

Morris S. Phillips, Castle Rock.

John W. Orner, Portage.

Guy Sherwood, Portage.

James A. Snyder, Portage.

Trevor A. Bailey, Portage.

LIST OF WOUNDED.

Sergeant Henry G. Clark, Kildare.

Geo. O. Day, Portage.

Randal G. McDonald, Lowville.


A. Peders, Portage.

Samuel H. Morrison, Portage.

Charles F. Austin, Portage.


John Chapman, Wyoming.

Geo. B. Church, Dekora.

Thos. F. Coving, Friendship.

James H. Grace, Portage.

F. L. Meads, Madison.

Geo. Hill, Ridgway.

Warren L. Pratt, Lanesboro.

Jethar F. Loomer, Dekora.


Samuel C. Holland, Wycosca.

Warren L. Pratt, Lanesboro.

John StoDO, Springfield.

Orson Parker, Portage.

Homer Swansen, Madison.

Miles Swansen, Madison.

Peter J. Irwin, Wyocena.

Edwin Jackson, Moundville.

LIST OF MINED.

Michael McMahan, Moundville.

Alexo Tiffany, Fort Winnebago.

I went into the fight of Thursday, the 25th, with fifty-one men, and came out with only eight! With those I worked, until we were ordered to march. In carrying off the wounded, I think that they were all taken off the field.

ALEX. S. HILL,


From the Second Regiment—Officer from Col. Fairchild to the Governor.

List of Killed, Wounded and Missing.

CAMP GIBSON'S BRIDGE, ON THE HILL, VA., September 4th, 1862.

Governor Solomon—

Sun: I send you herewith a report of the killed, wounded and missing during the past two weeks.

Had I been able to get at our wagons sooner, I should have been able to have furnished it earlier. I need not tell you that the 2d, with the whole brigade, stood up like a lion and fought as soldiers should. The fearful number lost on the night of Aug. 28th.
proves it but well.

Col. O'Connor fell while bravely leading his men, respected and beloved by all. Capt. Randolph fell at the head of his company, shot through the head.

Major Allen, though wounded twice, did not leave the field until the action was over. We want more men badly.

Though somewhat cut up we are in good spirits, and good condition.

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

LUCIUS FAIRCHILD,
Lieut. Col., Commanding 2d Wis.

Report of Casualties in the Second Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers in the several Engagements in which it took part from August 21st to August 30th, inclusive.

LIEUTENANT-ColONEL THOMAS L. WHEELER, Commanding.

August 21st.—Charles K. Dean, Adjutant—taken prisoner while conveying orders.

Philo P. Davis, in breast and wrist.

Kirby B. Davis, in breast and wrist.

Wounded.—Major Joseph E. Minor, in breast and wrist.

Sergeant James Martin, in arm.

Thomas Matecumon, in head.

August 28th.—Harvey McManis, company E, in chest.

Sergeant Major William W. Winner, wounded in knee, seriously.

Joseph Allen, wounded in knee, badly.

Killed.—Corporal Silas Bennett, William Luhm, in breast.

Wounded.—Corporal Joseph J. Minor, wounded in both legs.

J. W. Keeler, in head.

Joe E. Lewis, in ankle very severely; W. E. Sayre, in ankle, severely; W. E. Sayre, in ankle, to be amputated; Julius S. Hull, in ankle, slightly; Abraham White, in ankle, slightly.

Killed.—George B. Lincoln, Corp R. K. B. Davis, in breast.

Corp B. Davis, Corp G. G. La Clair, Charles Boull, in head.

Corp J. H. Gregory, Joseph M. Mann, Hans P. Chrirty.

Wounded.—Corp J. H. Gregory, Sgt. M. D. McVey, in head.

Sargent Francis L. Graham, bowels; Sergt. Samuel Manlanger, thigh; Corp John Xuter, Corp C. H. Price, breast; Lyman G. Green, head; Charles B. Kneeland, arm; Capt. James Johnson, head; Charles C. Jewett, head;oshel K. Johnson, head; Nathaniel Meigs, thigh and shoulder; Cornelia North, head; Henry Bowles, head; Frank L. Rice, thigh; James Davis, breast and shoulder, missing; Samuel Beaman, Sowells, Doutts, C. Smith, leg.

Missing.—Mervin Walton.

Corporal Silas Bennett, William Luhm, in breast.

Killed.—Corporal Silas Bennett, William Luhm, in breast.

Wounded.—Corporal Joseph J. Minor, wounded in both legs.

J. W. Keeler, in head.

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Missing.—Mervin Walton.

Corporal S
The Wisconsin Regiments Before Washington.

The bravery of the 2d, 6th and 7th regiments in the late battles is on every tongue. Says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times, writing September 4th:

The fulm and truthful history of events for the last fortnight would fill us with mingled feelings of satisfaction, pride, and Never. Since the war began, has there been a greater part of all that is manful in human nature, and, at the same time of those qualities that will blush to own himself kindred to man.

Among the former, let me instance King’s division, composed largely of Western troops,—among whom were the Second, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin. Before going into battle, they drew ninety-two hundred rations; and upon coming out, they drew only twenty-three hundred. They struggled against the most fearful odds for nearly an entire day, and only at last doggedly consented to move from the field, when satisfied that the only alternative to retreat was complete annihilation.

Camp near Falls Church, Va.
September 5th, 1862.

Editor of State Journal: As company H, of the 2d Wisconsin, was mostly composed of Dane county men who were taken prisoners at Madison, I know of no more direct and convenient way of informing its friends of its losses than through the columns of your paper. Fighting began on the Rappahannock on the 21st of August, and continued every day until September 1st. The 2d was engaged in it, more or less, nearly every day, but lost but little until the battle of the 28th, near Gainesville.

This battle commenced at about 6 o’clock in the evening, and was fought chiefly by Gibbon’s brigade on our side, and the left wing of Jackson’s army on the other.

The engagement lasted about one hour and a quarter, after the battle fairly opened, and the 2d lost as follows:


Wounded—Sgt. Paul Halverson, mouth, badly; Corp. W. H. Stearns, left hand, slightly; Corp. H. I. Kausten, left leg; Capt. H. H. Heath, leg; William Mathews, left hand; R. S. Dunlevy, arm; A. B. Butler, arm; R. G. Brown, head, badly; O. Banch, nose, badly; J. C. Concan, arm; Thomas Dally, hand; S. M. Lukov, leg; E. S. Edmunds, both legs; J. K. V. Moore, arm, slightly; S. Foote, face; J. Groover, mouth; L. B. Valentine arm and shoulder; A. Mitchell, leg; Joseph Plunkett, shoulder, badly; T. M. Stand, leg; J. R. Stone, knee; N. F. Turner, leg; J. Thompson, foot; J. S. Van Hoesen, leg; J. Wattle, leg, slightly.


We (Co. H) went into action that day with forty-six muskets. None of those taken prisoners were in the ranks, except Macintosh and Moore. On the 30th we went into action again, but the regiment being small, it was withdrawn with the 7th Va., Vol., both regiments making one battalion under command of Col. Fairchild, Col. O’Comer having been killed, and Major Allen and the three field officers of the 7th having been wounded on the 28th. The second was consolidated into four companies and the 7th into six. In this engagement Co. H, had eleven men—seven in the ranks, two sergeants, one regimental marker and one color bearer. Lieut. Haycraft fought with remarkable bravery and coolness on the 28th, but was unable to participate in the action of the 30th. On the 28th the color guard, which was made a part of Co. H, were all (eight men) either killed or wounded. Their names, except Corp. Young, are not included in the above list.

We now number for duty, sixteen privates, five non-commissioned officers and the commissioned officers, having withdrawn nearly all our extra duty men from their posts and placed them in the ranks. I have not time to give you anything like a complete account of the battle. In fact a correct description of a battle is a difficult thing to write. So far I have seen an published statement of the recent battles bits the mark at all. But the battle of the 20th was a most terrific contest, throwing the battle of July 21st, ’61, which was fought on the same ground, so far into the shade that it is hardly worthy of mention.

Respectfully yours,
NAT. ROLLINS.

From the Wisconsin State Journal.

A Letter from the Second.

We are kindly permitted to copy the following interesting extracts from a private letter received in the city from a member of the 2d Wisconsin Regiment. He speaks warmly of that noble Regiment, but no more so than it deserves.

Upton’s Hill, Va., Sept. 5, 1862.

I have on previous occasions murmured that the Second were slighted. I take it all back—we have had our share lately. We have been in four fights—two regular pitched battles. The first two I will pass over—we killed many and lost but few. I found that I possessed one faculty that I was not satisfied that I am not qualified for. On the 28th of August, Gibbon’s brigade had the most desperate struggle against large odds. The 2d Wisconsin was the first regiment ordered forward, and amid the yell of the enemy, guns, cannon, shells and bullets, the 2d steadily advanced. It was near the old Bull Run field, and desperation seized the 2d. Like lions the men fought; oh! such a time. Our Colonel was carried from the field to die; our Major was wounded in the arm and neck; our line wavered, and we for the first time realized our situation. But look, we have one field officer left—Lieut. Col. Fairchild is still with us. He takes command, and cheers the 2d press for ward. With sleeves rolled up and his sword clutched in his right hand, he tells the men to sustain the good name they have at home. Brave men—the 2d need not urging to do their duty. No man of the regiment left the field alone if able to walk off, all felt the same, and when darkness closed in we had possession of the field. Let me not forget the other regiments of Gibbon’s “star” brigade— the 8th and 10th Indiana. All fought well and desperately. When night threw her sable mantle over the bloody field, Col. Fairchild cast his eyes along our line, and, with tears in his eyes, he said: “Where, Good God! where is the Second? Have they not had their turn?” When they answered him “Colonel, they are all here—all that’s left—more than half lay on the battery.” As if a weight was lifted from his soul he said: “Thank God the Second have not deserted their friends.”

We fought Jackson’s trial Division—about ten to one. The Second left the State with over one thousand men; we now number 150 muskets. The next day we marched to the bloody field, the 2d were consolidated, and the two regiments numbered less than the 6th; and where other brigades could not stand, this brigade was ordered. We stood, we fought, and many died there, but no one turned his back. The rebels came—they charge our battery, and with shouts they are driven back, and the battery saved.

The 40th New York came running from an orchard; we could not stop them, until Gen. Gibbons ordered us to charge bayonet. We were there, and never turned back, but the frightened men dare not go. He turns to the scattered Second and says, “Will you go? every man was all the answer he received—we went—the tide of battle is turned—the day is ours. We did our duty. Our regiment made no more sacrifice than any other—I hope we may return to Washington, in sight of the Capital.

Ger. McClellan is again our leader. Hopes brighten. Pope would let no letter pass from the lines. Hence we could not write you.

I came out of the fights all right, save one bullet went through my breeches, and gave me a slight wound on the right ankle, just to remind me that business was going on.

The fight is going on up the river, and we plainly hear the report of cannon. Fighting began in the evening, and was fought chiefly by Gibbon’s brigade on our side, and the left wing of Jackson’s army on the other—

B. R. B.
ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

HEADQUARTERS 20 Wt., Vol. I.
Camp near Leesburg, Md., Sept. 8, 1862.

MERRILL. ATWOOD & RUBLEY: In the telegraphic column of your paper, I do not know what date appeared something to the effect that "McDowell's corps retreated from the field of battle on Saturday, Aug. 30, in great confusion across Bull Run, under cover of Sigel's corps."

I wish, in justice to part of McDowell's corps, to correct the error.

To Gibbon's brigade was assigned the duty of acting as rear guard of the army, when it moved from the field of battle.

The brigade remained on the field till long after dark, and until all other troops had moved towards Centreville. As such rear guard, it marched to Centreville, leaving nothing in our rear, except for a very short time, when part, or all, of Sigel's corps were in camp near Bull Run, making coffee. The brigade camped soon after crossing Bull Run, under cover of Sigel's corps.

I also saw Doubleday's Brigade on the march, and know that they did not retreat in disorder. Of the balance of McDowell's corps, I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but am very certain that they marched off in good order.

That a good portion of the army, too many by far, struggled I know is true, but wish to be known to our friends at home that Gibbon's brigade, which was a part of that corps—does not struggle, nor have they ever retreated in disorder.

Could you have some of these men of this brigade stand up in line on the night of Aug. 28, not a man skulking or wavering, breast to the fire of nearly a whole division of the enemy, until their ranks were fearfully thinned, and back of the enemy's breastworks, you would have been as proud of them as we are.

In that engagement we lost our brave 'little Colonel,' as the men were wont to call him, a great loss to us. He was our most excellent officer.

Capt. Randolph fell, too. I need not tell you that it was at the head of his company, doing his duty nobly. Major Allen, although wounded twice, refused to leave the field, and has remained on duty against our friends.

I also read sometime after the battle of Cedar Mountain, in an Eastern paper, that it was in consequence of the failure of the Federal army that the attack was made, and that the day was lost. The truth is, the brigades were at Fredericksburg at that time, and received orders to march until the next day, at 6 o'clock in the morning; all marched, making the distance of forty-five miles in two days, in very hot weather.

To Gibbon's brigade also belongs the credit of being the only troops who defended their wagons when they were attacked by rebel cavalry at Catlett's Station. Our wagons were defended at that time by sick men, but men who could get well when duty called. The cavalry charged three times on the train, but were repulsed each time, and finally driven off, leaving their dead and wounded in the field and several prisoners in our men's hands. Capt. Giles, of the 7th Wisconsin, was in command of the sick men, and was entitled to great credit for his behavior.

Hoping that you may soon hear of our army winning a victory, I am

One of the Second.

From the Light Guard.

We are permitted to publish some extracts from a private letter written by Robert Scott, which will be of interest to many having friends in the La Cross Light Guard:

CAMP POLK, ANVAPOLI, Mo., Sept. 6, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER: I enclose you a letter to Dr. Blakeslee from his son the day we came within our lines from rebeldom, and will now write of our travels from the time we left Slaughter Mountain until now, and some of the incidents connected therewith.

It being believed that our army was in a perilous position in consequence of our rear being unprocted, we commenced to fall back on morning of the 20th ult., (the principal part of our trains having gone the afternoon previous), and by 10 o'clock the subsequent day we had retreated across the Rappahannock River and placed our Artillery in position to dispute the crossing of the enemy, who were following us closely. On Friday afternoon our Adjutant was taken prisoner by the enemy's cavalry, some of which had crossed at a ford some distance above Rappahannock Station, where we were then sent to hold the river at this ford is about three rods wide and one being occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters and the other by ours, firing at each other when an opportunity afforded. Shelling was now going on and kept up at the different crossings until late in the evening of the two succeeding days, during which time we were under their fire.

On Saturday afternoon we left Rappahannock Station and arrived at Warren on the same evening. Here we encamped until Tuesday morning, when we marched to White Sulphur Springs, where we had quite a lively cannonade with the enemy, the shells of both sides flying over our heads and our horses being out as skirmishers. The enemy sustained a heavy loss, and disgracefully withdrew their sharpshooters from within our range under a flag of truce. Our side had a considerable number wounded.

While we were thus feeling our time

shoulder; L. O. Hooper, arm and hand—McClure, leg; Joseph Ploucquet, shoulder, hand; T. M. Handley, leg; W. Thompson, foot; J. Van Houser, leg; J. White, head; J. W. Goss, &c. W. H. Meade, hand; A. G. Mason, hand; W. D. Moore, George W. Wilson, O. M. Davis.

We (Co. B) went into action that day with forty-six muskets. None of those taken prisoners were in the ranks, except Macintosh and Moore. On the 30th we went into action again, but the regiment being so much reduced, it was joined with the 7th Va., forming two regiments making one battalion under command of Capt. Fairchild. Capt. O'Connor having been killed, and Major Allen and the three field officers of the 7th having been wounded on the 28th. The second was consolidated into four companies and the 7th into six. In this engagement Co. H had eleven men—seven in the ranks, two sergeants, one regimental quartermaster, and one color bearer. Lieut. Humphreys fought with remarkable bravery and coolness on the 28th, but was unable to participate in the action of the 30th. On the 30th, the color guard, which was made up of Co. H, were all (eight men) either killed or wounded. Their names, except corp. Young, are not included in the above list. We now numbered for duty, sixteen privates, five non-commissioned officers and two commissioned officers, having withdrawn nearly all our extra duty men from the places and placed them in the ranks. I have not time to give you anything like a complete account of the battle. In fact a correct description of the battle is a difficult thing to write. So far have I seen no published statement of the recent battles hits the mark at all. The battle of the 30th was a most terrible affair, throwing the battle passed into the 20th ult., (the principal part of our trains having gone the afternoon previous.), and by 10 o'clock the subsequent day we had retreated across the Rappahannock River and placed our Artillery in position to dispute the crossing of the enemy.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer dating from Washington, Sept. 7, has the following in regard to the report of Surgeon Ward, of the 3d Wisconsin, who was detailed by Gen. Gibbon to remain and attend to a portion of our wounded left behind with the rebels after the recent battles:

Surgeon Ward represents that our wounded were treated in the most brutal manner by the Rebels. They remained within the Rebel lines some eight days, during the whole of which our men were not only unprovided with food, but in many cases, were destitute of blankets with which to shield themselves from the inclemency of the weather, as they lay in the woods and along the way-side. Further than this, two ambulances containing medical stores and a large number of wounded, which were provided the surgeon, were captured by the Rebels, together with six men belonging to the ambulance, who escaped the Rebel lines in a body on the night of the 29th.

Thus unprovided with either food or medicine for our wounded, our surgeon made application, first to the Medical Director of the rebel army some of whom promised relief, but the relief never came. And, Surgeon Green, of the Nineteenth Indiana
away at the latter place, Jackson with
his main-force had made a detour around
our right and got in our rear by way of
Thoroughfare Gap; so, of course, we were
obliged to take the back track on Wednes-
day morning, and by 10 o'clock Thursday,
we were at Gainesville Station—a point on the Warrenton Pike and Manas-
sas Gap railroad. It was now evident
that the enemy was in force on our front
and flanks, and that we would be obli-
ged to cut our way through their lines
to Centerville, and the sooner the better.
So late in the afternoon we started on
the pike for Centerville, moving cau-
tiously. We had gone about three miles
(and it was now about 7 P. M.) when the
enemy opened upon us as we were
marching along the road, with artillery,
the second shot of which cut the throat
of the horse of our Brigade Adjutant,
within a few feet of where I stood. Our
Regiment now came to a front and were
ordered to lie down in a hollow by the
road side behind a fence, many of the
rails of which were knocked into splint-
ers over our heads by the enemy's shells.
Here we lay until our batteries got into
position and had replied to the rebels,
almost silencing their guns. At this change
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Splendid Conduct of Wisconsin Troops.

A GLORIOUS RECORD.

Correspondence of the Milwaukee Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11, 1862.

On Saturday, a regiment of the Second Division, consisting of Hatch's, Doubleday's, Patrick's and Gibbon's brigades, was at Fredericksburg, where it had been stationed some six or seven weeks guarding the line of the Rappahannock River. The brigades were thus composed: Hatch's—2d regiment Berdan Sharpshooters, 14th New York militia, 21st, 24th and 33d New York volunteers. Doubleday's—56th Pennsylvania, 76th and 85th New York. Patrick's—22d New York militia, 21st, 31st and 33d New York volunteers. Gibbon's—21st, 6th and 7th Wisconsin volunteers, and 14th Indians.

Attached to the division were four batteries of artillery, viz.: company B, 4th United States artillery; company D, Rhode Island; company I, New Hampshire; and company L, 1st New York—in all 24 pieces, 12 Napoleon 12-pounders, six 24-pounder howitzers and six 3d rife 3d ordnance guns.

On the afternoon of the 9th a telegraphic order was received from Gen. Pope, directing the division to join him at Cedar Mountain, 45 miles distant, where a severe battle was fought on the same day, between Jackson's forces and the corps of General Banks. The leading brigades were put in motion the same evening, the others followed at daylight, and the whole division effected its junction with the forces of Gen. Pope on the evening of the 11th.

From the 11th to the 18th the division remained in position around the base of Cedar Mountain, there being occasional skirmishing in front, along the line of the Rapidan, with the outpost and pickets of the enemy. On the 16th it was ascertained that Gen. Longstreet and Jackson, with a force variously reported at from 100,000 to 150,000 men, were advancing to attack Pope's army, whose total was 80,000. It was then decided that Pope's army should fall back beyond the Rappahannock and there await reinforcements known to be coming up. The movement was made the same evening. King's division marched early Tuesday morning, August 19th, and nightfall reached the Rappahannock. On Wednesday they were placed in position on the north bank of the river. Very early on Thursday morning, the enemy, who had followed up closely, opened fire from the south bank of the river. Our batteries promptly replied and the artillery duel continued, at intervals, for three successive days. The division was drawn up by brigades, within supporting distance of the batteries, and a small force of the enemy's cavalry and infantry, who had ventured to cross the river, was driven back, with loss, by the skirmishers of the 23d and 6th Wisconsin and other regiments.

On Saturday came the news of the enemy's arrival in our rear, and the capture, or destruction, of a part of McCook's division of the second. The train of King's division escaped; the guards attached to it having gallantly repulsed three separate attacks of the enemy's cavalry. In consequence of the enemy's movement, Pope's army moved from the Rappahannock to Warrenton, where they arrived on the evening of the 23d. On the 25th the division advanced to the Sulphur Springs, seven miles, to watch the ford of the Rappahannock and the movements of Jackson's forces on the south side of the river. Here they remained until the 28th, under fire much of the time and having one or two sharp skirmishes with the enemy's advance.

On Thursday, the 28th, it being evident that the great body of the enemy had passed around our right and was threatening our rear, Pope's army was re-occupied towards Manassas. King's division was directed to move through Warrenton to Gainesville, and thence towards Centreville. Late in the afternoon, when the leading brigade, (Hatch's) had got three or four miles beyond Ga narville, Gibbon's brigade, following on the same road, fell in with and was attacked by a superior force—infantry and artillery—of the enemy, forming, as was afterwards ascertained, the right wing of Jackson's corps. The brigade was instantly deployed in line of battle, the 6th Wisconsin on the right, next the 7th, the 20th and the 19th Indiana. Campbell's artillery, placed in position, opened fire, very effectively. On the enemy, and the 28th, ordered up to Gibbon's support, while Hatch was recalled and Patrick hurried up, to take position on the right and left.

Meantime the fire of the enemy, both artillery and infantry, became exceedingly hot. The sixth Wisconsin, advancing in line of battle under this fire, coolly and steadily, was halted by its heroic colonel, Cutter, at the proper distance, dressed on the centre, and then deliberately opened its fire. On the left, the nineteenth Indiana and second Wisconsin, in line of battle, two quarters and admirably led, were making fearful havoc in the enemy's ranks. The seventh Wisconsin, moving up into position, between the sixth and second, and being partially masked by the latter, first obviated to the left, and then, finding itself exposed on a flank as well as front fire, first shelled the last; then, under its gallant colonel's orders, charged front forward on its left company, as coolly as on drill, and crossed the fire with that of the he 6th and nineteenth, effectively checked the threatening advance of the enemy's line. In this way, for an hour and a half, and until it was so dark that it was difficult to distinguish objects, the fierce fight continued. The enemy made repeated and desperate attempts to dislodge Gibbon's brigade, but in every instance their advancing columns, melting away under the withering fire of a steady front, were compelled to retire and fall back. Night, at length, at an end to the conflict, and each side became occupied in gathering up the dead and wounded. Gibbon's brigade, on whom a brunt of the action had fallen, suffered severely. Col. O'Conner, of the second; Major May, of the nineteenth, were badly hurt. Col. Cutter, of the sixth; Col. Robinson, Lieut. F. Robinson, Lieut. Gra- hamp's artillery, col. of the seventh, and Major Al- bert, of the second, all received severe wounds. The proportion of killed and wounded among the officers of the regiment was large, showing how gallant an example they set to their men. The total list of casualities in the brigade, 792 killed, wounded and missing, bore testimony to the bravery by which they had stood their ground and defied the stoutest efforts of the enemy. Lieut. Col. Hamilton, shot through both thighs, his horse wounded under him, and falling dead...
at last on the field, remained with his regi-
ment an hour thereafter he was hit, and, until, in
obedience to orders, he withdrew it from the
ground and posted it in line along the road by which he column had been the-
ing. So far as he knew, no officer or
man of the command flinched from his
post, or failed of his duty. Tried by the
severe ordeal of battle, the brigade has jus-
tified its high reputation, and proved wor-
dy superior force, barred the way by which
the division was advancing. The only alter-
native was to deflect to the right to join
Manassas. This idea involved the pain-
ful necessity of leaving behind our killed
and wounded, and effecting, unmolested, the desir-
ed junction.

Early on Friday morning (Aug. 29) sev-
eral divisions of Pope's army, including
King's, were put in motion towards the
battle field of Bull Run, and became en-
gaged, at various intervals during the day,
and in various positions, with different
corps of the enemy. It was rather a series
of conflicts between isolated divisions or
corps, than a great battle between two con-
tending armies.

The effective strength of the division,
when it went into action, on the afternoo-
of the 28th, was about 8,500. The loss
therefore, was very nearly one-third of the
whole force engaged, and that of Gibbon's
brigade almost in its entirety. These are
their names belong to the roll of our coun-
try's heroes. 

BHADGER.

Correspondence of the Democrats.

At WILLARD'S, WASHINGTON, I
Saturday, Sept. 14, 1862.

DEAR SIR:

Since the 9th ult., an ordeal
through which the army of Virginia
with one-half of the Army of the Potom-
icae, have passed, Washington has been
place of rendezvous. Much can be
said relative to the coup de main of our
respective Generals; but it would worry
you to peruse the sentences promulgated
by denizens of all classes; therefore,
it is only necessary to reiterate the state-
ment, of thousands, that "all is well,"
now that GEORGE B. McCLELLAN is pre-

Washingtonians are very busy filling
orders for the wants of our soldiers, and
the streets present a much different look
from what has heretofore been visible
since the occasion of this precipitated
outburst, of a Southern Confederacy,
but few soldiers—either officers or men,
are to be seen flooding the beautiful town
roughfores—all are in the field! King's
Division is useful only in Maryland,
within 37 miles of here. Suficce
to say—Jackson for once, and the only
time, will surely be beaten. I trust the
armies of the Northwest shall have the
unqualified confidence in McClellan.

It is a pleasure to me, to contradict a
certain charge made against our noble,
brave Captain. Letters have been re-
ceived here, to the effect, that Captain
Wilson Colwell deserted his men at the
battle of Bull Run, July 21st, 1861—
Good Heavens! What next? You cannot
point out a braver or more cool officer
in the service of this great Republic—
Gov. Salmon, with his many good traits,
fails to do justice to the veteran sons of Wis-
cconsin. Why does he not fill the posi-
tions in the new Regiments, with men
from the ranks of the old ones? Has not
the 2d done their duty? Have they not
been in the field sufficiently long to rep-
the confidence of Gov. Salmon, "or any
other man?" The 2d, Wisconsin— the
first three years Regiment, in the city of
Washington!

The sick and wounded Wisconsin sol-
diers are carefully looked after and
provided for by Norman Eastman, Esq.,
the responsible State Agent of Wisconsin.

He has the attention of five hospitals al-
otted to him; and they are looked after
in the basement of the Treasury build-
ing. Eastman has any quantity of cloth-
and luxuries, which are freely distri-
uted by him among the wounded and
discharged ones. Give Eastman credi-
card for his benevolent efforts in behalf
of Wisconsin soldiers. Tell me—are there
any Canadians to do his justice?

It was our fortune to visit the War De-
artment to-day, and our pleasure to
share the band of those that left La Crosse
under irritating circumstances—Twas
John Watson, of stationary notoriety;
By the way, how fares the Hon. La-
ther Hancheet. It must be that he is a
stranger among you, for no such unde-
able rumors ever greeted us while resi-
ding in the old Badger State, as com-
to us here! Please ask him of his fair
friends (?), that stop at Clay's Hotel in
Washington!

The house railroad is in full vogue
here, and is much appreciated.

Brick, please direct my papers to the
Regiment, as McDowell's are bustled and
the clerks return to their respective

HAWKINS.

Correspondence of the Democrats.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17, 1862.
M. M. POMEROY, ESQ.—DEAR SIR—

Gibbon's Brigade has again been in the
The Great Battle of Antietam

A Full and Graphic Account

By Norman Elyman

The Battle-Field of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Fierce and desperate battle between 200,000 men has raged since daylight, yet night closes on an uncertain field. It is the greatest fight since Waterloo—all over the field contorted with an obstinacy equal to Waterloo. If not wholly a victory to-night, I believe it is the prelude to victory to-morrow. But what can be foretold of the future of a fight in which front five in the morning till seven at night, the best troops of the continent have fought without decisive result.

After the brilliant victory near Middle town, Gen. McClellan pushed forward his army rapidly, and reached Easseyville with three corps on Monday night. The march has already been described. On the day following the two armies faced each other, till night. Artillery was tangled and intermingled, opening with spirit, and continuing for half an hour with vigor, till the Rebel battery, as usual, was silenced.

Hooker had found out what he wanted to know. When the firing ceased the hostile lines lay close to each other—their pickets so near that six Rebs were captured during the night. It was inevitable that the fight should recommence at day-dawn. Neither side had suffered considerable loss; it was a skirmish to the cut, a fight to the cut.

"We are through for to-night, gentlemen," remarked the General. 

"Just to-morrow we fight the battle that will decide the fate of the Regiment."

Not long after the firing ceased, it sprang again on the left. Gen. Hooker, who had taken a position in a barn, which had been nearly the focus of the Rebel artillery, was out at once.
First came rapid and unusually frequent volleys, from the Rebel lines guarding the corn-field beyond the woods, and their fire was so hot and heavy that the Federal batteries opened at once to turn it. The General listened a moment and smiled grimly. "We have no troops there. The Rebels are shooting each other. It is Fair Play," and they all started up, and the Rebel lines developed. The firing became engaged as nearly the same moment, one with artillery, the other with infantry. A battery was almost immediately on the crest of the woods — over a plowed field, near the top of the slope where the corn-field began. On this open field, in the corn beyond, and in the woods which stretched forward into the broad fields, like a promontory into the open field, they fought on. Their supports did not come — they determined to win without them. They began to go down the hill and into the woods. I cannot tell how few of Hartseff's brigade were left when the work was done, but it was done. There were gaps in the line, but they did not stop to think that their ammunition was nearly gone; they were there to win that field, and they won it. The Rebel line for the second time fled through the corn and into the woods. I cannot tell how few of them.

There for half an hour they held the ridge unsparing in purpose, exhausted in courage. There were gaps in the line, but nowhere qualified. Their General was mortally wounded. Not a man who was not in full view — not one who bent before the storm. Firing at first in volleys, they fired their wonderful rapid rifles and effect. The whole line crowned the hill and stood out darkly against the sky, but lighted and subdued over in flame and smoke. The 10th and 15th Massachusetts, and another regiment which I cannot remember — old troops all of them.

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Crawford was obliged to give up the right, and his troops pouring in confusion through the ranks of Sedgwick's advance brigade, threw it in disorder and back on the second and third lines. The enemy advanced their fire increasing.

Gen. Sedgwick was three times wounded, in the head, chest, and thigh, when he persisted in remaining on the field so long as there was a chance of saving him. His Adjutant General, Major Sedgwick, bravely rallying and trying to reform his troops, was shot through the body, the bullet lodging in the spine, and fell from his horse. Severe as the wound is, it is probably not mortal. Lieut. Howe, of Gen. Sedgwick's staff, endeavored vainly to rally the 84th New York. They were badly cut up and would not stand. Half of their officers were killed or wounded, their colors shot to pieces, the Color-Sergeant killed, every one of the color-guard wounded. One hundred and thirty-two were afterward got together.

The 15th Massachusetts went into action with 17 officers and nearly 600 men. Nine officers were killed or wounded, and some of the colors lost. Capt. Otis, Capt. Simons, Capt. Saunders, of the Sharpshooters; Lieut. Derby, and Lieut. Berry are killed. Capt. Bond and Capt. Josselyn, of the 1st New York, Lieut. Galvin, of the 40th Massachusetts, and Lieut. Bradley are wounded. One hundred and thirty-four men were the only remnant that could be collected of this splendid regiment.

Gen. Dana was wounded. Gen. Howard, who took command of the division after Gen. Sedgwick was disabled, exerted himself to restore order; but it could not be done there. Gen. Sumner ordered the line to be reformed under fire. The test was too severe for volunteer troops under such a fire. Sumner himself attempted to arrest the disorder, but to little purpose. Lieut. Col. Revere and Capt. Ancil, of his staff, were wounded severely, but not dangerously. It was impossible to hold the position. Gen. Sumner withdrew the division to the rear, and once more the corn field was abandoned to the enemy.

French sent word he could hold his ground. Richardson, while gallantly leading a regiment under a heavy fire, was severely wounded. Then Maj. Meagher was wounded at the head of his brigade. The loss in general officers was becoming frightful.

At 4 o'clock affairs on the right had a gloomy look. Hooker's troops were greatly exhausted, and their general away from the field. Mansfield's were no better. Stonewall Jackson's division was withdrawn, but two of his divisions were still comparatively fresh. Artillery was yet playing vigorously in front, though the ammunition of many of the batteries was entirely exhausted, and they had been compelled to retire.

Dobbins held the right indubitably. Sumner's headquarters were now in the narrow field where, the night before, Hooker had begun the fight. All that had been gained in front had been lost! The enemy's batteries, which if advanced and served vigorously might have made work with the closely massed troops were fortunate, either partially disabled or off of ammunition. Sumner was convinced that he could hold his own; but another advance was out of the question.

The enemy on the other hand, seemed too much exhausted to attack. But the line had been so contorted, the batteries were so close to the enemy, the accomplishment of a movement so difficult, that it was not to be supposed that a victory could be gained.

At this crisis Franklin came up with fresh troops and formed on the left. So soon, commanding one division of the corps, sent forward two regiments lying under the first range of Rebel hills, while Smith, commanding the other division, was ordered to pursue the retreating Confederates and roads which all day had been so hotly contested. It was done in the handsomest style. His Maine and Vermont regiments advanced in perfect order on the front, and, cheering as they went, swept like an avalanche through the corn-fields, all upon the woods, cleaned them in ten minutes, and held them. They were not again retaken.

The field and its ghastly harvest which the reaper had gathered in those fatal hours returned finally with us. Four times it had been lost and won. The dead are strewn so thickly that as you ride over it you cannot guide your horse's steps too carefully. Pale and bloody faces are everywhere upturned. They are sad and terrible, but there is nothing which makes them more awful than the knowledge that they were all whom he lost at all; Burnside seems to have attacked with success simultaneously, and Burnside. The former did his work splendidly. The latter must have been upon information, or have been left to his corps and division commanders to discover for themselves.

Up to 4 o'clock Burnside had made little progress. His attack on the bridge had been successful, but the delay had been so great that to observe it appeared as if McClellan's plans must have been seriously disarranged. It is impossible not to suppose that the attacks on the right and left were meant in a measure to cover for observations only to repel Hooker on the one hand, then transfer his troops, and hurl them against Burnside. Here was the difference between Smith and Burnside. The former did his work at once, and lost all his men at once—that is, whom he lost at all. Burnside seems to have attacked cautiously in order to save his men, and sending successively insufficient forces against a position of strength, distributed his loss over a greater period of time, but yet lost none of the cost in the end.

Finally, at 4 o'clock, McClellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin; to the former to advance and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and any cost; to the latter to carry the works next in front of him to the right, with the Rebel works. The order to Franklin, however, was practically countermanded, in consequence of a message from Gen. Sumner that if Franklin had not succeeded in getting the enemy's corps was not yet sufficiently reorganized to be depended on as a reserve.

Franklin, therefore, was directed to remove his batteries from the present position, and, instead of sending his infantry into the woods, contented himself with advancing his batteries over the breadth of the
opposed to him. Uis movement was of smoke. All day had been clear and light.

The Rebel batteries Imnged immediately was crested and vailed with white clouds. The energy of the Rebel batteries in the front, the hill above, sent an angry flame among Burnside's troops.

The Rebel columns, before seen advancing ap if careless of concealment, along the road and over the field, the real stand fast and it. All the prisoners whom I saw agree in the fact that McClellan's orders are fresh and only impatient to share in the battle.

Another movement was that of the sharpshooters. One brigade of the six, ordered to be held in reserve, moved forward.

The battle was not over. At last Buruside's forces moved forward to the ground of the battle. The day is not over half an hour of day light is left. The struggle is a fierce one. The Union and the Confederate are both up.

The son is already down; not half an hour ago, the fire is out. The battle is over.

The world's people are truly astir! A portion of the demand are in cadence, while others are languishing beneath the scorn and contempt of a mighty monarchs presence—suffice to say, the gloom that oppressed the Union in consequence of the actual defeat of our arms, while under the immediate control of Gen. McClellan, has been, since the second inauguration of Geo. B. McClellan, entirely removed, and now, thanks to the upholders of McClellan, the victory is being more than matched. The ships of war have been taken and vanquished beneath the seamen and the enemy—the foe are being beaten away from us.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 20, 1862.

FRIEND BRICK:—The world's people are truly astir! A portion of the demand are in cadence, while others are languishing beneath the scorn and contempt of a mighty monarchs presence—suffice to say, the gloom that oppressed the Union in consequence of the actual defeat of our arms, while under the immediate control of Gen. McClellan, has been, since the second inauguration of Geo. B. McClellan, entirely removed, and now, thanks to the upholders of McClellan, the victory is being more than matched. The ships of war have been taken and vanquished beneath the seamen and the enemy—the foe are being beaten away from us.
Andrew Bean and Stewart Martin were killed in the battle of South Mountain on Sunday, and Charles H. Cheeney wounded in the arm; Bela W. Beebe in arm and hand severely, but not mortally; John N. Ekle wounded in leg, since amputated, doing well; John M. Kellogg wounded slightly in head. On Wednesday, Sergeant Jamison was slightly wounded in the leg; Charles E. Marsh severely in the knee; Clark E. Thomas in leg; Jeremiah G. Burdick in shoulder; none of these fatally.

Andrew Waggner is, I think wounded also. Capt. Gibson, Lt. Hill, Lt. Jones and Lt. Col. Allen were wounded, and Lt. Sandford killed. Capt. Colwell was killed and Capt. Parsons wounded, Sunday. There are eleven officers left with the regiment. Col. Fairchild was sick Wednesday, and after Lt. Col. Allen was wounded, I was left in command, and took the regiment off the field after it was relieved. I was wounded by a stray shell when all supposed us out of danger.

The regiment behaved gloriously. It has never yet broken before the enemy, or failed to hold a position assigned to it till relieved or ordered off. Glorious Old Second! Its banners are torn by bullets, but those tattered colors are dear to the heroic men who defend them. Wisconsin has no cause to be ashamed of the 6th and 7th; their ranks are thinned almost as badly as the 2d's. They are heroes who remain, as were those who have fallen before the foe, wounded always in the front. Thank God, Sunday and Wednesday were days of victory.

GEO. B. ELY.

FROM THE 2D WIS. REGIMENT.

Camp 2d Wis. Vol. 1/4
Battleground of Sharpsburg, Md.
Sept. 21st 1862.

DEAR FATHER:

The first opportunity offering, I avail to write you a long letter of our doings in Maryland. I doubt not but what the telegraph has informed you of our brilliant victories of Sunday and Wednesday last. We were, indeed, victories that this country may well be proud of.

The newspapers have doubtless given you the meagre accounts of the fights of Gainesville and of Manassas. I cannot say that our cause was very much benefited in those three days struggles—but of the part that the Wisconsin troops took, I believe was performed with honor to themselves and the State.

In the battle of GAinesville, our brigade suffered most terribly, with a loss of 7,200 killed and wounded. Our noble and brave little Col. O'Connor was killed while he was cheering on his men to greater exertions. His last words to his men as they gathered around him were “Boys, you've nobly done your part—stick to the old flag—fight, and if needs be, die for it.”

He was buried close by the field of battle and his place marked.

In this battle our brigade was under fire one hour and ten minutes. My company suffered a loss of three killed and twelve wounded. Our boys done well, and showed themselves capable of performing wonders. A braver, nobler set of men never held a musket.

We left the Gainesville battlefield at 2 o'clock Friday morning, leaving our wounded to fall to the hands of the enemy, and our dead on the field unburied. It was hard to fall back to Manassas thus; but there was no help for it. On Friday we marched to the old Hill. Run battle-field, where a year ago a great battle had been fought, the results of which are undoubtedly familiar to all the world. During Friday, while the fresh troops were in battle we were under the fire of the enemy's artillery. It seemed rather hard to lay flat on one's belly and hear those missiles drop and burst all around you.

On Friday morning our regiment was consolidated with the 7th Wis., under command of Lieut. Col. Fairchild—making a regiment about 900 strong. On Saturday our division was marched up to engage the enemy's centre—our brigade taking possession of an orchard and supporting Gibbon's Battery. Here our Brigade was fed to undergo the terrors of a thorough rain of cannon balls, shells and canister. Our loss in this engagement was 130, that is from the Brigade, in killed and wounded. The brigade held its position until late at night, covering the retreat of our forces to Centreville, where we were relieved by some of Smith's division.

In the forenoon I had been detailed with a squad of twenty men to go to the field of Gainesville and have all the dead bears off the road. I had nearly reached the field when the enemy's skirmishers opened on us, and a battery sent a shell or two near us, when we fell back, receiving orders to wait until the field was cleared—a thing which proved out of the question on Saturday. On Saturday our Brigade marched to Fairfax, thence to Union's Hill, where we remained a week, when we started for Maryland. Our march to Frederick was a hard one, and considering what our men had already undergone, it was a wonder how they held out.

At Frederick we overtook the Scesch, and followed them to the South Mountains. Our brigade was formed on the turnpike to the right and left, and at dark, after having undergone the terrors of an artillery duel, we marched up and opened on the enemy at the foot of the mountain.

Previous to reaching the mountain a shell
from the enemy's battery burst in our regiment, killing seven and wounding five. As usual with Jackson his forces were behind a stone fence, and in a ravine at that. After being under fire for some time, our Regiment made a wheel, giving us a clear range on the Secesh behind the fence—here our boys piled them up in heaps, most awful to speak of. The most of the Secesh appeared to be struck in the head. Gen. Robert Lee, son of the rebel general, R. E. Lee was killed, beside several Co's. and Majors on their side. We withdrew about 10 o'clock at night. During the time that Gen. Hooker had driven the enemy on the right, General Reno had run them on the left, giving us after three hours contest, possession of the field. In this engagement our Brigade suffered a loss of over 400. My company had five wounded as follows:


In this battle, as in the former our men behaved most gallantly, and nobly held their ground. The next morning [Monday] we commenced the pursuit of the enemy, often capturing a large number of prisoners. Both Monday and Tuesday we were occupied in cannonading and pushing forward close upon the heels of the retreating foes. Tuesday evening we came upon their lines and lay down without supper, in sight of the enemy, and directly under their guns. During the night heavy skirmishing and continual cannonading was kept up. At daylight our brigade was ordered forward to open for the enemy. We were marching in Division front, and had reached a clump of woods when the enemy opened with a heavy fire on us, but fortunately did not great harm to us, but a shell burst in a division of the 6th Regiment, killing several and wounding a number—how many I know not. We passed through the woods into an open field, and through a cornfield with the 6th Regiment on the right, and a N. Y. regiment on the left—We slowly crawled up through the cornfield while Gibbon's Battery was throwing canister and shell into the enemy. After passing through the cornfield into the open field, the enemy was discovered to be in great force on our right and left, leaving their centre almost open, Co's. C and A had the first shot at the foe, and soon the 6th Regt. 7th and 19th Ind, and the N. Y. regiments opened upon them. Then commenced the shower of bullets—volley upon volley was poured in by the contending parties. It seemed as if it were a perfect rain of hail. In all battles I have not seen the like. I thought the battle of the 28th had enough, but this day's battle seemed most horrible. Soon our regiment charged directly on the first company, giving us a cross fire on the enemy. Major Allen was wounded and left to leave the field. Captain Ely of Co. D then took command. Our men were falling fast—our ranks were thinned, where it seemed that we had spared forty men left to defend our colors. All around men were falling—some begging to be carried off the field—others giving their last request to some comrade. For once while standing there with but six of my own company left, with the bullets flying all around me and man after man dropping here and there, I thought of the awful carnage—of this dastardly work of taking the lives of human beings. The N. Y. Brooklyn boys came up, and with a cheer our boys turned to them and asked them forward. With a hurrah they rushed through our ranks and opened on the enemy, our boys joining with them. But it seemed as if the Secesh rose from the ground—for of a sudden a whole brigade of fresh rebels rose and poured in on our distracted men volley upon volley of Minie balls. Then and not till then did it seem that the old Brigade would give way. But alas! It slowly, gradually fell back till it passed through a column of fresh Union troopers who marched forward to meet the excitant foe. Lt. Sanford of my company had fallen, wounded in the head—his brains partly protruding, when I had him put in a blanket and carried to the rear. Lt. Hill of Co. C was also wounded and carried to the rear, as also was Lt. Jones of Co. A. Our men what could served the wounded. As many as possible rallied around the old Colors, and as soon as we reached the woods a column was formed to stop stragglers coming from the field.

My Orderly Sergeant, Wm. Noble, [and a braver man never shouldered a musket] stuck by the colors, and done his whole duty. He had been all to me, and his course and manly bearing has taught me to love the man. For his noble conduct he deserves an honorable promotion. I had Lt. Sanford carried to the hospital, but the Doctors gave up. He is now at Keedysville under the care of Geo. H. Legate. He is about the same, and as yet unable to speak—at times out of his head. The Surgeons all agree that he cannot live. I have sent by telegraph for some of his relations to come to him. In this battle I had wounded:

C. Schlosser, badly; William Virgo, badly; N. Geib, slight; H. Coates, slight; Samuel Whitehead, slight; Jerome F. Johnson, slight.

During the balance of the day we lay in the open field and at night again under-went the tunes of a cannonading. This bat- tle all day, the enemy being driven at all points. The number killed and wounded in our Brigade was over 400. In the four battles our Brigade has suffered a loss of over 1,700 killed and wounded. What the loss can be to our Army I cannot tell but it must be great. The Secesh will certainly in this last battle lost two to our one. The rebels, under the cover of a flag of truce to bury their dead, (which they failed to do,) retreated across the river leaving their wounded in our hands. But on the Virginia side they run into the old 'Dutchman Sigel' and undertook to cross back, when they were met by our forces and brought to a stand still. As the thing now stands Secesh are in a bad fix and likely to be annihilated. Their whole army is here and the thing must decide the fate of our government. It is either Confederacy or no Confederacy. Maryland and Pennsylvania are safe enough. In the fights of Maryland we must have captured at least 12,000 of their army. Our late battle field is an awful spectacle—only our own troops have been buried. The Wisconsin boys were nicely interfered and a fence built around their graves—the place marked &c. If you should pass over that field, you would never go over another. The dead so disfigur-ed,—swollen and black as ebony. It would seem out of the question for human beings to be treated so, but be it said—war has its evils.

My letter is growing too lengthy, and perhaps you will say a tiresome job to read it, but I have tried to give you a hurried sketch of our doings in Virginia and Maryland; knowing that you would naturally enough want to hear something from me. I have no more to write you, for the great Pope had deprived us of that privilege, and now the gal- lant Mac says write. Strange to say, I have passed through all these battles with, but getting a scratch. My Lieutenants are both gone. I am comparatively alone with twelve or fourteen men, and I assure you I feel lonesome—and at times, maniacal, for old Wisconsin. I have seen so much, passed through such terrible fields of strife, that my heart is ached against war. I would gladly grasp the old 'flag' and pick the types 'as of yore'. But I came here to perform a part, and that part whatever it may be, I shall cheerfully perform to the end. Our Regiment after receiving some of the absent men such is now 110 strong—it is all we can muster. Col. Fairchild has gone to Washington, and Capt. Stevens of Co. A is in command. I shall enclose a list of casualties of my Company, and of absentees, we which you will please furnish the Mineral Point pa.
From Capt. Colwell's Home.

KITASING, PA. Sept. 23, 1862.

FRANK HATCH.—The sad ceremonies of to-day proclaim to a multitude of mourning friends and relatives that Capt. Edwin Colwell is no more. His remains were brought to this, the home of his childhood, to be deposited in the cold, narrow grave. He died where a noble love to die—amid the shouts of victory on the battle field of his country. He sleeps where the dead love to sleep—the scene of his early life, where clung the associations of an affectionate home. Although this town is honored by his grave, our own city and State will claim his noble deeds, and the honor he gained them. All will be as their friend, and all unite in the last privilege of paying him tribute. His funeral took place at 2 o'clock this P.M. from his father's residence. The good old flag, that he gave his life to defend, was placed over his coffin. Earnest prayers were sent up to Heaven in behalf of the afflicted living, and then started the mournful procession to the village graveyard, headed by the Masons. He was lowered into his earthly chamber. Prayers were said. The heart bleeding widows; the sons and devoted mothers; leaders and loving sisters; bereaved friends and relatives, gave one last look into the house of death, and passed on, to leave him alone in his glory. Farewell fond, loving husband and father; faithful son and loving brother; kind, genial, and noble friend; brave soldier and patriot—farewell!—buried, but not forgotten; dead, but still living—living in the hearts and memories of a grateful people, as one who died in defence of his country and the glorious cause and sentiments of liberty.

Autumn will come, and the loaves will fall; Spring will return, and the bud will burst. Ever changing nature will continue her changes, but the memory of the brave will live always. When they met the victory of death, and his life glided away, his last and almost dying words were:

"Advance the right; and press forward—don't give way.

Those are words that will stand bold, on the pages of history, and inspire others to deeds of glory. "Advance the right"—and all will themselves. Their faithfulness and devotion to his field, he placed his arms round their necks and shoulders to better support himself, but his hold soon grew weak, weaker still; his arms slip gently from their shoulders—his pulse grew—still—"my poor, poor wife."—and the end of life of the noble hero was broken.

More broken hearts—more desolate homes—more blood—more sacrifice—more weeping—more treasure—still crown this mortal and wicked rebellion, and it is given, yet it is not lost. The reward will be equal to the sacrifice; and by the graves of our brave dead will we trace the history of our Government, in its fearful struggles; and learn the value of our country, by the tomb stones of such men as Capt. Edwin Colwell.

We are now camping in a fine grove that was occupied by the rebel army before and during the battle of Sharpsburg. The trees bear abundant marks of the effective force of loyal rifle cannon. Nearly every house that stood in a secure place during the battle is filled with wounded rebels, who were unable to be carried away. Their surgeons and hospital stewards attend them, giving every attention that circumstances will allow. But with all care that can be rendered, many of the poor fellows will never be fit for service again. We are to form my conclusion from what they say, a great proportion would have been willing to quit the rebel service at a less cost than a leg or an arm.

I have ranked all summer as First Sergeant in my company. It is a post of much labor, and is the volunteer service the Ordnary Sergeant is said to do in the company. Yet if I am deserving a higher post, I will get it soon, for promotions are now slow through the 10th Regiment.

Correspondence of the Editor.

FRANK HATCH.

Assuring' terms of Wisconsin Stew. We are kindly permitted by Hon. J. L. Pickard to copy the following interesting extracts from a private letter received by him from Wm. Noble, of the 2nd Wisconsin regiment, who formerly attended school at the Academy in this place. The letter is dated "Battle field of Sharpsburg, Sept. 17, 1862."

"I was with my regiment through all the hard battles in which it suffered so severely. My company has had three killed and over thirty wounded. Our own messmates are all wounded and four in hospital yet I have escaped without having a thread broken. Lassie Kay, of Co. I, 2nd regiment, was killed about 1 mile from our battle near Gainesville on the 28th of August. Geo. Mitchell, of the 7th, was shot in the left arm. In the battle of Sharpsburg, I observe to the right and all will be well. The one! to the right and all will be well. The one!

Capt. A. D. Rushmore is absent on sick leave. I saw Richard Carter and De Witt Smith since the battle of Sharpsburg. They were both well. See Bentzley at Mannason's Junction August 29. He had been well since the battle of Sharpsburg, and was at that time with the trains in the rear of his command. His regiment (2nd Wisconsin) was engaged and suffered severely at the battle of Sharpsburg, but whether he was with them or not I am unable to say. Scott Williams is sick with the First New Hampshire Battery, and well. I see him frequently. Major T. S. Allen, of this regiment, has been wounded three times, twice during the battle of Gainesville, Aug. 28, both slight, however: so much so that he did not deem it necessary to quit the field, but in the battle of Sharpsburg he was again wounded in the arm, more severely than before, and compelled to go to the rear. He is in Washington, as is also Col. Fairchild, on sick leave. We consider them both brave and true men. Capt. Rand was at the engagement of August 28th. He commanded the company from Madison.

The 2nd Wisconsin regiment has suffered as much as any other. Its field and line officers. That regiment of stalwart men that used to form such a long line across the fair grounds at Camp Randall is now so fewly reduced as to form but a small artillery company. When it first came to Washington it was in force of 1000 men—now 10.

"The 2nd and 6th of our regiment, together with the 1st Indiana constitute the brigade, and bear eachsoft nearly in proportion to the 2nd. The brigade has taken part in five different battles, in each of which it suffered severely: yet in none has it behaved discreditably, or sanctioned the reputation of the eastern troops. In each engagement the regiment has been subjected to a fire that never did it service at a less cost than a leg or an arm.

I have ranked all summer as First Sergeant in my company. It is a post of much labor, and is the volunteer service the Ordnary Sergeant is said to do in the company. Yet if I am deserving a higher post, I will get it soon, for promotions are now slow through the 10th Regiment.

Letter from A. Thomas.

CAMP ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF ANTIETAM.

near Sharpsburg, Maryland, Sept. 24th, 1862.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

This memorable and ever to be remembered battle field, continues to be the center of attraction, notwithstanding the material evidences of that bloody struggle have been hidden from the public eye.

Hundreds flock to the field with the hope that there may yet be some relics left for them to pick up and place in their inlets of curiosity. The fine-scented breastworks of the rebels, the tall oaks of the forest with their shattered limbs, the bullet-pierced dwelling huts, the Drummond meeting house with its bombardered holes, smashed windows, splintered pews and broken doors, will long remain as signs whereby visitors can tell, that here it was that the fearful and bloodstained struggle of this fratricidal war was fought. Here, where but a few days since the "dogs of war" belched forth their missiles of death, the river of blood flowed as free as water from the mountain springs, peace and quietude now reign supreme. Long may it so remain!

THE WESTERN BRIGADE.

of which so little has been mentioned through the press of the east, is here in camp, awaiting orders to move, and when one can tell, except those in
The temporary rest which this Brigade is now enjoying, is refreshing to the tissues of this branch of Hooker's corps. It is a sad and sorrowful sight to one who knew these gallant regiments composing the Brigade, in their palmy days two or three years ago, with not enough men to form even one good regiment, all their field officers with the exception of two or three, have been either killed or wounded since the 20th of last August. From the time of the advent of the Brigade into Virginia, up to the 20th day of last August, the campaign had been, comparatively speaking, an easy one on our western boys, with the exception of the 2d Wisconsin, which took an outline part in the ill-fated battle of Bull Run on the 21st day of July, 1861. From the official records, we find that from the 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of August, and Sept. 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, this "Iron Brigade of the West," as it is termed, met the enemy on the field of battle. During these several hard fought engagements, the number of this gallant command has been reduced from nearly five thousand to less than one regiment of fighting men. In all of these terrible conflicts, where the battle raged the fiercest our gallant western volunteers have displayed indomitable courage and unparalleled endurance, never flinching from the sun or storm, nor one duty rejecting of them to perform. The fighting men of the west wherever they have met the foe and crossed the battle fields with the enemy, have established for themselves, a reputation for undaunted bravery, not to be excelled by any people or nation. From prisoners captured at the last great battle in this state, I learn that the "Black Hat Brigade," as Gibbons' pets are termed, are the terror of "secesh." From prisoners captured at the last great battle in this state, I learn that the "Black Hat Brigade," as Gibbons' pets are termed, are the terror of "secesh." A rebel officer remarked to me that if the western men would stand back from the fight, the South would whip their "boys," but that they were the ones that opened the "bloody bull," at that point of our line of battle, under the gallant fighter, General Hooker.

BATTERY B. 4TH REGT. REGULAR ARTILLERY, which is attached to Gen. Gibbons's brigade, is the "crack battery" of the army of the Potomac. The rebel Gen. Lee, swears that he will capture that battery if it costs him ten thousand men—this I am told by one of our wounded prisoners. The artillery men of this regiment, with the exceptions of fifteen of them, the only company detailed for remained from the various regiments of the battery. At the battle of the 17th, Gen. Gibbons, who is acknowledged to be the best artilleryman in the service, paid especial attentions to the workings of this battery. The execution done to the enemy from this engine of destruction is said to have been truly terrific.

OUR WOUNDED.

To the anxious ones at home it will be gratifying to learn that our wounded soldiers are receiving the best of care and attention at this and other points. Bol'sville, Sharpsburg, Boonesboro, Middletown, Frederickburg, and Hagerstown are converted into hospitals; citizens of these places are extremely kind and benedictive to the sick and wounded. From the surgeons in attendance, I learn that it is estimated that at least sixty per cent. of the wounded in the Washington, have returned to duty. As yet few deaths have occurred in our hospitals.

HOW THE BOYS STOOD THEIR AFFLICTIONS.

What has particularly attracted my attention, is the power of endurance manifested by the poor fellows who now are suffering from the effects of their wounds. In passing through the hospitals one can scarcely hear a murmur of complaint. Their sufferings appear to be alleviated in the knowledge of the fact, that in the battles of the 14th, 15th, 17th of September, they achieved a glorious triumph to the union armies, and successfully wiped out the lamentable defeat of the second edition of the Bull Run disaster. To get well and again meet the enemy face to face, is the crowning wish of their patriotic hearts.

WHEREABOUTS OF THE ENEMY.

You doubtless can form some idea of the difficulties a man would encounter in liming a needle in a haystack; if so, you can appreciate the happy time your correspondent is having, in trying to find out, just at this time, the precise location of the fleet-footed "anteliers." That they are somewhere on the Virginia side of the Potomac, is true; but whether they are "in sight of the 7th" are "after knowing." Was it ever to get across the river without running any risk of falling into the arms of "secesh" and becoming a recipient of their tender merceis, we might borrow them out of their holes, and give you some information of the part of the country they now occupy. As it is, we postpone the excursion for the reason that we neither fancy their company, or relish the smell of the "butternut" tribe.

BURNING THE DEAD.

Your readers have doubtless heard of the rumor to the effect that our soldiers had to turn the dead rebels on the butte-field of Antietam, on account of the decomposition which had taken place. As a report of this character would have a tendency to make a bad impression at home and abroad, I deem it proper to state that there is not a word of truth in the report. There is no doubt but the report originated from some "role hunters," on the battle-field, who sniped up their destitute necessities to the point of some dead horse that had been fired.

BURNING CANNON.

I understand that a few days after the battle of the 17th, thirty pieces of cannon, the indecent ones captured by the rebels at Bull Run, were found buried near the Potomac. Over the graves of these "iron logs of war," the rebels had erected a dead-board, upon which was inscribed, "Respect the Dead."

REBEL HUNTERS.

Since the memorable battle of Antietam was fought there has been a continual stream of humanity pouring into this country from the Eastern, Northern and Western States. Hundreds of the great family of Adam have come with sorrowful hearts in search of the loved ones of their homes who were either wounded or dead. On the other hand hundreds have visited the blood-stained fields of the Antietam to behold the ghastly and mutilated forms of the dead, and to note every tree,
The rebel campaign in "my Maryland" has proved a sad and disastrous one. Their fond hopes and great expectations of realizing in this State glory, honor and immortality has vanished like the mist before the rays of the morning sun. Instead of being welcomed with outstretched arms and patriotic demonstrations, they met with a cold reception. Even those who did sympathize with thepng crew, now curse them as a thievish raggamuffin set of land pirates. The thousands which they were led to believe would rally around when the call upon the soil of "my Maryland," dwindled down to about three hundred, the half of whom returned disgraced with "sacred一类. In this part of the State the grandeur of "Southern chivalry" which in the prospective looked so brilliant to the imagination of its admirers has lost its charm, since the advent of the ragged, shoeless, baited and scalawagging into the State. Terrible has been the punishment inflicted upon them for daring to set their tritorious foot upon the soil of Maryland. Four thousand and upward of their kind and infatuated followers have been burned on the battle field of Antietam. Thousands of their wounded fill our hospitals, while their prisoners crowd our prison houses. Thousands of southern homes have by this mad invasion been converted into mourning and affliction, and the state upon which they so confidently counted as being the homes of their families have forever passed from their hands. Such is the fate of the ruthless invaders.

REDEEsville.

This pleasant country town which but a few days since was enjoying the full blessings of peace and tranquility, is now converted into a place of sorrow and affliction. Every house, barn, stable and place of public resort are now hospitals for the sick and wounded. Its citizens who are free from the taint of treason are uniting in their efforts to render aid and comfort to our wounded. A worthy and venerable old citizen by the name of Reed, rich in worldly possessions, with a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, pays his daily visits to the hospitals dispensing little diminutions among the suffering, and at night offers up soul-stirring appeals in presence of the wounded to the throne of mercy in their behalf. His disinterested kindness is highly appreciated by those who are the recipients of his favors as well as those who witness the performance of his acts of mercy.

The same venerated and noble hearted son of Maryland on learning that battery B, of the 4th regular artillery had lost in the battle of the 17th several horses, presented the company with six of his finest horses. There is one little incident in which the old gentleman performed a conspicuous part, which is worth notice. Sunday last, in company with Capt. John B. Callic of the 7th Wisconsin regiment, I visited the old man's barn where a number of wounded were located; as we were passing a wing of the building our attention was attracted by the voice of one engaged in prayer; we stepped in and found this old man kneeling by the sides of a dying soldier, whose leg had been amputated, praying in the most fervent manner. While thus engaged another poor fellow who was slowly passing from this life, suddenly brought the benighted old man to a dead stand by addressing him thus: "I say old fellow, I wish you would stop that noise, as I have a devil of a headache and want to go sleep." Your readers better imagine than I can describe the sensation it produced upon our worthy friends, who rose from his knees, passed to the door, raised his hands to heaven and exclaimed "The Lord Jesus have mercy upon that poor sinner's soul."
Orders have just been received by the officers in command of the regiments of this brigade to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Rumor fixes our point of destination to be in the vicinity of Hagerstown. It may be once more "down in Dixie."

THE BOYS OF OLD GRANT.

The friends and relations of the brave boys of old Grant county, will be gratified to know that those who are still in the ranks are in fine spirits, ready and willing, as usual, to meet the enemies of our glorious republic, and give them another specimen of the "Iron Brigade" fighting qualification. Those of them in the hospitals are being well cared for, and are fast recovering.

Your correspondent is again with the "Brigade," and will endeavor to send a few pencillings by the wayside to the Grant County Herald.

ALF.

Army Correspondence.


Dear Parent: I am now at our brigadier hospital, helping to take care of our wounded. There are eighteen of us nurses. We take care of them and dress their wounds.

We have one hundred and twenty of the wounded in this hospital; only one from our company, John Hinton, from Waukesha. He is wounded below the knee. The bone is badly shattered, but the pieces have all been taken out. He appears to be doing well, and we think he will not lose his leg. I act as hospital steward part of the time. I suppose you have heard the particulars of the late battles in Maryland, one on the 14th (Sunday), the other on the 17th (Wednesday). Sunday, a heavy cannonading was kept up, and about three o'clock the whole line was ordered forward. We were advancing up a ravine, and when we got up within shooting distance, they opened a battery on us, shooting solid shot and shell. They got good range on us, and their shells bursting over us, killing and wounding seven. Capt. Parsons was one of the wounded, was struck in the shoulder with a piece of shell. We soon got up where we could see our Austrian rifles, and we did good service with them. We drove them off the mountain. Our ammunition failing short, we were obliged to lay on the battle-field until morning, and we discovered that the rebels had left.

We then got our breakfast, a new supply of ammunition, and started on again, our brigade taking the lead. After marching a short distance beyond Boonsboro, I became so tired and foot sore, I, with one other of the company (Bradsaw), fell out of the ranks to rest. After I had got rested, I left my gun and traps with him, and taking the canteens, started for water. I saw a house about half a mile distant, and started for it. Passing through a grove, and over a small rise of ground, when suddenly I discovered a gentleman, and by his dress I knew him to be a secessionist. His gun was standing against a fence. We were both about the same distance from it, and both started for it at once; but I having the best pair of legs, beat him about four feet. I grabbed his gun, came to a charge bayonet, and told him to come to time, which he did, as I saw he had him where his hair was short. He fell to his knees, and I took him to the rear of the camp, and gave him up to an officer who had a squad of prisoners in charge. My comrade and I then started on and overtook our regiment that night. We were moving along until Tuesday night. Wednesday morning, bright and early, the big battle commenced, which lasted until after dark. We drove them from every point for three miles, and held the ground. The slaughter was terrible on both sides. Among many are John Yates, killed; Thomas Kelly wounded in his arm; Hinton I have spoken of before. I marched him out to the road, and gave him up to an officer who had a squad of prisoners in charge.

WALTER STONE.

Particulars as to Col. O'Connor's Body.

We are kindly permitted to copy the following letter from the Adjutant of the 21 Wisconsin regiment, which will be read with interest:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 23, '62.

Hon. B. O'CONNOR:

Dear Sir: I have just returned from Richmond, Va., where I was taken on the 23d of August last, and confined till the 24th inst.

While at Annapolis yesterday, I saw J. P. Blakeslee and Robert Scott, of Co. "H" of our regiment, and they gave me the following information as to the body of your son, our Colonel, which I esteem a duty, though a melancholy one, to impart to you:

On Friday morning, Aug. 29th, about 8 o'clock, they saw his body, and as they could do nothing more, Scott took from the saddle of his horse, which was tied to a fence near, his rubber coat, and spread it over his face; and in this condition he laid till Saturday morning, when he was buried under the direction of Capt. Gershoff, of the 1st N. H. Battery. I think his watch, money, and other valuables about his person, must have been taken by some one during the night, as they said nothing about them. Had they been on his person at that time, the persons named would have secured them in trust for their Colonel's friends, I have no doubt, and I hope you have received them from other sides. Blakeslee took from the saddle of the Colonel's horse (which was shot in the leg) his field jacket, and maroon coat, a fine one presented him by Lieut. Daniels, of the Signal Corps, and brought it away with him, and which he has entrusted to me for delivery to you. I now have it, and as I start for home, on a 20 days' leave of absence, to-morrow, I will forward it either through Annapolis or Milton to you. I live at Boscobel, Grant county.

At Annapolis I also saw Capt. Gerrish, and got from him a sketch of the burial place of the Colonel, so drawn as to fix the location of his grave quite accurately. This information I know to be particularly valuable to you, and I take the first opportunity to impart it. I am not acquainted with the ground, and can only copy the sketch made by Capt. G., which you will find on the opposite side. I much regret that it is not more closely noted as to distances, &c. But with the assistance of Dr. Ward, there will be no difficulty in determining the precise spot.

In conclusion, allow me to say that I mourn with you the sad fate of our Colone. His complete ability as an officer, his great coolness and bravery under all circumstances, and his unusual goodness of heart, had made him on full acquaintance the idol of the regiment. It will take many rebel lives to pay for his loss, and the 2d will take care to avenge his death at every opportunity.

I should be pleased to hear from you while at Boscobel.

I have the honor to be,
Very respectfully, Yours,

C. K. DEAN, Adjutant 21 Wisconsin.


[BY A MEMBER OF THE REGIMENT.]

On the eleventh day of June 1861 at our State Capital, Rob. Hahlerd and Forty of our citizens, calling upon God to witness the sincerity of their motives, did solemnly swear to bear true allegiance to the United States of America, to serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enmies or opponents whatsoever; and they observed the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officer appointed over them, according to the rules and articles for the government of the armies of the United States.

Not a single man, hesitated, fainted, or showed the white feather; all alike, seemed anxious and impatient for the fast approaching day that should place them upon the road to the scenes of their future usefulness and glory.

At length the morning of the day dawned upon which they took their Southern flight, and after a brief and appropriate farewell address, by his Excellency the Governor, all joined in three hearty cheers for the Union, and they were quickly on their road towards Dixie. Although much might be said of the trip to Washington, especially of our reception at Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland and other places along the line of Rail Road, a single remark...
must suffice. The battle generally seemed master of ceremonies, and such luxuriant, bountiful and rich repasts as were served by the fair hands, probably never did before, and certainly never will, and in such quantities that the eyes and stomachs of our camp fed soldierly.

Vast numbers of bouquets, each bearing the name of the fair donor, came to us, written in the most elegant script, and signed with the names of the ladies who sent them. The mere sight of them, however, was presented to our soldier boys, and many no doubt were the hearts that from their bosoms beat strong and true in unison for the Union, that the order was, nevertheless, obeyed.

The regiment at length reached Washington and was temporarily quartered on Pendel-yan Avenue. In the course of a few days the order to fall-in and take up its line of march in the direction of Centerville was issued. On the 10th day of July the regiment moved out, under command of Col. William T. Sherman, then acting Brigadier General.

On the way to the regiment was ordered to fall in and take up its line of march toward Manassas. Reaching Centerville about noon of the 18th, we had just filled out our open field preparatory to partaking of the en-suing dinner. The vocal chorus when the booming of cannon, a short distance in advance, intimated to us that our advanced columns were already skirmishing with the rebels at or near Blackburn's Ford. From here on the firing was incessant, at double quick, to support Gen. Tyler's column, who were feeling the rebels with leaden and iron darts.

We marched on for a distance of nearly or quite two miles, and under a stormy hot July sun, double quicked our regiment. The skirmish proved to be short, sharp, and quite satisfactory when we were ordered to fall back to Centerville, bearing our dead and wounded with us.

It was here we lost our first man, a private in Co. B, 11th New York, who was mortally wounded by a rifle from a distance of about 400 yards, and died in our arms. Our losses were four and a half that night in the village of Centerville, and at the enemy's entrenchments, which was not far distant.

At length, all the arrangements for the coming day were completed, and the troops lay on their arms, under a heavy brooding sun. The full moon shone out from a cloudless sky, and the various movements of heaven and earth were marked by the dim light. The day was over, and the next morning presents itself in quiet repose. Long before the gray morning dawned, however, the different camps were up, and the different columns were moving toward the same action. All alike seemed impatient for a chance to come into action.

The battle raged without cessation about 3 o'clock and up to this time every count-rate seemed to crown the hard fought battle, when, as the beams of destruction, came the news that our lines had been broken and that a complete rout would ensue. This intelligence was soon too fearfully confirmed by the disorderly retiring masses, broken sections of artillery and squadrons of infantry all mingled in it, struggling with one another, uttering their arms and accoutrements in every direction. Next came the charging columns of rebel cavalry, closely pursuing our already faintable forces.

The scene was now beggared description.

The second regiment although ordered to fall back at an early moment, maintained their position all night, and were ordered to leave the field. I would not do justice to a brave officer were I to omit mentioning in this connection the name of our gallant Col. Coon, who continued to lead his column during the battle, having acted as volunteer aid to Gen. Sherman. Yet he most nobly acquitted himself on that battle field of all charges that might be brought against him. At this late day, I will not undertake to praise or censure any one. The defeat and disaster at Bull Run has long since become a matter of history.

We collected together such of our wounded as could walk and did the best that could be done for them toward making them comfortable at Centerville, and that night between the hours of 10 and 11 commenced a slow and painful march on foot of 28 miles to Port Republic, which place we reached at about 2 o'clock the next day, dripping wet from the rain that had fallen without interruption during the last 6 hours. What remained of the regiment was gathered together on the 23d and went into camp at Port Corcoran Va., where we stayed for some time, until we were ordered into Maryland and were brigaded with the 6th and 7th Wisconsin, and 19th Indiana, and placed under command of Brigadier General Rufus King.

Having crossed and recrossed the river several times for specific purposes, we were finally ordered to camp at Arlington Heights, early in November, where we spent the winter of 1861 and 1862.

While at Arlington Heights our time was spent in drills, reviews, and the performance of picket duty. Nothing of any particular importance occurred during the winter, save the Christmas dinner at which Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, and Secretary Seward were guests, and the presentation of the regiment to the public. The ceremony was carried on with great spirit and elaborately arranged in gold balloons on a grand work of heavy blue silk with silver mountings. This magnificent gift was the presentation of the citizens of Brockport, one of New York's fair daughters, and presented to the regiment for its perfection in drill and marching.

The presentation was made with every appropriate remark from Gen. King.
ever, but a short distance when unexpectedly and suddenly came upon the enemy, who had got a head start, and began a retreat in the expectation, and immediately opened fire upon our brigade. This little episode, was not on the day's programme, but did not take us, altogether by surprise, which, as expected, the ambulances and transportation train were wheeled out of the marching column, the dead shill be to the rear, Gibbon fanned out command ing the brigade to form their line of battle, and in due time. When I am consumed in narrating the event, the deadly strife commenced. The battle lasted one hour and ten minutes, while the thick darkness closed the stems—our brigade holding their position and the field.

There probably has not been a more unequal and deadly a light as this, battle, during the war. It was afterward ascertained that we fought the famous Stone Wall Brigade of Jackson, all picked and chosen troops, supported by Exward's entire division. The rebel forces during the fight, would charge upon a feeble column, uttering the most hideous yells, seemingly sufficient to have to have unstrung iron nerves, but the demonstration and effort did not win, for one cool and well directed fire from our Adams artillery, taking them by surprise, sent voices forever. We have raised the significant name of the "Iron Brigade" as the rebels themselves acknowledged, that Gibbon's brigade was the first that had ever made them taste the result of a well placed shot; but our nearly did not the name cost; the scene on the field was truly appalling.

Thickly scattered lay our brave dead and wounded, officers and men. Oh, there was crowded itself into that short hour, the killed and wounded of the brigade numbered 177.

We remained on the field rendering all the aid possible in the Remount, hand care of the wounded; and with as many ace we could meet in the division, train of ambulances fell back to Manassas Junction, 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 23rd. The principal part of the day was spent in forcing our new position again in front, and in reconning to some extent the troops of the brigades by connecting their columns with the right and left, placing the same under command of Col. Col. Fairchild. The position now occupied by the brigade was very near the old Bull Run battle field, we lay upon the bright side of the sun, the 50th, when the Iron brigade again fell in and once more moved to the scene of strife. Our army had its glory, but a very short time. On the right was 1st Corps, the most disgraceful defeat of the war. Vain and useless attempts were made to rally the army, but every attempt seemed to fall upon dead ears, and a steady line of retreating masses kept pouring by until the whole army was driven back toward Centerville. Here again as on the former occasion the end with the brigade of Gen. Gibbon was charged with the troop to leave the field, and constitute the rear guard of Pope's army; returning Centerville at 11 o'clock a.m. of the 24th.

The time: interesting—this and the 4th number was spent in falling back and skirmishing until we reached Boston's Hill little un the they went into camp, there we fell with a part of our old Co. K (Cadets) 5th number who spent in still cold, and we got back, when we got back, and the soldiers from duty. The fighting they did that day along would have covered the regiment with incomparable glory, even had that been their first and last exploit, and the regiment full. Night came, the roll was called, and fifty-nine and fifty-nine
renounced the "corporal works of mercy" joint intervention in our domestic affairs en every battle field. It would not, as for the sake of humanity. And she will
finish now with the civilized nations of the ball with delight, the news of every nor-
earth took Jeff. Davis and his pride, nor them, and victory.
companions and put them to death for the shameful abuse of that universal sac-

When the battle was most fierce on the
right of our line, I had occasion to give
an ambulance beyond our artillery
front to take off some wounded men.

When there, I met with some wounded
rebels with whom I had a brief conversa-
tion. One of them, a captain, told me
that at South Mountain Pass, they run
short of ammunition and they were
afraid that we would capture them at
night. He said also, that the ammuni-
tion, which they were using at present,
was captured at Harper's Ferry by Jacs.
son, who immediately evacuated that
place and came here to help Lee. All
that he told me turned out to be too
true, notwithstanding the conflicting reports
on that bloody but glorious day.

When a battalion of any size enter
battle, the enemy very naturally fire at
the centre of the mass; hence the right
and left wings are not so apt to suffer as
much as the centre. My company being
the right of the 2d Wis. did not suffer
as much as others because of the above
cause. I know of no other. The Presi-
dent was here to-day.

Oct. 1st.—I cannot close "my letter to
you without spilling out a little portion
of my reflection concerning our chosen
band of exile. I am strongly in favor of
the President's policy, and I view his pro-
clamation aserting to "slave proper-
y" as so many Constitutional "peace of-
ferings." I look upon his last proclama-
tion as a master stroke of statesman-
ship, because it was wellcalculated to set as a
date of Parole the most generous of all
dawn abolition faction of this coun-
try, who, I fear, would have sounded the
trumpet to have their secret thriftiness
reserve rush forth from their dark sub-
teranian dens and drag from the Presi-
dential chair, the honest and venerable
old man who sits in it, or demand of him
the overthrow of McClellan, and the ele-
vation of some实施方案 best calculated
to carry out their selfish designs, if Mc-
clellan had notfortunately, and bravely
driven the enemy to his sacred soil.

Again, if there is one drop of christian
sincerity in the breast of England, she
will no longer keep prating about the
black stain on our constitution and coun-
try. She will cease to sympathise with
traitors, men who insist that God inten-
ded negro for slaves. She will no longer
furnish such men with money, guns, pow-
er, blankets, spies, and "iron clads."—

E. C.
CAMP IN FIELD, Mo., Oct. 5, 1862.

Notwithstanding the late campaign in Maryland has caused the waste of the summer’s labor of numerous husbandmen, all appear cheerful, and the damages done are in rapid repair. Masses form and gather, that open to the touch of so hospitable, generous a people as form the tillers in this section, are being swung along lines of fences—rail and board—that were destroyed by the enemy, are again booming up—presenting the look of new made farms.

“My Maryland” abounds with an energetic populace—so much so, that North, letters feel quite at home here. We have trod for miles within their borders, and all along our route farmers could be seen endeavoring to make more pleasant their already beautiful farms and comfortable domiciles. Many, also, were sowing their winter wheat, while others had already ploughed, planted and harrowed, and had noth else to do save the preparation of fodder for their new good looking herds and droves. Suffice it to say—Marylanders are loyal. They are our friends!

Two days ago Hooker’s corps were ordered to repair to the late battle field of Antietam, for the purpose of receiving President Lincoln. We reached the spot (three miles distant) at two o’clock P. M. and lay in line on an open field, where the stench of dead horses and offal of butchered cattle were hardly bearable; while old Sol poured upon us searching rays, with nary a breath of air to cool the sweatned brow, or menace the stifled soldier for even a moment, but not till the sun had set did we start for camp, and without seeing other than those who had accompanied us, we left the authorities and old Sol unburdened entertaining some of his pets, mid vociferous applause, with an original dog story. Well, after receiving riders to appear on the same spot at nine in the morning, we returned to camp almost sick. Morning dawned, and soon be different camps were alive with bustling soldiers—preparing to do honor to Abraham Lincoln—the servant of the people! All are of the opinion that such unnecessary places is a foot-hance. Many Northern sons are actually worn out from the effects of such camps, when they should be allowed to eat after such services as they have been liable upon to do, and did do!

At 9 A. M. we were there, and not till P. M. did Abo make his appearance with uncovered head, accompanied by here and other officers. They rode on the line—each Brigade presenting as they passed. But little chirping was heard, and that in consequence of the presence of George B. McClellan.

After the distinguished had passed, we formed in line by Regiments and marched to camp, hoping that we had seen Abe for the last time during the war; for we feel that we are under no obligation to him, but that, as a part of the populace, he is to serve us as he is paid, through encomiums and otherwise to-do. This all we ask.

Let a rigid and hasty war continue, and soon can they dispense with our services here as warriors—when your Northern thoroughforges will thong with those who have been fortunate enough to escape a soldier’s death.

Brisk, our particular reasons for becoming disgusted with the cause in which we are enlisted, are: immediately following the Emancipation Proclamation it was our lot to come in contact and converse with one of the co-operators of Senator Simms, at which time the subject of the aforesaid Proclamation was broached, and our friend expressed himself boldly thus:

“When McClellan took the field, our only fear was that he would immediately capture Richmond and compel the enemy to succumb; thereby closing the war ever an opportunity was given us to strike a death blow to slavery; but now all is well; only keep as many slave states in rebellion until after the 1st of January, ‘63, as possible, then we are for closing the war as soon as possible!”

Another item worthy of mention is, in the suburbs of the city, a place of resort; in fact, a home for contrabands is established, which is well enough as originally intended; but, instead of compelling the blacks to do for themselves when an opportunity offers, they allow them to accept offers made by citizens of Washington, where many of the blacks have had good places and fair pay, and when told to do anything contrary to their wishes, they have not given up the home established by the Government for a temporary retreat, and remain as long as they wish at the expense of the Government. The city swarms, particularly at night, with these worthless beings, who steal, and commit all kinds of deprivations. How much longer are we to suffer such an expense?

HAWKES,

"Equal to the Best Troops in any Army in the World."

The Special Order of Gen. Gibbons, given below, embodying a very high compliment to our Wisconsin troops in the Army of the Potomac, from Gen. McClellan, was enclosed to Gov. Salmon in a letter from Col. Fairchild and Major Stevens, to the Governor, recommending certain promotions in the 2d Regiment. In this connection it may be observed that the 24th Michigan Regiment has been added to Gibbon’s Brigade.

HEADQUARTERS GIBBON’S BRIGADE,

October 7th, 1862.

Special Order No. —

It is with great gratification that the Brigadier General Commanding announces to the Wisconsin troops the following endorsement upon a letter to His Excellency, the Governor of Wisconsin. The gallant brothers who have discharged their duties from such a source are always merited:

"I beg to add to this endorsement the expression of my great satisfaction on the subject of the three Wisconsin Regiments in Gen. Gibbons’ Brigade. I have seen them in the field in a manner that reflects the greatest possible credit and honor upon the entire State. THEY ARE EQUAL TO THE BEST TROOPS IN ANY ARMY IN THE WORLD."

(Signed,) G. W. GIBBON.

By command of Brig. Gen. GRADIS.

(Signed,) J. P. WOOD, Asst. Adj. Gen. Th. W. Fairchild to Mr. Yates, of this city, will be read with interest by the many friends of the young man in this city:

HEAD QUARTERS 20 WIS. VOLUNTEERS,

NEAR SHARPSBURG, Md., Oct. 19, 1862.

Dear Sir:—You have heard that Capt. John...

Racine, Wis.

HEAD QUARTERS 20 WIS. VOL. II.

RACINE, Wis.

FORED COVER:—After arriving at the camp of the Second Regiment, after my visit to Lancaster, to my sorrow and deep regret, I was officially informed of the death of Cor. Michael Cook, John St. John, and Martin J. Barnhill of Co. C. They died recently of their wounds in hospital at Washington, D. C.

Co. C. now musters in ranks for duty 22 men apparently in good spirits. A great many of the soldiers who were slightly wounded are daily returning. Among the ones who have recovered from their wounds, and mustered to Company, are Capt. J. Gow, Alphene Current, S. M. Train, and W. F. Buddin, and we expect more every day.

The Enemy was in Frederick city yesterday. I have not heard what they accomplished. The remnant of Co. A, now waiting for the ambulance, commanded by Capt. B. McCollum, is always forward work.

The general health of camp is good.

C. W. Gibbon.

Co. C. 20 Wis. Vols.

Letter from Norman Eastman,


M. M. Pomeroy, Esq.

Deer Sir:—There is but little of inte-
All is thought to be quiet on the other side of the Potomac opposite Shepherdstown, but were under orders to be ready with 100 rounds of ammunition and live days' rations for a movement. The brigade (Gibbon's) has been reinforced by the addition of a Michigan Regiment of 1,100 men. The boys are glad that their new comrades are Western men—Col. Fairchild as returned to his regiment much improved in health. Miss Pirkil, who has been with me for five weeks, has returned to the Hospital and is on duty there. It is doubtful if he is again fit for hard service. Long marches in the mud and dusty roads has ruined thousands of our men. Lieut. Sherwood, formerly of the 2d, but now of the Pennsylvania cavalry is stopping in the city, making out the pay rolls for his regiment. He looks well. Private Sloan of Co. B, has returned to his regiment, Frank Chapman is on duty at the Race St. Hospital in Philadelphia.

Robert Scott and James Blakeslee are still quartered at Annapolis, but are at present on a visit to this city, looking after their knapsacks and other traps.

The boys look finely and as hearty as ever. They are being cleaned and got in readiness for battle.

Rest to write about of a public nature.

Dear Tribune,—

Lee reported as safely encamped with his force at Gordonville, and that but a small force of the Stuart cavalry are on a raid in the front, that occasionally a regiment of infantry appears about Winchester, merely as a reconnoissance to observe our movements and blind our Generals, at the same time concentrating a force sufficient to cope with the Potomac army. The President has directed the Rebel army must first come around Gordonville, before the army of the Potomoc follows in pursuit.

If the people believe them capable they will elect them, and whatever they might do will not better their case in the least.

We of the 23d district are for Cobb to the backbone, and believe the Col. just the man for the place. When Simpson improves in his habits, and cuts loose from the cut throat demagogues known to be in that district, then we will consider his case. The man may be good enough, and whenever he is made to keep up and have all the qualifications necessary for a representative but the company he keeps is enough to clip any man. I admire a democrat, but I have yet to be convinced of sincerity of a certain class of the old party who are now clamorous in their support of Mr. Simpson. If they are sincere in their pretended support of the war, I can't see why...

On this point I am to be posted—and
I and the ability of the man to represent their friends at limuo undcrauia California gold pieces, each worth $10,io the day before. Our Brigade is now en-
encir as woll posted, from what I goin^ on il, Government, for a day or two, and ex- cr in the direction of Snickers Gnp,

The following promotions have been made in Company "I," on recommendations of Capt. Otis, for general conduct and gallantry on the battle field: 

Serg't Wm. Noble, to be 2d Lieut vice

Sanford deceased. 

Serg't Geo. H. Logate, to be orderly 2d Lieut. vice Noble, promoted. 

Corpl Cornelius Wheeler, to be Serg't. 

Privates Joseph O. Williams, and Thom-as H. Rowland, to be Corporals—all to rank from the 16th of October, 1862. 

Lieut Sanford was buried at Shapshurg. IRENO BRICK. 

His brother arrived here last week, but immediately left for Washington. He Stoddard will get almost if not all the vote of company B. I sincerely hope he may be elected. Allow me to say that I think you have taken the right position. 

Sick 'em and give Rodolf, Stevens & Co. their deserts. 

To-day Rubles, of the Madison Jour-nal, was in camp peddling Republican tickets. The brave soldiers are of great importance at this time. Bush! The old political organizations, are as corrupt as anything can be, and unless they are broken up, root and branch, and a new set of men, with a new set of principles, of which honesty is one of the component parts, our country will soon be one of the institutions that were— 

The last Congrese came near killing the nation. Another such and we are gone. 

I want to see the 6th District do its part in establishing a new state of things politically, and in my opinion, the election of T. B. Stoddard to Congress will do it. As I said before, he will get the vote of the soldiers hailing from La-Crosse. They know him to be an honest, upright man, who, if elected, will work for country, not party. 

Thomas Spencer certainly did a wise thing, when he declined the nomination of the secession Democracy. ( ) Rodolf, Stevens and all who affiliate with them have no friends among the soldiers.
where convalescents are sent to recruit.

I visited the camps two days ago, and

found 16,000 men in the most awful

condition, such as I never supposed

could be found on the American conti-

ent. One thousand had no shirts

even, and the sick with Typhoid fever,

and other complaints, lying in the sand

and dirt, with nothing under their

heads. But I need not attempt to de-

scribe the terrible scenes. Hundreds

of poor, filthy fellows, following me

wherever I went, so that at last I had

to have a guard to clear my way.

I went to the sanitary rooms, and took

some 300 shirts, 200 pillows, crackers,

fruit, condensed milk, blankets, &c.,

&c. One poor man, from Wis-

consin, the most like a living skeleton

I ever saw, to whom I gave a blanket,

being a little delirious, kept repeating

to himself and to others, "Have not

got to shiver to-night," over and over

again. I came home determined to

do something for them, and went to

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, to the Surgeon

General, and to the medical purveyor,

and yesterday visited most of their

committees to get all I could, and to

day I go out with a number of des.

sitors. I gathered enough to get

down this a.m. to take four wagon

loads of food, and sixteen persons for distributors when there.

I have just been out with my ambul-

lance and bought 7 bbls. onions, 10 o

potatoes, 1200 shirts, 1000 sheets, 200

drawers, 400 pants, 5 bbls. dried fruit,

12 pairs of crutches, 500 pillows and
cases, 70 quilts, 100 lbs. condensed

beef, 60 cans beef soup, 80 cushions

for wounded limbs, &c., &c., &c.

But all this among so many is but

very little. I went from 8 o'clock, a

m. yesterday, till 10 o'clock p.m. I

only mention this to show the demand

here. And now a little of our trip to

Camp Misery.

We reached the camp about noon,

and at once selected the most conven-

ient place for our goods, and had a

guard placed over them. I took the

sick wards as my field, and the other

ladies the tents on each side. The

sick wards forming the hospital con-
 sist of several largest size tents, all

together like one. There the sick lie

close together, some few on eob, and

others on the ground, with every con-

ceivable form of disease and wounds,
Geo Beasley, killed Sept 19th, 1862.

R J Simpson, killed Sept 17th, 1862.

H S Pittinger, killed Aug. 28th, 1862.

Wm Cunningham, all right.

Casper Goddard, brigade butcher.

P B in right wounded Aug 28th, 1862.

in general hospital doing well.

Lewis LaFont, on detached service 5th R I battery.

E K McCord, discharged.

F Pettygrove, wounded Sept 17th, 1862.

J W Miles, on detached service 4th artillery.

Wm H Snedgrass, wounded Aug 28th, 1862; in general hospital.

F Baerman, wounded Aug 28th, 1862; in general hospital.

R Armstrong, all right.

R Graves, wounded Sept 17th, 1862; in general hospital.

W J Barnhise, wounded Aug 28th, 1862; doing well.

Otto W Ludwig, all right.

Geo B Hyde, promoted to Corp’l; died from wounds received Aug 28th, 1862.

G W Fritz, promoted to Corp’l; all right.

Newton Wilcox, supposed killed; missing since action of Aug 28th, 1862.

Omar Wilcox, discharged.

Daniel Eldred, wounded Aug 26th, 1862.

W J Gleason, on detached service in lst battery.

Ed P Kellogg, wounded Aug 28th, 1862; in hospital at Washington.


J H Brannum, wounded Aug 28th, 1862; arm amputated; in Philadelphia, Pa.

Geo Buck, in general hospital, sick.

John Cahill, wounded Aug 28th, 1862; in hospital at Washington.

J C Dillon, Corp’l; all right.

David Gudger, at Annaolis, Md; paroled.

J W Rains, wounded Aug 28th, 1862; in hospital at Washington.

Albert Speas, wounded Aug 28th, 1862; in hospital at Washington.

A H Barber, wounded Sept 17th, 1862; in hospital at Smoketown, Md.

Wm Q Ewing, Corp’l; all right.

John Bowers, sick in general hospital at Washington.

C M Black, discharged.

E R Crossley, dead.

Alpheus Currant, all right.


F Reckie, camp of instruction, Mo.

E S Brooks, discharged.

Henry Rhode, drummer, same place.

J H Neville, all right.

Frank H Luceum, Corp’l, now Sergt; at Odd Fellow’s Hall, Washington.

Walter Hyde, wounded Aug 28th, 1862; now at College Hospital N Y.

David Strong, wounded and taken prisoner July 21st, 1861; since paroled and discharged.

Alanson Parody, all right.

The above is a true statement as to the rank and whereabouts of Co “C,” 2d Reg’t Wisconsin Volunteers at present date, Nov 2d, 1862.

I am Yours Truly,

Levi Showalter,
Co. C, 2d Regt. W. V.

Dear Sir:—I send you such election returns as I get, though I presume you may have received some of them from other sources. My information as to the 2nd and 6th Regiments has last returned, one from the front, from him, an old friend, and accurate information as to the movement of the 1st.

The 2d Regt. voted, Stoddard 8, Han- chett 8; 8th Regt., Stoddard 21, Han- chett 49; 26th Regt., Stod. and 13, Hanchett 70.

L. W. Millard, Battery, Stoddard 2; and Hanchett 1; total, Stoddard 84, Hanchett 123; from the 3d 5th and 7th Regts., I have no particulars.

I learn from my friend who was out on a reconnoissance last Wednesday night, that on that night, Stonewall Jackson passed the Chester Gap and made good his escape from the Shenandoah Valley.

C. D. Clark of the La Cross Light Guard is getting along finely; his hand will be saved. It Feels him somewhere in the city, sick, when last heard of he was at a private house. Lt Jas D. Wood was in the city looking finely last week.

The Soldiers’ Aid Society received last week from the Governor $500 which it expends mainly in buying woolen clothing for the soldiers. Mrs. E. O. Brewster is still in the employ of the society under the direction of its Secretary and she is doing a noble work, as she has a good ambulance at her disposal and she goes about from hospital to hospital, bringing up our sick and wounded men and distributes clothing and other necessaries among them. On Friday last during that severe snow storm, he went from tent to tent, in Harwood hospital, where the soldiers were without fires, to keep them warm, and many had occasion to look upon her as an angel of mercy in truth and reality.

Take this occasion to tender my thanks to the people of La Crosse for the compliments which have been paid me by them by letter or otherwise, for my endeavors to do my duty in the good work in which I am engaged. I should however have been much better pleased if the good ladies of my old home, had long ere this put themselves to the trouble of packing up a barrel of dried fruits, berries and apples jellies and wines (some of that which was given away is stored away in some of their houses) some woolen stockings, silk drawers and some slips. We have bad, bad now and are like to have in the future La Crosse men in our hospitals. Will not the ladies of La Crosse provide for their wants. Send your packages by Railroad, the freight will be only about $3.00 per barrel. Send the money to me by letter, or if too hard up I will pay the charges out of my own pocket, if you are sent by railroad, as by express carefully it says as to my that Messrs.
From the Light Guard.

A letter from the "Advance," dated Nov. 10th, written by one of the Light Guard, besides other things says: "Brick," I feel more than ever before for McClellan being removed. I fancy it was a bad operation just at this stage of the game, but old Burnsy is a good man. He will fight, you may be sure. The Government will yet be humbled for the course it has taken with McClellan. Every soldier loves him, and they swear he shall be the next President if it is at the point of the bayonet, I believe, as God is my judge, that he will not waver in that faith.

We waited till his plans were formed, then gave another man a chance to carry them out. They thought it would quash his popularity, but they will signal failure. This is the opinion of every soldier and citizen in this part of the country. But, "Brick," we will wait and see. Burnside may close the war. If so, all hail the Gallant Generals.

The boys in the company are all well, but far from cheerful. They all expect to be whipped out, before the war shall close, for you know that they are always in the advance. Brick, just think of that—the La Crosse Light Guard at the head of the Grand Army of the Potomac! But they are there, and fighting Joe Hooker says that Gibbon's Brigade are "tired out," and found that SICK'S cav- the first retreat from here, which almost caused the demoralization of our best army! But we are re-organized! and now the horses equipped and best disciplined and we are going to show those of them that live shall see the beauty of that fated city before New Years.

From a Member of the Light Guard.


FRIEND K.:—The winter of our discontent has come; they have torn from our arms the Christian of our heart; the successful defender of our country in the past; the soul of Washington; the practical friend and sovior of every tie which God maketh use of in this life amongst men, for endearing us to each other, and enabling us to withstand the petty, but numerous troubles of this life. Yes, my dear friend, God has, through the best of his military agents, saved from death thousands of men and from tears and sorrow of thousands of women and little children by his good management, when forced by his northern enemies to retire from near Rich- mond. McClellan was the man who, in the hands of God, in spite of the Devil and his radicles, his traitors and his imp's, saved to many a woman the living object of her wedded love—the father of her children.

Why have they taken him away from us? Because they knew we loved him, and because they dreaded his future popularity with citizen and soldier. They knew that the life and progress of his popularity would be the wane and death of radical Republicanism. Who has eyes cannot see the drift of the present administrative radicals—a drift which seems to have swept from the brain of the President, the last particle of Jacksonian firmness, and from his heart the last ray of conservative feeling; a feeling which heretofore he seemed to possess; a feeling which is so essential at this hour, in the person of the President, to the successful defence of the life of our institutions.

The very moment the Democrats became victorious in the late campaign McClellan was removed, because the black republicans plainly saw that they were between two fires—the conservatice bullets of the army on the one side and the loyal conservative sentiments of the people on the other—with McClellan, the loyal conservative chosen chief of both, at their head. Thus situated, what else could they do but prepare to surrender in '65, or cut their way through by removing McClellan, and by degrees place Wadsworth in his stead.

Burnside is next in popularity; or in other words, he is the "first degree." Already, the radical papers tell us that Wadsworth visited Burnside on the Rappahannock, and that no doubt he (Burnside) gained much from the advice of Wadsworth. The radicals hope, that Wadsworth once having command, would soon by deeds of bravery and words of flattery, gain the good will of the army; teach them in this dishonest way to forget McClellan as the connecting link between the army and the people—the true centre to which every conservative, heart, prayer and praise converged. Yes, by his unjust course they hope to keep down the Democratic party, and keep in office a party of puritanic demagogues, b whose incompetency the wheels of government have become clogged with an unnecessary amount of congealed, but purest blood of the nation. O no, it would never do, to have the loyal citizens crush to death the traitors of the "bullet" at the north, and at the same time, the loyal soldiers crush to death the traitors of the "bullet" at the South. If they can help it, they will not have a democratic general defeat the South, for fear the smallest picaninni would be left them, legally or otherwise. The poor, vain, puritanic preachers who have de-
nounced the Constitution, and their political mouthpieces of the stump, were afraid, if the negroes were freed by a conservative party, that they would lose the thanks and admiration of the hypocritical abolitionists and seekers of Negro humanity, particularly where the destruction of one country was the bottom of it, which has been the case with the English from first to last.

The radicals feared that if McClellan did not whip the rebels before the first of January, that the Proclamation would be good for nothing. If the South be beaten in the field by abolition generals, and radical dictates sent them, it will require the strongest despotism in the world to keep them in subjection. Not so if they were conquered by McClellan and his conservative army; because then the lock upon him and his command as real patriots fighting for the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was; but doing, as they say, the dirty work of the abolitionists; at the same time feeling it their duty to kill "Mo" and his command as their hired enemies. But, my dear friend, no matter how much truth may be in their argument, it will not weaken in the least, our determination to restore the Union—and, to use McClellan's words, no matter how much it may cost in time, treasure and blood. And for the sake of our country, and respect for his patriotic farewell, we will faithfully stand by Burnside as we have faithfully stood by him. At the same time I must say to you the fact, that a deep seated indignation is felt by the soldiers, against those who are the cause of having McClellan removed.

The soldiers were satisfied to suffer anything under McClellan, because they knew he had their welfare at heart, and that he would not expose their lives unnecessarily. They knew that he ran no risks; that he was but consistently slow; just the man to secure success, if left alone. If Mr. Lincoln can prove at some future day, when an exhibition of the matter cannot hurt our cause, that McClellan is a traitor, or a sympathizer of the rebels, then, and not till then, will I say that he has acted justly and consistent with his attempt to restore the Union.

The President's Proclamation as a war measure, I looked upon as one of the best acts of the War. I looked upon it as a conditional peace offering—granting to the rebels the power of saving all their constitutional rights by returning to their allegiance—and if not, of deserving of condemnation, like a sinner who will not repent, condemned by God. But when McClellan was removed without a positive cause being given, I lost faith in the President. Sometime ago the President told Gen. Oreeley that he would do it out of slavery as he sees fit, consistent with a restoration of the Union; but it seems he has discovered of McClellan, inconsistent with the hope of restoring the Union as it was, and peace as it ought to be. Brothers may and do fight hard and earnestly, and afterwards love each other as well as ever. The men of the South dont look upon the radical abolitionists as brothers.

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**Army Correspondence**

**NEAR BROOKS STATION, VA.**

**November 29, 1862**

We are pleased with excellent weather for campaigning; notwithstanding the fact, idleness seems to be the order of the day.

We are lying on the Fredricksburg Aquia Creek R. B. 7 miles from the former and 5 from the latter place. Six Corps, forming the right, left and Central Grand Divisions, are massed between Aquia Creek and Fredricksburg. Quite an army it is—numbering in total 175,000 men! One week ago today we arrived here, and from present indications, we are led to believe that our stay hereabout is for sometime come for we now have beans and rice issued to us, something not known on the march or when a march is intended.

Of the humiliation in the army, caused by the removal of Gen. B. McClellan— I know of no language sufficiently deep to illustrate. There is enough to know, that hundreds of officers have tendered their resignations for said reason, and you may be assured that the bulk of the Grand Army of the Potomac are not the least bit hopeful of soon again (if ever) forming the ties that once upon time apparently linked the destiny of North and South. All's Abraham, too often have you succumbed to the sway of the government contractors, as well as secret affirmative amalgamation workers.

A. E. Burnside has gone to Wisconsin.

**HAWK E Y E.**

P. S. Gen. Gibbon now commands Bicketts Division, and Col. Meredith a distant relative of President Lincoln is promoted to Brigadier General, and now commands the the Iron Brigade of the West. We like him very much, but regard the people of Wisconsin.

Lient. Col. W. Wood now commands Co. B, the Capt. being away. Woodward, since the death of our noble Capt. Wilson Colwell—has had the hearts of the remaining La Crosse Light Guard.

Adjutant Wood is indisposed—having an attack of the flux. Since his departure from the Light Guard, regrets have manifested themselves daily. He is a fine fellow.

Every day the approaching pickets are seen crossing the Rappahannock at Fredricksburg. We wonder how long such shall be the case.

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**Remains of Mr. George Holloway.**

**Mr. Covern:** On Friday last a solemn funeral occurred in our town. The remains of our esteemed friend, George Holloway, who fell at the late battle of Bull Run, his body pierced with five balls, arrived in care of the brother of the deceased, Mr. John Holloway. The body had been buried two months by the side of that of his comrade, Mr. R. B. Stephenson, color bearer—both buried upon the battlefield, by his brother William and fellow soldiers. He belonged to Company G, 24 Wisconsin Regiment, in the Iron Brigade, and was one of the first to offer his youthful life a sacrifice for his country. From the first battle at Bull Run to the second, and last he fought bravely, receiving not a wound till the ill fated day of July 31st, when placed in a metallic case and brought home for burial, for the satisfaction of bereaved mother and friends.
A large and pleasant party gathered at the Hyatt House last night to pay a merited tribute of respect to an honored soldier. After the bounties of the table (they were really bounties, for a better bill of fare had never been provided in this city,) had been partaken, Mr. Ebbets opened the further proceedings of the occasion by a toast complimentary to Capt. Ely, accompanying it by a timely and appropriate reference to the circumstances under which his company left the city and those under which he returned. Capt. Ely responded at some length, modestly and fittingly acknowledg- ing the compliment to himself, and then giving a narrative of some of the events connected with the 23rd regiment and the "Iron Brigade" to which it belonged. This narrative was intensely interesting throughout, and the description of some of the scenes on the battle-field, where the "Second Wisconsin" and the brigade were thrown into the posts of extreme danger and peril, was thrilling and absorbed the deepest attention. Wisconsin has good reason to be proud of such soldiers as he has fashioned the army, and the army is fortunate in an officer who has borne his part so well and can bear such a testimonial to its bravery as Capt. Ely.

A toast to the President of the United States followed, to which H. N. Comstock happily responded. "The Governor of Wisconsin" was replied to by music from the Beloit brass band, whose services had been engaged for the dinner. Mr. H. W. Collins had been selected to a toast to "Our Flag," and he performed the duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well. The Rev. M. P. Kinney responded pertinently, as he always does on duty well.
body of your son. After we took it out of the grave, Mr. Taylor pulled the blanket aside and lifted the rubber blanket off the face, which we found to be unbroken and as white as the day it was buried. I immediately recognized it as that of your beloved son, as would any one who was at all acquainted with him, and familiar with his appearance when in life. It was twelve and a half o'clock when we secured the remains in the coffin (which was well made of black walnut,) and started for Washington, where we arrived at eleven o'clock that evening, after having driven on 45 miles during the day, twenty miles of which was a very bad road.

Yesterday I consulted with Gen. King, who is here attending on the Court Martial, about a funeral, we concluded to have a military escort. The General gave me a letter to Gen. Heintzelman, who has command of all the troops here, asking a proper escort. To this Gen. Heintzelman responded by promptly ordering a regiment of infantry to report to me to-day at eleven o'clock, at which time the funeral took place. I went personally to all the members of our delegation here, and invited them to attend, to which they promptly expressed their intention to do. I obtained permission of the gentleman of the house where I was boarding, to use his parlors for the funeral ceremonies. The funeral took place this morning at eleven o'clock. The services at the house and grave were performed by an Episcopal clergyman. Among those present, were Senators Howe and Doolittle, Representatives Potter and Sloan, Col. Havelock (brother of the late General Havelock of the British army,) Col. Hart, also several of the officers belonging to various regiments, Senator Howe’s family, Messrs. Gordon and Goddard, and several others from Wisconsin. Gov. Randall among them; together with a number of citizens of this city. The coffin was placed in the hearse and covered with the Stars and Stripes under which he had so gallantly fought.

The escort was by the 26th Regiment of Maine Volunteers with their regimental band; there were six carriages filled with our Senators, Representatives and others who went to the grave. The procession went through Pennsylvania Avenue up by the Capitol to the Congressional Burying Ground, where the remains now repose, encased in a black walnut coffin, which is placed in a stout outside case made of thick pine.

Everything went off well and satisfactorily. It was my endeavor to have your son buried in a manner suited to his rank, and which would be satisfactory and gratifying to you, his wife, mother and friends; also to the regiment which he commanded.

Hoping that my course in procuring and disposing of the remains of your son will meet with your approbation, I remain,

Your Obi. Servt.,

Box, 781.

W. Y. Selleck.
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